

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

Vol. 27 No. 2

JUNE
1906

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Illustrated

San Francisco
Illustrated

Millais' Art
Illustrated

Stories by W. A. Fraser
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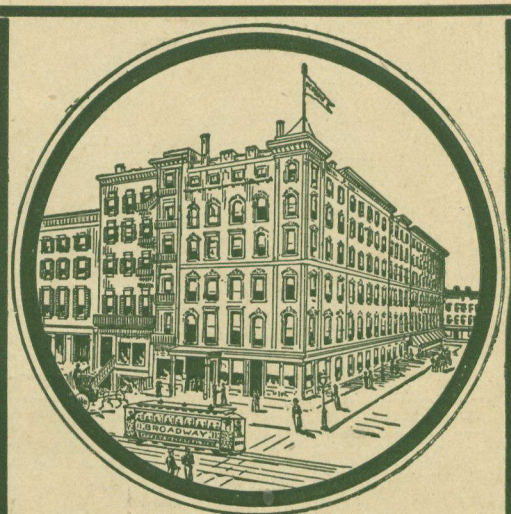
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII.

No. 2

CONTENTS, JUNE, 1906

The Huguenot	FRONTISPIECE
AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS	
The Story of a Picture	FREDERICK DOLMAN 99
MILLAIS' HUGUENOT, ILLUSTRATED	
When Twilight Came to the Garden, Poem	DOUGLAS ROBERTS 108
A New York Season of Drama	JOHN E. WEBBER 109
SECOND PAPER, ILLUSTRATED	
When the Dominion was Young	J. E. B. McCREADY 117
SECOND OF SIX HISTORICAL SKETCHES	
Noon Day, Poem	KATHERINE HALE 119
Art and the Tariff	ARNOLD HAULTAIN 120
The Live Wire, Story	NELLIE L. McCLUNG 123
Mother o' Mine, Poem	H. REMBE 128
An Experience in Tangiers	FRANK CARREL 129
ILLUSTRATED	
Destruction of San Francisco	J. A. HOLDEN 136
WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS	
Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions	PROF. A. P. COLEMAN 140
The Lost Earl of Ellan, Story	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED 145
Tale of the Pasquia Post, Story	HERMAN WHITAKER 157
Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah, Story	W. A. FRASER 163
The Scribe, Poem	C. LELAND ARMSTRONG 170
Current Events Abroad	JOHN A. EWAN 171
WITH CURRENT CARTOONS	
Woman's Sphere	JEAN GRAHAM 175
People and Affairs	JOHN A. COOPER 179
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISIT	
About New Books	183
Idle Moments	187
Oddities and Curiosities	KATE WILSON 189
THE ROYAL TRAIN, ILLUSTRATED	
Canada for the Canadians	191

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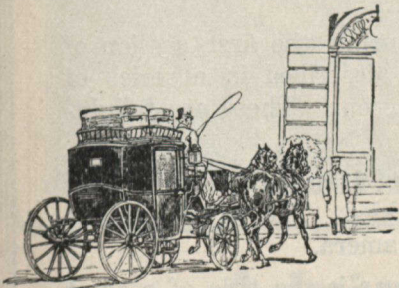
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ANNOUNCEMENT

The July CANADIAN MAGAZINE will contain a varied assortment of contributions, with the usual interesting matter and illustrations in each of the departments. Its character will be somewhat affected by the summer season.

"Bridging the St. Lawrence" is an article which will commence with the Victoria Tubular Bridge, and will give the history of these interesting bridges. Of course, none of them has meant so much to Canada as the first, which was undertaken and completed seven years before Confederation.

Confederation as it was worked out during the first session of the first Dominion Parliament is now being described in a series of historical sketches by a journalist who was present. These are delightful reminiscences and should be widely read.

"Where Troutng Streams Run West" is the title of an angling article describing fishing in the Canadian Rockies. The writer is Julia W. Henshaw, an expert with the rod and the camera.

Governor Laurence and the Acadians is the title of a short article by that venerable student of history, Judge A. W. Savary, of Nova Scotia.

In the Geyser Land, by Beatrice Grimshaw, will describe some of the wilder scenery in interesting New Zealand. Miss Grimshaw has travelled extensively in those parts and has taken large numbers of interesting photographs, many of which will be reproduced to accompany this article.

The Fascination of the Uttermost South, by C. Reginald Ford, a member of the National Antarctic Expedition of 1901-4, under Captain Scott, should be of exceptional interest. Mr. Ford was in Canada for a while last year and is now in Australia. He is a good raconteur and his analysis of the emotions of the man who finds himself in an unknown world is extremely vivid.

Short Stories by a number of the best native writers will, as usual, be found in the issue.

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It is well to arrange carefully for a cable code and a mail address before leaving home. These little points seem insignificant until a man gets 3,000 miles from home. A hotel is not the best place in the world to have mail addressed to, unless you are stopping there some time. A private address with some private friend is better. The Allan office in Liverpool is very careful, and the High Commissioner's office is also good.

The hotel staff should be consulted by all novices as to cab fares, excursion routes, and any general point in travelling. These men know their business and will give reliable advice. For Continental travel the novice should consult an agency which has branches on the Continent for his first trip. Here passports, baggage, customs, foreign customs and a number of smaller items come into consideration.

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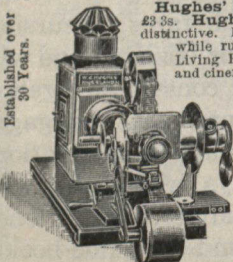
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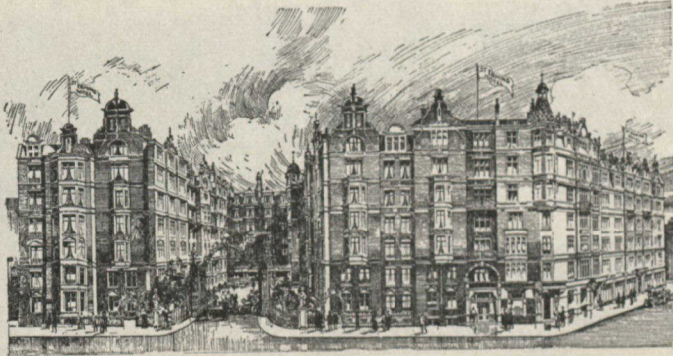
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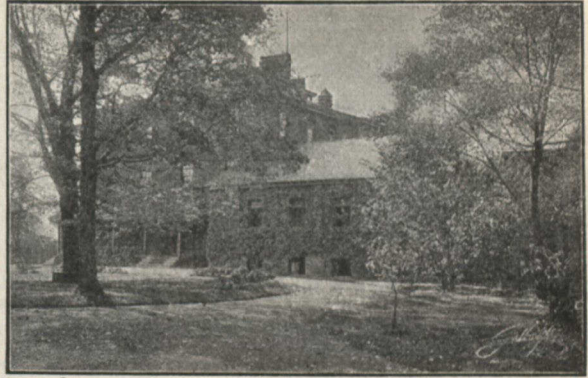
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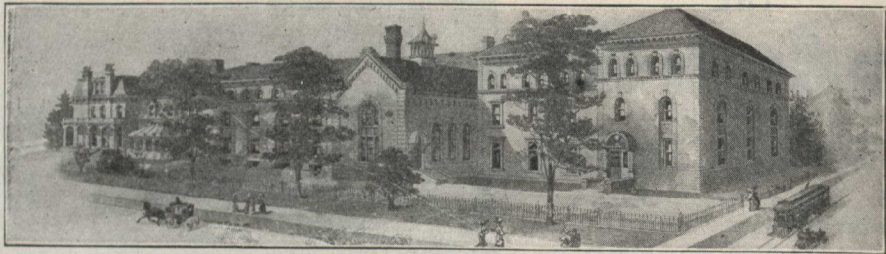
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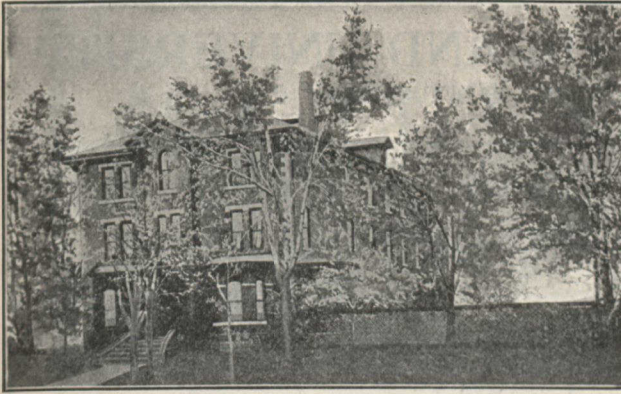


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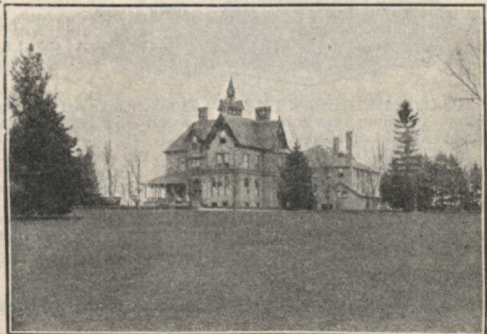
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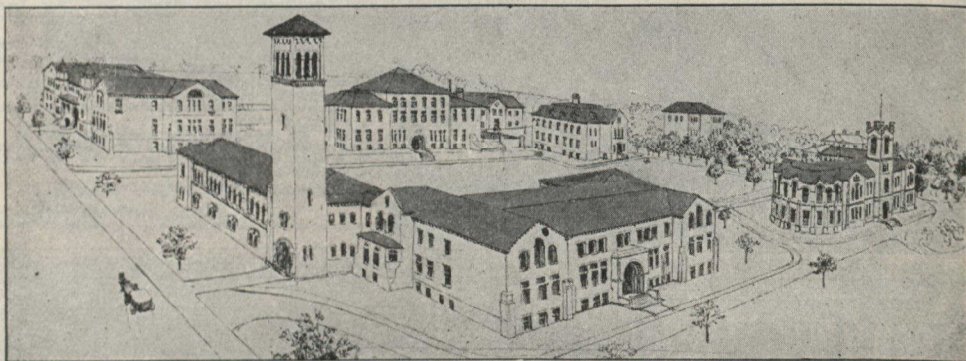
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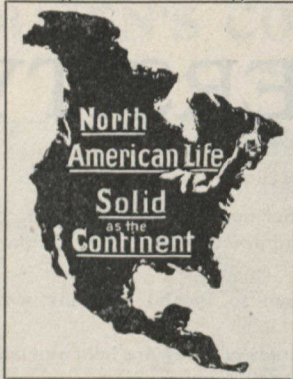
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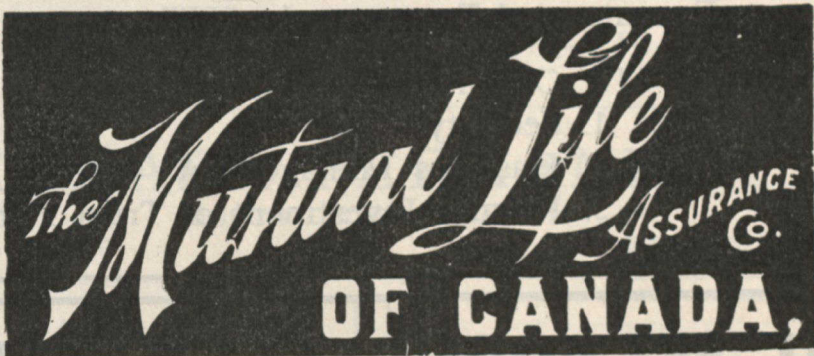
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Sir John Everett Millais' "The Huguenot"

By FREDERICK DOLMAN

"O artist," wrote Sir John Millais in his only published piece of literary work, *Thoughts on our Art of Today*, "ever painted more than four or five masterpieces, however high his general average may have been." Whilst accepting this dictum, the admirers of Millais might differ a good deal as to the "four or five masterpieces" in his case. The nearest approach to unanimity would, perhaps, be obtained in respect to "The Huguenot"—they would not all place the picture as the first or even the second, but few would question its claim to inclusion in the small and precious company. The story of "The Huguenot" may therefore be told as typifying, practically, as well as any single picture can be said to typify, the work of John Everett Millais.

This much can be said, notwithstanding the fact that "The Huguenot" was produced quite early in the artist's life—when he was only twenty-three years of age, to be exact. For Millais' genius was a plant of rapid growth, owing little or nothing to academic training. He could draw before he could talk, at nine was working from the cast in the British Museum, at eleven was a student at the Academy schools, and whilst still in knickerbockers won their most important prizes, the appearance of "Mr. Millais" causing a positive sensation of amazement and incredulity at the formal distribution. So entirely wrapt up in art was his childhood that Millais is said to have received no ordinary schooling after the age of ten,

and the literary and general knowledge he possessed in manhood were almost entirely of his own acquirement. He was but seventeen when his first picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," was hung at the Royal Academy and was mentioned by an eminent French critic as one of the best historical pictures of the year. Three years later his original genius showed itself in "Lorenzo and Isabella," one of the first manifestations of that revolt against dominant art traditions which was called the pre-Raphaelite movement. Although bitterly attacked by the conserv-



STUDY FOR THE FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"

A facsimile (exact size) of a sketch in the possession of Mr. John G. Millais



STUDY FOR FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"

A facsimile, exact size of original sketch

ative majority among the critics, the picture, at this early age, gave reputation to Millais and actually led to his election as an Associate of the R.A., an election which had to be revoked, however, when it was found that the artist was not yet twenty-one. Upon the work of this early pre-Raphaelite period the whole of the work of his brilliant career was based; the method and style of "The Huguenot" continued, in the main, to be his method and style for the rest of his life.

Of the circumstances under which "The Huguenot" was painted, Sir John Millais has left a fairly complete record in the

diary and letters as published by Mr. J. G. Millais in his admirable "Life" of his father. It was begun in the autumn of 1851, whilst the artist was rustivating in Surrey. Millais was staying with three fellow-painters — Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, and his brother William—at Worcester Park Farm, near the village of Cheam. Millais had just completed "Ophelia," for which a picturesque little pond in another part of Surrey had been of service. Turning about for a new subject the sight of an old wall in the farm garden suggested to him the painting of two lovers whispering their confidences to each other, as they nestled together under its friendly shadow and amidst the fragrance of the flowers. Millais at once started to work upon the background of his proposed picture.

The four friends worked hard at their respective tasks from early morn to dewy eve.

After dinner, drawing their chairs around the fire which chill October made so agreeable, it was their custom to talk over their day's work, and frank critics they were of each other's shortcomings. Holman Hunt objected to the scheme of Millais' picture as being conventional and commonplace; a pair of lovers softly communing together had been the theme of the painter ever since the world began to draw; whilst, regarded from another point of view, the bare presentation of such a scene on canvas was a sacrilege on the greatest of human feelings, which ought not to be made even in the name of

Art. At first Millais turned a deaf ear to these reproaches, but as the argument was repeated night after night, it eventually unsettled him in his purpose. Hunt suggested an incident during the War of the Roses. The Lady was to be an adherent of the Red Rose, her lover of the White Rose, the latter had scaled the walls of her castle-home and was inducing her to fly with him. The old wall in the farm garden, however, did not altogether correspond with what historical accuracy required in such circumstances, and this idea being abandoned, discussion arose as to the possibilities of a similar incident arising out of the struggle between Puritans and Cavaliers.

While the advantages and difficulties of this subject were under consideration, Millais suddenly recalled a certain scene in the opera of *The Huguenots*, which he had recently witnessed in London. The scene, of course, was that at the close of the Third Act, when the Catholic heroine, Valentina, vainly tries to persuade the Protestant hero, Raoul, to remain with her and avoid the danger of St. Bartholomew's Day, the young Huguenot chief, despite his love for Valentina, resolutely going forth in order to warn his followers and share their peril. This episode, he instantly decided, should be the subject of his picture, Hunt and his other companions warmly approving his decision when it was explained to them.

This decision taken, Millais set to work again with the energy and enthusiasm



STUDY FOR FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"

Exact size of original sketch

which, natural enough at this age, remained with him until his death. He got his mother, then residing in Russell Square, Bloomsbury, to gather together for him at the British Museum all the necessary historical data respecting costume, etc., in readiness for his return to London in the early winter. In the meantime he worked at the background of his picture, painting the old farm wall with a thoroughness which is most impressive, when represented by the entries in his diary. All through October and November, as the diary attests, he was giving



FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL STUDY FOR "THE HUGUENOT"

Exact size of sketch

almost undivided attention to the wall. It was not until December 5th that he records "Finished well." The task, it need hardly be said, was not nearly so simple as it might seem if we looked at the picture to-day, mellowed as its colours have been by time. St. Bartholomew's Day, with which the picture is necessarily associated, is in August, and Millais, painting his wall on the brightest days that were vouchsafed to him in Surrey during October and November, had to bear this fact steadily in mind. When the picture came to be exhibited he was accused of having forgotten it by one critic, who asserted—evidently with the little

knowledge that in horticulture, as in other subjects, is often a dangerous thing—that nasturtiums never flowered in August. As a matter of fact, it is believed that the nasturtiums in the background of this picture were painted by Millais from some studies which he had made in a Surrey garden during the preceding August. But to adapt the climatic effects of late autumn to those of the height of summer required a painstaking care and a vigilant regard for opportunities, which fully explain the length of time devoted to this piece of painting by an artist who was by no means usually a slow worker. In the result there was ample repayment, for in the beautiful colouring of the background in "The Huguenot" is an important part of its charm. The background in such a picture, with only two simple figures, often contains—as Millais doubtless realised keenly—the secret of its success.

All through this period of concentration on what, in one sense, was a small piece of work, Millais was living, it is interesting to note, a boyishly happy life. At any rate, that is the impression given to us by the entries in his diary. He romps with the farmer's children, and roars with laughter when they give him the nickname of "Long Limbs." He chops wood for the house fires, and rejoices in the healthy and invigorating exercise. When, as the autumn advances, he finds the need of protection from the weather whilst painting the wall, the young artist hits upon the expedient of a straw hut, and constructs it with his own hands. Then, there is the story of a practical joke which Millais played upon his hosts that illustrates the high spirits with which he entered into work and play. It was a very wet afternoon and work out-of-doors was impossible. As a means of relieving the tedium of his imprisonment in the farmhouse sitting-room, Millais, on

the impulse of the moment, began painting the door of a cupboard, which was much prized by the farmer's wife. When this lady entered the room the picture was on the point of completion, and she became very angry over such a desecration of her household, declaring that the nasty paints must be immediately washed out. Before this could be accomplished, the vicar's wife happened to call, and was promptly shown Millais' misdeed. Instead of sympathising with the indignant dame, how-

ever, she carefully examined the offending painting, and then quietly offered a beautiful Indian shawl she was wearing in exchange for the cupboard door. The farmer's wife eagerly closed with such a bargain, and her anger was changed to delight.

As soon as the background of "The Huguenot" was satisfactorily finished, Millais packed up his traps for London in order to get to work on the figures. Before leaving Worcester Park Farm, however, the design of the picture, as suggested by the scene in Meyerbeer's opera, had been modified in several respects more than once. In the diary he refers several times to making pencil sketches



THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

President of the Royal Academy, 1896

for "The Huguenots," four of them doubtless being those which, by the kindness of Mr. J. G. Millais, are reproduced in these pages. As these clearly show, the artist at one time contemplated introducing more than two figures into the scene. He seems to have intended having one or two priests standing by the Huguenot's side, and with the symbols of their church uplifted endeavouring to second the girl's efforts in shaking his resolution. The idea was happily abandoned in favour of the simpler *motif*. But after consulting *The Protestant Reformation in France*, Millais modified the picture in another direction, the shape which it finally took being explained in a very

interesting letter which he wrote to one of his friends towards the end of his stay at Worcester Park Farm:

"It is a scene supposed to take place (as doubtless it did) on the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day. I shall have two lovers in the act of parting, the woman a Papist, and the man a Protestant. The badge worn to distinguish the former from the latter was a white scarf on the left arm. Many were base enough to escape murder by wearing it. The girl will be endeavouring to tie the handkerchief round the man's arm so as to save him; but he, holding his faith above his greatest worldly love, will be softly preventing her. I am in high spirits about the subject, as *it is entirely my own*, and, I think, contains the highest moral. It will be very quiet, and but slightly suggest the horror of a massacre. The figures will be talking against a secret-looking garden wall, which I have painted here."

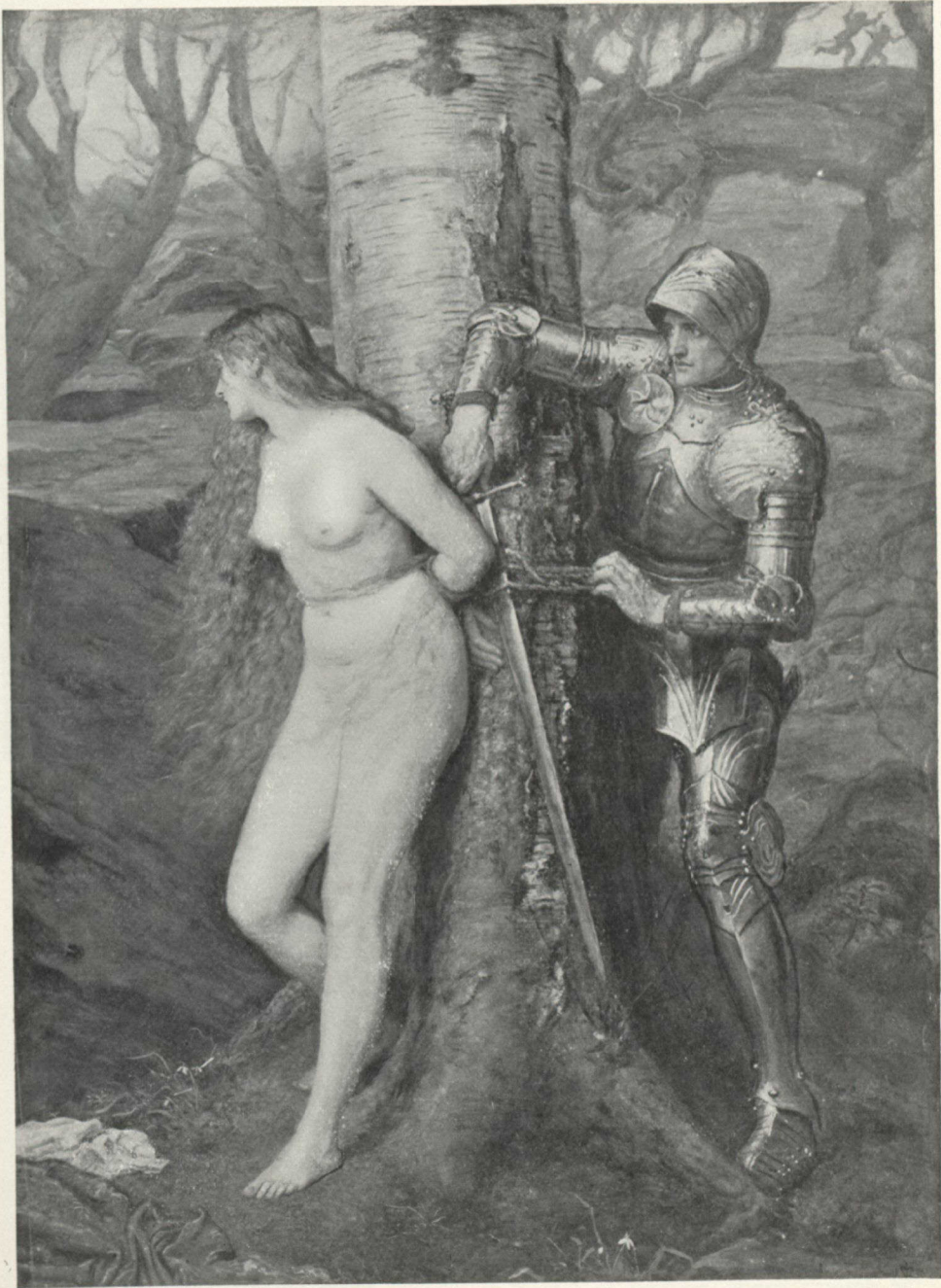
The rest of the picture was painted at the house of the artist's parents in Bloomsbury Square. It is recorded that Millais, accompanied by Holman Hunt, witnessed another performance of the opera in order that he might study the pose of the two figures in the particular scene which had inspired the picture. Many of the figures in Millais' pictures were painted from volunteer models, and this was the case with the man's figure in "The Huguenot." The volunteer was Mr. Arthur Lempriere, then a young officer in the Engineers, who afterwards rose to the rank of major-general, and member of a family who were old friends of the Millais family in the Channel Islands. Mr. Lempriere gave the artist all the "sittings" required, with the exception of several just before the completion of the picture, when the services of a professional model had to be obtained. He always remembered, as illustrating the painter's method of work, that after several sittings Millais scraped the head out of the canvas because it did not please him, and did the work over again. When the picture was finished, Millais sent his friend, as "model's fee," a water-colour drawing, together with a canary bird and cage.

Millais had likewise two models for the young lady in "The Huguenot," Mrs. George Hodgkinson, a cousin of the artist, and Miss Ryan, a beautiful girl, who "sat" professionally in the studios of most of the leading artists of the time. Miss

Ryan married shortly afterwards and had a sad after-history, beauty in her case proving to be a fatal gift. Otherwise, Miss Ryan would probably have figured in many of Millais' later pictures. In "sitting" for "The Huguenot" she had a comparatively easy task, but now and again Millais' method of work led him to be somewhat exacting from his models. In painting his "Ophelia"—which immediately preceded "The Huguenot"—he induced his young lady model to lie in a bath filled with water, which a spirit lamp placed underneath kept warm. The object of this experiment was to enable the artist to obtain the effect of water upon Ophelia's hair and clothes. One day the spirit-lamp went out and the water in the bath got rapidly colder. Millais, absorbed in his work, did not notice the accident, and the young lady with a heroic, but mistaken sense of duty to art, silently endured the coolness of the water till the artist had finished. As the sequel the model had a serious illness, and on her recovery her father made a heavy claim for damages against Millais, which he compromised by the payment of the doctor's bill and other expenses.

"The Huguenot" was duly accepted and fairly well hung at the Academy of 1852. As far as the general public were concerned, it was a great and immediate success. "Crowds stood before it all day long," wrote a well-known art chronicler. "Men lingered there for hours and went away but to return. It had clothed the old feelings of men in a new garment, and its pathos found almost universal acceptance." But the popular verdict was by no means endorsed by all the critics. The criticisms were for the most part, however, of a somewhat captious character. It was pointed out, for example, that the man's arm could not reach so far around the lady's neck, and that he was seemingly in the possession of only one leg.

It was probably because of such criticisms that the artist was not able to obtain more than £250 for what was the most discussed picture of the year. It was purchased by an art dealer and publisher, Mr. D. T. White, the predecessor of the firm of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., who paid this sum in instalments,



THE KNIGHT ERRANT

After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais, now in the Tate Gallery, London



THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais, now in the Tate Gallery, London

which were voluntarily increased by £50 when engravings of the work were beginning to obtain a large sale. It was first engraved in mezzotint by Mr. T. D. Barlow, R.A., in 1856, and has been since engraved two or three times in other styles, the total sale of the prints undoubtedly being very large. It stands to the credit of *Punch*—Tom Taylor himself wrote the laudatory notice—that in its pages was first prophesied the distinguished position which “The Huguenot” was destined to obtain among English pictures of the nineteenth century. “The Huguenot,” it may be added, is now in the possession of Mrs. Miller, of Preston, having left the dealer’s hands, needless to say, at a much higher price than was paid to Millais.

As this story of “The Huguenot” clearly shows, the method of Sir John Millais in the production of such a picture was exceedingly simple. A few pencil sketches

such as are reproduced in these pages, one or two studies in colour, and the artist set to work upon the picture itself. If he went astray in his purpose, if anything failed to satisfy him, the offending piece of work was scraped out from the canvas and a fresh start made. This method, so different from that of Lord Leighton and Albert Moore, was not incompatible with extreme care. “I may honestly say,” Millais once wrote, “that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas, and that I have always been earnest and hard-working.” But Millais had a horror of the labour which shows itself in a picture—to him the highest achievement was the art which conceals art. He was fond of saying that half his pictures—and those in oils alone number between three and four hundred—he would like to throw into the sea if he might choose the half which were to be thus sacrificed. Included in them would be most of the



THE BLIND GIRL

After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais

works on which he had bestowed the greatest amount of labour.

"The Huguenot" would assuredly come within neither category. It probably represents the average of the artist's work in the matter of speed. The extreme example of expedition was probably "Cherry Ripe." This was a portrait of a little

girl, Miss Edie Ramage, who was the belle of the fancy dress ball given by the proprietors of the *Graphic* in 1879. She was dressed in the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Penelope Boothby," and on the morning following the ball was taken in the same costume to Millais' studio. Sir John was charmed with the child, and

arranged there and then to paint her portrait for a thousand guineas. It was begun and finished within a week, and in the artist's own opinion was one of the finest things he ever did. The public thought so, too, 600,000 copies of the Christmas Number of the *Graphic*, in which a coloured reproduction was the *pièce de résistance*, being sold. "Cherry Ripe" is almost paralleled, having regard to the character of the two works, by "The Last Rose of Summer," exhibited in 1888. This was a portrait of his daughter painted in four days, and it held an equally high estimation in his own judgment.

These may be compared with the amount of time given to the production of "The Vale of Rest." It is recorded that when working at this picture Millais was at a standstill for a whole month because "the line of a woman's back conflicted with the rest of the composition, and he did not see how to prevent it." Even with such painstaking care the picture, as it was hung at the Royal Academy in 1858, did not fully satisfy him; some time afterwards it was largely repainted. As finally completed, the picture was a great favourite with Millais, and yet for

years it remained unsold at the price of £500. Time brought its revenge when at the Graham sale in 1886 it was knocked down for three thousand guineas, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Tate purchasing it for presentation to the nation.

A somewhat similar incident happened in the painting of "Knight Errant," the one important example which Sir John Millais has given us of the nude figure. As first painted, the girl's head was towards the spectators. But in this form the artist was dissatisfied with the work, which he contemplated destroying. As an alternative, Millais cut the head out of the canvas and had another piece of canvas sewn in upon which he painted the head in profile, which, being done, made the picture more pleasing in his eyes. These occasional *contretemps* were doubtless the defect of Millais' method in thinking out a subject mentally, and doing so little in the way of preparatory sketches. With respect to one picture—"The Rescue," a vivid representation of a London fire scene—Millais did make the experiment of preparing a complete cartoon, which was traced on to the canvas. It is to be supposed that the experiment was quite unsuccessful, for it was never repeated.

When Twilight Came to the Garden

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

THE garden moved with the life of day,
Then stilled as the great day waned;
And saw how the darkness fought the light,
So the skies and the world were stained;

How from the western twilight field
The bleeding day withdrew;
And the garden wept, then silently slept,
'Neath numerous tears of dew.

The flowers drooped in the breath of night,
And grieved at the night's delay;
Till donning the tints of the eastern skies,
They danced at the birth of day.

A New York Season of Drama

Second Paper

By JOHN E. WEBBER



ANADA must bear the reproach of having done little or nothing up to the present either toward fostering a national drama, or for the encouragement of dramatic art. She depends—a fact which economic conditions will sufficiently explain perhaps—for her chief supply of theatrical entertainment on this great American market. But she does now and then contribute a real “star” to the dramatic firmament, and one of the fairest of these is Miss Margaret Anglin, whose highly successful Broadway debut in *Zira* proved such an important event of the earlier dramatic season. The recognition of this talented young actress was instant and complete, and the achievement places her at once in the front rank of contemporary artists.

Zira, an adaptation of Wilkie Collins' *The New Magdalen*, with the locality changed to South Africa, and the time made coincident with the last days of the Boer War, while furnishing some highly theatrical situations, notably the clash of the two women in the third act, is not an altogether worthy vehicle for so accomplished an actress. Its dramatic sincerity is frequently open to question, and the keynote is strangely out of tune with modern thinking. Yet even this melodramatic heroine of a century ago Miss Anglin managed to clothe in a new and unexpected dignity, and in the scene alluded to which forms the dramatic climax of the piece, rose to tremendous heights of real acting power.

Miss Anglin seems to have all the natural equipment of a successful actress—personality, temperament, a fine stage presence, a rich, musical voice (rare enough on this American stage), magnetism, and histrionic qualities of a high order. Of her deeply artistic conscience, we have long been aware, but this sudden maturity and unfolding of her powers were unforeseen, even by those who have

followed her career with confidence. To see her now in a great rôle, say as “Magda,” should be an early experience, and viewing the splendid technique at her command, even the big Sudermann rôle would seem justified.

The literary event of the early season was Mr. Fiske's notable production of Maurice Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* with Mme. Bertha Kalich in the leading rôle. This happened also to be the first presentation of this great drama on any English stage, although for some time successfully played at various European centres. There were unavoidable disappointments in the casting of so many important parts, but these are minor in view of the larger achievement. And



MARGARET ANGLIN AS “ZIRA”



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS IN THE "PRINCE CONSORT"

that a play of such rare poetic beauty and intellectual interest should be produced at a time when these qualities are supposed to be the theatres' least concern, commands our highest admiration and praise. In material splendour alone the result was a distinct achievement, and rarely have we seen a performance of such innate dignity or more serious artistic purpose.

From the rising of the curtain on the besieged city of Pisa, with the scene of the sacrifice of Giovanna, Guido's beautiful wife, who to save her people from hunger and death accepts Prinzvalle's terms, "to come to his tent alone, clad only in a cloak"—to its fall on Pisa's deliverance and Giovanna's return undishonoured, with their deliverer—the drama moves in stately measure through

a vast pageant of mediæval emotion, sustained and elevated always by lofty imagination, and throbbing with lyric rapture at almost every moment of the way.

Mme. Kalich, the interesting and clever actress, whom the play practically introduces to the English stage, has long been in the Yiddish theatres of the east side, where her activities have heretofore been confined. There are necessarily imperfections and crudities in her technique, and new standards of acting to be acquired before the transit from an east side to a Broadway "star" can be considered accomplished. But the quality is there, and that of a superior sort, and her performance disclosed a wealth of tragic resources and a pagan richness of temperament seldom found on our colourless stage. And once, at least, in the big final scene, she met the demands of the situation with a fine burst of tragic emotion.

The dramatisation of novels is almost invariably disappointing, and our persistent efforts in this direction, in the face of adverse experience, is an interesting commentary on the literary condition of the American play market. Causes, if we were seeking them, are readily enough suggested in our material pre-occupation, and the absence of any distinct intellectual movement in the country. In fact so firmly are we caught in the vortex of our industrial well-being as to seem blissfully indifferent at times to our mental and spiritual whereabouts. And with the soul's springs run dry, how should art flourish! It may also be that contemporary life does not lend itself readily to artistic interpretation, for the "American" types we have had presented are either like the "Music Master" direct importations from an older order of things, seen temporarily against an American social background, or like the "Squawman" and "The Heir to the Hoorah," hail from that romantic and idyllic west where nature's wilds are still unbroken by the ploughshares of Mr. Carnegie's shops.

The dramatic version of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Marriage of William Ashe*, to which we return, while not a noticeable exception to the rule laid down, was especially fortunate in its presenta-

tion, and provided at least a much needed literary flavour to our dramatic repast.

The Walls of Jericho, by Alfred Sutro, proved a highly successful first venture in Mr. Jas. K. Hackett's managerial enterprise, and with a one act piece, *A Maker of Men*, served to introduce the well-known translator of Maeterlinck as a dramatist on his own account. Both are dramas of rather distinct moral purpose, written to defend certain homely, old-fashioned virtues from modern iconoclasm.

A Maker of Men, for instance, which had such an exquisite presentation at the hands of Margaret Illington in the rôle of wife, is a prose rhapsody on simple domestic life at a hundred pounds a year. While *The Walls of Jericho* openly scores society for Bridge and other vices that are supposed to thrive



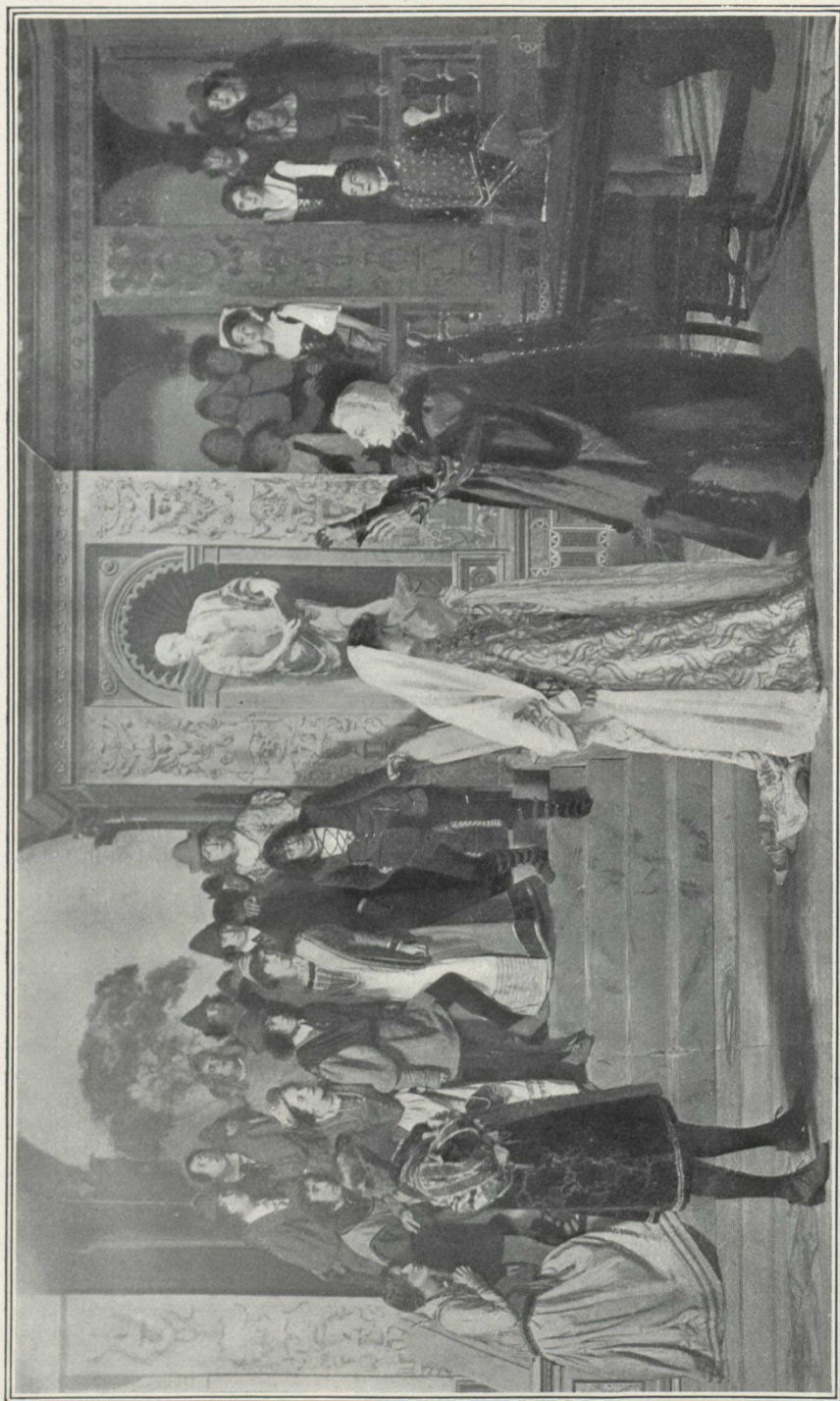
MR. DALLAS WELFORD AS "MR. HOPKINSON"



OTIS SKINNER AS ABBE DANIEL IN "THE DUEL"

in its exclusive circles, extolling at the same time the cardinal virtues of motherhood and wifehood, it is not so deep as a well perhaps, but certainly as wide as a church door, and far too obvious for a social satire such as it sets out to be. It has acting qualities, however, and the capable presentation, with Mr. Hackett and Mary Mannering (Mrs. Hackett) in the leading rôles, though somewhat broad, had much to do with the play's popularity.

Madison Square Theatre, the little theatre around the corner, under the direction of Mr. Walter N. Lawrence, offers another encouraging example of the artist's conscience in theatrical management. *Mrs. Temple's Telegram* and *The Firm of Cunningham's* were the successful offerings of a year ago,



MADAME BERTHA KALICH IN "MONNA VANNA"

Photograph by Byron, New York

and this year *The Prince Chap*, *The Man on the Box* (a dramatisation of Harold McGrath's novel, by the way), and *The Greater Love*, have found equal favour. Utmost care in casting and rehearsing are the features of this theatre's work, and the result has been a finesse and subtlety of execution that invariably appeals to the discriminating playgoer.

Other successes of the early season, major and minor, but worthy of note, were Mr. Augustus Thomas' *De Lancey*, a less important comedy than his *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*, but expressly written for Mr. John Drew, and admirably suited to that actor's well-known talents.

Pierre Berton's *La Belle Marseillaise*, a stirring romantic comedy of that romantically unflinching period, the Napoleonic era, in which Miss Virginia Harned found abundant scope for her versatility of dramatic expression, and the display of her own personal beauty and charm.

In Clyde Fitch offerings we had *Her Great Match* and *The Toast of the Town*, each in the hands of interesting and clever actresses, through whose attractive personalities the pieces attained a certain degree of success. *The Squawman*, an interesting melodrama of Western life, with a strong infusion of British sentiment and character, with Mr. William Faversham in the title rôle, also scored one of the popular triumphs of the year. *As Ye Sow* is another melodramatic offering of considerable human interest, having to do with the lives and experiences of the honest Cape Cod folk.

The Prodigal Son, a dramatisation of Hall Caine's novel of similar title, deserves to be mentioned in more important company perhaps, but in spite of a sumptuous mounting, and a talented cast, it did not find favour with the public. Still failures were rife at that time, and our "moral awakening" had not yet come.

Shakespeare has been receiving a fair share of public attention, and between judicious modernising and Elizabethanising, will no doubt continue to wear a look of novelty for some time to come. Although joyous worship of the immortal bard, under modern conditions, is not to be expected, there still remain fortunately the Shakespearean conscience and

the Shakespearean convention. The Greet players in their Elizabethan propaganda had a season of several weeks' duration at Mendelssohn Hall, and were freely patronised by ladies' seminaries and other institutions of learning. The work of this company, however, falls so far short of the inspired standard which Miss Mathison set, as to be scarcely recognisable. There is no longer either distinction or inspiration in the performances, and whatever interest remains is of an antiquarian rather than dramatic order.

In sharp contrast to the destitution of the Elizabethan stage, both in scenic display and acting ability, was the second New York season of the Sothern-Marlowe-Shakespearean combination—a conjunction of "stellar" talent effected a year ago for the purpose of producing Shakespeare in some worthy manner. The initial offerings were *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and to these have now been added *Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*. The second season was under the same distinguished social patronage as marked the first, and constituted one of the brilliant episodes of the dramatic year. Miss Marlowe's charms of acting and beauty of person have long been the admiration of the American public, and her poetic "Juliet" was ever a delight to mind and eye. "Katherine" and "Portia," however, though each charming in its own way, were less successfully conceived and carried out. But "Viola" rivals even her own fair "Juliet." Mr. Sothern proved a rather athletic Petruchio, but his "Shylock" and "Benvolio" were finished performances of the highest merit.

America has, no doubt, derived her chief dramatic inspirations in the past from the parent English stage, and New York still turns Londonward for the artistic flavour of its season's work. Happily the bond between these two centres of the English-speaking theatrical world is drawing closer, and an Anglo-American stage has become now a mere question of marine knots which improved shipbuilding will ultimately bridge. In which physical fact we may recognise one of those broad economic sweeps

(not often taken into calculation) by which we are being constantly impelled toward our artistic and every other destiny. This year we have been less favoured than formerly in respect to distinguished visitors, the only arrivals under this class during the first half season being Mr. E. S. Willard and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose simultaneous appearance brought the season up to Christmas week with a fine glow of dramatic life.

A year ago, on the other hand, besides the ever popular Mr. Willard, and that still more serious favourite, Mr. Forbes Robertson, we had the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with Sir Charles Wyndham after an absence of twenty years, and of extending American hospitality for the first time to that delightful, lovable, old English comedy actor, Mr. Edward Terry, whose "Dick Phenyl" of classic fame seemed to restore to us one of the lost arts. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Ellis Jeffreys were also with us then.

Mr. Willard, for his New York engagement, added to his well-known repertoire, Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *A Pair of Spectacles*, and a dramatisation of Kipling's *The Man Who Was*. With the Grundy comedy Mr. John Hare has made us quite familiar. But Mr. Willard's was the first presentation in America of the Kipling piece, although Mr. Beerbohm Tree had already produced it in London with considerable success. As "Benjamin Goldfinch" Mr. Willard found no particularly new field for the display of his well-known charms of acting. It was a pleasing and agreeable performance—in fact very much Mr. Willard as his rôles so frequently are. In *The Man Who Was*, however, the actor strikes an entirely new note, revealing himself at once as a character actor of splendid depth, and possessed of mimetic gifts and acting resources to which his other rôles offer only passing clues. It is not a sustained dramatic performance, of course, in fact may also be measured in moments. But those moments are intense, vivid, even thrilling, and wholly convincing in their dramatic appeal.

The work of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is

too well known to call for extended comment at this late date. For an entire generation she has been the most conspicuous artist in the world's stage—the summit and crown of all that the modern world, old and new, has achieved in the art of dramatic expression. Now she comes to say farewell, to remind us that the immortal is mortal after all, and that she is growing old. It is impossible to realise this except by a mathematical process, so perfect is the nightly illusion of youth still. Not in face and feature alone—these are easily enough ministered to by the accessories of the toilet—but in the lithe grace, the supple form, the elastic step, the vivacity and sprightliness of every move, lie the deeper, subtler deception. Her acting, too, shows all of its old time vitality, and if it be true that the meridian is passed, and that shadows lengthen and deepen on the hillside, the summit is still bathed in glorious sunlight.

As an interpreter of the woman heart, Bernhardt has had no equal. Some of the types, however, which she has most successfully portrayed are not universal by any means, but representative rather of conditions that are local and in the nature of things ephemeral. Indeed, only the genius of their interpreter has saved many of them alive to this day. But everything that Bernhardt touches turns to gold, even such exotic types as "Camille" and "Sappho." And so fine, so rare, so perfect is the medium of the transforming art that passion itself takes on ideal qualities not far removed from spiritual.

Coming down from the summits of Bernhardt's genius, we again enter the lowlands, and the later half season. The scene before us is one of increased activity, incident to the New Year changes, and many of the offerings bear witness to the spirit of festivity which is abroad at such time. Others command our more serious interest. While still conspicuous in the field, are some of the successes already achieved in the earlier season. In immediate prospect, too, and holding the promise of as high, or even higher achievement, are three plays which we shall notice presently, as representative of the later season's work. Alfred Sutro's

The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt, Henri Lavedan's *The Duel*, and R. C. Carton's inimitable *Mr. Hopkinson*.

Among the successful new offerings in lighter vein were *Julie Bon Bon*, an exceptionally entertaining comedy of New York life by Clara Lipman, who also enacts the title rôle, and an out and out clever farce comedy by Leo. Ditrjchstein under the suggestive apothecary title *Before and After*. Each of these struck a note of instant popularity.

Miss Henrietta Crossman too, one of our most charming comediennes, opened at the Garrick in a new version of Sardou's comedy *A Scrap of Paper*, under the euphonious if misleading title of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. This, with a serious one act drama *Madeline* by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, providing a double bill of considerable strength and dramatic range.

Mr. Henry Miller (another distinguished Canadian actor by the way) replaced *Zira* at his theatre with a production of H. V. Esmond's *Grierson's Way*. But in spite of Mr. Miller's own artistic performance in the central rôle, the piece proved as sorry a failure as the same author's *Love and the Man*, which Mr. Forbes Robertson produced a year ago.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's annual engagement is always an event of the season, and occurring, as it did, in Lent, provided the only important break in that season of dramatic fast. Whatever one's personal opinion of the merits of Mr. Mansfield's acting may be, there is no denying the place he holds in the estimation of the public. By common consent he is upheld as the foremost of living American actors, and whether his individual work as an actor entitles him to such a place or not, his efforts to foster the best in dramatic art in this country, command the admiration of all. His exacting repertory, to which has now been added no less than Schiller's classic *Don Carlos*, is abundant evidence of this desire. That an artist of his apparent temperamental inflexibility should appear in so many and such various rôles, with a certain, though not by any means equal, distinction in all, argues much for the sincerity of his art, as well as for the strength of

his own personality. But perhaps this is as far as praise should go.

Mr. Hopkinson, of which we spoke, is by common consent the drollest piece of Cockney humour that has come out of England in a generation. And Mr. Dallas Welford, who enacts the humorous title rôle in the American production, is voted the funniest man that has crossed the Atlantic in many a day. Moreover, this latest English arrival is an artist, subtle and finished, producing his efforts, broad as they are at times, legitimately, and without unnecessary exaggeration or the slightest tendency to buffoonery. *Mr. Hopkinson* is the story of a little vulgar Cockney bounder, heretofore a grocer's clerk, who finds himself suddenly rich, through inheritance. By reason of this wealth, too, he is sought by the impecunious members of a certain smart set, who agree to take him up. And his subsequent efforts to qualify socially for the part supply an inexhaustible fund of humorous entertainment.

One of the most brilliant engagements of the entire season was the return visit of that charming English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys (who has since appeared in Canada) in Mr. Sutro's new and clever comedy *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. Miss Jeffreys made her American debut a year ago as "Queen Xenia" in *The Prince Consort*, afterwards appearing in the more buoyant rôle of "Lady Gay Spanker" in a distinguished revival of *London Assurance*. Recognised at once as an artist of exquisite modulations, and possessed of rare personal grace, social charm, and quite remarkable beauty, Miss Jeffreys became an instant favourite in both the social and dramatic world of this metropolis. In the recent engaging rôle of "Lady Clarice Howland"—a prepossessing widow of thirty, drawn into the matrimonial market by an over solicitous mother and sister, to whom her protracted widowhood has become a source of anxiety, financial and otherwise, Miss Jeffreys found still further opportunity for the display of the fine arts of the *comediienne* as well as of the charms of an English lady.

Hardly less interesting than the performance is the new rôle in which the

comedy presents the author, Mr. Sutro. The apotheosis from a writer of drama of such obvious moral purpose as *The Walls of Jericho* and *A Maker of Men*, to this delightful comedy of manners and morals, which Mr. Winter found "as bright as gold, and as sweet as roses," with its fine literary breadth, its naive understanding, its generous but wholesome reading of life, so amiable of human follies, so accidental in its seriousness, and sparkling always with the gayest of wit and humour. With its artistic values all so nicely adjusted, is truly an event in letters of more than passing interest. It is as if the author had suddenly emerged from the dressing gown and slipped quiet of his English fireside, in which the others were plainly conceived, and found himself on Piccadilly in frock coat and tile. Neither article of dress in quite the latest mode perhaps, but carefully brushed withal, and the latter tilted to a proper angle rearward. True, he pays his sixpence to morality in the end, but only sixpence, and with so much to the good, why carp over a trifle?

The Duel, by Henri Lavedan, the noted French academician, with which we conclude, has in Mr. Louis Parker's excellent translation produced the same profound impression in New York as attended its presentation in Paris some time ago. As a drama of serious argumentative interest, this is the season's masterpiece and achievement. It handles a treacherous modern problem with philosophic insight, breadth and subtlety, and the argument, by which the situations are developed, is carried on at all times with dignity and fine intellectual vigour.

The *Duel* is nominally one between the church and atheism, with a woman's soul for the prize. Or in less rhetorical statement, it is the secular versus the religious attitude towards a social question, the ever perplexing one of marriage. "Dr. Morey," an eminent specialist in hereditary diseases and a sceptic in religious opinion, has conceived an attachment for the "Duchess de Chailles," whose husband, an incurable, has been taking treatment at the specialist's sanitarium.

The feeling is reciprocated, but the duchess who is conventional at heart resists and, in her self conflict, falls back upon the church and the confessional. This intervention of the church is particularly exasperating to the secularist, and to add further piquancy to the situation, the unknown young priest, of whom the duchess has sought spiritual aid, proves to be the doctor's long estranged brother. An accidental meeting finally brings all three together in a scene of intense dramatic interest. When the intellectual conflict has exhausted itself, human considerations assert themselves, and the ethical duel becomes at length a selfish conflict between mere men, and brothers, for the love of a woman.

The Duel is the big ethical drama of the year, big in thought, big in theme, and big in execution. Mr. Otis Skinner heads an unusually strong cast in the presentation, and his own performance of the "Abbe Daniel" will rank as the best individual acting effort of the season. And with the single exception of his performance with Mrs. Le Moyne some years ago of Browning's *In a Balcony*, the most finished piece of work he has done.

Nature's Seers

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE clouds and rains and winds
 Are Nature's seers,
 Which voice the coming change,
 As night breaks and the dawn clears.

When the Dominion Was Young

The Second of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY



CONSIDERABLE number of the New Brunswick senators and members of the first Parliament, together with a goodly quota from Nova Scotia of the members of both Houses, who had come to St. John on their way to Ottawa, and three or four representatives of the leading newspapers of both Provinces, set sail from St. John for Portland on a chilly November morning of 1867. There was then and for nine years later no railway connection between the eastern and western Provinces of the new Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway was but in embryo, and the Grand Trunk from Portland to Montreal formed the only direct outlet for the St. Lawrence Provinces to the Atlantic.

It seemed more than it had been, or now is, to be a member of Parliament. In the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Legislatures the members had received a sessional allowance of \$300 each, and the heads of cabinet portfolios \$2,400 a year. In the new Parliament to which we were going these Senators and Commons were to receive \$800 each, and the Cabinet Ministers \$5,000 each. These modest figures have since been increased once or twice, then they seemed quite princely. Moreover, these honours and distinctions were new. It is needless to say that the representatives on their way to attend the first session of a national Parliament felt their importance. Like Benjamin Franklin when first he donned a long-tailed blue coat, they felt "tall and strong and dignified."

I remember that as we sailed down the Bay of Fundy there arose a considerable discussion as to the proper title of a Senator. "Honourable" seemed quite too small and insignificant a designation. Why, even the members of the petty Legislative Councils were styled Honourable! "In my opinion," said a

Senator from Nova Scotia, "the proper title is 'Senator of Canada.'" And then he threw himself back in his chair with the air of a statesman whose infallible dictum had settled a great and weighty matter of national concern.

Joseph Howe was on board, clad in grey. And, oh how the Nova Scotia "Antis"—anti-confederates—idolised their venerable leader. Sometimes he read, and once as he read he laughed. A stranger at the other end of the table also read and laughed. Each soon attracted the attention of the other. "May I ask," inquired the stranger, "what is the volume that seems to amuse you as much as mine amuses me?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Howe, "it is the *Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington*, first volume." "I have the second volume," replied the stranger. Sometimes to the delight of his phalanx of anti-unionists, Mr. Howe talked. He was, indeed, a most engaging conversationist. And then his admirers stood around his chair, they buzzed about him like bees around their queen bee, sometimes touching him reverently, laughing at his jokes, listening admiringly to his abundant store of anecdotes. Among other things he told us of his trip through Ireland on a jaunting car with Sam Slick for a companion, and protested that there was more fun in Ireland to the square acre than in any other country under Heaven. At dinner his devoted followers heaped his plate with good things in the presence of his enemies, and when, after the repast, he dozed in his chair, a hush fell on the ship, and it was whispered that the great man slept.

We reached Portland at 3 o'clock in the morning, and Uncle Sam's customs officers were on hand to remind us that we were now in a foreign country. The late Joseph C. Crosskill, of the *Halifax Reporter*; the late Samuel Watts, of the

Woodstock, N.B., *Sentinel*, and myself representing the *St. John Telegraph*, hastened to the nearest official and told him we were newspaper men going through to Ottawa. "All right, boys," he said, as he chalked our trunks unopened. Just then along came Senator R. L. Hazen, of St. John. Addressing the customs officer he said, "I am a member of the Senate of Canada. If you want to search my luggage you can do so." The officer replied quietly, "I'll look at it, all the same." So the newspaper men got first to the hotel and were at table partaking of refreshments before the parliamentary contingent arrived. The latter were not all in the most agreeable mood. They murmured against the customs regulations and cast envious glances at the feasting newspaper men. One Senator as he passed our table paused to remark, "All a man needs is to say that he belongs to the press and he can go anywhere and do anything."

The trip up the Grand Trunk was uneventful. It was night when we reached Ottawa. The following morning a party of the Maritimers went out to see the sights. Reaching Parliament Square and surveying thence the three splendid edifices to the north, east and west, we paused. One member lifted up his hands and exclaimed in a single word the thought of many—"Extravagance!" These Canadians—the people of Ontario and Quebec—were clearly extravagant in the opinion of the Maritime men. We had heard before of "the miles of cornice and acres of plaster," but now we saw with our own eyes the gigantic piles, the tall towers and gilded vanes, and we *knew* that the "Canadians" were extravagant. As we entered and gazed upon the columns of marble and polished granite, and all the splendid appointments of the two chambers and the library, this impression was deepened. We did not then know that at the first session, so soon to begin, some thirteen millions of dollars was to be voted. How times have changed! Now our Parliament without hesitation votes six times the original thirteen millions in one session.

The opening was a grand affair to the

men from the east, although Lord Monck was the plainest and least ostentatious of all our Governors-General since the union of 1867. Ottawa was a garrison town then, and the officers of the Prince Consort's Own Rifles were present, including Lord Cecil, brother of the late Marquess of Salisbury, and many other scions of the British nobility, their rich uniforms spangled with medals adding lustre to the scene. The two days' ceremonial of opening was a new feature to the Maritime men. And then there were the mace and the wonderful genuflexions of the Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. Kimber. No provincial Legislature east of Quebec ever had a mace. Canada had long ago adopted it. (An earlier mace was captured by the American invaders when Little York (Toronto) was sacked and burned in 1813, and is now preserved as a trophy at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.) The mace formed a subject for inquiry and speculation. There it was, a copy we were told of that which lies upon the table of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world. A ponderous club of metal, its body of silver covered with gold, and its top surmounted with an orb and crown. Indeed, it had cost £800 sterling. The mace, we were told, though modelled after the war-club of the middle ages, is the symbol of the power and prerogatives of Parliament. It is related to the sceptre of kings, and even to that of Jove himself, and by which he sometimes swore a tremendous oath inviolate to gods. The functions of the mace, in the language of Haversham Cox, "befit that ancient symbol of the authority of the Commons which is associated with so many eventful passages in English history, and which was never yet insulted with impunity, but when liberty received a wound." And yet some of the Nova Scotian Antis made light of it. "What is it for?" was asked. "The mace?" replied Dr. Forbes, of Queens; "Oh, I suppose it is to give spice to the proceedings!" We did not then know, what we all know now so well, that without the mace there can be no real Parliament, and that it is so sacredly inseparable from Mr. Speaker, that to pass between

him and it during a sitting would be parliamentary sacrilege. Fortunately no man has yet ever ventured to do so, and the fates only know what would happen if one did.

On the first day of the opening, after returning from the Senate, whither it seemed they had been called in vain, came the election of Speaker. This formality as carried out was then a novelty to the men from the east. The members were in their allotted places, Ministers and Opposition leaders confronting each other and the Clerk, W. B. Lindsay, at the table. Sir John Macdonald arose, the first to speak in the new Parliament he had done so much to create. He addressed the Clerk, who arose and silently pointed his finger at Sir John. The latter, in a few complimentary words, nominated Hon. James Cockburn, of Northumberland, as Speaker. When he was seated Hon. George E. Cartier arose and addressed the Clerk, who arose and extended a digit as before, remaining standing and pointing, while Mr. Cartier, speaking in French, briefly seconded the nomination. It seemed there was to be no other nomination, and the Clerk was

about to declare Mr. Cockburn elected. Already Sir John and Mr. Cartier had stepped briskly out into the open space before their desks to escort the Speaker elect to his throne, when suddenly a voice from the back bench on the right, speaking in French, called a halt. It was the voice of Joseph Dufresne, of Montcalm, who objected that Mr. Cockburn did not speak the language of the people of his Province, and insisted warmly that the Speaker should be conversant with both the English and French languages. Mr. Cartier replied in French in a conciliatory tone that though Mr. Cockburn did not speak French he understood it very well. Thus the first question debated in the Parliament of the Dominion was the interminable one of the dual language system. There were some angry mutterings from the French members, but Mr. Cockburn was at once declared elected and escorted to his chair. There, standing, he made the prescribed acknowledgment, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, D. W. Macdonnell, placed the mace upon the table. So the first House of Commons was organised and constituted.

TO BE CONTINUED

Noon Day

BY KATHERINE HALE

BUT yesterday the piper Spring
 Sat blowing tunes that turned to green
 And through the little naked boughs
 The colour of his song was seen.

As soft the tunes the piper played
 So soft the green—like mists of night.
 Then wound our love, a slender lane,
 With dear, indefinite delight.

But now—before we knew—'tis June.
 So deep, so dark the leaves have grown.
 The pipe is lost: the lane has led
 Down to the Gate of Life—My Own.

Art and the Tariff

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN



THE Tariff Commission, unfortunately, has brought its long and arduous series of sittings to a close. Only in one instance, so far as the present writer is aware, did there appear before it any but representatives of the industrial and commercial classes. Yet, I venture to think that there are in the Canadian Customs regulations anomalies affecting not a little the interests of the literary and artistic classes which might with justice have been brought before its notice. Compared with the manufacturers of implements and the vendors of edibles, the makers and lovers of pictures and books no doubt are a feeble folk. Yet they form a portion of the community, and if their existence is so far recognised as that such things as pictures and sculpture and books are made subjects of statutory legislation, they have a right surely to be heard as to the effects and tendencies of such legislation.

Madame Bernhardt is reported to have called Canada semi-barbarous, and to have declared that we neglected literature and the arts. I am not sure that the Divine Sara did not speak more truly than she knew; but it is against Canada's politicians, not against her people, that she should have aimed her gibes. Few people, in their way, are more literary or more artistic. Has any country in the world a state-aided education so literary? And how we pride ourselves upon our Mm. Fréchette, our Dr. Drummonds, our Archibald Lampmans, our Bliss Carmans, our Charles G. D. Robertses, and our Sir Gilbert Parkers! Do we not, too, wax voluble about our Canadian literature, and strive by many means to evoke for it a patriotic support? We pet our painters. We give our poets berths in the post office. Though by the grace of nature an agricultural community, and by the grace of a protective tariff a manufacturing one, few peoples are so keenly susceptible to the benignant

influences of the gentler arts, to poetry and minstrelsy, to the play of fancy, to imagination, to intellect, to emotion. No; had The Bernhardt been cognisant of this, she would have held her peace. It is against our politicians she should have aimed her gibes.

For example, my attention has recently been called to a delicate little puzzle in connection with art and the Canadian tariff. The duty on works of sculpture is thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* if executed in marble or granite, thirty per cent. if executed in any other material—a refinement of discrimination, the reason for which (let me say in passing) is beyond my unpolitical understanding. Now, suppose a Canadian sculptor (as in this branch of art might be extremely probable—indeed beneficial) chose to reside abroad. Does it not seem just a little hard that if his friends, or say his native town, chose to honour or encourage him by sending him an occasional commission, does it not seem a little hard that the work of his brain and of his chisel should be subjected to this virtually prohibitive tariff? Canadian painters may import their pictures free. What grievous sin have Canadian sculptors committed against their native land that their works should be thus rigorously excluded from its shores? I have been at pains to consult one of the very best known of our Canadian sculptors (residing in Canada) upon this point, and the only light he can shed upon the subject is this: "Dear Sir, I can only say that the law is the law, as I know to my sorrow. There is no reason why it should be so." Ever since I have been in Canada I have heard complaints (to me, I confess, apparently much uncalled for) about the pricks against which Canadian art and Canadian literature have had to kick. But here surely is an anomaly into which, though small, it might be well to inquire. I do not suppose that any Canadian sculptor living in Canada would for one moment object to competition

with a fellow-Canadian sculptor living somewhere else. For myself, I do not think he would—or should—object to any competition whatsoever. Art and literature recognise no political boundaries. On the contrary, literature and art are keenly interested in what writers and artists are doing the wide world over, and much would they give for the freest opportunities for seeing and becoming acquainted with their work. Fancy Vienna putting up a barrier against ideas from Berlin, or Paris excluding thought and imagination from London! To put an embargo on ideas, to exclude the product of thought and imagination by a customs line, is to the writer and to the artist a thing not only abhorrent but absurd.

But this thirty-five per cent. duty on works of sculpture is only one example out of many which show the attitude taken by our politicians towards art and literature. Take the ten per cent. duty on books. It is not excessive, certainly; but why should there be any? Books, I presume it will be conceded, are written for readers. And readers seek in books inspiration, information, or enjoyment. Whom does this duty benefit? Not the readers of course, because it increases the price. Not the foreign author, for it lessens his sales. Not the native author, for, on the one hand, the more books any author has access to the better; and, on the other hand, the greater the taste for books also the better. Besides, nobody is going to buy my book, or my picture, or my statue, because he has to pay duty on somebody else's! Heaven forbid that I should ask him to! What more degrading, what more derogatory to the *amour propre* of an artist—whether in sound, colour, form, or words—than a fiscal embargo on the work of a fellow-artist! If the duty is imposed for revenue purposes only, perhaps one should not complain. Yet, why the raw materials of the intellectual worker should be subjected even to this tax I fail to see. Raw materials in the realm of trade are usually admitted free. This duty on books is a duty on the very fount and origin of intellectual inspiration, information, and pleas-

ure. It is the most ridiculous tax that a nation calling itself civilised could levy; and in a young country like Canada, whose leisure class is small, and whose intellectual class is poor, it is worse than ridiculous, it is cruel.

The repeated attempts of Canada to obtain an exclusively Canadian copyright, is another instance of this short-sighted policy. If I understand the law of copyright as it now exists, a book published anywhere in the British Empire is *ipso facto* copyright throughout the Empire—nay, more, in all the countries signatory to the Berne Convention. And these include nearly all civilised nations (the United States declined to sign). What more could one want? You publish in Montreal or Toronto, and not a publisher (outside the United States) dare put a finger on your book. And yet, if I am not mistaken, Canada does—or perhaps I should say did—want more. If I am not mistaken, more than one of her politicians has more than once asked that if a foreign author did not print his book in Canada, any Canadian publisher might put his finger upon it, might indeed lay thievish hands upon it, and publish it willy-nilly, the author's consent! If I am wrong, perhaps the Canadian Copyright Association will correct me. But if I am right, what I ask is this: What possible benefit could accrue either to the Canadian reader or to the Canadian writer if the foreign author were put to the double expense of printing here as well as in his native land? Besides, why dictate to a producer how he shall dispose of his wares? What right has any government to say to a man, If you do not print here, we shall let our publishers steal your book? Surely what a man produces belongs to him and to nobody else, be it a boot, a boiler, or a book.

The simple fact of the matter is this. In the United States there is a heavy duty on things literary and artistic. But in the United States the printers, paper-makers, typefounders, typesetters, binders, and publishers have prevailed upon the government to permit them to steal any book that is not set up, printed,

bound, and published by them—because they want more work and wages. They do not care a straw about the foreign author. What is he to them? Not theirs to argue about abstract justice. What they want is concrete work and concrete wages. Well, Canada, I am afraid, has been trying to do something of the same kind. It is in the interest, then, of the mechanical classes, not in the interest of the intellectual classes, that these duties and restrictions are imposed. The very last thing the intellectual classes ask for is “protection” of any kind. To them the word is meaningless. I venture to say there is not a painter or a sculptor or a musician or an author in Canada who wishes the slightest hindrance to be put on the importation of any painting, statue, song, or book from any quarter of the globe, so it were good. (About worthless work there may be a difference of opinion; but you will look in vain through the list of dutiable articles in the Canadian Customs Tariff for any mention of this.) So it be good the more the better. The only conclusion to be drawn is that it is in the interest of the mechanical trades that these impediments are put. Well, does it really redound to the benefit of Canada as a whole thus to make the interests of her intellectual classes subservient to those of her mechanical?

So too, with painting. A duty of twenty per cent. is levied on all pictures saving only those by artists of repute. Who decides upon the repute we are not told. (Copyrights are registered in the office of the Department of Agriculture). I presume the appraisers of the Custom House will settle the precise moment at which a future Turner will become reputable. Monticelli must have puzzled them a bit in days gone by. (I wonder what decisions were arrived at during the Whistler *versus* Ruskin trial. The Ontario Society of Artists, too, I believe, desire a duty of \$10 per picture on all

paintings; and the reason adduced is that unscrupulous dealers palm off “daubs” as the works of artists of repute. No doubt it is often difficult to prove that a supposititious Corot is not a veritable Corot—they tell us that the former abound. Yet that the connoisseur should be mulcted in order that the ignorant may be protected seems a curious justice.

Why cannot politicians leave art and literature alone? Surely the revenue produced by these curious and laborious moldlings is not commensurate with the ill-feeling which they arouse. Why may I not buy a picture by a painter unknown if I like it? I can buy a miserable, a very miserable, magazine duty free—and almost post free, if it comes from the United States.

This reminds me that there is that delicate little matter of postage on periodical literature. Far be it from me to attempt to weigh in the balance the respective merits of English and American magazines. But what I do know is this, that if I want a *Quarterly* or a *Contemporary Review* I have to pay eight cents a pound postage on it; but if I want a *Harper* or a *Munsey* I have to pay only one cent a pound. Why there is imposed upon the literature of the mother land a postal rate seven hundred per cent. greater than that imposed upon the literature of a foreign and rival country. . . . Well, perhaps I had better just say that this too is beyond my unpolitical understanding. But this, I take it, is in the hands of the Imperial, not in those of the Canadian, post office authorities. Surely it would be worth some sacrifice to somebody to wean our youth from ideas American and to feed them on literature Imperial. Some day this may cost the Empire much.

The Divine Sara then, perhaps, spake more truly than she knew. But, as I have said, it is against our politicians that she should have aimed her gibes.



The Live Wire

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG



“WHO is this young gentleman or lady?” Dr. Clay asked of Pearlie Watson one day when he met her wheeling a carriage in which was a very fat baby.

“This is the Czar of all the Rooshias,” Pearl answered gravely, “and I’m his bodyguard.”

The doctor’s face showed no surprise as he stepped back to get a better look at the Czar.

“See the green plush on his kerridge!” Pearl said proudly, “and every stitch he has on is handmade, and was did for him, too, and he’s fed every four hours, rain or shine, hit or miss!”

“Think of that!” the doctor exclaimed with emphasis, “and yet some people tell us the Czar has a hard time.”

Pearl drew a step nearer, moving the carriage up and down rapidly to appease the wrath of the Czar, who was expressing his disapproval of the delay in a very lumpy cry.

“I’m just ’tendin’, ye know, about him being the Czar,” she said confidentially. “Ye see I mind him everyday, and that’s the way I play. Maudie Ducker said one day I never had no time to play cos we wuz so pore, and that started me. It’s a lovely game.”

The doctor nodded. He knew something of ’tendin’ games, too.

“I have to taste everythin’ he eats for fear of Paris green in it,” she said, speaking now in the official voice of the bodyguard. “I have to stand betune him and the howlin’ mob thirstin’ for his gore!”

“I believe he howls more than the mob,” the doctor said smiling.

“He’s afraid we’re plottin’,” Pearl whispered. “Can’t trust no one. But he ain’t howlin’; that’s his natcheral voice when he’s talkin’ Rooshian. He don’t know one English word, only ‘goo,’ but he’ll say it every time. See now.

How is um pecious luvvy-duvvy? See the pitty manny! Pull um baby toofin.”

The Czar, secure in his toothlessness, was not at all alarmed at this threat, and rippled his fat face into dimples, triumphantly bringing forth a whole succession of “goos.”

“Ain’t he a peach?” Pearlie said with pride. “Some kids won’t show off worth a cent when you want them to, but he’ll say ‘goo’ if you even nudge him. His mother thinks ‘goo’ is an awfully childish word, and she’s at him all the time to say ‘daddy-dinger,’ but he don’t seem to take to it. Say, Doctor,” Pearlie’s face was troubled, “what do you think of his looks? Hasn’t he a fine little nub of a nose? Do you see anything about him to make his mother cry?”

The doctor looked critically at the Czar, who returned his gaze with stolid indifference.

“I never saw a more perfect nub on any nose,” he answered honestly. “He’s a fine big boy, and his mother should be proud of him.”

“There now, what did I tell you?” Pearlie cried delightedly, nodding her head at an imaginary audience. “That’s what I do be sayin’ to his mother, but she’s so tuk up with pictures of pretty kids with big eyes and curly hair, she don’t seem to get used to the Czar here. She says his nose is so different, and his voice is not what she wanted. He does cry lumpy I know. You see, the kid in the book she’s readin’ could say ‘Daddy-dinger’ long before it was as old as the Czar is. He can’t pat-a-cake, or wave a bye-bye, or this-little-toe-went-to-market, or nuthin’. I never told her what Danny could do when he was this age, but I’m tryin’ hard to get him to say ‘Daddy-dinger,’ she has her heart so set on it. I must go now.”

The doctor lifted his hat, and the imperial carriage rolled on.

Pearl had gone a short distance when she remembered something.

"I'll let you know if he says it, Doctor," she shouted.

"All right, Pearl, thank you," he smiled back.

When Pearl turned the next corner she met Maudie Ducker. Maudie had on a new plaid dress with velvet trimming.

"Is that your Sunday dress?" she asked, looking critically at Pearl's faded little brown wincey.

"My, no!" Pearl answered cheerfully—the family honour had to be sustained—"This is just my morning dress. I wear my blue satting in the afternoon and on Sundays, my purple velvet with the watterpleat and basque-yoke of tartaric plaid, garnished with lace."

"Yours is a nice little plain dress—that stuff fades tho'—Ma lined a quilt for the boys' bed with it, and it faded grey!"

Maudie Ducker was a "perfect little lady." Her mother often said so. The number of days that Maudie could wear an apron without its showing one stain, was simply wonderful! Maudie had two dolls with which she never played. She could not bear to touch a baby because it might put a sticky little finger on her pinafore.

When Maudie made inquiries as to Pearl's Sabbath-day attire, her motives were kinder than Pearl thought.

Maudie's mother was giving her a party. Hitherto the guests on such occasions had been selected with great care, and with respect to social standing, blue china, and correct enunciation. This time they were selected with still greater care, but with respect to their father's politics. All Conservatives and undecided voters' children were invited. The fight-to-a-finish-for-the-Grand-Old-Party Reformers were not invited.

Algernon Evans (otherwise known as the Czar of all the Rooshias), only son of J. H. Evans, editor of the *Millford Mercury*, could not be overlooked. Hence the necessity of inviting Pearl Watson, his bodyguard.

Millford had two weekly newspapers, one Conservative in its tendencies, the other one Reform. Between them there existed a feud long-standing, unquenchable,

constant. It went with the subscription list, the printing press, and the good-will of the former owner when the paper changed hands. It blazed in the editorials, it even coloured the local news.

McSorley, the Liberal editor, being an Irishman, was not without humour; but Evans, the other one, revelled in it. He was like the little boys who stick pins in frogs, not that they bear the frogs any ill-will, but for the fun of seeing them jump. He would sit smiling over his political editorials with utmost good humour—sometimes throwing himself back in his chair and laughing like a light-hearted boy, and then those who heard him knew that the knife was turned in some one.

One day, Mr. James Ducker, lately retired farmer, sometimes insurance agent, read in the *Winnipeg Telegram* that his former friend, the Hon. Thomas Snider, had chaperoned an Elk party to St. Paul. Mr. Ducker had but a hazy idea of the duties of a chaperon, but he liked the sound of it, and it set him thinking. He remembered when Tom Snider had entered politics a few years ago, with a decayed reputation, a strong and growing thirst for alcoholic stimulants and about four dollars in cash. Now he rode in a private car, had a suite of rooms at the Empire, and the papers often spoke of him as "mine host Snider."

Mr. Ducker turned over the paper and read in another column that the genial Thomas had replied in a very able manner to the toast, "Our Guests," at the Elks' banquet at Ryan's, St. Paul. Whereupon Mr. Ducker became wrapped in deep thought, and it was during this passive period that he distinctly heard his country's call. The call came in these words: "If Tom Snider can do it, why can't I?"

The idea took hold of him. He began to brush his hair artfully over the bald spot. He made strange faces at his mirror, wondering which view of his countenance would be best to have photographed for his handbills.

He saw himself like Cincinnatus of old, called from the plough to the Senate, but he told himself that there couldn't have been as good a thing in it then as there is

now, or Cincinnatus would not have come back to the steers!

Mr. Ducker's social qualities developed amazingly. He courted his neighbours assiduously, stopping to have protracted conversations with men whom he had known but slightly. Every name on the voters' list began to have a new significance.

There was one man whom he feared—that was Evans, editor of the Conservative paper. Sometimes, when his fancy painted for him a gay and alluring picture of carrying "the proud old Conservative banner—that has suffered defeat, but, thank God, never disgrace!" (quotation from speech he was preparing) "in the face of the foe," he would inadvertently think of Evans, and it gave him goose-flesh!

Mr. Ducker had lived in and around Millford for some time, and so had Evans. Evans had a most treacherous memory—you could not depend on him to forget anything.

When Evans was friendly with him his hopes ran high, but when he caught Evans looking at him with a boyish smile twinkling in his eyes his vision of chaperoning an Elk party to St. Paul became very shadowy indeed!

Mr. Ducker tried diplomacy. He withdrew his insurance ad. from McSorley's paper, and doubled his space in Evans', paying in advance. He watched the train for visitors and reported them to Evans. He wrote breezy little local briefs in his own light cow-like way for Evans' paper.

Mr. Ducker was very hopeful. A friend in Winnipeg had already a house in view for them, and Mrs. Ducker had decided what church they would attend and what day she would receive, and many other important matters that it is well to have off one's mind and not leave to the last. Maudie Ducker had been taken into the secret, and she began to feel sorry for other little girls whose papas were content to let their families live always in such a poky little place as Millford. Maudie also began to dream dreams of sweeping in upon the Millford people in flowing robes and sparkling diamonds. Wilford only, of the Ducker

family, was in darkness. His mother said he was too young to appreciate the Change.

The approach of Nomination Day hastened the date of Maudie's party. Mrs. Ducker told Maudie that they must invite the Czar and Pearl Watson, though of course she didn't say the Czar—she said Algernon Evans and that little Watson girl. Maudie objected on account of Pearl's scanty wardrobe and the Czar's moist little hands, but Mrs. Ducker, knowing that the Czar's father was their long suit, stood firm.

Mr. Ducker had said to her that very morning, rubbing his hands and speaking in the voice of a conspirator, "We must leave no stone unturned, my dear; this is the time of seed-sowing. We must pull every wire. The Czar was a wire, therefore they proceeded to pull him. They did not know that he was a live wire until later.

Pearl's delight at being asked to a real party was good to see. Maudie need not have worried about her appearing at the feast without a festal robe, for the dress that Camilla had made her for the musical recital was just waiting for an occasion to air its loveliness. Anything that was needed to complete her wardrobe was supplied by her kind-hearted mistress, the Czar's mother.

But Mrs. Evans stood looking wistfully after her only son, as Pearl wheeled him gaily down the walk that bright afternoon. He was beautifully dressed in the finest of mull and Valenciennes. His carriage was elegant. Pearl, in her neat hat and dress, was a pretty little nurse-girl. But Mrs. Evans' sweet face was troubled. She was thinking of the Mellin's Food Baby she had so coveted, and Algernon was—so different, and his nose was—strange, too, and she had massaged it so carefully, and when, oh! when would he say "Daddy-dinger"?

Algernon was not envious of the Mellin's Food Baby that afternoon, nor worried about his nose either, as he bumped up and down in his carriage in glad good humour, and delivered full-sized gurgling "goos" at every person he met, even throwing them along the street in the prodigality of his heart, as he waved his

fat hands and thumped his heavy little heels.

Pearl held her head high and felt very much like the bodyguard as she lifted the weighty ruler to the ground inside the Ducker gate; Mrs. Ducker ran down the steps and kissed the Czar ostentatiously, and as she carried him into the house, she poured out such a volume of admiring epithets that Pearl followed in dazed bewilderment, wondering why she had not heard of all this before.

Two little girls in very fluffy short skirts sat demurely in the hammock, keeping their dresses clean, and wondering if there would be ice cream within doors. Maudie worried out "Mary's Pet Waltz" on the piano to a dozen or more patient little listeners. On the lawn several little girls played croquet. There were no boys at the party. Wilford was going to entertain the boys, that is the Conservative boys, the next day. Wilford stood at the gate disconsolately. He had been left without a station at his own request. Down at the tracks a freight train shunted and shuddered. Not a boy was in sight, and Wilford knew why. The farmers were loading cattle cars.

Pearl went around to the side lawn where the little girls were playing croquet, holding the Czar's hand tightly.

"What are you playin', girls?" she asked.

They told her.

"Can you play it?" Mildred Bates asked.

"I guess I can," Pearl said modestly. "I am always too busy for games like that."

"Maudie Ducker says you never get time to play," Blanche White said with sincere pity in her voice.

"Maudie Ducker is away off there," Pearl answered with dignity. "I have lots of fun, and don't you forget it, and it isn't this frowsy standin'-round-doin'-nothin', that you kids call fun, either."

"Tell us about it, Pearl," they cried, flocking round her. Pearl's stories had a charm for them.

"Well," Pearl said, taking the Czar on her knee as she sat on the grass. "Ye know I wash Mrs. Evans' dishes for her, and lovely ones they are, too, all pink

and gold with dinky little ivy leaves crawlin' out over the edges of the cups; I play I am at the seashore and the tide is comin' in o'er and o'er the sand, and round and round the land, as far as eye can see. I put all the dishes into the big dish-pan, and I pertend the tide is risin' on them, tho' it's just me pourin' on the water. The cups are the boys and the saucers are the girls, and the butter-chips are the babies. Then I rush in to save them, but not until they cry 'Lord save us, we perish!' Of course I yell it for them, good and loud, too, you bet; people don't just squawk at a time like that—it often scares Mrs. Evans even yet. I save the babies first. I slush them around to clean them, but they never notice that, and then I stand them up high and dry in the drip-pan. Then I go in after the girls and the boys, and I save the mothers and fathers, too, that's the plates, and I rub them all well so's they won't ketch cold, and I get them all packed off to bed in the china cabinet, every man-jack o' them singin', 'Are we yet alive and see each other's face.' Mrs. Evans sings it for them when she's there, and they soon forget they were so near death's door. Then I get the vegetable dishes and the bowls and silverware, and all that, and I pertend that's an excursion, and they're all drunk, not a sober man on board. The capt'n commands them to make merry, and they're singing 'We won't go home till mornin', when crash! a cry bursts from every soul on board. They have struck upon a rock and are goin' down! Water pours in at the gunnel (that's just me with more water and soap, you know), but I ain't sorry for them, they're old enough to know that wine is a mocker, and strong drink is ragin'. But you bet they get sober prit' quick when the swellin' waters burst over them, and come rushin' upon deck with pale faces, and I've often seen a big white bowl—he's the capt'in—whirl round and round, dizzy-like, and say "Woe is me!" and sink to the bottom. Mrs. Evans told me that's what he says. Anyway, I do save them all at last, when they see what whiskey's doin' for them. I rub them all and send them home. The steel knives they're the worst of all, but tho' they're

black and stained with sin, they are still our brothers. So I give them the Gold Cure—that's the bath-brick, and they make a fresh start."

"That's a lovely game," Lily White said rapturously.

"When I sweep the floor," Pearl went on, "I pretend I am the Army of the Lord that comes to clear the way from dust and sin, and let the King of Glory in. Under the stove the hordes of sin are awful thick—they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. But I say the 'Sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' and let her have it! Sometimes I pretend I'm the woman that lost the piece of silver, and I sweep the house diligently till I find it, and once Mrs. Evans did put ten cents under the door mat just for fun, for me to find, and I never know when she's goin' to do something like that for me."

Here Maudie Ducker, who had joined the group on the lawn, and was listening in dull wonder, cried, "O, here's Pa and Mr. Evans they are going to take our picture!"

The little girls, roused out of the spell that Pearl's games had woven around them, immediately began to group themselves under the trees, and to arrange their little skirts and frills.

The Czar had toddled on his uncertain little fat legs around to the back door, for he had caught sight of a red-head that he knew and liked very much. It belonged to Mary McSorley, the eldest of the McSorley family, who had brought over to Mrs. Ducker an extra two quarts of milk which Mrs. Ducker had ordered for the occasion.

Mary sat on the back step until Mrs. Ducker should find time to empty her pitcher. Mary was strictly an outsider. Mary's father was a Reformer. His paper was in opposition to dear Mr. Evans' paper. Mary was never well dressed, partly accounted for by the fact that the stork had visited the McSorley home so frequently. Therefore, for all these reasons, any one sufficient in itself. Mary sat on the back step, a rank outsider.

The Czar, who knew nothing of these things, began to "goo" when he saw

Mary. She reached out her arms, and he stumbled into them. Mary fell to kissing his bald head. She felt more at home with a baby in her arms.

It was at this unfortunate moment that Mr. Ducker and Mr. Evans came around the rear of the house. Mr. Evans was beginning to think rather more favourably of Mr. Ducker as the prospective Conservative member. Poor old goat, there are plenty worse (he was thinking); he has no brains, but heaven help us! what would a man of brains do with that bunch in Winnipeg? Brainy men make the trouble. The Grits made that mistake once—just once—and see what trouble they got into!

Mr. Ducker had adroitly drawn the conversation to a discussion of children. He knew that Mr. Evans' weak point was his little son Algernon.

"That's a clever looking little fellow of yours, Evans," he had remarked carelessly as they came up the street. (Mr. Ducker had never seen the Czar closely). "My wife was just saying that he has a remarkable forehead for a little fellow."

"He has," the other man said smiling, not at all displeased. "It runs clear down to his neck."

"He can hardly help being clever if there's anything in heredity," Mr. Ducker went on with infinite tact, feeling his private car drawing nearer and nearer.

Then the Evil Genius of the house of Ducker awoke from his slumber, sat up, took notice, and smiled. The house that the friend in Winnipeg had selected fell into irreparable ruin. Poor Maudie's diamonds vanished at a touch! Mr. Ducker's dream of carrying the grand old Conservative banner in the face of the foe, ceased to be a dream and became a nightmare!

They turned the corner and came upon Mary McSorley, who sat upon the back-step with the Czar in her arms. Mary's face was hidden as she kissed the Czar's fat neck, and in the general babel of voices within and without she did not hear them coming.

"Speaking about heredity," Mr. Ducker said suavely, speaking in a low voice, and looking at whom he supposed to be the latest McSorley, "it looks as if there

must be something in it over there. Isn't that McSorley over again? Low forehead, pug nose, bulldog tendencies." Mr. Ducker was something of a phrenologist, and went merrily on to his own destruction.

"Now, the girl is rather pleasant looking, and some of the others are not bad at all, but this one is surely a regular little Mickey. Now, Evans, I believe a person would be safe in saying that that child will not grow up a Presbyterian, what do you think?"

Mr. Evans was the Worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and well up in the Black, and Mr. Ducker was sure that this remark would appeal to him. It did.

"Ignatius McSorley will never be dead while this little fellow lives," Mr. Ducker continued, laughing gaily and rubbing his hands.

The Czar looked up and saw his father. Perhaps he saw the hurt in his

father's face and longed to heal him of it, or perhaps the time had come when he should forever break the goo-fetters that had lain upon his speech. He wriggled off Mary's knee, and toddling uncertainly across the grass, held out his dimpled arms with a glad cry of "Daddy-dinger!"

That evening while Mrs. Ducker and Maudie were busy fanning Mr. Ducker and putting wet towels on his head, Mr. Evans sat down to write.

"Some more of that tiresome election stuff, John?" his pretty wife asked, as she proudly rocked the emancipated Czar to sleep.

"Yes, dear, it is election stuff," he answered, as he kissed her tenderly, "but it is not a bit tiresome."

Several times during the evening and far into the night, she heard him laugh—his happy, boyish laugh. James Ducker did not get the nomination.

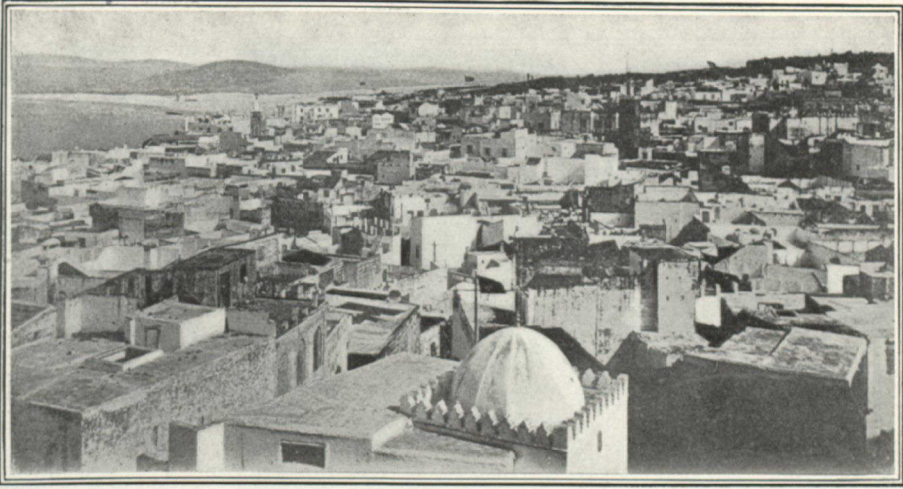
Mother o' Mine

BY H. REMBE

MOTHER o' mine, dear mother o' mine,
 Oh! when I think of thee,
 Tears fill my eyes, yet all my heart
 Is filled with joy and glee.

Thou wast so good, thou wast so true,
 So full of love and grace—
 There's nothing in the wide, wide world
 Like at mother's heart a place!

If thee I forget, dear mother o' mine,
 If I e'er forget thy love,
 I should be forgot throughout all time
 In this world and above



TANGIERS—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY

An Experience in Tangiers

By FRANK CARREL



TANGIERS has a population of about 35,000, and is a small, ill-built town, situated on two hills. Its collection of miserable flat-roofed and windowless houses front on narrow, irregular, unpaved, filthy streets, from which come a succession of fearfully bad odours. It has fortifications and walls, which would not be worth much now, but at the time it was taken by the Portuguese in 1471 were probably of some service.

Tangiers was given to Charles II, King of England, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and was held by the English until 1683, when on account of the expense and the inclement climate (now considered differently) it was evacuated, and the fortifications dismantled. It was subsequently a nest of pirates. Of late years it was visited by Europeans as a health resort, but has now become over-run with an unruly and uncontrolled population. We were not long in the precincts of the city before being quite satisfied of this fact in more ways than one, and it was with good fortune that we managed to get away with our clothes and belongings, not to speak of our lives.

The street in front of our hotel was about six feet wide, and here it was intended that we should mount our donkeys for our sight-seeing ride through the town. We did so, but it was a task and undertaking which might test the whole London police force. The donkeys came from somewhere, but principally the little doorways in front of the hotel, where they were kept in reserve for the coming of our party. The mounting process was like Balaam let loose. It seemed that everyone who climbed on a "moke" found three or four owners squabbling and fighting in front of him for the position of running behind and directing the little animal as we went along. We had half a dozen guides, but we needed half a regiment instead to make one feel that his life was safe. Then there was the presentiment of rolling off the odd-shaped, stirrupless saddles on to the hard cobble stones, for you never knew when your foot-postillion would startle the donkey with a crack on the back or a poke in the side with a sharp-pointed stick.

The streets were crowded and congested, being full of pedestrians in every kind of Oriental garb and garment possible.



TANGIERS—THE TOWN GATES

Women walked about with faces covered. Large, handsome men, with huge fezes and a flunkey to clear the way in front, and another to protect them in the rear, seemed to have the right of way, and everybody salaamed and stepped aside to let them pass by. These distinguished gentlemen were officials, priests, or some elevated caste.

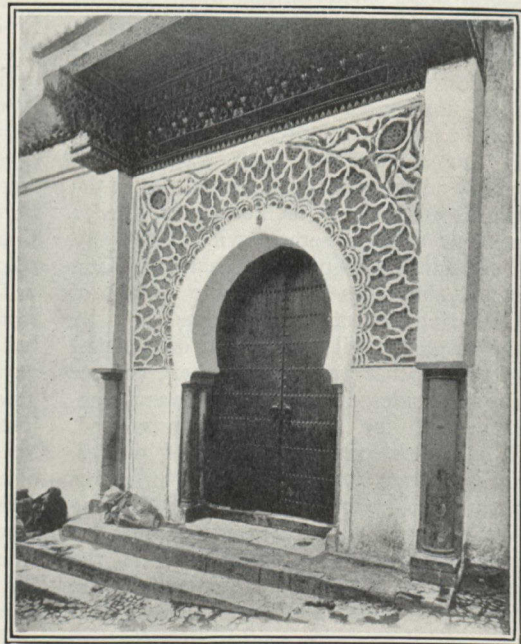
We rode at varying speeds through the motley town until we came to a square, known as the Kasbah, at one corner of which was a group of about fifty professional blind beggars, huddled together in ragged clothing. I was informed they were waiting for the Sultan to send them something to eat and keep them from starving, which he does about three or four times a week. From the back of my donkey I attempted to take a kodak picture when half of them arose and made at me with up-lifted walking sticks. It was too late! I had them, and also sufficient time to raise my camera stand in defence. Although supposed to be blind, they appeared to see quite plainly, and made no mistake in the direction they took to get near me.

We made a halt at the jail, where 170 prisoners are chained

in very small cells. Most of them were there for debt and piracy. Our guide told us that any of them could purchase his liberty at any time, if he could secure the necessary money. On the floor of the entrance was a pile of bread loaves weighing less than a pound each, one of which, with water, is the daily ration of a prisoner. Next to the prison, up an alleyway, was the Governor's harem, which could

only be visited by the ladies in our party, who reported to us afterwards that it was composed of eight women, two extremely large, six hideously ugly, and one fairly good-looking.

On another side of the square was the



TANGIERS—PRINCIPAL MOSQUE GATE

Court of Justice, consisting of a small building with open front, much resembling a covered-in stage of a small open-air theatre, and, sitting in the doorway of an inner chamber, was a grey-bearded Pasha. He sat on a throne which looked like an old-fashioned footstool, while along the two sides of the enclosure, or in the wings, were seven or eight serious-looking Moors sitting on the ground with legs crossed and backs against the wall. The latter were the learned representatives of the legal fraternity of Tangiers. There was also a dirty-looking soldier with a cunning

This, we were informed, was the residential part of what little foreign element live there. In the centre of the open space were a number of dirty, ragged tents, under which were housed several beggarly looking families, or gypsies. We crossed this square, and began a descent to the town again, passing three or four respectable residences of the foreign consuls. Then we arrived at one of the most interesting sights of Tangiers, the great Soko, or market-place. Here all the native traffic is carried on. We saw strings of laden camels, with their drivers



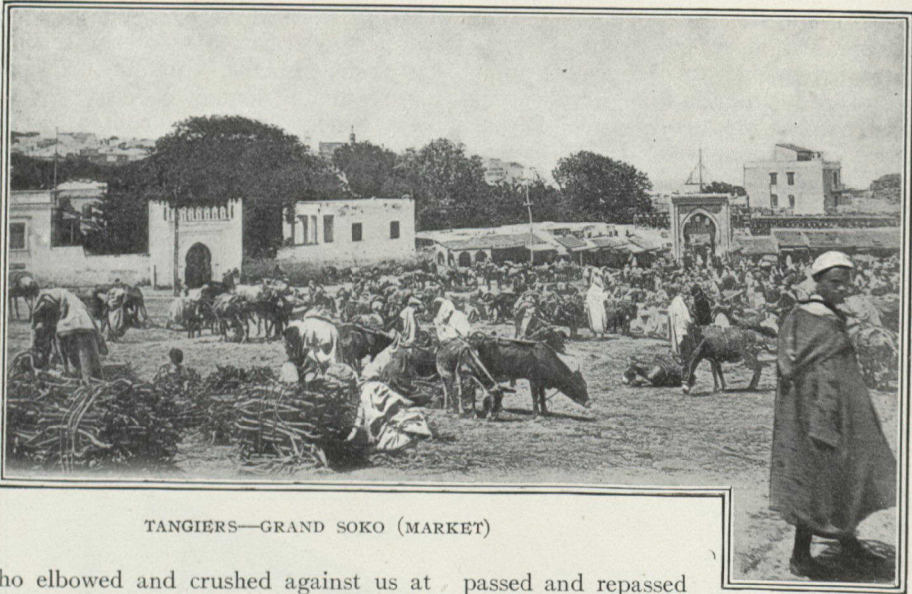
TANGIERS—THE ARRIVAL OF OUR PARTY IN THE PRISON SQUARE

face lolling about. We were, however, fortunate in seeing a case tried, which was most amusing. The prisoner at the bar was a man brought before the court by a decrepit old miser for a debt of two shillings. The accused acknowledged the claim, but pleaded abject poverty, and for a time carried on like a wild man. How the case ended we never knew. If he did not pay up he would probably go to jail.

We continued on through little narrow streets, climbing more hills, passing more processions of the native mixture of inhabitants until we came to another open square, surrounded by a few houses.

from the far interior; fruit stalls, and stalls piled high with gaily-covered carpets and wearing apparel; the snake-charmer and the story-teller, each with his eager audience on the ground before him; groups of squatting women, enveloped up to the eyes in *haiks*, looking like small tents, and the throng of idlers in picturesque Eastern costumes. All went to make up a picture as un-European and novel to the tourist as fancy can paint. Every now and again could be heard the voice of the Muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer, or announcing the flight of the hours by his sand-glass.

We rode through the strange crowd,



TANGIERS—GRAND SOKO (MARKET)

who elbowed and crushed against us at every turn. This seemed to stimulate our donkey-owners to cruelly use their sticks more furiously than ever, and to drive the animals among the pedestrians without respect for anyone. We descended more hilly streets of the same size and width, about six feet, passing several mosques into which no European dare enter. Beyond their tessellated towers and gabled roofs of glazed green tiles, they possess no special or extraordinary features. One of them is said to be occupying the site of an English cathedral.

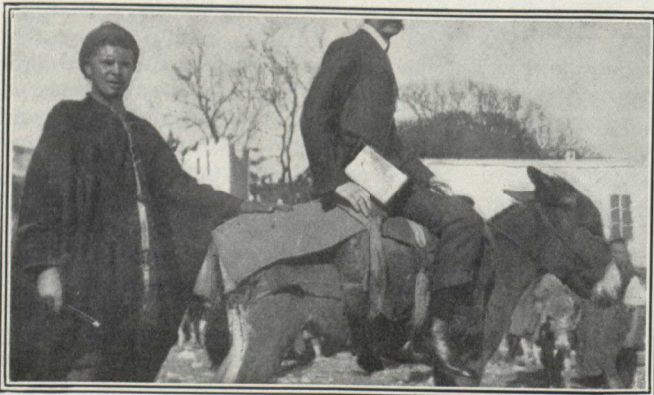
It was the same medley of people we

passed and repassed
—the Genouah from

Timbuctoo, with their peculiar head-dress of shells and strings, and their clanking symbols; the Susi, in dark blue linen, or black and brown jelabas; the mountaineers, tall and fair; the men from the Ghurb, or fertile plains, enveloped in the numerous folds of their coarse *haiks*; while the rich town Moors, on gaudily-caparisoned horses or mules, stood out conspicuous among them all.

When we arrived at the entrance to our hotel, there began a scene which many of the party will never forget. Our

donkey-owners immediately demanded money, although they had already been paid by our excursion organisers. To this unwarranted demand we more or less responded with a sixpence or even a shilling. This did not satisfy them; they held out for half-a-crown, or two shillings. Some of our party immediately resented the request, and they were surrounded by hundreds



TANGIERS—THE AUTHOR MOUNTED, AND IN THE REAR THE DRIVER OF THE DONKEY

of friends of the donkey-owners who proceeded by threats and menaces to badger the strangers. Some were driven into corners where articles such as canes, umbrellas, cameras (mine was held in ransom in this fashion), were snatched away from them, and held by two or three until they got what they wanted. There were no police, and our few guides had all they could do to keep the entrance to the hotel clear for those of us who could run the gauntlet in safety. It was a dangerous experience,

tinuous clamour was kept up during the lunch hour.

The meal was fairly well served by splendid looking Moors, who had no scruples about soliciting their "tips" at the conclusion of the repast as though it were part of the bill of fare. Then, when we got out of the dining-room, we found several of these natives with large Moorish brass plates, standing at almost every corner, and we were told that we were expected to put something in them for the benefit of that part of the hotel staff

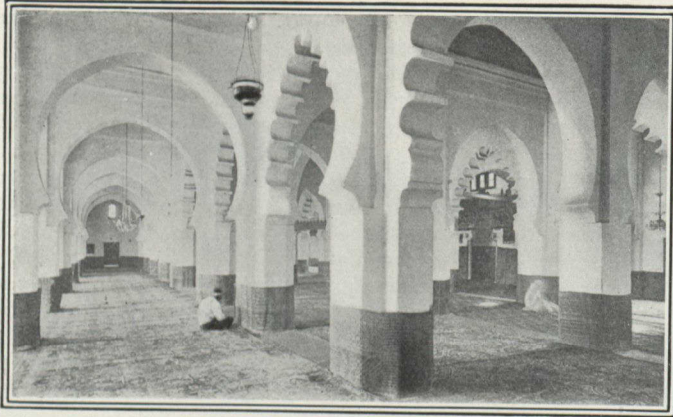


ALGERIA—NATIVES AT WORSHIP

for had one of the party allowed his temper to get beyond his control, as we were all inclined to do, and struck one of the natives, it would not only have been serious for him, but the rest of the foreign visitors as well. Almost all those around us were armed with long knives. Furthermore, if there was any arresting to be done by the miserable army, if called out to quell such a disturbance, it certainly would have been the Europeans who would have been the victims. We fortunately all got inside the hotel door, which was being garrisoned by more than half the hotel staff. Nevertheless, a con-

tinuous clamour was kept up during the lunch hour. The meal was fairly well served by splendid looking Moors, who had no scruples about soliciting their "tips" at the conclusion of the repast as though it were part of the bill of fare. Then, when we got out of the dining-room, we found several of these natives with large Moorish brass plates, standing at almost every corner, and we were told that we were expected to put something in them for the benefit of that part of the hotel staff

which could not be seen, but our party by this time were getting tired of this kind of begging, or had no more money to contribute, and they were poorly patronised. There was a feature of the luncheon which was rather amusing to a Canadian. Our orchestra consisted of a Portuguese, who played the harp, and a Spaniard, who played on a mandolin. This combination surprised us all by starting with "Marching through Georgia," following with "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," and "The Old Folks at Home." After the playing of the latter I was



ALGIERS—INTERIOR OF THE GREAT MOSQUE

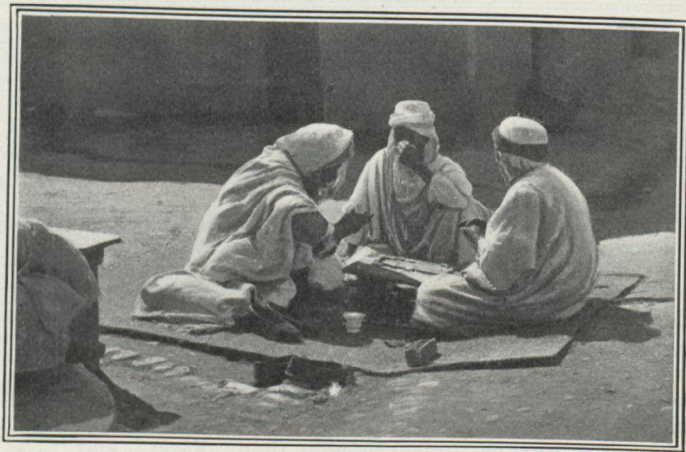
deputed to have the music changed to something Oriental or characteristic of the country we were visiting. I must not omit to mention that the musicians also went around with a plate, so that in addition to paying for our lunch, it seemed that we were expected to pay for everything that went with it.

But with all these inside troubles and professional beggars we had no idea what was waiting for us outside. It appears that the donkey-owners had taken their animals somewhere, probably to a stable, although I doubt their ever seeing such a fold, and had returned to the hotel front and there awaited us, with about several hundred supporters, including men, women and boys, determined to continue their badgering for more money. We left the hotel for the pier, a five-minute walk, never dreaming of molestation. Nevertheless every inch of the way had to be fought, and it was all we could do to keep the ladies protected from having their dresses torn from them or their parasols and bags snatched out of their hands. We

placed them in the centre and formed a cordon around them; then everybody held together as closely as possible, and jostled and edged a passage through the unruly mob as best we could under the circumstances. Needless to say, it was a very trying and disagreeable experience. We all managed to arrive at the first gate of the pier,

where we left a great majority of our importuning friends on the outside. We had to pass three gates to reach the end of the pier where we embarked on our steam launches to join our ship. Even inside these three barriers we found vendors, but our party was a good-sized one, and we were able to hold our own.

We might have left the town in peace but for a scene which caused considerable excitement when we were in the launches ready to start. Two powerful Arabs jumped into one of the boats and demanded money from one of our passengers who was about to use his stick on the intruders, when it was explained that these men, unsolicited, had performed some

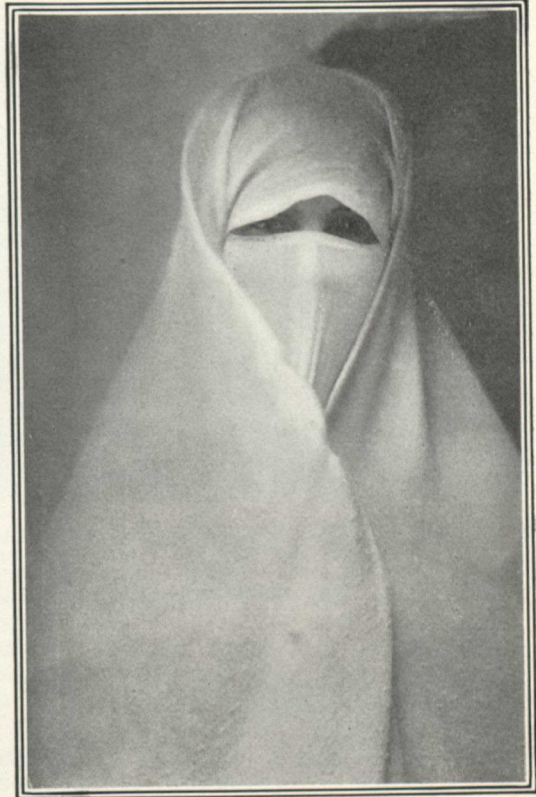


ALGERIA—PLAYING DOMINOES

little assistance when the launches came to the wharf. They demanded eight shillings, and to amiably settle the excitement, our excursion organiser gave them the money.

When we saw the last of Tangiers that night, as we steamed out of the wretched harbour, few were sorry, notwithstanding that our stay was the most exciting of any we had experienced on the cruise. Many good stories were told that evening in the smoking-room of the roguish tricks of those natives of Tangiers, who knew a shilling from a sixpence as well as any beggar in London. One gentleman had to pay two shillings to redeem his walking-cane from several small boys who got him in a corner, threatening him in a very wild manner. After lunch one of them turned up with a lead piece, accusing him of having given it to them, and demanding to have it changed. This was too much for the gentleman's constitution, and after a very indignant display of wrathful phrases, the would-be impostor offered to compromise for half the amount. Of course this is an old Mediterranean trick.

Other such tales were told which seemed very ludicrous when related amidst the fumes of tobacco smoke and convivial



THE VEILED WOMAN OF MOROCCO AND ALGERIA

company, but when being enacted bore a different aspect.

We sailed for Gibraltar, the greatest fortress in the world, and the next day we lunched in the same hotel as the members of the Moroccan International Commission at Algeciras, surrounded by a fleet of foreign warships. Our experiences in Morocco were quite sufficient to show us the necessity for such a congress as was then being held. It is to be hoped that some police system will soon be established in the Sultan's domains.



ALGECIRAS, SPAIN—ALL HOUSES HAVE THEIR GROUND-FLOOR WINDOWS BARRED



SAN FRANCISCO CITY AND BAY, SHOWING THE FERRY BUILDING (TO THE RIGHT WITH STEEPLE), THE DOCKS, AND THE FERRY BOATS RUNNING TO BERKELEY, OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA. ALL THIS PART OF THE CITY WAS BURNED WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FERRY BUILDING AND THE DOCKS TO THE LEFT

The Destruction of San Francisco

By J. A. HOLDEN



THE early morning of April 18th was warm and "close," in contrast with the typically cool evening which preceded. I had been awake, in my home in Oakland, about half an hour when I heard a rumbling in the distance. This occurred about fourteen minutes past five o'clock. My thought was, "Here comes an earthquake." Thinking it would be like the one we experienced last year, I did not trouble to leave my bed. In a few seconds came the shock. Bang! Then the house seemed to be thrown one way, then back, then one end kicked up its heels and then another. This lasted for about one minute—59 seconds according to the records. I was busy hanging tight to the bed which was inclined to move about the room.

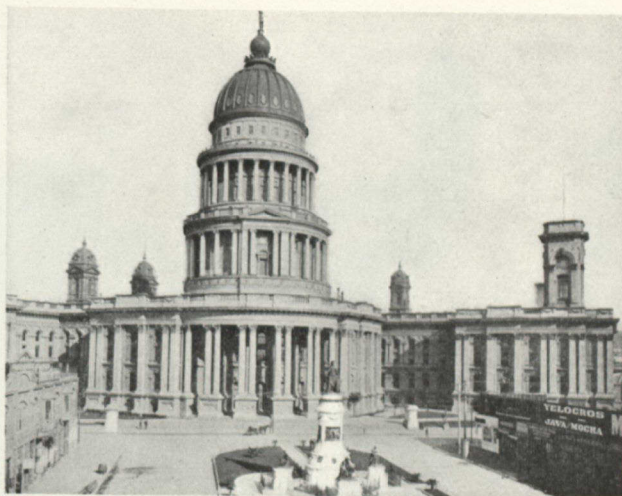
A friend tells me that when she heard the rumbling she ran to the back door of her home, which, it happens, looks towards our house. When the shock came, the tall trees at the back of our

building bent right over almost to the roof-tree, then back in the opposite direction. Then they danced a jig. Her house was raised about four feet and then dropped back in its original position. Her observation agrees with my sensations.

We have been building a larger house nearby on the hillside, and when the earthquake struck us, I said to myself, "Bye-bye new house." When we went out to see what had happened, there stood our beamed, lath and plaster house as if nothing had occurred. Outside there is but one crack and inside but two. To me it seems wonderful that there are any houses standing after such a shaking. Only one serious accident occurred in Oakland; a wall fell upon a lower building and killed five people. But eleven miles away, across the Bay, the people of San Francisco were not so fortunate.

To describe what happened in detail is impossible. The tall buildings rocked,

grated against each other, and swayed as trees in a wind. Cornices fell, chimneys toppled over, and a few buildings collapsed altogether. Out in the Mission district, for example, the roadway sank ten feet, and the houses fell, killing and wounding many people. Some crawled out from the debris, half naked and besmeared with blood, dazed and bewildered. Some parts of lower Mission Street, over which I have since travelled, have sunk from one to four feet, leaving the buildings, which were built on piles, standing that height above the present level of the roadway. In other cases, the buildings have sunk with the street. In front of the huge Ferry Buildings at the foot of Market Street, there are cracks in the roadway from one to six inches wide, and in places there are depressions several feet in depth. The lodging



SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL—WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE

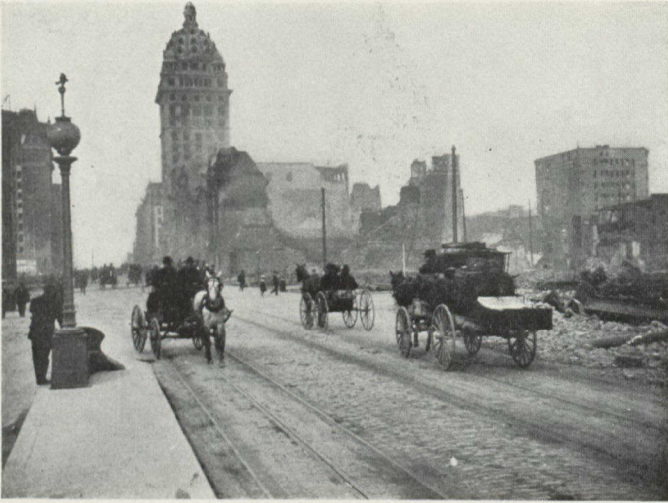
houses in this district collapsed and many lives were lost.

Yet the earthquake was as nothing in comparison with what followed. It was not thought that San Francisco would ever have a great conflagration such as was the fate of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Ottawa, and Toronto. There were many wooden buildings; in fact, almost all the buildings were of wood, except the modern steel and stone office buildings. Dr. Lyman Abbott once wrote that San Francisco was the most wooden town he ever saw. However, most of the building material was redwood, which is slow burning. This, with an efficient and generous fire service, was thought to be an ample safeguard. Nevertheless, as in Lisbon in 1755, so in San Francisco in 1906—a conflagration followed the earthquake and was even more disastrous to property. When the fire in 1755 ceased, the most beautiful city in



THE MISSION DOLORES—A CHURCH BUILT IN 1776 BY THE SPANISH FRIARS, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN SAN FRANCISCO—DESTROYED BY FIRE

Photograph copyrighted by Detroit Pub. Co.



MARKET ST. AND THE "CALL" BUILDING AFTER BEING SWEEPED BY THE FIRE. THIS WAS THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT

Photograph by J. A. Holden

Europe was a mass of ruins; when that of 1906 had spent its fury the greatest city on the Pacific Coast of America was three-quarters ashes and debris.

Within twenty minutes after the earthquake, a hundred fire-calls were sent in to the different stations. In a few minutes more the whole available force was out. The engines got to work but the supply of water gave out immediately—the engines gave a cough, the nozzles spat air, and the men gazed at each other in consternation. The suction pipes were dropped into the sewers, but that supply was soon exhausted. Black despair settled upon every person. The city was doomed, for the flames were gathering strength in several quarters. The soldiers were called out, gunpowder and dynamite were secured, and

a great fight began. From hour to hour, from day to day, it continued, but the flames spread relentlessly. Soon Golden Gate Park, with its 1,050 acres, was the only refuge, and at one time it contained about 200,000 homeless people—millionaires, bankers, merchant princes, professional men, workingmen, and the inhabitants of Chinatown, all were on the one level. Food, furniture and wealth were gone; there were only men, women, children and domestic pets. A hundred babies were

born that first night in the park, and the general suffering for many nights was intense.

On April 25th, just a week after the earthquake, I decided to pay San Francisco another visit before sending my MS. to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It was



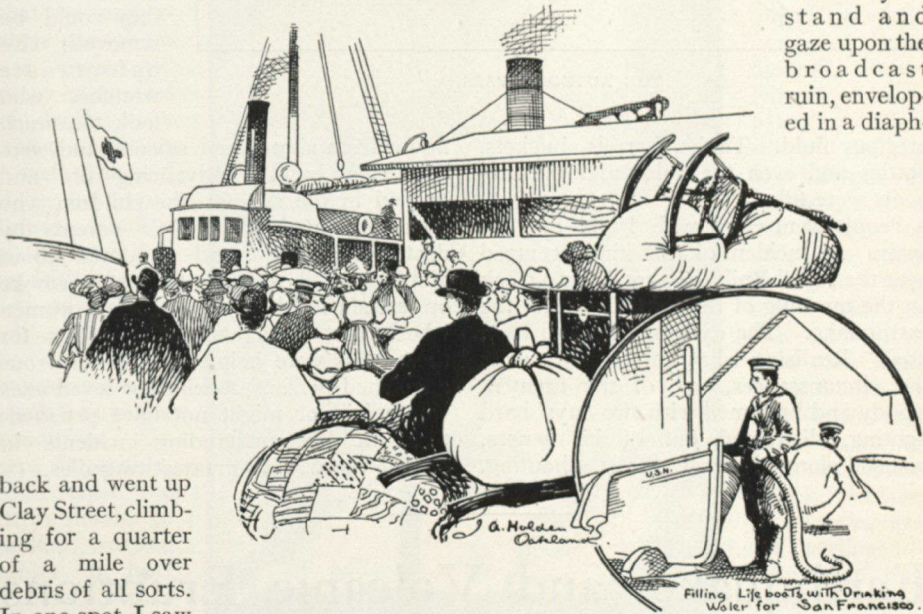
"EXAMINER" BUILDING IN CENTRE; "CHRONICLE" BUILDING TO LEFT; "CALL" BUILDING TO RIGHT

Photograph by J. A. Holden

difficult to get over, but with the Editor's instructions in my hands, I secured a pass from the Governor's headquarters in the Oakland City Hall. When I got out of the Ferry Buildings, on the San Francisco side of the Bay, I was almost lost. It was difficult to tell just which was Market Street, that great three and a half mile thoroughfare. Up to the Call Building, there was nothing to be seen but tottering walls. I wanted to go up the street, but the guard refused to allow me on account of the dynamiting of the ruins. I turned

a fifteen minutes' walk—but it took me an hour and a half to climb all the obstructions. The underground city, with its swarms of devils incarnate, was a scene of desolation. The filth of which it was proud was gone—Chinatown was at last washed and purged. Its secret recesses were revealed and it will never be rebuilt.

Over more debris and on, I at last came in sight of the Hopkins School of Art. Here over a million dollars' worth of art and architecture had gone up in smoke. From this point one gets a view of the whole city. I stand and gaze upon the broadcast ruin, enveloped in a diaph-



REFUGEES LANDING AT OAKLAND

Sketch by J. A. Holden

back and went up Clay Street, climbing for a quarter of a mile over debris of all sorts. In one spot I saw seven horses and three waggons buried under a fallen wall—and a sickening sight it was. From here I went to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, corner of Montgomery and California Streets, to get a photograph. The building was completely gutted. Just as I got the camera into position, all the homeless pieces of tin cornice which hang down everywhere began to clang, and brick and mortar to fall. All plainly said, "Earthquake." I snapped the camera and ran. Unfortunately the negative was spoiled.

From here, I went up Fifth Avenue to Kerney, past the Hall of Justice, to Chinatown. From the Ferry to Chinatown was

anous pall of smoke—a huge graveyard of cremated ambitions and hopes.

I have sketched some of the incidents I saw. The scene at the foot of Broadway, Oakland, was typical of several days. It was here that most of the relief boats from San Francisco landed the refugees from the burning city. The wharves were constantly crowded with persons seeking for relatives and friends and many pathetic scenes were enacted.

When the water supply ran out, drinking water rose to 50 cents a glass. The steam-tugs and other boats on the Bay came to Oakland and loaded up with the

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE Oakland	GOOD THIS DATE ONLY
	April 20 1906
PASS MR. <i>J. Hollen</i>	
through the lines in SAN FRANCISCO	
Attest: <i>H.B.A.</i>	By order of GEO. C. PARDEE Governor of California
<i>J.B. Lauck</i>	Adjutant General

THE AUTHOR'S PASS

precious fluid. Tanks, barrels, buckets, bottles and even the holds and the life-boats were filled.

People went crazy with fright and despair. An incident of this kind occurred near the Flood Building about four o'clock on the morning of the third day after the earthquake. The dynamite had all been used. Realising what this meant under the circumstances, one of the firemen, bloody and begrimed with two days' hard fighting, distracted out of his senses, rushed along Market Street shouting,

liquor from abandoned saloons and were overtaken by the advancing fire and burned in the streets; the children who were separated from their parents by death or accident and wandered about aimlessly until overcome by fire and smoke or rescued by the noble men and women whose first thoughts were always for those who were helpless; the numerous anguished persons seeking for loved ones who might or might not have perished; these are but outstanding incidents in one of the world's greatest tragedies.

"Good God! The dynamite's all done and the city is doomed."

The tales that might be told of the suffering endured are legion. The sick and injured that were caught by the flames before they could be removed; the unfortunate wretches who took too much

Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions

By A. P. COLEMAN, Professor of Geology, University of Toronto



IN this age of applied science we are apt to think that the forces of nature have been conquered and compelled to do our bidding. We boast of the millions of horse power developed by harnessing waterpowers or burning coal under boilers, and of our railways and ships and steel-built cities; then comes a minor volcanic eruption, throwing the largest city of Italy into terror of imminent destruction; or a slight shiver of the earth's crust toppling into ruin the greatest city of the Pacific Coast, and we are forcibly reminded that against the

larger forces of nature we are as helpless as the anthill before the ploughshare.

Of the natural forces working about us, some are fairly well understood and even taken for granted, such as wind and running water, drawing their energy from the sun; but there are other forces whose source of energy is the mysterious interior of the earth far below any insignificant drill hole or mining shaft which man can sink. It is these subterranean forces which cause earthquakes and volcanoes, now and then destroying a city and rousing our terror; and unfortunately the hearths where they originate

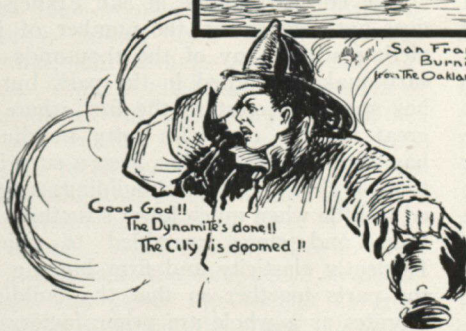
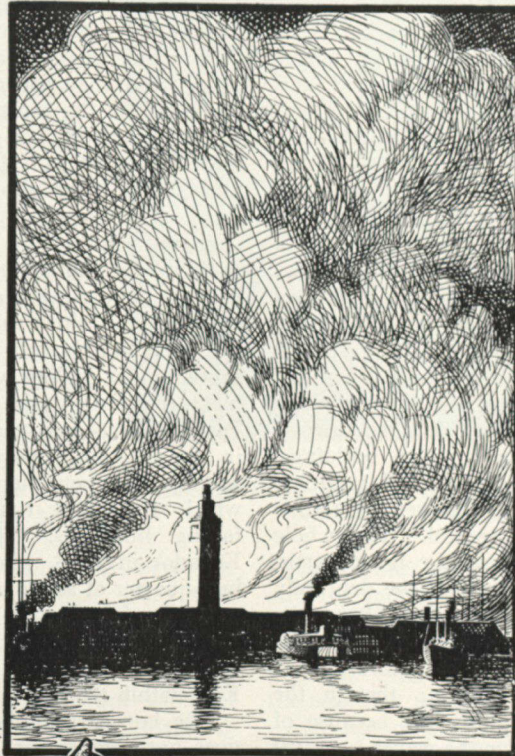
are so far beyond the reach of study, that we cannot predict their outbreaks for even a day ahead, as our meteorologists can the weather. Professor Matteucci with his finger on the pulse of Vesuvius can only record, but not foretell with any certainty, the mountain's actions; and a great earthquake may come without a moment's warning.

Our theory of the causes of earthquakes and volcanoes must depend therefore on our ideas of conditions far below the surface of the earth. We know that the temperature rises about one degree for every sixty feet of depth, as a well is drilled or a shaft sunk, and if the heat continues to increase at this rate it is evident that a few miles down all ordinary rocks would be melted under the usual surface conditions. Except for a thin, solid crust the earth should be molten to the centre, if heat has the same effect at great depths as at the surface; but it

has been proved that the earth as a whole is as rigid as steel or even much more rigid, so that no large part of the interior can be melted. This is a very curious result of modern investigation, for the rocks of the surface have hardly a tenth the strength of steel, and we know from mountain structures that at a few miles depth the strongest rocks cannot support the weight above them but flow like pitch under any shifting of the load.

We must think of the earth, then, as

having a thin outer layer, cold and brittle, easily cracked and fissured, overlying a warmer plastic layer slowly yielding to changes of pressure, and a hot interior of which we know little except that it is as heavy as iron and more rigid than steel. The earth is slowly shrinking, either by loss of heat, or as some think, because its particles are still settling together and giving off steam and gases. As the crust of the earth is no longer



SAN FRANCISCO BURNING—FROM THE FERRY BOAT

A DISTRACTED FIREMAN

SHOOTING VANDALS

Sketches by J. A. Holden

cooling or losing gases it must adjust itself by breaking or crumpling up as the interior shrinks beneath it.

Earthquakes and volcanoes are only incidents in the processes that elevate continents, build mountain chains, and deepen sea bottoms; and the real cause of all these mighty changes is to be found in the shrinking of the earth's interior and the wrinkling of its crust to adapt itself to the lessened surface.

Suppose that the land along the Pacific Coast has long been slowly rising, while the sea bottom has been settling down, there comes a time when the rocks at the junction of land and sea can no longer stand the strain, but suddenly break and shift a few inches or a few feet. There is a violent shock which travels through the earth's crust outwards in all directions, and we say there has been an earthquake. Earthquake waves are like sound waves except that they travel much faster, at a rate of from two to six miles a second, and their undulations are very long and low, the change of level from hollow to crest being seldom more than half an inch, and often less than a millimeter (1-25 of an inch).

It seems incredible that so low a wave should destroy massive buildings, until we remember the fearful swiftness of the blow coming at the speed of 10,000 to 30,000 feet per second. The whole earth trembles when there is an earthquake at any point, so that the delicately poised wire of the seismograph at the Toronto or Ottawa observatory vibrates and records a shock in California or South America, or Japan; though the record is a few minutes late because of the time necessary for the waves to travel the distance between the two places.

The slipping of the strata which makes the earthquake may show itself to the eye as open fissures or a "fault" in the geological sense, one side standing higher than the other. In a recent earthquake in Burma, a fault crossed a river, which now has a fall of about 20 feet, where the water once flowed smoothly; and in Alaska a rise of 47 feet was found at one point after an earthquake.

Often the origin of the shock is due to a shifting of the sea bottom, as proved by

the breaking of cables. In such earthquakes the sea first retreats from the shore and then rushes back as a wave 50 feet high, sometimes sweeping away towns and villages, and drowning thousands of people. The coasts of Japan and of western South America have been devastated more than once by such "tidal waves." The centre of disturbance in the late earthquake in California must have been inland, however, since no serious ocean wave was noticed on the coast.

Earthquakes may last a few seconds or minutes or may continue for months or even years, as in Calabria from 1783 to 1786; and they are apt to occur again and again in the same region, with intervals of years or of a generation between destructive shocks. The line of faulting allows slip after slip as the adjoining areas slowly adjust their level to the changing conditions.

From the human point of view the history of earthquakes is one of dire calamities, of cities ruined without warning, their inhabitants perishing by thousands under falling walls. One of the most disastrous was that of Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 people lost their lives in six minutes, many of them by the sinking of a new pier in the harbour to which they had rushed to avoid the falling buildings. The earthquake of Ecuador in 1868, when 40,000 perished in a quarter of an hour, was probably the most fearful during the past century, though there have been great losses of life through earthquakes in Japan and the East within recent years.

The late earthquake in San Francisco does not compare in the number of its victims with many of the thousands of earthquakes recorded in the past, but it has special interest as the first where a great modern city with lofty buildings has been shaken. It has been a surprise to many that the tall steel buildings suffered so little when much lower structures of brick and stone crumbled to ruins. Evidently elasticity and firm binding of the parts together so that the building vibrates as a whole are prime factors of safety in an earthquake region. The most serious defect seems to have been

the brittle material of the watermains, which were quickly shattered and carried no water to fight the flames which sprang up immediately, sweeping the great stretch of wooden buildings so characteristic of Pacific Coast cities.

Earthquakes often occur in regions where there are volcanoes, and it has suggested that they are connected; that, for instance, the movements of molten rock beneath the surface might cause earthquakes; but there are many earthquakes far from volcanic activity, and we may conclude that neither is the cause of the other, but that both result from the adjustment of the earth's crust to its shrinking interior, as mentioned earlier.

There is hardly any actual fire in volcanoes and no real smoke, so that the intense heat of the lava must be accounted for in some other way. It is generally held that everywhere a few miles below the surface the rock is hot enough to melt if it were not under tremendous pressure, and that a lightening of the load by the doming up of the strata or the opening of fissures in mountain-building may relieve this pressure. The white hot layer of rock then becomes liquid and expands greatly, forcing itself upward through fissures, and perhaps reaching the surface. There it piles itself up as a hill or a mountain with a cup-shaped crater, and a new volcano has arisen. All deep-seated rocks seem to be charged with water and other gases, retained in spite of the intense heat because there is no way of escape. When the lava rises to levels of less pressure the compressed steam expands and passes into the air as great columns of steam, the "smoke" of the volcano. When the lava is very hot and fluid, as in the Hawaiian craters, the



LIBRARY OF AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION, SHOWING EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE

steam escapes easily without explosions, and the molten rock flows swiftly down the mountain side like so much honey, till it slowly cools miles away from its outlet, or even pours over some cliff into the sea with tremendous turmoil.

On the other hand, there are pasty lavas from which the steam can escape only by force with appalling explosions like that of Krakatoa in 1883, when half of a mountainous island was blown into fragments and scattered over all the adjoining sea and islands, while fine dust spread over millions of square miles. In this eruption and the feebler one on Martinique four years ago, no lava flowed and everything given off by the volcano was flung into the air by the action of steam.

Most volcanoes lie between these two extremes and pour out lava from some



SAN FRANCISCO—THE BUSINESS DISTRICT AFTER THE FIRE

This view shows how the steel-frame buildings braved both the earthquake and the fire

fissure, while steam explosions are scattering loose materials over the country round, as in the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The flow of very fluid lava once played a large part in the history of the western States, India, the north of Ireland and other parts of the world, where thousands of square miles are covered with sheets of basalt; but at the present day this type of eruption is less important. The small lava streams of modern volcanoes make fine spectacles at night, and sometimes threaten or destroy villages on the flanks of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, but they seldom advance fast enough to cause loss of life.

Explosive eruptions, however, are the most terrifying and dramatic geological activities in the world at the present time. Masses of red-hot lava are hurled thousands of feet into the air, cooling as they ascend and battering descending bombs into fragments of all sizes down to the finest dust. Bombs from *Krakatoa* fell twelve miles away, pieces as large as a man's fist were tossed twenty-five miles from the volcano, while finer sand and dust buried the tropical vegetation for hundreds of miles, darkening the sun so that noonday was as black as midnight.

The 'condensing steam of the explosions fell as torrents of rain, changing the volcanic ash to mud; and, as usually happens in eruptions, vivid lightning flashed through the darkness.

The same effects, though on a far smaller scale, have accompanied the late eruption of *Vesuvius*, the thickly falling ashes crushing the roofs of the nearer towns and villages, and covering the city of *Naples* with a pall of grey.

No volcanic eruptions or destructive earthquakes have

been recorded in Canada, though a somewhat violent and long continued earthquake occurred in *Quebec* in 1663, when the Indians declared that "the trees were drunk." No damage seems to have been done, however, to the small settlements of the time.

In *Ontario* there were, however, once vast outpourings of volcanic rock and also explosive eruptions near *Lake Superior*, in the *Sudbury* district, and at other points in the north; and doubtless there were great earthquakes while the *Laurentian* mountains were being elevated; but these events date from the most distant geological formations, and are now of interest mainly for the ores brought up by the eruptive rocks of the time.

Recent volcanic ash and even cones with well-formed craters are known in northern *British Columbia* and the *Yukon*, but there has been no eruption in the short known history of those regions, nor have there been notable earthquakes; so that we may safely look on *Canada* as geologically the most quiescent country in the world. Peace and stability are characteristic qualities of *Canada* from the geological point of view, since our times of storm and stress ended long ago.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI

AT ACOBARRA



AL AISBET, the man by whom Oora Galbraith was rescued, had been one of the pioneers of northern Australia. Acobarra, his house—or rather collection of houses—stood on a hill on the mainland overlooking the Straits, and his flag, floating from the highest point of the headland, dipped to passing vessels of importance and was saluted in return. Acobarra, part cattle-run, part pearling station, had a life of its own which though cut off, comparatively speaking, from civilisation, was hardly less varied and exciting than the life of the settlement.

When the pearling fleet was in, white, black and yellow men congregated in a little native quarter that ran along the beach, and the more important of Aisbet's crews occupied the better-looking cottages farther back among the palms. Aisbet was absolute lord in his own domain. He was a dead shot, and kept order in rough but effectual fashion. The blacks, who on the wilder parts of that coast are savage cannibals, had begun making raids on his station, but now regarded him as "Debil-debil," and kept away. The Papuans, whom he occasionally visited, were friendly and allowed him to do a good trade in native products, and he was a power in certain of the islands where missionaries were sometimes glad of his protection. He had himself married the daughter of a missionary, once a beautiful girl, still a handsome woman—straight as a dart, athletic as a man, and as good a sailor as her husband had in his fleet of pearling luggers. So, too, was their daughter of seventeen, who helped her mother in nursing Oora back

to life again. But it was now the time for the pearl-ers to go out, and Mrs. Aisbet always accompanied her husband, practically taking the command of the floating station, and proving that there was no cleverer trader in the Timor and Arafura Seas. This year it had been settled that her daughter should go with her on the cruise.

Susan Galbraith thought it an extraordinary life for civilised women to lead, and decided that for her own part she preferred the solitudes of gidya and gum forest, and the legendary romance of the bush, to the seething human interest of a Torres Straits settlement. She was a little jarred by the queerness of the Acobarra household, the unconventional Aisbet women, the black and brown servants, the Malays and half-castes, the Dutchmen—so-called, but who were mostly Germans—the beach-combers and "shell-backs," and all the other strange folk who at this time came about the Acobarra headland. Susan could not appreciate the picturesqueness of her present surroundings, which, however, she was ready to admit would appeal strongly to her sister, were Oora only in a condition to enjoy them. But, alas, since Hal Aisbet carried the poor blistered form on shore wrapped in a sailor's overcoat, Oora had lain insensible to all that was going on around, existence for her being only alternations of delirium and stupor. Her nervous system had received so severe a shock, and the fever which followed on those terrible hours of exposure was of such serious nature that the doctor, whom Hal Aisbet had fetched over from Thursday Island, declared at first that she could not recover. But she was still alive when her father and sister arrived, having taken the first possible steamer north, and every day the flickering hope grew stronger. Then good Patsy, who had remained be-

hind, as she and her husband could not both leave Narrawan without a manager, got a bush friend and his wife to take temporary charge of the station and the two elder children, and with her baby came north to her step-daughter's assistance, Mr. Galbraith going back by the return steamer. The family migration was necessary, for it would not have done to interfere with Aisbet's plans. Though Oora was out of actual danger at the date fixed for their pearlers' departure, she was nevertheless too ill to be moved for some weeks to come. It was therefore arranged that the Aisbets should lend their house to the Galbraiths until Oora could be taken south.

The Aisbets were gone at last, and a wondrous quietude had fallen on Acobarra. The flag had been hauled down from the flagstaff on the hill; the laggard sailing boats of the pearlers were no longer visible even as white specks in the sea; it was afternoon, and Susan Galbraith, worn out with nursing and relieved by the knowledge that Patsy was there to share her responsibilities, rested in the verandah and realised how intensely soothing to racked nerves was the sense of lull that now pervaded the head station. And apart from the cares of Oora's illness, poor Susan was racked with anxiety about her own unhappy love-affair. For no word had come to her of or from Wolfe. She was supposing that he had gone up to the Yellaroi, and had no notion that he had been on board the *Quetta*. Being painfully assured of the loss of her own relatives, Susan shrunk from the harrowing details of the wreck, and she had been in too close attendance upon Oora to pay heed to casual visitors from Thursday Island, or to any gossip of the settlement which came through them. Moreover, Wolfe's name was not down in the list of those lost or saved, for he had only gone on board the *Quetta* at Cooktown, and had not been entered in the second-class passenger list. Besides, he was in much the same critical state as Oora from fever and exposure on the raft, and consequently, with the exception of Flash Sam, who for reasons of his own was not communicative, no

one at Thursday Island had any clue as to his identity.

Susan, as she leaned back in her canvas chair, worn and wraith-like, gave the suggestion of a tired angel clad in white muslin and incongruous black ribbons—ribbons worn as a sign of mourning for her uncle and aunt. The oval of her face seemed to have elongated; her skin was pallid and transparent; her hair, simply parted and less elaborately dressed than usual, appeared to have lost vitality, and her soft blue eyes had a scared look. In truth, she had been very much frightened while watching at Oora's bedside. She had never before nursed anyone in the grip of fever, and Oora had raved of terrible things—it was no wonder that Patsy felt shocked and astonished. In her delirium she had seemed to be going through experiences so revolting to Susan that she had wondered how Oora could have come out of them alive.

Bye-and-bye Patsy came round the verandah from Oora's bedroom looking worried and puzzled. Patsy did not take any more than Susan to the Polynesian and Asiatic elements at Acobarra. The cook was a Kling; the indoor servants Japanese boys; the outdoor ones Chinese and Kanakas. Now that the Aisbets had left, except their two selves and a nursemaid Patsy had brought with her from Townsville to mind the baby, there were no white women on the place. The overseer who managed the cattle and looked after things generally, lived in a cottage apart and was unmarried. It was too far for the ladies of Thursday Island to come visiting and Patsy was wishing that they were all back at Narrawan. Susan saw, however, that something more than social and domestic difficulties perplexed her mother.

"Oora's asleep," Patsy began. "She just woke up to drink her beef tea, and poor enough stuff it is that that creature in the dirty turban makes. I'll have to be after getting her something that's got more nourishment in it. She's that weak I dare not let her lift her head, but the worst of the fever is over now, I believe, with that spurt last night. My word! that bothered me, Su. However Oora

could let herself go on like that I'm sure I can't make out."

She looked questioningly at Susan, but the girl did not answer, and Mrs. Galbraith plumped into a cane chair and fanned herself with a palm leaf.

"My goodness, it does feel nice to be quiet after all that racket this morning," she said. "I declare I'd sooner live in the middle of a mob of bullocks at Narrawan than here in a camp of pearlers. And as for a tribe of good old bush blacks, they'd be a treat after these nasty brownish yellow breeds! The best thing they have here is the mangoes!"

Patsy stooped and helped herself from a basket of the fruit that stood on the floor of the verandah. She attacked the mango in an absent manner, spilling the juice over her hands and lap, and then threw the fruit away, to be swooped down upon by a crow, while she rubbed herself with her pocket handkerchief.

"Beastly things!" she ejaculated, not making it clear whether she alluded to the crows, the Malays, or the mangoes. After a pause she exclaimed suddenly:

"Su, *can* you make it out?"

"Make what out, Patsy, dear?" Susan had grown very gentle of late.

"Why, make out who the man is that Oora was raving about last night—that man who seems to have been making love to her, or that she was making love to, out there in the sea after the wreck. Seems a queer time to choose for such blarney, with the water full of sharks and people drowning all round. Do you think her rambling *could* have been all fancy?"

"I can't tell you, Pat."

"Girls don't go on like that all out of their own head," continued Mrs. Galbraith, sagaciously. "Sure, I never heard anything so outrageous. Do you think your poor Aunt Leitch could have been aware of what Oora was after?"

"Aunt Leitch was drowned directly the ship went down," answered Susan, sadly.

Mrs. Galbraith shuddered.

"Yes, yes, I know it was awful. I can't bear to think of it. I feel as if I never wanted to hear the *Quetta* mentioned again. But I meant before that. The man must have been a saloon pas-

senger? What was his name, do you know?"

"Oora has never spoken his name. Patsy, I wouldn't say anything more about it. Oora will tell us the truth when she comes to herself."

"I'm not so sure of that. She wouldn't have the face to own up to such doings if she were in her right mind," said Patsy, who had strict Irish views as to propriety. "Have you heard what became of the fellow? Was he saved, too?"

"I don't know."

"But didn't your father ask any questions of anyone?"

"There has been nobody to ask questions of, Patsy," replied Susan, impatiently. "Oora was by herself in the water, as you know, when Mr. Aisbet picked her up. If he'd been any later, he said, she must have gone. Mrs. Aisbet told me she'd never seen anything so dreadful as the blisters on Oora's body."

Mrs. Galbraith shuddered again.

"They're bad enough now. But didn't your father make any enquiries over at Thursday Island? Wasn't he horrified to hear Oora talking in such a way about a man?"

"He didn't know much about how she talked. It is nearly always at night, and I've been taking the nights till you came. I tried to keep Dad and the Aisbets out of Oora's room when she was excited. And then Dad—" Susan hesitated.

"Well, what else, Su? Your Dad would tell me himself, so you may as well, now he's gone."

"Father was thinking a great deal about Harry," said Susan, speaking slowly, as though she found the subject painful. "You know he heard something at Thursday Island?"

Mrs. Galbraith looked at her step-daughter with quickened interest.

"No, I didn't know. Duncan said nothing. There wasn't time—my arriving only yesterday, and he going away to-day, and there was all the station work to tell him about. We shifted the sheep from the Ten Mile, and then some of the cattle Wolfe helped to get in headed back again from the Iron Bark country. Now, if Wolfe had only stopped on as Duncan wanted, everything would have

been all right, and your Dad needn't have hurried off like this. I suppose you haven't heard whether Wolfe is coming back, Su?"

"No," said Susan shortly, and turned away.

"Well, I always said there was something queer about Wolfe," observed Patsy, placidly. "It isn't a bit surprised I'd be if he never turned up again at all."

There was a pause during which Susan kept her face averted, and Patsy seemed to be weighing matters.

"I noticed that Duncan looked mighty troubled last night," she said, "but it didn't strike me that he'd have Harry on his mind up here. Sure, now I understand the whole thing, Su."

Susan answered with an effort.

"Do you really, Patsy? It's more than I do."

"Why, you see your father's been fretting his heart out these last months over Harry, though he was too proud to let on that he was sore. It was after he lost the track of the boy at Charters Towers, and he's been doing all he could to get on it again. I know he saw Kirby the last time he was down (Kirby was the local solicitor), and I believe he told Kirby to offer a reward. He wouldn't say anything to you, because of you and Harry being twins, and knowing how bad you felt about it. And Duncan's that close and stuck up in his opinion, it goes against him to own himself in the wrong. But I could tell my poor old man was blaming himself for having been too rough on Harry—thrashing him when he was a kid, and chaining him up that time. Sure, I'm glad Duncan heard at last. How was it? What's the news he's got, Su? Does he know where Harry is now?"

"No, Pat. That's the trouble. Dad only knows that Harry has been with bad companions, and he thinks that something has happened to him—something dreadful—and that they're keeping it from him."

"But what is it, anyway, that makes him think so?"

"I'll tell you all I know. Dad was over at Thursday Island, and went into a kind

of bar place to get a drink. There were some diggers and bushmen talking and drinking, and one of them was a man called Flash Sam, who used to come and break in horses at our old station Bunda, till Dad discovered what a bad lot he was and sent him off. That was before your time, Patsy. Harry and I were about twelve. I remember the row there was because of Harry being somehow mixed up in it. He was always trying to go to the men's huts against Dad's orders. Well, Dad said it suddenly struck him that Flash Sam might know something about Harry, and he went up and asked him straight. Flash Sam was rather taken aback, he said, and blurted out that he and Harry had been mates for a time at the Diggings. Father asked what Diggings, and Flash Sam prevaricated and contradicted himself, and at last said it was at Charters Towers, and they had been prospecting together afterwards, and Harry had left him in the bush somewhere near the Palmer. Oh, Patsy, think of it! Our father's son—a Galbraith—my brother—the mate of a blackguard like Flash Sam!"

"My dear, there isn't much good in taking it in that sort of way. It's what a lot of people besides Galbraiths have to put up with in Australia. Sure, my own brother died on the spree in a shanty out west. Anyway, it couldn't have been Lady Susan's blue blood that you're so proud of, Su, that came out in Harry. I expect he had a big drop in him of another colour, and I shouldn't wonder if the thrashings hadn't had something to do with his being a bit crooked. I said that once to Duncan. It was how I got to know what he was feeling himself, and I'd have bitten my tongue out afterwards rather than have rubbed it in like that on the poor old man. But my father who'd knocked about a good bit, and knew something, used to declare that to thrash a boy was the safest way to send him to the devil. You've got to lift up the wrong sort, not beat them down, and poor Harry seems to have been the wrong sort from the time he was a kiddie."

Patsy spoke in her frank way, not

meaning to be unkind, but she added hastily:

"Mind you don't repeat that to the old Dad."

"Do you think I should?" exclaimed Susan. "But I believe your father was right. Harry might have been different if he'd had affection instead of harshness. And to have been such a lad when he ruined his life! It's true though, he wasn't a real Galbraith. Oh, I know, I know," she went on miserably. "I know that he drank and boasted, and cheated and told lies. I know it all and I loathe it all, but I can't get away from the fact that he's my twin brother."

Susan's enforced calm broke down and she wept bitterly. Patsy tried to comfort her, but it was some minutes before she could be got to resume the story of her father's meeting with Flash Sam.

"No, Dad couldn't get any definite dates or particulars out of him as to when he had last seen Harry. Flash Sam grew abusive, and swore he wasn't going to do father a good turn when father had done him such a bad one in turning him off Bunda and setting the district against him. He said if he did know what had become of Harry he'd be even with us by keeping us on tenter hooks if he could, and that father had been very hard on Harry and deserved to suffer for it. Poor old Dad told me that with tears in his eyes, Patsy, and I didn't know how to comfort him. I felt somehow like lead. I don't know what has come over me lately. I don't seem to feel about the things in the way I used."

"Never mind," said Patsy. "One can't feel about things and sit up nights on end for ever so long and nurse brain fever—all at the same time. Don't you worry at not feeling, Su, but be thankful that you don't—if you don't," Mrs. Galbraith added sharply.

Susan smiled through her tears.

"You are rather a comfort, Pat."

"Well, go on. What next? It doesn't seem to me a bit like my old man to put up with cheek from anybody. Two or three years ago he'd have upped with his stock-whip on Flash Sam. I'm not one to worrit, Su, but as you've begun it, I'll tell you that I've been uneasy about your

father. He hasn't got his old spunk, and there are signs about him I don't like. But this may account for them. How long ago was it that he saw Flash Sam?"

"Oh, only a few days."

"I wonder he didn't go to the Resident and get the Government people to look up Flash Sam."

"He did, but Flash Sam seems to have gone away or hidden himself."

"I'd have made him speak," said Mrs. Galbraith, savagely.

"Dad said he didn't want to have a row in the bar. Besides, some other men came in, and one of the—a bushman or a digger took off Flash Sam and began asking if he'd seen *his* mate—the other man's mate. Dad waited to get hold of Sam again, but there was a lot of shouting and drinking going on, and Dad said there came some kind of a scrimmage, and when he looked again Flash Sam and the other man had gone off and were not to be found. The bar-keeper didn't even know their names, and there was an end of it. That's all I can tell you, Patsy. Dad may find out something more if he stays at Thursday Island to-night. Or, perhaps he won't go down this steamer."

"The Milligans can't stop at Narrawan over the week, and he must get home, or there'll be ructions on the station," said Patsy. "However, I expect something will turn up soon, and I'd sooner he set Kirby to ferret the business out, for if Flash Sam has to be paid for his information it had best be done through a lawyer. Your father's idea is to give Harry a fresh start in New Zealand, or somewhere down South. I'll be thankful when it's done, and the poor old chap has his mind eased of remorse."

An infant's fretful cry sounded from the other end of the house. Mrs. Galbraith started up, saying, "There's baby awake. I'll go to Oora and send the girl to the child."

She went round the corner of the verandah again, but presently came back. "Oora's sleeping quietly. Now, Su, just you go and take a turn on the beach. It will freshen you up, and you won't feel so down in the mouth."

Susan took the advice, and putting on her hat, strolled along the shore at the

foot of the headland which sloped gently to the sea. She left the jetty and the little settlement of huts behind her, and crossed a small rocky point overgrown with jungle, beyond which was a tiny bay and beach of coarse sand in which some boulders of black rock were embedded. The end of the point made a natural breakwater, and in its shelter was a little private bathing place used by the Aisbets. The girl seated herself in the shadow of the rocks above the bathing-place.

It was getting on in the afternoon and a cool breeze had sprung up. The little port was quite deserted to-day. Hal Aisbet's schooner and all the pearling luggers that he owned having gone out, only one lugger and two or three small fishing smacks left for the use of the station were moored at the jetty. Susan found something dreamy and soothing in the slow, regular boom of the surf, and in the whistling sound made by the wind in the tops of some cocoa palms behind her. The sea looked peaceful and smiling. Green islands made emerald patches here and there; gleams of white sand showed bright against the green. There were *bêche-de-mer* fisheries on some of the islands, and she could see one or two small craft, their sails bellying in the pleasant South-east Monsoon.

Presently Susan noticed that one of the boats was bearing from the direction of Thursday Island towards the Aisbets' jetty. It passed round the rocky point, and Susan saw that a man in the stern of the boat put up a pair of glasses and looked at her. She wondered vaguely if her father had changed his mind about taking a steamer on the morrow, or if any of the pearling party had returned. After a little while she heard a step coming over the neck of the point and turned, with a startled movement, to see a man walking towards her—a short, thick-set person in a neat blue serge suit, which sat with a jaunty air upon him, fitting his square, burly form with particular trimness. Susan recognised the brown, strong face at once. It was her old Sydney admirer, Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux.

She was not wholly unprepared for the sight of him. She knew that the *Clytie* was cruising somewhere in Polynesian

waters, and guessed that Brian had received her note bidding him welcome to Narrawan.

Of course, Susan thought she ought to have written again after the *Quetta* disaster, but the Aisbets told her of how Mr. Cordeaux sailed over to Acobarra before her own arrival there, to enquire after Oora, and she had understood from them that he was not at present with his ship, but spending part of his leave in seeing something of bush life on the coast. Evidently he had now returned from his trip.



CHAPTER XII

BRIAN GOES A-WOOLING

SUSAN showed no particular agitation at the sudden appearance of Cordeaux, and he had no reason for supposing that parting from him had caused her suffering. Yet it was impossible for him to doubt that since their last meeting she had been going through a phase of acute emotion. He was shocked at the change in her, though he naturally attributed it to distress about her sister's illness and grief at the loss of her relatives in the wreck of the *Quetta*. So for the first few minutes of their conversation he would not broach the painful subject.

"I heard you were here," he said, "and that's why I have come. Of course to ask after your sister as well. I hope she's better?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Susan; and he went on:

"You don't mind my breaking on your solitude? I saw you from the boat, so instead of going up to the house, I thought I'd come round and meet you. You weren't going back yet? May I sit down, too?"

He did not wait for her permission, but clambered to a jutting part of the little cliff close to the boulder on which she again placed herself. His position raised him slightly above her, and he had to bend forward to see into her face. She had taken off her shady hat, for the cliff sheltered them from the sun, and sat quietly listening to him as he told her of his recent doings. It seemed to him that she had grown much more sedate. There

had been about her before a certain subdued self-consciousness which he had liked, and which now seemed lacking. Had he been subtle enough to analyse the reason for his approval of this quality in her he would have understood that the self-consciousness of a pretty woman is a compliment to the man with whom she is talking, for it shows that she is not indifferent to his opinion. But Brian Cordeaux was far too simple for any such subtleties of analysis.

"The beach would be the jolliest place in the world if it wasn't for the mosquitoes and sandflies," he remarked, keeping carefully to the commonplace. "Still, you seem to be pretty free from them here."

"The wind has blown them away the last day or two," she answered. There was silence, then he exclaimed abruptly:

"Can't I do anything?"

And as she turned to him in surprise, he added ruefully:

"It makes me miserable to see you looking so wretched and worn out. Of course I know what a rough time you've had. I've been so awfully sorry for you all. And seeing you like this makes me want to try and comfort you—though I don't know how. But I can't even offer you the consolation of chocolate nougat—there isn't a branch from Charbonnels in Torres Straits. Do you remember how angry you used to get when I chaffed you for being like all Australian girls, fond of lollipops?"

He laughed agitatedly, and she could not help laughing with him. He did not stir her heart in the least, but she thought what a good, kind brother he would have made. If only Harry had been like him—the very thought was a stab.

"I'm so thankful that your sister is better," he went on. "She really is quite out of danger now, I hope?"

"The doctor said so last time he saw her," Susan answered. "He seemed to think she would get well soon now. He says she must have extraordinary stamina to have lived through all those hours in the water."

"By Jove, yes!" Brian exclaimed. "There isn't a woman in a million who could have gone through what she did.

I expect it's like a nightmare—the thought of it."

Susan shuddered. "She was delirious, but the fever has gone now, though last night it returned a little. My step-mother's coming excited her." Susan spoke confusedly, and added: "But now she is quiet and sleeping peacefully."

"That's good!" A sudden thought struck Brian, and he began impulsively, "Do you know, I've wondered several times if she could have been a girl some fellows we picked up told me about. There were three of them on a sort of raft with a pole for steering gear." He stopped, seeing that a look of apprehension had come on Susan's face, and that she shrank from the subject.

"I daresay it wasn't your sister at all," he went on lamely. "No, I come to remember that it didn't sound as if the girl could have been your sister."

Susan drew a little breath of relief. "Why?" she blurted out.

"Oh, well, I don't fancy from the way they talked that she could have been exactly a lady. I expect she was one of the second-class, or steerage people. Miss Galbraith, you've turned quite white. It's a shame of me to go raising up what must be a nightmare to you, too."

"Yes, it is," she answered frankly. "Don't talk about that awful time to Oora or anybody. The doctor said we mustn't; he wants her to forget it."

"I don't wonder," replied Brian, sympathetically, "and I'll steer clear of the subject and not ask any more awkward questions. But I expect when she gets over all this, your sister won't be allowed to forget her feat of endurance. She might compete with the fellows who are always trying to swim across the Channel, and I should think she would beat the lot."

"Oora has always been a splendid swimmer. The blacks at Bunda taught her," said Susan.

"And you?"

"Oh, I used to be awfully frightened of sharks. But Oora was never frightened of anything—on land or water."

"That's lucky for her, but I don't think I care about women being as brave as all that," said Cordeaux. "If everyone

of them was, there'd be nothing for us men to do in looking after them."

"Do you think that's all women are good for—to be looked after?"

"No, some of them are meant to be worshipped," he answered huskily, "but I like to do the looking after—when—I like the women. I never hankered after heroines in private life—there, you're starting and shaking again, and it isn't even a sandfly this time," he added, tenderly.

"Well, you see, I am not a heroine."

"I shouldn't care for you so much if you were. Don't be angry with me for saying that."

"I'm not angry."

"No. I almost wish you were. You seem too tired and too apathetic to be angry."

"I was saying something like that to Patsy this afternoon."

"That you felt apathetic?"

"Leaden—as if I couldn't feel."

"Perhaps that's because you've been feeling too much," he hazarded. She nodded, and then the concern in his face and some freakish womanly impulse for which she could not account made her add—certainly not in an apathetic manner:

"Oh, I've been so unhappy."

He put out his hand, strong, square-tipped, capable—a true sailor's-hand, and laid it sympathetically on hers. But she winced so unmistakably that he withdrew it at once.

"I wish I knew what it was you've been unhappy about. Your sister's illness, of course—but only that partly. She'll be all right soon now that she's turned the corner. It's wonderful how quickly they pick up when the corner's turned. I'm afraid it's not only your sister."

Her silence was confirmation of his suspicions.

"Is it somebody else?" as she still kept silence. He paled visibly under his tan, and his lips twitched in his anxiety. "I wish you'd tell me," he whispered urgently.

"I—I can't."

"But you can tell me this at least. Is it only since you've been up here that you've felt so unhappy?"

"No—no," she faltered. She looked towards him for an instant and blushed under his eager, perplexed gaze. "Never mind, Mr. Cordeaux. It's true that I've been unhappy, but I can't possibly tell you why. Please don't ask me."

"I must ask you one question. I do beg you to answer it. Is it because of any other man?"

She put out her hand remonstrantly and shook her head in a way that might have meant either a negative reply or a mere rebuke.

He chose the first interpretation. "Then there is no other?"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't question me. You have no right," Susan cried.

"That's true. But it isn't my fault. It's the fault of Fate. Don't punish me for that. I wish I had the right."

"Fate is responsible for a great many things," said Susan, trying to ignore the passion in his tones.

"Well, Fate—or the Commodore of the Australian Naval Station, or a rascally Portuguese half-breed who incited the natives of Namounea to kill some British subjects—whatever you like to call it, was to blame for my not telling you six months ago that you were the one woman in the world for me," he said impetuously. "There now, Miss Galbraith, it's out, and all my prudent resolutions with it."

"Oh! oh! it's very wrong and foolish of you to act against your prudent resolutions," answered Susan, taking refuge in banter.

"I know it is. But no man's resolutions will stand up against the suggestion of another fellow. Ah! you won't take me seriously—but please—please, Miss Galbraith, you must. I'm a blunt sort of chap, and when I begin to speak I generally find that I say too much and that the safest thing would have been to say nothing. But at all events I hope I'm straightforward."

"Of course you are. That's why I like you."

"The only reason? Thanks. Now, I want you to be just as straightforward to me. If any other lucky devil has been promoted over my head I suppose I must grin and bear it; but for goodness

sake, don't tell me that I've got to retire on a small pension of sisterly sympathy."

She laughed. "I observe that notwithstanding your extreme seriousness you are still able to turn a joke."

He made a rueful grimace.

"I was born so. Surely you wouldn't have me pull a stern and tragic face?"

Susan laughed again softly.

"I couldn't fancy you pulling a stern and tragic face."

"Couldn't you? Well, you should have seen me when we had our brush with the natives of Namounea. But Miss Galbraith, I'm really as serious as ever I can be. Won't you answer me frankly? Are you engaged to be married to any other man?"

Susan looked out seaward, avoiding his earnest eyes, while confused thoughts surged vaguely through her mind. She was so sore and miserable that she had a wild impulse to tell him the truth. But if he knew the truth he might not think so highly of her, and Susan had the feminine weakness of wishing to stand well with every man—especially a man who had ever admired her. Besides, she could scarcely explain the situation without betraying Wolfe's secrets, and in any case it was humiliating to herself. Susan had a painful suspicion that she had let herself love unsolicited. That was what she minded most. That was what she could not tell Brian Cordeaux.

So at last she answered deliberately, but with a faint tinge of bitterness in her tone, "No, I am not engaged to be married."

She could not help seeing from the sudden relaxation of his features and the relief in his eyes how sharp his suspense had been. "Ah! then there's hope for me," he cried. "I'm not a bit afraid of philanderers. You are not the sort of girl to go in for half and half love-affairs. Everything would have to be on strict lines for you. *You* wouldn't let yourself down to anything else. There's too much dignity about you."

Susan turned scarlet. She was ashamed, yet glad that she had said nothing about Wolfe.

"But, of course, that makes no difference," she faltered.

"Yes, it does, to me—all the difference. It decides me to speak out. I thought I wouldn't, but I feel now that I must. Of course you saw in Sydney that I was in love with you?"

"No—no—don't say that."

"It's true, and there's no good in pretending you didn't know it. Well, I thought a lot about the justifiability of proposing to you, but I'm pretty sure I should have made a fool of myself if Fate hadn't stepped in and carried you off to Mossvale that week and me and my ship to Namounea. Still, I'd fairly well decided that I wasn't in a position to warrant my asking a girl like you to marry me, seeing that I was only—"

"Oh yes, I know," she interrupted with a nervous little laugh. "You told me—I think almost the first time we met—that you were only the younger son of a younger son and had neither money nor expectations. I remember your words. I saw that you wanted me to understand from the outset that you weren't the kind of well-born Englishman for an Australian girl to—" She stumbled and laughed again.

He reddened uncomfortably.

"To waste powder and shot on. You needn't be cruel, Miss Galbraith. What a beastly cad you must have taken me for! I don't know how such an idea could have got in your head—in connection with yourself. As if you were the type of Australian girl who—"

"Yes—who?"

She liked turning the tables on him, and found keen feminine pleasure in his confusion.

"Oh, well, there were some girls in Melbourne and Sydney—I hate saying disrespectful things of ladies—but these weren't ladies. You come across the sort in every garrison town all over the world. Here, I've heard Bushmen call them 'jumped-up ones.' They seem to consider that a commission in Her Majesty's Navy is a kind of patent of nobility, and their one chance of making a good match. If they only knew what poor penniless devils we mostly are!"

His tan face crinkled up all over with involuntary amusement. But he soon sobered down again.

"I assure you if you'd been in my

shoes you'd have seen the necessity of defences—in some cases at least. But tell me—you didn't feel sore over that unlucky speech of mine, did you? You didn't go on thinking me a bounder?"

"Of course not. But you must own that it was quite natural that I should resent the imputation."

"You know that I wouldn't for the world do anything you didn't like. But I want you to understand—"

"Indeed, you must not," she replied. "It's no use, I do understand."

"No, I think not quite. I was just considering whether I ought to speak about something which has lately happened. You're sure to hear about it, if you haven't already. It's about my own circumstances. There's a good chance of my being in a different position—in a worldly sense. Perhaps you saw in the papers that my uncle Ellan and his son—his only son—were killed in a railway smash in the States a little while ago. I saw it in the English telegrams the day after the *Quetta* business; I haven't had any letters yet, but, of course, it's true—and—it may make a great difference to me."

Susan did not seem at the moment to grasp the practical significance of his words, perhaps because of late her mind had been running so much on death and sudden catastrophe that she could not realise death and catastrophe as possibly bringing good fortune to anybody.

"I didn't know," she said; "we haven't been getting the papers over here. The Aisbets don't seem to care about English news. I am sorry," she added, "if you have been in trouble like ours."

"It isn't that—personally speaking—though, of course, it's a terrible thing the two of them being taken off all at once like that—just sitting still in a railway carriage. There's my cousin Linne, poor chap, with his life all before him and everything a man could want to make him happy. And here am I—who might so easily have got a poisoned arrow into me, like Goodenough the Commodore—you know—I never was grazed. It's Linne I feel sorry about. The old Lord was rather a terror in his way. Still, you see, Miss Galbraith, if it was a ques-

tion with you of being Countess of Ellan, wouldn't it make some difference?"

"Oh, I see!" Susan exclaimed and stopped short, arrested by the magic of his words. To be a Countess! That indeed would make a difference. Yet, oh! if it were only Wolfe who might be the Earl of Ellan—and she his Countess. The thought thrilled Susan. But that was impossible. Wolfe had nothing to do with this man or his family. Wolfe, in spite of his calm assumption that he was as well born as she, could have no connection with the bluer blood of England—not even such as Susan might claim through her ancestress Lady Susan Galbraith. The modern Susan heaved an involuntary sigh. She would have been such a worthy Countess!

"Oh, you mustn't think that *that* would make any difference to me. How could you think so?" she murmured gently, the blood rushing to her face as she reflected on all the difference it actually made. "It seemed to me that if I allowed such a consideration to weigh with me I should be just like the dreadful sort of Australian girls that you despise. But of course it wouldn't." And Susan heaved a second unconscious sigh.

"No, no, you couldn't be," he cried. "Oh, forgive me for saying what I did about them. Let's forget it. Can't you see that I never classed you with that kind of girl? And can't you see the difference that all this makes to *me*? If it were my luck to inherit my uncle's title and estate I should feel that I had something worth having to offer you. He wasn't a rich man, but we could chuck the service, and we'd live where you liked—divide our time between Ellan and Australia—if you chose. But, perhaps, I'd no business to suggest this possibility. You've only made me love and honour you all the more by saying that it wouldn't weigh with you. I should know then if you took me that it would only be for my own sake. But I must find out first whether the man who has a senior right to the succession is alive or dead."

Susan's blush died down, and she asked interestedly:

"There's another heir, then?"

"If he's alive. A cousin older than I

am who got into a mess in England and had to clear out, and has never been heard of since—except once it seems—and that was out here somewhere in New South Wales. Do you know a place called Casino?”

“I think it’s a little township right away south.”

“Well, that’s where he was last seen—in ’85. Four years isn’t a long time though, and I don’t know why I should have settled it in my mind that my cousin Jem is dead. . . Well, yes I do.”

Brian’s innate candour forced him to the confession: “The fact is I did hear something that makes me pretty sure he is dead. But the man who told me looked such an out-and-out villain—of the worst Thursday Island type, and that’s saying a good deal—that to tell the honest truth I’m rather ashamed of having the smallest truck with him. However, perhaps that’s a point in the favour of the genuineness of his information, for I should suppose that James Cordeaux was rather the sort to take up with disreputable characters, and it appears that ‘up north’ at least, one mustn’t let one’s self be hampered by moral prejudices. Anyhow, there was nothing to be done, but to let the chap bring his proof—if he had it—and when he does, I shall know better where I am. We’ll wait and see what turns up. But for the present let me be your friend—just as I was before. May I?”

“By all means, if you like,” she answered rather coldly. She got up from her seat as she spoke and put on her hat, a little bitter smile curving her lips at the easy adaptability to circumstances which her own nature found impossible to comprehend, but which is part of the inmost being of the true British sailor. She would have preferred him to be a trifle tragic. It would have seemed more natural and was quite to be expected.

“Jolly nip in the air, isn’t there?” he said, as she rose to her feet.

“Yes, it’s getting chilly,” she answered. “Do you see how late it is, I must be going back to the house.”

Brian rose, too, and looked out over the sea, which was coloured by the reflection of the setting sun. “I’m going to throw myself on your mercy,” he said. “Surely,

you wouldn’t have the heart to send me away in the dark?”

“Of course not,” she answered indifferently. “Come up and see Patsy.”

“Just what I’m yearning to do. Patsy! What a delightful name, to be sure! Your step-mother, don’t you mean? Will she be as kind as you, I wonder? For you *are* kind, Miss Galbraith. And I hope you’ll be ever so much kinder. The fact is, I’ve been manœuvring for an invitation to stay over here, and it was a bitter blow to me when we sighted Aisbet’s yacht making for Thursday Island, for I was afraid you might be on your way to the steamer. I found out, however, that it was your father he was taking across, and that Aisbet and Mrs. Aisbet were going pearling. I hailed the yacht and went aboard. Now, you know I knew that you were here, and that your sister had fairly turned the corner. Your father was kind enough to say that you and Mrs. Galbraith wouldn’t be altogether displeased to see me—he thought I could cheer you up a bit. Aisbet told me he’d lent you the house, but that his overseer would put me up if I liked to stay and do some pig-sticking. There’s a lot of wild pig about here, isn’t there?”

“I believe so,” said Susan demurely. Her quiet acceptance of the proposition nettled Brian.

“Of course, I don’t care a hang about the pigs,” he said, grumblingly. “I don’t want to stick ’em—why should I—poor innocent things! I want to stay with you, but I’m not sure whether I ought to ask it.”

“It seems to me you have asked it, Mr. Cordeaux,” laughed Susan, forced into good humour. “Faith, an’ haven’t ye a dhrop of Oirish blood in yer veins?” she added, caricaturing Patsy’s brogue.

“I don’t know what you mean,” and he stalked along over the beach beside her, his blunt-tipped, yet rather aggressive, nose held up in the air, but a joyous gleam in his eye.

“Ah! you would if you knew Patsy. She’s very downright, but she has a wheedling way with her—something like yours. It belongs to the race.”

“Does it indeed! Well, I’m partly Scotch, of course, but would that I could

claim common descent with Patsy. If she hails from the north-east of Ireland it's not unlikely, for we know that the same roots and branches that bloom in that part of the bog-land have close kinship with the land of heather and cakes."

"Dear Patsy! She was transplanted 'lang syne,'" said Susan; "but she has the kindest heart in the world. And she wouldn't be happy, Mr. Cordeaux, if we didn't take you in—so you'd better come to us."

"And you?" he said hastily. "Wouldn't you be happy? But I suppose I mustn't ask. Give me the chance of coming—that's all."

They were nearly at the house now. The dusk had fallen quickly, and groups of shadows flitted sombrely from point to point along the land, pausing to settle down here and there. A pale stretch of grey, striped at one place with rose, showed where the waters of the Pass lay behind them, fringed by the uneven shore. The little headland to their left stood up in jagged points against the sky. The tops of the cocoa palms were being lifted lazily by a saucy young breeze, which had come to play games with the shadows. It darted in a venturesome gust upon Susan, laying some sharp kisses on her averted cheeks and stinging them into warmth. It brought with it a whiff from the salt sea, and as it passed Brian the breeze tossed to Susan an overpowering sense of that young man's personality, with which it seemed in some queer way akin. Never before had she been so keenly conscious of his presence, fresh, virile, sweet-smelling, with a just perceptible odour of tobacco—a strongly determinate presence. His light, firm tread made easy work of the heavy sand, and the boulders over which Susan stumbled.

The pair stopped simultaneously near the entrance to the house. "What about your things?" said Susan. "Mr. Meiklejohn, the overseer, might lend you what you'll want for to-night. I suppose you've nothing of your own here?"

"Oh yes, I have," laughed Brian, entirely unembarrassed. "I've been in the bush, you see, and I've learned something

about bush ways and bush hospitality. My traps are in the boat. I thought I'd better bring them on the off-chance of your keeping me. I got a fishing chap at Thursday Island to bring me over here, and he's probably waiting for me down at the jetty."

"Then I should send him back again," said Susan; "there are plenty of boats here and Kanakas and people who can take you back to Thursday Island when you want to go."

"I shan't want to go, if it's left to me, but unfortunately my skipper has a voice in the matter. The limitations of leave in H. M.'s Navy are a desperate consideration, you know. Mine will be up before long, and then I shall have to rejoin my ship, if she's in from Port Moresby. The skipper promised me an extension, but that was only if I had to go down to Sydney, or to do anything about this lost Earl of Ellan business. However, I'm going to let that drop for the time. I shall leave it to the lawyers and to Fate. Jim Cordeaux will turn up if he's alive quite as soon as I want to see him, and if he's dead—well, I shall get the news. As I told you, Miss Galbraith, I've discovered there are ghouls in Australia only too ready to earn a reward by ferreting out even the most gruesome information. By Jove! though—it will have to be well authenticated before that reward is paid. But I'm not going to think about that—I say—you're sure your sister won't mind my coming about the place?"

"Scarcely!" said Susan. "You probably won't see much of her at first, but when you do I shouldn't wonder if she makes great friends with you. She's just the kind of girl."

"I mean to make friends with *her*," said Brian heartily. "You don't know what a fascinating fellow I can be when I put my mind to it. I warn you that I'm going to ingratiate myself with Mrs. Galbraith and Miss Oora."

"You won't find it difficult," said Susan, with a touch of cynicism which he was far too simple to detect. "I'll tell somebody to bring up your bag," she added, as she went on to the house, while he ran with a light heart back to the beach.

A Tale of the Pasquia Post*

The Last of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER



ORTH of Line fifty, the gloom of night follows fast on the trail of the setting sun. The twilight is so short as to be scarcely deserving of the name, and it therefore behoves the traveller to pitch camp while there is yet the height of a good tall man between the sun and the horizon. Let him fail in this and, devoured of mosquitoes, he shall grope in the dark for dry wood wherewith to build his smudge.

A knowledge of this all-important fact caused the Factor of Pelly to turn sharply in his saddle when the last rays of the sun were obscured by a distant clump of poplars. He, with old Sandy and the Beaver, was crossing the stretch of lake and slough which lies between the base of the Pasquia Hills and the sleepy waters of the Carrot River. They were a good six days north of Pelly—far beyond their usual hunting-grounds—but furs had not been coming in very lively of late, and the Commissioner at Garry was a dour man and hard to please.

"Where's the Beaver?" the Factor asked, in rather sharp tones. "And why has he not pitched camp? We'll be eaten alive, and that without sauce, in less than ten minutes from now."

"I'm thinkin'," replied the trapper, "that the red de'il's pushed awa' ahead. They Obijays we fell in wi' three days syn' tell't him a muckle o' queer tales o' these pairts. An' I'm no sayin'," he added, gazing suspiciously around, "that it's no' a fearsome place."

Fearsome it certainly was. The weird wailing of a solitary loon came from the reeds of a marshy slough close by, the night-wind rustled softly through the gloomy spruce, and a distant owl filled the air with his solemn questioning.

Pressing forward at a gallop, they soon overtook the Beaver. The great wheels

of the Red River cart had ceased to send north their monotonous complaint—he was waiting for them.

"What's the matter, Beaver? Why haven't you camped?" The cheery tones of the Factor's voice echoed and re-echoed through the dismal swamps and woods.

"No like to camp. Heap bad spirits here. Long time ago, heap long time, big mooniah kill plenty Injuns, and bad Injuns kill him. All killed, none left. Injuns no like to come here any more."

"Well, push on and camp at the first high ground. Spirits are better company than mosquitoes."

The creaking cart lumbered on into the gathering darkness. Swarms of mosquitoes rose from the long grass, sweeping in clouds against the faces of the travellers, settling behind their ears, and biting viciously. The tortured horses frothed at the mouth and whinnied their vexation; and the dogs gave vent to human-like exclamations of pain and misery, wiping their chops with their paws. And thus they moved forward, a slapping, snapping, swearing procession of tormented impenitents.

A half-hour of purgatory and the cart came to another stop. Before it loomed a large obstacle, which on riding forward the Factor made out to be some large building. He could see the projecting gables dimly outlined against the dark-grey sky; no smoke arose from the chimneys; all was dark, solitary, and silent. A high stockade, from within which came the dank smell of last year's rotting leaves, surrounded the big house; not a light showed, and the melancholy creak of a door swinging to and fro in the night-wind was the only answer to the Factor's halloo. The atmosphere of mystery about the place affected even the animals; the horses sniffed the air suspiciously, and the dogs crept whining between the legs of their masters.

"What place can this be?" asked the

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Factor. "I had no knowledge of any house in these parts."

"It maun be the auld post," answered the trapper. "Years agone, i' the time o' Factor McKenzie, the Company had an outpost i' thees direction; but they'd a nicht o' trouble wi' the Injuns, an' drewed it in. I'd a thocht it wad 'a' burnt doon lang syn', but there's a power o' lakes an' sloughs about here, an' I reckon they keepit the fires awa'."

"Well, climb over, Sandy, and chop off that bar. We stay here to-night."

"I'm no exactly likin' the job. The place has aye an uncanny luik." The Scotchman spoke in uneasy tones.

"Give me the axe, then. We stay here to-night, spirits or no spirits."

A few vigorous strokes of the axe, and the great gates fell in from the rotting hinges. The dogs plunged across the open space and rushed towards the building, barking furiously. A hollow echo answered the noisy baying, and they saw within the old house that which sent them back, bristling and uneasy to the Factor's heels.

The superstitious Indian made trembling haste towards the getting-on of a fire. He gathered together the pieces of the broken gate, and, bringing forth his tinder-box, nervously chipped away with flint and steel. A spark caught; with coaxing breath he gently fanned it to a flame, and presently, the blaze shooting upward, brilliantly illumined the time-worn front of the old store. It was an old Red River frame, and the plaster was fallen away from the cracks between the logs, leaving it the very skeleton of a building. The shutters were all gone, and the black spaces looked forth like ghostly eyes from the scarred front.

The Factor pulled a blazing brand from the fire and walked over to the open door. The dogs whined as though to warn him, followed him for a few steps, and then ran, howling, back to the fire. He stepped within. A cry of horror and surprise burst from his lips, and he staggered against the advancing Scotchman. The torch dropped from his hand, its last sputtering sparks intensifying the black darkness; but lit up by nature's secret

alchemy, all shining with phosphorescence, the awful thing remained in full view.

Giving vent to an hysterical "Gude save us!" the trapper shot through the door and ran for the reassuring blaze of the fire. But the Factor was made of different clay. Ceaseless conflict with iron forces of nature and incessant strife with wild beasts and wilder men had hardened his soul, wherefore he stood his ground and faced the thing. The door swung to behind him with a mournful creak and shut him in with the dead. He was sore afraid, and breathed faster than his wont, yet moved not nor gave sign of the inward terror. Small wonder that he felt the touch of fear! The blighting philosophy of modernity, which destroys the hope of man while fortifying him against the terrors of the imagination, had not yet laid its leprous hand on the men of the woods. To him the spirits of good and evil were concrete realities, and, for aught he knew, the thing before him might be one of the myriad shapes of the Father of Sin.

"Bring a light!"

The command issued from firm-set lips. The trapper would willingly have disobeyed, but there was in the voice that which demanded obedience. So, fortifying himself with a couple of burning brands, he re-entered the building. The ruddy light of the torches penetrated into every corner of the room, falling full upon the thing and dispelling its unearthly radiance.

It was the skeleton of a man lying beneath the ladder which led to the room above. Only a skeleton! yet surely never before had human being set eyes on such a frame. The curving backbone rose from between shoulder-blades of unusual width, telling the story of an immense hump. The bones of one leg were shorter than those of the other, the hips set wide apart, and the legs bowed like those of a gorilla. The entire frame was massive and strong, and marked the owner as having been broad, squat, misshapen, and immensely powerful. The skull was that of an Indian, but the brow rose high above the eyeless sockets, denoting an intelligence far above the average of the

race; yet with this unusual development were associated local peculiarities which indicated the basest passions. Strangely sinister was the impression conveyed by this last poor remnant of a man, so marked indeed as to strike even the dull perception of the trapper.

"The chiel was na' verra bonny," he remarked, "an' it wad pay a man weel tae keepit a twa days' journey frae the likes o' him. An' what's thees?" He had stumbled over something lying on the floor. "Gude save us! eef it is no' an auld ledgy o' the Company's!"

The Factor took the book from his hand and walked over to the firelight. An old ledger it surely was, bound in sheepskin and cornered with brass. The entries were made in a neat, clerkly hand, and set forth the amounts of goods received, the manner of their disposal, and the number of bales of fur despatched to Garry. The last entry read:

"To Silent Man. to killing that thief Esthahagan. 1 Musket and 2 Horns of Powder."

The faded writing carried the Factor back to those old times of trouble and bloodshed, and the persons mentioned passed before him in a long phantasmagoria. He mused quietly over the yellow pages and speculated as to their lives and deaths. M'Garry, the recording clerk, he knew, became Commissioner of Garry, and died full of years and honour. But what of these others, whose little lives were just as important in their own eyes and those of God? They also had departed and were as the last year's grass.

But what is this entry on a new page, written in a great, sprawling hand? M'Garry's trim goose-quill never fashioned that splashing scrawl. A sharpened stick, dipped in soot and grease and wielded by a heavy hand, alone could have produced it. The Factor lowered his head over the page and read on:

"And I, John West, called by the men of the Company Strong John, because of my thews and sinews, being at the point of death write this, that the men of my race may beware them of the magic of To-wo-bat, the devil doctor. For I see, with the clear eyes of the dying, that my people shall yet in-

herjt this land. From the towns and cities will they come, from the hamlets and the plains; first by twos and threes, as do the ducks in the springtime, then by dozens, and lastly by swarms, so that they shall multiply and cover the land. And in those days, To-wo-bat and his wicked ones shall vanish from before them, as the rabbits from before the foxes, and the place where they were shall know them no more. Yet, lest he prevail against them while they are still few, will I set down, though with pain and labour, the things I have seen.

"Because of my great strength, which hath always urged me on to rash emprise, hath this trouble come upon me. Alack, that men should have envied me that which hath been my undoing! But for mine most unhealthy stoutness, I might yet have been tilling the wolds of old Devon. Thus it fell about:

"When but a lad, not knowing the strength that was in me, I was set upon, returning from market, by two stout rogues. They sought the silver, the price of a drove of cattle, and I, thinking to teach them manners of a better sort, buffeted them soundly with my hands. Alack for my unhappy strength! Their bones were all broken within them, so that they fell to the ground and died. And I, being in fear of the law, fled to a seaport and took ship for Canada. But these things are past and gone, and I must on with my tale, for out in the woods To-wo-bat dances the death-dance in the blaze of his red fire, waiting for me, even as the snapping wolf waits for the wounded bull. All of his warriors have I slain, and, if he but come before my waning strength is sped, him too will I send after them."

"Sandy," said the Factor, glancing up from the book, "did you ever hear of one John West?"

"John West—John West! Why, tae be sure, I've heerd tell o' the man. He was Factor o' Elphinstone. Strong John, they caed him, for he was main strong o' his hands. They said he went clean daft ower a half-breed squaw, and gaed amissing just afore the Company drawed in the Pasquia Post."

"Listen to this, then:

"Zaar I sent from me under the cover of last night, that she fall not again into the lecherous hands of To-wo-bat. 'Let me stay, that I may die with thee,' she pleaded,

not knowing that men kill not the desire of their eyes. But I was firm, and instructed her in the trail to Pelly, and gave her wise counsel that she marry a man of the Company. For she is fair to look upon and would be the better of a husband. And she, weeping, promised faithfully to obey my behests, wherein she set a pattern to women of whiter skins; though, alack! the flesh is weak, and a little less obedience in this matter would have been more pleasing.

"I remember well the day I first set eyes upon her—an evil one for Red Mike, the Irish trapper. He had marked her for his own, and I came upon them as he sought to drag her into the forest. Full thirty paces I sent him flying through the air, so said the men that took him up, and his neck was broken so that he troubled the maidens no more. And I looked into the eyes of the girl that day and knew my mate.

"That night I sought the tepee of the old squaw, her mother, and bought the girl with a great store of merchandise. And I would have ta'en her to my house, and Zaar was willing. But the old crone would none of it; she must needs first handle the goods.

"Oh, that I had known it! Without the tepee, his prick-ears cocked to the listening, lay the twisted devil To-wo-bat.

"The next morning I loaded a Red River cart with the merchandise, the price of the girl, and made my way, whistling a merry tune, to the tent of the old woman. It was gone! Of the twenty tepees standing there the night before not one was left.

"I will say naught of the hell that raged within me at the sight, nor of the three days' tracking without stop for bite or sup; for To-wo-bat burns his red fire in the woods, and the weakness gains upon me. It suffices that on the third day I came upon them in the Riding Mountains.

"It was nightfall when I first saw through the spruce the light of the lodge-fires. The drums I had heard long before, and I knew that something of importance was afoot. Creeping on the flat of my belly, I made my way to a place in the brush close to the tepees. It was almost dark, but a roaring fire sent its flames crackling on high, brilliantly lighting up the camp. Now shall I tell of the devil-dance going on around it.

Some twenty Indians, stark naked, with bodies painted black and striped with white,

so that they looked death-heads, moved rapidly round a post that was set up close to the fire. Their eyes glittered with unholy light and they uttered hideous yells and screams. Long ropes of hide were passed through slits in the skin of their breasts, somewhat after the fashion in which a yeoman strings his bacon for the hanging, and as each danced he threw himself backward, striving to tear away. When one succeeded he ran amuck through the crowd of watching squaws, biting pieces out of the bodies of those he met. At the foot of the great pole stood the chief devil of them all. He was a man of mighty thews and sinews, broad and squat, and a great hump rose from between his shoulders. One leg was shorter than the other and he limped as he danced. His face was painted of a different fashion—bright red, barred with black; the body, a ghastly white. A towering head-dress of black feathers rose above him, from which I judged him to be a man high in authority. One strange thing, too, I noticed about this man—there seemed to be method in his madness. For all his frenzy, he kept a sharp eye around him and saw everything that was going on. On occasion he stretched his hand forth over the fire and it would leap up flaming red.

"While noting these things, I looked for Zaar among the squaws, but saw her not; nor was she to be seen moving among the tepees.

"One after the other the young bucks tore themselves away until but one was left, and he, from insufficient weight, could not break free. Him, the devil doctor—for it was To-wo-bat—thrust backward with a mighty shove, and set him loose. Then, with a grewsome shout, the hell's crew ran shrieking through the village. He of the feathers watched them go, and then hobbled to a tepee close at hand. I watched him enter.

"A woman's scream! I jumped to my feet, unmindful of the watching crowd, for Zaar came flying from the tent, all bleeding from the arm. She was coming in my direction, the devil doctor following fast and gaining on her. Never before did cripple run so fast as this man. He had reached out his hand to seize her, seeing me not, when I took him round the waist. Great God, how strong he was! Never before had man been able to stand before Strong John,

yet for fully half a minute the rogue bothered me. Then I smote him so that he lay quiet.

"And now should I, as a wise man, and as one holding a position of responsibility of the Company, have withdrawn with the girl; but her blood was in my nostrils, and I forthwith fell raging on the young men. In my hands was the limb of a tree of the thickness of a man's arm; and with this I slew ten of them, nor smote one man twice. And presently the remnant, being tired of the game, fled to the woods, leaving me master of the camp.

"Six days we travelled to the northward, thinking they would seek us towards Elphinstone. When Zaar was tired, I took her up in my great arms, and so went forward, her arms around my neck, my face laid against her heaving bosom. And in this wise we made for the Pasquia Post, expecting to find there M'Garry and his men. As we journeyed, her rounded limbs resting lightly across my arms, she told me of her father, the Jesuit priest, who forgot his vows. 'For my mother was beautiful in those days,' said she, 'though now old and ill-favoured. And wilt thou love me still, when I, too, am old and ugly?' And she told me also of the witcheries of To-wo-bat. How he had her in mind for a long time, and but waited for her ripening; how he waved his hand over her mother's fire the night I bought her, so that it leaped up flaming red; and of the spells and incantations which so wrought upon the old woman that, though loath to leave the merchandise, she folded her tent and departed in the night. Also, she told me of his cruelties and wickednesses, the like of which man never heard before. 'But thou wilt not let him have me?' she finished, lowering her head and looking into my eyes. And I, swearing a great oath, pacified her.

"At night we lay beneath the spruce, her head pillowed on my arm, her sweet breath gently stirring the hair on my brow; and sometimes, when lying thus, I lay awake thinking of the great happiness this savage maid had brought me. It was in one of these wakeful spells that I saw the red blaze of To-wo-bat's fire far off in the forest, and knew that he was not dead. And because of this the next day I bestowed Zaar safely in a covert, she sore afraid for me, and I lay in ambush for To-wo-bat and his men. They came, but the arch-fiend lagged be-

hind. Ten of them passed me by, and but three returned to tell of the manner of the going of the others. Right valiantly they fought, as became better men in a more righteous quarrel, and they sorely wounded me before I despatched them; so that I was in great pain and could no more carry Zaar. This troubled me much, but she was of good cheer because I was spared to her, and bound up my wounds and said—brave girl!—that she loved walking. And thus on the third day after the fight we came to Pasquia.

"Alack! M'Garry and his men were gone, Not for myself did I care, but for the girl, whom I had hoped to bestow safely until such time as we could safely return to Elphinstone. But she took it in good heart, saying that we should rest here until I was healed of my wound, and then we would make for Pelly, where the good men of the Company lived.

"'Were all the men in the Company as good as I?' she asked, having in her great love forgotten Red Mike, the Irish trapper. And was it true that we loved our wives after they had become old and hard-featured? She had heard, too, that when a woman was old and could work no more, it was not the fashion of the white man to leave her on the cold trail for the wolves to make an end of. Was this so? And I swore, with another great oath, that the thing was truly said, as was most certainly the latter half. Yea—"

The narrative stopped. A puff of wind swayed the branches of the gloomy forest. The young moon, rising above the horizon, shed a red light through the trees, and, glancing quickly up, the Factor could have sworn it was the red fire of To-wo-bat. The air was chilly, and he shivered.

"It's no feenished?" interrogated the trapper.

"Seems to be. No; here it starts again on the next page:

"Last night I thought I should write no more in the book. I was in great pain, and crawled to a chink in the wall, through which I might see the fire of To-wo-bat. It burned brightly and was come closer; wherefore I know mine hour approaches. In the night I dreamt of Zaar. I thought she leaned over me, as a mother above her child, but when I put forth my hand she was gone, and I knew it was a dream. But I must

hurry, for the gangrene hath laid a hold of my wounds and at times I grow light-headed.

"The second night of our stay at Pasquia I was ta'en of a high fever, and at times wandered, knowing not even Zaar. And at midnight there came creeping into the fort the three that had escaped me. Zaar called to me, but I babbled on with my maanderings, knowing them not for enemies until they hacked me with their knives. The blade of one sank deep into my arm. Whether it was the blood-letting or the sight of Zaar in the grasp of another I know not; she had sought to throw herself between them and me, and in the struggle her robe was torn from her. But none lived to tell of her loveliness. The head of one I shattered with my fist; the second I took up by the feet, and, using him clubwise, killed the third. This last rogue told us before he died that To-wo-bat lingered out in the woods, having no stomach for a second encounter. They also had no liking for the work, but he made great incantation before them, and showed them a black glass wherein they could see me lying sore and helpless; and thus encouraged, they came on.

"There remains little to tell. Zaar—something moves below—"

"Take a light, Sandy. I must see what is upstairs in the old house."

The trapper pulled a couple of blazing brands from the fire and followed the Factor towards the old store. The night-wind rustled gently through the trees,

sighing a peaceful requiem; the door swung too and fro, uttering its melancholy groan, and in the far distance a wandering coyote raised his mournful howl. The dank smell of the rotting leaves rose in the nostrils; all was laden with the odours of decay and death.

"How did this man come by his death?" The Factor stooped over the grotesque frame of To-wo-bat and examined it carefully. In the back of the skull stuck a triangular piece of rusted steel.

"Look here, Sandy. He was killed as he mounted the ladder."

"I reckon that wee bit of iron cam' from thees?" He held up a rusted hatchet, the top corner of which was missing.

"An' twas but a 'prentice hand that strake the blow," he added, as they climbed the ladder.

The light of the torches flashed to the far corners of the old garret. There, to the right, lay that which they had come to see—the last remnant of the stout Factor of Elphinstone, and beside him, her arms about the body of the man she loved, Zaar.

The Factor uncovered his head, and stood silently musing beside the dead. The voice of the trapper broke in upon his meditations.

"She was no' sa obedient as he thocht for. Weemen are kittle cattle; there's nae tellin' what rig they're up till. An' I'm no' sayin'," he added, "but that's what maks us luvè them."

Life's Recompense

BY INGLIS MORSE

WHEN the Night has come
 After Life's day is done,
 'Tis then each traveller counts o'er
 What treasure he hath won.

Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah

The Story of an Irishman in the Indian Service

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.



OME day a man will come out of India and write a book about Major Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah. Then this story will be last in the book, because of the thing that is in the story.

The "Major" was Finnerty's "ranking," for he had been out of the regiment since he was a sub-lieutenant.

Finnerty was the strongest man in the Indian Service; and sober his strength was a forbearing delight; drunk he was a tribulation. Liquor floated his mentality to some inner dead sea of oblivion, and his physical force guided him illogically, a rampageous gorilla.

Knowing of this thing himself, and in awe of the black anger of the Sircar, he stuck to *pina-k-pani* (water) in the jungle; leaving the drink till he got his month of leave in Calcutta.

The Keddah Sahib's renown had gone from Manipur to Herat, and from Simla to Cape Comorin. Punjabi wrestlers came from the "Land of the Five Rivers," and wept with joy when they looked at the six-foot-three Irishman. They stroked his huge muscles lovingly, and exclaimed "Wah-wah!" Then, when they had been thrown, they would go back to their own caste, and tell of the one sahib that should have been a Sikh Rajah. That was Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah.

And Chota Moti was a grunty little babe elephant that Finnerty had captured in the Assam jungles.

Out of consanguinity of temperament these two took to each other like blood brothers. For a year Finnerty made a pet of Chota Moti; and then the official who writes on paper what is to be done with the Government's elephants, passed an order that Chota Moti, being useless for work, should be sold with other cast animals. Wilson, the circus man, bought the babe, and she passed from Dhuttaghur

to a canvas home on the big *maidan* in Calcutta. Then when the hot weather blew its sirocco breath across the City of Palaces, the Viceroy and the sahibs trooped up to the Himalayas, and the circus folded its tent and stole away to Australia.

The going of Chota Moti from Dhuttaghur left a blank in the life of the Keddah Sahib. If he could have filled the void with some strong essence of forgetfulness, he might not have missed the little *hathi* so much, but he dare not even smell the stuff—it would have led to slaughter; for Dhuttaghur, and natives, and elephants, and delirium-laden jungle fever wasn't Calcutta and the white men of his own caste, by any means.

In September Finnerty read in the Calcutta "Asian" that the circus was daily expected from Australia. Then the devil of restlessness drew at the soul of the Irishman, till he became like a *muggar* that forsakes his pool in the Ganges and travels far across land.

"Faith, I can't stand it," he growled. "I'll go *kharab* (bad) if I stay here."

He applied for leave, and when it came passed with celerity from Dhuttaghur to the city of rejuvenation.

"Now, my little pig-squeaker, I'll feed you nuts and taparees till yoursides bulge," Finnerty muttered, as he donned clean raiment in his room in the Great Eastern Hotel. Then he drove to the *maidan*. The green sward stretched away in unbroken flatness to the escarpment of Fort William; no flag-topped, white-walled tent met the Keddah Sahib's eyes; the circus had not arrived; there was no little trumpet of welcome for Finnerty from Chota Moti.

But Calcutta was not Dhuttaghur, and there was the other thing to be had, the solace of many pegs. So the Keddah Sahib became one to avoid.

It was all play, for no man might speak

out of his memory that he had seen Finnerty cross. But such play! Torn coats and bruised limbs are jokes to read about, not to come by. Because of his giant strength, no man showed anger to the Keddah Sahib, and Finnerty held anger against no man.

The trouble commenced over a new sahib; one who had lately come to Calcutta, and knew not of Finnerty and his ways. He was a seller of wares from Birmingham, and every man in that town thinks he can box. So Hammerton put himself on guard when Finnerty, with his huge arms spread, swept through the café tiffin room in a friendly charge. The sahibs that knew, ducked, and scuttled, and laughed, and swore, and it was fun—for Finnerty. The drive proceeded with exuberant success till the man from Birmingham stood in the way.

"Aye, there, me 'earty," he called warningly, as his fists swung into proper pose.

Finnerty stared. Was there ever such luck? He rubbed his eyes doubtfully. Here was a man inviting a grapple. Not since the Keddah Sahib had grassed the last Punjabi had he felt the joyous thrill of straining muscles against his chest. The sahibs of Calcutta were weaklings that fell away in disordered limpness from the clutch of his brawny hands.

"Hivins! but you're a darlin'!" cried Finnerty in his exuberant joy. "I could love you, man; it's a bottle of Simpkin we'll be havin' presently. In the meantime, look out, me buck, I'm chargin'—*'For they call it liminade in Ballyhooly.'*"

The "Ballyhooly" was like the trumpet of one of his own elephants; indeed Finnerty's rush was entirely like that, and the Birmingham gent was seized by the vest and the upper story of his trousers, swung from his feet, lifted to the end of the long tiffin table, all set for lunch, and then the table was swept from end to end. Mulligatawny, and beer, and claret, and Worcester sauce, and other liquids formed a lake on the marble floor that was pebbled with fragments of bottles and broken dishes.

"Now, me darlin'," cried the author of the mischief, "we'll drink a bottle of wine to show there's no ill-will."

The merchant's white suit was gaudy

with the purple stain of claret, and the bilious green of mulligatawny; and his hair held curry, and there was Worcester sauce in his eyes, and the breath was all out of his body. So, to the Keddah Sahib's astonishment, he walked sulkily out of the room, turning at the door to curse the man who had made a crumb-
brush of his body.

Finnerty turned in disgust to look for sympathy. The tiffin room was empty; he stood like the bull in the china shop, all alone in the débris. He looked admiringly at the desolate table and the wrecked dishes; then he whistled softly, and sang:

*"When the glory's painted up,
What's the tally in the bloody heap of
slain?"*

*Now you're drunk, you Irish pup,
And you'll never get your stripes no more
again.*

For the Limericks are rough—very rough."

He looked around the tiffin room; its emptiness held no promise of entertainment; its stillness oppressed him. He passed along the hall and up to the billiard room humming:

*"When the singing cable's jed
With the tally of the awful Butcher's Bill,
In their sabered tunics, smeared with dirty
red,*

*Count the Irish on the crest of every hill;
For the Limericks are dead—mostly dead."*

As he entered the room two sahibs laid their cues on the table, took their helmets, and slipped through the other door.

The Irishman looked at the button-strung wire over the table. The score showed that the sahibs had left their game half finished. On a side table stood two glasses, half full.

Finnerty laughed; then he stretched his huge form in a chair and ordered a bottle of "Monopole."

"Faith, it's too bad entirely," he muttered; "sure I'd like to split this bottle with that gentleman of the zebra coat."

As the Keddah Sahib drank, a hotel peon appeared, and salaaming deeply, handed him a note. It was a bill for sixty-eight rupees breakage.

"Sure shikarri comes high in Calcutta,"

Finnerty remarked, as he scrawled his signature across the bill and passed it to the *peon*.

Before he had emptied his glass a private servant appeared with another missive. It was a request that Mr. M. J. Finnerty would send by bearer twenty-four rupees, value of a suit he had ruined.

The Keddah Sahib laughed. "Faith, that's rich," he muttered. "The bounder must be a professional; he wants pay for an amateur bout."

Finnerty tore the note and threw it at the servant, intimating that he and his master might take a trip to a worse climate than Calcutta. The native disappeared. And presently the *khitmutghar* handed to Finnerty a third neatly-folded sheet of paper. This was distinctly discourteous in tone; it intimated that M. J. Finnerty was a man of low caste; that he had struck the writer's servant; that he had been rude to the sahib himself; that he had committed an assault; that he had refused to pay a legitimate charge for damages sustained and that now he was about to be punished.

"Och, the darlin'," Finnerty murmured; "I'm in luck—me, that was so lonesome. Och, I'm happy entirely. He'll be spankin' Finnerty—the darlin'!"

The beady champagne boiled up in the Irishman and threw a vapour of ecstasy to his brain. He sang softly: "Oh, the fightin' boys that come from Limerick, from Limerick, from Limerick." Then he called: "Here, *khitmutghar*, bring me the toy-man that fetched this chittie—I'll be givin' him a rupee."

"That bearer he's plenty much 'fraid, Huzoor."

"Faith, I'll not touch him. Sure, I'm a memsahib, I'm that gentle—just holdin' meself for what's to come. Stand him by the door there till I make *bat* (talk) with him; then you'll be givin' him this rupee."

By the persuasiveness of silver the servant was coaxed to the door, and Finnerty made the *bat*, which was:

"Give your sahib my salaams, and tell him that I'll be waitin' in room seven, on the second floor, just dyin' with the joy of seein' him. Tell your master that Finnerty Sahib is just dyin' to be punished—altogether hungry for it."

The servant slipped away; the Keddah Sahib finished his wine, and more or less troubled by its wavering influence, passed to the second floor, muttering as he went: "Oh, but I ought to telegraph to Healey at Dhuttaghur that I'm going to be chastised!"

Down the dim corridor Finnerty swung, full of the exhilarating prospect ahead of him. He pushed back the *pardah* of a doorway and passed into the room. Had he looked at the number he would have seen it was nine, but the rooms were all alike in their primitive simplicity, and he was deeply interested in other matters. His foot struck against a pair of riding boots standing in the middle of the floor. Finnerty kicked them through the *pardah* to the hall, muttering: "That Abdul is a *budmash*; I'll fine him eight annas for leavin' me boots there—I might have broken me neck."

He threw his coat and helmet on a chair, lighted a cheroot and stretched himself on the bed to wait for a visitation of justice. In truth, the man from Birmingham had probably meant court business; but such a thing as law was outside the cognizance of the Keddah Sahib; he was a law unto himself.

"He'll be comin' presintly," Finnerty murmured drowsily, as the many potations tugged at his eyelids, "but hurry, you darlin'."

Then he thought regretfully of the physical incapacity of the Englishman. After all, there would be little real enjoyment in the proceedings; the man from Birmingham would provide but poor sport.

"Hivins! p'raps he'll bring a friend. Faith, then there will be fun. P'raps he will—by the Powers! He's sure to. Yes, there'll be sport after all; yes—there'll be sport." The Keddah Sahib was asleep.

And he dreamed that one of his own kind, as big and sinewy as a Punjabi wrestler, came and gripped him, and the strength of the stranger's arm set his physical being athrob with the ecstasy of combat; of glorious, straining, bone-creaking combat.

As Finnerty slept, a man as big as the Keddah Sahib, clad in a towel and pyjama pants, stepped from a bathroom at the end of the hall. It was Colonel Le Mes-

surier, and if Finnerty was the strongest man in the service, Le Messurier was the handsomest, and almost as strong.

The Colonel slipped quietly along to Number 9. He stared when he saw his riding boots lying drunkenly in the corridor, and muttered: "The Devil take that bearer!" as he passed through the purdah.

Inside the room he stared again. On his bed lay a huge, rumped creature snoring voluminously. A lighted cheroot was sizzling in the pillow case.

"By Jove! of all the infernal cheek!" exclaimed the indignant Colonel. Then he laid a heavy hand upon the sleeper's arm, and Finnerty's eyes opening, fell upon a pair of satin-skinned shoulders as broad as a Gladiator's.

The Irishman sprang to his feet. "Och, you boy—you've come!" he cried joyously, as he looked straight into a pair of blue-grey eyes that were on a level with his own. "Faith, an' you're ready for business," as his eye took in the fighting trim of the stranger, who was stripped to his waist.

"What are you doing here?" queried the Gladiator.

"Waitin' for you, you darlin'!"

"Waiting for me, eh?" The Gladiator dropped the boots and surveyed the dusty imprint of Finnerty's feet on his bed. "Get out!" he said.

The Keddah Sahib laughed and tightened his belt.

"Come, leave the room! You've got a devilish cheek."

For answer Finnerty slapped him on the chest with the flat of his hand, as is the method of wrestlers, sprang back, and crouched, his eyes wide with delight at the Gladiator's excellence of form. Never had he seen in India such a man; tall as himself, lithe and supple, not tied with knotty muscles, but the biceps, and the triceps, and the broad, flat fore-arm big and smooth, and covered with pink-white skin that was like a woman's.

"You blackguard!" cried the Gladiator. "Leave the room, or, by Jove, I'll throw you out."

"Begin, you darlin'; I'm cryin' with joy. You're the loveliest boy—for the love of God begin; I'm cryin' with joy."

There was a shimmer of white skin and

a hand of steel grasped the wrist of the Keddah Sahib's guard, and the tussle was on. It was an affair of equality; the scarcity of furniture conduced to freedom of action.

In vain Finnerty had drained the *Punjau* for a man of his own might, and here, in the grasp of a chanceling, his strength was held in check, and his art was matched by art, and his bones creaked, and his muscles strained, and he had come by sport such as he had dreamed of.

Finnerty's shirt hung in shreds. Once he found time to strip the collar from his swelling neck; once the Gladiator, fastening in his belt, lifted him from the floor and started towards the door. Then they were on the mat, and Finnerty's breath, made thick by his too generous potations, blew hot and strong against the pink cheek of the Gladiator.

It was an accident—Finnerty would have given a month's pay to have it undone, but his hand slipped on the moist skin and lifted a welt over the Gladiator's eye.

"You blackguard! You cad!" he heard panted through the set teeth of the Gladiator, and a knee knuckled his ribs as he turned.

Finnerty took "to the bridge" for a breathing space, and a smooth hand glided beneath his arm-pit, and a hot palm lay against the back of his neck.

A desolating regret filled the soul of the Keddah Sahib, as he waited cooling his lungs. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he rank out of condition.

"Curse the beer *sharab!* Why did I touch it?" he moaned inwardly. "I'm an old woman—I'm a punkah cooly—I'm a fat baboo—that's what I am!"

Then he was woven sideways till his spine was like a corkscrew, and another hand came up between his legs and laid him by the thigh.

"Och, you laddie-buck!" he muttered; "you're the fairest play-boy from over the sea, and I'll promise you this, that if me shoulders touch the mat, I'll walk out like a lamb and give you me own room."

Then like a wire jack-in-the-box Finnerty spiraled straight through the holding arms, and was up on top of a strong-bridged back that was like chiselled ivory.

"Rest a bit, you darlin'! Rest a bit, you boy!" he said; "it's yourself that's up to the game."

Finnerty looked longingly at the opening he saw for the "strangle hold"; he shut his eyes to put the temptation from him—the Gladiator played the game too fair for a trick.

There was a full half-hour of this joyous entertainment; the first fierce onslaught and careless taking of chances had passed away and decorum graced the game. Also there was a suspicion of lethargy creeping into the huge muscles that had strained assiduously.

Because of the frivolous week, Finnerty's condition commenced to tell. Had he been chasing *hathis* in the jungle during that time, the bout would have lasted perhaps till midnight. However, it was now suddenly terminated by a bustle of people at the room door.

The Gladiator loosed his grip and sprang nimbly back, and the Keddah Sahib, rising, saw the hotel manager—in fact, the hall thronged with sahibs and the hotel staff, who gazed with a mixture of awe and amusement upon the wrestlers.

The Colonel's silk pyjamas were no more than an apology; while Finnerty, from the belt up, was a muscular statue of hand-spanked flesh.

"Och, Tremairne!" Finnerty began, but the manager interrupted him with concise reprimand. No more wild Irish elephant-catchers for the Great Eastern; Finnerty had wrecked a tiffin table, made a bear's garden of the café, and now the whole hotel had been thrown into confusion by his assault upon Colonel Le Messurier. Indeed, the Keddah Sahib was invited to adjourn to some other hotel, where they looked more kindly upon such proceedings.

It was the Colonel Sahib's voice interrupting the manager: "If this person is quite finished with my room, I should like to dress."

"Your room—his room?" queried the Keddah Sahib, looking from one to the other.

"Yes," answered Tremairne.

Finnerty looked at the number on the door, and the enormity of his transgression

swept him into unspeakable shame. He gathered his coat and helmet; in the hallway he said: "And that's Colonel Le Messurier! Sure, I thought it was a pug that Brummagem swine had hired to give me a turn. And I've been touseling Colonel Le Messurier that's just been transferred as Collector of Dhuttaghur. I might 've known it—I've heard of him. Me soul's watered to take a throw out of him—I might 've known it. But he's a swine with his pride—I've heard that, too. Faith, I'll be broke; I might as well go down and feed meself to the *muggars* in Hooghly River."

The Keddah Sahib, depressed to the edge of misery, sat alone in his room and brooded over the trouble he had brought upon himself. A physical struggle bearing the fruitage of a black eye, or a strained tendon, or even a broken limb, was a small matter; but to lay subordinate hands of violence upon his Burra Sahib, Collector of Dhuttaghur, bung up his eye, and leave his silk pyjamas in tatters, make an exhibition of him before other sahibs, was something that would set a black mark against his Service name many a year to come. At last here was something he could not leave behind him in Calcutta, for daily he would come face to face with the offended Burra Sahib, and every one in Dhuttaghur would know. Yes, the idea of the *muggars* in the Hooghly was a good one.

He drank a strong whiskey peg—then he drank another; he drank three. For the first time in his remembrance the liquor held a reverse action, it depressed him, it put him in an ugly mood. He cursed the innocent cause of his trouble; he swore jungle oaths at the land and the people of the land.

Mechanically his thoughts came back in yearning to Chota Moti. Yes, that was all he was fit for—homing with elephants; they were big and rough in their way like himself. He filled his pockets with the sweets intended for Moti, muttering to himself: "Hivins, I'm blue! I must talk to somebody or something. I'll go *kharab* thinkin' of the coolly-headed fool I am entirely."

When he went downstairs the sahibs shunned him. Finnerty passed out into

the street that skirted the *maidan*. He saw men at work on the spot where the circus always stood, and some one said that the circus would be there on the morrow.

Finnerty swung on toward the river, where the thick foliage trees of "Eden Garden" cut the sky that was like burnished copper from the huge ball of fire that had seared its face in the west. The grey wall of the garden lay like a shadowy serpent beneath the trees, in which an army of crows fought and clamoured over the night resting-places. Finnerty swung to the right along a skirting path that was silent and hushed, save for the vociferous crows.

Suddenly a grey, earth-coloured form loomed bulkily in front of him. It was like a leaf-covered Hindoo cart; it was a bulgy form, like an abnormal *bhesti's* water mussock. The grotesque shadow was on the grassed roadside, close to the garden wall, and some part of it was pulling and breaking the overhanging tree limbs.

As the Keddah Sahib approached wonderingly, he cut the wind, and the wind took up the call of his scent. The tearing rustle of the dismembered leaves ceased; there was a moment of stillness; then, "Phr-u-i-i, phr-u-t-t, whee-e-e!" came little enquiring grunts.

"Hivins!" ejaculated Finnerty; "by me soul, that's little Moti. I'd know her laugh if I heard it in hell. Wow, you little pig, you! You darlin'—you babe! Where did you come from? God in Hivin! But you're welcome to-night, Moti—I'm fair starved with lonesomeness."

Finnerty ran his hand caressingly up and down the trunk that felt at his cheek, and fingered his nose and blew a smile of delight against his lips, and tugged at his shoulder lovingly; and all the time its owner was squeaking tremulously in an ecstasy of recognition.

"Moti, you little pig—you rascal! Where did you come from?"

The big ears flapped and fanned his face, and the heavy forehead lay against the Irishman's chest, and the little eyes twinkled happily—even in the dusk Finnerty could feel their gleam.

"Och, you sly little pearl!" as Moti fumbled her trunk into his pocket, and shoved taparees, and grapes, and raisins, into her thin-lipped mouth.

Finnerty threw himself on the grass at the elephant's feet and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"Divil the care have you, girl, whether I've touseled the Burra Sahib or not. Och you're human—you're a better."

The big Irishman patted the trunk of the babe elephant, and talked like a man who had come back to women folks that are true forever, holding no knowledge of misdeeds, nor of anything but just fealty.

And Moti emptied the Sahib's pockets, and bubbled in content, and wound her trunk beneath his shoulders as though she would lift him to her back.

Suddenly Moti cocked her ears, threw her trunk into the air and stood in silent listening.

"What is it, old girl?" Finnerty asked. "Are they after you? Sure, I know your secret, you little pig; you've skipped away at the landin' from the steamer; you've played me the same trick many a time at the keddah. Come on, then, girl; we'll just slip them for a bit."

Finnerty led the way through a gate in the wall, and with Moti's trunk over his shoulder walked along the circular path that skirted the wall. He could hear the band down on the grassed parade of the garden, and see the glare of the electric lights breaking through the foliage. Suddenly above the drone of brass came a shrill trumpet note.

The Keddah Sahib stooped and threw his head up in alarm. It was the war trump of an elephant—fighting mad; he knew it well. Moti squeaked in fretful fear.

"My God, Moti, did the whole show break loose? Sure, that's a bull on the rampage. God save the people—"

Again the shrill trumpet of an elephant came from the direction of the promenade.

"Come, Moti, *chalo* (hurry), me darlin'! There'll be murder done yonder—there's women and children there by the score; hurry, Moti!"

Finnerty broke into a trot, and the babe elephant shuffled at his side. Now they

were clear of the crotons and the banyans, and in the glare of the electric-lighted promenade the sahib saw something that made even his stout Irish heart miss a beat. It was awful. Like a heap of broken dolls, children, and ayahs, and white women cowered on one side of the wide grass promenade against a holding wall, and on the other side, just beyond the two gateways, was the road, a seething mass of maddened horses and fear-crazed coachmen, and sahibs who had lost their nerve, and cursed and yelled unintelligible orders, and clambered into carriages that were not their own. And in the centre of the velvet lawn, just within the gate, was the huge, towering form of an elephant weaving his body back and forth, from side to side, his ears cocked forward angrily, his trunk now curling in between his tusks as if for a charge, now stretched sinuously upward as he bellowed his defiance to everything on earth.

"Oh, my God!" moaned Finnerty, "he's fair crazed with the lights, and the band, and all. How'll I stop him? The fools—the damned cowards! And the women and children frightened to death there!"

There was a gleam of white at his elbow. Two men of the Black Watch, coming through the garden, had checked in their way. Finnerty's big hand shot out, and clutched one by his white tunic.

"Run, man, for your life, to the Fort, bring a firin' squad—a Gatlin'—anything. For the sake of the children—run; I'll hold the tusker till you come. Run, man—as you love God, hurry!" To the other he said:

"Go to the children, man. Keep down at the side in the bushes. Get them out—d'you understand?" He clutched the man by the chest and drew him forward till his hot breath burned the other's cheek. Are you a coward? Get them out, or I'll murder you. Throw them over the wall—anything. I'll keep the elephant for a bit."

He thrust the soldier from him, and the two dove into the bushes on the left.

"Now, Moti, me darlin'—Och, you're feared, you little pig, you're tremblin'. But I'm with you, Moti. You'll go where the Keddah Sahib drives—you always

would. Quick, give me your trunk now; there, so!"

And the Keddah Sahib was lifted to the babe elephant's neck; his knees pressed against her ears, and his heavy, iron-shod walking stick was a goad. Finnerty jabbed it fiercely into the pulpy skull of his mount.

"There, Moti, *dauro* now! Squeal, you little pig!" And Finnerty dug with his walking stick till the little trunk was thrown up, uttering a wail of remonstrance.

The mad tusker heard the call of his kind just as he was shuffling toward the screaming children and ayahs. He stopped, threw his huge head up, and his great fan-like ears waved back and forward, and then cocked intently.

Finnerty drove Moti into the light, and the tusker's restless eye saw them. He whisked about and trumpeted a defiance.

The babe squealed in fear and stopped.

"*Dauro*, Moti!" Finnerty cried, hunching the big ears with his knees, and jabbing the skull with his goad. Moti obeyed, and shuffled forward.

Finnerty could see the white-coated soldier driving the children before him like a flock of lambs. A sahib leaped the wall and ran to the children; then another.

"By the grace of God, they'll be saved!" Finnerty cried, "if I can hold this big devil in play. Squeal, you little pig—give him *bat*, Moti. We must keep away from him—just play with him, me darlin'—the devil's fair rampageous. There, just stand where you are, Moti; it'll take him time to make up his mind to charge.

The Keddah Sahib knew every trick of the elephant. He knew that while the tusker's attention was fixed on him and Moti, the children, and the sahibs, and everything would be forgotten—they would escape. The tusker would probably wait, ready to give battle, and Finnerty's plan was to keep clear of the maddened brute. If he closed in, the bull would crush them both, unless, perhaps, he had an affection for Moti, when he might calm down. This was not at all likely, for the bulls, when angry, were vicious toward their young:

With difficulty Finnerty kept the babe from bolting. Perhaps it was the white-

coated soldier that caught the bull's eye again, for he suddenly wheeled as if to charge and trample the fleeing children.

"He's just a damned crazy brute—he's fair mast," Finnerty muttered. "*Chalo*, Moti! Squeal, you little pig! Give him tongue!" and he jabbed the babe's head till she trumpeted shrilly, and started forward.

Her call stopped the tusker again. He wheeled erratically, and, without stopping, came thundering down the lawn like a destroying tornado.

"Steady, Moti!" Finnerty yelled; but the babe, crazed with fear, whipped around clumsily, and started back over the path-way.

But the turn held her; she was weak from fear. In a dozen yards the bull had driven his tusks into Moti's rump, and as she fell Finnerty was pinned beneath her massive head.

When the men from Fort William swung into the garden on the run, they heard a vicious squealing cry of victory and hate from the tusker; and he was tramping something into the earth with his knees and tusks when they poured volley after volley into his huge carcase.

The children, and the memsahibs, and the ayahs, had all escaped unhurt.

That is why, when you ask in India of Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah, they tell you this story first.

The Scribe

BY C. LELAND ARMSTRONG

YEAR in, year out, he sat his wobbly chair
 And watched the moving caravan pass by;
 Remarking on the fairness of the fair
 And heralding the highness of the high.
 He wrote for Honour, but, so swift she flew,
 He followed still when it was waning day.
 And then his hand across his brow he drew,
 And sobbed "Denied!" And then he wrote for pay.
 He wrote for pay! ah, hopeless hope of life!
 He wrote for pay . . . and shivered with the cold.
 The caravan passed gaily on its way.
 It praised his pen, but it withheld its gold.
 Once golden curls that crowned his youth's fair brow
 Snow-capped the wrinkled bulwark of the brain,
 When fickle Honour, keen for courting now,
 Returned and beckoned him to her again.
 And, in the palsied fulness of his years,
 He staggered up the never-ending stair;
 Without complaint he wiped away the tears,
 And with a shaking hand erased despair.
 And then . . . he fell! His dotage effort vain,
 He fell, when Vict'ry seemed, of all, most near.
 He fell, his arm outstretched to grasp her train,
 And Honour paused and turned to loose a tear.
 Ah, Strangest Dame! she feels compassion now;
 She sweeps his silver with a heated breath;
 'Prints 'passioned kisses on his fair, cold brow,
 Smooth, in that everlasting dream called Death.
 Pish! Let her weep an ocean of her tears;
 What purpose? It lies not within her power
 To atone, with all her laurels, through the years,
 The dreg-drained bitterness of one brief hour.



Current Events Abroad.

UNREST IN THE UNITED STATES

NO student of the times can fail to be struck with the situation of affairs amongst our neighbours during the past year or wo. The public mind is in a suspicious and resentful humour. It is ministered to by journals and periodicals notoriously prone, it need not be said to pander, but at least to minister to and to encourage its humour. For some years past a widely circulated and influential portion of the press has laboured to promote the idea that there were certain interests in the United States which either under the laws or under colour of the laws were banded together to profit enormously and to grow rich at the expense of the masses of the people. It became a daily text with the cartoonist. The "public" took the form of a distracted and futile goggle-eyed little person who was constantly being maltreated by smug, corpulent, coarse, self-satisfied, silk-hatted personages of the director order who represented the various trusts which are popularly supposed to batten on the public.

The effect of these cartoons can scarcely be exaggerated. A philosopher might be able to resist their appeal, but to the man who does most of his reading on the street car they, by their constant dropping, become more potent than proofs from Holy Writ. A few strokes of a cartoonist can blast a character that would prove impregnable to a Grand Jury's indictment. It may be said that it is only effective when it presents in pictorial form a thought already in the mind. But the thought may be merely in embryo and quite unsupported by fact and reasoning. But the cartoon strikes the eye and the embryo becomes a monster whom neither fact nor reason can slay.

The daily cartoonist therefore slowly impregnated the mind of the masses in

the United States with the thought that all men were no longer equal, but that on the other hand the community was divided into two classes, namely, those who prey and those who are preyed upon, the former being a small and ruthless clique of rich men, rapidly becoming richer, and the latter the great multitudes of the people, rapidly increasing in numbers and having all the avenues to independence and comfort steadily closed to them. This became a cult and at length a class of periodical publications joined in the pursuit one after another, until almost every monthly or weekly which caters to the populace has its department in which the main theme is the vulpine rich and the despoiled poor.

There must be considerable credence given to this estimate of society when so many publications find their account in catering to it. If so, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that much class-bitterness exists at the present moment in the United States. When a magazine which circulates by hundreds of thousands among the middle ranks of the people can hold up the richest man in America as a person to be execrated; when another represents the Senate, the historic body of which the country used to be so proud, as chiefly manned by commercial and financial cormorants and exposes some of its most frequently elected members to the scorn of the nation, using language in respect to them that would be violent if used with respect to a race-track welcher—we must believe that there is an anger in the public mind that corresponds to it.

The insurance investigations have, of course, brought great fuel to the flames. The President's campaign against rebating, his effort in face of a hostile Senate to secure legislation giving Congress control over railway rates, the institution of a Department of Commerce and Labour,

PUNCH EXPRESSES DISSATISFACTION WITH THE INTEREST IN THE COLONIES DISPLAYED BY THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT



THE RELIGION OF EMPIRE

SCHOOL-INSPECTOR PUNCH. "What! Empty benches!"

HEAD-MISTRESS BRITANNIA. "Well, you see, attendance at the class is optional, and they prefer playing round the parish pump."—*Punch*.

with its Bureau of Corporations whose main duty is to enquire into the exercise of illegal power by these State-created, but not State-controlled commercial monsters—have heightened the feeling that the country is face to face with the Giant of selfish and irresponsible power. The President at length sees, however, the direction in which things are drifting and endeavoured to stem the tide in his Man-with-the-Muck-rake discourse. He deprecated the very agitation by cartoon and magazine article which is related above, but he wound up by admitting that

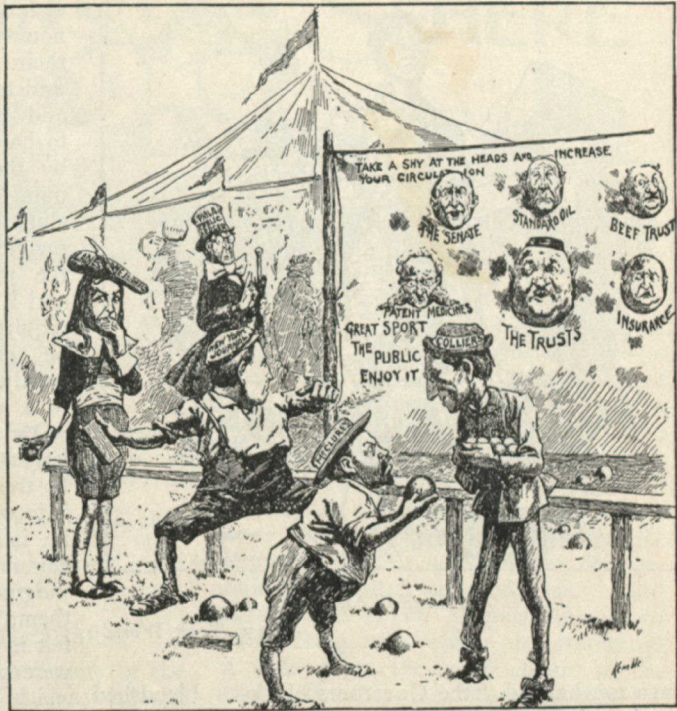
portentous riches constituted a condition with which the State would be justified in dealing. He was not very clear how it could be done—all that he contributed to the discussion was a confirmation of the popular feeling that the hugely rich man was a danger who should be dealt with by the laws.

We had an utterance in Toronto which was undoubtedly inspired by the observation of the popular tendency in the United States at the present moment to seek out strange gods and to fall down and worship them. This was the address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York, at the dinner given to Mr. Carnegie by the Canadian Club. Dr. Butler conceived that Anglo-Saxon civilisation was founded on the three cardinal sociological principles embodied in Magna Charta, namely: (1) Civil and industrial liberty; (2) the rights of property, and (3) the inviolability of contracts. Dr. Butler's short address was one of undoubted vigour, close thought and earnestness. It is quite evident, however, that there is room for a volume of comment on the three grand principles which he extracted from Magna Charta. Socialism denies them all, and even President Roosevelt, the head of the State, with his proposals for saying to the rich man, "Thus rich shalt thou get but

no richer," would seem to contravene them equally.

These questions, perhaps, are academic as compared with that which Mr. Eugene Debs raises in a recent manifesto in the columns of the *Appeal to Reason*, the Socialist weekly of Kansas. The occasion of Mr. Debs' outburst is the imprisonment while awaiting trial of Charles Moyer, Wm. D. Haywood, and other officers of the Western Federation of Miners. The condition of affairs which has existed in Colorado for the past couple of years is known to all newspaper readers. A capital and labour fight has bedevilled the State. Individual and wholesale murder has been rife. Among the victims was Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho. Steunenberg was blown up by a bomb, that being a favourite form of assassination in the course of this giant struggle between master and man. It may be said at once that legality was set at naught by both sides, for the authorities forsook the sanctions of the laws for the code of Judge Lynch, by arresting men, taking them to the borders of the State and threatening them with death if they ever returned again.

When the guardians and executors of the law lose faith in it, who shall do it honour? Murder and outrage proceeded unchecked. At length the tactics which broke up the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania more than a quarter century ago, were employed in this case also, and,



THE NATIONAL SPORT IN THE UNITED STATES

—Collier's Weekly

strange to say, the same individual who ferreted out the criminals in the mining camps and patches of the Keystone State, undertook the same task in Colorado. The result of his labours was the arrest and subsequent confession of a man named Harry Orchard, who told an amazing tale of murderous conspiracy, in which he implicated himself and the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Half a dozen of them were arrested and immediately hurried over the border into Idaho, on the ground that a fair trial could not be obtained in Colorado. There they await trial in jail.

Debs, under the caption of "Arouse, ye Slaves!" denounces the whole proceedings as a deliberate plot of the mine-owners to murder the officers of the union under the forms of law. His appeal is a shriek, in which he declares that if these



INDOMITABLE

—New York World

men are hanged, "the Governors of Colorado and Idaho, and their masters from Wall Street, New York, to the Rocky Mountains, had better prepare to follow them." He dares the authorities to carry out a sentence of execution. "There have been," he says, "twenty years of revolutionary education, agitation, and organisation since the Haymarket tragedy, and if an attempt is made to repeat it, there will be a revolution and I will do all in my power to precipitate it. . . . They have driven us to the wall, and now let us rally our forces and face them and fight. If they attempt to murder Moyer, Haywood and their brothers, a million revolutionists, at least, will meet them with guns. They have done their best and their worst to crush and enslave us. Their politicians have betrayed us, their courts have thrown us into jail without trial and their soldiers have shot our comrades dead in their tracks. The worm turns at last, and so does the worker. Let them dare to execute their devilish plot and every State in the Union will resound with the tramp of revolution. Get ready, comrades, for action! No other course is left to the working class. Their courts are

closed to us except to pronounce our doom. To enter their courts is simply to be mulcted of our meagre means and bound hand and foot; to have our eyes plucked out by the vultures that fatten upon our misery." He concludes by suggesting a "special revolutionary convention of the proletariat of Chicago, and if extreme measures are required, a general strike could be ordered and industry paralysed as a preliminary to a general uprising."

Mr. Debs' unmeasured language should not perhaps be treated too seriously, but it is worth pointing out that he is a man of more than common gifts, although sane judgment may not be amongst them. What will be generally felt is that if the accused men were parties to the reign of bloodshed which has cursed Colorado, hanging is about the sort of medicine required. However we may sympathise with the strivings of labour to secure a greater share of the wealth it creates, we cannot, in a land where every man has the franchise, admit murder as an argument in the propaganda. Mr. Debs has evidently lost faith in the jury system as well as every other institution of civilisation. When the workingmen suffer as much as he thinks they do, they will use their ballots to a little better purpose than they do now. Ballots, not bullets, are our means of social amelioration. I did not quote Mr. Debs, however, for the purpose of controverting him, but merely to furnish further evidence of the considerable amount of dissatisfaction and unrest which may be detected among our neighbours at the present moment.

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In Europe matters have settled down after the Algeciras conference. The trouble between Britain and Turkey over the Sinaitic Peninsula has ended as usual in a graceful retreat on the part of the Sultan.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts
free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is
well!"

And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou
art good!"

Bliss Carman

PRINCESS ENA'S TROUSSEAU

IN spite of the state and dignity of the Spanish Court the gowns ordered for King Alfonso's bride are said by the London *Daily Graphic* "to be pervaded by a note of simplicity." The description of several of these "confections" leads one to believe that simplicity is a comparative term. We are told, for instance:

"One of the already-finished robes is a dainty gown for evening wear, made in the princess manner of anemone mauve crêpe de chine, untrimmed upon the skirt save for a band of silver that covers the stitchery of the deep hem. On the corsage all the adornment is concentrated upon a bolero of diamanté and silver embroidery, outlined by a modestie of mauve chiffon, and fastened by large crystal buttons." What is a modestie? We confess that it is a new word of pleasant sound which is more agreeable than our old friend, *passementerie*.

Black and white, those simple colours which the song in the *School-Girl* assures us often "make a combination which you're apt to rue," appear frequently in the royal trousseau. "In one case a gown is completely white, made of satin with a white tulle kerchief, and short

puffed sleeves brightened by diamond ornaments; in another, a black gown of chiffon velours has two bodices, one of them cut décolleté and completed by a berthe of fine jet and chenille; the other fitted with a transparent yoke and high collar, made of delicate point de Venise."

And this description of a tailor-made gown seems all that a princess might desire: "There is a very pretty Wedgewood-blue frieze costume, with hand embroidered fronts of pale blue cloth embroidered with white, and trimmings of wide galon the same colour as the frieze. For this model long sleeves of the regulation coat shape were chosen, and the skirt is built with seven gores neatly stitched down to within a few inches of the edge; where inserted pleats give the necessary width required about the feet."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

IN an article written for the February issue of this magazine the following sentence appeared: "The most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the Englishwoman and the dress of the Frenchwoman, and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old-world grace of speech and attire." The above quotation without the context looks like a snatch of cynicism, whereas its place in the article referred to made it quite pertinent. Several writers in United States publications have seen fit to comment upon the statement, and two of these comments afford matter for reply.

In the New York *Evening Journal* of May 1st, Miss Fairfax takes occasion to

indulge in personal surmises regarding the writer of this department to which it is not my intention (the United Stateser may consider it lack of ability) to retort. The time has surely come when women can indulge in journalistic discussion without that descent to trivial personalities which leads the mere man to refer to us as the feline sex. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the former statement and the criticism thereon.

The remark is made that my reference to "the most attractive American" is wholesale denunciation. There is not a denunciatory word in the sentence as anyone may see who reads it carefully. Wholesale denunciation is quite as foolish as wholesale laudation and just as untruthful. The faults of the American woman are, generally speaking, the faults of the Canadian, and in the very paragraph from which that sentence was taken, Miss Fairfax will find that certain failings are brought home to Halifax and Ottawa. For years there has been an avalanche of adjectives, most of them complimentary, employed by those who would describe the American woman, and all this indiscriminating praise has become somewhat tiresome to those who find it difficult to believe that the women of any one country have a monopoly of the virtues and the graces. No one is denying the existence of fine specimens of "honest, happy, healthy and lovely girlhood" in the United States, but we should merely suggest that this continent does not possess an exclusive right to produce such beings. The American woman is more independent and self-reliant than any other, but is she more gracious? She is, next to the Frenchwoman, the best-dressed in the world, but she is not so thrifty a housewife as her Gallic sister. In truth, the worst and the best that can be said in the matter, whether American, English, German, or French be under consideration, is that, according to the saying of the latter, the type has the defect of its qualities.

But so far has the spirit of brag and bluster gone on this continent (which includes more than the United States) that the mere suggestion that an American

woman can receive the slightest aid or improvement from foreign sources is regarded as unkindly detraction and "wholesale denunciation." Indeed, our smug self-satisfaction is more in the way of the highest development than any other force. The over-emphasis and provincialism of unfledged communities are shown more amusingly in their excessive extolling of their own products than in any other fashion. We have the virtues but also the failings of a clean, new continent and are entirely too much given, even in articles upon our woman-kind, to confusing display with effectiveness and puffing with patriotism.

The best type of American womanhood is an inspiring sight. But what of the finest that France or England affords, to say nothing of dear, delightful Ireland? While most of us are willing to concede with cheerfulness that the American woman is independent, resourceful, vivacious and admirably gowned, we are not prepared to admit that she is as dainty as the Frenchwoman, as fair-skinned as the girl with Devon cheeks, as lovably witty as the Irish maiden, as desirably reserved as the Scotch lassie, or as graceful as the Spaniard. The most charming woman ever seen in the United States was the Southerner of the old traditions as the following article on Mr. Wister's latest novel may declare. That the French or English woman might be enlightened by an American tour and be improved by a touch of our self-reliance, may be granted, but it is surely no denunciation to say that the educational system of this continent is not perfection.

The editor of New York *Life*, that weekly publication which renders its namesake more enduring, has also commented on the sentence quoted from the February article, differing courteously from the opinion expressed and concluding: "The American girl is the product of a freer social condition and of more abundant liberty of thought and behaviour than is experienced by any of her sisters in Europe. Therein lies the vital difference between her and them. It is a difference that is not always profitable to her, but when it is profitable it is highly signifi-

cant and helps a great deal to make her interesting."

But, in spite of our well-known advantages of liberty and independence, I am yet of the opinion that the most *attractive*, not necessarily the most sensible, useful or practical American woman is she who has added to her native qualities the graces that older countries have taken centuries to bring to flower.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL

MOST Canadians have read that stirring story, "The Virginian," by Owen Wister. The author has just published a novel of entirely different scenes, "Lady Baltimore," which introduces the reader to an old South Carolina town, Kings Port, where there are gentlewomen of the good old-fashioned kind. Mr. Wister indulges in many diatribes at the expense of modern smart society, and vies with that pungent journalist, Mr. Henry Watterson, in his scathing criticism of the women of Newport. These comments are well worth reading, for Mr. Wister is too witty to let them degenerate into prosy homilies. There were such delightful old ladies in Kings Port, which was itself a town of yesterday. "This Kings Port, this little city of oblivion, held, shut in with its lavender and pressed-rose memories, a handful of people who were like that great society of the world, the high society of distinguished men and women who exist no more, but who touched history with a light hand, and left their mark upon it in a host of memoirs and letters that we read to-day with a starved and home-sick longing in the midst of our sullen welter of democracy."

There is one city on this continent where money does not "count," where gentle speech and courtly bearing are yet heard and seen. That city is Charleston, a beautiful old Southern town by the sea, which hardly seems to belong to the vulgar commercial world of to-day. No one who has lived in Charleston can forget its old-world charm, and its beauty came back to me as I read this description of Kings Port: "Thus it was that I came to sojourn in the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America; whose



MISS ELLEN TERRY

Who has been receiving many honours on the occasion of her Jubilee, April 28th

visible sadness and distinction seem also to speak audibly, speak in the sound of the quiet waves that ripple round her Southern front, speak in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and breathe not only in the soft, salt air, but in the perfume of every gentle, old-fashioned rose that blooms behind the high garden walls of falling mellow-tinted plaster."

In the conversation between Augustus of the North and John Mayrant of the South in the old churchyard at Kings Port, there are many things worth remembering. Augustus, in expressing his warm admiration for the old ladies whose hearts are buried with the soldiers who fell a generation ago, says of the present: "There's nothing united about these States any more, except Standard Oil and discontent. We're no longer a small people, living and dying for a great idea; we're a big people, living and dying for money. And these ladies of yours—well, they have made me home-sick for a national and a social past, which I never saw, but which my people knew. They're like legends, still living, still warm and



Prince John George Princess Mary Henry

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER YOUNGEST CHILDREN

The Prince and Princess have recently arrived home from their tour of India

with us. In their quiet, clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old serene candlelight we all once talked and danced in—sconces, tall mirrors, candles burning inside glass globes to keep them from the moths and the draft that, of a warm evening, blew in through handsome mahogany doors; the good, bright silver; the portraits by Copley and Gilbert Stuart; a young girl at a square piano, singing Moore's melodies."

Mr. Wister expresses an ardent desire that these "lavender and pressed-rose" old ladies might form a kind of object lesson to the modern young persons of the smart set. "They would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked boy cubs, our alcoholic girls who shout to waiters for 'high-balls' on country club porches—they would teach these wallowing creatures whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. The manners we've lost, the decencies we've banished, the standards we've lowered, their light is still flickering in this passing generation of yours. It's the last torch." But with all respect for Mr. Wister, or rather for "Augustus," the young women of modern fashionable society would not be at all restrained or edified by the appearance of such a gentlewoman as Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. They would vote her an old foggy and con-

tinue to shout for high-balls and smoke cigarettes under her aristocratic nose.

After all, Newport is not the United States, nor is the so-called smart circle of any country truly representative. In spite of the vulgarity of the "yellow rich," there are thousands who have not bowed the knee to Mammon, and who set Thackeray and Browning above Rockefeller and Morgan. It is in the homes of the middle classes that

one must look for the best life of the people and there are many households on this continent yet unspoiled by the indecency of the class which holds marriage provincial and divorce desirable. In Canada our wholesome social life has so far been little affected by the millionaire microbe. Manners are not what they might be, but the remedy lies with the women—a taste for music, literature or art is usually the result of a mother's care and culture. The men who talk of nothing but money and how it is made, have come from homes where there was poverty of conversation, whatever wealth there may have been of dollars. How quickly one can tell whether the mother is a woman who is giving her family anything of the culture that is more excellent! The richest homes are often without that touch of discernment, and frequently where furniture is well-worn one discovers the presence of the woman who knows and feels the best in life.

Mr. Wister has given us a charming picture of the old ladies of Kings Port, and we can afford to forget his sketch of the young persons of Newport and their high-balls. "Lady Baltimore" should make pleasant reading for anyone, but to those Canadians who know South Carolina, with its chivalry and its sadness, it is a story as familiar as it is picturesque.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PRINCE AND PEOPLE

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CON-NAUGHT has been with us for a few days. He has gone again, and about two thousand persons, more or less, will tell their children that they once had the honour of being presented to him. If the Prince could examine the pedigrees of those who were thus honoured he would find that the parents of at least half of them came over steerage from the British Isles. From steerage to the title "Honourable" in two or three generations is easy enough in Canada. In fact, it has been accomplished in one generation by a not insignificant few. Every person has a chance in this country. Every social grade is open to a man irrespective of the social standing of his parents—with the single exception of the permanent militia, which is retained as a special preserve for the younger sons of aristocratic Canadian or British families. In Great Britain, it is much more difficult for a man to rise from the ranks to equality with the aristocracy in one generation, although it has more than once been accomplished.

There were handsome women presented to the Prince who in their younger days had been farmers' daughters, servants and even hotel waitresses. In England the difficulties which beset the ambitious woman are even greater than in the case of men. Even a minister who marries a girl "of the people" can scarcely find a pulpit either in England or Scotland. More than one clergyman has come to Canada because the pulpits were closed to him on account of his having married the daughter of a tradesman. Here no such distinction obtains.

IN DEFENCE OF THE PEOPLE

EVERY year the capitalists file into the lobbies of the Legislatures and of the Federal House and seek special franchises for the building of railways, the development of water powers and other public utilities. The governing bodies restrict these grants, more or less, in the public interest. Nevertheless some of the monopolies thus created turn out to be oppressive. The joint stock companies that control them are very greedy of profits, and have little compunction in making the people pay heavy charges.

The railways have in some cases



HON. ADAM BECK

Who has acted for the Ontario Government in the "Power" question



PRINCE ARTHUR AND PARTY AT CASTLE MOUNTAIN ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

followed this policy, and the Dominion Parliament found it necessary to create a Railway Commission with power to regulate rates. The same principle will likely be applied soon to telephone, telegraph and express companies. The Provinces are also moving in the direction of commission control in defence of the people, a railway commission and a hydro-electric power commission having been created in Ontario during the session that has just closed. The railway commission will regulate rates on all provincial steam and electric railways; the power commission will control all corporations producing or selling electric lighting and power.

The "Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario" consists of three persons, one of whom may be a member of the Executive Council. This commission may appoint a chief engineer, an accountant and a secretary, and such other officials as may be deemed requisite.

The commission has two sets of duties. In the first place it may enter into agreements with municipalities to sup-

ply them with power, and may take all necessary steps to secure that power for them. It may buy power from existing companies or expropriate their works; it may build transmission lines, and it may raise funds for the purpose of carrying on such work. Any municipality entering into a contract with the commission must pay for the power it receives, and also (a) 4 per cent. on the capital expenditure made on its behalf, (b) an annual sum sufficient to form in thirty years a sinking fund equal to the outlay, and (c) the cost of operating, maintaining and renewing the plant.

The second portion of the commission's duties is to hear complaints and adjust rates to be charged by any municipal corporation, company or individual supplying electric lighting, or heating, or electric power or energy. Any person refusing to obey an order or direction of the commission shall forfeit \$100 per day to the uses of the Province.

This is the result of an agitation for cheap power which has been carried on in the Province for several years. Just what the effect will be, it is difficult to

forecast. The commission will no doubt be careful to see that any investments made by private corporations are fairly protected, and that individual enterprise shall not go unrewarded. At the same time, it will be under obligation to see that extortionate charges are not made, and that the rights of the users of power are safeguarded. It is expected that the chairman of the commission will be the Hon. Adam Beck, who has been in charge of the Government's investigations into the subject.

POLITICAL DISHONESTY

IT is a queer commentary on our politics and our standards of political honesty that at present in Canada there is scarcely an ex-cabinet minister who retains the confidence of the people. Almost every man who has passed through the cabinet ranks has either been guilty of misconduct, or has winked at the misconduct of others to such an extent that he is mistrusted. Not only is he not regarded with gratitude for his public service, but he is condemned for his lack of sterling integrity—that integrity which is incompatible with wrong either in himself or his colleagues.

When Mr. Borden had an opportunity to score the Laurier administration for the Cornwall Canal contract, he was hampered by having as a colleague Mr. Haggart, who had some connection with the beginning of this scandal, and at least one follower who was directly concerned. So when the land policy of the present Government was under discussion, the sins of the Hon. G. E. Foster and other conservative members prevented an aggressive attack. As *Saturday Night* says: "The odour of the past envelops them."

In Ontario there is a similar situation. The Opposition, because of the sins of omission

that were committed by its leading men when in office, cannot lead an attack. The Whitney Administration simply pulls aside a small curtain and the Opposition subsidies. I am not so thoroughly familiar with the situation in the other provinces, but I have no doubt that much the same condition prevails. At the risk of being considered a man with a muck-rake, I desire to say that to my mind there is little political honesty of the higher type among our public men, past or present. This is an unpleasant statement and one which any writer must hesitate to make.

There are exceptions to this statement of course. So far as I know, the Hon. J. W. Longley, ex-Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, is a man without a stain upon his record, though he was undoubtedly partizan in his political methods. Sir William Meredith, ex-leader of the Ontario Opposition, has a blameless record. Mr. Haultain, ex-Premier of the North-West Territories, seems to be a man against whom no direct or indirect charge can be made. So one may speak of Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Hon. Edward



PRINCE ARTHUR AT WINNIPEG
Leaving the City Hall



PRINCE ARTHUR AT NIAGARA FALLS

On the extreme right is Mr. Frederic Nicholls, next to the Prince; on the extreme left is Mr. Pope, Under Secretary of State; the fourth is Sir Henry Pellatt; the sixth, Mr. Charlton of the G.T.R.; the eighth, Capt. Wyndham, Equerry; and second beyond in the front row, Capt. Trotter, A.D.C.

Blake, the late Hon. Peter White, Sir Louis Davies, the late Hon. David Mills, the late Sir John Thompson, and a few others.

Nevertheless the exceptions do not affect the general rule that most of our public men have maintained but a low standard of political conduct. They have held office with men who were guilty of political offences for which they should have been punished; they have helped to reward men who had committed political wrongs; they have stood by and seen the civil service filled with men who were incompetent or worse; they have profited by gerrymanders and ill-gotten campaign funds; they have tolerated public extravagance, class legislation and the alienation of public moneys and franchises; they have retained public office when decency and the public interest would have been better served by resignation.

This is not to say that these men have not performed great public services. They have loved their country, had faith in her future and have contributed something to her advancement. They have been amenable to public opinion and have governed the country in a general way as the people desired it to be

governed. Yet they have passed out of public life without the laurel wreath of universal admiration and commendation. Consequently we have few political heroes.

When did a member of either a provincial or a federal cabinet ever resign his office rather than countenance unfair political methods, or unjust administration or legislation? When did a politician denounce his party because its campaign funds and the public patronage were improperly used? There have been private protests, no doubt, but these are not sufficient to protect a statesman's reputation. History is apt to overlook private protests.

Canadian politics and Canadian public life need a new standard of conduct. We need a few men who are willing to become martyrs on behalf of public integrity and honesty in political methods. One great step in that direction will be the abolition of all political patronage by means of more rigid and comprehensive Civil Service Acts. At least this is the administrative lesson which one learns from a study of the political history of Great Britain and the United States.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.



THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD

VOLUME IX of the Cambridge Modern History,* that grand work for which we are indebted to the late Lord Acton, bears as its title the one word "Napoleon." It might better be "The Napoleonic Period." True, as the editors set forth in the preface, "No other period in modern history—no other historical period, it may be said, except those of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, of Charlemagne—was so completely dominated by a single personality. . . . Napoleon was not only the architect of his own fortunes, but the prime creator of that enormous power with which he overawed Europe." Nevertheless, the work is not a biography of Napoleon, it is a history of the world during the time that he lived. Further, it does not attempt to give estimates of his character, but an impartial survey of the events in which he took part. It would be almost as sensible to issue a history of the United States during the past twenty-five years and label it "Rockefeller."

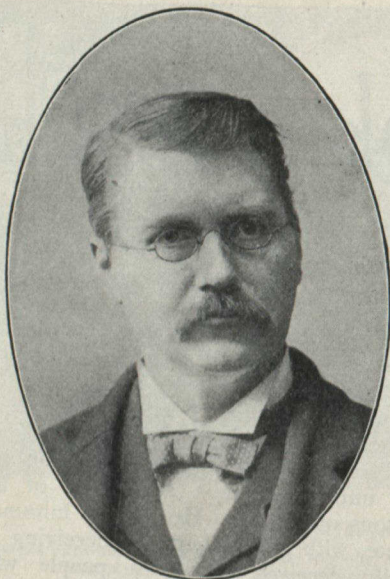
Napoleon certainly did create quite a furore for a time, but it was only among sovereigns and armies. The people of Europe were not greatly disturbed except during the last five years of his period, 1810-1815. There were no constitutional governments, and it made little difference to the people who ruled them—one despot or another—so long as the despot was fairly considerate. When Napoleon lost his head and became diabolical in his attempts to overturn thrones and institutions, to stop all trade upon the high seas with his "continental system," then the people of Europe rose against him. First Spain, aided by the British; then Russia, Prussia and Austria after the

burning of Moscow. The result of these risings was that the allies, in 1814, found themselves in possession of Paris. The events of 1815 were merely a repetition in a new form. No despot can stand before the people when they are thoroughly aroused. Napoleon's end would have come sooner had it been necessary.

The undue exaltation of Napoleon and his importance is a subversion of the lessons of history. He was an inhuman brute, with great talents for deceiving an easily deceived people—a people who were looking for some person to govern them at a period when they were fully convinced that they could not govern themselves. He was a liar, coward, murderer, and common thug. As such, history should place him in a proper light, so that posterity will not misunderstand. To exalt his military genius to the rank of that of Cæsar and Alexander, to place him as a ruling power above Charles the Fifth and Louis the Fourteenth, is to conceal the lessons which his career left for Europe. Napoleon's policy was selfish and destructive, and lacked all the elements of stability and permanency. Even his leading marshals had nothing to offer in his defence on many occasions, and they abandoned him at the first opportunity.

Aside from the conception of the volume and its title, which to my mind destroys much of its educational value, the book is written in admirable spirit, excellent style, and with that magnificent balance between detail and perspective which is only found in great books. It disposes of many fictions, such as the burning of Moscow by the Russians; it deals with social, economic and other features as clearly as it does with military campaigns. Its comprehensiveness may perhaps be best explained by giving a

*London: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, 946 pp.



J. GORDON MOWAT

First editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, who died April 21st

list of the chapters: The Consulate, 1799-1804; The Armed Neutrality; The Pacification of Europe (1799-1802); France and Her Tributaries (1801-3); France under the Empire; The Codes; The Concordats; The Command of the Sea; The Third Coalition, I; The Third Coalition, II; The Napoleonic Empire at Its Height; The War of 1809; The Continental System; The French Dependencies, and Switzerland; The Peninsular War, 1808-14; Russia and the Invasion of 1812; The War of Liberation (1813-4); The First Restoration (1814-5); The Congress of Vienna, I; The Hundred Days (1815); The Congress of Vienna, II; Great Britain and Ireland (1792-1815); The British Empire; St. Helena.

28

THE MILLIONAIRE

A CURSORY observer glancing through the British novels of the day, would imagine that the upper classes were becoming extremely lascivious. In his latest novel, E. Phillips Oppenheim pictures two women, one the wife of a member of

Parliament, the other a Marchioness, each throwing herself and her honour at the feet of the hero. They act much as a squaw might in reference to a handsome white man who had invaded the back regions of America. There is some excuse for the squaw, with the loose notions of marriage and morality which have prevailed among certain tribes since the advent of Europeans on this continent; there is no excuse for the two leaders in London society. The squaw has neither education nor religion; the London women are supposed to have both.

Mr. Oppenheim is not the only British novelist who has given us such pictures—pictures which cannot but be a debasing influence in any home to which they penetrate. He is not the only one who uses black paint on his canvases. If he does not paint a true picture—then the people of England should see that he is properly punished. There should be some means of reaching a blackguardly novelist as there is a blackguard in any other calling. Morley Roberts, in "The Idlers," as noticed in April, does the same thing, and there are others one might mention. Are these men to go unpunished? Are the publishers of these obscene tales to be allowed to print anything they wish? A nation which provides Boards of Health to preserve the purity of the atmosphere, should surely be as keen to preserve the purity of its literature!

"Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire,"* is the title of Mr. Oppenheim's book. It is apparently designed to show what a powerful thing money is if used by a callous and evil-minded man. Embittered by an unjust sentence to penal servitude, Wingrave comes back to work out his vengeance on those who have wronged him and on society in general. He succeeds fairly well and is only redeemed at the end by an inartistic and illogical situation. There is little necessity, however, of treating the book seriously. It is not a work to be commended, though it will probably find plenty of

*Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

readers through the medium of Andrew Carnegie's beautiful libraries.



OTHER NOVELS

IT seems only the other day that S. R. Crockett's latest book came on us, and now there is another. A real lively tale, too, called "Kid McGhie,"* with all sorts of "rum" characters, and plenty of slum slang and thieves' talk. Of course, there are the usual castles and clans and all the Scottish paraphernalia to give it the necessary biting quality. The churches and the parsons are not overlooked, for what would a Scotch novel be without a meenister? Good value for your money, too; four hundred well-packed pages, and the "Kid" with a tartan cap looking out strikingly from the front cover.

"The Heritage of the Race,"† by David Lyall, is also full of Scotch scenery and life. There are collie dogs and shepherds and other simple folk—not really bad people like those in "Kid McGhie," just common people with human failings and passions and virtues. The dialogue is a bit lofty and stately and out-of-place, but what does it matter? It is another book, and another story, even though it is about nothing in particular. It is wholesome, let us be thankful, and will do no harm. Its touch will pollute no one and perhaps it will please a few simple-minded Canucks. If so, let it pass.

"The Healers," by Maarten Maartens, is a very ordinary story of medical life and its possible misunderstandings. The scenes are mainly European, consequently there is a deal of home-made French phrases and a psuedo-continental atmosphere. It is another excellent book for the Carnegie Libraries. It is a full inch and three-quarters thick and looks like real literature. Those who do not read it, would scarcely be able to tell the difference. From the outside view, it might be a masterpiece.

*Kid McGhie, by S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†The Heritage of the Race, by David Lyall. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Carolina Lee,"* by Lillian Bell, is the story of a young lady, born of Southern United States parents in the American legation at Paris. The scenes are laid partly in Europe and partly in South Carolina. Christian Science plays quite a part in the motif. It is rather brightly written and some of the situations are rather novel. If Andrew Carnegie happens to turn to p. 13, he will find these sentences:

"For nearly forty years the South has been poor, with a poverty you cannot understand, nor even imagine. There has been no money to buy books—scarcely enough to buy food and clothes. The libraries are wholly inadequate. Consequently current fiction—that ephemeral mass of part rubbish, part trash, which many of us despise, but which, nevertheless, mirrors, with more or less fidelity, modern times, its business, politics, fashions and trend of thought—is wholly unknown to the great mass of Southern people. . . . But compared to [with] the omnivorous reading of the Northern public, the South reads nothing. Therefore, in most private libraries to-day, you find the novels which were current before the war."



MR. EGERTON CASTLE

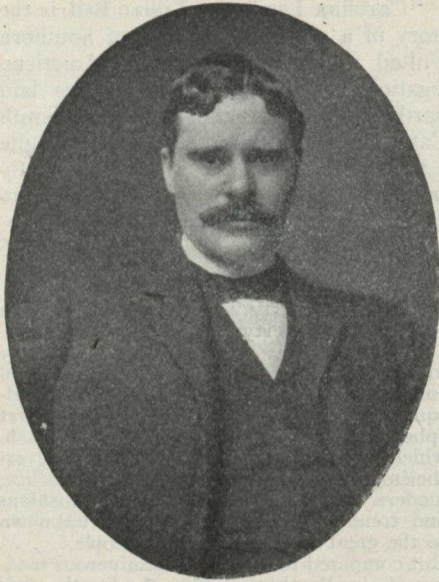
MR. EGERTON CASTLE, author of "If Youth But Knew," was born in London in 1858. He was educated at the Universities of Paris and Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, went through Sandhurst, rose to be Captain of the Royal Engineer Militia, and later prosecuted extensive studies in submarine mining. For ten years he was



EGERTON CASTLE

Joint-author of "If Youth But Knew"

*Carolina Lee, by Lillian Bell. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



OWEN WISTER

Whose latest novel is reviewed elsewhere
in this issue

on the staff of *The Saturday Review*, since which time he has been editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. His lifelong devotion to swordsmanship, which found expression in his first book, "Schools and Masters of Fence," savours the atmosphere of his novels, most of which have their scenes laid in Europe in days before the disappearance of the *code duello*. A rendering into French of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" first called attention to Mr. Castle's gifts; and he took his place as one of the most delightful and enjoyable of modern novelists with the appearance in 1898 of "The Pride of Jennico." "Young April" and "The Bath Comedy" followed soon after. Some of his best books have been written, as is "If Youth But Knew," with his wife, Agnes Castle. His recreations, aside from fencing, include rifle and pistol shooting, cycling, and rambling in country scenery and old towns.

38

NOTES

Students of electricity and its transmission will find the Reports of the "Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario" very useful.

It will surprise many people to know that Sir Francis Hincks was tried in 1879 and found guilty of an offence for which the minimum penalty was two years' imprisonment. The offence was that as president of the Consolidated Bank he had allowed a false return to be made to the Government. The story is told in the latest issue of the *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association* by Professor Shortt.

There are four articles on Forestry in the June number of the *Queen's Quarterly*, and a second article on "Church and State in France" by W. L. Grant.

Haight & Co., Toronto, have issued their three catalogues of Canadian books in neat cloth binding. These three volumes are absolutely indispensable to any person who is making a collection of Canadian books. In one volume there are 1,006 titles of works published in this country between 1791 and 1895, with the approximate value of each.

"A First Book of Forestry," by Filibert Roth, issued by Ginn & Co. of Boston in 1902, has been re-issued. The work is excellent.

"Roland Graeme, Knight," by Agnes Maule Machar, originally published in 1892 by W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal, has been re-issued by William Briggs. This is one of the best bits of fiction ever issued in this country and the new edition should be heartily welcomed.

The article in the May *Pearson's* (English edition) on "How to Make a Nation of Marksmen," by Lord Roberts, should be read widely in this country. Lord Roberts has been leading in the movement for miniature rifle ranges and more numerous rifle clubs among citizens, colleges and schools.

The Report of the Ontario Archivist for 1904 contains 1,376 pages in its two volumes. It comprises the report of "Proceedings of the Loyalist Commissioners" who in 1785-6 investigated all claims for compensation arising out of the Revolution which resulted in the formation of the United States.



Idle Moments.

THE 7-43

MY one interview with the Edinburgh stationmaster had been somewhat fatiguing, so when next I had to make enquiries I went to the information bureau which I had in the meantime discovered. Nothing, it appeared, could be easier than to make the trip from Edinburgh to Lowestoft, in Suffolk; I should start at 7-50 a.m., change cars at Peterburgh, and would reach Lowestoft at 7-43 p.m. In writing to the friends I was about to visit I mentioned these details, and received by return of mail a letter stating that what I contemplated was utterly impossible, as the 7-50 did not stop at Peterburgh. How was I, a mere foreigner, to decide between these conflicting statements? I appealed to the guard as the highest authority; surely he would know where his own train was going! He acknowledged that it passed through Peterburgh without stopping, but said there would be no difficulty about my reaching Lowestoft by the time named, as he would himself see me off at Grantham. What time would we arrive in Grantham? At 2-35, I need not worry, he would see me safe into the Peterburgh train.

A most satisfactory arrangement! At two o'clock precisely I looked out of the window and beheld Grantham! Taking my life and my umbrella together in my hands I alighted. The agent here informed me that there would be a train in a few minutes for Peterburgh, and one leaving there at 4-45 would bring me into Lowestoft at 7-43. Was he sure? Sure as the Bank of England. There was no longer any chance of a mistake so I wired, "Arrive Lowestoft 7-43."

We reached Peterburgh at half-past three, and I decided to spend the hour before train-time in exploring the town and cathedral. To make assurance doubly sure, before leaving the station I said

casually to an official of some sort, "The train for Lowestoft is at 4-45?"

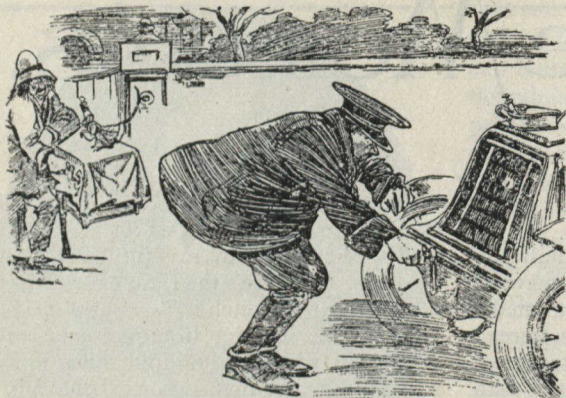
His reply was, to say the least of it, startling. "There's the train naow, Miss; if you run you'll ketch it."

There was no time for questions, and no person within a hundred miles to be scandalised by my curious behaviour; so at the top of my speed I fled the length of the station, up the steps, across the bridge, down the other side, and exceedingly lacking in dignity and in breath, into the train. It started instantly, and then I had time to reflect on my extraordinary proceedings. Suppose it should be the wrong train? And how could it be the right one when I had been told by every separate individual from Edinburgh southward, that I should leave Peterburgh at a quarter to five? I looked at my watch and groaned. It was not yet four o'clock, and I was miles from Peterburgh, whirling I knew not whither. Why had I questioned that wretched man, who probably knew nothing about the matter? Why had I been so ready to believe him? And why, in the name of all commonsense, had I made a spectacle of myself, racing down a sedate English platform to the evident amazement of the decorous English public, to catch a train I did not want? I was still engaged in these and similar cheerful meditations, when the guard came, and I showed my ticket in fear and trembling. Wonderful to relate I was actually in the right train again. As soon as I could control my astonishment sufficiently to speak, I asked, "What time do we reach Lowestoft?" and like a voice in a dream came that everlasting refrain, "At 7-43."

"And what time does the train arrive there that leaves Peterburgh at 4-45?" I continued.

"Oh, bless ye, Miss, the 4-45's the slow train, she is. She won't get there afore ten o'clock!"

Thus, by good luck entirely, and not by



THE TWO GRINDERS; OR, SCIENCE THE
SISTER OF ART.—*Punch*

means of any good management, I achieved the impossible, and at 7-43, to the minute, greeted my surprised and admiring relatives. As we drove to the house, my cousin said to her husband: "After all, Walter, it is not impossible when a Canadian undertakes it. They are a wonderful people!"

"*Dulce et decorum*," etc., but I would solemnly warn any other patriotic Canadian against such gymnastics as I performed for the glory of my native land.

Nora Milnes.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUESTS

"VAL" is a French-Canadian giant, proprietor of the fishing privilege on several choice lakes, and of a hotel adjacent to them. He is a silent man, says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, and seldom speaks except to good purpose.

He sat one day behind the bar, rubbing a jointed rod, when his assistant entered, having in tow two new arrivals—extraordinary imitations of man, called "globetrotters." Their monocles marked them as Britons. Val gave them not a glance.

"Ah, my—er—my good fellah!" said one, stroking his drooping moustache.

"Good evening!" said Val, impassively.

"Ah—you have—er—fishing round heah?"

"We have."

"And—er—boats?"

"Yes."

"And—er—guides?"

"Yes."

"Then—er—my good fellah, you may—er—show us our rooms. We shall remain heah for some time, if you show that you are—er—deserving."

Impassive still, the giant selected two keys, conducted the guests upstairs, came back, and resumed his task of polishing. Almost at once heavy boots came down the stairs, and one of the newcomers reappeared.

"Ah—er—my good fellah," he complained. "Really, don't ye know. I'm surprised. No water in the room. Have to

treat us better than that, ye know!"

This time there was no doubt. Val raised his eyebrows. But his voice was quiet as he called a boy and ordered the water. It went up in blue-enamelled pitchers. Almost at once the tourist reappeared.

"Ah, my—er—good fellah," he said.

"Haven't you a—er—a glass jug anywhere, fit for a gentleman to drink from?"

Then the impassive one spoke.

"Say," he said, "you know dat train you tak to harrive here?"

"Certainly."

"She's come hup, hup, hup, all de time, ver' slow, is it not? Tak two hengine?"

"Yes."

"Tak long while to harrive here, is it not? Always hup, hup, hup?"

"Yes—er—quite an ascent."

"Ver' good. In de morning—six-feefteen—she's go down, down, down. Den she go fas', like blazes. I call you een time."

Val returned to his task of polishing his rods, and the tourist, after vainly puzzling for the key to Val's remarks, went upstairs to commune with his fellow-traveller.

BACK TO NATURE

"LOOK pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sitter. Click! "It's all over, ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."
—*Selected.*

Oddities and Curiosities

A ROYAL TRAIN

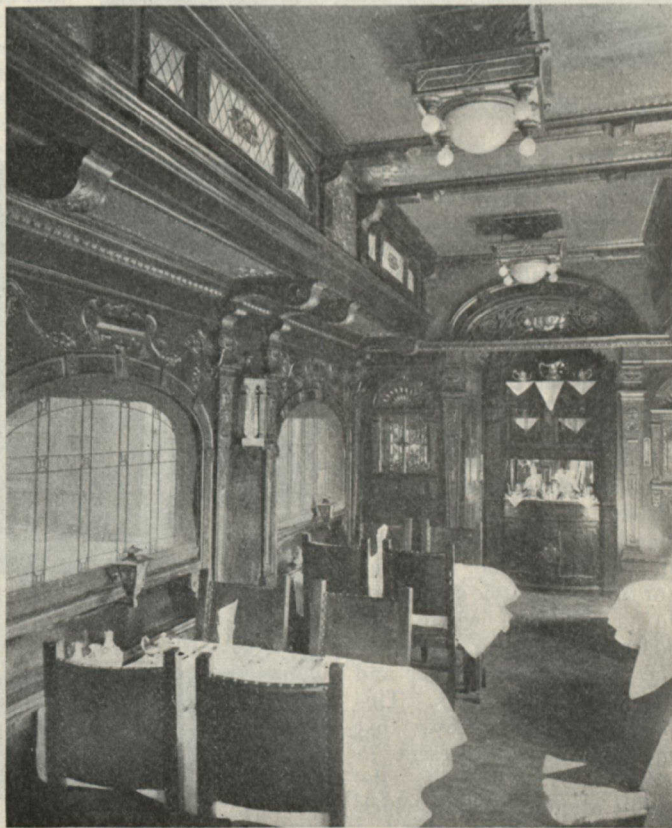


It is not often that Canada has the privilege of entertaining members of the Royal family, and consequently "Royal" cars and trains are not so common here as in England, where all the large railways have cars which are reserved for royalty. For the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught, each of the three large railways provided a special train.

The writer had the privilege of examining the train supplied by the Grand Trunk, and it is certainly worthy of commendation. It is electrically lighted throughout by a turbine engine and dynamo installed in the baggage car. A telephone system is provided with an exchange in charge of an operator; not only was communication possible among all the cars on the train, but when standing in a station-yard connection was made with the Bell Telephone System, so that the occupants of the train might have the use of their local and long distance circuits.

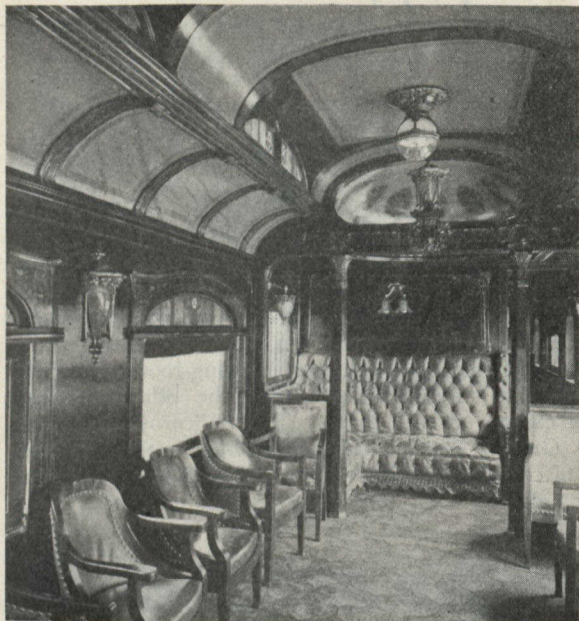
The train itself consisted of a suite of cars, if one may so speak. The "Violet," Sir Charles Rivers Wilson's private car, was occupied by Prince Arthur and his equerry, Captain Wyndham. This contains three separate bedrooms, a small dining-room, and a bathroom, all luxuriously appointed. The dining car

"Monroe" was manufactured by the Pullman Company for exhibition purposes. It is finished in Flemish oak, relieved with coloured glass and wrought iron electroliers along the sides, and rich yellow panels in the ceiling. This black and yellow contrast gives an effect almost unequalled in cars of this kind, and is decidedly pleasing. A compartment sleeping car, with seven communicating state-rooms and two drawing-rooms provided accommodation for the other members of the party. The "Viceroy," a fourth car, contains a smoking room, a buffet, a barber shop and a tiled bathroom. The illustrations which accompany this



A PORTION OF THE DINING CAR "MONROE"

Provided for Prince Arthur's train by the Grand Trunk Railway System.
It is finished in Flemish oak

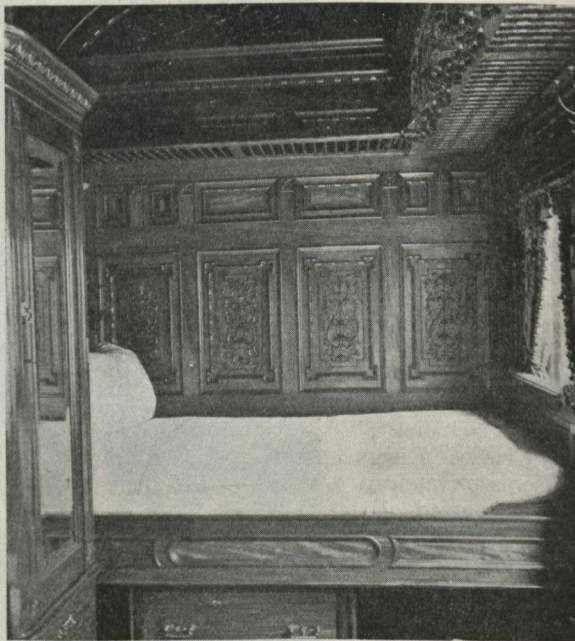


THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE "VICEROY"

The souvenir books provided by the Grand Trunk are worthy of special mention, notwithstanding the fact that they were printed in the United States. The timetable of the tour is illustrated with coloured illustrations of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Niagara Falls. The cover is a green black Russia leather, on the front of which appears the Connaught coat-of-arms, emblazoned in the Royal colours and stamped in gold in high relief. It is further ornamented with the Canadian coat-of-arms. The maps were mounted on white silk and bound in leather. There were also equally handsome souvenirs of Niagara Falls and the Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

will give a better idea of the character of the workmanship of these cars.

One great difference between Canadian cars and British is the size. Canadian cars are large and ponderous, while the British cars are small and delicately designed. The Canadian cars have more upholstery and more massive furniture. In other words, they lack the daintiness of the British cars. Nevertheless, there is something to be said in favour of the Canadian (or American) style as adapted to a country where the journeys are longer, and where the road-beds are newer and more prolific in curves. This particular train shows that the tendency at present in America is to modify the highly ornamental style which has been so characteristic of "Pullman" and other sleeping cars.



A BEDROOM IN THE "VIOLET"

Used by Prince Arthur during his journey over the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

JUDGING by our success in endeavouring to secure the names of a thousand citizens willing to join a Civil Service Reform League, Canadians are not aware of the great need for this reform. Patronage has not yet become a public nuisance—in the minds of the majority of people. A great many names have been received, but the total is not yet equal to one-half of the number desired.

The journalists are awakening on the subject, though some of them have been working along this line for years. The following editorial appeared recently in a St. John, New Brunswick, daily paper:

THE PATRONAGE EVIL

We are fond in Canada of boasting superiority over all other British colonies, Australia especially. But there are things we can learn from Australia to our great advantage. They have discovered, for instance, how to regulate the patronage evil, which is the curse of our political system. Instead of allowing public servants to prescribe the amount of salary each is to receive, to badger ministers for appointments, and to threaten conscientious members with defeat at elections, each state parliament has transferred the appointment, control, and remuneration of civil servants to an independent tribunal, constituted for the purpose, called "the public service board." The board is composed of three members, irremovable, except by the vote of both houses. It inquires into the qualifications of applicants, determines the nature of the examinations held for the higher classes, regulates (by comparison with the wages paid by private employers for similar work) the remuneration for each class, recommends all appointments and promotions, and hears all appeals and complaints. Thus not only is a vicious influence removed from politics but an efficient and progressive civil service is provided.

The editor of the *Stellarton, N.S., Progress*, writes: "Please enter my name

on your Civil Service Reform League and may heaven crown your labours in that respect with success."

A prominent barrister in Calgary writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in adding my name to the list of those who are anxious to see a change in our civil service system. I am convinced that this system is at the bottom of our present unsatisfactory political system. If reforms as suggested can be brought about, our political life will be elevated and purified. I shall have some of my friends here send in their names.

Yours sincerely,

E. HART NICHOLS.

The following comment is from Mr. J. S. Willison, the editor of the *Toronto News*:

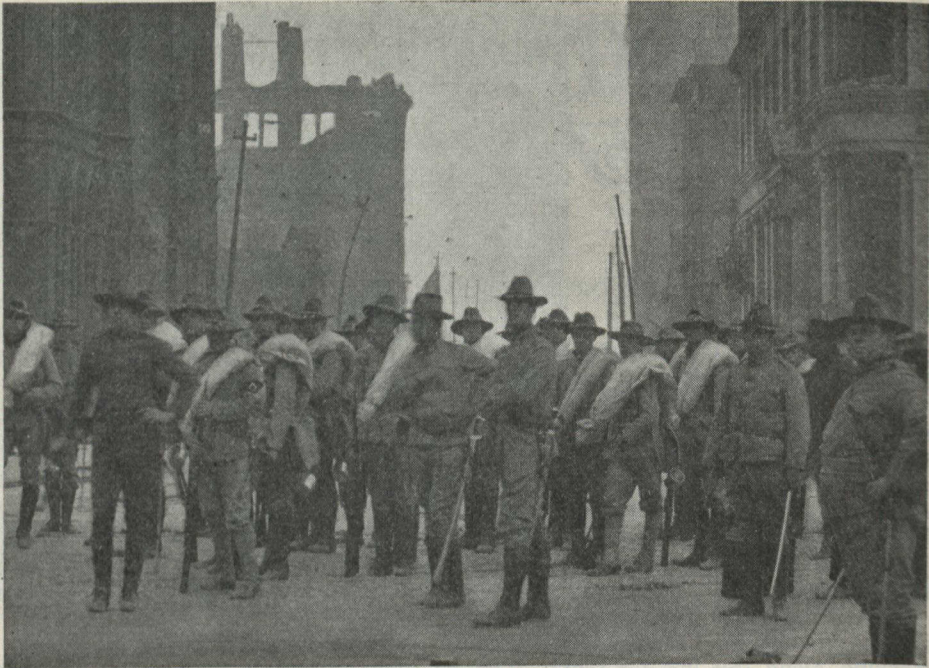
TORONTO, April 19th, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—Any movement towards a permanent, non-partisan civil service would have my sympathy and support. I cannot think that a man has any more right to claim a public office because he is an active party worker than a person who teaches in Sunday School has a right to claim the church collections. There is nothing that would contribute more to the decency and dignity of Canadian politics than the rescue of the public offices from the control of party heeled and patronage committees

Yours very truly,

J. S. WILLISON

A friend of civil service reform sends the following particulars of a sample case at Ottawa: For five years there have been two first-class clerks in one of the departments at Ottawa whose fathers were well-known politicians. Their office hours are from 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., and on Saturdays from 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.—a total of 28½ hours per week. During these "long and arduous" five years they have averaged about four hours' work per week, devoting the other 24½ hours to reading



SAN FRANCISCO—UNITED STATES REGULARS ON DUTY DURING THE FIRE

the current newspapers; one receives a salary of \$1,800 a year, the other \$1,950.

This is but a sample. There is little use in blaming the politicians. They are what the people make them, and are amenable to public opinion. To arouse public opinion there must be a Civil Service Reform League, with a permanent secretary and an influential executive. This reform cannot come from within the service; it must come from without. Investigations must be made, literature and information distributed, a new system devised, and finally the question must be forced upon the House of Commons.



WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

WITH regard to the advantages, or otherwise, of possessing great wealth we get from Mr. Carnegie what may be regarded as an inside view, says the *Montreal Herald*. His avowal is disconcerting when he avers that "beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness," and as if to clinch the subject he

adds, "millionaires who laugh are rare." It is quite true that those burdened with the responsibilities of great wealth seldom laugh in public, but there has been a suspicion that they did chuckle a good deal in private at the stupidity of the average mortal. But the question will naturally arise, why shouldn't they laugh and laugh heartily, and if great wealth brings but little happiness, why do they still strive for more after they have it in abundance?

It is hardly likely that the majority of millionaires will endorse Mr. Carnegie's opinion even if they have failed to use their wealth so well as the Laird of Skibo, for one may assume that the measure of happiness to be drawn from great riches depends upon the purposes in which it is employed. It is quite true that these are not exactly comfortable times for those who have come into possession of their millions by questionable means. When one sees the whole press of a country pillorying its dishonest millionaires one can understand that it is not conducive to serenity of mind to be included in the "cormorant gang."

Growth of a Great Shoe Business



FEW months ago nearly every prominent newspaper in Canada, in commenting upon the advice offered by the Canadian Minister of Finance to a complaining manufacturer, cited the Slater Shoe Company as the best example of solid growth through helpful advertising.

"Why don't you advertise?" asked the Minister of Finance. "Just as Slater does," he implied.

The President of the Slater Shoe Company, Mr. Charles E. Slater, says that newspaper advertising was but an incidental help to the phenomenal growth of their business. It is their system of making a shoe as good as it can be made, and of themselves making the retail price at which it must be sold, to which he ascribes the progress of a business which has taken its place amongst the foremost industries of Canada.

"Every shoe made in our factory has the right retail price stamped and labelled upon it, whether it is for man, woman or boy," he said. "We know that shoe is right, and therefore we issue an unlimited guarantee. That guarantee helps us. No shoe factory can be infallible, and when a poor shoe does get through our rigid system of inspection, our patron knows that we will make any fault right. We do not lose a customer once gained.

"Thus we earn the confidence of the shoe wearer at the start by eliminating the possibility of overcharging by the clerk or dealer. The price is in plain view. We hold that confidence by force of merit, by real worth."

Starting in a comparatively small way nearly fifty years ago to make shoes, the Slater firm at once gained a good name. It was ten years ago, however, when their system of doing business was put on the present basis. This drastic

departure from the old-fashioned method of doing business caused comment and criticism.

The decision to sell to only one dealer in a city, town or well-defined shopping district was another important link in the new system. This policy early earned the enmity of many shoe dealers—good men, many of them, too—some of whom had been given the opportunity of securing the agency, but did not foresee the value and advantage of an exclusive franchise for the Slater shoe.

In the beginning some of the best dealers in the towns and cities rather scoffed at the new system of making and selling shoes. They were willing to buy the shoes at the highest wholesale price the Slater firm asked, but they would not be tied down to sell a \$4 shoe at \$4. "We can get \$5 for that shoe just as easy!" exclaimed one indignant merchant.

The Slater firm were forced to establish their own stores in the principal cities. That opened the way. To-day the leading shoe dealers vie with each other in the race for a Slater shoe franchise. They know that if they do not get the Slater agency they will be forced to import some uncertain and uneven American shoe, and afterwards try and cajole their customers into paying the extra dollar duty which such an importation entails. They know that they must eventually lose their trade in the higher grade of shoes for men and women, for few shoe buyers will repeat the foreign experiment when they know the Slater shoe. In competition with foreign shoes at the World's Columbian Exposition and at several others of the great fairs the Slater shoe has always been awarded the highest honours.

To-day, to be exact, there are 323 Slater shoe stores and Slater agencies in the Dominion of Canada. Exportations of Slater shoes are made to many of the British colonies, and enquiries

come frequently from shoe men in other countries. Again and again has the President of the Slater Shoe Company been urged to open stores and agencies in England and Scotland.

"We are not quite ready yet," said President Slater, when asked regarding this foreign correspondence. "Our business has grown so rapidly of recent years that our plant is taxed to its utmost capacity, and our capital, while it is sufficient for a comparatively fast and steady growth, is not unlimited. We have to grow in accord with our acquirements, and our requirements for a business growing as quickly as ours has grown must always be our first consideration."

It was learned in other quarters that the Slater Shoe Company has attained its present high estate on a paid-up capital stock of \$200,000. This stock is held by many small shareholders, and has been steadily paying good dividends. Like all well-managed manufactories in Canada, it is another proof of the safety and profit of good Canadian industrials. Indeed, in studying the history of this and other industrial stocks in Canada, one is forced to question the wisdom of the custodians of insurance and bank funds who loan their surplus to stock brokers to gamble in the frenzied pit of Wall Street.

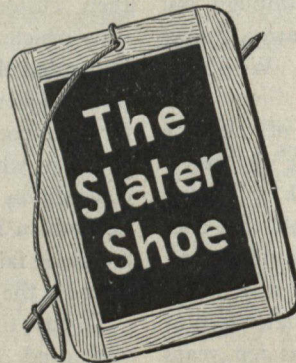
Five times within ten years have the factory

premises of the Slater Shoe Company been enlarged. The big five-floor factory on Latour Street, in the city of Montreal, is not now sufficiently large for the offices and factory of the company.

The history of the Slater Shoe Company is full of many interesting details. Just as the small boy observed, "Porridge means breakfast," so have the manufacturers made the word "Slater means shoes."

So valuable has the good-will of the Slater name become that all sorts of subterfuges and imitations are advanced by dealers and makers who are not troubled with conscientious scruples. One of the latest is that of a firm who employed a man of the same surname as President Slater, and he was to receive a bonus of ten cents per pair on all shoes on which his name was stamped. Such crude infringements of a trademark do not, of course, bear good fruit, but they too frequently deceive the public into thinking that they are buying a genuine Slater shoe. Thus they do immediate injury to the buyer.

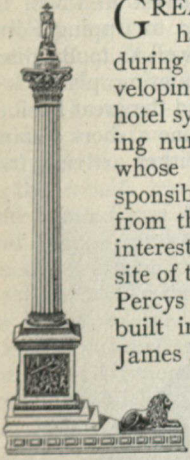
At the bottom of the page is shown the famous trademark of the Slater shoe, and it is perhaps the best known commercial designation in Canada. The good-will value of such a trademark has been described as "worth a million dollars" by a well-known master of publicity.



THE FAMOUS SLATER TRADEMARK

A Great System of Hotels

Noted Hostelrys in England and the Continent



NELSON'S COLUMN

GREAT are the advances which have been made in Europe during the last decade in the developing and improvement of the hotel system to cater for the increasing number of transatlantic tourists whose influence is so largely responsible for this desirable change from the old order of things. It is interesting to note that on the very site of the time-honoured seat of the Percys (Northumberland House), built in 1605, during the reign of James I, the scene of many a banquet and pageant of olden days, should, on the demolition of this noble residence for the initial great London improvements thirty years since, be replaced by a grand group of those well-known hotels now provided for the security and benefit of the travelling community. On the stately Avenue, called after the Duke of Northumberland, leading to the Victoria Embankment, were erected in the early eighties the three imposing structures in modern metropolitan hotels for which the name of GORDON has now become so famous.

The *Grand Hotel*, facing the Nelson Column and the new vista opened through the Mall to Buckingham Palace, was the pioneer in this admirable system of homes for the world's travellers. The unrivalled position of the *Grand*, and the other two companion hotels in the Avenue, the *Metropole* and *Victoria*, both with an outlook towards the Thames, at once appeals to Canadians visiting London who aim to be near Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, King Edward's Palaces, or Hyde Park. In the creation of these comfortable and veritable inns of ease in the metropolis, following shortly with others at fashionable resorts on the south coast of England and on the Con-

tinent, the proprietors introduced many new features in hotel construction, notably the idea of spacious lounge halls just within the entrance, these upholstered and fitted throughout in a sumptuous style, differing in this degree from the ordinary rotunda of our houses on this side, and at once rendering the interior more inviting and homelike. The beautiful electrically illuminated marble hall situated directly in front of the *Grand Hotel*, surrounded with choice alabaster panels, affords a view of London's most interesting thoroughfares, and in the evening a luxurious lounge, after dinner, for conversation or light refreshments. That a regular clientele continues to patronise this group of hotels is positive evidence of the masterful management and the constant endeavour to foster the homelike associations which have been specially characteristic of this Company.

Architecturally the *Metropole Hotel* is conceded to be one of the finest buildings of the kind in Europe. Here are spacious, well-ventilated



OAK SALON, HOTEL METROPOLE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

corridors, large elegantly furnished rooms, imposing entrance hall, and public rooms, while the pleasure of sumptuous surroundings is enhanced by the utmost consideration given to the interior equipment, fittings and general arrangement. Fire preventive appliances here, as in all the GORDON System of Hotels, are most complete and perfect, for fireproof staircases are in direct communication with the street, numerous hydrants on each floor, and patrols day and night, so that any outbreak seems nigh impossible, and with such effective arrangement for extinguishing fire, there is never the slightest cause for alarm.

The *Victoria Hotel* is a solidly built structure nearly opposite the *Grand* and is very popular with Colonial visitors. The *Victoria* is noted for the excellence of the management and high character of the cuisine. The tariffs, too, are quite moderate, as single bedrooms can be secured

enjoyable coaching trips are arranged daily from these houses. Four-in-hand coaches take visitors to Hampton Court Palace, Richmond on the Thames, Windsor Castle, and Kew Gardens; there are services also during the season to the places of interest in town, the races, the famous "Derby"; to Epping Forest and its historic vicinity, as well as to Brighton, the "Queen of English watering places."

To be near the old city and the great business districts, and at the same time a short distance from the principal depots either arriving from



VICTORIA HOTEL, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE



THE PALM LOUNGE, VICTORIA HOTEL

from \$1.25, which include attendance and light, double bedrooms from \$2.00, and suites of rooms in similar proportion. A good plain breakfast is served for 50 cts., a full table d'hôte luncheon from 75 cts., while dinner is provided a la carte, or at separate tables in the Grand Salon for \$1.25. Delightful orchestras play during luncheon and dinner at the three hotels. There is every accommodation for storing baggage, a convenient garage for hire of automobile or motor coupe, and the wine cellars of the *Metropole* contain about 200,000 bottles of the choicest vintages, judiciously selected. It must also be noted that

Liverpool or Southampton or departing for the Continent, the *First Avenue Hotel* in High Holborn has long been favoured by Canadians and Americans visiting London. It differs from the West End hotels of the same proprietors in this respect only, that the tariff is more moderate and the house itself less formal. The interior arrangements are in keeping with the other hostelries referred to; there are large dining and public rooms, grill and restaurant, supper being served until midnight, and the meals are as moderate as at any good class commercial house in Montreal or Toronto. Numerous suites and comfortable apartments, sitting rooms with bedroom and bathroom

communicating, and here it may be mentioned that Messrs. T. Cook & Sons' coupons are accepted. The First Avenue is within a twenty-five cent cab fare of all the leading theatres and concert halls.

Retracing our way to the West End, and through Piccadilly, to the ultra fashionable district of Belgravia, when within a few hundred yards of Buckingham Palace, we arrive at the *Grosvenor Hotel*, alongside the new Victoria Station. This is the rebuilt terminus of the Brighton and South Coast Railway, the Newhaven and Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent; it is also the depot of the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railway, for Folkestone and Dover, and the short Channel passage to Calais or any part of Europe. All the principal railroads connect with Victoria Station, and it is on the Metropolitan and District Electric Railways, and connected also with the L.C.C. cars, which cross the Thames for the Surrey or South side of London, all which make it the centre of more extensive means of communication than any other main station in the whole city. The *New York Herald* refers to this internally reconstructed building as "one of the most up-to-date and luxuriously appointed hotels in Europe." The principal features of the *Grosvenor Hotel* are the handsome frontage of 300 ft., the glass covered lounge, the lofty portico and the Grand Hall supported by noble columns, carved stone pillars and spacious galleries, all recently redecorated.



FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HIGH HOLBORN, OPPOSITE LINCOLN'S INN

If there is one place out of London which Colonial or American tourists should certainly visit, it is the famed seaside resort on the South Coast, Brighton, "The Queen of English Health Resorts," and celebrated watering place, which has been the first in favour among English people since the days of the

"First Gentleman of Europe." The magnificent sea front, the splendid promenades and drives along the coast or back to the "downs so free," have always made it a "London by the Sea." The *Hotel Metropole*, the most conspicuous building on the sea front, near the West Pier, far eclipses any other seaside hotel in Europe, and there are few, if any, to equal it in the States. Accommodation is provided in this Hotel for about 700 guests.

Starting from London to Paris or the Continent, many people prefer the short sea trip from Dover, the historic old Cinque port, the famous Walmer Castle,



GRAND HALL, GROSVENOR HOTEL, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, ADJOINING VICTORIA STATION

fine harbour and extensive docks, where those palatial ocean liners of the Hamburg-American line now regularly call. The new Admiralty harbour and pier are most prominent attractions, and the Calais and Ostend mail packets constantly crossing to and fro from the Continent. Directly facing the pier is the famed *Lord Warden Hotel*, enlarged, refurnished, and brought thoroughly up-to-date, and is a most favourite stopping place for European tourists.

In anticipating a Continental trip, let us direct your attention to Dieppe, that pretty seaside resort on the picturesque Normandy coast, so conveniently reached from London, either by Newhaven or Dover, and only three hours from Paris. Here again you will find a perfect modern hotel in a grand position, famous from the days of the second empire, and replete with every possible comfort and convenience. Pure and bracing air, along

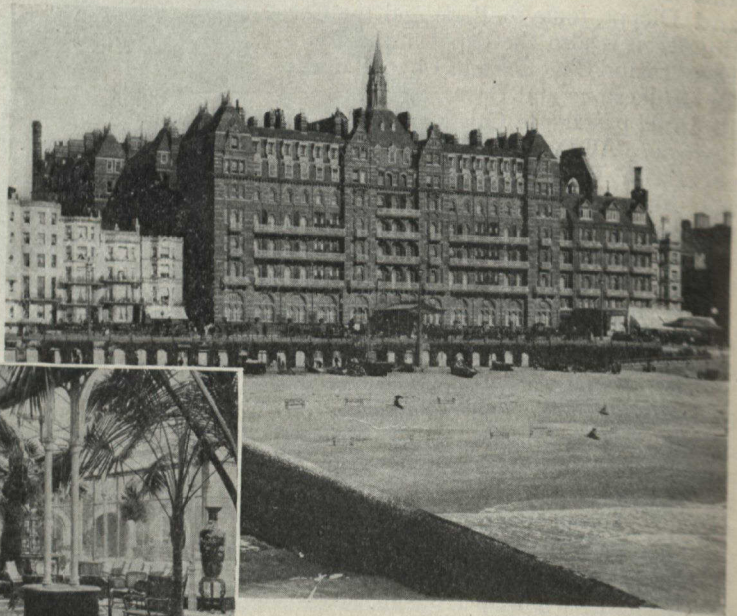


THE WINTER GARDEN, HOTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON

the sea front, with its mile-long turfed plage and the pleasure derived from staying at the *Gordon Hotel Royal*, is a treat in store for any holiday seekers, either en route to Paris or returning to London.

Among the many palatial residences on the Riviera, that delightful retreat from the wintry colds of a northern clime, the *Hotel Metropole*, Cannes, offers advantages unsurpassed and commands such extensive beautiful views of the Mediterranean. It stands among spacious private grounds of some thirty acres, and is surrounded by pine groves and woods in an atmosphere so healthful for delicate constitutions.

We cannot close this article without making special reference to the sedative qualities of the dry and exhilarating climate of Monte Carlo and vicinity. In this tiny principality of Monaco there are so many advantages for convalescents from nerve troubles, overwork or breakdowns so common at the present day, that it has become a renowned rendezvous for every American traveller. It has also become quite cosmopolitan and its Casino and gaming tables are known throughout the world. The *Hotel Metropole* overlooks the famous gardens,



HOTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON, 50 MILES FROM LONDON ON THE SOUTH COAST

is within two hundred yards of the celebrated Casino and fashionable terrace and promenade.

In all the hotels of *The Gordon Hotels, Ltd.*, the sanitary arrangements have been planned and exclusively executed by a leading firm of London sanitary engineers, in accordance with the latest principles of modern science. The furnishings compare most favourably with their principal houses in London, and every attention is given to the smallest detail of perfect service. All the hotels enjoy a long reputation, and it is safe to say that the most fastidious hotel patron or accustomed traveller cannot do better than sojourn at any of these hotels either in England or the Continent.

J. HENRY.

Bovril



AN IDEAL FOOD FOR CHILDREN

EASILY PREPARED

EASILY ASSIMILATED

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

STATIONERY and OFFICE SUPPLIES

*Newest Goods. Everything required
for OFFICE, BANK, FACTORY or
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the well appointed table
should be washed with

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the Greater the need of
PEARLINE'S Gentle,
Harmless, yet Effective
way of washing.
Intelligent and Thrifty
women are those most

Enthusiastic about Pearline



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is heightened when it comes
to you—edited upon faultless
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Barber - Ellis Note Papers

bear the "hall mark" of qual-
ity. Your stationer can supply
you with Crash Linenette and
French Organdie — two of
our best quality papers.

The Barber & Ellis Co.
Limited
72 York Street, Toronto



That
may
be
the
Reason

Why you do not climb the ladder of
SUCCESS.

If your mental and physical machinery
does not work smoothly, it may or may not be
the coffee.

It's worth looking into.

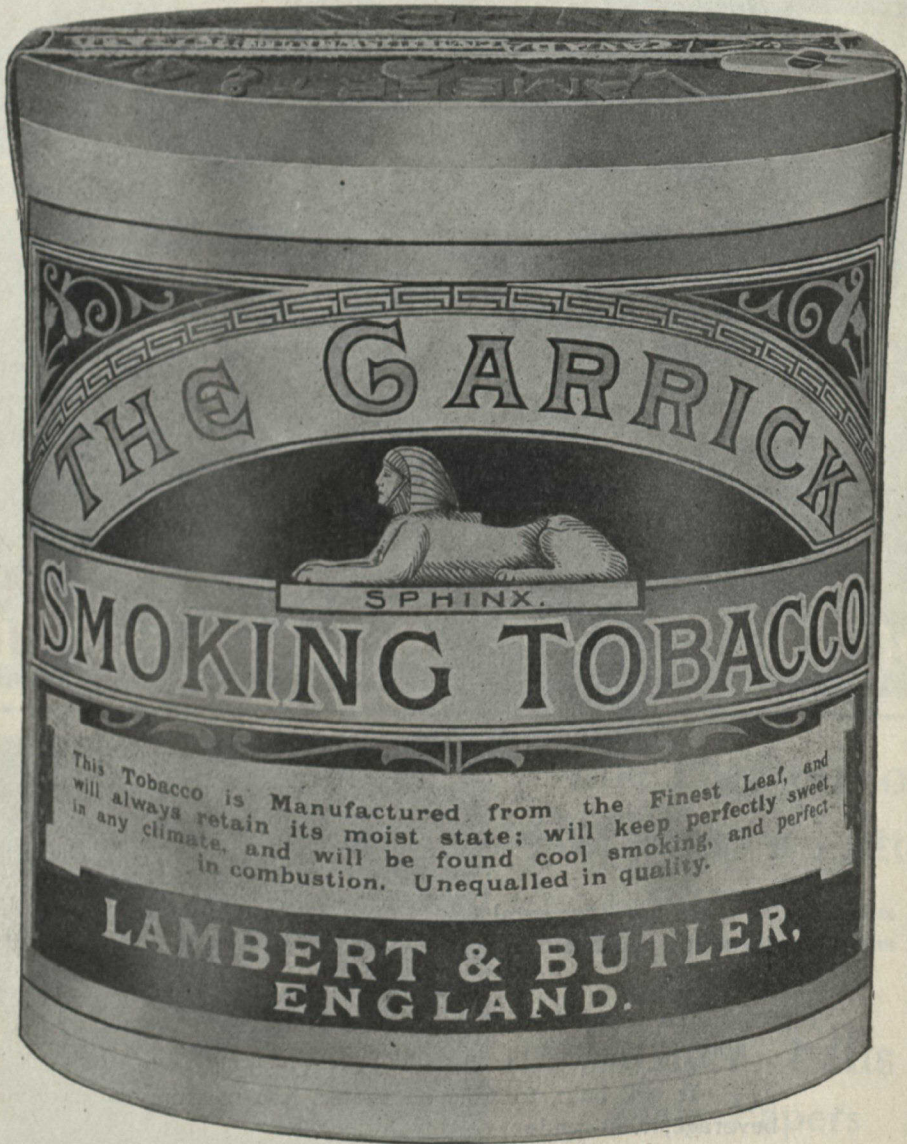
Try quitting 10 days and see the result.

It will help, to take on as the hot morning
beverage, well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



The Finest English Tobacco Made

Packed in Air-tight Sealed Tins

\$3.00 per Pound

The Many and Valuable Uses of a PURE GELATINE

By CHARLES B. KNOX



HOW many women know the value of a pure gelatine in the household, and the many uses to which it can be put? A great many housekeepers think that gelatine can only be made into a jelly—the same as the cheap, sweetened, flavored packages—and they do not take into consideration the fact that gelatine can be used in Summer in making attractive and tasty salads, using tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce or anything that they prefer in a salad, and vinegar to give it the tart instead of lemon juice.

For soups, it is invaluable, giving body and strength. In pastry—for icing, glazing, etc.,—nothing equals it. In confectionery—marshmallows, Turkish delights, and French jellies. In cream desserts—the many different Charlotte Russes, Bavarian Creams, Ivory Jellies. In the fruit season, every known fruit and its juice can be used. For ice cream the use of gelatine is not only beneficial but economical, saving in the quantity of pure cream that would be necessary to give it the same body and smoothness. Of course, an absolutely pure, odorless, and tasteless gelatine must be used to get perfect results, for an impure gelatine will not only spoil the delicate flavor but perhaps ruin your entire dessert. *And, who wants to eat an impure gelatine, anyway?*



Don't let a grocer give you anything that he says is "just as good." If there was any other just as good as Knox's Gelatine it would cost as much and it would be guaranteed to please or money refunded. *For fifteen years I have been the only manufacturer that dared to guarantee gelatine.* I could not do it if I did not know I had the best and made it in the cleanest gelatine factory in the world.

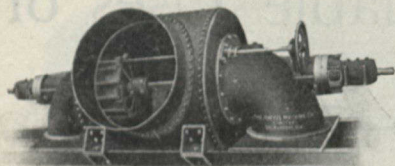
If you have not yet had my booklet—Dainty Desserts for Dainty People—get it at once, for it is filled with choice recipes.

FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THE HANDSOME PAINTING, "THE FIRST LESSON," DROP ME A POSTAL CARD FOR FULL INFORMATION HOW TO GET IT.

CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)
Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my \$500 Prize Baby Contest.



¶ At the present time we are building new Turbine Plants for the Corporation of Parry Sound, Ont., the Pembroke Electric Light and Power Co., Pembroke, Ont., the Municipality of Drummondville, Que., and the Sherbrooke Power, Light and Heat Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

¶ In each case the Turbines will be directly connected to Electric Generators, the ideal modern method.

¶ We build the Crocker Turbine to suit heads up to 150 feet, and our range of patterns, both standard and special, is so wide that under all heads, except the very lowest, we can match required generator speeds, thus meeting the universal demand for direct connection.

¶ We design installations especially to suit the powers to be developed, and we guarantee results.

¶ If interested write for a Power Table Bulletin of our new Triple Diameter High Speed Crocker Runner.

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For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

Windsor SALT

is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada—and is the best.

Ask for it.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

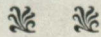
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Supplies newspaper clippings containing personal references, or on any subject.

If interested in what papers say of you or of things that concern you write for terms.

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Latest
Creation
for Spring



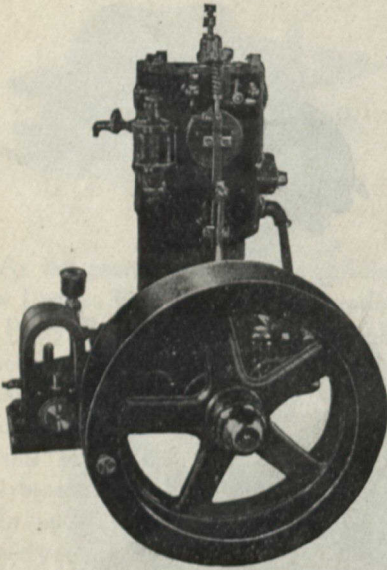
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in all the
leading shades



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BEST DRY GOODS STORES

THE RIGHT GAS ENGINE



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Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool; guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers.



WHAT OTHERS SAY

We dislike to throw bouquets at ourselves, yet a certain amount of pride in work well done is always permissible.



There's a lot of satisfaction in work like ours. For the renovation of every article that goes through our hands makes life pleasanter or home brighter for somebody.

It is really surprising how the dyeing of a pair of portieres and a rug or two will add to the attractiveness of a room.

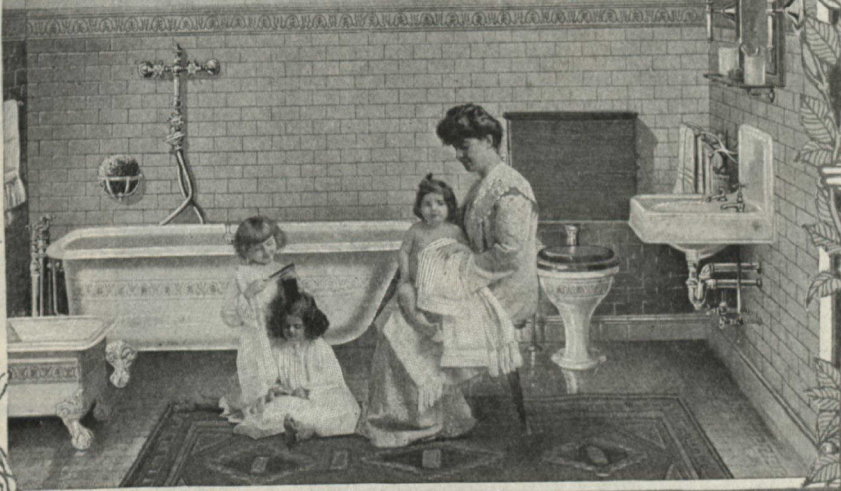
It is still more surprising to find how cheaply the work may be done.

Our Price List will gladly be sent on application, and our wagon will call whenever you wish.

R. PARKER & CO. DYERS AND CLEANERS TORONTO

[Branch Stores and Agencies in all the leading cities and towns of Canada

A bathroom equipped with
"Standard"
 Porcelain Enameled Baths
 & One-Piece Lavatories
 is the most satisfactory
 room in the house



Health, cleanliness and luxurious comfort environ every home equipped with the beautiful "Standard" porcelain enameled ware.

Its artistic, simple beauty holds a decorative charm that adds the final touch of elegance to the modern home. Its white purity makes its every use a joy. "Standard" Ware is sanitarily perfect, yet underneath its smooth china-like surface is the indestructibility of iron. Its cost is moderate; its installation the most economical — its comfort-value inestimable. No home can be sanitary, convenient or even modernly pleasant and healthful without "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware.

The famous slant seat "NATURO" closet is now supplied in "Standard" Ware.

Our book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages.

THE ABOVE FIXTURES NO. "Standard" P-29, cost approximately \$187.00—not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

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*"If it
isn't an
Eastman
it isn't
a
Kodak.*

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It's "Daylight all the way" by the KODAK System. Loading, unloading, developing, printing—all without a dark-room.

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Richest in Color.

Choicest in Design.

Perfect in Taste.

THE MENZIE LINE WALL PAPERS

"For Every Room in Every House."

Ask your dealer to show you the Menzie Line Wall Papers. They are the embodiment of all that is artistic in wall decorations. Be sure you see the name on every roll.

NOT IN ANY COMBINE.

THE MENZIE WALL PAPER CO., Limited, TORONTO.

The Red Rose Flavor and Strength

NO Ceylon tea nor Indian tea alone can have the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea, because neither variety in itself possesses all the qualities of strength, richness, delicacy, and fragrance.

Each has its own peculiar qualities, but each has its weaknesses.

By combining the two in the Red Rose proportions, I produce a tea with the "rich fruity flavor" and strength of Red Rose Tea, a flavor and strength found in no brand of Ceylon alone.

Red Rose Tea "is good Tea"

FREE SAMPLE—We will send a large sample of Red Rose Tea, by post, free, if you will write and tell us the priced tea you are now using, and whether black or green.

T. H. ESTABROOKS. Head Office: St. John, N.B. Branches: Toronto, Winnipeg



Secret of The Steinway

To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.

A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.

This makes the Steinway; not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.

The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.

For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.

The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price \$925

The Vertegrand, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for \$600

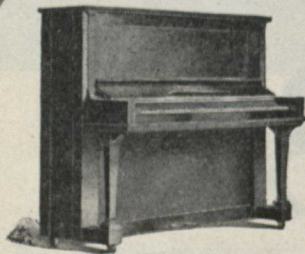
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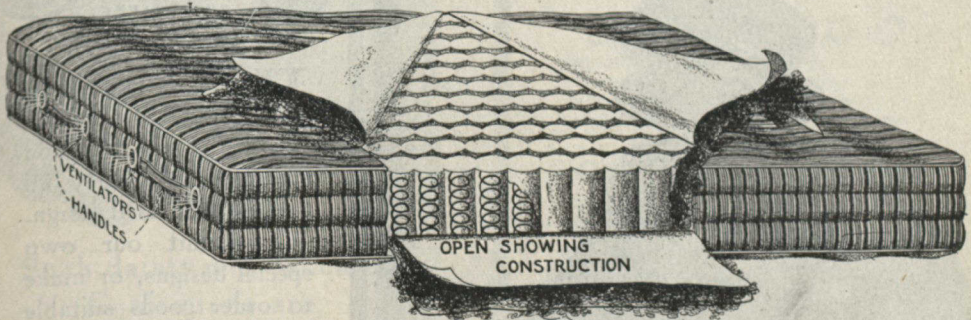
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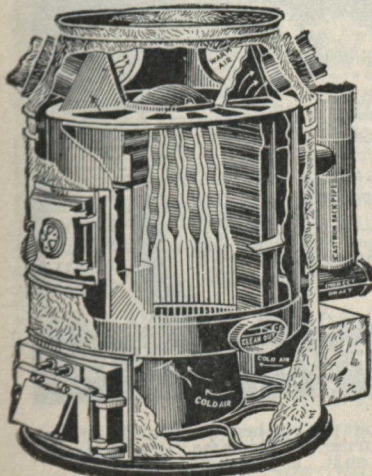
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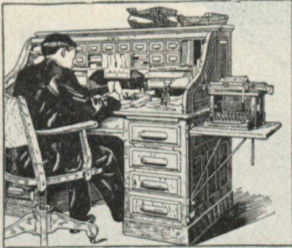
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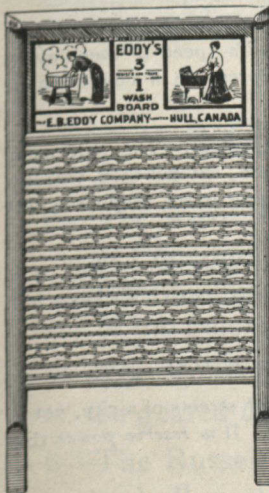
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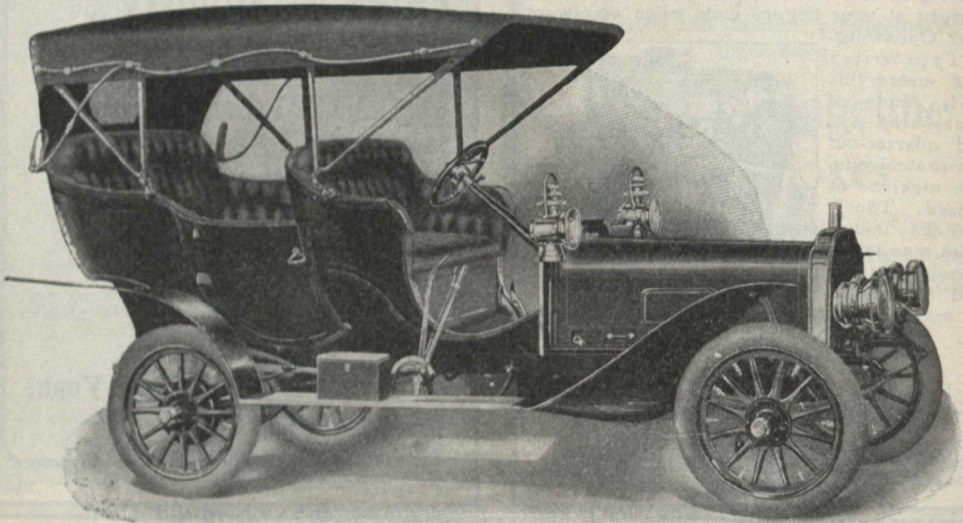


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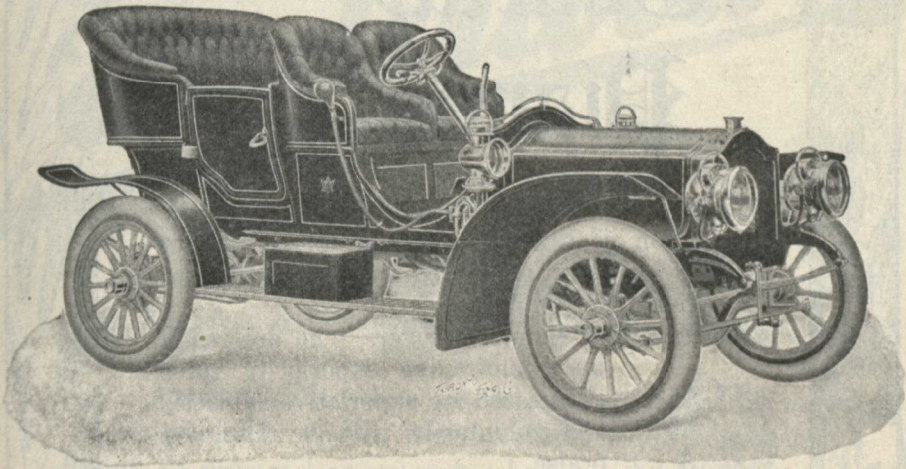
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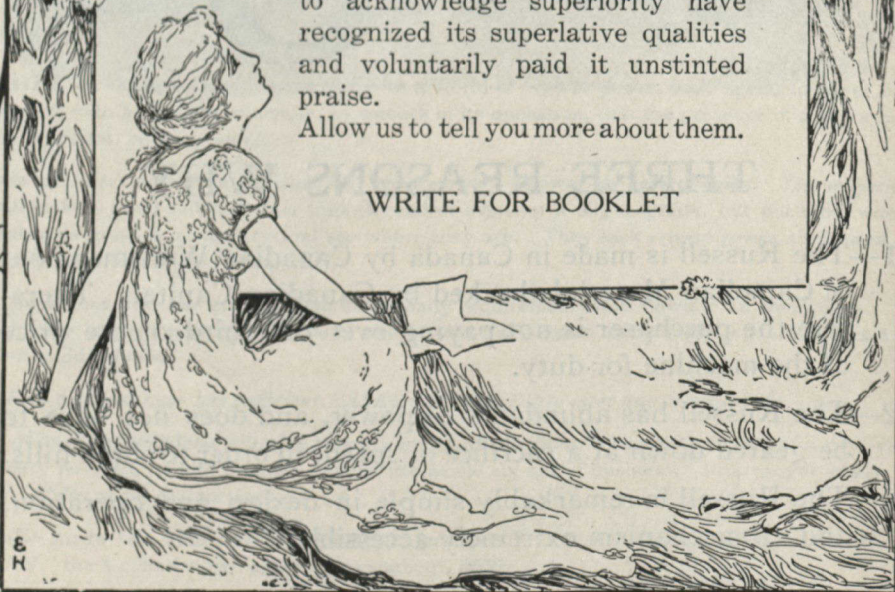
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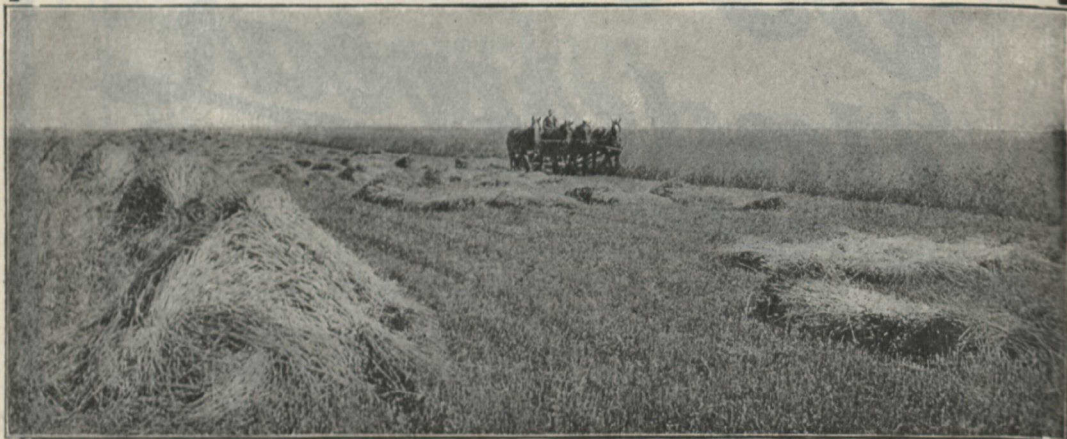
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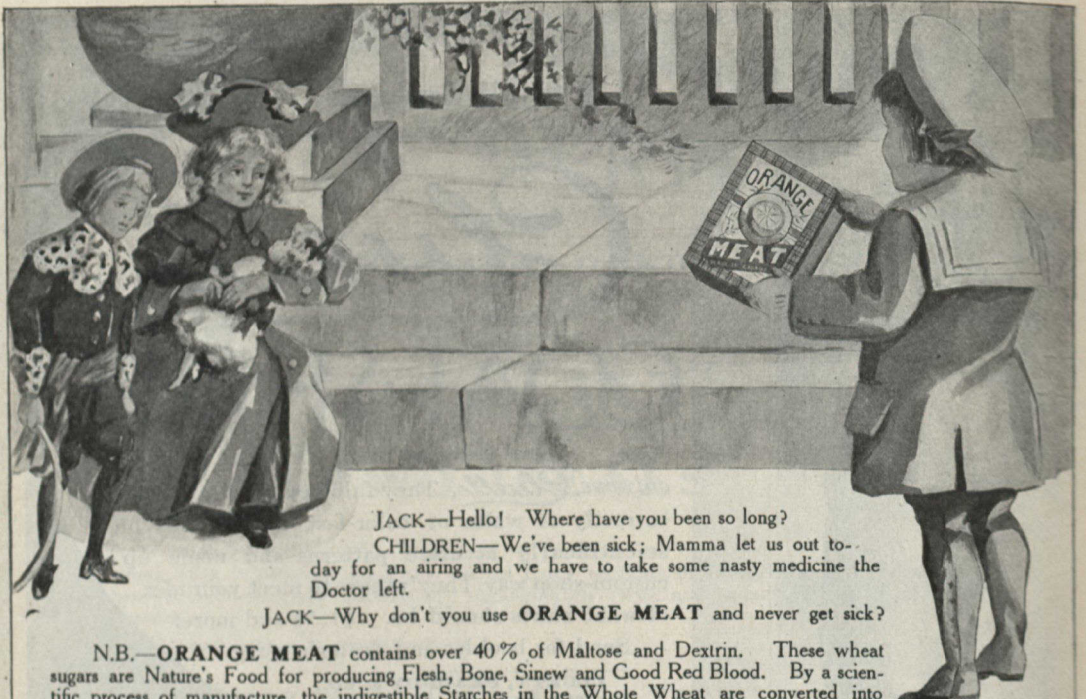
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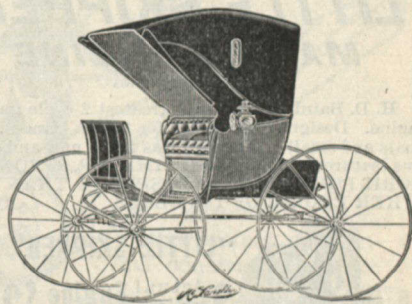
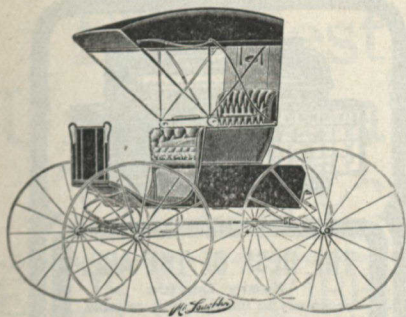
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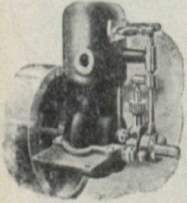
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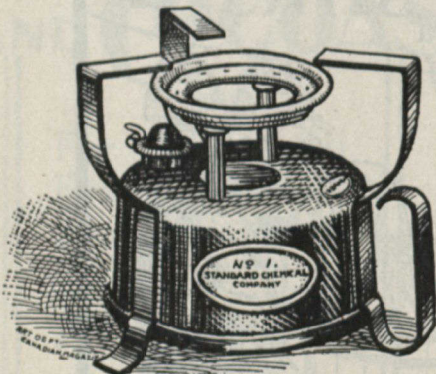
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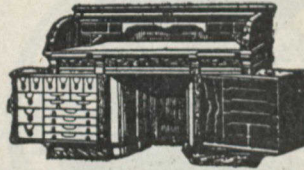
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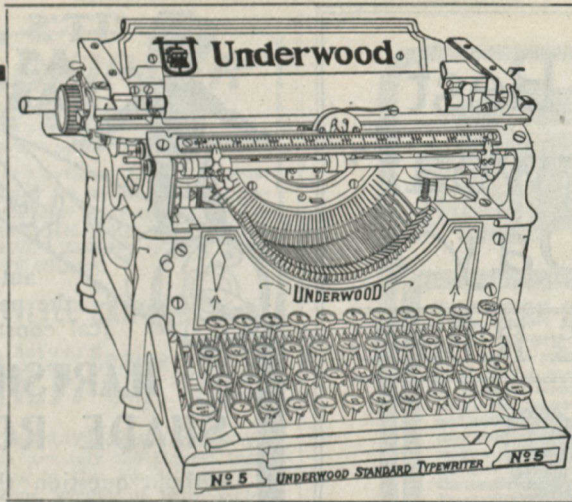


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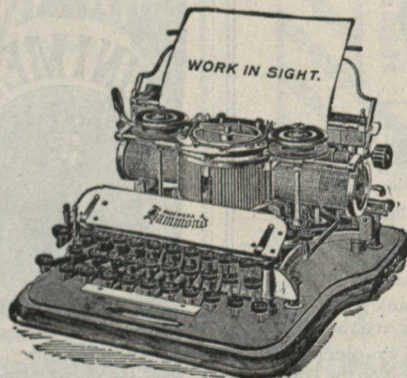
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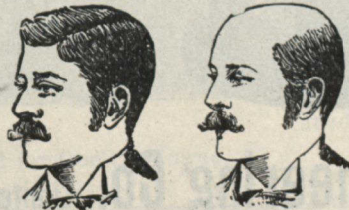
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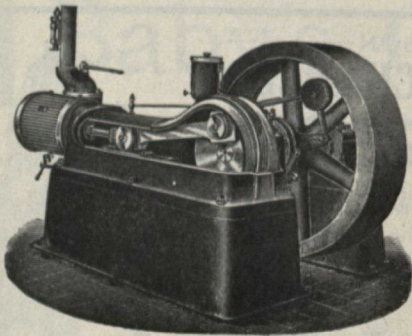
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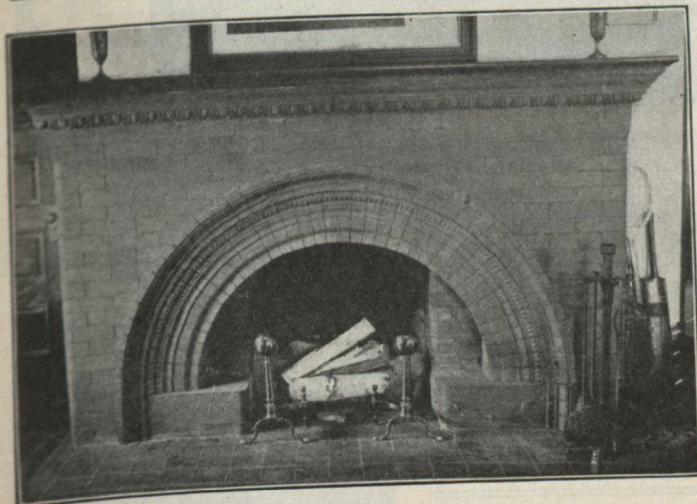
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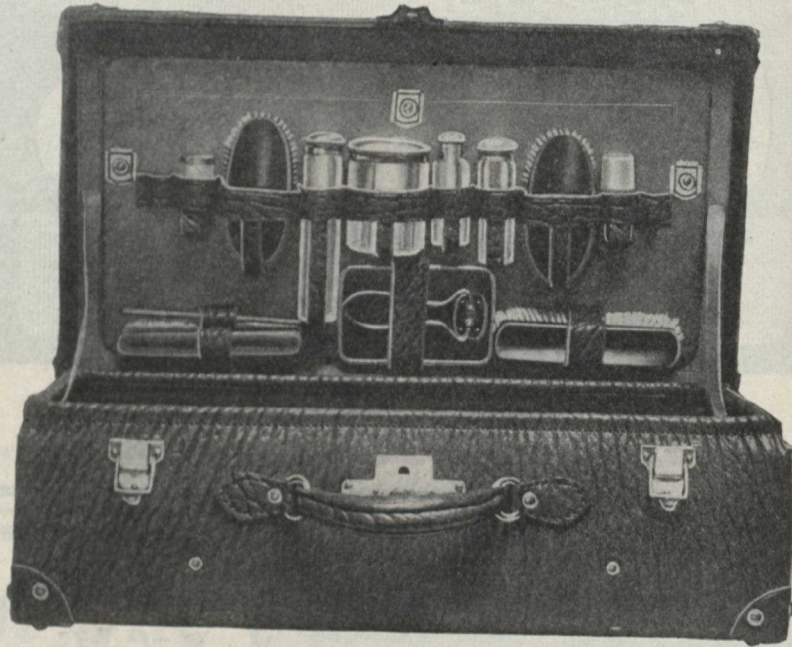
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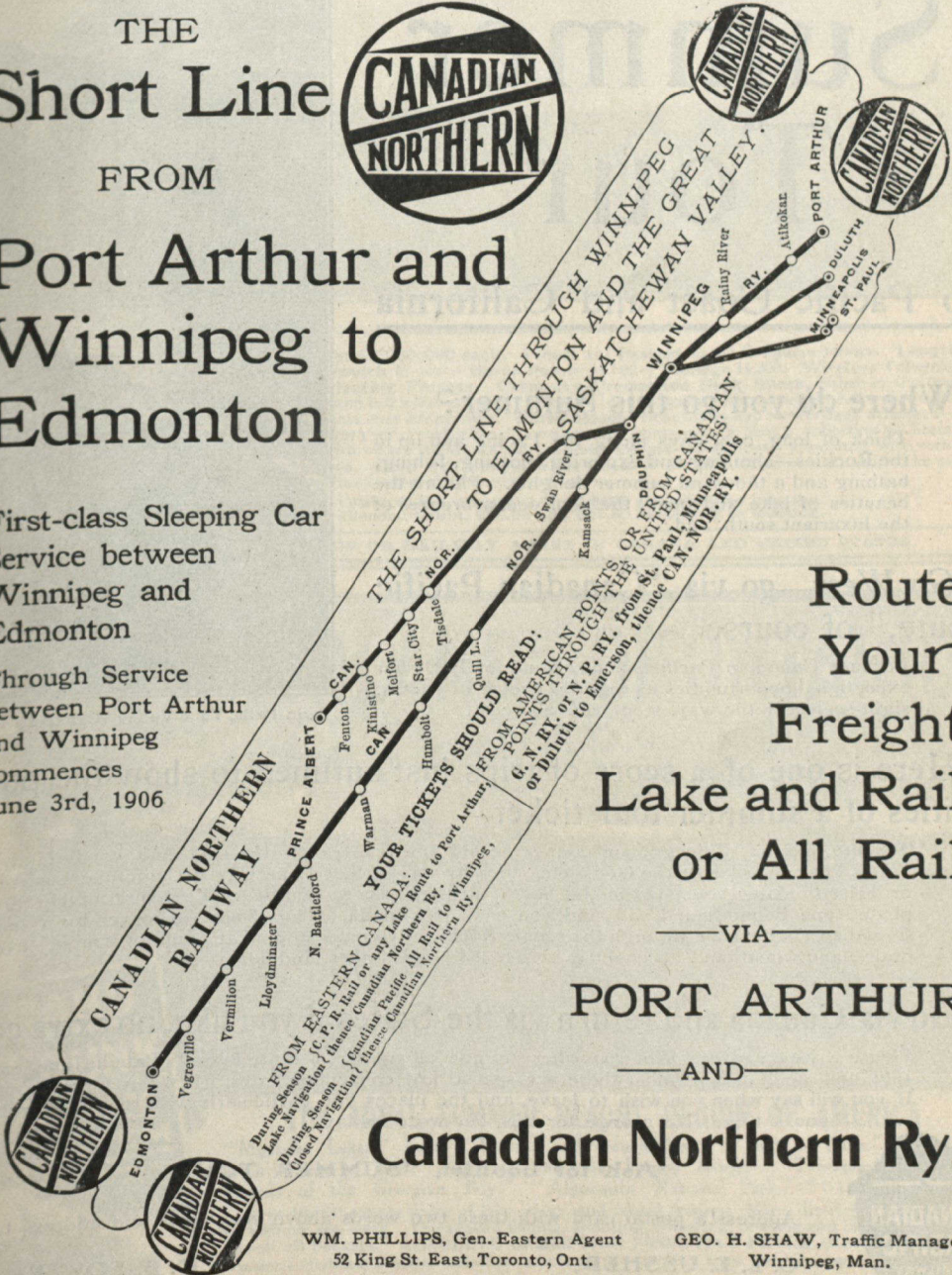
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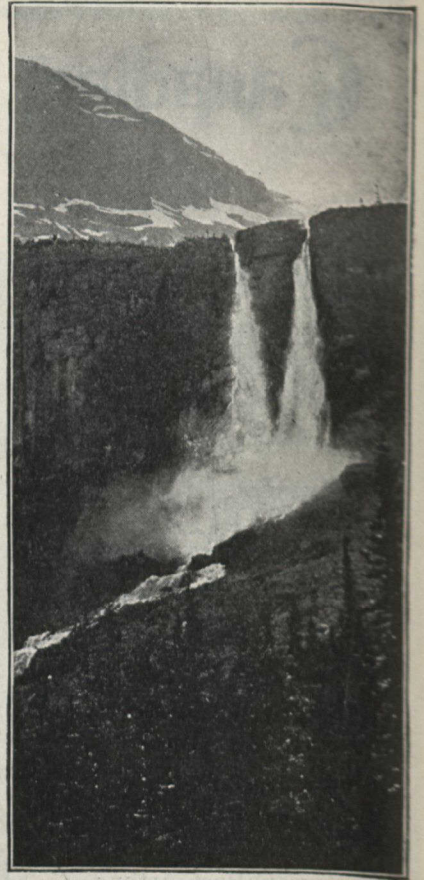
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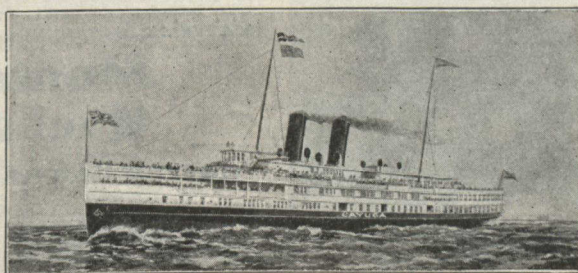
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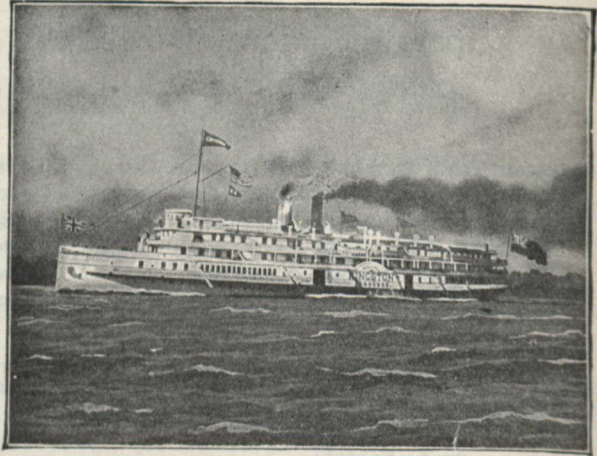
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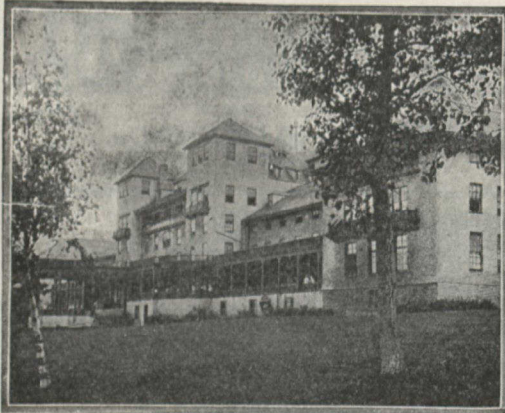
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Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

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The air in the oven of the

Imperial Oxford Range



is constantly changing. Fresh air is drawn in from outside the range by our patent oven flue, superheated and forced into the top of the oven. It circulates throughout the oven, keeping every corner at a steady, even temperature. The air is then drawn off through the oven ventilators, carrying with it the fumes of the cooking dishes.

The Imperial Oxford Range cooks your food with pure, fresh, dry heat. Would you like to see this range?

Call at your dealers. If he can't show you the Imperial Oxford, write to us and we'll send you full particulars and tell you where you can see it.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

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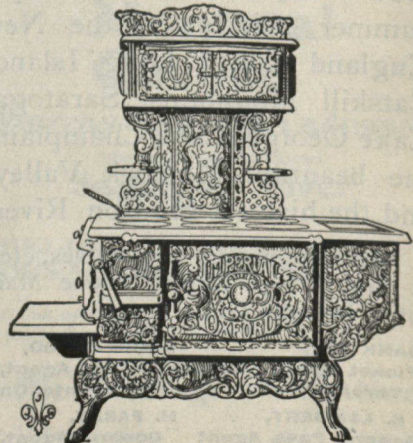
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THE proof of this syrup is in the eating; and the proof of its purity is in the taste—it tastes pure and good and wholesome; something which you can give plentifully to children. It is in the eating that the fine flavour and rich quality of CROWN BRAND TABLE SYRUP shows up to advantage.

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It is specially good for children.

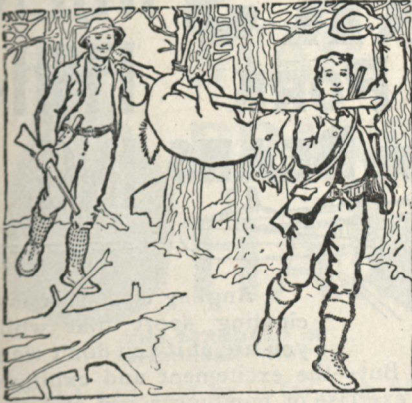
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ESTABLISHED 1858

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Understands its fascinations—how its lovers are beguiled.

He who snuffs the scents of Autumn and the fragrance of the pine,
Feels primeval wildness in him—but another song is mine:—

Winding down the rugged mountain with a deer, my guide and I,

Hardly knowing where our camp is, toiling on with grunt and sigh,

Hold! what savor floats to meet us, borne upon the evening breeze,

Sweeter than the spice of hemlocks, or the balm of good, green trees?

'Tis a savor from the tropics, from the gurgling, hissing spout

Of the camp cook's pot of coffee, panting now to be poured out.

Whiff! The load we bear seems lighter.

Whiff! That's sweeter than the rose!

No more need of eyes nor compass—move your feet and chase your nose.

'Tis a day of sport well ended, when a chap can take his ease

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we sell is made of selected oak inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

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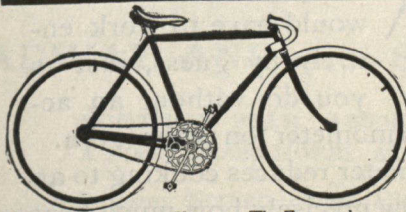
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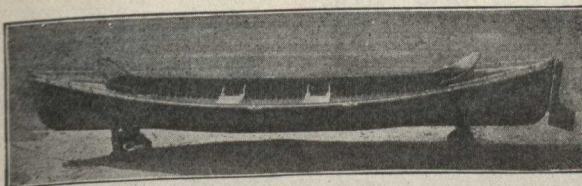
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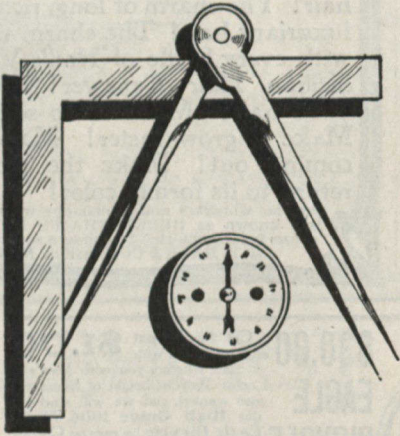
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