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OLD BOOKS & NEWS DEALER
782 GRANVILLE ST.
VANCOUVER, B. C.



No. 1

JAN. 1968

Vol. 2

The New Year. Westward Ho! wishes its readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

There is nothing in Canadian conditions to prevent the full realization of this seasonable wish. Happiness is compounded of many ingredients, the chief of which is contentment. Not the contentment which accepts conditions as they are without question, and without an intelligent investigation of all matters which concern the public interest, but that contentment which springs from a wise and tolerant review of mundane affairs, and realizes that in Canada at any rate, there are few who can find reasonable ground for discontent.

There can be no question that the year 1907 was in every respect the most prosperous in our history, the increase in population and in the value of imports and exports which are the most reliable evidences of material prosperity show increases greater than in any preceding year. Bank clearings, customs returns, traffic returns, post office statistics all tell the same tale, and until the closing weeks of the year, there was no check in the unvarying flow of prosperity. The conditions established by a review of the Dominion returns are reflected in the Provincial. Each local Government finds itself on "easy street" so far as finances are concerned, not only because during 1907 the Federal Government was able very substantially to augment the Provincial subsidies, but because the local

production of revenue, especially in the Canadian West, shows a large increase.

In all the activities of an industrial country, Canada today is foremost, while her agricultural population has been increased during last year to the extent of a quarter of a million, her industrial activities have fairly kept pace and when the statistics for the year are made up it will be found that manufactured products both for home consumption and export have reached a figure undreamt of at the commencement of the year. The staple industries have become more firmly established and may fairly be said to have passed the experimental stage. The manufacture of iron and steel which after coal mining is the greatest industrial enterprise in civilized countries, is no longer an occasion of anxiety to capitalists and Governments; 1908 has found every iron and steel mill overloaded with orders, not only for the ordinary lines but for structural steel and rails, the most important specialities of the trade. Less than three years ago experts doubted if Canada could produce a steel rail which would stand the Government tests, it has successfully demonstrated that it can, and the problem of Canadian rails for Canadian railways is solved.

In view of the enormous expansion of railway systems already projected and others which are certain to be decided on within a short time, it is impossible

to estimate what it means for Canada to supply her own iron and steel manufactures. It means employment for thousands of men, and profit for manufacturers. And in this connection it is not out of place to point out that the Canadian West is within measurable distance of the establishment of an iron and steel industry within her own borders. Evidence that British Columbia contains all the necessary ingredients and enjoys the ideal geographical position for this purpose are accumulating daily, and when the possibilities of the Oriental as well as the home market are considered, it is certain that the project cannot be long delayed.

The lull in affairs towards the end of last year is, in the opinion of the best judges, a temporary matter. It was brought about by over-expansion and not by exhaustion. Reactions are inevitable in business as in all other affairs, the high pressure of the last year or two was bound to have a check, the duration of that check depends entirely upon the abatement of the conditions which imposed it. These were three, scarcity of currency, excessive wages and excessive cost of living. The scarcity of currency was due to the fact that in her period of unparalleled prosperity Canada's business had outgrown her capital. This condition was accentuated by the employment of a large amount of that capital abroad, when every dollar of it was required at home. Of the \$60,000,000 "on call" in Wall Street at least \$30,000,000 has already been withdrawn, and it is certain that in future Canadian currency will not be depleted to such an extent by outside investments, at any rate not until the country is much wealthier than at present. The stability of Canadian banking institutions has been demonstrated more conspicuously than in any previous crisis, with the result that American investors are now making large deposits on this side of the line, but beyond this, the undeveloped treasures of

the Canadian West, both in agricultural land, timber and minerals will for years to come prove to be the most attractive investment for American surplus capital, and the development of the West means larger and very larger markets for the East.

The other conditions which precipitated the crisis are rapidly passing and the natural process of readjustment is taking place. Workmen with an appreciation of the case which does them the highest credit have accepted a moderate reduction in wages, and the price of commodities, especially the necessaries of living, which were so unreasonably advanced in 1907 are already showing general reductions. Probably the Finance Minister of all men in Canada is in a position to give the most reliable opinion on the financial outlook, and certainly if in addition the opinion of the managers of Dominion banks be considered, as well as that of the Captains of Industry, no mistake should be made in venturing a prediction for 1908. They all agree that early in the New Year, there will be a general resumption of work upon as large a scale as before the November lull. At this time it behooves all men to practice economy and to exhibit courage. These are the two personal equations which will contribute most effectively to a restoration of the "status quo ante." Retrenchment must be the order of the day and faith in the future of our magnificent country will engender that courage which is the most valuable asset of any community and which more than any other has sustained Canada in many a reverse.

In view of these considerations Westward Ho! looks to the future in the most optimistic spirit, and every reader of Westward Ho! during 1908 may reasonably expect to find a monthly record of happiness and prosperity which will fully justify the anticipation.

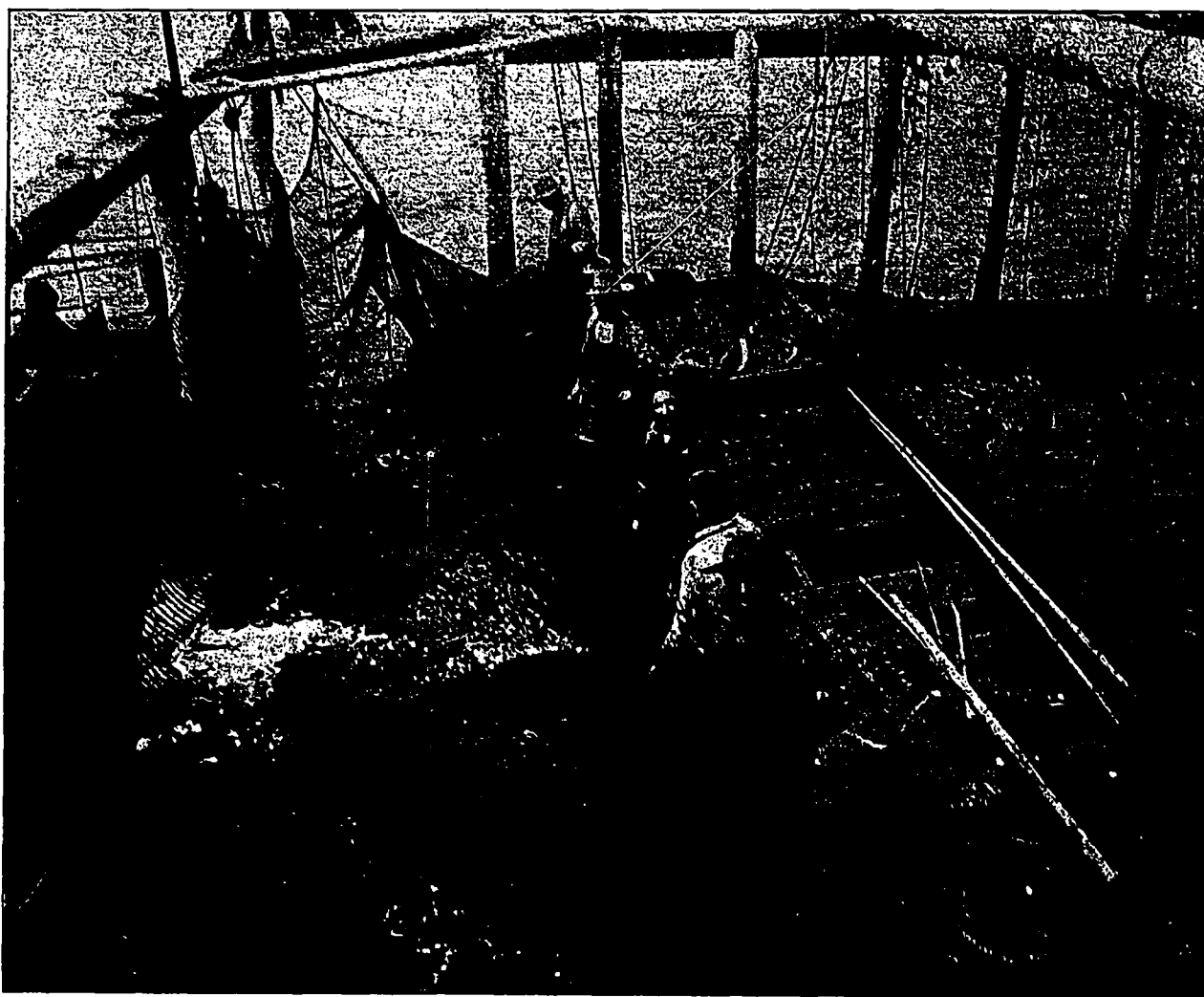
The Salmon That "Run" in the Fall.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by Mr. A. Bailey and the Author.

AFTER we had watched the three varieties of salmon that "run" in the spring and early summer—the Spring—also known as the King or Chinook, the Sockeye (Blueback) and the handsome Steelhead, enumerated by the U. S. authorities as a

fish traps that line the southern coast of the Island of Vancouver silver salmon, locally the Coho, Humpback salmon and Dog salmon were starting to "run" in the early days of August. To give you a correct idea if these we photographed the three, a male Dog salmon at the top,



Scow Inside Spiller Net of Fish Trap.

sea trout and by Prof. Prince of Ottawa as a salmon, we noticed that the other three varieties were beginning to appear in the Straits of Juan de Fuca. In the mighty hosts gathered in the great

note the great hooked jaw and large teeth of this ferocious looking salmon, ageing now to the spawning season, his maturity showing the hook of the jaw and the development of the organs, thus

early this variety was colored a light pink and not as soft in flesh as they become later when they enter the fresh-water streams, when this breed is laid in the sun a few moments the stripes appear well defined all over the body. The second in the plate, the Humpback, can always be told by the fine scales and the hump on the back; it too was a fully developed adult, four years old, seek-

on the deck of the tug at the deep water end of the fish trap, a half a mile from shore and gaze down into the circling mass of big salmon imprisoned in the Spiller net. Great Spring salmon, a very rare Sockeye or a square-tailed handsome Steelhead were swimming amid a mass of silvery humpbacks, big fat Dog salmon and clean-cut Cohoes, around and around the forty-foot square-



A Sixty-pound Spring Salmon and Scow-load of Salmon.

ing the fresh water to spawn; its flesh was fairly pink and firm, being taken in the salt water. It seems a pity that this big fish, that later runs in millions up the straits, should not have a larger commercial value, but as the public have been educated to eat only a red salmon these big fish sell for one cent apiece from the fish traps. The third salmon is the Coho, a good, clean, handsome fish, flesh of a fair red, firm in comparison to the other fall fish, a good sporty fish on the rod and likewise runs in large schools.

It was extremely interesting to stand

netted prison some five thousand fish were swimming—and this is only a fair catch-dodging. Amid the mass was a school of young salmon not more than six inches long. We dissected these and decided they were young Spring salmon. Deeper down we could see the huge bulk of a blackfish or porpoise. Edging in and out, their shark-like fins and tails ever fanning, were scores of dogfish—not Dog salmon—and many a sore and jagged rip on the sides of the imprisoned salmon showed where these members of the shark family had been feeding. In the swirling mass tapering ratfish with

THE SALMON THAT "RUN" IN THE FALL.

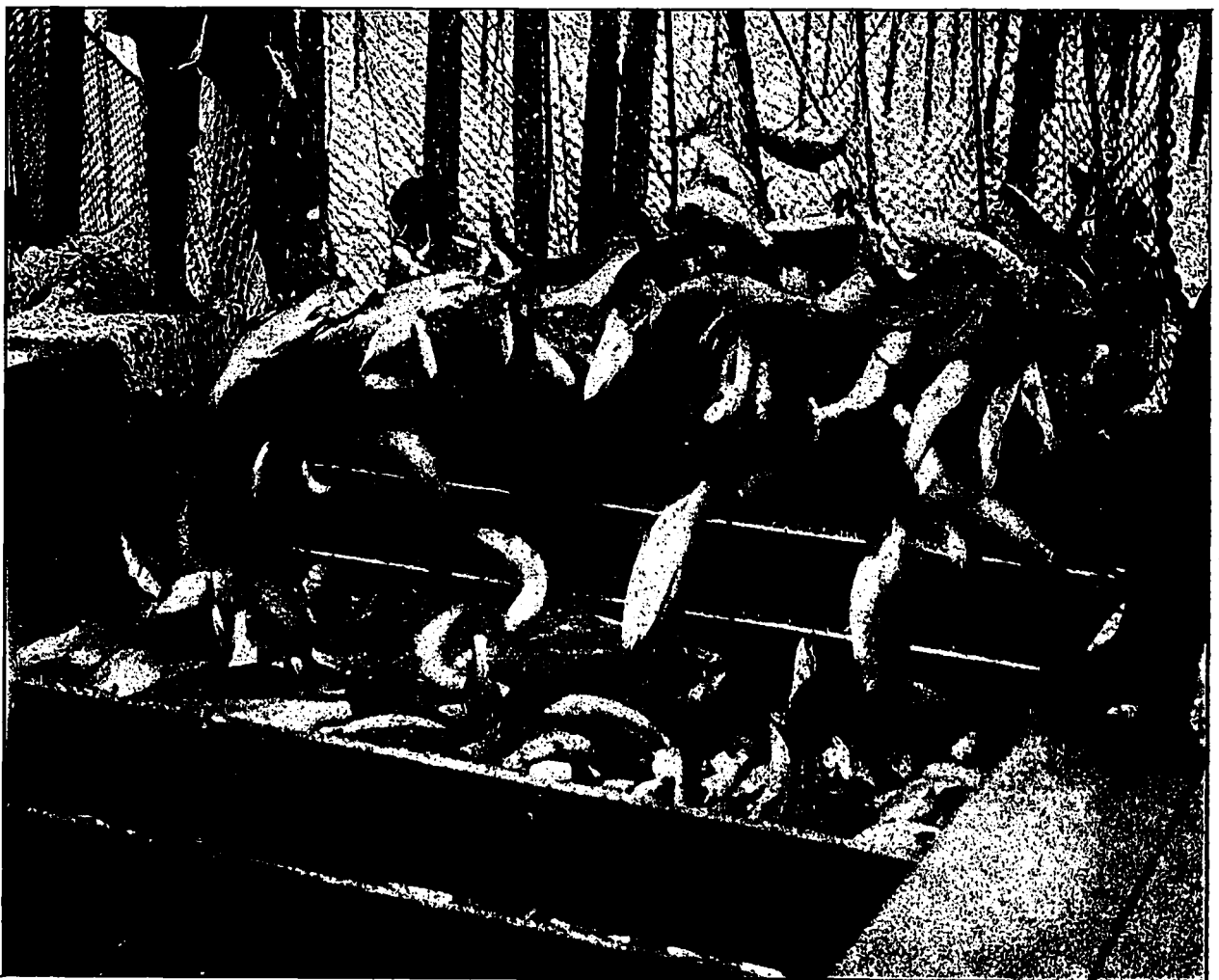
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wonderfully clear sea green eyes could be seen, their rich chocolate colouring adding a new tint to the blues and green and browns and silvers of the crowded net. Deep down a great white spotted, sharp-spined sturgeon glided in the darker places. Huge skates slowly fanned by their brown leathery fins working as a bird's wings. Black bass, cod-fish of five varieties, squid, herring, horse mackerel, shad, darted and plunged—a very kaleidoscope of fish.

The scow was passed in over the edge

Now, in September or October, the trap fishing has ceased, and the salmon are swimming in the sheltered arms and harbours of the sea, waiting for the rains to swell the fresh water streams that they may ascend and spawn and die. Strange provision of Nature, that no sooner has this handsome fish lived its four full years in the unknown places of the ocean, that it must seek a place to deposit its spawn or milt and perish to perpetuate the species.

Early in September we followed the



Salmon Falling From Brails Into Scow.

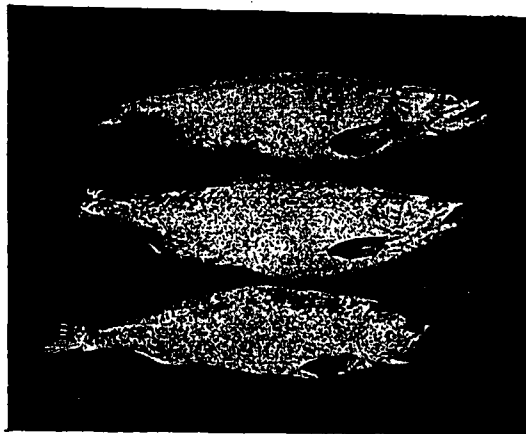
of the Spiller net, the net itself was gathered in under; the steam brailer was set to work and soon a splashing, rattling, leaping mass of silvery salmon and various fishes was falling into the scow. At another place the hand brailer was used and we pictured it coming up out of the spiller full of humpbacks. Within two to four minutes all of the salmon were dead in the scow; later they were sorted at the trap wharf and soon were en route to market.

Dog salmon up the streams—the Cohoes were still leaping in the estuary,—over shallows and riffles they worked with every tide, tearing and scarring themselves and growing great patches of fungus on their sides. Some were turning to a deep red, in fact we have seen some that were actually red salmon. Although they leaped and rose not one of them would take a bait. In places we saw two males following one female; in others we watched the male salmon

following after flounders—for what reason we do not know. Poor things they were marked and torn and fungus covered until we wonder that even the bears eat the remains, but they do as the trails at the water's edge and the half-eaten fish in the woods bear witness—and our web-footed friend the mallard likewise feeds on this awful fare. The gulls were so stuffed with decayed fish that they were inert. Later the polluted air makes this part of our study anything but pleasant.

Summing up all the opinions that we have heard in a thousand-mile pedestrian trip along this ruggedly beautiful Pacific Coast, noting the fact that the run of good salmon this year was lamentably small, while the poorer fish were plentiful, remembering the fact that the Indians at the head waters of the rivers—that have for years fed on the spawn-

ing salmon—are face to face with starvation on account of the absence of the sockeye from its old-time spawning grounds, seeing everywhere in the U. S. great numbers of traps and nets of all kinds, while here in Canada the traps are not as plentiful the nets are ever in the way of the good salmon seeking to enter the rivers, one must be led to the conclusion that the salmon is passing out. True that on the Sacramento the hatcheries have regained a lead, but every place we go the one tale is, less good salmon, as many poor salmon, more firms and men engaged and an ever-decreasing pack—shall we kill the fish until a live Spring, Sockeye or Coho will be a rarity? or shall we have, both in the U. S. and Canada, a series of close seasons, until we find the Sockeye once more plentiful far up that great spawning river—the Fraser?



Dog Salmon. Humpback. Coho.

A Greater Britain on the Pacific.

R. E. Gosnell.

IT is not a far cry from the time when British Columbia was part of the great terra incognita, designated as Indian Territory, over which the Hudson's Bay Company had exclusive trading privileges, and the year 1907, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as Premier of the nine prosperous provinces of Canada, and the unorganized districts attached thereto—the whole of what was formerly known as British North America—sat in the councils of the Empire and represented the views of the government of the first dominion in that Empire. It is only fifty years since British Columbia disintegrated from the Oregon of that day, and became a colony of Great Britain. Her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria had already reigned twenty years when that occurred and was of middle age. It seems only yesterday that she laid the sceptre down. Yet in that short space of time vast changes have taken place in the West of North America, and not in the least remarkable way in the West of His Majesty's domain. These changes have been so great and momentous and have so altered the destinies of the British Empire itself that few persons, even those who have witnessed them all, realize their extent, character and import. The object here, however, is not to be retrospective or historical, except in so far as may be necessary to institute some parallels conveying a more or less tangible impression of progress achieved and therefrom draw conclusions as to the future.

In 1857, there was no means of communication overland between the east and west of the North American continent, except the prairie ship, the primitive, wearily winding caravan—the

emigrant train of pioneer days. There were still millions of buffaloes on the prairie. West of the line of the Mississippi there were not yet half a million of people of European extraction. Apart from the few servants of the Hudson's Bay Co., scattered here and there at long intervals, there was not a white man on the mainland of British Columbia. On Vancouver Island which had been a Crown colony since 1849, there were possibly not more than 300 white persons all told. The news of the discovery of gold in the interior rivers and streams had just begun to percolate into the outside world through laggard channels. A reminiscent article in April Cornhill from the pen of Admiral Moresby, who was on duty in the Pacific waters a few years prior, is interesting as a picture and a somewhat vivid one of the conditions then existing. He deals with the oppressive solitude of the dense forests, with their children the Red Men and their primitive savagery; with the long winding and deep dark inlets that so numerous indent the northwest coast of the continent; with wild beasts and the winged animals in an unexploited paradise of sport; with Nature in its very pristine forms and solemn majesty; and with the few adventurous fur traders who were pioneering for the generations to come. "So little known, in fact, was Vancouver (Island) in 1852," he writes, "that when the news came to the officers mess of H.M. Thetis (a crack 36-gun frigate) of an order to proceed there straightway, I scarcely think even our hope of sport had any more concrete form than a vague notion of forest and stream, fur and fish," and in conclusion he strikes almost a pathetic key:—

"As I lay my pen down the vision of

the forest primeval and its children fades, and there rises in its place the roar of civilization, the teeming life of the cities that are and will be throned on the North Pacific.

"So the world changes; so our feverish activities fill the space between the silences; but to an old sailor who recalls many men and things in the peace of his last days, it is difficult sometimes to distinguish phantom and reality, and easier to believe that the pines are still waving in their solitude and the rivers running undisturbed to the great ocean."

For the purpose of comparison it is impossible to quote statistics of a time before which there was nothing. To show the progress that has been made we cannot go back as far as 1857, because while there were gold discoveries in that year, and in the following year excitements, inrush of population and government of a kind, as there had been in California ten years before, these were but the bases or germs, of a social and industrial organization that took many years to develop. As in the Middle and Pacific States, there was no real, at least rapid, progress until railways were built. So the history of British Columbia did not commence until about twenty years ago upon the completion of the C. P. R. There were as I have said, government, a small population, incipient commerce, trade and industry, but after the preliminary spurts incident to mining excitements, there was stagnation. Taking into consideration all things, more especially geographical remoteness, isolation, and mountainous exterior, the progress achieved since that time has been as remarkable as—if not more remarkable than—anything witnessed in the world during a very remarkable quarter of a century.

The states of Washington, Oregon and California in their development, and being largely similar in natural conditions what applies to them applies equally well to the country north of them, and in making comparisons I wish to include both. The reason for this rests upon the fact that causes and effects as revealed all along this long line of territory in addition to being largely contemporane-

ous are also very closely correlated. That is important to bear in mind. Statistics confined to a strictly mathematical basis might seem to prove that the American states referred to had relatively advanced much faster than British Columbia, and that is true; but it must be clearly understood that as these three states represented the western shore line of a great Republic that for many years made phenomenal strides—longer and faster than those made by Canada—it was but natural and inevitable that they should with it. Today in Canada people do not mourn over the fact that the United States for all these years, in material development, outstripped it actually and relatively. The very start that country got over Canada, while the latter was struggling with its hard physical conditions and knotty political problems, made it all the more difficult for Canadians to keep up in the race. Canada was not only handicapped in competition, by almost every possible adverse condition, for a share of the attention and immigration its great rival was receiving, but nearly two millions of her own population were carried away in that apparently never-ceasing floodtide to join their fortunes with those of their Yankee cousins. The steady plodding of the Canadian and the filling up of United States lands finally brought him to his opportunity, when the tide has begun to flow back again to the northward, promising to make the twentieth century Canada's, as the nineteenth was peculiarly that of her neighbour. The discipline of working and waiting and struggling was worth more in making national character than riches and fine linen. So, therefore, if British Columbia has lagged behind Washington, Oregon and California, which present many similar natural conditions and opportunities, in the past, it has not been without good, I might say, national cause; but the very reasons which caused the Pacific Coast states to stride so fast for a time will cause this province to stride still faster in the future. The latter possesses some advantages which her neighbours do not, and similar advantages in a

greater degree, as I shall attempt to show.

Readers do not require to be reminded that prior to 1846, Oregon, Washington and the greater part of British Columbia, as at present constituted, were included in that lone land of shadowy metes and bounds then known as the Oregon territory, and, indifferently, some times as Columbia. There were, as they also know, very conflicting claims as to the right of sovereignty. Those of the British extended as far south as the Columbia river, while the United States wanted the earth as far north as Alaska, a claim, by the way, which gave rise to the political shibboleth in the latter country at one time of "54, 40 or fight," a phrase attributed to that erratic genius of American fame in railways and finance, the late George Francis Train, and incorporated by him into some rather remarkable doggerel. Prior to the settlement of the boundary question the whole of the territory in dispute was appraised as practically valueless by the people of both countries, as reference to literature of the time will show. The missionaries and the first settlers in Oregon may be excepted from this general category, but they were recent arrivals, and like the Israelites of old they got, this new Canaan, for Uncle Sam this land of milk and honey, by simply entering in and taking possession of it. I might quote Robt. Greenhow, the distinguished librarian at Washington, as I have done on other occasions, to show the accepted American view of the country—a land hopeless in the expectancy of important commercial or industrial results, and forbidding all expectation of a transcontinental or transpacific trade developing through it or out of it. Or I might also quote some of the British writers on the same subject to practically the same effect. How dimly the potential present was then perceived by the very wisest and best informed men we may best judge by the accomplishments of the meanwhile.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the Oregon dispute. Like some other international disputes we have had with our near neighbours, it settled itself

somehow in a haphazard way. There is a story told by the late Roderick Finlayson in his privately published diary. Finlayson was the factor of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fort at Victoria, when Capt. Gordon, brother of the then premier of Great Britain, paid him a visit in his ship H.M.S. "America," to obtain information in order to assist the Imperial government in settling this bothering dispute. Mr. Finlayson states that Gordon was quite disgusted to find that fish were caught with lines and bait instead of with a rod and flies. He was equally disgusted with his attempts to stalk deer in a country where the thickets were too dense to be penetrated after the quarry had been sighted. Finlayson, by way of compensation, thought that Gordon would be impressed with the splendid scenic environment of Victoria, and with pride asked what he thought of it. "I would not," said the captain in reply, "give one of the bleakest knolls of all the bleak hills of Scotland for twenty islands arrayed like this in barbaric splendor." History also records that a detachment of this same expedition had visited the country along the Columbia river and returned equally as disgusted with what they saw as was Gordon with Vancouver Island. These incidents undoubtedly gave credence to what after all may have been only an amiable fiction, with a world-wide circulation, that Oregon was lost to the British because the salmon in its waters refused to rise to a fly. The remote or the immediate causes of this would take too long to discuss, and be a useless labour in any event. Doubtless the British governments of the long days through which the controversy in all its phases dragged from first to last lacked imagination as well as information respecting the country, and, perhaps after all cannot be blamed for not being wiser than they knew. Few, if any, in those days could appreciate the possibilities that lay dormant in Oregon or pierce the veil of its mighty future. It goes without saying of course, that British Columbia with Washington and Oregon included would have been vastly greater than it is; but even shorn as it has been of its widest

possibilities it has still an area of 381,000 square miles, an area large enough for, and larger than that of many, a kingdom.

It has already been stated that in 1857 the white population west of the Mississippi did not exceed half a million. As a matter of fact, the population of the western division of America—the Pacific slope—is given as 179,000 in 1850, to which may be added for the country north of the line 30,000 or 35,000, almost exclusively Indians. The population for the same area in 1906 is given officially at 4,100,000, to which may be added at least 250,000 for British Columbia. An official statement of the wealth of the Pacific Coast states in 1904 places it roundly at \$10,000,000,000. We have no similar statement of an official nature for British Columbia, but it may be fixed approximately at \$350,000,000. In 1906 the exports and imports of the western ports of these states reached the respectable total of \$217,500,000, whereas in 1890 they only reached \$99,000,000. To this add \$38,500,000 for British Columbia in 1906. In the case of Puget Sound, the increase in sixteen years was 14-fold, of Seattle 48-fold, and of Tacoma about 5-fold. The mileage of railways, which in 1860 was 23 miles, in 1906 was nearly 18,000 miles. Bank loans and discounts in the latter year amounted in volume to \$175,000,000, and savings banks deposits to \$264,000,000. This is a record of really much less than fifty years, and is eloquent of what we in British Columbia, still in the swaddling clothes of development, are capable of.

Turning now to the exclusive consideration of this our own province, there have been many things affecting its destinies since 1849 when the colony of Vancouver Island came into existence—the mining excitements, the loss of the San Juan group of islands, the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, the entering into Confederation, the agitation for the speedy construction of the C. P. R., the Settlement Act, and, perhaps most marked in its effects, the completion of a transcontinental line. The last spike was driven in 1885 by Sir Donald

A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and the following summer the first through train from Montreal, after a continuous journey of 3,000 miles, arrived in Port Moody—a memorable event, the consummation of the great task of welding the scattered provinces of Canada together, but after all only the forging of the initial link in that mightier chain to unite the Motherland with Canada, the Orient and Australia on the all-red line of Empire.

There is no record of what was produced in British Columbia in 1871—the total was small—but from census returns of the output of manufactures, of the forest, of the mines, of furs, of agriculture, and of the fisheries, we are enabled to follow up the progress since that time. By decades we have the following:

1881	\$ 8,116,355
1891	22,213,575
1901	83,804,862

The returns for 1901 will undoubtedly show a still greater percentage of increase. The mines, which in 1901, produced values to the extent of \$3,500,000, in 1906 produced in values \$25,000,000. We have had even more remarkable progress in agriculture, whose products increased 11-fold between 1891 and 1901, and without doubt the most promising of all our great industries, notwithstanding the relatively limited areas of agricultural lands. Coming to exports and imports, we find totals as follows:

1872	\$ 3,648,402
1881	4,721,197
1891	11,736,041
1901	32,187,545
1906	38,401,998

Taking these figures, which might be multiplied in great volume, and the statistics for the entire Pacific Coast—a territory which as I have stated has a great deal in common and is analagous in its general characteristics—and viewing them in the light of the surmises made over fifty years ago by the historian Greenhow or the not less distinguished British authorities to whom I have referred, one realizes how very unsafe it is to prophecy. What these wise men thought or wrote then is of no real im-

portance now except, perhaps, to accentuate the facts which the future actually revealed. The moral of these facts may be readily drawn. The entire Pacific Coast has been singularly productive and progressive, notwithstanding its many obvious physical disadvantages. Its potential assets are climate, fertility of soil, scenery, ocean, timber, minerals, in almost prodigal combination. The country north of the boundary line, I wish to repeat again as the moral of my story, is similar in most respects to that south, with very many of the essential features emphasized in an especial degree. South of the line the development of the natural assets has been more rapid and fuller, for the reason that there has been a population behind it larger in the ratio of 15 to 1. The tide of population and prosperity having turned in the direction of Canada, British Columbia as its western shore line must share in that prosperity in abounding measure. It is the last of the undeveloped areas of the continent, the last west as a field for the pioneer, the seeker of fortune, and the settler in search of a home. I am not unmindful of the danger of prophesying, to which I adverted a moment ago, but looking at the future in the light of available data and reasonable possibilities, all the factors in the situation favour the belief that British Columbia will henceforth make relatively more rapid progress than any other part of the Pacific slope, remarkable as that progress has been in the past, and is likely to be in the future.

Let us examine carefully the reasons for making this bold proposition. The states of the Pacific slope, though still developing, are approaching the zenith of their achievements. British Columbia is still nascent. Throughout its entire extent it has been shown to be metaliferous, and it will not be denied, so far as events have carried us, that neither Washington nor Oregon can compare with British Columbia as mining countries. Whatever may be our future in this respect, up to the present only a fringe of the Province has been touched by transportation, and consequently only a fringe of our mineral resources has

been made available. In railway construction the Pacific Coast states have been far in advance of us, having nine or ten times the mileage of British Columbia; but in addition to the Canadian Pacific railway, already a most important factor, we have the immediate promise of three other transcontinental lines—the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Great Northern Railways, with, of course, the usual ramification of branch and local lines. One can hardly estimate the effect of such a stimulus to all the activities as will here be afforded. Again, British Columbia has admittedly the largest compact timber areas on the continent, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of that fact. By far the most valuable deep sea fisheries are found north of the 49th parallel, and from as far north as Alaska the United States fishermen are getting their supplies for the American market. It may be freely admitted that in point of agricultural resources we are outclassed in the comparison, that is, as to extent of arable land; but even here we have nine or ten millions of acres, capable, by intensive fruit and small-farm culture, of yielding enormously, with a ready and most profitable market locally, in the middle Canadian provinces, and in Great Britain. While our output can never be as large, as that of the States south of us within corresponding areas, the industry is, for obvious reasons, of vantage in respect to market, likely always to be more profitable here than there. We possess another great advantage over our neighbours to the south in the nature of our coast line and the excellent facilities afforded for shipping. From San Francisco to Puget Sound there is no harbor of any size. Our coast line is full of harbours, many of them suitable as railway and steamship termini, so that in time if our anticipations are realized as to the developments to take place we have in this fact the basis of a great mercantile marine and commercial power. There is still the further advantages, in a sense not less important, in the abundance of coal, iron and pulp wood, which they do not possess. Many problems

have been and still are connected with the development of the iron industry on this Coast, but it seems almost certain that sooner or later these will be solved. There are new processes in the smelting of iron and steel already in operation and likely to be applied to the situation here, which will make the magnetic iron ores, which prevail on this coast, convertible into products comparable with the best qualities of iron and steel turned out in the world. The pulp and paper industry, although never likely to assume the importance it has in the east of Canada, is nevertheless likely to be very successful. Ship-building, too, ought to be from our very situation one of the leading industrial enterprises of the future. I have only touched upon a few of the leading factors in making my comparison and drawing conclusions. Manufacturing on the coast is still in its infancy, though steadily growing. We have peculiar natural advantages for manufacturing on an extensive scale. With iron and coal and lime and timber and sea all in close contiguity—things upon which Great Britain founded its supremacy—we have undoubtedly the essential elements of a vast industrial fabric. As soon as the prairies fill up there will be at least ten millions at our back door, and an Orient, and Australia and South America at our front doors,

to consume our products. I was going to quote Lord Gray's remarks while in the Province last year, but space forbids to reproduce more than one short sentence, which seems to be particularly opportune: "I shall have failed in my object if I have not communicated to you my own profound belief in the present and potential advantages you can enjoy because of your great natural resources and of your unique geographical position."

This vast and in some respects still unknown country has possibilities in store for it not yet, perhaps, dreamed of. It has without peradventure, great possibilities as the home for the British emigrant and as a field for the investor; possibilities as the point of convergence of trade and commerce along the All Red Line to the utmost development of which the statesmen of the Empire are pledged; possibilities as an educational centre as famous as any in Europe; possibilities of great industrial wealth; possibilities in short as a greater Britain on the Pacific, where British arts and institutions will expand under fresh impetus, "where the British flag will forever fly, where British laws and justice will be respected and enforced, and where British men and women will be bred equal to the best traditions of the race."

The Wolf Hunter.

Edith M. Reade.

RUSSIA! What a multitude of thoughts that word brings to us, now that all eyes are centered on that unhappy country. But my tale is not one of political complications, assassinations or plots; but just one of those little unknown tragedies so real to those immediately concerned.

The village of X— was one of those little communities of peasants of which there are many in that vast country, and Marie was not the least interesting of the inhabitants. Eyes like the sky in the summer time, and the blond beautiful hair and fair skin of the dwellers in the Northern land, such was Marie —. She had two lovers! I should not say two perhaps, for literally she had as many as she could count on her fingers, but only two that she had second thoughts about. Paul Kloff, a peasant of her own village, and Peter —.

Peter — was no peasant, and though his real identity was unknown it was generally suspected that he was one of the many noblemen fleeing from the troubles and dangers of the Court and hoping to live in the obscurity of a peasant village. It was only natural that the handsome and courtly Peter, surrounded by mystery and evidently of genteel birth, should stir up romantic thoughts in the breast of Marie. Poor Paul! Before the "Count" as he was called, appeared in the little village, he was the favoured suitor, and though Marie was still very kind to him, he could feel that his rival was very attractive to her.

Paul was a great hunter and trapper, and many lovely furs had he brought for his Marie. In the year of which I write many tales were told of wolves that were terrorizing the country and causing great loss by carrying off the

domestic animals belonging to the peasants, especially in the neighbourhood of a village some miles from X—. "Oh, my Marie," said Paul, "you don't care for me as you used to do. I am going to hunt the wolves; perhaps I shall never come back and you will marry the Count."

When Paul was gone, Marie grew to think more of him and less of the Count. Where was Paul? Even at this moment he might be alone in the dark forest with those dreadful wolves on his track.

By and by word was brought of a particularly ferocious band of wolves that were being hunted by a daring band of men, lead by a well known trapper from X—. It must be Paul, and so Marie was fearful for him, and hated the Count. "Who are you?" she cried one day, "who do nothing but sit round and pester me. Paul is a man." Stung by her insinuation that he was a milk sop, Peter suddenly announced that he should be away for a little while, and accordingly he left the village.

He carried out his secret intention of joining the wolf hunters, and found Paul as he expected. Paul was naturally surprised to see him, but said nothing.

So far they had been unable to come upon the dangerous pack which was so wary and cunning, and was lead by several grim veterans of extraordinary sagacity. If only these leaders could be destroyed, the pack would be disorganized, and either be frightened away or decoyed to destruction.

"Ah," thought Peter, "if only I can do what these others have failed, Marie will not think me a milksop." It happened that it was known that at nightfall the ringleaders of the wolves reconnoitered round the outskirts of the

village; for being cowardly animals, it is unusual for wolves to approach human habitations unless in very severe winter when they are in a frenzy from starvation. Peter thought of a plan to be carried out by himself alone. Attract the wolves to a tree where he could fire on them. He would drag a piece of meat on a string behind him, to leave a strong scent, and leave it at the bottom of a tree in which he would be concealed. The leading wolves in advance of the pack, would follow the scent to his tree when he would shoot them down. As for getting safely home, the possibility of having to spend the night in the tree never occurred to him, so full was he of the glory he would win.

Slipping away one evening he dragged his bait about and finally ensconced himself in a tree near the edge of the forest, some three miles from the villaga. Darkness fell and it was very cold, the first snow having fallen. The weird dark timber rustled with mysterious and fearful sounds; what would be the end? Of course they would track him to the tree and then they would be shot and there would be nothing more to fear.

Presently a confused snarling sound broke the stillness of the watch! The wolves were on his track? Nearer and nearer came the yapping and snarling, and then when they were but a few yards distant, he saw their grim gaunt forms and gleaming frothy fangs.

But, good heavens! it was not only a few leaders, it was the whole pack, a very different matter. They clustered round the tree, growling horribly, and snarling and jumping. He shot as fast as he could into the confused mass below, but the brutes seemed utterly devoid of fear, and hardly seemed to notice their comrades drop, only giving back a moment at the report of his rifle. His fingers were getting numb, he could hardly load his rifle, and dropped many of his cartridges; he would soon have none left, and he did not believe that he had killed more than half a dozen wolves and there seemed to be many left.

Soon the wolves sheered away from the tree and he could not aim at them

so well. I'm here for the night, he thought. But what was that sighing in the forest? A chill breath touched his cheek; warmly clad as he was could he live the night? No, his numbed fingers and limbs would loose their hold and he would fall into the jaws of the waiting death below. Fool that he was to venture alone on such a mad adventure. Ah Marie! He would never see her again. Would she grieve? No, she would be sorry for a little while, and then she would marry simple Paul. Perhaps it would be better so.

In the meantime the "Count" had been missed by his companions, and on enquiry it was found that he had been seen making for the forest with his rifle. Gone after the wolves alone! Something must be done. A number of volunteers were hastily mustered and some twenty men with lanterns and rifles set out in the direction where Peter had been seen. After a while they heard the shots and hurried on fearfully. Then they heard the wolves snapping and growling. "He is firing on them from a tree," they said. "We'll destroy the band yet, thanks to the Count." Paul raged in his heart, "Is the 'Count' to have all the glory; he will have the honour of breaking up this wolf pack, and will return a hero in Marie's eyes. Curse his luck!" "Help!" "Help!" Ah! he is in danger. They must be quick."

They advanced firing to encourage Peter and intimidate the wolves. Peter had left off firing; was he still alive? They could see the brutes now. "We must save him," thought Paul. "I believe she loves him best. I shall save him, but she will never know."

The wolves slunk back at the sight of the lanterns. The rescuers fired together, and by the fearful yells and howls they knew they had taken effect. "I can't hold on long, boys," came Peter's voice. Some of the pack came leaping round them again, and had they all closed in at once, the gallant little band of men must soon have been borne to the ground. The cowardly animals sprang forward one or two at a time, however, and were quickly dropped by bullets.

"I'm falling," called Peter, and as he spoke he fell from the tree, just as a huge old wolf sprang forward. Only Paul saw this in the darkness of the confusion. He fired, but the brute did not fall, and was almost upon the prostrate form of the "Count."

Drawing his hunting knife, Paul rushed at the wolf and plunged it into its throat. The terrible brute leaving Peter, turned on its assailant, but only obtained a passing grip, but which made a terrible wound. Dizzy with pain his rifle fell from his hand and he stood helpless as the wolf turned again. "Marie," he murmured, and all was dark.

But the dreadful wolf never reached him, wounded twice by Paul, it sunk dying to the ground. The rest of the wolves fled into the forest and the fight was over. Many of the brave hunters had serious wounds. The "Count" and Paul were carried home, where both recovered consciousness.

When Paul opened his eyes, there were two figures bending over him. They were the Count and Marie. "Paul, old chap, I've been telling Marie that it was you who saved me, and that it is you who is the hero." "I saved him for you, Marie," Paul replied. "I can die happy now." "But you are not going to die," they cried. But it was even so; he was bleeding internally and would not last long. "Count," he said, "I leave her with you." He clasped their hands together, and before him they plighted their troth.

Together they followed the bier to the grave, and so his love bound Marie more closely to her other lover instead of coming between them.

Marie never forgot the simple and noble Paul, but never did she regret the other love, into whose keeping it was his dying wish that she should pass. "He only is for me," she thought, "Paul gave him to me."

The Queen of Night.

Edith J. Binnington.

MEREDITH had breakfasted at 7.30. For years it had been a custom with him to rise early, eat a light breakfast and after reading the Morning Mail, stroll out into the garden which surrounded his bungalow and gather a few of the fairest flowers from the gaily-decked flower beds, but on this occasion the morning paper had failed to interest him, and his letters he left untouched, save one, a small note in blue, and on opening it, he read:

"Glenwarren, July 7th.

"Dear Mr. Meredith,—My husband and I wish to convey our compliments and ask you to come and spend a month

or so with us while we are at Glenwarren. There is to be a Masquerade Ball on the 18th, so trust you will come down and help make it a success.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HELEN FORBES."

He immediately sat down, lighted a cigarette and wrote Mrs. Forbes an acceptance and at that moment receiving a telegram from a client in the City, left on the early train explaining to his valet that urgent business would keep him in the City for a day or so.

He arrived home on the 17th, the day before the Ball, and bidding James pack his valise, sat down to enjoy a quiet smoke in the solitude of his library.

The following morning he set off for Glenwarren and arrived there just in time to dress for dinner.

Of course the Ball was the one topic of conversation at the dinner table, and Mrs. Forbes explained to the party the arrangement of the programme. Masques were to be worn till twelve, when they were to be removed and after a short interval supper would be served and the rest of the programme completed.

At 9.30 most of the guests had entered the ball-room and the smartly dressed flower girls, Spanish troubadours, princes, kings, butterflies and tambourine girls made a brilliant spectacle.

The orchestra began and Meredith, who was a splendid waltzer, was enjoying the first number of the evening with his hostess. The waltz ended and as they were promenading, all eyes were attracted to the door as a party entered composed of a tall girl dressed in black, folds of chiffon delicately arranged with sequin trimming, representing the "Queen of Night," with another lady, somewhat her senior dressed as "Marie Antoinette" and a gentleman as "Knight Templar" created no small amount of sensation. Meredith asked Mrs. Forbes who they were, and as they stopped for a moment, Walton, a friend of Meredith's came up:

"Halloa Meredith, old boy, glad to see you; something new for you to be dancing again."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You must have an influence over him. Mrs. Forbes?"

"Indeed," said she, "I do not flatter myself. He just came, because he wanted to."

"Exactly, Mrs. Forbes," replied Meredith.

"Quite paradoxical," said Walton.

"By the way, Walton, you don't happen to know who the people are who have just entered?"

"Yes, I do, well—that is, I know Mr. and Mrs. Denzell, but I forget the name of their niece; she is a new arrival."

"Extremely handsome, is she not?"

"I should say so."

"I'll introduce you to her chaperone, if you wish," said Walton.

"Oh, thanks very much," and as I turned to speak with some friends, he was gone, only to return after a few moments.

"I've arranged it all perfectly," said Walton, evidently in high glee at his stroke of diplomacy. "I've just had the good fortune to meet the "Queen of Night" and her chaperone, Mrs. Denzell, is a charming woman, I can assure you, and what's more as I engaged the Queen for a dance, I saw the Fifth Waltz was vacant."

I felt suddenly envious, but Walton is a good natured chap and taking my arm, away we went.

"Mrs. Denzell, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Meredith, and Miss—ah—I forget—the names are not to be given away, the "Queen of Night." We bowed and as I asked the Queen for a dance, she handed me her programme, and to my ecstasy she murmured that she had a preference for waltzes.

"That's very fortunate," said I, "and in that case may I have the pleasure of the Fifth Waltz?"

"Certainly, Mr. Meredith," and as he looked he saw beneath the masque a slight flush on her cheeks and she trembled as she toyed with her fan.

The orchestra began playing for the Lancers and he excused himself to seek out his partner, whom he failed to find and being a beautiful evening he strolled out on to the balcony. Through one of the French windows he could see the dancers and as he watched them he presently caught sight of Walton with the Queen of Night in a set quite close to the window.

Surely it could not be Georgie Hollister with whom he had been in love some four summers ago. He watched her every motion, her graceful bow and elegant costume. As he re-entered the ball-room, it would not have taken a very keen observer to notice in which direction his eyes and thoughts were wandering.

The Lancers were still in progress and Meredith could not help thinking how beautiful she was and how different she looked to the rest of those about her.

The Lancers ended and after a few

moments, but what seemed to him an age, the musicians filed in and the waltz began.

"You are here on a visit are you not?" asked Meredith of the Queen.

"Oh, yes, but only for a short time. You see, Aunt Eleanor expects me back in a month's time; she says she is lonely without me."

"I can quite understand that," rejoined Meredith.

"Please don't interrupt. I was going to say that when I go back, we are going off to the South of France and shall therefore be very busy until then."

"Yes, I see, but don't you think aunts are very selfish beings sometimes? Now I think it would be a great mistake on your part to leave such a charming place as Glenwarren before the end of the summer. It is such a pretty place, and I'm sure even a Queen could be happy here."

"How absurd you are, Mr. Meredith," at which he laughed.

"Pardon my staring, but you are so much like a Mr. Meredith whom I used to know, but it's a long, long time ago, and I saw her breast heave and a faint sigh escape her.

"You may have known but you see you have the advantage, as we men are not masqued, but it will soon be twelve; then the truth will out."

The waltz coming to a close, they wandered out on to the verandah, which had been decorated for the occasion. Dainty fingers had draped long festoons of flowers from column to column and deftly arranged cosy little arbors in the corners of the balcony, while here and there a Chinese lantern swayed in the evening breeze.

"What a charming spot," said the Queen, as he placed a chair for her. "It is like some fairy's grotto."

"And you—the Fairy Queen," urged Meredith.

"Please don't talk nonsense; it seems too trivial."

"As you will, but it is deliciously cool here and the flowers smell so fragrantly."

"Really, you are very much like the other Mr. Meredith; you even talk and laugh like him—only I think the other—well, he was somehow different, too."

"Is the difference displeasing?" said I.

"I am not surely bound to answer that question?"

"It all depends on who is the judge in the case."

"Then I am the judge, and the case is dismissed."

"Ho, ho, what a way out of it, but, listen! what is that?"

The clock is striking and, taking out his watch: "It is just twelve; I trust I may now have the pleasure of untying the strings of your masque."

"I would much prefer to untie my own, thank you," replied the Queen, with an air of independence.

"Oh, very well, if you really wish it."

Just at that moment there was a sudden gust, which caused the nearest lantern to blow out and Meredith, who noticed she seemed to be struggling, jumped up and insisted on setting the strings free.

"Thank you, so much; they've got in a knot; it is kind of you."

"Not at all, I'd do anything in the world for a Queen."

And as the masque slipped off she uttered a soft "thank you," which, if Meredith had not been near, he might not have heard, and then she saw in a glance that it was Jack Meredith, and all he could say as he gazed at her was: "Why, Georgie!"

Then as he took her to his arms, he saw in the light of her lustrous eyes that unmistakable gleam of love which meant life, hope and joy henceforth to him.

Stray Thoughts on Poetry.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

THE question you have asked me to discuss, is one altogether above my powers. Not only have men failed to satisfactorily define poetry, from the time of Homer until today, but I hold that it is like most of the greatest matters in this world, almost impossible to define and quite impossible to explain.

It will, however, I think, be comparatively easy to show you what is not poetry, and though that is only half the battle, it will be a step in the right direction.

That poetry is one of the great forces which has moved and still moves the world, is a truism almost too trite to repeat: to call it articulate music is but to suggest a line of thought.

Following the advice of a great master, I have hunted diligently to see what I could steal for you, but even so I have been able neither to appropriate, nor to evolve what I consider a reasonably satisfactory definition of poetry.

The worst of my authorities contents himself with speaking of it as words metrically arranged: a better one, as any expression of imaginative feeling; the best to my mind, Mr. Theodore Watts in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, as the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmic language.

Of course, the first is ludicrously inadequate. At the best it would but feebly describe verse, and verse need not necessarily have any poetry in it. The second is better, but it fails utterly, because it would apply equally to painting or music, both of which may, and should be full of poetic feeling, but could not possibly be described as poetry.

The definition by Mr. Watts, probably comes as near the mark as anything we

shall find, but with the irreverence of a free thinker, I must quarrel even with that, though not greatly.

For "artistic" I would substitute natural, and instead of using emotional as an adjective, to qualify the language, I would apply it to the human heart, the source from which that language sprang.

Metrical, or at any rate musical language to my mind is the natural, or if you like it better, spontaneous form in which a stirred human heart expresses itself.

The truth of the whole matter lies, in concrete form, in the two expressions that to write poetry, there must be a heart red hot behind the pen, and in Wordsworth's dictum that only that which comes from the heart goes to the heart.

Absolute sincerity is almost the first essential of true poetry, and so in whatever else I am wrong, you may believe me in this, that no man ever drew tears from another's eyes by verse, which did not bring tears to his own, when he wrote it.

If you want a proof of this, let me give you one, and do you if you should ever meet a poet in the flesh, ask him to confirm or refute my statement.

The critics may praise, or the critics may condemn manufactured verse. They have their canons of composition, and their measure of perfection, but with unerring finger, the world, the man in the street, the big jury of lettered and unlettered mankind alike, will point to and applaud only that which was felt when it was written. The author himself even shall pass his works in review, and hesitate about their relative merits, but he will find that the blundering public with the intuition of a woman, will

detect every time that which came from a red hot heart.

The man who writes for pay, gets his dollars, but the man who writes only when he cannot help it, wins the immortal laurels, and for this reason I think it a pity that almost all poets have written too much. To me, a professional poet is a contradiction in terms. Poetry is the fruit of direct inspiration, is therefore absolutely natural, and cannot possibly be forced for the market. Verse of course can be, and, is.

But let me hark back for a moment. I wanted Mr. Watts to substitute natural for artistic, because I hold that metrical language was the natural language of a stirred heart, and although I fear that I cannot make my meaning very clear, I can perhaps suggest a corroboration of my statement. English verse at any rate, depends almost entirely upon stress, and the stress falls naturally upon the important words. The result is a kind of natural rise and fall, pause and procession of words.

Now consider how, when you are discussing the ordinary matters of everyday life, your voice moves at one sober level. That is the language of prose. But imagine yourself pleading for some life that is all the world to you, pleading with the doctor or the judge. Would your voice, think you, keep at that monotonous level?

Would it not rise and fall, lay stress on the words which most truly echoed the feelings of your red hot heart, become in fact what we call full of emotion? That, though not perfect, because very few of us are completely articulate, is the metrical language of poetry.

And in this connection, let me remind you that poetry is only a degree more articulate than music, which can at the most only suggest ideas to a receptive mind. A poem of course should be lucid, but the symbols of our speech are very few, and a mind in a state of exaltation may well sometimes touch the verge of a world unknown, containing matters for which our vocabulary has no symbols.

Is not this the reason why perhaps hymns dealing with Heaven are so poor

(a golden city flowing with milk and honey) whereas, those which deal with man's childlike attitude towards his God, are so fine. "Lead kindly light," and "Nearer my God to Thee," for instance.

Let me be quite candid with you, and admit that I believe in direct inspiration. I know how the word has fallen into disrepute, because all sorts of fools with long hair, and picture clothes have arrogated to themselves a monopoly of this wonderful gift, having for the most part, no share in it.

Ask Kipling whom I count a poet too great for us to measure as yet, whether he deliberately created any of his greater poems, or deliberately chose the metre in which they should live. He may have done this sometimes when he had a story to tell, or a creed to preach, or an abuse to whip, but I think that "The Flag of England" sung itself in part at least into his brain, before he knew: that Mandalay was the echo of a song which nature had crooned to him in the East, and Puck's stories were not so much made as whispered to him by the land itself which he loves. That is Kipling's secret. I don't know him, and have no conception of his personality, but I know that his love of England is real, that it makes his blood run hot, his breath come quick, his hand clench, and his eye grow dim, and the British people see this behind his verse, and love him for it.

Of course, all this time, I am talking to you only of one kind of poetry and the critics will tell you that there are two, objective and subjective, and I will be frank with you and admit that I am so ignorant, that I find it rather difficult to explain, what this means, but I think that it means that the first express in verse what they feel, and the others create characters with feelings appropriate to those characters.

I doubt if they really do. It seems to me that man being such a complex creation, and containing in himself, so many different characters, these greater poets only express their various selves under various types. But I must let this go. It is beyond my depth. Only I

have my doubts about the wisdom of telling a long story in verse, and demur entirely to the dictum of one of our friends, that only a man who has written a great deal can be properly considered a great poet. The reverse seems to me to be true, and if you will honestly read a thousand lines of any man's, and judge for yourself, I feel satisfied that you will admit that the inspiration is not maintained throughout them, that the occurrence of metrical prose is frequent, and the gems rare.

And without gems there can be no true poetry.

Consider for a moment what you require to make a true poem. First it seems to me, that you will require the gem of thought. That is essential. And then, you will want the setting appropriate to and worthy of it. A gem without such a setting may be prose, but a setting without a gem, is assuredly only verse.

Amongst the masters, I am afraid that Browning sometimes writes this kind of prose, and Swinburne that kind of verse. The old giant is too full of fiery thought, to have time to fashion this setting reverently, and the sweet singer, so carried away sometimes by his music, as to be a little inarticulate. But both these are so dear to me, that I feel that it is almost a sin to say what I have done, and yet it is a man's duty to judge for himself, and take nothing on trust, or from hearsay.

Your Stevenson has told you that "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

"And as to this setting?" you ask me, "is not this essentially a matter of art?"

It is hard to establish the contrary, and yet it is that I believe, or at any rate, it is an art which cannot be taught, and therefore to my mind, no art at all. Is the lark's song art? When the March storm is over, and the brave thrush pours his song from the top of the larch, is that art? When Shelley wrote his matchless ode to the sky lark, was that art? Can you not hear in it the echo of the lark's song: read in it

the inspired revelation of that song's meaning?

No, I believe that the true poet is one, who in a state of temporary, mental, or, if you will, spiritual exaltation, vibrates like the strings of a harp to some touch from the unseen, hears with an internal ear, the voice of God, and echoes it, or the throb of a nation's heart, and makes it articulate (as Kipling did when he wrote the *Recessional*) and that this voice sets itself to music, and suggests the setting when it shows the gem.

There is a book in my library, which contains much exquisite verse, and I am going to quote a little from its preface to emphasize my own views at the expense of the author.

This gentleman is an ardent admirer of what I consider artificial verse, of old and difficult forms, like the ballade, rondeau, virelai, and such like, which bind a poet in fetters of iron, so that he cannot say the thing he will, but says the thing he can.

It is metre first, and matter as luck will have it, and the rhymes of the English language allow, and to extenuate this fault, my author pleads in the words of M. Lemaitre that "The poet who begins a ballade, does not know very exactly what he will put into it."

In other words, he has nothing to say, but means to say something in a particular way. "The rhyme, and nothing but the rhyme will whisper things unexpected, and charming things: things he would never have thought of but for her," etc.

Need I comment on this? Need I ask you, if you will take such happy-go-lucky Chinese puzzles for poetry? Will you prefer the accident of rhyme to those ballades and rondeaux, and I am speaking of English poetry.

In this book, *Ballades and Rondeaux*, by Gleeson White, you will find many beautiful verses. Take the most beautiful and compare them with the specimen of a failure by Leigh Hunt.

It is not a rondeau, and we are told has not the faintest claim to be called one—

Jenny kissed me when we met
 Jumping from the chair she sat in
 Time you thief, who love to get
 Sweets upon your list, put that in!
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad
 Say that health and wealth have
 missed me
 Say I'm growing old—but add
 Jenny kissed me.

Good old Leigh Hunt! Can't you feel that he meant those lines? Is not the worth of love and the defiance of fate finely written in them? Is not the whole matter a true echo of a stirred human heart, and is it not better than the most cunningly concocted sweetmeat in the volume?

But even our own Stevenson errs somewhat I think, in the same direction as M. Lemaitre. He volunteers to take the musical box to pieces, and show you how the music is made, mechanically, and I think we may thank God, that he fails conspicuously. I think that sometimes R. L. S. wrote with his tongue in his cheek.

He would have you believe in his essay on the art of writing, that the effect of great prose and of poetry is obtained by the use of conscious, or, I think, he has the grace to murmur in an aside, unconscious artifice.

If he depends upon this "unconscious" artifice, he has left for himself a way of escape, and I have nothing more to say to him, my mind being so rudely planned that I cannot understand what "unconscious artifice" may be, but if

he stands upon "conscious artifice," have at him.

He has elaborated a system of initial letters, which, used in proper sequence, achieve the results aimed at, and he quotes as an illustration of the use of this artifice, the most musical verse in our language. Coleridge's lines

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree
 Where Alph the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

and the illustration fits the theory as if it had been made for it, or perhaps as if the theory had been deduced from the illustration.

But as to that "conscious artifice!" It is a matter of history, that Coleridge dreamed those lines in a sleep induced by a drug, that he wrote such of them as remain to us, red hot when he awoke, and lost the rest of them forever, because the maid disturbed him, as maids will, with a "please sir, some one to see you on business."

Can a drugged man be a conscious artificer, or could a worse example have been chosen by the most charming of modern authors?

Let me plead with you for a moment. Don't try to understand how poetry, true poetry, is made.

Take something even in this scientific, commercial, commonplace world as a gift from your God, and believe that all of us in a state of exaltation are still capable of hearing His voice and a few, a very few, are sometimes sufficiently articulate to echo it.

A Change of Toast.

Billee Glynn.

IN consideration of the usual early declension of single-hearted principles, the Bachelor Club of Kamloops might well have been looked upon with all the reverence due to age. It had been in existence six months, and had seven members, all of whom were quite matrimonially eligible—in other words financially eligible—but were nevertheless confirmed despisers of the opposite sex, or pretended to be. They were also confirmed dabblers in stocks and smokers of tobacco as the atmosphere of "Live Alone"—that being the name of their resort—would testify on nights when the members had convened to jubilate on the gloriousness of singleness, and revow their vows at the altar of celibacy. The stories recounted on these occasions regarding the ineffectual blandishments of the fair sex to encorral these free lances, who had thrown the glove at the feet of Dan Cupid with all the daring of D'Artagans would turn the average woman's hair grey within half an hour at the most, and it is just possible that she would be on her way to the drug store for a restorative in half that time. The apartments were comprised of three rooms, a library, sitting-room, and a smoking-room. The members were about as follows:

D. M. McCarthy, president, was twenty-nine years old, and a journalist. In his youth Mr. McCarthy had been guilty of sundry droppings into verse, but had now settled down to political articles and economics. He was the possessor of a few odd thousand which, besides making him a desideratum to home-inclined spinsters, precluded the necessity of him earning his living by literature—an extremely lucky thing for Mr. McCarthy: as in that case he would

probably have had to marry some woman to keep him and would consequently never have dawdled on an easy chair and talked scepticism in the pleasant quarters of "Live Alone."

James Lane, secretary, was a young and ambitious lawyer, with a blonde mustache, no cases, and his disregard for woman more emphatically in evidence even than in the case of his brother benedict—perhaps because he was younger; he had a fashion of playing with it as he did with his mustache which was also in the babyhood of its career, and consequently called for caressing. Buzzie Roach was smooth, plump and smiling; somewhere about thirty-five in years, and a decade younger in looks. Ab Delaney was under thirty, and the associate editor of a local paper. He always looked at everything through half-closed eyes, which probably accounted for his scepticism;—that being the way he looked at modern Eve he did not see the whole of her. Jack Smith was head reporter on the same paper and the wit of the party. The other two were young men of considerable wealth and more leisure; Gibbs, tall, blonde, and handsome, had joined the Bachelor Club when Olga O'Neil had gone to the theatre with Dumsden, despite a previous engagement with him. And Nelse Campbell had drifted into it the same way as he drifted into everything else.

The club had a code of ten commandments for its guidance, which ran as follows:—

(1) Members of this club, namely the "Live Alone Bachelors," must never, under pain of expulsion propose to any female—girl or woman—of any description whatsoever.

(2) Social intercourse is allowed but

love-making is strictly prohibited. Members found guilty of this offence will be fined according to the strength of the proof. For the unnecessary holding of a female's hand the fine will be fifty cents, or one dollar, according to time consumed in such act. For putting the arm about the waist, except in dancing, one dollar; if left there for half a minute one dollar and a half; after that fifty cents a minute for all additional time until the period of one hour, when it is taken for granted by the order that the member has proposed and he will be expelled. Any member that allows himself to be kissed, two dollars; if the aggressor in such act, three dollars; and if the kisses number more than three the member will be considered in love and expelled from the L. A. B. without compunction. Near relations, up to and including first cousins, are excepted from the above. But members of this club are requested to remember that the lodge does not hold the philosophical view that all men and women are brothers and sisters, or even first cousins, and govern themselves accordingly.

(3) Members must refrain from the reading of summer literature, as such leads to verse-making and marriage.

(4) Any member who is found with a love poem on his person, written to a female of any description whatsoever, or who has been proven guilty of composing such poem by a reliable witness, will be fined ten dollars.

(5) Members are allowed the full use of their eyes;—they may wink all they like, but hand and lip flirtation are strictly prohibited.

(6) Members are expressly forbid to stand up at weddings, as this not only often entails the kissing of the bridesmaid, but necessitates the needless expenditure of money in presents, and also by accustoming the participator to the marriage ceremony tends to lessen the natural horror with which every true bachelor should regard it; arousing besides in the mind of the bridesmaid expectations which may be dangerous to the celibacy of the said groom.

(7) Members are allowed to kiss another man's wife by way of punishment

of the husband for marrying, but they must not do it for the pleasure of the act itself.

(8) Members are requested not to nurse babies.

(9) If any member, sorely tempted, should feel himself about to fall from the glorious state of celibacy, and on the point of making a proposition, he is earnestly advised to get drunk and arouse his landlady's temper at four o'clock in the morning, in order that he may taste of the bitter cup of married life and save himself in time.

(10) In such cases members are also advised to frequent the company of engaged men in order that they may get a thorough knowledge of the depths of folly to which they, themselves, will descend if they follow their inclination. It is also further advised that they likewise resort familiarly with married men, that they may make a just comparison between lovers and lovers cured, and draw their own conclusions.

Two placards bearing these laws were tacked up in conspicuous places in each of the three rooms of "Live Alone," and were adhered to rigidly as far as could be ascertained; only an occasional instance of apostasy being brought before the lodge for reprehension, and in such cases the fines had been always paid promptly, the proceeds going toward the Convivial Fund. In all such charges laid before the L. A. B., proof had been adduced and convictions made with but one exception. That was when Buzzie Roach had been charged with kissing a woman during a *tete-a-tete* in a conservatory at a fashionable ball. Roach, however, had proven conclusively that she was a married woman, and as no one could prove that the act had been done solely for the pleasure of performing it, he was let off with a reprimand. Jack Smith had endeavored to pass free under the same ticket, but as the woman in his case was a widow, the lodge could not understand how he hoped to hurt the feelings of the dead husband by kissing the living relict, so had given him the full penalty of the fine.

It will be understood that keeping such a clean record, the Live Alone Bache-

lors' Club had become quite a popular institution for the saving of men. In fact it was so popular that application after application had been sent in for membership, but in almost every case they had been rejected, the applicants not possessing the necessary qualifications. So the club as has been stated was comprised of only seven members. The most difficult point of qualification was the condition that all members of the L. A. B. must be worth at least five thousand dollars in cash, real estate, or other property; it being considered that applicants not worth that amount desisted from marrying only because of a lack of resources, and were consequently not bachelors by belief, but through the enforcement of circumstances.

The L. A. B. was in this flourishing state of popularity when the Women's Matrimonial Club suddenly burst on the scene. Mrs. Katherine Graham—known amongst her associates as Kate Graham—was at the head of it; and having been one of the prettiest girls Kamloops had ever reared, and the death of her husband just two years after their nuptials in no wise spoiling her beauty, she was a widow of the most charming and dangerous type. The other nine members of the club comprised some of the prettiest and most fashionable unmarried women of Waterton,—and all bent upon the annihilation of the L. A. B. But this latter fact was not known outside the precincts of the club-room. It was frankly admitted there, however, and in truth had been the motive of organization. As Kate Graham tersely expressed it "The Live Alone Bachelors had piqued the women of Kamloops long enough, and it was time some of the old codgers were being married off."

The second meeting of the W. M. C. was a most important one. It was then that the plan of attack on the L. A. B. had been decided upon. Their place of meeting was a handsomely furnished apartment in Mrs. Katherine Graham's house.

The president was in her chair, the members all present, and about her listening attentively to her words. The convention did not look much like a gun-

powder plot. A looker-in on the contrary would probably have come to the conclusion that they had convened to discuss the "Proper Method of Rearing Children" (for unmarried women invariably know all about these things), "Self Culture," or something of like innocence, in fact anything but the annihilation of a bachelor club. He might have lost his heart too if he looked long enough and was not so case-hardened as the irreclaimable "Live Alones."

The meeting was drawing to a conclusion. Kate Graham, with her pretty foot placed man-like on a chair, and one hand beating into the other, while her grey eyes flashed under the glory of her auburn hair, was giving instructions to the members individually according to the design which had previously been agreed upon.

"Now girls," she was saying, "or more particularly those six of you who have consented with myself to begin the attack on these crusty old bachelors—although they are not so old you know, but we will call them that—I want you to begin operations at once. Use your lips, your eyes, your frowns, your smiles, just as best you know how and as often as you can. I am going to. And look here"—she pointed to a stolen copy of the rules and regulations of the "Live Alones" lying on the table—"if we do not make every one of them kick over those traces—to say it in the bachelor way—before our next meeting why then we are not worthy the name of women. And I have a strong belief that should things prove such a failure I would be tempted to hide my disrespect for myself in masculine attire. (Laughter.) But I am not going to do anything of the kind. You will see that I will have Mr. D. M. McCarthy, his ten thousand dollars, his romantic mustache, his Roman nose, and his classical features, at my feet long before me meet again; and I will walk on him a little too, just to show him the true weight of woman in the affairs of the world." Whereupon Kate Graham stamped her little foot on the chair emphatically in illustration of her promenade on poor McCarthy, while her coadjutors applauded.

"Do you think you can make him write verse again?" asked Peg Miller, smiling.

"Make him! I will make him write an epic on the superiority of woman;—see if I don't."

Then the laughter having died down, she continued: "But I am only running Mr. McCarthy you know. I will do for him; and I want you girls to do for the others. Six of you with myself have been elected for this undertaking and have each picked out one of these bachelors for attack according to your own liking or inclination; and it is your urgent duty to make him propose whether you marry him or not. Peg Miller, you are to look after the heart of Jack Smith. It seems to me you would not mind taking care of it. (Laughter.) Edith Sommers, James Lane, attorney-at-law, is your look-out. His indifference is only skin-deep; give him a case and tell him he looks like Choate and he'll be at your feet grovelling and pulling his mustache in half an hour. Mab Horton, the target for your shots is Buzzie Roach, and he's easy. But be careful never to run down strong drink in his presence for his father made his money manufacturing beer—though I believe the son is strictly temperate—and if he wants to keep his hat on in company let him do so, and don't look at his bald head when he takes it off as if it were a light reflector. You need not notice these things till afterwards, and then you can explain to him as often as you choose that many a man makes himself balder by hiding his baldness. Annie Bennet you are to follow the fortunes of Ab Delaney, or rather make him follow yours. He used to be fond of you three or four years ago. Olga O'Neil, Fred. Gibbs was head over heels in love with you once until you hurt his feelings by flirting with Jack Dumsden. If you cannot have him back again in one week with his hand on his heart and his heart at your disposal you are no good. (Laughter.) Islay Edgars, you are quite capable of looking after Nelse Campbell. He only went into the L. A. B. because he had nothing better to do, and if you manipulate things with any skill at all he will propose for the same reason. The

several parties mentioned, as the president referred to them, had expressed appreciation of her advice by a smile or assenting nod of the head amid the merriment of the rest; and pausing for a moment and smiling as few but Kate Graham knew how to smile, the president concluded her rather lengthy address.

"The other three members of our club," she said, "who have stated themselves to be wholly uninterested in any of these bachelors, but who have; nevertheless, the success of our scheme at heart, are requested to aid us in every possible way. There will be many opportunities open to them if they will only be tactful. And now girls, we will close our meeting by singing the chorus of that rousing song dedicated to our club by Ethel. Whereupon Kate Graham stepping gracefully on top of her chair and laughing blithely down on her companions, broke into the following in a voice that would make the ordinary man see angels, waving her hand at the same time to the rythm of the notes:

Let us give a loud cheer for true women
all,
This earth would be poor without us;
Let us give a loud cheer for whate'er
may befall
We can never let bachelors flout us;
Let us laugh loud and long when they
dare to despise,
For howe'er they may try to rout us,
They are sure to return and with lan-
guishing sigh
Admit they were fools to doubt us.

The meeting closed with the singing of this refrain.

* * * * *

Three weeks later the members of the Women's Matrimonial Club, with the exception of the three who were not taking an active part in the campaign against the bachelors, were again gathered together in the handsome apartment assigned to them in Mrs. Katherine Graham's house. The president occupied the chair. The meeting was most important for the reason that it was their first since they had decided upon their plan for annihilating the L. A. B. Each

of the young ladies had consequently to report as to the progress she had made with her particular bachelor. And with the beauty of the aggressors, their energy and avowed determination at the former meeting to storm the stronghold of bachelorhood without let or hindrance, it was only natural to expect that each would arrive upon the scene with a "Live Alone" scalp swinging gaily at her belt, or at least concealed somewhere about her person.

But when the president arose and said succinctly, "Has any of them proposed?—If so the lady will please stand and report first," there was no one who stood. Kate Graham, however, only smiled.

"I can understand," she said, "that you may have been very successful even if no proposals were made. Will the ladies stand to whom a proposal was almost made."

And a moment later the six girls were all on their feet laughing at each other. The president's smile was very broad, or rather exquisite for her mouth was far too small and pretty to expand to any extent which might justly be described by the adjective "broad."

"Well done, girls," she said. "But I have done even better; I had a down-right proposal. And yet I think that you will agree with me when I say that Mr. McCarthy was the hardest of all to bring around. But I did it. That is what it is to be a widow. But we will take all your reports first, and I will keep mine to the last, it being the best. Will some of you girls begin? Peg Miller, you were never bashful. Miss Miller rose in acknowledgement of the compliment; and although it might easily be seen there was no want of confidence in the flashing, black eyes, and pretty, piquant face, it was also to be admitted that they were very likely to destroy confidence in the man who beheld them.

"Well girls," she began, "Mr. Jack Smith, I am pleased to report, is so far gone on my own charming self that I actually believe that he would have proposed a week ago if he were not so much afraid of the gibes of Kate's Mr. McCarthy, the president of the L. A. B. In fact he hinted as much, but of course

I didn't pretend to understand. I met him first after our last meeting at Mr. Edward's garden party. I had no trouble getting in with him, or rather none in letting him get in with me;—Jack and I were always great friends. (Laughter). Now don't be foolish girls, you know we were. Well, we had not been together very long when I asked him how the Live Alone Bachelors were coming up, and this started him along his old groove of scepticism and indifference to everything, woman especially. It does not take much to start Jack, you know, he is always waiting for a chance to show his wit. Well, I listened patiently with raised eyebrows to it all, suggesting by way of interlude several courses of ice cream and everything else on hand that was eatable and had to be paid for, and Jack continued firing away and paying gracefully for the refreshments. He didn't mind the money, I guess, so long as he had someone to listen to him, and I didn't mind listening to him because I didn't hear half of it. He took me home that night, and at parting I gave him my hand just to see what he would do with it, and he held it just a little longer than an inveterate woman-hater should have done;—we were always great friends you know. (Laughter.) I made it my business to meet Jack pretty often after that, and I must say he showed no inclination to avoid me. He continued to talk the doctrines of the "Live Alones" for several occasions following, but nevertheless always held my hand just a little longer each time at parting. Then I noticed a sudden change in his conversation. He quit airing himself on the correctness of bachelorhood, and showed plainly his resentment toward Mr. McCarthy. And I could guess why. McCarthy had seen him with me and was twigging him about it. His incensement gradually spread to the other members of the club, and the first thing I knew he was calling them all down.

"But these are your fellow associates," I said to him one night. "Surely you have not given up your belief in their doctrines?"

"Oh, their doctrines may be all right,"

he returned, somewhat ruffled; I don't give a cent whether they are or not; but personally they are a lot of blasted fools and that McCarthy is the worst of the bunch."

He looked in my eyes very meaningfully that night as he held my hand on leaving;—I was always very careful to give him my hand. "I don't believe the companionship of woman is going to hurt any man," he blurted out. And then, as I appeared very much surprised, he flushed like a schoolboy, and lifting his hat made hurriedly away, as if he were somewhat afraid of himself. The next night I met him was at Mrs. Gray's ball. We were in the conservatory together, and I knew he was about to propose. I had waltzed him to the point of ecstasy and I could see he was hunting in his mind for some way to break the subject. I endeavoured to help him by drawing his attention to a ring on my finger, which had nothing very striking about it, however, except a rosette of rubies, and even they were paste. But he seemed to think different. And when at last he got my hand grasped firmly in his own, till the pressure almost made me yell, and was looking up tenderly in my eyes, with his mouth open ready to let out a torrent of love vows, who should come walking into the conservatory with the air of an accusing judge but McCarthy, bent doubtlessly on saving a brother from a woman and perdition. He started visibly; but nothing to the way Jack did as he dropped my hand and said in loud tones, "Yes, I admire that ring very much, Miss Miller." McCarthy smiled dryly. Then excusing himself with a manner of great importance he called Jack aside for a moment or two of private conversation. Of course it was all up after that. No man can be brought twice in the same hour to that point of exhilaration when he will lay his heart and all his worldly possessions at your feet. It was only, as you know, a day or two ago, and I have not seen Jack since. When I do he will doubtlessly be ready to begin again where McCarthy interrupted."

Miss Miller sat down amid a storm of applause. The other young ladies all

told similar stories of subjugation; and although some of them had not brought things just so near the point of proposal with their respective bachelors, in every case a deep impression had been made, and it was plainly evident on the whole that the "Live Alone Bachelor Club" had reached the utmost limit of its existence, and must inevitably sink soon into oblivion—like a falling star—in the heaven of matrimony. In two other instances besides that of Peg Miller and Jack Smith propositions would have been made if it had not been for the advent upon the scene of McCarthy, who seemed to watch over the bachelor standing of his associates with an omniscient eye. This circumstance not only caused a great deal of wonder in the mind of Mrs. Katherine Graham, but put together with her statement that McCarthy had actually proposed to her created a deep curiosity among the young ladies to hear her story. Edith Sommers, handsome of figure, with blue eyes and melodious voice, reported having won over Mr. James Lane in a truly wonderful way. Miss Sommers had read up the histories of all the great figures in the fortunes of the past, and this display of knowledge with her adaption of it to Mr. Lane's personal appearance and intellectual qualifications so wrought on the heart of that gentleman that he shewed beyond peradventure that his conception of her was angelic; and intimated his belief that a woman might be a great help to a man, looking at the same time as if he thought one woman in particular would be an infinite help to himself, if he only dare ask her and she would accept the responsibility. Buzzie Roach had been on the point of proposing to Mab Horton at the same ball and in the same conservatory as where Jack Smith had been moved so deeply by looking at Peg Miller's ring; and had only been prevented doing so by the intrusion of McCarthy. The president of the L. A. B. seemed to have been excessively vigilant that night. He had also interrupted a tete-a-tete between Fred Gibbs and Olga O'Neil in an arbor in the garden, when she had every reason to believe that Gibbs was about to

ask her to be his wife. Olga reported Gibbs, however, to be again completely subjugated, and that a word from her skilfully applied would do the trick. In regard to Delaney, Annie Bennet stated him to be in a desperate way. He was madly in love with her, but was afraid to tell her so, as there was every possibility in his mind of her refusing him. And Delaney was besides like most editors, extremely sensitive to public opinion. For him to turn Benedict and at the same time miss his Beatrice would be an eternal shame and make him forever the laughing stock of his associates. Delaney was aware that woman has a fashion of telling the world all about it when she refuses a man. This was Miss Bennet's summing-up of Delaney's heart; and anyone beholding the speaker could not have impugned Delaney's consideration of the possibility of her refusing him. Her waving blonde hair, blue eyes, slim girlish figure, and lively grace, were all equally dangerous; but it was her mouth that made her irresistible. It was one of those pretty, expressive mouths that allures you and mocks you at the same time; and to fancy it smiling like that while you were engaged in the earnest outpouring of your love would be to Hamletise real life. No wonder Delaney was desperate. He was not the first either. Nelse Campbell as had been expected was an easy victim. Miss Edgars reported that she had no trouble with him, and that the only reason he had not made her the offer of his heart was that he was too lazy to offer anything; but that a little opposition would bring him to the point. She added that she was so sure of him that she might take the leap year prerogative and propose herself as she really liked the fellow. Her companions laughed at this admission. But the president now arose, placing her dainty foot autocratically on the chair. "We all like them—a little bit anyway," she corrected, "or we would not be doing this thing; and I assure you for my own part I am quite fond of Mr. McCarthy. But I must tell you how he came to be so fond of me as to ask me to marry him. You all

know girls that McCarthy has rooms next door, and you all know, or if you don't I will tell you, that he has a habit of writing his articles in the hammock under those shade trees in the back yard; and that the hammock is situated very close to the wire fence separating his backyard and mine. Well, I had said, "Good morning," very graciously to Mr. McCarthy from my front door on several occasions, and had I fancied made a favourable impression; though as you know I was badly handicapped by having scarcely any previous acquaintance with him. One afternoon, however, when I had seen him betake himself with notebook and pencil to his accustomed place in the hammock, I sauntered out with a volume of Moore in my hand, and came to a pause, quite unintentionally of course, under the maple tree on my side of the fence, directly opposite and within a few feet of Mr. McCarthy's hammock. Well, he was busily engaged writing, and did not look up, but as luck happened one of those green leave worms that are so hard to get off was crawling up his back, and I told him so. You should have seen him jump; I did not think men were so sensitive about small things. He hopped around there for a minute or two endeavouring by sundry movements to get his hand between his shoulder blades where I told him the worm was, and never thinking of taking off his coat—though perhaps being a bachelor his shirt wasn't very clean and he didn't care to do that; but at any rate I at last took pity on him, and told him to step over to the fence and I would take it off for him. It took quite a little while to do that. The thing was stuck on there awfully tight and if it staid there for an age I could not use my fingers to dislodge it; besides I was making fierce attempts to restrain a fit of laughter. I managed, however, to scrape it off at last with a little stick, and then McCarthy's excitement being somewhat allayed, he became aware of the fact that his conduct had been ridiculous and that it was possible I might be amused at it. He looked at me narrowly, but I knew what he was looking for and that he would never

forgive me if there was even the shadow of a smile on my face, and I was consequently as grave as a church mouse.

"They are nasty things to get off," I said seriously.

"Very. It was very kind of you, Mrs. Graham," he returned, smiling gratefully. "I am—very sensitive to such things."

I felt like saying, "So I have seen," but I restrained myself and said, "Most people are," and I knew that the words purchased me a warm corner in his heart for all time to come. I kept him in conversation for quite a while then, which in courtesy he could not refuse after me as good as saving his life;—really you would have thought an octopus had him the way he jumped and squirmed around when that worm was on his back. I referred enthusiastically to several articles of his I had seen in magazines, which also pleased him greatly, although he tried to appear very modest and indifferent to the honours I was heaping upon him. But he didn't succeed very well. He was telling me of a sketch which he was writing on the civil life of the Japanese, when I happened to say:

"Do you always do your writing in this hammock under these trees, Mr. McCarthy? How delightful!—what a pleasant place!"

And then Mr. McCarthy made the mistake of his life. He was in a glow over my appreciation of his genius and I suppose was not responsible.

"It is," he said, "a really charming place." Then he glanced over my fence. "Your side is almost as nice, Mrs. Graham," he suggested. "A hammock would swing easily between those two trees, and the shade is even better."

"Mry, Mr. McCarthy," I replied, looking at him admiringly, "I never thought of that. I will buy a hammock and have it put up immediately."

He saw his mistake with a sudden look of dismay, but it was too late to remedy it, and a few minutes later I left him and went into the house.

The next afternoon a hammock was swinging in my garden in the place Mr. McCarthy had so kindly pointed out, and

I was in it, and McCarthy across the fence in his. He was civil and that is about all that could be said for him. He saluted me with a rather courteous "Pleasant day" when I first went out, and then didn't say another word all the afternoon till I was leaving—when he managed to give vent to another formality—but wrote away as if he were married to his notebook. I had expected this of course and it did not repulse me any. I was out in that hammock every afternoon now, with Mr. McCarthy on the other side of the fence writing as if there wasn't a woman in the world, and I on my side reading as if a man were the last thing on earth I could possibly think about. Well, this went on for a few days and then I noticed that he was beginning to forget the incident of the worm. He merely grunted when I entered my hammock now, and when I was leaving usually never said a word. But fate was on my side; and after the second worm incident, or accident rather, he was no better than dough in my hands. You see, girls, it was this way: I went out one afternoon about a week after our first meeting, and glancing over the fence as usual to where Mr. McCarthy sat waiting, what was my horror do you suppose to see two of those sticky green worms on his very head, and crawling up his curly hair like a couple doing the Alps or the Bohmer Wold. Well I screeched;—he was my prospective husband you know; and Mr. McCarthy was out of his hammock in a jump.

"Sir," I said, "there are two of those terrible little green worms in your hair."

"On my hair!" he cried agonisedly. And then you should have seen him. He fairly went wild. He began brushing his hair like a woman beating carpets, and swore once or twice I believe—though I am not certain what he said; and then rushing over to the fence asked me entreatingly if they were off. Well they weren't. Instead of that he had actually smashed them and the green matter was oozing out of them like hair oil on his head. I told him this and he was pale to the very gills.

"Mrs. Graham," he pleaded, "will you

take them off?—I've a weak heart, and if they stay on there busted as they are, I don't know what may happen. I will never forget you."

Well, I had of course to consent you know—although I wasn't any too sure of my own heart—and more than that I had to use my fingers. A stick would have been utterly ineffective; each of them had twined itself around a lock of hair, and was nobly dying there like a sailor on a floating mast. I caught one of them between my fingers by the tail end, shut my eyes, gave a quick pull, opened my eyes again, and he was off. I then proceeded to operate in a like manner with the other; but I shut my eyes too quick this time, and put my fingers on the very spot of him where he was leaking—and ough!—Well never mind—he came off alright, at least all that was left together of him, but his coming off sent me off too, in one of those syncopes in which you have seen me. I suppose I might have prevented it; but I didn't want to very bad, you know—Mr. McCarthy was so near at hand. At any rate I reeled unsteadily for a moment—you all know how dramatically I can faint, girls—and then when about to fall Mr. McCarthy was over the fence and had me in his arms. I let myself go. It was just as well under the circumstances you will admit, better perhaps, for you cannot guess what actually happened;—well, Mr. McCarthy in remorse I suppose, for having brought me to such a pass, took advantage of my unconscious state to kiss me, and on the very lips mind you. When I came too, he was sprinkling water over my face, which I do not believe was nearly so white as his own. I soon recovered under this treatment of course,—the kissing I suppose was the most efficacious—and a minute later was on my feet and joking about it with Mr. McCarthy, who had no end of regrets to express, and evidently thought me a heroine for bearing it so lightly. That kiss and the falling in his arms had done him good I could see. It kind of brought back I suppose, those days when he used to write poetry. I have been told besides that I am really pretty when

I faint. The next day Mr. McCarthy was very solicitous about my health, and asked permission to come on my side of the fence. I, of course, kindly granted this, and he continued to come every day after that and sometimes in the evening too. In fact it was all smooth sailing now for me. I had moved the mountain and did not have to move myself. But of course I used all the arts of a—widow. Well, the proposal came about in this way: Mr. McCarthy had been endeavouring to say the words in a becoming manner for three or four nights, and I had been endeavouring to help him along; but he always seemed to get nervous and stumble at the very last moment when it was impossible for me to give him a hand, until one night—let me see—two nights ago it was—he was sitting in my hammock with me and began to get poetic. It was about ten o'clock and a soft moon was sailing overhead, and perhaps that may have had something to do with it; though I think it was more in my eyes for that is where he was looking. But at any rate he began to talk Romeo and Juliet and recite portions of the play. He has a really excellent voice and I told him so. This induced him to declaim the whole passage of Romeo's speech to Juliet at the masque; and during the recital he had actually taken my hand in his just the same as Romeo was supposed to have done. I let him do it of course. It was all in the play you know. And when he ended with—

"My lips two blushing pilgrims ready
stand

To smooth that rough touch with a
tender kiss,"

he asked me if I knew Juliet's lines, and I said I did, and innocently repeated them. He continued with Romeo's part, and in conclusion looked so expectant for me to proceed as Juliet, that I did—quite innocently again of course—and kept on doing so till I came to that line,

"Saints do not move though grant for
prayers' sake,"

which I had no sooner uttered in the tender innocence of my widowhood than he was kissing my hand as though it had been a small fortune. I was about to remind him that it was Juliet's lips Romeo had kissed; but he was on his knees immediately laying at my feet his bachelorhood, heart, fortune, genius, etc., and I thought I had better hold off so that he would never have any doubt in the future about getting his money's worth. I told him that though he had a strong hold upon my affections, I was not just sure of loving him, the time being so short, but that if he would give me a few days I would let him know. So that, girls, is the story of the poetic renaissance of Mr. D. M. McCarthy, president of the L. A. B., and the burial of his celibate ideals."

Such enthusiasm was rife among the young ladies at their president's unprecedented success in bringing to time and matrimony the most obdurate bachelor of the "Live Alones" that they all insisted on shaking hands with her.

"And now," continued Mrs. Graham, "I am going to make you girls a somewhat startling proposition. It is quite reasonable, nevertheless, and bound to succeed, and I think, considering what I have accomplished with Mr. McCarthy you should follow me in this without question. ("We will," sung the chorus.) Well, putting all your stories together, I will admit that you have been very successful indeed. The "Live Alones" are all in the last stages of the grand passion, but still—though they have all been brought pretty close to the point—it is somewhat uncertain that they will propose, watched by each other as they are and each fearing the scoffs of the rest of the party. They are all equally guilty you see, but do not know of each other's guilt. If they did they would be making you the offer of their hearts the next minute; for they are all ripe for it. My proposition then, is that we tell them; and not only that, but tell them this very night; though the course we will have to adopt may be a little unusual. I do not think, however, the members of the W. M. C. are going to be squeamish about such foolishness as maidenly mo-

desty, propriety, and the like, or that they will forsake their leader in a crisis of such importance even if the conduct she demands of them might be termed "outré." Please remember we are not Evangelists, but modern women, new western women, who have set out to accomplish a certain purpose, and that the western woman when she wants a thing always goes after it and gets it. I might also say that this will be such a joke on bachelors and bachelor clubs for all time to come that the perpetrators will doubtless go down to fame by the side of Lincoln and Grant and all the other great ones. This is as you know the night that the bachelors meet at their "Live Alone" quarters. In fact I have found out on good authority that they are having a special "time" tonight, and will probably sit late. Now, as I said, they are all ripe and on the bursting point, but afraid of each other; and what I propose is that we all go down together, gain entrance to the "Live Alone" establishment, and make a general leap year proposal to the seven bachelors. This will be quite easy, and confronting them all together, and giving them away to each other, they will not only accept on the spot, but it will be the biggest joke that was ever worked out. Now listen, Mr. McCarthy has proposed to me, and consequently I cannot propose to him. But I can accept him. And I am going to accept right then and there, and in a way that will make him see stars, and pay him back for his interference with you girls and the other three benedicts when they were about to propose. Now ladies what have you got to say? I hope you are true Americans and game."

There was a moment's pause after Mrs. Graham sat down; they were all too astounded at the daring of the plan to speak; and then they all rose to their feet with one accord and cheered their president to the echo.

"We will go," they cried; "it will be the greatest lark in the history of Waterton."

Ten minutes later seven remarkably pretty young women were tripping gayly toward the rooms occupied by the L. A.

B., the members of which were blissfully unconscious of what fate had in tow for them.

The sitting-room of the L. A. B., where the members were all gathered, was spacious, well-lighted, and a very pretty room indeed. Pictures of some noted bachelors adorned the walls, and the floor was covered by a thick layer of Brussels. The club, contrary to the usual custom, always left business matters to the last, it being more certain than that all the members would be present. They had just left the smoking-room, where they had passed a half hour or so in gossip and cigars, and were now lounging about the sitting-room waiting for the President to begin his speech; for he always spoke at quarterly meetings and this was one. Jack Smith, the *Times'* reporter, was explaining to Delaney, his associate editor, and laughing considerably at his own cleverness, the details of a "scoop" which he had lately accomplished; and Delaney was pulling his dark mustache critically, as if he thought in some points Jack had not grasped his opportunity sufficiently. It might have been, however, that he was not thinking of the "scoop" at all, but of a little girl with blue eyes and a mocking smile. Buzzie Roach and Nelse Campbell were facing each other on easy chairs discussing Gray's ball. In speaking of the women present at the function, strange to say, Roach did not mention the name of Miss Horton, nor Campbell that of Miss Edgar. One might have fancied these ladies had not been there. Fred Gibbs was in a corner by himself deeply interested in the paring of his nails, his back slightly turned toward the others. He was usually the life of the company, but tonight claimed not to be feeling well. Lane was smiling unconsciously over a love passage in a novel. McCarthy, the president, was seated at the upper end of the room gazing at his companions reflectively,—perhaps searchingly would be the better word,—and sometimes a look came on his face as he curled the ends of his mustache as if he were also viewing himself in that way. A faint smile now and then crossed his lips;—the same

smile perhaps as might have been behind the mask of Mokanna, when with a knowledge of his own perfidy, he bamboozled his followers to believe in him as the Prophet Chief, the divine delegate from Heaven. While all this was taking place the clock suddenly struck nine, and the President straightening in his seat called out the one word "Ales" in peremptory tones, and the members facing about in their chairs came to an attitude of attention. Then Jack Smith, rising by a general consent of eyes went to a closet and taking out seven small bottles of ginger ale and seven glasses placed them—one of each—at regular intervals around the table and took his seat in front of one bottle. The other members all followed suit, and then glanced expectantly towards McCarthy, who now rose to deliver his customary quarterly speech. We might state here that the L. A. B. was a strictly temperance organization; and that with the exception of these quarterly nights when they toasted their order in the harmlessness of ginger ale, no drink of any character was allowed within the precincts of the club-room. But the President is speaking and he has a mellifluous voice and a rather pretty wit and we must listen. He started off his speech as most orators do with congratulations, telling his brethren how proud he was of the club which was now seven months old, how proud he was of its reputation, its principles, its members. He, of course, had to outline these principles, refer flatteringly to individual members, and by the time he had finished this harangue he had wasted fifteen minutes and come at last to the kernel of his speech.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, bending his head confidentially toward his associates with that Mokanna expression very evident on his face, "I have a short note of warning to sound. I refer to the social intercourse with the opposite sex allowed by the regulations of our club. Now social intercourse is quite necessary and proper and within our license, and I in no way desire to eliminate it. But I wish to state emphatically that we have a certain set of rules restricting this which must and shall

be lived up to, or our end as a Bachelor Club is near at hand." (The Mokanna look deepened on his face and he went on). "Now during this present week, gentlemen—I will not state on what occasion, but it was the same occasion—I found three of our members in positions with the opposite sex which might properly entail a fine." (Roach smiled; Gibbs cast down his eyes; and Jack Smith looked defiant.) "I might even add that the conduct of the members to whom I refer on my interrupting them was such as might indicate love or the possibility of a proposal being on foot. We will hope, however, that these members suffered from a momentary weakness only, or that they were testing their strength, and that it will not occur again; for in that case the matter will have to be laid before the club. Despite these instances, however, gentlemen, I am going to state that I believe you are all steadfast and true and that you will always remain so. For let me tell you confidentially, fellow members,"—McCarthy lowered his voice and leaned sympathetically towards them—"if any of you should fall, if you should allow any woman to seduce you—any one of you, I really believe it might so work on me, weaken me, render me so desperate, as to become a victim to such seducement myself." (The President was smiling faintly, but Mokanna-like, at the impossibility of the prospect, and so were his auditors.) "But I feel, gentlemen, that if there were any weaknesses they were only temporary, and to cement still closer the bonds which bind us together, to put aside forever the possibility of woman severing them, I am going to add to our customary toast, 'The Glorious Freedom of Bachelorhood,' a new phrase:—'Our utter and everlasting Indifference to Woman.'"

There was an intermittent thunder like the straggling volley of a retiring foe as the bachelors uncorked their bottles, then each poured and stood with his glass raised waiting for McCarthy's final nod to drink, such being the custom. McCarthy glanced down the table, first at the faces of his companions. This was also his custom, only now the Mo-

kanna-like smile had taken the place of the glow of the enthusiast. There was a reckless, dare-devil twinkle in Jack Smith's eyes; Gibbs was eyeing his upheld glass despondently; Delaney was grim; Campbell endeavouring to smile carelessly like a man about to perjure himself; Roach had the appearance of a complacent liar; Lane was gazing at his glass sarcastically as if it were a disreputable brief. McCarthy saw all this with his Mokanna-like smile, which dimmed only for a moment as he seemed to look into himself, and then he was about to nod his head; but the outer door suddenly opened, the sound of laughter flooded the room, and for the first time in its history the Live Alone Bachelors' Club was filled with women, veritably filled with pretty smiling women, and women with a purpose too. There was no hesitation in their manner and there was six of them. Three went on either side of the table, and each paused in front of a particular bachelor as he turned astounded with mouth open and the ale glass in his hand; and each said in a demure voice with a blush that made her face twice as pretty—though it had been exquisitely pretty before, "Will you marry me?—This is leap year, you know." And the six bachelors' mouths opened a little wider at this request, and their glasses almost fell from their hands, but not quite, and they started in a most unmannerly way at the six pretty young ladies, who blushed most furiously but stood their ground.

The President, who was standing at the end of the table and who none of the six pretty women had addressed, was every whit as astounded as his fellows, only his mouth closed sooner. The Mokanna-like smile came to it. And then while the six bachelors were still staring at the six pretty women, he got up on his chair and began to speak.

"Gentlemen, fellow-members," he cried, "remember your club, remember your vows, the sanctity of your oaths; remember the toast you were about to drink, 'The Glorious Freedom of Bachelorhood, Our Utter and Everlasting Indifference to Woman.' Gentlemen, I entreat you do not be seduced. Beauty is

the charm of a day; liberty is eternal. Look at me, your president, whom nothing can seduce, for whom woman's charms were made in vain. Gentlemen, look on your president, the founder of your noble order, and be strong; cast temptation from you and laugh at these women. Fellow members, associates, I say again look on me and be str——" But the President did not finish the word, and as they looked his expression changed to one of anything but strength. The door had again opened, and another woman entering, was making straight toward McCarthy at the head of the table. She was smiling and pretty, prettier even than the rest—Mrs. Katherine Graham by name. As McCarthy's eyes fell on her they seemed to start out of their sockets; his jaw fell, his hands clutched feebly at each other, and he sank in his chair with a groan staring at her as if fascinated. The others were all watching him, each man with a glass in his hand and a woman beside him. They, too, seemed to be under a spell. She approached very close to McCarthy, and then a dazzling smile on her lips and a twinkle of amusement in her eyes, she addressed him directly, her tones ringing clear through the silent room.

"You asked me to marry you two nights ago, Donald," she said; "and I promised you I would give you your answer in a few days. I am giving it to you now. I will."

A look of utter dumfoundedness was on the faces of the other bachelors. Mc-

Carthy was like a man in a nightmare. His mouth and eyes were open—wide open; he seemed to be seeing something terrible, but was altogether helpless. The woman gazed at him in surprise for a moment and then with an air of hauteur made as if to go.

"You don't want me, then," she said.

But McCarthy awoke with a gasp. He clutched her hand and held it—held it frenziedly.

"I want you in the very worst way, Kate," he said fervently.

And then with a great effort he controlled himself; and as he turned his glance to the table about which the six couples were standing like figures in a tableau the old Mokanna-like smile flickered again on his face and the light of command was in his eyes. He picked up his glass from the table, where in his first surprise he had set it down, and lifted it on high with a flourish of his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "forget the advice that I gave you a moment ago. I now propose to change the toast. Let us drink to woman, her virtue, her beauty, her irresistibility, to the annihilation of the Live Alone Bachelor Club of Kamloops; and let each man, though we drink to all women, drink particularly to the woman he loves, as I do now."

And turning he quaffed his glass looking into the eyes of Mrs. Katherine Graham; and the others followed suit, each gazing fervently in the face of the woman who stood beside him.

Survivors.

John Edward.

IT was dark; the moon had set. And all about them was the sea. The sea with its waves of leaden hue save for the crests which were of foaming white. Other than themselves there was no life for miles and miles around. The horizon dipped and rose, advanced and retreated, and always its edge was jagged with the waves which seemed jugged in points like rocks.

The Doctor pulling at one of the two oars in the boat watched the angry sea and wondered why he was there.

The Oiler steering with the other oar often raised himself suddenly to escape the water which kept swirling over the side, and he also wondered why they stayed there.

The injured Mate lying in the bow was just now buried in that profound indifference and meditation which comes to even the bravest when they have been deprived of their most cherished aim. He was the commander and the others looked to him for orders. He spoke in a low tone and calmly, for never could he command a more willing crew. This was a boat of brotherly love and each man worked for the sake of the others and most of all they worked for the Boy.

The Boy squatted in the bottom with his eyes fastened on the increasing volume of water while his arm rose and fell mechanically baling the water from the boat and emptying it over the side. He was a jolly boy; the captain's boy and it was he who had kept up the spirits of the others. His father had gone down with the steamer, but he strove to hide his sorrow and the rest laughed at his quaint stories. But sometimes at night they heard him murmur: "Mother," and "Poor Dad" and tears

came to the eyes of those strong men.

"A little more East, Billee," said the Mate.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the Oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was like unto a seat on the back of a bucking broncho, and by the same token a broncho is not much smaller. The boat reared and plunged and pranced like an animal. As each wave advanced she rose for it, and seemed to act just like a horse making at a fence most outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these watery walls was an incomprehensible thing, and moreover at the tops of them were often those problems in white water which swished, swirled and lept and ran as they passed from bow to stern. After courageously mounting a crest she would race down the long incline and arrive bobbing in front of the next menace. One disadvantage of a running sea being that after passing one wave one finds there is still another behind it, just as anxious to swamp your boat and requiring as much skill to surmount it as the last. In a ten-foot dingy one can see the resources of an angry sea in the shape of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey.

They in the boat knew not the color of the sky, for the waves were cunning and needed watching, but as the sun rose steadily up they knew it was broad day, because the sea changed from leaden to emerald-green and the foam became like tumbling snow.

In unconnected phrases the Doctor and the Oiler argued as to the difference between a light-house and a life-saving station. The Oiler had said: "There's a light-house at Carmanah Point and as

soon as they spy us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who spy us?" asked the Doctor.

"The crew," said the Oiler.

"Lighthouses don't have crews," said the Doctor.

"Oh, yes they do," argued the Oiler.

"No they don't," repeated the Doctor.

"They must, they must, they must," shouted the Oiler in frenzy.

"There are no crews on this coast," said the injured Mate in the bow.

"Well," said the Oiler, "perhaps its a crew that I was thinking of as being at Carmanah. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"There are no crews on this coast," said the injured mate in the bow.

In the meantime the Oiler and the Doctor rowed. They sat together on the same seat and each rowed an oar. Then the Oiler took both oars. Then the Doctor took both oars. Then the Oiler; then the Doctor. They rowed and they rowed. Presently the Mate, raising himself in the bow of the boat, declared he had seen Carmanah lighthouse. Then the Boy remarked that he had seen it. The Doctor who was then at the oars also wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was towards the far-distant shore and the waves were important. But soon came a wave more gentle than the others and when at the crest he quickly scoured the eastern horizon.

"See it?" asked the Mate.

"No," said the Doctor, sorrowfully, "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the Mate. "It's exactly in that direction," and he pointed.

At the top of the next smooth wave the Doctor did as he was bid and this time he saw a long thin shadow with a break in the middle which must have been the lighthouse. It was exactly like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"It's a good thing its blowing towards the shore," said the Oiler. "We wouldn't have a chance else."

"That's right," said the Doctor.

While the busy boy nodded his assent.

But the Mate in the bow looked up and he chuckled. It was a chuckle that expressed humour, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Think we've got much of a chance anyway, boys," said he. Whereupon the three were silent save for a trifle of heming and hawing. A man thinks doggedly at such times, so they were silent.

"Ah well," said the Mate, "we'll get there all right." But there was that in his tone which rang of false hope and the others did not speak.

By the brown patches of kelp the men in the boat knew they were approaching to the shore; each brown spot seemed to advance, then become stationary, then advance and slowly pass behind the boat. But in the absence of kelp the advance of the little craft was not apparent to those in her. She seemed to them just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously, right-side-up at the mercy of the surging sea. Sometimes a great sheet of water swarmed into her.

"Bail her Boy," said the Mate.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the cheerful Boy. And he baled then harder than ever.

Of the four in the boat none had slept for two nights and before that the Oiler and the Mate had been on duty two long days. In the excitement caused by the storm no one had been able to eat heartily and now all were tired and hungry. They were four of a kind—four kinds, yet one kind. They were a Mate, a Doctor, an Oiler, and a Boy, and they were friends, nay brothers. It would be difficult to imagine a more inspiring brotherhood than that which was here established upon the high seas. No one said it was so. No one mentioned it. Yet it dwelt in that boat and each one felt it warm him.

Slowly the land rose up from out the sea. From a black shadow it became a line of trees and rocks, fringed with foam. Soon the Mate said he could see a house among the trees.

"That must be the life-saving station," said the Oiler. "I wonder where's the crew!"

"There are no crews on this coast," murmured the Mate in the bow.

"We had better pull easy and rest ourselves," said the Doctor. "We'll have to swim for it."

Suddenly darkness fell and the heavens seemed to open and fling upon them all the terrors it possessed. All the sea in its fury hurled itself upon the shores and a line of feathery foam spread down this almost limitless coast. There was a roar in the sky as of raging battle. Hailstones beat down upon them and great sheets of lightning flashed and sought to consume one another. The great billows rushed upon their frail craft, but still it rose and fell, bobbing and nodding as if disdainful of such an enemy. As yet the dingey had sustained no damage, being small it afforded little opposition to the waves and they passed beneath it. And all was black darkness. There was no light save when the lightning flashed.

Meanwhile they rowed. The Oiler rowed one oar and the Doctor rowed one oar. Then the Oiler rowed both oars. Then the Doctor rowed both oars. Then the Oiler; then the Doctor. They rowed and they rowed. The darkness caused them to put out to sea again for the boat could not live two minutes in that surf. The faces of the men glanced grey and wan when the lightning flashed. They were weary and hungry and cold. First the Boy lay down exhausted. Then the Oiler, who was rowing, grew faint and whispered to the Doctor:

"Change me Doc?"

"Sure, Billee," said the Doctor.

And carefully they changed. First the rower slipped his hand along the gunwhale, then the other bent low and treading gently passed beneath the rower's arm and slowly slid upon the seat. And all the while they were balancing like circus acrobats. When one changed his seat to rest he lost all feeling of hunger and cold and just dropped to the bottom and lay there with the water for a blanket. Even the sea dashing over the side was not disturbing. The Oiler curled himself up and with his arm around the Boy's neck he slept.

So sweet a sleep it was that it seemed to him only a minute before he was awakened.

"Change me Billee?"

"Aye, Doc," said the weary Oiler.

Day dawned. The shore was far off, but they rowed and rowed and again approached the surf. The billows that now came were more dangerous and the sea was covered with driving foam. The surf was a guard to the shore and the boat could not pass to it.

"Shall I take her out again?" asked the Oiler.

"Yes," said the Mate. "Then turn south."

A long line of rock coast lay before those in the boat. The surf beat upon it and sometimes they could see a white-tipped wave roll up amongst the trees. They had now passed the lighthouse and were now rowing down a forsaken coast. The light-heartedness of a former time had now completely faded and no man spoke unnecessarily. The men reflected and as they reflected a great rage arose within them. Why should they be carried scathless for so long a distance and then drowned? Had they not a right to live? Surely Fate would take pity on them and perhaps in an hour they would be ashore. Perhaps a ship would pick them up.

"Well," said the Mate ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for it. There's a beach behind this surf. Turn her in Billee."

Then by fast but steady seamanship the Oiler turned the boat and made for the shore again.

Someone fastened the life-belt around the Boy. The Oiler gritted his teeth, his muscles tightened and he rowed harder. Soon they were amongst the breakers; each mountainous wave seemed to break upon the boat and she shivered and cracked; then a wave larger than the others fairly fell upon them and the boat swamped and overturned. Simultaneously the four leaped from the craft. The Doctor grasped the empty water-bottle and it floated him. The water was awful cold.

When the Doctor cleared his eyes he saw his companions in the sea. The

Oiler was ahead in the race; he was swimming fast. To the Doctor's right was the life-belt with its Boy. It appeared and disappeared, but the Boy floated face downward. The Mate clung to the keel of the overturned boat and the Doctor wondered how he managed to stay there.

They went on nearer to the shore, but the Doctor made no progress. Each wave beat him back and he was whirled round and round. Then he noticed the Mate was calling him.

"O-o-oh Doc! Come to the boat. O-oh Doc!"

The Doctor struggled harder than ever, and unexpectedly found he could progress towards the shore. But he soon tired and a drowsiness overcame him and he cared not whether he lived or sank. It appeared a pleasure to drown. The water was now so warm.

"O-o-oh Doc. Come to the boat!"

"Coming Mate," shouted the Doctor.

He struggled forward, but he could not help his companion. The Mate's hand slipped from the keel and it disappeared, waving frantically. As the

Doctor struggled he thought and his thoughts ran in circles like this: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why in the name of all that is good didn't I perish at first. If I am going to be drowned—if I am going—"

Suddenly he found himself standing waist-deep in the water, but his condition did not enable him to stand there long. Each wave knocked him down and the under-tow pulled at him.

It was then he saw a man running and bounding, and bounding and running towards him. He was a brown man; an Indian, brown as the leaves in autumn. But he was a man. He caught the Doctor by the hand and with a heave and a drag pulled him from the sea.

Suddenly the Indian stopped and pointed, then rushed headlong down the beach.

There in the shallows, face downward, lay the Oiler. His head bumped the sand, that was, between each wave, clear of the sea.

Our Pioneer

James Lambie

We cannot reckon all the debt we owe
 To him who first made known our country's worth;—
 Who through the pathless forest sallied forth,
 Where fir, and spruce, and feath'ry cedar grow,—
 And, where the mighty, mountain torrents flow,
 Laid low the giants and upturned the earth,
 To plant and nurture growths of gentler birth,
 Which in their fulness mellow fruits bestow.
 For love of gain was not the urgent force
 That turned him from the common, beaten track;
 He fared along a solitary course,
 Nor yearned to ease the burden on his back;
 Content to think that later kinsmen should
 Follow his trail and find his choice was good.

The Wendigo.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

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YOU don't believe that the environment can ever master the man, don't you? That, my dear fellow, is because you have lived all your life in places where men were many and Nature already subdued, but even so you should know better than that. A man is like a chameleon. He will take on the colour of his surroundings in the shortest possible time."

The speaker was a grizzled man of about forty, smoking his cigar in a London club after dinner.

"Give us an example, St. John," said one of the others in the room.

"We are all examples, more or less, and a keen observer could probably tell something of our past lives from our mere outward form, but do you pretend for instance that America has no influence upon the English race: that an Australian even though born in Surrey does not approach gradually to a type different to your own, Vernon? Of course he does, but the Siwash is up North where I used to hunt, go further than that. They believe that a man may, and sometimes does, revert to the beast."

"Morally? That is likely enough."

"No, physically."

"What with paws and tail?"

"Almost. They believe that he grows hairy, smells like a fox and loses his power of speech.

"And you believe that, St. John? Truly the North breeds credulity."

"That is likely enough. Here in town a man never sees anything, never hears anything except the 'gassing' of other fellows like himself, but there where there are no men, a fellow sometimes hears a voice from outside."

There was a long pause: St. John

had a way of making men think. Perhaps it was because he had learned in lonely places to indulge in that rare habit somewhat more than his fellows.

At last he broke the silence.

"Do you remember that fellow Wilmore who was at school with us, Vernon?" he asked after a time.

"In Doane's form?"

"Yes, a stupid, weak-minded fellow, with an underhung jaw."

"Yes, I remember him well. Expelled, wasn't he, for drawing a knife on someone in a rage?"

"That's the man. He came into money afterwards and surprised everyone by going an unutterable mucker, after which he disappeared."

"I remember that he came to grief. Someone said that he had taken to drink and then gone away North towards some of your haunts to straighten up a bit."

"Did you know that I had met him?"

"No! The deuce you did. Where?"

"On the Arctic slope, and if you'll light another cigar I'll tell you if you like how I met him. Its not a cheerful story but it may open your eyes a bit."

The men rang for more cigars, the fire was piled up anew and the four of them drew closer as St. John began.

"I don't suppose you fellows have any idea what the Arctic slope is like, and if you had, none of you would perhaps think me sane for spending so many years prowling about it, but there is a fascination in those great lone lands which gets hold of some men in an extraordinary way. Perhaps that is the first symptom of the power which nature has in its greatness of recalling us from civilization to itself.

I don't pretend that the North has the beauty of the south. I grant you that the seas which we go through to reach it, are grey, dreary, endless wastes fit to breed Jotuns and sea snakes. I grant you that the coast line with its monotonous armies of dumb mildewed pines, which no sun mellows, no breeze sings in, as breezes sing in other trees, is not as beautiful as a few crazy tourists would have you believe. Their appreciation comes, I think, from their joy of having escaped from it. But to a man tired of town, and of your endless eating and drinking, and all the little things of society, there is a charm in forcing one's way into the fastnesses of nature, although it is as lonely there as though you had stumbled suddenly into a new world's dawn.

"When you pass through the Coast range, matters improve a little. The everlasting rain ceases: the vegetable world gives you breathing room; things are dry again and bright; fires burn and the sun shines and in the daytime a strong man may reasonably rejoice in his strength. I know nothing better than hunting in that great lone land beyond Cassiar where the snow laden trees stand out hard and crisp against a crystal sky when the world is powdered with diamonds and every willow flashes a jewelled tipped spear in the sun.

But when the sun goes it is different. Then you realize your utter insignificance. Then you know that if before you were moving through the world's dawn, here you have come to the world's death, and the silence and the vastness of space terrify you.

But what is the good of my talking to men who would feel chilled if they walked ten miles without meeting a fellow man, or seeing the smoke of an inhabited house.

Try to think what it means to walk for ten days without seeing anything but an unbroken horizon in front, the tiny thread of your own tracks behind, without hearing a voice of man, bird, or beast, only the report perhaps of rending ice on a river and the sound of your snowshoes as you break a way.

I won't bore you with the story of our

hunt. Philip and I had been away to the musk ox land, and had come to all manner of grief in our endeavours to penetrate into the country where the Esquimaux make their summer hunt, and were tramping our way back, very lean, but very fit to the borders of civilization our hope being that we should reach a Hudson's Bay Post before the worst of the winter caught us.

As long as we could keep near the caribou we were safe enough, but it was a bad year for rabbits, there were very few ptarmigan about and we were very nervous lest we should stumble upon a strip of starvation land on our way back and had no supplies of any kind with us, nor any hope except in our rifles, or the caches of meat we had made on our way in.

The Indians with us, two of those wanderers who live from hand to mouth hanging like wolves on the flanks of the caribou herds, began to get uneasy, and at last after seeing no living thing for three days, we realized that our trouble had come upon us. We had starved for one day. We could catch no fish in the lakes, we could see no tracks in the snow; there wasn't even a raven to be seen. But our first cache was not far distant so we sat in the snow through the dark and windy night, thinking of the good time coming when we should reach the first small bunch of pine trees and revel again in the glow of a great camp fire.

It is pretty tough to sit through an Arctic night in that barren land, with no fire, no food in the midst of surroundings unsuited to man's life.

Here night is rather pleasant than otherwise, except that it is such a waste of time. You sleep warm and soft and safe, knowing that someone else will have your breakfast ready when you are tired of sleeping.

There night is a terror.

You may be so dead tired as to be glad to lie down when the dark comes, but you will soon be so deadly cold as to wish for light in which to plod on again and keep warm.

It was so with us. There were endless hours during which we shifted

miserably and uneasily in our blankets and then stiff and half dead we rose again and groped our way forward in the dark.

Anything was better than lying still and besides there was food in front, or at least so we thought at night. The first glimpse at our cache about the middle of the next day undeceived us.

A few months earlier we had hidden three caribou carcasses amongst a pile of rocks, leaving them to freeze and await our return. The rocks were there still and the snow had covered them, but over the snow in every direction ran tracks of the cursed carcajon or wolverine. We knew what that meant. Wherever a cache can be rifled there will generally be found a carcajon to rifle it, and of course there was not so much as a rag of hide left for us.

It was a good deal more than annoying, it was just beginning to be serious, but no one shewed any sign of funk; we had been in Starvation Land before, so, except for a curse or two and a general hitching tighter of our belts, we made very little of the matter. In the great lone lands no one gasses much about his troubles. Suffering is dumb where it is likely to elicit sympathy.

However, just as we were taking up the trail again Niko stumbled on a fresh track, which brought an exclamation even from him. In a minute he was running on it like a dog on a pheasant's track, in and out amongst the low long line of rocks, until he stood sniffing, (I had almost said snarling) like a dog who has cornered a cat.

When we got to him his actions even there struck me as peculiarly vividly animal rather than human. His nostrils were working, his teeth were bare, his coarse short hair was "staring" and his hand stole quietly to the pump of his Winchester, as he whispered the one word "Wendigo!"

And all we could see was a lump in the snow and showing through it in one place a patch of caribou hide.

"My God! St. John its a man," cried Phillip, and before I could help him he had begun to drag out something from the snow beneath an overhanging rock

while Niko and Takush chattered excitedly and handled their rifles in a way which looked distinctly threatening.

What the deuce the fellows were saying, or what they meant, I neither knew nor cared. I wish I had done, although I don't suppose it would have made much difference. I never paid much attention to their crazy tempers or crazier yarns, even when I was idle by the camp fire, and just then we had all we could do, to drag the man out and scrape together enough willow twigs to make a tiny blaze on that dreary grev waste.

As fate willed it there were a few little scrubby patches near us, and from these we made fire enough to thaw our waif out and make a brew of tea. In this I put my last dose of brandy and by means of it woke our find to gain a world he would have been better out of. It was just the luck of the thing. Another hour and he would have been frozen beyond hope of recovery; as it was his good condition saved him.

And that was one of the strangest features of the case. If the man had died, he would have died of cold, not hunger, for he was what we should have called fat. Not "hog-fat" as we all are now, but not starved as things go in the barren grounds. What he had lived on was a mystery for many days' longer, for after we had brought him back to life, we found that it was only an animal after all that we had rescued. The thing was inarticulate and as far as we could tell an idiot. When we had driven the frost out of its body, its wits still remained numb. It sat up and peered weakly at the fire and spread its maimed hands to the little blaze, as another man might have done, but there was something clumsy in its movements, its eyes were restless and frightened as those of a trapped lynx, and its fingers I suppose had been frozen off though they looked for all the world as if they had been gnawed away.

What with the ghastly deformity, its strangely clumsy bandages of caribou hide, certain crimson icicles in the grizzled hair round its mouth, and the constant watchfulness of its eyes, I

could have forgiven a white man if he had shown repugnance to the poor wretch. I felt an instinctive loathing for it myself, and I knew that I was inwardly cursing myself for having interfered with Nature's ways. How were we going to feed the thing we had saved and why could we not let Nature arrange her own affairs as she saw fit?

But with the Indians it was different. They were deucedly nearly beasts themselves, yet they stood apart, angry eyed, outside the circle of the red fire light, muttering incessantly and handling their rifles whilst even the four dogs would not come near us, but sat upon their haunches, showing their teeth and every now and then breaking into a low howl.

Certainly matters looked pretty blue. The barren grounds in winter and towards evening never look very cheerful but even if you can conceive anything drearier than that pitiful handful of sputtering twigs, in the middle of grey space, the sky meeting the unbroken horizon on all sides of us. The Thing in the middle and our own dogs and Indians, snarling at us apart,—I cannot.

"Hang the thing. I wish we had let it die."

I couldn't help myself. The thought would come out in words, but I was sorry the next moment that I had spoken for the poor wretch crept furtively to the other side of the fire like a threatened dog.

Philip heard my words and saw the creature's sudden action and I am afraid thought the less of me for blurting out what I was thinking. But Philip was wrong. My words caused no pain. I am convinced of that now. The creature heard the anger in my tone and beast-like knew by instinct against whom it was directed, but my words had no meaning for him.

However, that night Philip and I had a quarrel or as near one as we ever got, I am scarcely sorry for it now; the cause of it was so thoroughly in keeping with the rest of my chum's character. He, of course, wanted to drag the idiot along with us. I did not. He saw a starving human being; I saw an incubus

which would probably cause the death of the whole party.

"The Thing cannot live," I argued, "unless we feed it, and we cannot feed ourselves. There is no greater certainty of finding game in front than there was behind us," and I pointed to the wastes we had traversed.

"We can kill the dogs," said Philip, and I knew he hated that almost as badly as he hated leaving the man behind.

I hated it worse for I had come to like the dogs. They had been useful to us and were old friends.

"And afterwards?" I asked. "Shall we risk four who can think, for one who does not understand enough to feel?"

"You don't know how much it understands," answered Philip, unconsciously half granting my proposition.

"No, I don't know, but let us make that the test. If it understands it will follow us, if not, will you let it stay?"

Very unwillingly Philip consented, and just at dawn he and I scraped together all the little remnants of scrub which we could find and blew the ashes into a feeble blaze.

Then we called to the man and turned to go. Surely if it was a man it would follow us, but it did not. It preferred to sit by the blaze and die with the dying embers, and so we left it, a bent figure warming its frozen beard in the tiny column of smoke.

I knew Philip did not like the idea, but he could not himself "pack" the idiot with him, and none of us would lend him a hand, so he left with us hoping no doubt, as we did, to kill game in time to take back food and save the waif after all.

The sky was at its saddest when we started, not dark enough to hide the misery of the scene, not light enough to impose upon our eyesight with a cold fiction of brightness, and that little figure by the fire emphasized the last loneliness in which we left it.

As a rule white men will outwalk Indians, but on that day Niko and his companion almost reversed the ordinary rule. A frightened Indian can travel

like a barren doe, and our Indians seemed thoroughly frightened.

At first that morning they kept their hands on their rifles, looking back nervously from time to time as if expecting to see something following us.

But nothing came. Then they began to talk excitedly. The dumbness of half-starved men and their apathy had quite gone, and with one last look back along the trail, they settled into their stride. By George! How they did travel! It makes my limbs ache now to think of it, but luckily before midday their scare seemed to wear off and when on the sky line we saw a tiny clump of trees, the first seen for months, a change came to all of us.

Where there are firs there seems to be hope, and when several hours later we lay under them, with a great fire roaring at our feet, we were happy, if hungry, men.

That night a dog had to be shot. I am not sentimental, but I don't like killing one's dogs, and would have starved for another day on the chance of saving the poor beast, but Niko knew that and killed him before I could interfere, so that at midnight we were all sleeping as men can only sleep who are warm and fed.

At midnight I woke with a start and sat up. The Northern Lights were flashing with unusual brilliancy, the fire had fallen somewhat low and round the fire all of us, dogs as well as men, are sitting up staring with one accord along our back tracks.

What woke us I don't know. Possibly a dog howled at The Thing which was now loping so swiftly toward us in the strange light, but if so I never heard the howl consciously.

Swiftly with head bent The Thing came on. Then with a short howl a dog clapped its tail to its quarters and vanished through the clumps of pines. The others followed him, and as I turned to speak to them I saw Niko throw aside his blanket and bring his Winchester to his shoulder. I heard in the stillness of the night the loud clang of his pump as he brought a cartridge into the chamber, and I saw Philip's hand go up just

before the red flame sputtered from its muzzle.

For a moment The Thing which was coming stopped dead, like a beast who hears a shot but does not wind the hunter and then it ran on again and the next moment was squatting on its haunches within the red circle of firelight, looking at us with that same shifty glance, half timid, half menacing.

For a time we sat there staring like men fascinated whilst it "mopped and mowed" inarticulately at the fire. I think that I recovered myself first, and turned to see what had become of our Indians.

They and their dogs had vanished. Even in the firelight I could see the tracks of them, but by the time I had shaken myself clear of my blanket, and passed through the pine clump they had gone out of sight. They must have travelled as if the Devil was behind. Perhaps they thought he was.

How that night passed you fellows can perhaps imagine as well as I can describe it. I only know that neither Philip nor myself slept at all, and that long before it was really daylight we were on foot again tramping towards our next cache with The Thing, as we now called it by common consent, slouching at our heels. It never came with us, but it never left us, dogging our footsteps all day, and squatting somewhere near our camp fire at night.

The second cache was as empty as the first one, and on the second day after Niko left us I began to reel as I walked. My feet weighed tons, and my legs had contracted the habit of going off on their own account in utterly unexpected directions, besides all which my head seemed to have grown too big and heavy for my body: I knew that I was almost used up and could have wished that Philip would leave me to die quietly but for one foolish reason.

A terror of The Thing behind had grown upon me unconsciously. I suppose I was growing light headed. Do you know what it is to fancy that someone is following you in lonely places? I did not fancy, I knew it, and whenever I looked over my shoulder I could see

its hungry eyes watching every stagger that I made.

But even The Thing itself was starving at last. It dragged its feet almost as badly as I did, and I caught It once chewing Its own maimed hands till the blood came.

On the last day of all I thought that we had done with it forever. That morning it had been coming closer and closer until more than once I had heard its heavy breath in my ear. So far a curse had sufficed to drive It back again to its place twenty yards behind me, but I had a mind more than once that morning to kill It whilst I was still sure that I could draw a steady bead with my rifle.

That day Philip struck a caribou track.

The great bull had not passed many hours, and if only one of us could get within range of him we should yet be saved!

Talk of hunting for trophies and its excitement! You don't know what hunting means until you have hunted for a meal which means as much as that meal meant for us, and yet when it came to the crisis only the younger of us was fit to make an effort.

Philip had outstayed me, and I had to admit it.

Even when the old chap found time to think of me, and before he left, lit a great fire of pine and made a bed of boughs with his blanket and my own.

We didn't say anything, of course. Both knew that if that caribou was not killed before dark it would matter very little who had the two blankets. Neither of us at any rate would want them long. But we shook hands, looked hard at each other for a moment and then I fainted or dozed off, or at any rate became unconscious, with an indistinct idea that the last thing I had seen was Philip on the caribou track with that loping, bent-backed beast at his heels.

Whether I slept or fainted, I certainly dreamed before I woke, dreamed, as starving men do, of the most luxurious of club "feeds," and if it would not be so preposterously incongruous I could, I believe, almost tell you now the menu

of my dream dinner. At any rate my dream had more basis in fact than most dreams have, for when I woke there was an unmistakable smell of cooking, and two men were bending over my fire. At first I thought that Philip had come back, and that the smell was that of caribou steaks grilling for supper, but in a moment I saw my mistake. The two silent figures watching me were those of Niko and Takush, the Yellow Knives who had deserted us. They had killed caribou, and being out of danger themselves, had come back to look for us. That I learned later. Just then I had no thought but to get as much food as they would let me have and to bitterly resent the manner in which they wisely doled it out to me.

Twice I ate and slept between eating from sheer weakness, but after the second eating they began to question me.

"Where was my brother? Had I heard a shot fired?"

I told them that I had not.

"And yet the Wendigo has killed," muttered Niko.

"How do you know?" I asked. "Have you seen?"

"No, I have not seen, but we shall see. Sleep again, now, and perhaps tomorrow you shall see too." Niko answered, and then he and Takush stood peering out into the growing darkness the way Philip's tracks led.

In the morning I would gladly have stayed behind and let Niko and Takush go alone to bring in the kill and the two hunters, but this did not please them. There was no hurry, they said. They would wait until I had rested, but when they went I must come too. At last I made up my mind to try and in some feeble fashion managed to trail along behind them. Though it seemed far to me then it really could not have been more than a couple of miles before we reached a little barrier of pines.

"Beyond that is a lake. He will have killed there," said Takush, as he pumped a cartridge quietly into the barrel of his Winchester.

Niko imitated him, and then stopped to point to two tracks which joined those we were following.

(Concluded next month)

Floe-Whaling on the Alaska Coast.

Captain Nelson.

OF all our industries less is known of whaling, perhaps, than of any other. True, of late years some information has been published about the hunting of the Finback, Humpback, and other common varieties of whales caught in the neighbourhood of Vancouver Island and off Newfoundland by the Norwegian method, and a little about the chase of the Bowhead whale by San Francisco whaling ships, but of hunting the Bowhead from the floe-ice—undoubtedly the most interesting and the most exciting of all the branches of the business—nothing has been said. I propose in the present article to describe this method, adopted by the residents of Point Hope and Point Barrow.

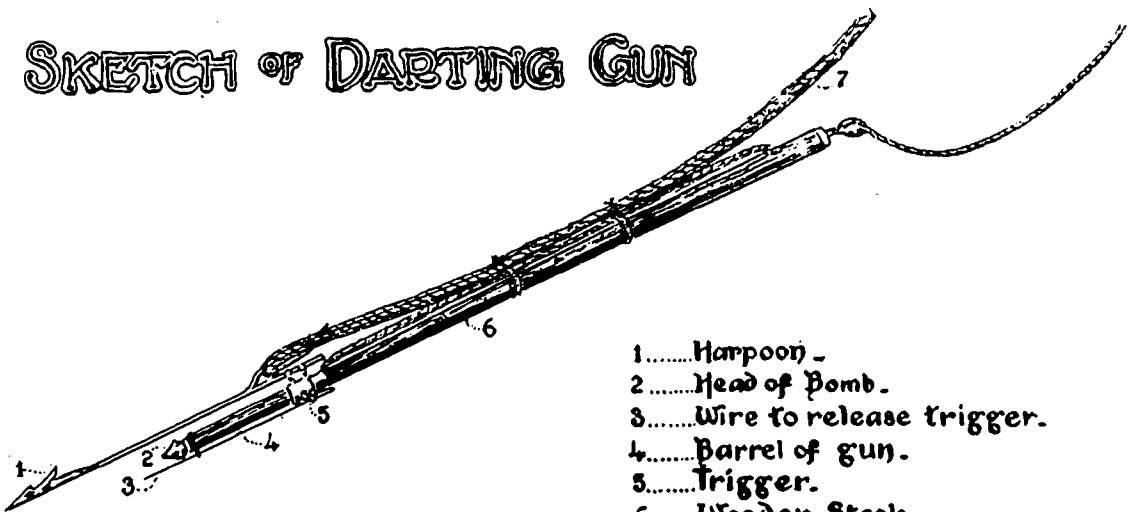
Years ago whale hunting at these places was entirely in the hands of the Eskimos, who with their old primitive gear succeeded in capturing quite a number annually, but since 1886 a few white men have settled in the neighbourhood

and have taken up the work in a more up-to-date manner.

About the first day of April every able-bodied man in each settlement starts out to make a road to the nearest water. Axes, picks, spears and shovels are used in this work, which sometimes takes three to four days according to the roughness of the ice and the distance, the floe frequently extending twenty miles from the shore. As soon as the road is finished it is marked and flagged as otherwise it would be impossible to find it after a blizzard.

Next, the canoes are overhauled and covered with new hides, and about the tenth of April everything is ready. The canoes, thirty feet long and six feet abeam, are then put on sleds made especially for the purpose, and lashed solid. The gear, cooking utensils, a bag for each person containing a change of clothing, rifles, ammunition, seal-spears, and firewood are loaded in the canoe. Then

SKETCH OF DARTING GUN



- 1.....Harpoon.
- 2.....Head of Bomb.
- 3.....Wire to release trigger.
- 4.....Barrel of gun.
- 5.....Trigger.
- 6.....Wooden Stock.
- 7.....Rope, measuring 22 - Fathoms.

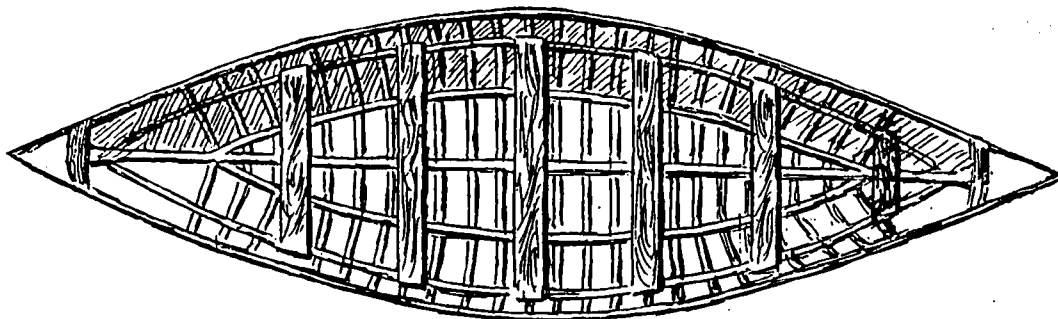
the crew, numbering eight men and two women, harness themselves to the canoe, five on each side, with as many dogs as may be had, hitched to a lead-line, and the procession starts over the road to the edge of the ice. As soon as this is reached the canoe is taken off and launched in the water. All now get in, first placing the sled upside down in the middle of the canoe, and proceed to find a sheltered place to camp and one that looks favourable for whaling. When this is found, the canoe is discharged of all its contents. A slanking chute is cut in the ice and the canoe stern first, is hauled out, the bow projecting about three feet over the water. The whaling gear is arranged and put in position, the bomb-guns loaded, and the floats inflated. The floats are made of sealskin and attached to the whale-line, two small ones about seven fathoms from the harpoon, and a large one at the end, the whale-line being usually about twenty-two fathoms long, made in New Bedford, of the very finest Manilla. The Darting Bomb Gun, made by Pierce of New Bedford (the home-port of the American whalers), is a brass instrument measuring fourteen inches in length, attached to a wooden pole six feet in length and about two and a half inches at the thickest end, tapering down to about one

and a half at the other. On one side a barbed harpoon fits into a socket, on the other side through another socket a stout steel wire is inserted in such a manner that when the gun is cocked the wire projects two inches beyond the end of the bomb, which is loaded in a screw barrel in the breach.† When thrown at the whale—and the harpoon is imbedded in the blubber to the depth of fourteen inches—the wire is pushed back by the force of impact, thus releasing the trigger and exploding the cartridge, which sends the bomb into the whale. A four seconds time fuse governs the explosion of the bomb; this is terrific in its power, not only forming a considerable cavity in the fleshy parts but dislocating and even shattering the bones.

Directly a whale shows himself, everybody rushes to his place, grabs the canoe and shoves off, getting in as the boat slides down the chute into the water. The paddlers drive the canoe as speedily as possible towards the whale; being highly trained men they make each stroke with the greatest care so as not to disturb the water.

The crucial moment arrives when the canoe gets within about eight feet from the whale. Then the harpooner stands up and, bracing himself, hurls a darting gun, harpoon attached, at the whale,

ESKIMO CANOE.



*A Bird's-Eye View.
To show the wood-framework*

quickly followed by a second gun; the whale-line and floats are immediately thrown overboard, the guns are hauled in and reloaded.

Directly the whale is struck he sounds, sinking to the bottom, and all anxiously watch for his reappearance. By this time canoes may be seen coming from every direction and when the whale again shows himself, he is quickly surrounded by boats and canoes, all being determined to get fast to their quarry, regardless of danger, as whoever succeeds in doing this obtains a share of the "bone," which at the present time is very valuable.

To an onlooker it is decidedly exciting to watch the crowd gesticulating and jabbering, each man with some sharp instrument, long knives, seal spears, anything in fact that comes handy, cutting, slashing at the poor creature until it is literally worried to death.

Should this occur close to the ice, a line is thrown over to the carcass and all hands haul until it is alongside the ice. Then a flat cake of ice is selected, a slanting chute is cut, a strap is passed round a convenient hummock, another strap is passed round the fluke or tail, a big tackle is then hooked with one block in the strap round the fluke and another in the strap round the hummock, and all hands haul it as tight as possible. Another tackle is then hooked on the fall (i. e., the rope of the first tackle), and every one now hauls until the carcass is right on top of the ice.

And then the fun begins. Men, women and children with knives of all kinds and "cutting-spades" slice and hack with such energy that in about three-quarters of an hour there remains nothing but a heap of bones.

During this time some of the women have been kindling fires in their stoves, which by the way are generally made out of empty coal oil cans, and are busy cooking the hide of the whale, commonly known as "Black-skin." This is considered to be quite a delicacy and indeed it is not at all unpalatable, tasting very like cocoanut. Blubber is also impregnated with the same nutty flavour and when raw bears a strong resemblance

in its outward appearance to the reddish centre of a ripe melon.

It is pleasant to watch the Eskimos as with happy, contented faces they joke with one another, working and eating at one and the same time, never stopping except to whip off their dogs, who are rendered ravenous by the smell of so much food and struggle to steal the meat and tempting scraps of black-skin. All this work is done without any quarrelling, and when the stuff has been divided, the women haul it back to the shore and cache it in ice houses.

But of course every whale hunt does not end so smoothly as the one I have described. Very often, when not struck in a vital spot, the whale will start off shore and before he is killed he may have upset a canoe or two and possibly killed some or even all of the occupants. This happens occasionally. Or again, he may die six or eight miles off the edge of the ice. In this case the canoes are forced to tow the carcass in, very often in the teeth of a strong wind. Then indeed one may see what dogged perseverance, pluck and stamina can do. Paddling with desperate determination, shouting and encouraging one another, the Eskimos have been known to tow a dead whale for thirty-six hours without giving up, and after bringing it to the ice, to start at once to "cut him in" (to use a whaling term), well knowing that nothing is safe until landed on the beach. But these are not the only risks: the floe itself may break away. Well do I remember one occasion in 1897 at Point Hope, when six whales were killed at different places along the edge of the floe. A gale sprang up from the northwest, breaking the ice about half a mile from the beach. Those on the floe knew nothing about it, as all were busy cutting away at their whales, until the writer with three squaws (no men had been left behind on the beach) arrived hauling a small canoe.

It would be impossible for me to describe the confusion and excitement that ensued. Everyone ran for his canoe, leaving the whales and a lot of the gear to the mercy of the elements. The floe was a large one, the outer edge being

quite eighteen miles from the beach, and by the time we arrived at the crack we had drifted fully six miles from shore. There was a terrible gale blowing; amidst foaming breakers and heaving masses of broken ice we were obliged to launch our canoes and paddle for dear life. We reached safety after several hours hard paddling, but without some of our dogs, whom we were compelled to leave behind on the floe. Very fortunately, however, the wind changed and drove the ice back in to shore and we were able to secure the dogs again, but the whales and a lot of the gear were never found.

Canoes are not always used in floe whaling. Some of the white residents use the regular whale boat, but the risk is no less. Once, a few years previously, a whale boat crew succeeded in killing a large Bowhead off the ice, but a heavy

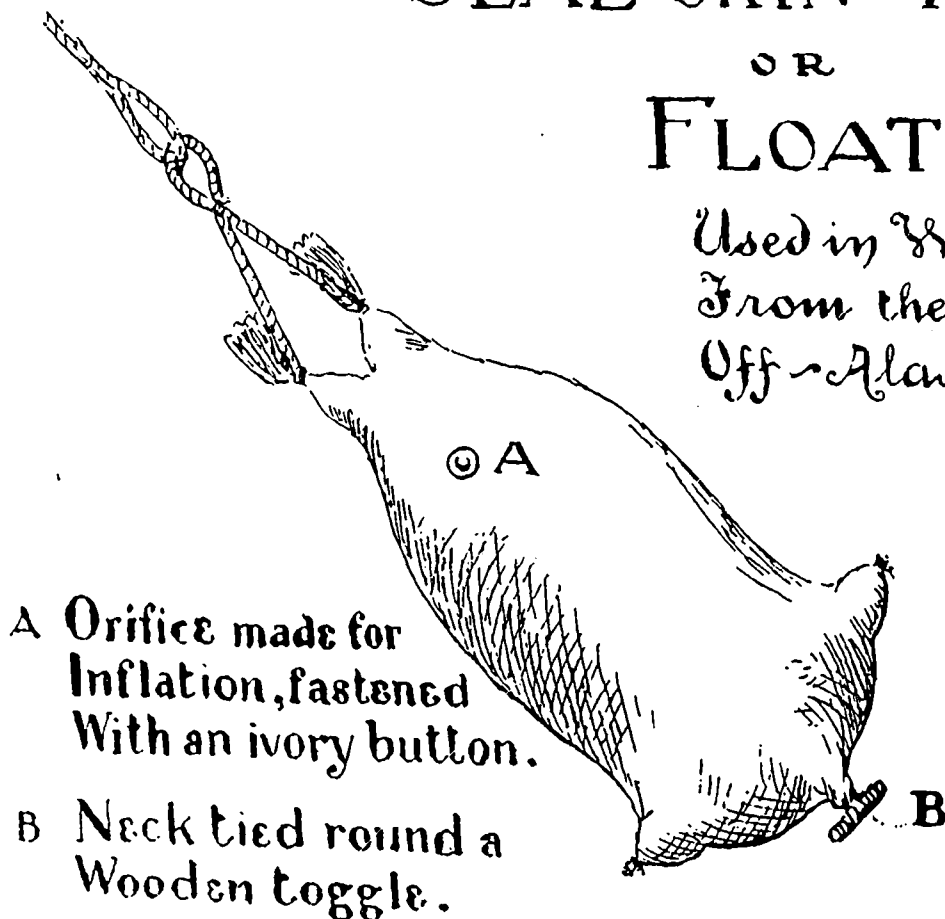
gale springing up, they were forced to cut their line at last, only to find that they had delayed too long and that no sail could be carried owing to the fury of the wind. Running under bare poles they made for the loose pack ice and hauled the boat up. There they had to remain inactive, watching the land receding in the distance as they drifted with the pack.

For sixteen days these men, eight of them, were on the ice in a starving condition. Eventually the floe drove in again to shore, and with great difficulty, having to actually crawl on their hands and knees for a considerable distance over freshly formed ice (commonly known as "young ice," which is thin, treacherous and almost wet) they got back to safety.

But the most terrible occurrence of all happened at Point Barrow in 1894 when

SEAL-SKIN "POKE" OR FLOAT.

*Used in Whaling
From the Floe Ice,
Off Alaska.*



A Orifice made for Inflation, fastened With an ivory button.

B Neck tied round a Wooden toggle.

two men and a woman were lost on a road cut out from the shore to the edge of a big floe. There were several people on the floe at the time and those at the edge suddenly discovered that they were drifting. Launching their boats, they sailed to the southward and found an open lead through which they escaped without further trouble. But the fate of the three Eskimos who were lost on the floe was by no means so pleasant. Quite unconscious of the disaster that had overtaken them they kept on wandering in search of their companions till at last they discovered the camp—deserted. Quickly realizing their terrible predicament they hurried back over the road only to find a very large crack, which they could not possibly cross, and that the ice was moving rapidly. For no less than sixty-three days these wretched creatures managed to exist on the drifting floe, living on pieces of raw whale meat, that had been thrown on the

ice at the killing, and quenching their thirst as best they could by eating snow. Finally they were picked up by a whaling ship after enduring the most awful misery from cold and exposure and famine that can be imagined.

Of course life on the ice would be impossible were it not for the wonderfully warm clothing. It is the same for both sexes and consists of a suit of fawn skin underwear (worn with the hair in) and a suit of deer skin (worn with the hair out); deer-skin stockings and deer-leg boots, well oiled; during wet weather seal-skin water-tight boots are used instead.

But even with this clothing there are times when the conditions become almost unendurable. Especially so when on a flat sheet of young ice one is exposed without an atom of shelter to a strong wind; then indeed it seems as if one's blood must congeal.

Chinese Miners in Their Own Country.

Richard Lawrence Pocock.

A GOOD deal has been heard recently concerning John Chinaman as a miner in South Africa. The writer has no wish to enter into political controversies in this article or to express any opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of the Celestial's employment in mines under the British flag. It may, however, be interesting to see what are the conditions under which he mines in his native land, the methods he employs, and the amount of skill to which he attains.

Chinese have long been known as skilful miners of gold in alluvial or "placer" diggings in various parts of the world, and poor indeed will be the clean-up of a white man following in their wake or

working their "tailings." It may not, however, be generally known that there are districts in China where the natives have been accustomed to underground work for centuries, certainly in the case of one mine known to the writer for not less than five hundred years, records of ownership of the same being in existence covering that length of time. It was with the mines of this district in Central China that the writer was associated for three years, they having been for some time owned and operated by an European Mining Company; but it is to the Chinese miners working under their own home conditions, and not under foreign management, that special reference is intended.

In this district the mineral chiefly mined is cinnabar (sulphide of mercury), some of the mines being Government property, others privately owned, but paying taxes to the Government: in the comparatively near neighbourhood, however, the ground has been worked, though nowhere to any considerable depth, for gold, silver copper, antimony and iron.

The country in this part is mountainous and rough, being intersected in all directions by more or less narrow valleys and numerous canons, though, in the district containing the mines, and

sale for their produce in the little market towns dependent on the mines. There being no roads in our sense of the words—nothing more than rough paths or trails,—carts are unknown, goods being brought to market entirely on men's shoulders in the orthodox Chinese fashion with a stick and two baskets, sixty catties, or about eighty English pounds, being considered a man's load in this part of China.

In the neighbourhood of the mines the population is fairly dense, though a few days' journey brings one to a jungle



Cinnabar Mine in China known to have been worked over 500 years. The buildings are modern European.

chiefly owing to their presence, cultivation is seen almost wherever possible, the land in the valleys yielding rice principally, while on the slopes flourish maize, wheat, rye, beans of various sorts, wood-oil trees, vegetable-oil plants, garden stuffs, and in some parts considerable crops of the poppies from which opium is obtained.

Fruit is scarce and of poor quality, but in the lower altitudes a few days' journey from the mines, oranges and similar fruits are abundant and of excellent quality. The farmers find a ready

country, where one can go for miles without seeing a human being, and where leopards are comparatively common and tigers by no means unknown.

Apart from the actual mine-workers, a great portion of this population is indirectly dependent on the mines for support; the treatment of the ore requiring a large quantity of firewood, farmers and coolies, in the winter months especially, do a good business cutting, splitting, and carrying the wood to the mines, while bamboo workers supply large quantities of baskets of different shapes used

by the mine coolies and ore pickers; so that it will be seen that in this part of China at least mining is, and long has been, a flourishing industry, giving employment to large numbers.

The cinnabar mines are mostly situate high up, with entrances on the canon side, to which in some cases steps have had to be cut in the solid rocks; the formation being almost horizontal, there has been no need for sinking operations, the ground being worked by means of tunneling. This is no doubt the chief reason why the cinnabar mining here has long been a flourishing industry,

in the cinnabar mines they have often been prevented from working bodies of ore when any considerable depth below their entrance-levels through accumulation of water; though certainly it is wonderful how much they have been able to handle when one sees their only pumps, something like a gigantic boy's squirt made of a large bamboo.

The Chinese system of mining has hardly been scientific according to a white man's ideas, the main principle underlying all their work being to find the ore and follow it as best they can; so that in a very few places have they done



A Mine Entrance, showing wall to keep out robbers, and dump of waste down canon side.

while very little has been done with the other minerals that occur in the province. Where the deposits of ore were not so situate that they could be worked entirely by tunneling, no serious work is found to have been done by the natives; sinking has been tried by them and numerous small shafts are to be seen, but the greatest depth they have succeeded in reaching has been about three hundred feet, when they have usually encountered too much water to cope with with their primitive appliances. Deep-level mining by natives is unknown in China. Even

any "dead work." Underground surveying is of course unknown to them, as indeed for that matter is any other kind of surveying, (even after some years' of working under European management most of them imagine the mine surveyor's instrument to be some wonderful "foreign devil" engine for mysteriously discovering new ore-bodies).

This system, or rather, want of system, is naturally extremely wasteful, as they do not take out of the mines any more waste rock than is absolutely necessary to allow sufficient room in which

to continue working. The ore, which lies in limestone formation, being irregular and buncy, there is no doubt that they have lost considerable quantities of pay-ore through covering up with waste the poorer rock in their eagerness to follow a rick streak.

In the mines now referred to can be easily seen traces of the various methods resorted to in the history of their working. Evidences of the oldest method, namely fire-setting, are plainly visible; while vast chambers have obviously been hewn out by the primitive means of hammer and moil,—a laborious and tardy process compared to the modern mining methods employing high explosives and machine-drills.

Fire-setting was practised until comparatively recently, many of the old inhabitants of the district still remembering its use. The method employed was to build a wood fire against the face of the rock to be penetrated; the heat thus formed cracked and softened its surface, which was afterwards chipped off with a hammer and moil, a kind of short chisel with a pencil point, held by means of a twisted stem of some tough shrub or tree-root. By this means a tunnel was slowly but surely driven in the living rock, which was gradually enlarged in the same tedious manner. Yet by such poor methods as these chambers have been hewn out of the solid rock big enough for those at the entrances to have houses built within them sheltering numerous families of workers.

It was only some thirty years ago that blasting was first seen and practised here, being introduced by a few miners who came from a neighbouring province, bringing with them drills and a weak form of ordinary black gunpowder similar to that used in making Chinese fire-crackers. For a small payment they drilled and blasted a hole for the native miners, who thus first learned this method of mining and were quick to adopt it. The drills they used were not wholly of steel, like ours, but were merely lengths of round iron with a short piece of steel welded onto each end. The powder being very weak according to our ideas, the holes they drilled were never

very deep, being almost invariably less than eighteen English inches, but the amount of rock broken in a day's work, though small enough, was vastly greater than before the innovation. Their hammers are clumsy, being long in the head and ill-balanced, from three to four pounds in weight, but it is astonishing what excellent hammersmen most of these Chinese miners are. Those who have now become accustomed to use European striking hammers and drills could without doubt hold their own as single-handed hammersmen with any European or American miners, while being able to do a shift under conditions of air and temperature which no European could stand. Their methods of following the ore take no account of mine-ventilation, and the conditions under which they are accustomed to work would strike a modern mine-inspector with horror, whole families living inside a mine with no more ideas of sanitation or cleanliness than the beasts of the field.

The proficiency of these men with the single-handed hammer is, however, far from making them first-class miners. As mere rock drillers they are hard to beat, mainly by reason of their great endurance and surprising strength; but they need a constant supervision for other reasons, chief among which is their extraordinary reluctance or inability to take ordinary precautions for their own safety, and their apparent lack of intelligence to enable them to detect what is or is not dangerous. They are fatalists pure and simple, putting down accidents not at all to their own carelessness or want of foresight, but invariably to "bad joss." If a piece of rock fall on and injure a man, or a blasting accident deprive him of life or eyesight, it is because the mine "joss" is angry with him. Every mine has its god to whom a little temple or altar is erected at the entrance, and to whom sacrifices are periodically made of pork, wine, vaper-money, etc., for which he is expected not only to guide the working miners to rich bodies of ore, but also to watch over and protect them from accident.

This fatalism makes the workers extraordinarily careless. The writer well

remembers the case of a miner who was blasted under the following circumstances. He was working on a night shift, had had a "missed hole," which, through the top of the hole getting filled up with small pieces of broken rock, the head-miner in charge had been unable to re-blast or to unload. The men on coming to work were shown the missed hole and told only to drill within a safe distance of it, but this man, who had worked for some years under European supervision, and knew the character of the explosive used, utterly disregarded the warning, and, in spite of being ex-

or not, should ever be drilled in again, there being always the risk of an unexploded portion of the charge remaining.

This carelessness is the worst of friend John's faults as a miner. As a rule he is patient and industrious, long-suffering and cheerful in good fortune or bad. The nature of all the working classes of China is child-like and so are their passions. They cannot be judged at all by our standards in matters of character and morality. To lie and cheat is no disgrace among them; if they can steal from you and cheat you, so much the better for them; if you can



Ore Sorters at Work.

pressly warned that it was still charged, proceeded calmly to drill in the old hole, the consequence being that he nearly lost both eyes, which were, however, saved for him by the skill and attention of one of the European staff, who, by the way, got no thanks from the miner for his trouble. But this is not all. Very soon after his recovery, on being engaged to work in one of the Company's mines, he was caught in the act of drilling in an old hole which had not broken properly, the rule of the mine being of course that no old hole, whether blasted

catch them and administer punishment, that is one for you; it is all in the game. Honesty is a rare virtue among them; in the old days, before the coming of the white man, the miner who struck a rich patch of ore, never left it, and even slept by it, or his chances of reaping the benefit of his strike were poor indeed; the old mines have seen many a murder and many a desperate fight. It is by no means all plain sailing for the Chinese miner in his own mines at home. His work is of the hardest, his diet of the plainest, his housing of the roughest

and his remuneration of the lowest. Indeed it is hardly of any use for him to be ambitious to improve his lot in a land of official corruption, the watchword of whose magistrates is "squeeze," for fear of attracting the attention of some needy petty official, who is never at a loss for an excuse to extort. There is no such thing as justice in China; should our friend be unlucky or unwary enough to fall in to the clutches of the Yamen, his chance of escaping "punishment" whether deserved or not, is slight indeed. Punishment means bamboo at least, and his sentence may be anything from one hundred to one thousand blows, or even more, at the caprice of the official, who is judge and jury in one; and, after his official punishment is over, he has still the yamen-runners to reckon with, who will hardly let him go until they have squeezed the last copper-cash possible out of him,—a nefarious practice, well known to, but winked at, by the magistrates; their satellites have no pay but live on what they can squeeze from prisoners and litigants, of whom they take good care there is a continual supply.

It can thus be readily understood that thrift is at a discount among the working classes and the miner's surplus earnings are generally used for his one never-failing amusement—gambling.

For all this, the miner proper is the aristocrat of the mining camp; though his reward is small, that of the other workers is still smaller.

There are different systems of payment adopted by the Chinese mine owners. In Government-owned mines the miners pay a hammer-tax and make what they can. In some of the privately-owned mines the men are paid in cash and food, with an allowance of so much every ten days for the straw sandals worn by the lower classes all over China. The meals consist of rice, with a little vegetable as a side dish or relish, with pork and native wine on market days, that is, every five days, the pay in cash being equivalent on the average to about six or seven shillings a month, tools in this case being found by the mine owner. In other mines the miner finds his own tools and is allotted a working

place. After blasting, he has the first pick of the broken ore, and takes his load out in baskets, after which the coolies are allowed to take what they can get in return for cleaning out the working place. The ore must now be crushed by them and treated in the mine-owner's furnaces, a percentage of the mercury recovered being retained by him and the rest becoming the property of the miner or coolie.

Other arrangements are in force in other mines, but it is a lucky miner who can clear under any circumstances more than a few shillings a month after paying for his board.

There is no Sunday in China or eight-hour laws, but market-days are the miners' holidays, so that he gets plenty of rest; and at every Chinese New Year a movable feast according to our calendar, most of the mines are shut down for a whole month, the time being given up for the most part to public gambling, which is temporarily legalised.

In common with the rest of his countrymen the Chinese miner is extremely conservative, his usual attitude towards any new method he is asked to adopt being one of amused superiority. He is rather apt to think he "knows it all"; though, certainly, in the writer's experience at any rate, if he can be convinced that he can do better work by a new method, and, more important still—make more money by that method, he will be ready to acknowledge the improvement and continue to take advantage of it, but it usually takes a deal of time and patience to convince him and to teach him a new method of working.

While the miner is engaged "inside," attacking the hidden treasures of Nature, there is plenty of employment about the mines for the other members of his family, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, and very possibly his grandmothers also. The ore he mines has to be crushed fine for treatment in the native furnaces; should the cinnabar in the particular mine he is working in be of a good, or red colour, the ore, after crushing, will be washed and panned for the free cinnabar in the same way as is done by miners all over the world for

gold. There is always a local market for the clean cinnabar, which is as good as money to the miner or coolie in this part of China, just as is gold-dust to the Klondiker. These Chinese are expert panners, and where they have water handy will recover all but the very finest cinnabar dust by means of sluices, bamboo rockers, and their pans, which, unlike the familiar gold-pan, are not made of metal but hollowed out of a solid slab of wood.

By law all the cinnabar obtained in the district must pass through the hands

mines where it is a good red colour, the darker or black cinnabar being of no value except for the mercury it carries—it is ready for treatment in the furnaces for the recovery of mercury.

The native furnaces are small affairs built of clay and interwoven bamboo sides, with the same sort of iron bowls as they use for cooking at top and bottom; the fire is built under the bottom one, and the top one has a large hole broken out of the middle large enough to admit a kind of bent shovel or scoop with which the furnace is fed. Over this



The Means of Travel to the Mines.

of one of the dealers, or "weighers" as they are called, licensed by the Chinese Government, whose number is limited, and who pay a joint tax for the privilege of dealing in the production of the mines. Duty has to be paid on cinnabar and mercury taken from one province to another, though, as the prices often vary considerably in different districts, a good deal of petty smuggling takes place. The European company's commission of course exempts them from these conditions.

After the ore has been washed for free cinnabar,—that is the ore from those

hole is set an inverted earthenware vessel like a large pudding-basin, on to the sides of which the mercury is precipitated from the fumes rising from the roasted ore below. Each furnace holds only a few shovelful, and the charge is drawn every hour or so, the time varying with the richness of the ore. When the charge is drawn, the "pudding-basin" is lifted off and turned right side up; the sides are wiped round with a cloth, beginning round the upper edge and gradually working down to the bottom, causing the mercury to collect in globules which run to the bottom of the

vessel. The coolie in charge has then to scoop out the furnace charge and replenish it, and as in doing this, his head is necessarily straight over the furnace, from which mercurial fumes are rising, slight salivation is by no means unknown among them. To prevent this they usually wrap a cloth over mouth and nostrils or make a respirator of a piece of pommeloë-skin.

The recovery in these furnaces is by no means up to "assay returns!"

In the sides of each furnace, outside the rim of the pudding-basin" are arranged little holes in which a certain percentage of the mercury collects, which is the mine-owners' perquisite, and is recovered when the furnace is pulled down and rebuilt, which occurs every ten days or so. So conservative are the natives in their ideas, that, even when building one of these small furnaces for their own homes, to treat their gleanings or pickings from the dumps, they would never consider the furnace properly and efficiently built without these "percentage holes."

The waste rock thrown away by the mine coolie after he has had his pick is picked over and examined carefully, bit by bit, by men, women and children on the dumps; nothing is wasted. The ore thus obtained on the dumps is the property of the ore-pickers, who are free to come and go unmolested, and who take it home and treat it, gaining from it perhaps a few ounces of mercury a market-day,—a pitiful amount, yet enough for them to live on, for the two bowls of rice a day, which are all they need, cost on an average about two pence. Clothes worry them but little, a few shillings a year being ample to provide them with an all-sufficient wardrobe.

The conditions of the miners and coolies who have now come to work in the European-managed mines is of course rather different, but of them it is not our present purpose to speak, the special intention in this article being to

give some idea of their life under their own normal conditions.

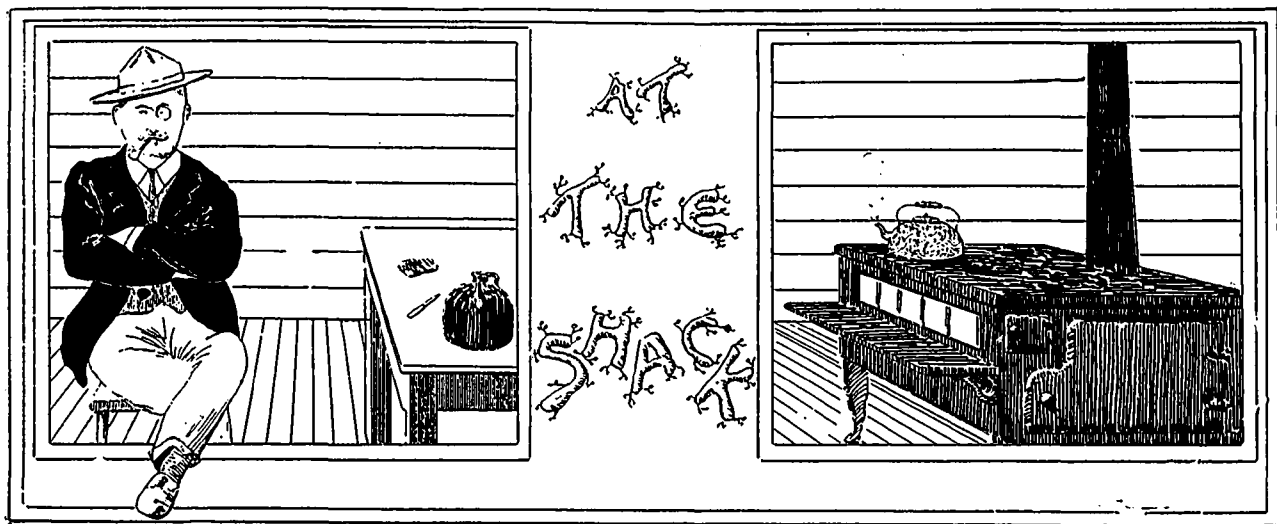
The Chinese miner at home is usually a domesticated animal. Though seldom, perhaps, devoted, and not always faithful, to his wife, who, being bought and paid for in hard cash, is regarded more or less as a chattel, he certainly is invariably so to his family, particularly to his sons.

As to his house, that is not a very grave consideration as a rule. A few poles, a few split bamboos, a little mud, some armfuls of grass for roof, and, with a primitive cooking range of clay and bricks and a large iron bowl, and a plank bed with an armful or two of rice-straw for mattress, we have complete a typical domicile for our interesting friend to share with his family, and perhaps a pig, a few fowls, and a mongrel or two. Cleanliness they know not; hygiene, there is none in China.

In sickness the miner has recourse to a doctor, whose degree is self-conferred, and who, when not professionally engaged, may be a mine-coolies as likely as not. A broken leg will be treated with a plaster of crushed leaves, no attempt being made to set the bone. When all the doctor's remedies fail and the patient is grievously afflicted, his family, if they can afford it, will call in the local priest with his attendants armed with cymbals, gongs, pipes and similar instruments of torture, who take up their positions at the sick man's bedside, and proceed to raise a continuous clashing of brass and screeching of pipes to accompany the priest's chauntings and dancing, with the object of chasing the devil out of the sick man.

Should they succeed and the sufferer recover, "joss" is rewarded by a sacrifice of food and the burning of sham paper-money; but should their exertions be in vain brother John has ended his life of toil in peace.

No Chinese of this part at any rate could die in peace without the consolation of this to us most unpeaceful and unholy din.



Percy Flage.

THERE are those aplenty, to whom books are no temptation—and the joy of reading is a sealed matter. The conning of print is to them a labourious duty or an unattractive necessity, like planting potatoes or podding peas.

Productive often of benefits otherwise unprocurable they recognise the virtue of literature with acquiescent humility, little imagining in their poverty of fancy, its power as a vice.

To cacoethis scribendi they are immune, and on them the book-worm may turn in vain.

By friendly pressure of one whose amiability and intelligence are none the less in that he fails to follow my law of "love me, love my library," I have been led on occasion to taste and observe various forms of recreative enjoyment unspringing from the printer's font of pure delight.

High among them and strong in renewing the vigour of minds possibly poisoned by the ptomaines of too many tones, stands the Ten Cent Theatre on Thespian Avenue—to which I tender as thank-offering for benefits received, this

brief descriptive sketch from my lingering memories of a few weeks gone.

On the threshold of that evening I was warned in three-fold sequence that my ideas of what constituted wit were not final.

I ventured, ere we went in, to whisper my friend a humorously apt quotation concerning an abandonment of hope on the part of those entering.

He laughed, but not heartily—more, I think, in politeness than from any natural impulse of cachinative emotion.

Again, in the ante chamber or lobby where programmes vociferous of stellar attractions were procured, I voiced the Dante misquotation—"So we went in and re-beheld the stars!"—only to be foiled with a small, cold smile.

Thirdly and rashly—for in classical learning, my friend has the advantage of me to the extent of many canings—when seated cosily in the pit and craning, or even owling from side to rear, less to study the hydra headed audience than to escape the beer and chewing gum blandishments of a modern drop-curtain—I tolled forth one of my twelve

Latin fragments—"Quis monumentum requiris—circumspice!"

The hereditary good manners of centuries agonised in my friend's countenance for a few seconds—but the smile came out—and politeness shrieked when Koscinsko told me to shut up!

There was a preamble of attunement among the orchestral instruments—things of mystery all—and then music; I know not how good, nor care I, for among the ameliorating corollaries to an exhaustive ignorance of all that pertains to St. Cecilia's art, is (I speak for myself at least) a blessedly indiscriminating appetite for anything better than a damaged jewsharp unskilfully tortured, or a runaway circus calliope.

A captious critic might discover flaws in the technique—might cavil at the director's capacity as interpreter of Strauss where I would only hear (and pride myself on recognizing) the Beautiful Blue Danube. But the curtain is up.

A tall youth of Jewish or New Yorkish appearance, neatly clad and twice neatly (oh unguent kine!) smooth as to the hair, stands close to the wings and, flanked by a screen on which are thrown rapidly changing illustrations of marvellous colouring, sings—

"It was in a shady dell,"

(Shady Dell foreground—Hills and church spire—Blue sky)

"Where the song birds love to dwell,"

(Closer view of boskage—Three green birds—Two yellow—one roan.)

"That I met my little May—one day—"

(Under oak trees—straw hatted youth—pink muslin maiden.)

"We had never met before"

(Lone youth on pier—background of Tourists—distant ships.)

"But beside her cottage door"

(Landscape—Queen Anne Cottage smoking in middle distance.)

"I had seen my little May—at play."

(Close view—Hand-painted cottage Maiden with kitten and string.)

"But my feet refused to pass"

(Pine woods—Tan shoes balking at pink muslin.)

"When, reclining on the grass,"

(Close view—muslin—parasol—one stocking not quite hid.)

"I surprised my little May—so gay!"

(Straw hat raised in apology—Maiden turning to fly—not.)

"And her cheeks they turned so red"

(Youth and Maiden under Maples—red cheeks—no parasol.)

"When I turned to her and said—"

(Gravel walk—couple strolling—parasol in evidence.)

"Will you be my little May? ah say!"

(Close view—hands in hands—Where is that parasol?)

Comes there any more of it? Much more—all excellent, let us pass on.

From the wings there floated pinionless a vision of flaming drapery, cramsie velvet or bordalisaunder at least, trimmed and tooled and illumined like a luxurious binding by Berthelet borne across the dusty stage on twinkling toes.

To the music of the measure that she trod sang this one, of a voice (I appeal to the guide book) semi mezzo contralto—and a timbre enthralling—

There's a cool and shady valley in a country that I love

Where the moonbeams softly wander o'er the snow

Where th' aurora Borealis throws her lime light up above

And the diamond frost jets glitter down below.

Far and far away—Far away—

Where the winds of winter wanton until May,

Where the cold December moon

Weaves her shadows at high noon

O'er my far off happy home in Hudson Bay.

From the gaiety and grandeur and the gardens of the south

I have turned to hear the summons of the frost

Midst the fragrance of the roses, from the wine glass at my mouth

I have gleamed a glimpse of glories that are lost.

Far and far away—Far away—
 Where the sea spume binds the berg in
 icy spray,
 Where the Pole star all alone
 Clasps the zenith in her zone
 O'er my far off happy home in Hudson
 Bay.

This is better! Oh, this is decidedly
 good! We applaud the sentiments, stir
 to the music and encore the singer, who
 re-enters easy of breath and marvellous
 of poise—

When the syren song of singers in the
 cities of delight
 Spread a snare of soft allurements o'er
 my heart
 I have heard the whispered silence of
 that glooming, looming night
 Till my soul was wrapped in mystery,
 apart.

Far and far away—Far away—
 Hark! the rustle of the restless milky
 way!
 Where a sky of powdered gold
 Pours a radiance pure and cold
 O'er my far off happy home in Hudson
 Bay.

The curtain descends—and lifts pre-
 sently to brisk music as of popular songs
 —with the closing strains, from right
 and left enter a flashy male and female
 of grotesque design. These approaching
 each to each salute and speak rapidly—
 facing audience:—

He—Hello Mag, is that you?

She—No! I'm starrin' at the Avenoo
 Theatre this season—No dime shows fer
 me—This is me cousin Kate.

He—Not at home. What, they payin'
 you, Mag?

She—Clearin' house certificates. What
 you been doin' lately?

He—Time.

She—You don't look like a feller
 would call time.

He—I don't look like lots of things
 I am; and I don't like lots of things I
 look at—Push your face in!

She—Ain't my face all right?

He—Not much left to it—(see?) It's
 lopsided. Who painted it?

She—Some of the best! I'm an

artist's model when I ain't workin'. Say
 —will you listen to me sing?

He—It's part of me job. Give her a
 little gasoline, Professor!

Professor leads off with piano and
 Mag sings:—

I was an Artist's Model
 World wide known to fame
 Ever since I could toddle
 Modelling was my game.
 I'd a perfect pose
 And Sargeant owes
 To my lovely nose
 The pictures that made his name.

I was an Artist's Model
 Always draped, of course.
 Don't get it into your noddle
 That I could do anything worse
 Than Vestal or Nun
 Or just in fun
 For Archie Gunn
 A Bacchannal—never coarse.

I was an Artist's Model
 Shoulders and neck divine—
 Duchesses used to coddle
 Millais to borrow mine
 But Millais said
 No common head
 His art should wed
 To my throat's soft swerving line!

I was an Artist's Model
 Whistler worshipped my feet—
 Meissonnier used to yodel
 "Comme tue est chic, my sweet!"
 And Howard Pyle
 Said Trilby's style
 Was simply vile—
 I beat her by half a street!

Exit the pirrouetting songstress while
 the male buck and wing artist forges to
 the front—

"More voltage, Professor! Dat's
 right!"

As I was walking on the street I met a
 country Jay

Who asked me what o'clock it was and
 I to him did say:

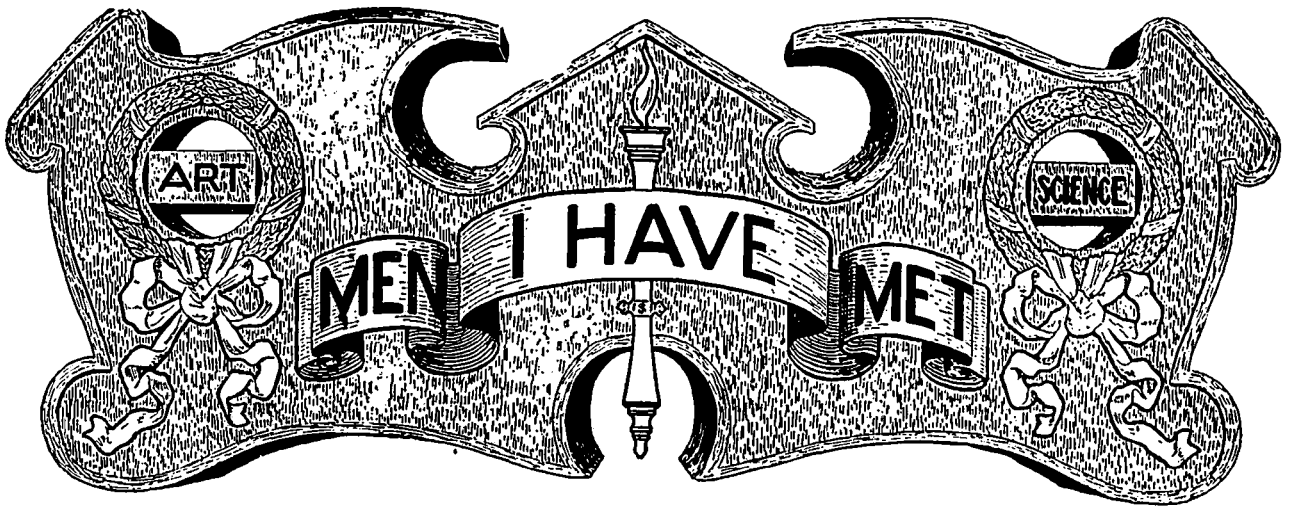
"It's a quarter after fourteen minutes to
 which it was before

"You shook yer Uncle Hiram at the cast-off clothing store!"
 I left him gaping after me and I sauntered down the street
 And "I beg your pardon, Miss," says I to a girl I chanced to meet,
 "I surely was interduced to you on the thirty-third of June
 "At Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's Saturday afternoon!"
 She shook her head with a giggle and shriek—her Pa came running out
 He jumped at me with a monkey wrench and I just had time to shout:
 "None of your brainstorm slaughtering here! Miscreant, would you dare
 "Molest the only inventor of Teddy's Tootsey Wootsey Bear?"
 It placed him so that I made a sneak—a regular Twenty-three—
 But I side-slipped onto the beat of a cop who had it in for me.
 "Come on to the Captain, now!" says he. "It's fourteen months fer you!"
 "I'd rather be excused," said I. "Excuse one swift skidoo!"
 I jolted him hard on the plexus place and jumped for a trolley car
 But missed me grip and hit New York with one head, an awful jar.
 The copper nailed me lying there—I raised my bleeding head
 And groaned: "Unhand me—Sherlock-Holmes! Knowest not that I am dead?"
 He got the patrol with a hurry call and they took me to the cells
 And the Doctor came when I filled the shop with assorted college yells.
 He looked at my pulse and asked me "Hoo?" Says I, "I'm going hard;

"A hundred an' ten for thirteen holes—two strikes and spot stroke barred!"
 They put me into a Hospital where the Flossy Nightingale Nurse
 Was a whiskered longshore deck-hand buck—and the Matron he was worse!
 They fed me soup from the Aqueduck and porridge without the oats
 And only laughed when I said I was boss of forty Tammany votes—
 They sweated me good for half a week, then passed me into the Toombs
 Where I played at golf with a pile of rock and nothing charged for rooms
 Till the panic came and Morgan phoned that he couldn't stand the strain
 For the people's lack of confidence was getting on his brain.
 So the Captain gets my ticket of leave an' says: "Outside the fence!"
 "They're lookin' for you on Wall Street, lad, to resurrect confidence."
 "Come to yer friends when you can't escape and we'll give you bed and board."
 So here I am on the street again—with confidence restored!

Exit.

And so, after ten minutes of muscle bouncing by the old original Indian Rubber Family of Acrobats—and a snappy series of shiver pictures representing the Battle of Waterloo from actual photographs taken on the ground by special permission of Napoleon—we swung into the street, happy and convinced that the drama is not all to Ibsen, nor the theatre to Henry Arthur Jones.



John Henry Shorthouse.

William Blakemore.

I KNOW no better example of a man who emerged from obscurity and became famous in a day by writing one book. It is certain that if John Henry Shorthouse had not written "John Inglesant" he would never have been heard of, because his subsequent work did not in any degree sustain the promise of his "magnum opus."

I first met this extraordinary man in a little eating house just off New Street, Birmingham, in the early seventies. It is an old-fashioned place with a number of small rooms wainscoted in oak and containing an antique fireplace with hobs. In the room where I met Shorthouse there was one small table, which would accommodate six people at a pinch. The table furnishings were unique, consisting of a rough holland tablecloth, an old fashioned plated cruet stand, half a dozen tumblers, and as many sets of black handled knives and forks. The menu consisted of broth, joint and pudding for which we were taxed the munificent sum of 6d each. There were a number of similar eating houses in Bir-

mingham in those days, but I had not previously found out this particular one. A literary friend offered to take me there in order that I might, to use his own words, "meet a little man whom nobody knew but who would some day be heard of." I went, and the little man turned out to be John Henry Shorthouse.

I see him still as I saw him that first time, and in the dimness of the little back room the first glimpse caused almost a shock, so striking was his resemblance to Charles Lamb. In fact the resemblance was in many respects remarkable. He was slight, below medium height, thin, with dark hair, a sallow skin and a typical Lamb nose. He was clean shaven, except for very small side whiskers. His figure was spare and bent, suggesting fragility, his expression somewhat inscrutable and abstracted, benign and diffident. He was a man who created an atmosphere and diffused a sensible influence. It was impossible to be in his presence without realizing something of his greatness. During the meal he did not exchange more than a dozen

words with my friend, although they were old cronies, and the shock which I experienced at my first glimpse was repeated when he spoke, with a stutter which unmistakably associated him with his prototype. His shyness was very marked, and my friend was careful not to lead in conversation. He left Shorthouse to say what he felt like saying, and merely nodded an affirmative.

Subsequently I met him in the same place almost weekly for three or four years, and after a few weeks he thawed out a little. When he found that we had kindred interests, and especially that I was an assiduous reader of the Mystics, he spoke somewhat freely, never of himself, always of books or men. He was an omnivorous reader and I never met a lay-man so well posted on philosophical and religious literature. He was a great student of history and could quote long passages from Gibbon, Allison and Hume, but he had no admiration for Macaulay or Froude. In poetry he most admired Chaucer, Spencer, Shelley and Keats. I thought it at the time singular, although later experience has removed the surprise, that whilst he could not speak three words conversationally without the most painful stutter, he delivered his quotations perfectly.

I found Shorthouse to be one of the kindest hearted men I ever met with a transparently simple, and even childish nature. He seemed incapable of an unkind or depreciatory thought. He saw the best in every man's character, imputed no motive, and on one memorable occasion when we were discussing the character of Mr. Chamberlain he bitterly resented the criticism levelled at his fellow townsman, and declared, with more heat than I ever knew him to evince, that the world has nothing to do with men's motives, for they are beyond our ken; all we have a right to judge is conduct.

In these conversations he never let drop the slightest hint that he had then almost completed a work upon which he had been engaged for more than twenty years, and which apparently his innate modesty prevented him from realizing would be epoch-making.

I shall never forget the day when the window of Cornish's book-shop on New Street, near the corner of Corporation Street, displayed a long row of books bound in blue cloth which bore in gilt lettering the inscription "John Ingle-sant," by John Henry Shorthouse. Whilst fully realizing the literary capacity of my chance acquaintance, I was surprised that he had kept his secret so well, and wondered what the book would be like. Needless to say I bought it, half read it the first night and finished it the next.

This is not the place to review that superb work. It has left its mark on contemporary literature, and for lofty conception, skilful construction, delicacy of expression and profundity of thought, still stands far ahead of any competitor. Indeed it is in a class by itself and is the real progenitor of the religious, philosophical, mystical novel, developed upon more popular, but far less artistic and poetical lines, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and other weaker imitators. It represents a man's life work, and to its production Shorthouse brought a brilliant intellect, and a profoundly spiritual and cultured nature. His bright fancy relieves the book from the possibility of monotony, and some of its narrative chapters rank with the best work of Dumas.

Fame came to Shorthouse in a day, for once the critics made no mistake, they recognized the merit of his production instantly and there was not one discordant note in the chorus of praise which was showered on him from every direction. But it made no difference to him, he walked the streets of his native city with the same air of abstraction, nodding to the few who knew him, and speaking rarely to anyone.

He usually wore a dark gray overcoat and a white cloth top hat which certainly added to the distinction of his appearance. No one else could have worn that hat without looking absurd. On Shorthouse it seemed all right and accorded with his general appearance, as of other worldliness.

I last saw him in the autumn of 1893, in the same garb, moving noiselessly

among the throng of merchants who crowded the floor of the Birmingham Exchange. He spoke to no one and apparently had no business, but one could see that his bright intelligent eye was missing nothing of the busy scene and that he was gathering material for his literary work.

A few years ago he died without having supplemented "John Inglesant" with anything worthy of his name, but he had

done enough. Whilst he has contributed nothing to popular literature, he has placed book-lovers of all succeeding generations under an obligation for one of purest, sweetest, most elevating and sincere works of fiction in the English language; a book which may fairly be classed for limpid style and literary merit with "Lorna Doone," and no higher praise can be given.

Westward Ho.

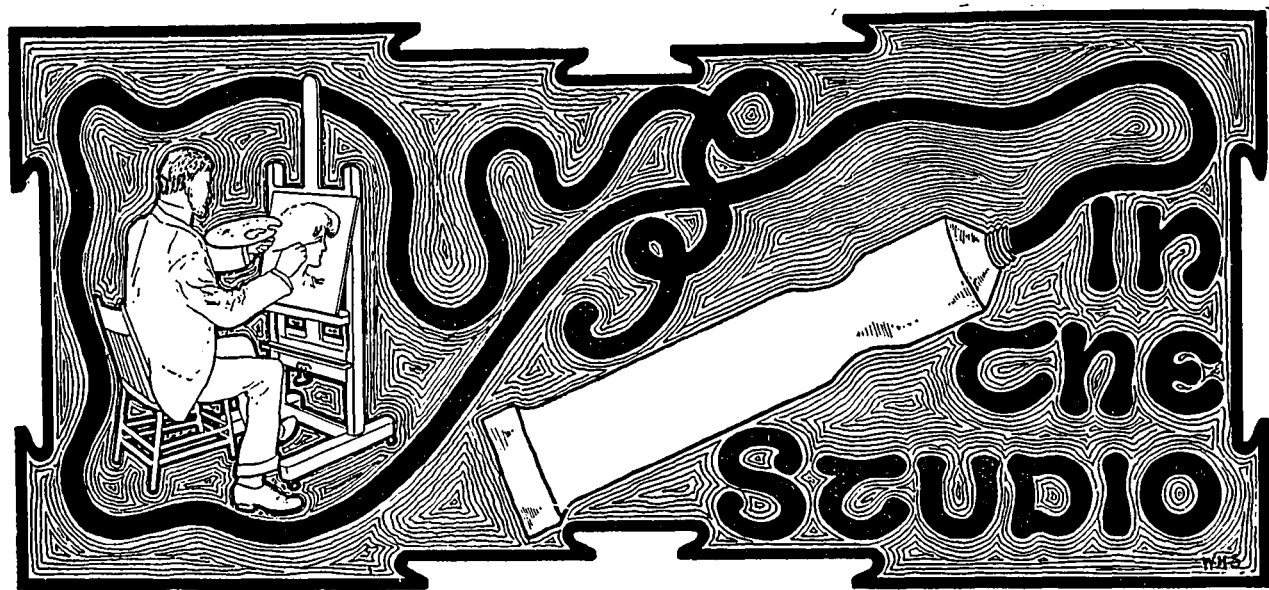
Blanche E. H. Murison.

Westward Ho! across the ocean,
Westward Ho! from England's strand,
Breathing out a heart's devotion,
To the dear old Motherland;
Singing with the winds that blow,
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! through busy city,
Through the forest, o'er the plain;
Hearing still the haunting ditty,
Echoing through heart and brain.
Westward Ho! away we go!
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! across the mountains,
By the canyons, grim and deep,
Where the rush of many fountains,
Through the rocky fissures creep.
And the music of their flow—
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Westward Ho! the journey ended,
Other shores and other seas,
By the mighty hills defended,
Waft a welcome on the breeze.
And our hearts with eager glow,
Hail the land of Westward Ho!
Westward Ho! Westward Ho!



Photographic Notes by A. V. Kenah.

UNDoubtedly the greatest event of the year that is just past, as far as the photographic world is concerned, was the introduction of the Autochrome plate by the brothers Lumiere. The advent of this clever invention has been anxiously awaited by a very large number of devotees of the "black art" and much speculation was indulged in as to whether they would really prove to do all that was claimed for them or whether, like so many of their predecessors, they would be found to be only a cherished delusion and a disappointment in actual practice.

However, it is most satisfactory to note that the experiments of Messrs. Lumiere have been crowned with complete success and the news that has come to hand so far is all of the most optimistic character and seems to predict not only a great future before Autochrome plates but even the dawn of a new era in photography.

Ever since mankind first began to make pictures through the agency of light the problem of being able to take photographs in the colors of nature has been one to which artists and men of

science have addressed themselves, and though before the introduction of Autochrome plates it has been possible to do this by means of more or less complicated and indirect methods, it was left to Messrs. Lumiere to place at the disposal of the everyday amateur photographer a process whereby this result could be achieved in a manner not only satisfactory as regards the rendering of the colors but also one which is comparatively simple to work.

A certain amount of disappointment was felt by the uninitiated when it was realised that it was only possible to produce transparencies by this method and there can be no gainsaying the fact that this is a serious limitation to the process. On the other hand the mechanical nature of the operations for the production of the finished picture are such that even the tyro should have no great difficulty in producing creditable results, and therefore the immense enthusiasm which these plates have aroused can be readily understood and it is to be hoped that before long they will be placed upon the British Columbian markets.

It is interesting to note that a wave of real enthusiasm for color photography

has been steadily sweeping over the workers in the Old Country and culminated in the formation of the "Society of Colour Photographers" just on fifteen months ago. The first annual report of this body has been issued which shows that it has a membership of seventy-three of whom fifty are active workers, who take advantage of the mutual improvement system, which is a feature of the society's work, specimens, questions, and information being circulated by post.

The report also states: "We have to congratulate ourselves upon having the honour of introducing to the world the extremely interesting and successful Warner-Powrie process, which is probably destined to rapidly come into public favour as a thoroughly practical and commercial process of colour photography."

By the by, with reference to this last mentioned process, it may as well be at once stated that the principle on which it, and also the Autochrome plate, is founded is by no means new, for, as a matter of fact, it is involved in the earlier researches of Du Hauron (about 1862), but it has been left to modern and perfected methods of manufacture to realise the dreams and aspirations of this and other pioneer workers.

SEPIA TONES AND BROMIDE PRINTS.

Many photographers have asked me for a good formula for toning ordinary bromide prints to a rich sepia colour. Personally I think Somerville's platinum-mercury method the best one, even though it has a slight tendency to stain the picture. The fixed and washed print

is simply immersed in the following bath till the desired tone is obtained:

Potas. chloroplatinite.....	2 gr.
Mercuric chloride	1 gr.
Citric acid	9 gr.
Water (distilled)	1 oz.

QUICK WORK WITH GASLIGHT PAPERS.

If, as sometimes happens, prints are required in a hurry, the following procedure will be found to be thoroughly efficacious. Use Rodial as the developer, 1 part to 40, is amply strong enough, and have a little ten per cent. bromide of potassium at hand in case of need. After developing is completed lay the print on a piece of glass under the tap and let the water run over the back, as well as the front by turning the print over. After a few minutes place the print in a basin of water with the water running into it by means of a piece of rubber tubing long enough to reach to the bottom of the receptacle. After a dozen or so prints have been made the first one in the basin can be taken out, rinsed, and placed in a dish of methylated spirit and allowed to remain there for 5 minutes. It may then be hung up to dry and the remainder can be treated in a similar manner.

Nepera Paper. We have received from the Eastman Kodak Company a sample packet of their new Nepera paper which, in our hands, has been found to give most excellent results both with regards to the color and contrasts. The product is furnished in two weights and three surfaces, and belongs to the developing class of papers. An excellent Sepia tone can be obtained by a simple process of redevelopment.

A Strange Assignment.

Arthur J. Smith.

ONE of the guides awoke me softly and, as I sat up, he warned me in an undertone to be silent.

On either side a wall of darkness hid everything, and not a sound came to my ears. For weeks we had been paddling up the great Yangtse river, expecting every day to be attacked by hostile Mongolians, who infest the interior of China.

Here I was away in the middle of China, on one of the strangest missions any newspaperman had ever had anything to do with. Three months before I was in New York in the Review office, quietly talking to the editor, when young Atherley came in with a story of the mobilization of a huge army in China, and a mysterious leader, said to be at its head. Atherley always did have some wild dream like that, but I was astonished at the time that the editor should take this one seriously.

"Charleson," he said, turning to me, "We need that story, and you are going to get it for us. Leave for China in the morning; order what you want, but be sure to get away." I had been war correspondent in the Boer war and all through the Japanese-Russian trouble, and this work coming immediately on top of the latter seemed hard. But there was nothing for it but to go, and, consequently, three months later, I found myself on the broad Yangtse on the night of which I speak.

Both guides were sitting up now, eagerly listening and trouble seemed brewing. We were not kept in suspense long. A single rifle shot rang out sharply and a bullet skipped along the water ahead of our boat. "Chance shot," I said to myself, but another, then another, cut the blackness and silence of the night, each bullet following directly in the path of the first. A fusilade of shots at regular intervals followed. As I looked at the guides one was crouching terrified in the boat, but the other was paddling

gently, seemingly not at all alarmed by the attack. I was rather excited and hardly realized what he was about, nevertheless we moved slowly along, while from the shore the sound of hoof beats told me that the riflemen on the bank were keeping pace with us, firing at regular intervals. It appeared that their intention was to follow us until daylight and then pot us from the bank. Unless they did so they had little chance of capturing us, as they had no boats. But I was soon to find out that the Oriental mind is capable of getting over a little difficulty like that.

The first warning I had that something was wrong was the sound of the boat grating on the beach, and the bow man leaping out with a loud yell. Then I knew what had happened. The river took a big sweep at this point and the rower had gradually worked the boat on to the shore. It was a cunning trick, and had been arranged probably at one of the stopping places down stream, although I had flattered myself that I had watched my men well. I sent a hurried shot after the deserter, but in the darkness it had no effect. As I scrambled to land a band of horsemen swept down to the beach, and in a moment I was a prisoner.

Everything seemed ready for our reception, and soon we were speeding inland. Dawn was just breaking as we rode along and the first faint light of day showed a band of horsemen, wild looking, but well mounted and well armed. Their modern rifles and soldierly bearing revealed military training such as few European regiments could have improved upon. Far inland a huge range of mountains loomed faintly in the dim light and towards this the soldiers made their way. The accurate shooting in the thick darkness had aroused my curiosity, and, as the light grew stronger, I looked more closely at my captors. On each man's rifle was a

curious contrivance something like a miniature telescope, which I afterwards learned was a secret Chinese invention, and enabled soldiers to use their rifles in the dark, almost as well as in the daylight.

In answer to a question regarding our destination one of the officers pointed silently to the mountains far ahead. There, then, I was to realize all my hopes. I was to see the man in quest of whom I had come to China. For I did not doubt by this time that the unknown leader had arranged the attack on the boat, the guide's treachery, my capture, and that we were now being taken to his stronghold. The ride for the mountain confirmed my belief, but, try as I would, I could not see how we were to climb the great rocky cliffs. I had once more underrated the shrewdness of the Oriental mind. No opportunity was given to learn how the obstacle was to be surmounted, for, as we drew close, one of the officers gave a sharp command, and a soldier placed a thick bandage over my eyes. This being done we made our way as through a great tunnel, rocky in some places, but generally well cared for. It was probably a natural tunnel through the mountain which the Chinese took advantage of. Possibly it led a short distance into the mountain and opened out into a great rift that slashed the inner side completely.

As we emerged from the mountain the bandage was taken from my eyes, and by the remaining light I saw that I was in a wonderful fortress, a great plain completely enclosed by the surrounding mountains, and occupied by the camp. It was impregnable, and impossible of attack. Judging by the size of the encampment the army must have been one of the greatest ever gathered together by any general. But little time was given me for observation. Although my quarters were comfortable enough it was far into the night before I could compose my mind for sleep, in spite of the fatiguing ride of the day. The events of the past twenty-four hours crowded themselves through my brain in rapid succession. The great camp in the mountains made it impossible for me to doubt

that I had been taken by a troop belonging to the army of the mysterious general. What was going to happen next? What did he intend doing with me? Would I ever get back to America? Even if I did see the man would I ever be able to give the story to the world? The public was interested in this man to a marvellous degree, and his must be a powerful personality to gather around him such an army.

It was almost noon before I awoke the next day and had barely finished breakfast when an officer and two soldiers entered, and I was briefly told that I was to go with them. I was conducted to a dwelling much larger than the rest in the centre of the host of tents. Outside the men stopped and one of them drew a heavy bandage over my eyes as before, while the officer went ahead, evidently to announce our coming. As we entered the dwelling it seemed to be full of men but when we passed the threshold all conversation ceased. I felt that I was at last in the presence of the man whom I had come in search of. What would I not have given to have lifted the bandage from my eyes, even for a minute! For one glimpse of the man! But I was not given much time to reflect. A sharp military voice, speaking English with an awkward foreign accent, that caused me to start when I heard it, broke the silence:

"Your paper will doubtless contain an accurate description of me," it said, in a half-amused, half cynical way.

"Under the present conditions that will be impossible," I answered.

"It always will be impossible, sir," was the reply.

"May I ask what your intentions are regarding me?" I asked.

"You will be conducted in safety from here, as you are a white man," was the answer.

"Is it because you are a white man yourself that you are considerate of the safety of a white man?" I asked quickly.

"Perhaps," was the unguarded answer, and this time the foreign accent had been forgotten. But instantly the general was on his guard, and his tone changed as he gave a rapid order. If I could have

only had one look at him, and have asked him a few questions I would have been more satisfied, but the chance had passed forever. I would probably never again be in his presence and yet I must always have the idea that I have known him. Only a surmise could be given to the world, of course, but I promised myself that the story I would write would cause great astonishment in some quarters.

Darkness had hardly fallen before a detachment of soldiers came to my quarters to conduct me away from the vast camp. As before they took the precaution to bandage my eyes, nor did they remove the cloth until we were through the tunnel and well out into the plain, headed for the river. Once I looked back, but the huge mountains were dim in the darkness and presented only the appearance of an impenetrable barrier. No sign of the opening through which we had passed could be seen, and I could never have believed that it was possible to pass through the great stone walls but for my experience. As I had surmised we were making for the river, and before the dawn had broken had reached its banks. As I was about to step into the boat the officer in command thrust a parcel into my hands, under cover of the darkness, and we were soon far down the stream. I was hardly surprised to notice that the two guides whom I had brought with me were allowed to return, for with the great undercurrent of sympathy for rebels all through China they would hardly dare to speak of what they had seen, and their story would probably be laughed at if they did. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the parcel which the officer had given me, just a square box tightly bound with thongs. A line written on the box requested that it should not be opened

until the coast was reached; and this command I determined to obey as I considered the wishes of the strange man sacred, and if he had asked me to wait until I got to New York I would have consented.

No hostile gun was fired as we made our way down the river to the sea. Once or twice strange bands of horsemen appeared on the banks but a few words from the guides left us unmolested, and it was probable that they owed allegiance to the great rebel leader. On reaching the coast I hardly left the boat when I opened the package. Inside the box, carefully wrapped up, was the photograph of an officer of the British army in full uniform. The picture was that of one of the best known generals of his day. I recognized him instantly, as I had seen him many times in the early part of the Boer war. His disgrace and dismissal, followed by the rumored suicide in one of the great cities of Europe are matters of history. It had been said that he was still alive, but this opinion had been ridiculed. Now I would be able to tell his strange story to the public for the first time.

How the story was featured by the Review, and the immense excitement it created, and the fame that came to the paper are matters well known all over America and Europe. A few may still doubt, but some day, when the great Mongolian hosts unite for their attempt to regain their lost prestige there will no longer be room for any doubt. Then they will be convinced firmly that no Oriental hand ever moulded into shape those mighty fighting hosts or prepared the great engines of war. Some day I may return to that vast army and meet its great leader. In the meantime I can but wait for the uprising of the army and for the threatened Yellow Peril.

Around the Camp Stove.

Dick Templeton.

WELL, fellows," said Long John, as he withdrew his gaze from the beauties of the stovepipe to let it rest on mere us; "Well, fellows, of all the horses I've ever seen this here outfit keeps the bummiest. What d' you think? Why, when I started as a teamster here I had to learn my horses that they'd sleep better of nights if they'd lie down. Then I had to prove to them that oats are for eating by munching a handful or two before them. I tell you, right now, that if the town didn't happen to be fifty miles away I'd never hang this job down."

Having thus delivered himself, he spat reflectively at the unoffending stove.

"Everybody knows what a darned old woman you are with horses, anyway," answered Red George. "The horses 'd be all right if they had proper skimmers after them. I never want to throw the lines across a better bunch than the eight I drive on the grader. Why, sir, they're that anxious to know what I want them to do that I'm prepared to bet they'd be willing to give up a couple of years of life to be able to read my thoughts. Talk of a mule's ears! Just you take a squint at the way my leaders throw theirs about and you'll be surprised."

"To get out of the neighbourhood of Ananias & Company," broke in Old Simon, "I'll tell you something about a horse I owned some five or six years back. I bought him as a three-year-old from a breed I met at Battleford. In colour he was a dark bay. At first sight you'd think him a fast 'un, because of his length of back, but, on looking closer you'd see that his running gear didn't combine, his knee and hock joints being too high and his houlders too straight. It was his head that took my fancy. His lips were thin, his eyes clear and intelligent, and his ears small and pointed. I

shan't enlarge on his appearance. I'll content myself with saying that he had the head of a thoroughbred and the body of a ranker.

"Well, I brought him to my homestead and put him to work. I soon found that he knew a darned sight more about some things than I did. I'll explain by giving you an example. One day, after I'd harnessed and hitched him up, I noticed he kept looking back. I didn't think much of this at first, but after I'd been driving him for a while I was forced to, as it interfered with his speed quite a bit. No matter how I punished him he'd keep up his little game. At last I pulled him up, and got out of the buggy to try to find out what the divil he meant. As I looked over the harness, I thought that perhaps the belly-band could do with a little tightening, and I therefore drew it in one hole. I then got into the buggy again, and resumed my journey, freely cursing the animal for a darned idiot. Would you believe me, but he never looked back once after that! He just wanted that harness put on perfectly, and he saw that I did it! That's as true as that I'm living. If any of you fellows have run across a cuter horse than that, well, I'll send for a keg of beer by the 'tote' teamster next time he goes to town."

For a minute or two there was silence in the tent. We were busy endeavouring to digest what we'd just been asked to swallow. 'Twas a pretty tough proposition, but we managed it fairly well. The calm was not to last, however, for, with a preliminary cough, Tom Drury butts in:

"Well now, boys, I guess you'd think it kind of mean of me if I didn't get that liquid refreshment along, seeing as how I can beat Old Simon there into a cocked hat in the line of true experience with horses. I'll admit that the

animal he mentioned was apparently fairly intelligent, but he lacked, to my mind, the thinking powers of a couple I once knew.

"The winter before last I made a pretty tidy stake cutting cordwood near Prince Albert. On getting to town in the spring almost the first man I ran into was Tim O'Gorman, an old pal of mine. After the usual drinks, we got to giving our histories from the time we had parted to date. He told me he had bought something like a couple of hundred acres of land, about fifty miles from Saskatoon, and that he was driving out to his property in a few days' time.

"The winter's hard work had told on my delicate constitution. I felt sure that if I consulted a medical man he'd order me to take a long rest as the only means of preventing a general break up of my health. Naturally, I didn't care to present a doctor with some of my hard-earned dollars just to be told what I knew already.

"When I got a favourable opportunity, therefore, I asked O'Gorman if he'd let me batch it with him during the summer. He said he'd be glad to do so, but he happened to be hard up just then. Finally, it was settled. I was to buy the chuck, and he'd provide the shelter.

"On the day following we took train to Saskatoon. We there bought our supplies and, of course, also endeavoured to satisfy a winter's thirst, and at the same time make up for a summer during which we'd have to exist, for the most part, on nothing better than water, tea and coffee. But this has nothing to do with my story.

"It took us two days to get to O'Gorman's place. For a couple of weeks we were busy putting up a shack for ourselves, and one for the team. I should have said that, besides the horses, O'Gorman brought with him a couple of dogs. What breed they belonged to I can't say. I'd call them mongrels, and ugly ones at that. My pal had bought them, with the team and wagon, from an old Indian.

"The summer went quietly by. I felt my health returning, but, all the same, I dreaded to think of the return

to work in the winter, fearing a relapse. Everything comes to an end, however, sooner or later, and about the middle of October I found myself starting on the return to Saskatoon, accompanied by O'Gorman and his dogs.

"We had driven about ten miles when at the same moment, we both looked back. All across the western horizon stretched a line of fire. The wind was high, and we were at least thirty miles from shelter. There was only one thing to do: burn a fire guard without delay. We hastily jumped from the wagon, and then my pal, after feeling in his pockets, asked me for some of my matches. Now, as you know, I don't smoke. It wasn't to be surprised at, therefore, that I hadn't any on me. Again O'Gorman ransacked his clothes, with a like result. We then looked at each other as men do who are about to face something not particularly delightful.

"Now looking at each other wasn't going to help any. We had to get busy and do something to protect ourselves from that prairie fire, and quick too, for, with the wind blowing good and steady from the west, the head flame would be along in less than no time.

"Well, fellows, we unhitched the horses in double quick time, after turning the wagon due north and south. We then piled blankets, oatsacks, etc., in the space left open beneath the box. This, we hoped, would protect us some, anyway.

"I had hurriedly tied the horses to one of the wagon wheels to keep them from saying 'good-bye' to us, though, to tell you the truth, they had not once shown the usual signs of terror at the approach of the fire. I must have made a pretty poor knot, for, on looking round, after the completion of our barricade, we found both horses loose. Our first surprise was capped by a second. Instead of starting off madly towards the east, they had gone to the west side of the wagon, and some ten yards from it. Their actions dumfounded us. They were munching the grass around as if they'd not had a bite to eat for at least three years and a half. We were both too astonished to even breathe. We stood

and gaped. As if to bowl us over entirely, the two dogs then joined the horses. With paws going at the rate of some thousands of strokes per minute, they were tearing up the ground. There could be no doubt about it. Those dumb animals were doing their best to save us. But would they be successful?

"Here, Tom," shouted O'Gorman, 'get busy!' We can give them a hand out. Use your jackknife and claws. I'll do ditto. It's better, anyway, than standing idle.'

"With that, we both set to work with a will. Well, fellows, there we were. Two horses, two dogs and two men doing the same work on the same job, and the men showing up pretty poorly in comparison. It takes quite a while to tell this, but the actual happening didn't cover such a lot of time as you'd think.

"To make a long story short. Those animals and we men scraped or eat a fire guard just a couple of inches short of thirty feet square! Did I stop to measure it? Yes, sir. The incident was such an uncommon one that we both went over the cleared patch with a tape line, and took a note of the measurement, before continuing our journey. But your interruption, Joe Mercer, made me jump in my story.

"To go back. We got behind the wagon, with the horses and dogs, and escaped without a hair being singed. Yes, sir, that fireguard broke the flame, and it passed harmlessly by us on either side.

"I think you'll all agree that, although Old Simon's horse wasn't exactly stupid, the two I've told you about beat him all to fits. I guess the beer's as good as here."

"That reminds me," began Bald Harry, but he got no further. A hand was gently, but firmly, placed over his mouth. On seeing the sad suffering look in our eyes, he signed that he'd shut up, and he was forthwith allowed to resume the use of his chewing apparatus. One by one we slunk off to our bunks. Not a word was spoken. The tent, so boisterously merry some hours previously, now seemed like a house of the dead. One and all felt they required rest, mentally more than physically. In something less than two minutes from the time the last speaker had quieted down every bunk held a couple of motionless occupants. The stove alone remained where it had been, and even it seemed to have a far-away, pained appearance I had never noticed before.

COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



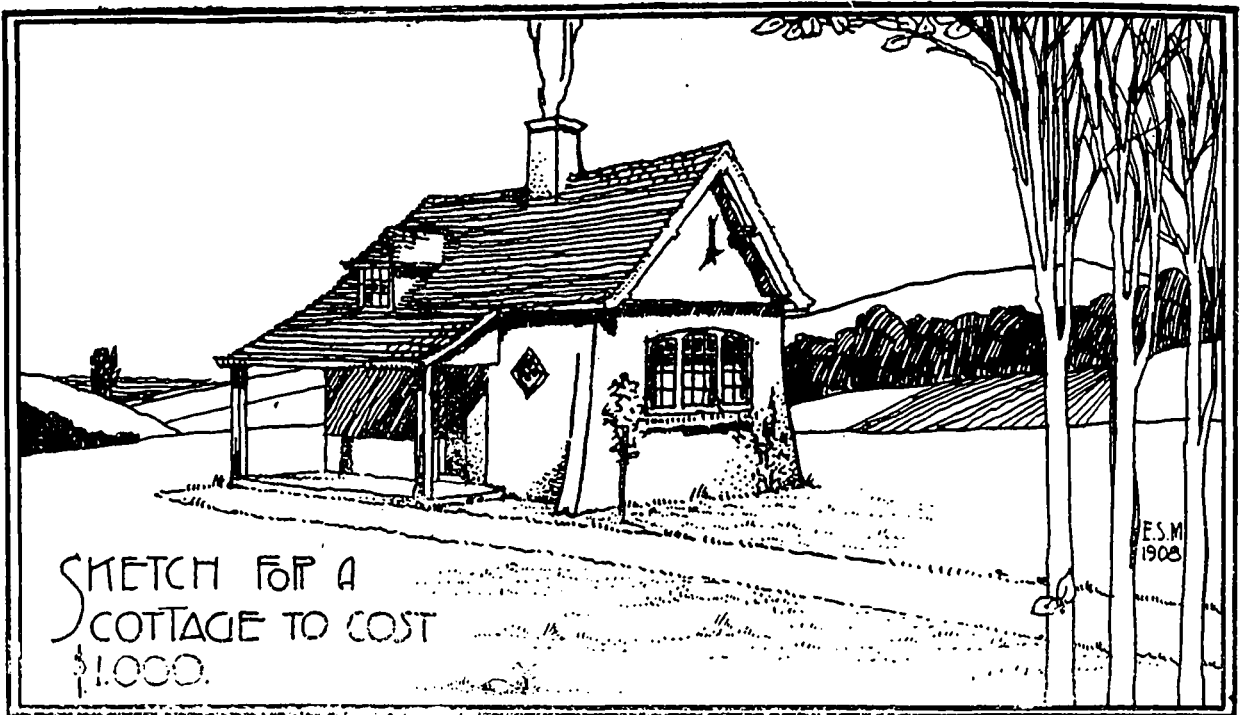
BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

THE articles I have undertaken to write from time to time in this magazine under the title of "Country and Suburban Homes," are intended to give practical

information to those readers who are interested in building and desirous of obtaining professional advice on the subject.

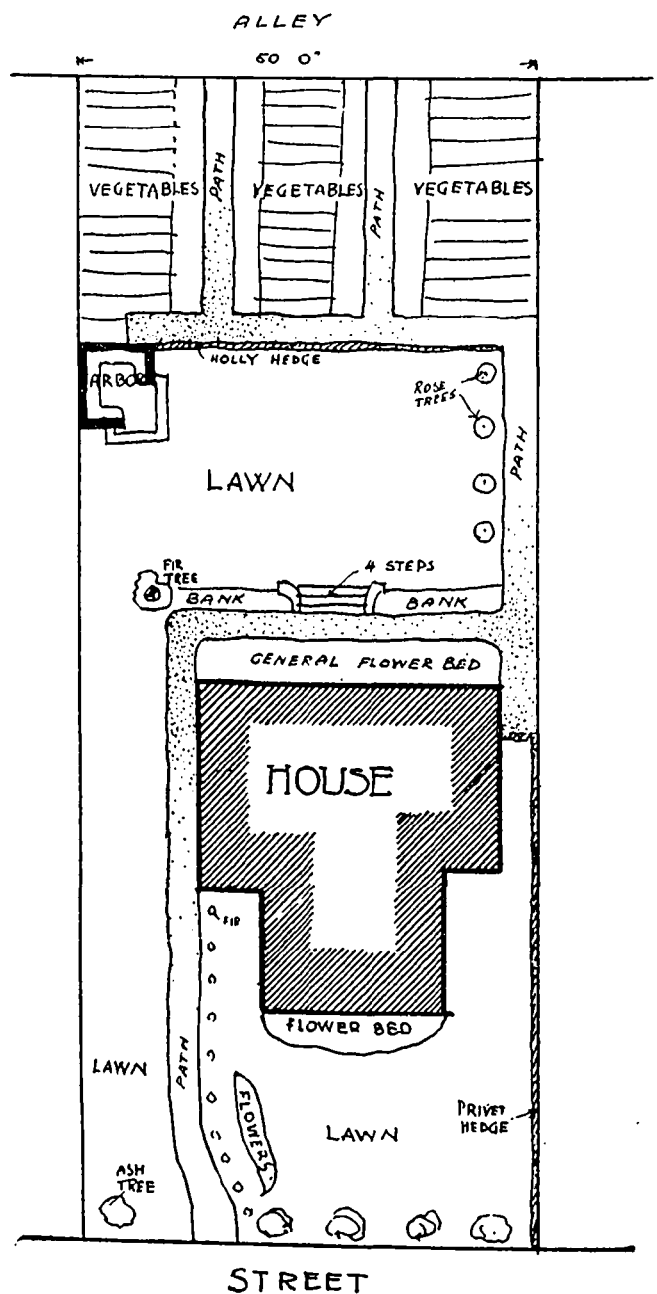
I shall be pleased to answer any ques-



tions asked by readers if they will write me, care of the Editor "Westward Ho," Vancouver, B.C., and same will be answered in the following issue and as I am anxious that this series will be of real value and assistance I make this offer: If you desire any particular style of residence or plan give me full particulars and I will prepare you a design with full detailed information concerning it at the earliest possible issue.

I consider the average builder desires a home as modern as possible, one that comprises comfort, convenience, attractiveness and is not too costly. It is not sufficient that a home shall be good in form, more than that is required; it should be pleasant in colour and fair to look upon. Family life in a dwelling naturally tends to focus itself round the living-room. That room, then, above all others, must be inviting, hospitable and comfortable.

In planning this room, which is naturally the largest room in the home. I have left sufficient wall space for the large pieces of furniture and have considered the wall surface as a background for movable decoration rather than as decoration in itself. I have provided ample room for passing round the dining table at least three feet at the sides, and more at the ends. All the fittings should be simple, convenient and easily cleaned, materials that radiate heat instead of absorbing it should be



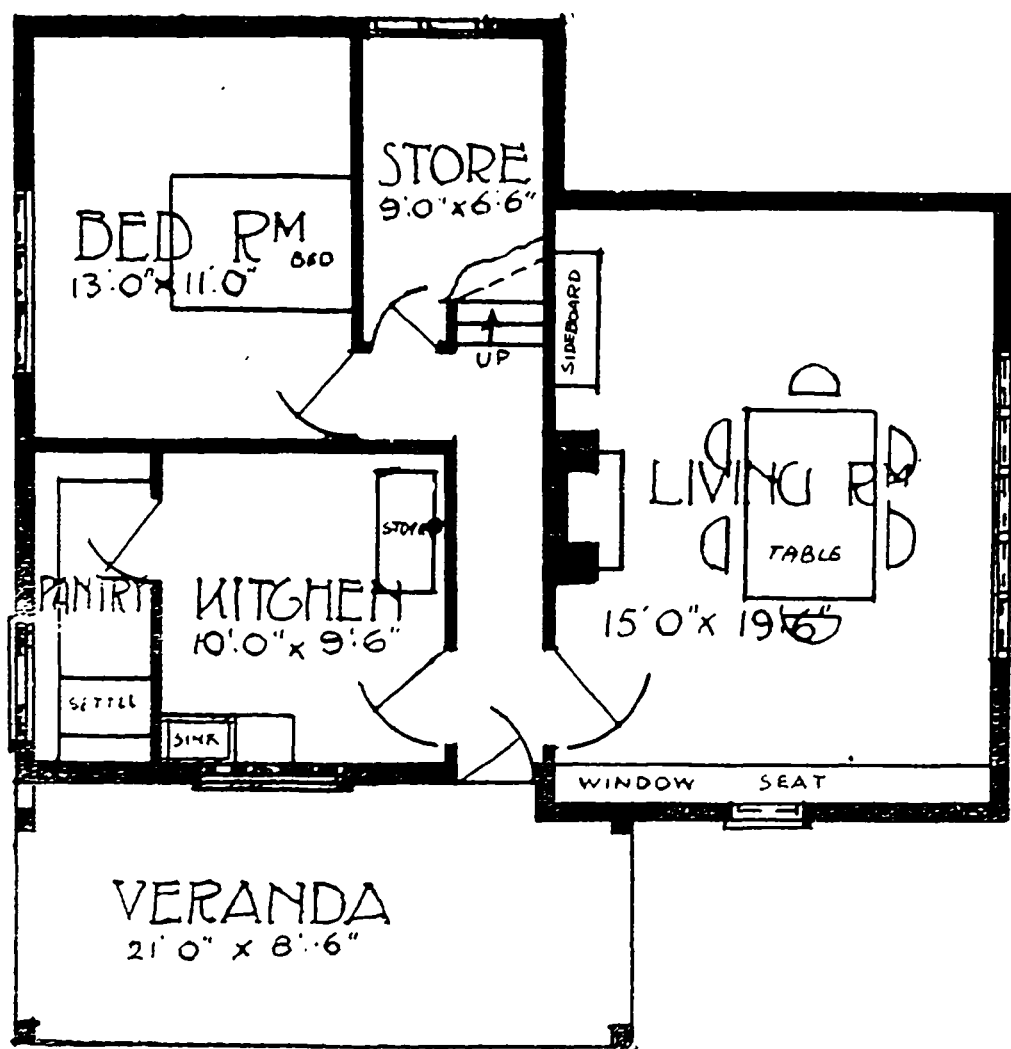
used as much as possible in the neighbourhood of the fireplace or stove—the fireplace itself is better built of simple brickwork with wrought copper fittings.

An inglenook adds greatly to the comfort and attractiveness of a room. I have not shown one on the design herewith, but this, as well as various other improvements and conveniences, could be added from time to time when the owner feels so disposed.

kitchen, three good-sized bedrooms, bath, etc., and one or two closets. This is ample for the average builder.

As concrete is displacing all other materials I thought that a design in this would be interesting and useful. This home could be erected in concrete blocks but I intended it to be carried out in the forms and finished rough-cast.

The one drawback that I have against the rock-faced concrete blocks is the



GROUND PLAN

I have given considerable attention in dealing with the homes that I propose to publish here, and have taken into consideration the serious question of cost, combining durability with economy. The dwelling that I deal with first is a very simple form of Cottage, one that meets the daily demand, and gives very good accommodation, viz.: Large living-room,

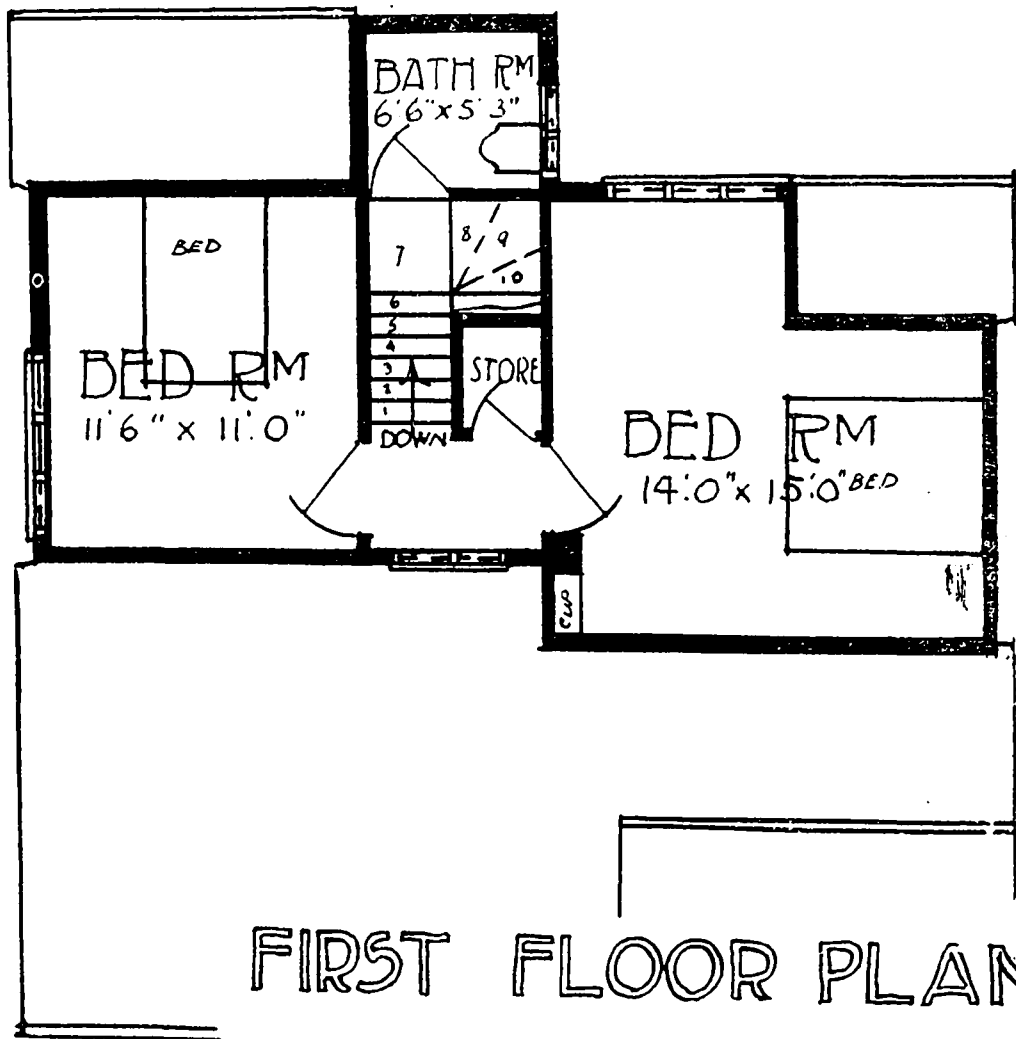
monotony produced by one single pattern and would suggest that if used at all, the plain faces are to be preferred to the rock.

The home illustrated could be erected for the cost of \$1,000 in concrete and \$800 in frame with concrete piers at the corners, but I strongly advise concrete as it is by far the better material to use

and would prove itself cheapest in the long run, by not requiring painting or any further outlay as regards up-keep.

If you have not yet decided on your site I would strongly advise you to select the crown of a hill or a place where the ground slopes so that pools of water cannot form under the dwelling, or near by. If possible build so as to overlook an attractive view as this will greatly add to the pleasure of your home.

Also pay a little attention to your garden. I have suggested a very simple idea in the plan reproduced herewith and one that would add considerable interest to the complete scheme. I would suggest planting the front with bright flowers as this is needed and if carried out properly would make, together with the colouring of the house, a very complete and successful effect.



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