

132

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER



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the spirit of Yuletide.

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# ZINE

No. 2

## FRONTISPIECE

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CENTS.  
to The CANADIAN  
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The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accommodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most Elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegant—are unsurpassed in Europe.

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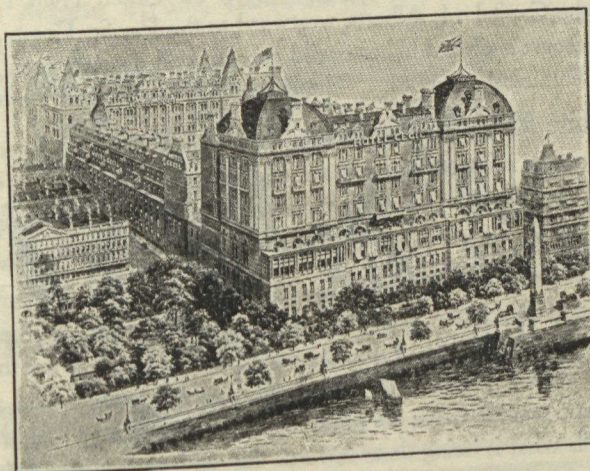
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**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO, CANADA**



# The Canadian Magazine

## FOR JANUARY

**Interglacial Beds at Toronto.**—By Professor A. P. Coleman, of the Department of Geology, University of Toronto. As the author says: "The Toronto Formation," as it has been called, is certainly the most important deposit of the kind in America, and perhaps in the world. It should be worth while, then, for Canadians to know something of the wonderful chapter of the world's history recorded in the Don Valley and at Scarboro Heights." Accompanying this article are a number of photographs of unique specimens, such as Caves (found in the Don Valley), of extinct maples, and other equally interesting phenomena.

**Edmonton to Prince Rupert.**—By Harold Havens. This is a description of the new country that is being opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the Capital of Alberta westward to the Pacific Coast. To hear about the resources of that hitherto wild country, will astonish even those who have been enthusiastic about it. The illustrations greatly assist the text.

**The White Man's Angry Heart.**—By Harold Sands. Everything that Mr. Sands writes is interesting, and this article is particularly so. It explains the plaint that British Columbia Indians have raised ever since Captain Cook landed in Nootka Bay. There are splendid photographic illustrations.

**The Frontier Problem.**—By Joseph Wearing. A few years ago Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick got the idea that the men who work on the Canadian frontier form the backbone of the Dominion, and he began to ask the question, why not provide these men with such facilities as will tend to add strength to character and moral virtue to physical power and mechanical skill? Mr. Wearing tells what is being done towards that end, and adds photographs to enforce his pen pictures.

Also a number of well selected short stories and articles.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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REDNESS,  
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- Genuine "Wellington" Suitings, 56 inches wide, at \$1.60.
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The Serge that Stands the Test of Time.

24



Royal Warrants

THE HALL-MARK OF



"INTRINSIC WORTH"

24



Royal Warrants



No 606

Costume **\$20.82**, to order, in the "Aberdeen," a fine quality West of England Home-spun Tweed.



No. 61.

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"The most practical proof of my appreciation is to at once repeat my order, which I have great pleasure in doing."—J. R., Esq., Cranbrook, B. C., 25/9/09."

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No 605

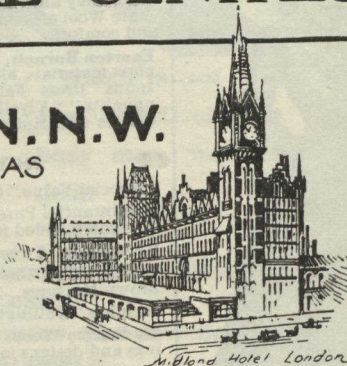
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LADIES' BEST QUALITY CHEV-  
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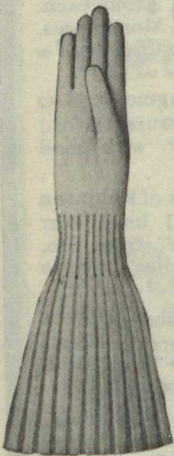
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**49 cents and 58 cents per pair.**



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in White, Greys  
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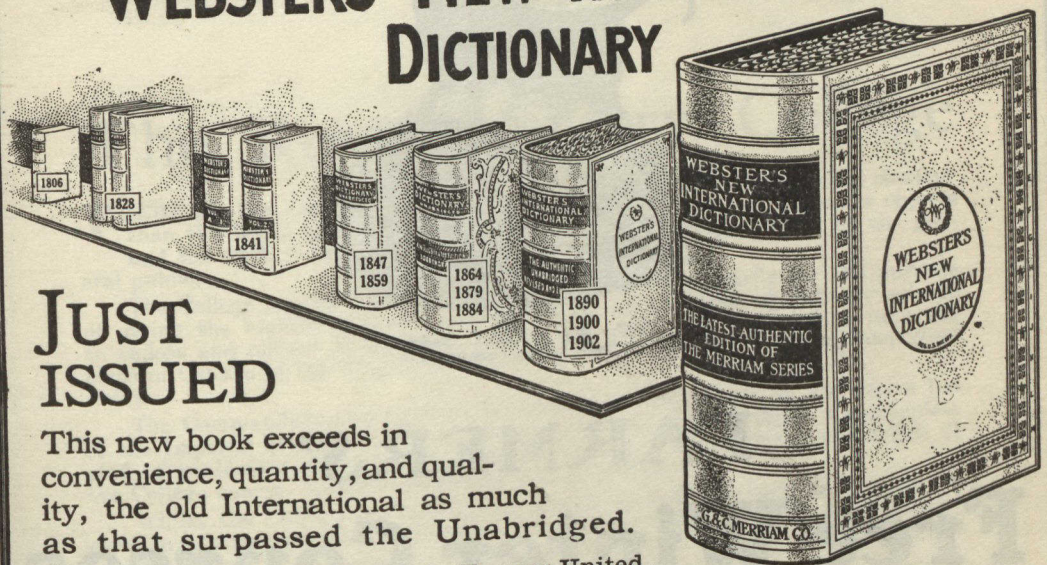
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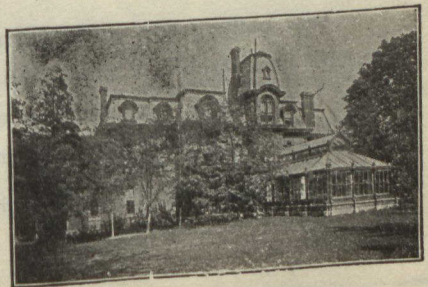
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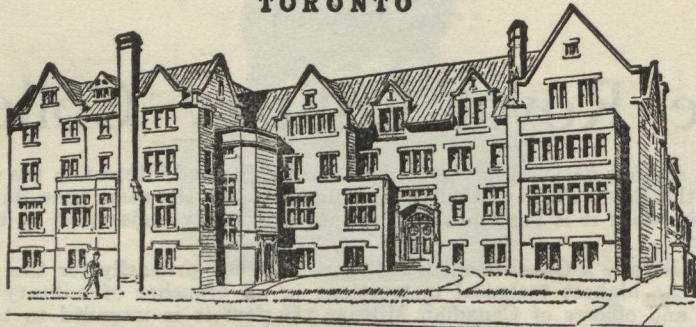
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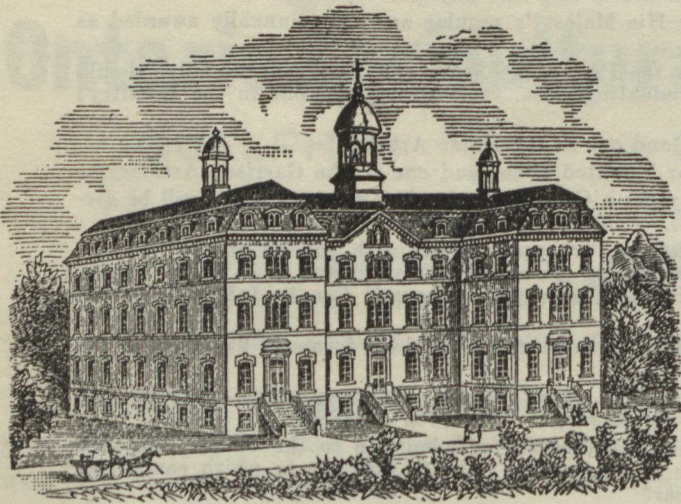
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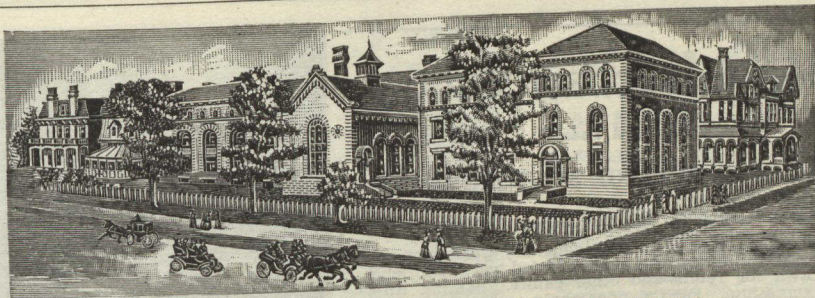
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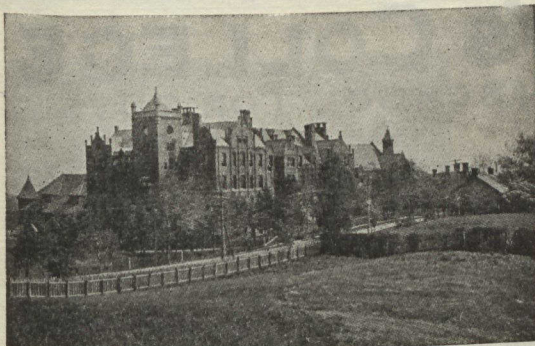




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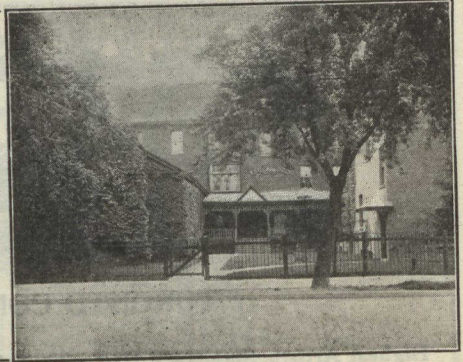
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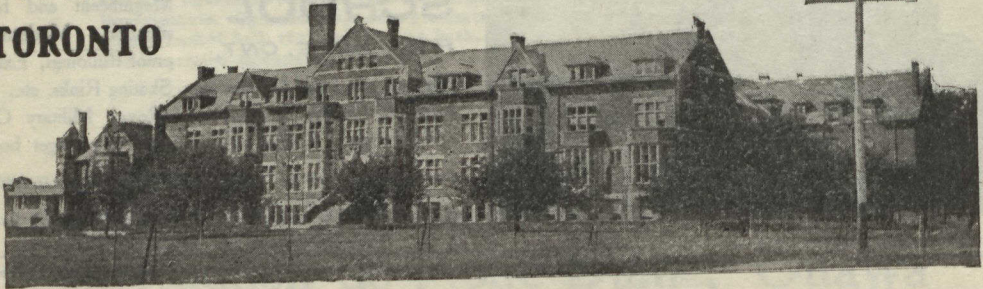
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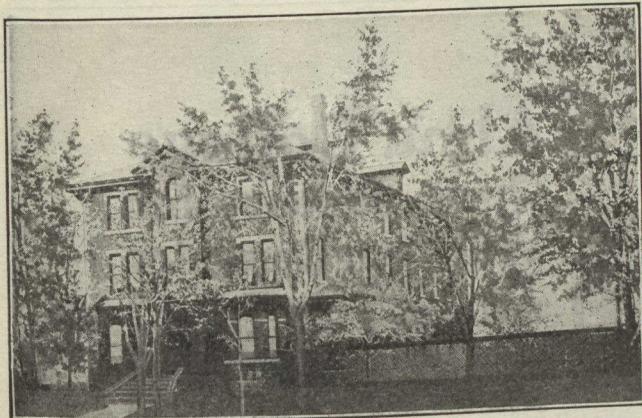
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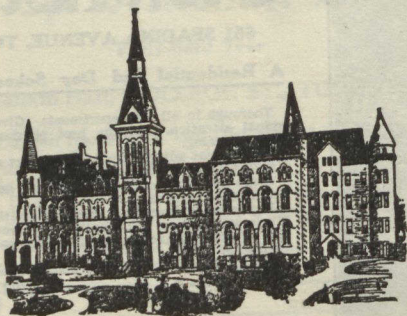
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**A** RESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

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The cost of tuition depends upon studies selected; endowment permits low rates. Unexcelled advantages in Literary Course, Music, Fine Art, Commercial, Expression and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Social Training, etc. Large Campus for health developing out-door

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recreation; athletic and social organizations; largest Fine Art Studio. First College in Ontario to organize diploma courses in Music and Domestic Science. Local Music Examinations of University of Toronto held here. Canada's most southerly College; healthful location, Limited number of younger girls received in separate apartment. Write for our Free Booklet to-day.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

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ON CHRISTMAS  
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to appreciate the value of money by starting a Savings Account for them. It will be a lesson in thrift, which will fit them for practical life and may lay the foundation of their business success.

An account may be opened with One Dollar. It will bear interest at three and one half per cent per annum, compounded four times a year.

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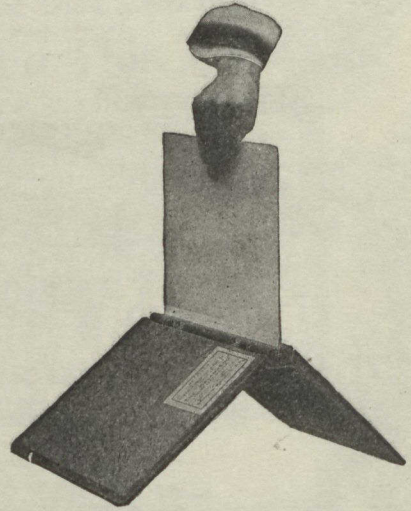
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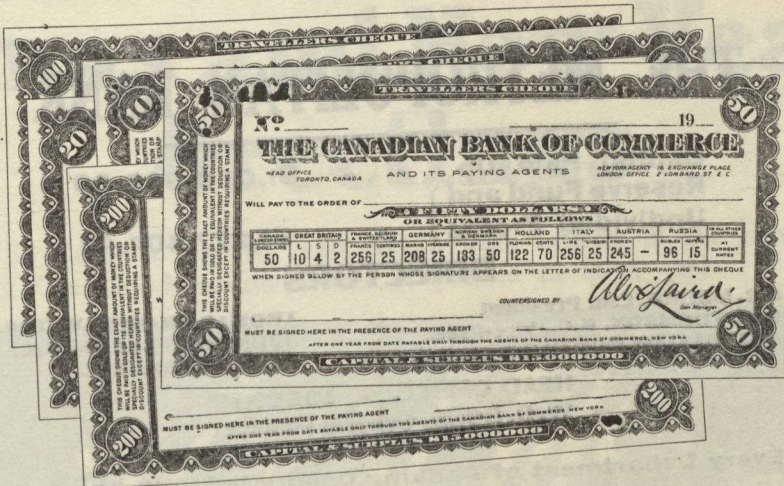
Its capacity is almost unlimited. The book is flexible; the sheets lie close to the desk, the alignment is perfect and the writing surface is firm and flat. There are no exposed metal parts to get out of order or injure the desk.

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These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

## THE EXCELSIOR Life Insurance Company

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building, TORONTO

Insurance in Force over - - \$13,000,000.00

Assets for security of Policyholders over - - 2,250,000.00

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### WANT THE BEST

No matter whether it is to protect business interests, dependents, provide for old age or any other purpose.

The new Excelsior policies with their liberal guarantees of loan, cash surrender, paid-up insurance, extended insurance values, etc. meet all requirement.

**INCREASES**, during 1908—Insurance in force 10 per cent., Assets 16 per cent., Income 17 per cent., Reserves 15 per cent., Net Surplus 93 per cent.

**DECREASES**—Death rate 44 per cent. less than expected, 9 per cent. less than preceding year; Expense ratio 6.5 per cent.

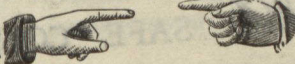
Good Agents can secure desirable contracts

Local Agents wanted everywhere.

**E. MARSHALL**,  
General Manager

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## Northern Life Assurance Company.

LOOK  LOOK

### Have you a Strong Personality

We are looking for men of force who can influence others.

If you are the man we want we have a proposition that will interest you. It will be to your advantage to get in touch with our Head Office, London, Ont.

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Managing Director.

**W. M. GOVENLOCK**,  
Secretary.



# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund and }  
Undivided Profits } - - \$1,277,404.49

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EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

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issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of the world at current rates.

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in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money printed on each cheque. They are self identifying and payable everywhere.

Superior to Letters of Credit.

Agents in all the principal cities and towns throughout Canada

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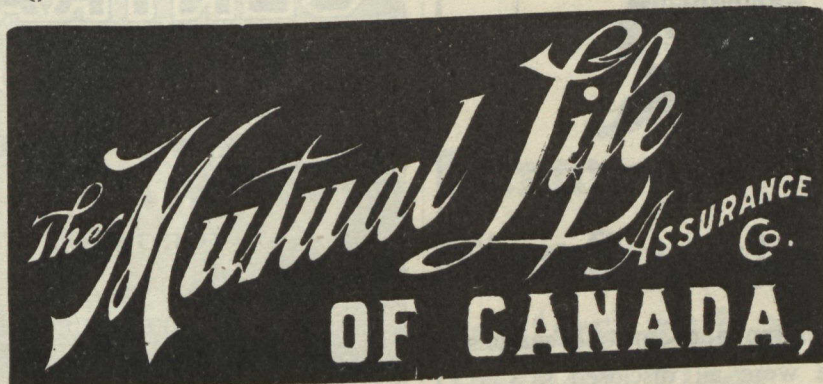
Rates and full information cheerfully furnished by our  
Local Agent





# Xmas and New Year Greetings

The Canadian public, who take a keen interest in the success of deserving Canadian institutions, will be pleased to learn that



will close the present year with the largest volume of new business ever written in any year in its history—all Canadian business except a small line in Newfoundland;

That its death losses promise to be only about one-half of the amount "expected" and provided for;

That its funds have been kept continuously invested during the year at the highest rate of interest compatible with undoubted security;

And that everything points to closing on December 31st, 1909 one of the best years—in fact in many important respects the best year—in its experience of 40 years.

To our old and new policy-holders and others who may be thinking of becoming policy-holders in our Company, we extend on behalf of the Board, the Agents and the Head Office Staff, heartiest good wishes for

A Right Merry Xmas and  
A Prosperous and Joyous New Year.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., President.  
W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director.  
CHAS. RUBY, Secretary.





## "Christmas Carol"

Past, present and Christmas seasons to come were all disclosed to Old Scrooge in Dickens' matchless

### "Christmas Carol"

If it were possible to reveal to you your future Christmases and also those of your family, might not the revelation lead you to take immediate steps to protect those dependent upon you, and at the same time to make some provision for your own maturer years?

|| You had better consider this now and secure an Endowment policy at once from the

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ——— TORONTO

**ASSETS**  
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$ 2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$ 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$ 1,150,000

# CENTRAL CANADA

## LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBENTURES  
ISSUED

## Estimates

### Considerably Exceeded

The following is a settlement made this month by The Great-West Assurance Company:

15-Year Endowment Policy, \$1,000, Premium \$36 semi-annual, Guaranteed Value at maturity \$1,000, Profits \$571, Total \$1,571.

The Policyholder thus acknowledges the settlement:

"I can assure you that I am more than pleased at the splendid results of this investment. If I remember aright, the expected profits were about \$300, and it is a pleasant surprise to hear they would be almost doubled.

High interest earnings on investments and low expenses mean low premium rates and high profit returns.

Information on request.

## The Great-West Life

Assurance Company

Head Office - - Winnipeg



Are you home hungry or land hungry?

Do you find yourself crowded and the outlook circumscribed?

Have you decided to look out for another situation with better prospects?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you can obtain*

**A Free Farm,  
A Fine Home,  
Unlimited Opportunities and a  
Chance on the Ground Floor.**

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement conditions are easy.

**SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

**DUTIES**—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

**DUTIES**—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

**W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION,**

OTTAWA, CANADA.





**L**ITTLE FOLKS will relish every meal—and ask for more —if they know they are going to have it with delicious Jam, Jelly or preserves.

E. D. Smith's Jams, Jellies, Preserves and Marmalade are made **ONLY** from **FRESH, PURE FRUIT**—grown right, picked right, canned and bottled right. Recognized as

**The Standard of Quality the World Over**

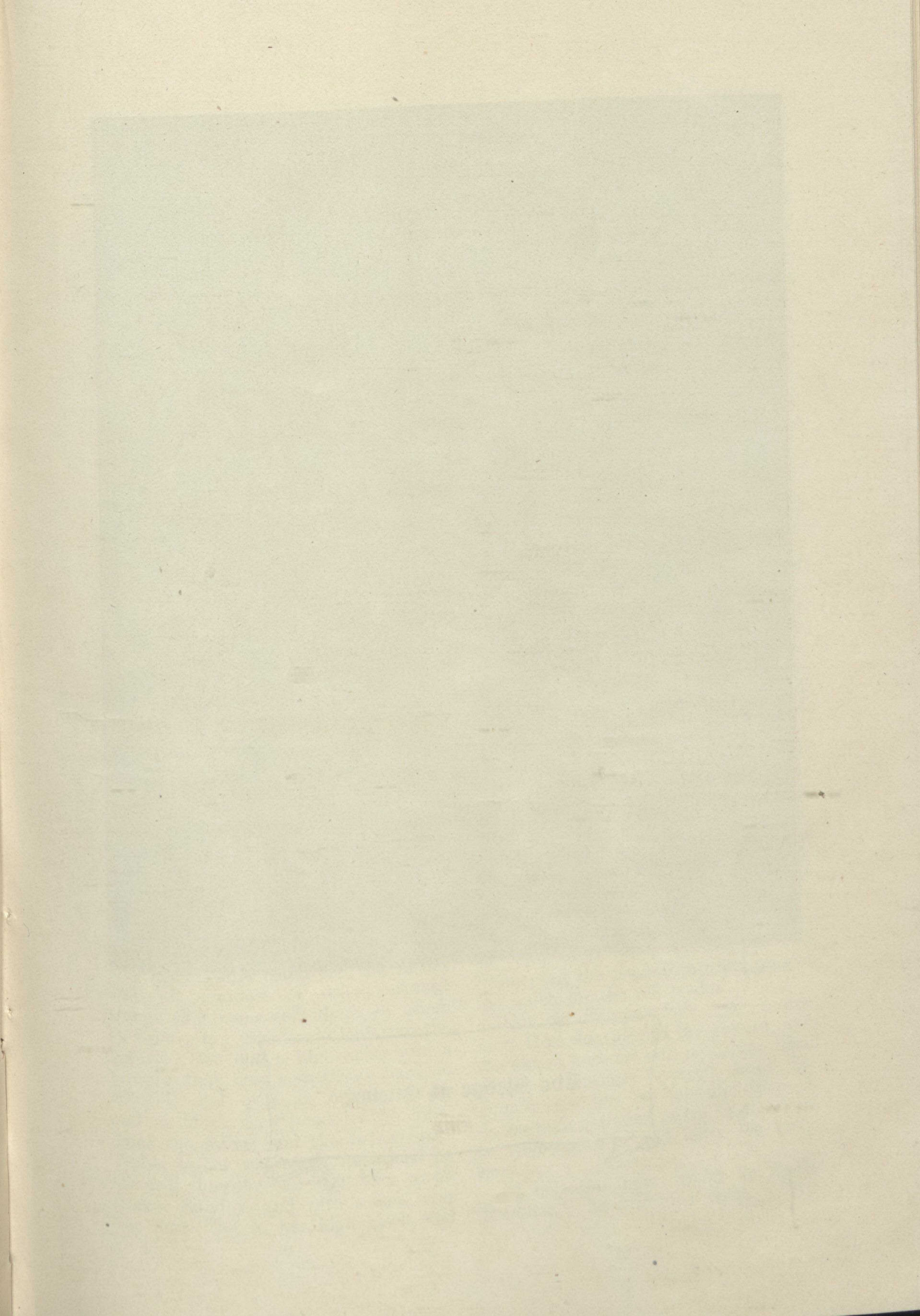
This Trade Mark is the Sure Proof of **HONEST GOODS** and the Guarantee of Absolute **PURITY**.  
 Look for the Trade Mark

**A** for E. D. SMITH'S Fruit  
**S** Jams, Jellies, Preserves and  
 Marmalade.  
**K** Don't Risk Substitutes

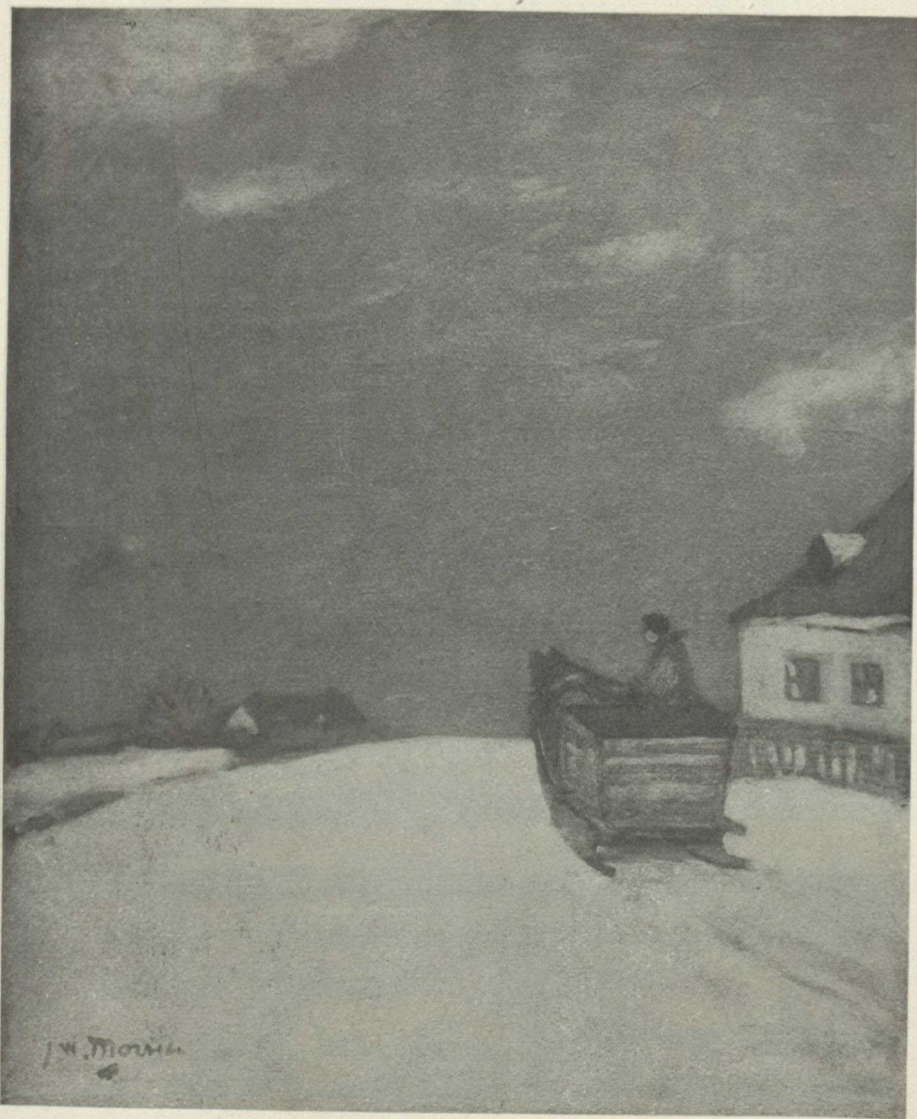
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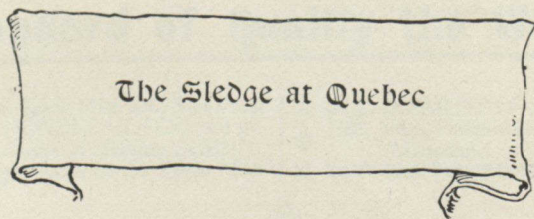








*Painting by J. W. Morrice*



The Sledge at Quebec



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1909

No. 2

## “HERSELF”

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF “THE RED FEATHER,” ETC.

*Illustrations by Fergus Kyle*

ALONG that coast it is the usual thing for a married man to speak of his wife as “Herself,” and for a single man to give the title to his mother; but in Bully Harbour every man, woman and child applied this honourable pronoun to Mother Calvert. So it had been for half a lifetime.

Mother Calvert was bred of generations of poor fisherfolk. She was accustomed to rough, and often scanty, fare; her speech was primitive; her home was a two-roomed hut; and she dearly loved a black clay pipe well primed with “Fisher-man’s Luck.” But she possessed some distinguishing qualities of mind and body. She could see the fairies and all manner of other strange things that some folk don’t so much as believe in. She could look into the future. She had a high spirit and a temper that was sometimes hard to control, and eyes as bright as ice and as black as a pond in the hills. That the fairies and the future were visible to her was easily explained by the fact that she had been born on an Easter Sunday, and with a caul over her face. As to her high spirit and

her temper — well, the Calverts had always been that way.

Mother Calvert had never married; and she was the last of the name in Bully Harbour. Ever since her father’s death — and that was close upon thirty years ago — she had lived alone in the poor, two-roomed cabin half-way up the rocks above the harbour. Along with the cabin she had a patch of garden in which she raised a few bushels of potatoes and a few dozen of cabbages every year. Down on the land-wash she owned a couple of rods of shingle, over which were built a stage for the drying of fish and a shed for the storing of the same. These premises had been rented, year after year, by Skipper Bill Nolan; but the past winter had proved too much for the old trader.

Poor old Skipper Bill was scarce more than decently in the ground, and the entire harbour still mourning him, when a stranger arrived from St. John’s in a fine big fore-and-after. A dozen men gathered at the little wharf to welcome him and learn his business.

“I be’s the new trader for Bully Harbour,” he informed them. “All



that was William Nolan's belongs to me now—stores, an' stock, an' stages an' me debts."

He had the papers to prove it, which he showed to them. You may well believe that they scratched their heads; for, though they could understand very little of what was in the papers, they could see clearly enough that it was a black day for them, that the business had gone into a stranger's hands.

"Twenty men o' this harbour be in my debt," he said. "Nolan was too easy. But mind ye, them debts has got to be settled now. Ye'll not find me so easy as Nolan, ye may lay to that."

"Last season was a desperate poor time for the fish, sir; but nex' summer's catch'll more'n pay off our old scores," said George Dowl, plaintively.

"Aye, Garge be's right, sir. A good catch'll more'n set us square with the books," said young Peter Nolan.

"That be's an old story, men," replied Timothy Kellog unpleasantly. "The first livyer that ever jugged a fish in Newf'un'land told that yarn to the first planter that ever freighted a cannister o' baccy out o' St. John's. No, men, ye can't fool me like ye fooled old Bill Nolan."

The hearts of the toilers of Bully Harbour shook with mingled emotions. Leaving the new trader to his own entertainment, the fishermen moved away from the wharf in a slow and discomforted group. A dismal, black prospect lay before them. Well they knew, poor lads, that if Kellog refused to advance more food, starvation would enter their cabins before the breaking of the ice in spring.

"What'll Herself say to it, d'ye t'ink?" inquired Peter Nolan.

"Aye, 'tis Herself will help us," said George Dowl, hopefully.

"But how'll she do it, d'ye t'ink?" asked old Dick Shinn. "Herself be's as poor as us — an' nought but fish or money, I take it, will soften that lad's heart."

"Herself'll help us," persisted Dowl. "There don't live the man, rich nor poor, dare give Herself the lie to the words she tells him."

"But this lad don't belong to the Harbour," said Dick Shinn. "He be's from St. John's; an' maybe he don't even believe in the fairies."

"Herself'll strike the fear into him," young Nolan assured him. "D'ye mind how she faced Father Dunn, o' Beachy Cove, five year ago come Christmas? Aye, the man don't live—priest, nor trader, nor fisherman—dare look Herself in the eye an' hold to his argiment."

Old Dick Shinn and young Peter Nolan went up, that evening, to Mother Calvert's hut. She admitted them in silence and motioned them to seats by the little, barrel-shaped stove that had come out of the cabin of a wrecked-fore-and-after. She drew up another chair, filled and lit her pipe, and smoked in silence for fully ten minutes. The men did not speak. It was for Herself to open the conversation. At last she said:

"It be this new trader ye're troublin' over."

Peter wet his lips with his tongue.

"Aye, Mother Calvert, aye; ye be on the right tack, ma'am," he whispered. He never felt at his ease in the old woman's presence.

"An' ye wants me to soften him," said she.

Both men nodded. Then Peter ventured to say:

"He as good as telled us he'd give no more credit till—"

"I knows all that, lad," interrupted Mother Calvert. "I seed ye down at the land-wash. I still has eyes in me poor old head."

She sat commandingly in her chair, with her pipe in the left corner of her mouth and her bright, black eyes fixed on the red draft of the stove. Her large hands lay idle in her lap, the fingers interlaced. Suddenly, without turning her head or moving a line of her body, she said:

"Ye may go home, lads. Me heart





*Drawing by Fergus Kyle*

"ALL THAT WAS WILLIAM NOLAN'S BELONGS TO ME NOW—STORES, AN' STOCK, AN' STAGES,  
AN' DEBTS"

is with ye in the trouble, and I'll help ye all I can."

It was late the next evening that Timothy Kellog called on Mother Calvert, to try to beat down the rent of her little stage and fish-room. She read his errand easily enough in the first glance. Without moving from her arm-chair, she motioned him to a stool.

"It be's a terrible gift, this o' peerin' into the future," she said, before her visitor had spoken a word. "It be's a terrible thing to see ye sittin' here, Timothy Kellog, with the black intentions in yer heart, an' me knowin' the desperate trouble ahangin' over ye."

"What sort o' gibberish be ye atellin' to me?" he asked, scowling.

"I read the vision las' night," said she, calmly. "'Twas clear as day before my eyes, Timothy Kellog — ye abuildin' yer grand new house an' the poor folk astarvin' in their huts—ye with deaf ears an' a deaf heart to

the cries o' the desperate women an' hungry children—an' the lads alayin' the curses on ye. An' then the great, black sorrow abreakin' the heart o' ye like the east wind breaks the ice along the land-wash."

Kellog glared at her in anger and amazement. He had climbed the hill to talk business, not to listen to crazy threats.

"Be ye mad, old woman?" he cried.

She shook the ashes from her pipe and pointed to the door, her eyes fixed all the while on the trader with a terrible light in them.

"It's done my duty! Go along with ye," she said.

In the course of the next few days, the trader heard some strange stories about Mother Calvert. It was old Dick Shinn who told him how that ten years ago come spring one of her visions saved the lives of seven of the men of Bully Harbour. The lads were



all ready to foot it over to St. John's, to ship with the sealing fleet, when Herself called them up the hill and warned them not to sail in the *Walrus*. And she sent a warning along to the skipper of that fine, fioe-scarred old ship. The skipper only laughed at the warning; but the lads of Bully Harbour got berths in the *Husky*.

Old Dick Shinn did not have to tell the new trader what had happened to the crew of the *Walrus*, for he himself had been down on Bowring's wharf when the old, bark-rigged steamer crawled up the harbour of St. John's on a Sunday morning, with ninety-six frozen men heaped upon her decks. The poor lads had been caught by a storm while far from the ship, on a breaking floe, and ninety-six of them had not been picked up until noon of the next day.

This, and a dozen more examples of Mother Calvert's gift of divination, impressed Timothy Kellog very unpleasantly. After a few days of uneasiness and a few nights of cold terror, he paid another visit to the cabin above the hamlet.

"Ye didn't name the sorrow that be's awaitin' for me," he said, with a pretended lightness of manner.

Mother Calvert gazed at him until he fidgeted on his stool.

"Ye has a woman — an' a fine boy," she said, at last.

A chill crept down the trader's spine.

"What of them?" he cried, "what of them?"

"'Tis there the sorrow'll strike ye," answered the old woman.

All the courage slipped out of his blood at those words, and his throat dried with fear. After a little while he whispered:

"But ye said ye warned me. What help be's a warnin' if ye seed the true vision?"

"'Tis the hate and bitterness o' the starvin' people brings ye the sorrow," replied Mother Calvert. "It lays in yer own heart to keep that from comin' true — an' then the black

vision that was showed to me will be no more'n a dream."

Kellog glanced at her sharply; but his eyes soon wavered and shifted before her piercing regard.

"If ye seen the black sorrow on me, what does it matter how the folks hate me?" he asked uncertainly. Then, gathering a little courage by avoiding her glance: "Did ye see the lads o' this harbour dead on the ice, in yer vision o' ten year ago? The very lads themselves, or was it just the crew of the *Walrus* ye seen?"

"I seen the very lads—Dick Shinn, an' Red Dennis Nolan, an' the entire seven o' them—layin' aboard on the pans, some bent double an' some straight as poles, all frozen to deat' on the breakin' floe. But they heeded my warnin', an' no harm come to 'em."

For several minutes the two sat in silence, Mother Calvert straight in her chair, her black eyes gazing at her visitor with an intentness that was surely hypnotic, and he crouched forward with his face between his hands. At last he got unsteadily to his feet and moved to the door. On the threshold he turned and said:

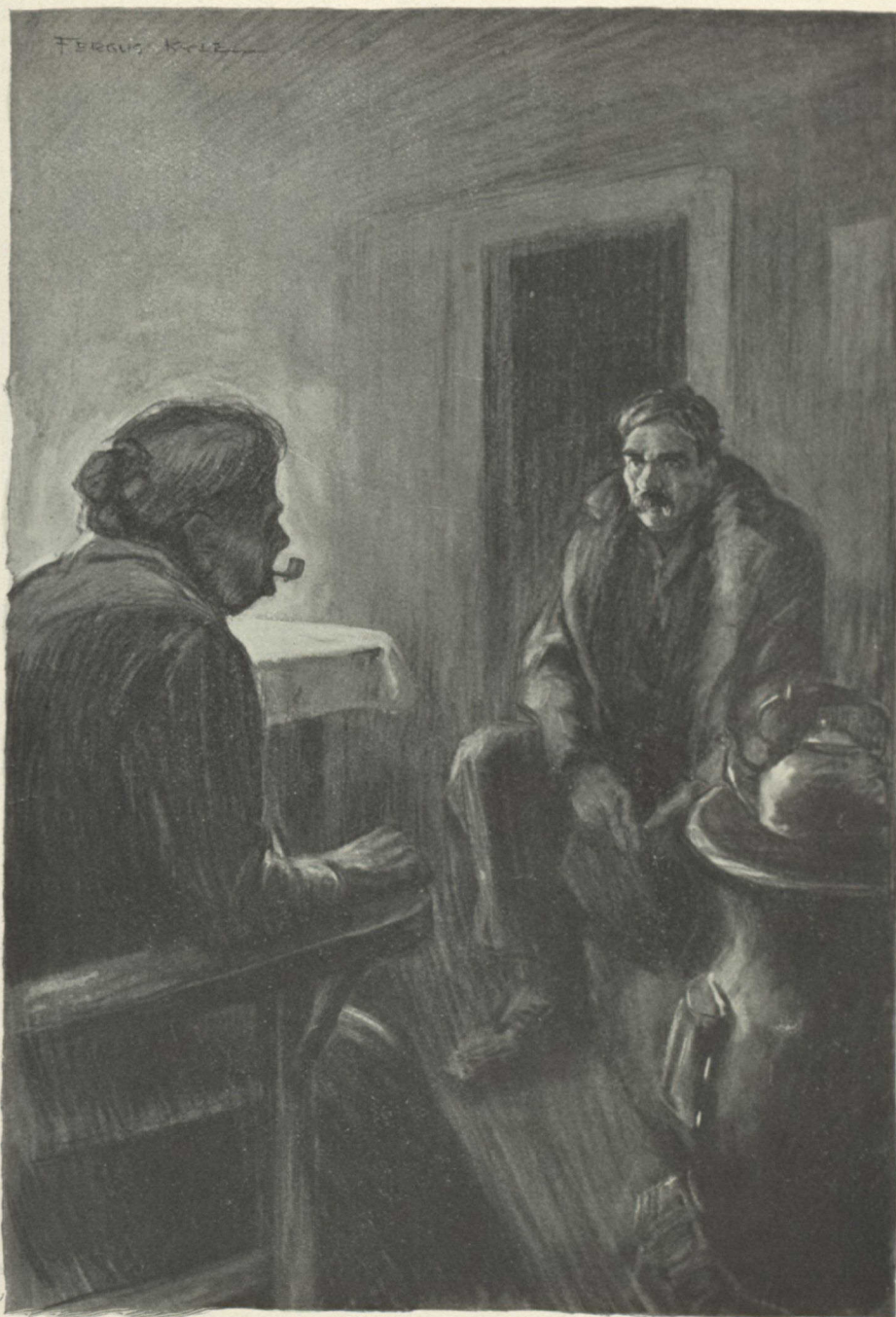
"I heeds yer warnin', Mother Calvert."

When the trader was gone, the old woman moved uneasily in her wide chair.

"God forgive me for makin' a lie o' that true vision," she muttered, "an' for inventin' a vision for Timothy Kellog. But I be's an old woman—a weak old woman—an' 'twould be the deat' o' me to see the poor folks starvin' for want o' a mite o' credit at the store."

The days and weeks ran out, and spring came with grinding ice along the coast, and still the new trader showed no signs of carrying out the threats made on the day of his arrival. The whole harbour (excepting Mother Calvert and the trader) wondered at that. Dick Shinn suspected that the old woman had put the ter-





*Drawing by Fergus Kyle*

"ALL THE COURAGE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS BLOOD AT THOSE WORDS"





FERGUS KYLE

Drawing by Fergus Kyle  
"THE SKIPPER'S WOMAN AN' YOUNG 'UN!' ROARED DOWL. 'T'REE SKIFFS, LADS'!"



ror of things unknown into Kellog's heart; but how she had accomplished it he did not know and had not the courage to ask. Then came summer and the heroic toil of the fishing, and even old Shinn ceased to doubt the sincere nature of the trader's generosity. Very likely, he reflected, there had been no need at all for Mother Calvert's protection. That she had asked him the size of Kellog's family, sometime during the season of uncertainty, and that he had wormed the information for her out of Kellog himself, had quite slipped his memory.

“Easy!” exclaimed Shinn one morning to George Dowl. “Why, old Skipper Bill hisself wasn't no easier. Bread an' tea an' baccy, with never a grudgin' word out o' him—an' me debt as long as yer arm a'ready. Aye, Skipper Tim be's a rare good fellow to this harbour, for all his queer talk when he first come.”

“Ye be's right, Dick,” replied Dowl. “The old skipper was cheerier, maybe, but the new skipper do surely be easy.”

Mother Calvert never discussed the behaviour of the new trader. With her pipe and her dreams she kept a silent watch above the contented harbour and its happy toilers. August was half spent when Kellog paid her his third visit.

“Will ye tell me if that vision still holds?” he asked anxiously.

“Ye's changed it into nothin' worse nor a bad dream,” she said, eyeing him kindly.

His face lightened with relief.

“For ye's changed the colour o' yer heart,” she added.

Then he told her of his wife and child back in St. John's, and how the thought of danger to them had lain like ice on his heart. He spoke of the first nights, full of cold terror, when fear that he might fail to win the good-will of the people haunted him like a ghost. For a week or so, he confessed, his heart had begrudged the generosity of his hands;

but, after a time, it was as if his point of view had changed to that of the fishermen. After that, his faith in them grew day by day; and soon he began to feel a pleasant warmth in his breast every time he saw something go from his store to one of the cabins.

“An' now they calls me Skipper Tim,” he concluded.

Mother Calvert laid aside her pipe, leaned forward and patted his knee with her strong old hand.

“Ye's done well, b'y,” she said. “Now send for yer wife an' child, for Bully Harbour be's yer true home from this on. There be's nothin' guards a man from sorrow, an' his door from trouble, like the love o' his poor neighbours.”

Nobody in Bully Harbour had looked for a storm of wind and sleet at that time of year; but, by the first gray lift of dawn the men were gathered on the land-wash, gazing helplessly out at the spume-shrouded form of a schooner that was being pounded to fragments on the Bully Rocks.

“Sure now, if we but had a decent life-boat,” said George Dowl in his beard. “But a skiff, now? Aye, 'twould be too almighty risky for men with trouble enough o' their own.”

“D'ye t'ink we could make it?” young Peter Nolan bellowed against the wind.

“'Twould be desperate unlikely—an' the best o' us be's married men,” cried another.

“An' she be's a stranger to these parts,” said old Dick Shinn.

“It's afear'd it couldn't be done,” said Dowl.

At that moment the new trader dashed among them, bare-headed and but half clothed.

“'Tis the *Mistletoe!*” he shouted. “Will ye leave 'em drown, lads—my wife an' my little boy? For God's sake, gi' me a hand wid the skiff there!”

“The skipper's woman an' young



'un!' roared Dowl. "T'ree skiffs, lads, an' one'll be sure to make it!"

Not a man held back. Three skiffs were launched into the breakers. Two after heroic work, were forced beyond the surf; but the third was hurled ashore, where it stove. A fourth was dragged from under a stage and launched after desperate efforts. By that time the brave fellows who had manned one of the other boats were being pulled from the surf by their

friends. But one out of the four reached the schooner, and the line was made fast.

"Aye, Herself was right," reflected Skipper Tim, sitting with his wife beside him and his boy on his knee. "But for the love o' Bully Harbour, the black sorrow would be upon me this very minute. Sure, if I'd been hard with the lads, now? Aye, the old woman was right!"

## ON LAC SAINTE IRENÉE

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

On Lac Sainte Irenée the morn  
Lay rimmed with pine and roped with mist;  
The old moon hid her silver horn  
In shadow that the sun had kissed.

One went by like a wandering soul,  
And followed ever, by reed and river,  
The little canoe of the lake patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenée the noon  
Lay wolf-like waiting by her hills;  
No voice was heard but the sad loon  
And the wild-throated whip-poor-wills

But one went by on the bitter flaw,  
And followed ever, by reed and river,  
The little canoe of the white man's law.

On Lac Sainte Irenée the moose  
Broke from his balsams, breathing hot.  
The bittern and the great wild goose  
Fled south before the sudden shot.

One fled with them like a hunted soul,  
And followed ever, by reed and river,  
The little canoe of the lone patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenée, the blue  
Vast arch of night was starred and deep.  
No footstep woke the caribou  
Nor called the wolverine from his sleep.

The wild wind cried like a loosened soul,  
And onward ever, by rapid and river,  
Slipped the canoe of the lake patrol.



## BY LIGHT O' MOON

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

"OH, aye, Sammy, I dare say you be right, and it's true my hearing's not what it was in '76. But it's a long time—a long time, Sammy, since the falls have roared that loud—and this July and low water."

They were before the door of a small cabin of the primeval, just off the high-road of corduroy. It was a little past the sounding of supper-horns and the driving in of scant herds.

Sammy was leaning his great frame against the sash of a door too low for him. He was a strapping fellow, with a face a little heavy and grave. He looked down upon a head of white hair that leaned upon the opposite sash and then off into the distance towards the south, his hand closing tightly around the hilt of a very long sword that hung at his side. His breeches were striped, and his boots came well above the knee.

"But Drummond would have sent a courier. There are fifty blades of us nigh at hand, father," and Sammy bit his lips, which were trembling.

"And to that I am saying nothing, Sammy. Sure, the great soldier that he is must know that half a hundred blades are not to be left out, and the most of them as big and fine as yourself, lad. But the waters are a bit too loud, a bit too loud."

Sammy didn't colour. He seemed to be getting whiter. Something was beginning to work down in his great breast—like the kindling of a fire. But the corduroy had been silent. Where were his fellows?

Together they listened for some moments without speaking. From far to the south came a sound — as of a troubled sea — very distant — like thunder in a last lingering rumble that cannot die quite away.

"The rumours of a coming fight have set you thinking of such things, father. It is so very still, the falls seem nearer. What little breeze there is bears from their direction, too."

Sammy put his hand over his eyes. Was it lying, he wondered. But that head was so white! His father had told him so often of a certain affair of '76. Why had he done so to-day, above all?

"Oh, aye! my boy, it may be the wind that makes the sound so broken like. You be hearing better, boy, and these days be troubled, though I think I'm a little womanish."

"If he were but a little womanish," thought Sammy. "Then it might be safe to— But there was his chestnut Bess, out there in the rough stable, full of blood, full of fire."

"Father, I'm not so sure you're not right, indeed. Let me wait out here and listen a little longer. If it is Drummond, his cannon will be opening. There will be no doubt. Out here it is damp and growing damper. I shall finish the chores. But promise me to go in and not expose yourself any longer."

Sammy offered his arm, looking over the old man's head into the distance again, with a drawn face as if stung by some invisible and terrible lash. The corduroy was still, without the



rapping of a single hoof. Would his father hear the noise of the waters inside also?

"Sammy, boy, I'm not needing your great arm—not yet, boy. And, to please you, I shall go in."

When he was within Sammy set a chair for him near the hearth in a corner. It was a July night. There was no need of fire, but there his father might not see him pull the door almost "to." He must, for the "waters" had almost redoubled their broken murmur.

Then Sammy stepped nonchalantly out of the door. An indescribable pallor was on his face. His fine eyes shot fire. Was it he who was womanish? If he had never heard of that episode of '76—or at least not to-day!

Sammy paced up and down the length of the stables with a face that quivered. His "chores" consisted of throwing on a long tunic and a helmet, of priming two holster pistols, and of wrapping a handkerchief tight about the hilt of his long sabre. He looked often at the window nearest him, and one or two tears came. Brushing them away, he swung around on his spurred heel, and swore wildly.

A minute passed—five—half-an-hour. He was satisfied that the saddle-girths were well tightened.

The waters had strange sounds in them now, distant and muffled as they were, like Titanic rocks crashing from brink to bottom of an echoing chasm. Sammy did not reflect long on that kind of freshet. He buttoned up his tunic—all but three buttons at the top. He tip-toed to the cabin window. The old man's head rested upon his hands. He could not be sleeping, but he was very still. Sammy closed the door all the way and heard no sound. Then he went back to the stable, loosening Bess's halter and looking at each of her four small feet. Outside once more he kept smoothing the hilt of his sabre with a kind of unutterable

affection, like some Knight of the Cross. His hands were clammy with sweat, and his grip, he thought, was as good as it had been at the repulse at Chippewa. The handkerchief was not likely to slip.

When the sabre was half-way down its scabbard, Sammy chanced to look along the heights far to the right, and grew rigid. Before the remaining half was in to the hilt he was beside Bess. The animal plunged just at the doorway and jambed her flank, but the cavalier did not notice it.

"At last, great God!" said he.

Away over the brow of the heights—perhaps two miles distant—there was a great rising ball-shaped cloud of smoke.

When he had covered the turf from end to end of the clearing, reaching the corduroy, *tantaras* of trumpets sounded at points of varying distance along the heights and echoed down into the valley. He was glad that he had pulled the door quite shut. He did not look back, but flew crashing along the highway as if his big heart were bursting.

Sammy was a Lincoln Dragoon and son of the man who had related so often that episode of '76. His mount was very low upon the ground, tearing along, plunging, springing, flying. He had given her rein, and his long sword beat her ribs. There seemed some link—heaven knows by what indefinable affinity—between the mute beast and the flashing-eyed cavalier. Ever before them was a great, leaping, jagged shadow—very long in the last rays of the sun.

When they had made two miles and were near the foot of the heights, there was a crashing sound from behind a mass of foliage, and a trumpet quavered out a blaring *ensemble* within four rods of them. Then, buttoning, buckling, priming, right into their path swept a squad of clattering dragoons. Their blades were of the pattern of the one with the handkerchief about its hilt. Further up on the wooded heights and in the depths



of the forest, bugles were still sounding. It was ineffable music—set to the throbbing of honest Saxon hearts, exalting even the mute beasts!

From away in the distance amidst the jingling and clashing of chains and sabres, and discernible above the spanking of hoofs, the sound of the "waters" was becoming louder and louder.

Swearing, spurring, flying, the cavalcade swept on. About an hour of vesper-light still remained.

After a time, Sammy, who led, extended a hand and pointed to something in the shrubbery hard by the corduroy. It was partly cloaked in scarlet and its wide eyes gazed straight up to heaven.

Drummond had sent his good courier to seek his dragoons, but something in the skies above—perhaps, God—had set the courier to seeking other things—perchance less easily found.

Two miles past the good courier the "waters" had taken to roaring incessantly—great sky-splitting bursts of sound, back and forth and upward, filling the aisles of the forest with flying echoes.

Sammy saw the white head by the hearth through a stinging mist. He swore and spurred viciously.

The sounds of a flight, still behind, were many now—a great roaring tide! The little glory-trumpets over the countryside had brought out Saxons for miles, and all the way from the lake to the heights, which had been ascended a mile back. Following Sammy were two full squadrons, now two abreast, now single file, gliding along the narrow forest-trail like some terrible serpent lashed to frenzy.

By-and-by Sammy and a white-faced officer near him suddenly drew their pistols and re-primed them. When the sounds of the triggers reached the second cavalier, he, too, primed, and the clicking of locks fitted in an instant down the whole line. Sammy and his officer had seen, through the defiles, rising clouds of

smoke, and globes of bursting flame, accompanying fearful echoes, and lurid against the dark woods. The sun was down long since.

For a moment Sammy found himself wondering if the thing with the white face by the side of the corduroy so far behind, would see the moon getting up, all full and silvery, over the tops of the gaunt pines, as he saw it. There had been a full moon in that tale of '76, too! By this time the white-haired figure by the hearth—

In Sammy's very ear rang a burst of flying notes. The long plunging, swearing line shot like lightning from two abreast to column. One hundred and forty flashing blades hissed out and glittered in the pale moonlight, above one hundred and forty heads, and the cavaliers burst into the clearing like a torrent.

Out in the open there were long, broken, swaying masses of shouting men, tossing flags, gleaming bayonets, and upon a little rising-ground a row of thundering flaming guns—Drummond's battery, a fondled thing of Hades, the "waters" of big-hearted Sammy.

Besides the one-hundred-and-forty blades there was for every blade something else—hoarse, wild, terrible, reaching the sky. It was a battle-cry, following a single shout and matching the flaming guns and seething, cursing masses to an unspeakable harmony.

"Remember Brock!" Sammy had cried, shedding fearful tears.

"Brock! Brock!! Brock!!" rang out over the double line of cavaliers in column, rang out above the roaring guns of the battery on the hill, above the frenzied curses of the line of Highlanders that supported it.

Then, like an echo, from all the masses that held the higher ground, the watchword came again—an epic-glorying shout, making not only Sammy but half the charging cavaliers mix tears with oaths.

From before the guns a grayish, shouting tide of men rolled back as a



great wave breaks away from a wall of granite. Into their midst had swept the double row of leaping steel.

Sammy's sword split a skull from which the eyes started, but in the very act his thoughts unaccountably flew back to the tale of '76. The scene flamed and dazzled before his eyes, and he fought as one in a nightmare.

In a little, they were back behind the guns, and the dogged, grayish masses with shot-torn flags and singing bugles were ascending the slope once more.

Yet Sammy's glances had gone away back beyond into the forest trail.

"No! No! Not two generations the same. It could not be!"

He saw nothing on the edge of the forest. The great battle-clearing was lit by a pale moon, but the forest was black.

His eyes had not left the spot, when a dragoon cried out beside him and toppled to the earth, choking and rolling face downward.

"My God, Gordon, we have lost half our——"

A great hand-grenade dropped straight in front of them. The man who had begun to speak was blown to pieces.

Sammy was untouched.

He looked off towards the black-edge of the woods again. *Tantaras* of Drummonds' infantry came flying from the right flank, and the ragged shot-torn squadrons crashed away over the slope to reinforce the line there. Of the one hundred and forty blades, half a hundred were no longer flashing in the moonlight, but were very low beneath the swaying broken battalions of gray, hungering for the guns.

Sammy wondered whether the terrible reverberations from the battery could reach the whitened head, whose father, in turn, had himself — but that was of the affair of '76. Down the slope a little way the strapping militiamen were bleeding, and cursing, and singing hoarse-voiced, broken

anthems, like men demented, yet fearfully purposeful — ineffably steadfast.

Again the gray tide broke back; on the right this time, as before in the centre. When the dragoons came within sight, so many horses were down that Drummond made a bugler sound "dismount." The cavaliers released their carbines and fell into the ranks of foot.

Sammy's sword was broken, and his pistol-charges were gone. He picked up a great musket with a Grenadier's bayonet on it. He had time to note that the bayonet was smeared with blood and twisted, but he hoped it would not fail him. Something that was not the approach of the *gray* kept him very pale.

Again and again the tide broke over them. Sammy struck countless blows — wild, fearful strokes, such as a man blindfolded might strike. Something fired him with a terrible power. Would the hurtling, swaying masses never yield? He must somehow get it finished. Then the dread of something, that he tried to put away, would be over.

After an hour, when the moon was high and silvery through the confused, ragged smoke-haze, Sammy put his hand to his head. The *gray* was coming yet again. But they had come so often! That was not so important. He tried once more to see the spot in the opposite wood where the trail began, seeking with his hand to stop the hot trickling flow from over his eyes.

Big-hearted Sammy could not be expected to see much through so unnatural a mist, except that the woods that had been black were very dim and red. He soon gave it up.

Besides, he was dizzy, though he thought there was very little reason for it. He was holding his hand so hard against that hard throbbing place on his head. The gaps in the ranks were so wide! He thought he ought to be filling up more of the line than that.



When again the *gray* was close, Sammy raised his long heavy musket. There was no bayonet now, and his bullet-pouch was empty. There was cavalry in the *gray* masses, too, and Sammy thought they were not charging like he and his comrades would charge. He felt that one of them was singling him out; but that, too, they had done so often before! He swung the great butt aloft. Ah, yes, he was "big and fine," honest Sammy!

But what had made that stock so heavy? Why did the man upon the horse seem so high above him? The masses wheeled and wheeled in a great mad circle. Surely it was no time for all to wheel. A flame of steel leaped at him, and he hoped wearily that the cavalier would not strike the same place this time. Yet it didn't matter.

Then he crashed to the earth. But ah!—Something white and tottering come between him and the glittering sabre. No, the man had not struck him in that place again. Had he cried out at the white something? He knew he had tried.

\*

High above the gaunt pines the moon was clear and unclouded now. It revealed, all over the field, fearful

mounds — groaning, praying, rising and sinking.

The great guns upon the little hill had ceased to flame. They were tumbling monuments now in a Saxon sepulchre, and the faint rumbling in the distance told of *gray* columns broken and flying at last. Silence reigned, and the moving things of the field moved but little.

Ah, yes, but little, poor bleeding rustics—ploughmen—princes. Nevertheless, ere yet the battery was cold, and while yet the moon made weird shapes of the gaunt pines and the shattered guns, here and there from many supplicating groups enfeebled heads arose, turning towards the looming, silent waters.

Out over the night, and reaching the dark forest-aisles, from that little hill, had come a wild, wailing cry. Something that had been on its knees had toppled on its face, clutching at its head above the eyes; and a single sentence — delirious, as it seemed, and cabalistic — had reached the very extremities of the field.

"Aye, father, I follow. The Seventy-Six, and God's will!"

And the moon still gave of her silvery light; for the courier by the corduroy—for the prone white-haired something before the "waters."

## TO A FRIEND

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Through drenching deeps a ship is sailing,  
A battered, broken journeyer,  
And yet she keeps her course unfailing—  
A harbour waits for her.

Hope of that port her way doth order,  
How far soever on the sea;  
Ah, so thy heart, beyond the Border,  
Beckons and governs me!





## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By ESTELLE M. KERR

Last night I stayed awake to see what Santa Claus  
would bring,  
I heard a noise above me, and the merry sleigh-bells  
ring.

Perhaps it was a reindeer's hoof  
That made the snow fall from the roof.

And then I heard a gentle step. I thought that it  
was he,  
The door was softly opened, and my mother peeped  
to see

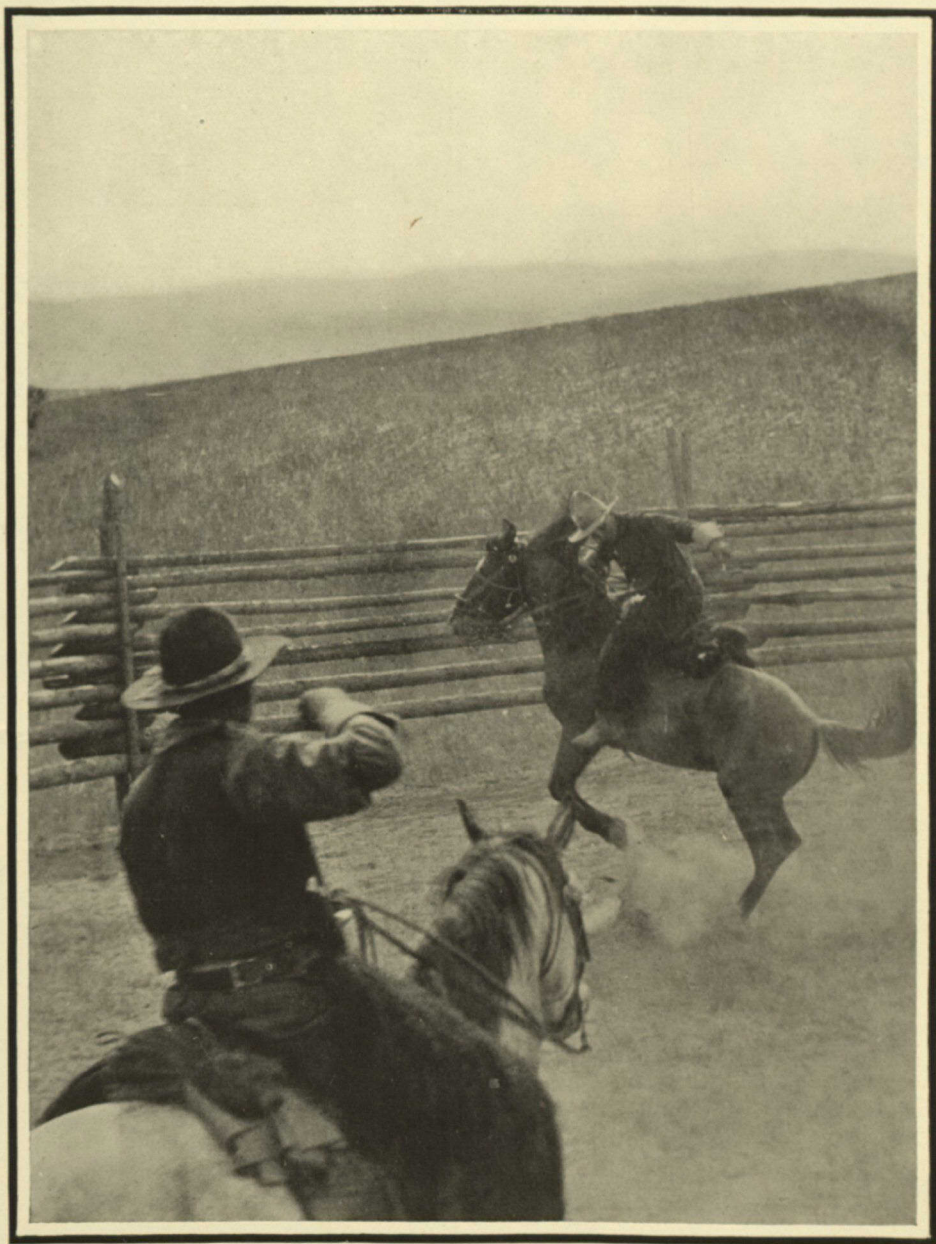
If I were sound asleep in bed—  
Or Santa wouldn't come, she said.

I tried to look as if I slept, and shut my eyes up tight,  
And when I opened them once more, the sun was shining bright.  
He hadn't made a bit of noise,  
But filled the stocking full of toys!

It bulges here, it sticks out there, and here's a ball, I know;  
On top there is a Teddy bear. What *can* be in the toe?  
I think it has the nicest feel,  
The whole way down from top to heel.

I'm glad it's mother's stocking, for my socks are very small,  
I wonder how he knew that I was not so big and tall,  
For everything he brought, I see,  
Looks just as if he thought of me!





*Photograph by Newton MacTavish*

BRONCO-BUSTING









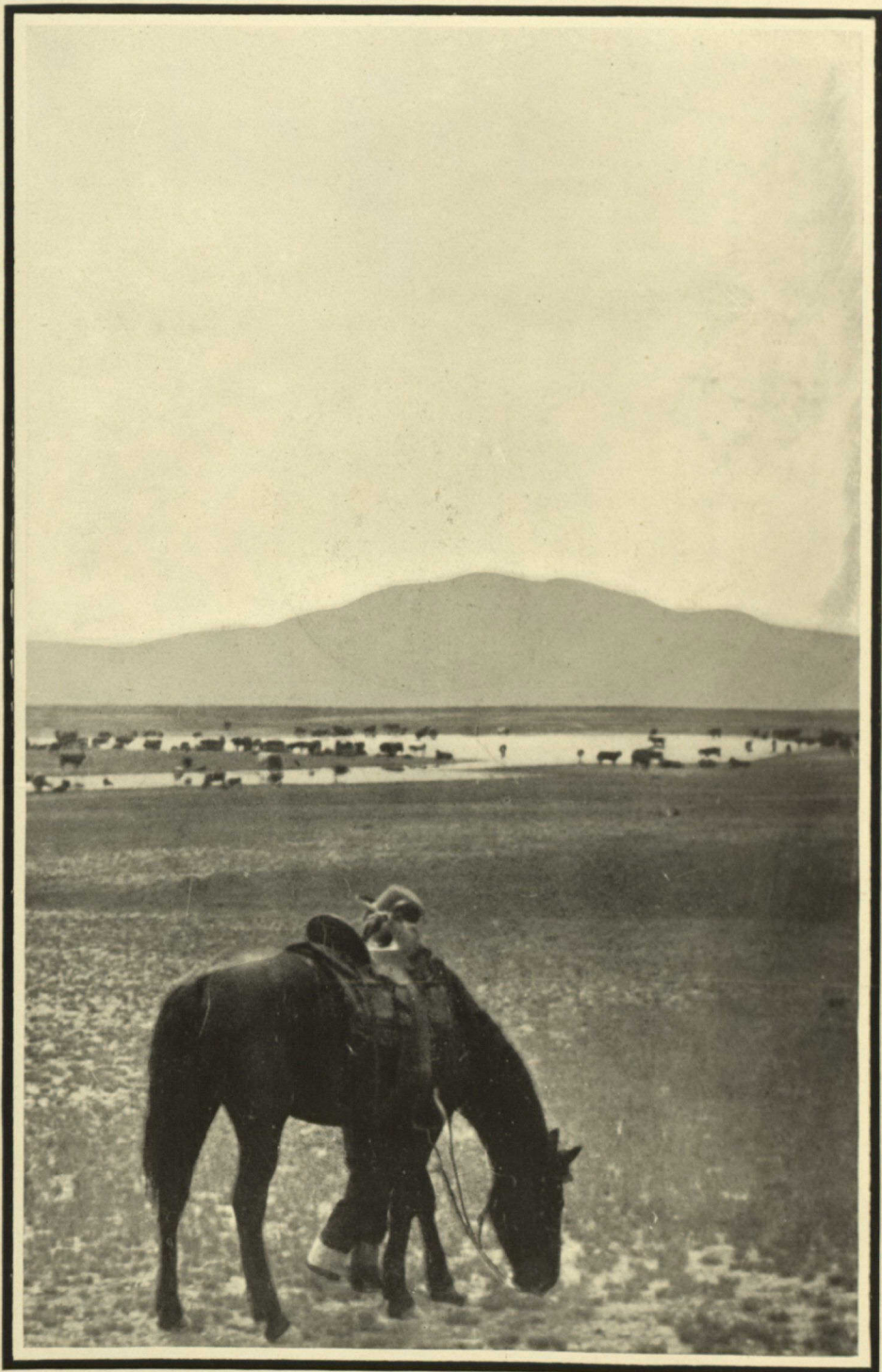
*Photograph by Newton MacTavish*

A WESTERN SILHOUETTE









*Photograph by Newton MacTavish*

THE WATERING-PLACE









*Photograph by Newton MacTavish*

THE COW-BOY







# THE WAY OF THE TRIBE

BY RENE NORCROSS

INDIAN AGENT ROYD untied his horse and backed his sulky out from the shadow of the big maple into the flood of yellow sunshine that poured relentlessly down on the dusty high-road of Satlasheen. It had been unbearably hot all afternoon in the stuffy office; old settlers said they had never known such a September before in the Fraser Valley, and gloomily predicted ruin to the whole district if any fool started a fire before there had been at least three days' rain. The Indian Agent shook out the reins over his willing horse, and sighed with relief to think that the day's work was over at last. But there he reckoned without his host. He was still a hundred yards short of the by-road that led to his own gate, when a boy appeared round a turn in front, riding a bare-backed horse at a gallop. The moment the boy saw Royd he waved his hand and shouted something that was lost in the thud of flying hoofs. With a chilly premonition of evil, Royd halted, and next minute the lad pulled up his blowing horse beside the sulky.

"You're wanted," he gasped. He was hatless and his face was pale with the excitement of the big news he bore.

"A Siwash has bin shot—Blackberry Jake. Harry Ainsworth done it, an' Big Ferrel sent me fur you!"

"Is the man dead?" asked Royd sharply; his face had lost some of its ruddy colour.

"Dead's a door-nail. The doc', he was comin' by in his buggy a minute after it happened an'——"

"Where did it happen? Where is Ferrel?" Royd interrupted.

"A piece past the school-house, jus' by Lunt's elder-berry patch. Ainsworth he——"

But the Indian Agent was off as fast as his horse could put its feet down, and the messenger was fain to hunt up a less important audience for the details of the tragedy. The customary loungers on the steps of Regan's saloon and the verandah of Marten's store stared speculatively after Royd as he passed through the village that formed the heart of the Satlasheen district and out on to the gray winding road beyond. The unusual pace at which he was driving, together with young Talbot having galloped past a few minutes before, no doubt to summon him, suggested happenings out of the common. Several of the men promptly climbed into Marten's delivery waggon and started off down the road to investigate the mystery.

Meanwhile, a bare mile beyond the village, Royd had come upon the scene of the tragedy. In an angle of the snake-fence that bordered the road a man lay upon his back among the dead bracken, covered, all except the feet, by a blanket. A little group of Indians, boys and men, unlovely objects with their squat figures and heterogeneous garments of European style, stood near the prostrate form, talking together in low *gutturals*. The chief object of their remarks, judging by the dark looks cast towards him, was a young white man of four or five and twenty, who stood a little dis-



tance away, tracing patterns in the thick dust with the butt of a rifle. A glance at his white, disturbed face would have convinced an onlooker that it was he who had fired the fatal shot. On the other side of the road, close to where a saddled horse stood hitched to a young fir, several more Indians were engaged in making a rough stretcher out of the lighter fence rails, and superintending them was a tall, sinewy man of about thirty. His spurred heels were planted squarely in a masterful fashion; the butt of a revolver showed in the hip pocket of his soiled duck trousers, and a pair of startingly keen eyes looked out of his brown lantern-jawed face. Constable Ferrel of the Provincial Police, or Big Ferrel, as his neighbours called him, was known, feared, and, after a manner of their own, loved by the Indians over whom he kept watch and ward. He turned at the sound of Royd's wheels, and walked over to the sulky.

"Here's a devil of a mess," he observed, with a jerk of the head that took in the scene behind him.

"How on earth did it happen, Jim?"

Ferrel put his foot up on the hub of the sulky, and spoke in a voice pitched to reach the Indian Agent only.

"Far's I can make out it was like this: Young Ainsworth started out to hunt his cows at five o'clock this afternoon, and took his rifle in case he put up a grouse. He'd got to Lunt's gate yonder, when old Ah Wing came trotting along with the wash. He went down the road ahead of Ainsworth and had just got to here when Blackberry Jake and his brother-in-law climbed over the fence both as full as they'd hold—where they got it Lord knows; I wish I did. Well, when they saw Ah Wing, Sam grabbed him by the pig-tail, while Jake started to go through his pockets. Of course he yelled, and Ainsworth came up on the run and told 'em to quit or he'd make 'em. Then Jake swung round and went for Ainsworth with a

knife; that's what Ainsworth says, and I believe him. Jake was always an ugly cuss sober, and the liquor would knock out what sense he had as a general thing. Then Ainsworth levelled on him and shouted that he'd fire if he came nearer. Of course, that's where he made his mistake, being a green-horn." Ferrel glanced over his shoulder to make sure that the man in question was safely out of earshot. "If he'd only given him a crack with the butt he'd have saved all this trouble. Jake kept right on and Ainsworth let drive, meaning, he says, and I believe him again, just to break Jake's arm, but being excited and not a star shot anyway, probably he hit him square in the heart, and that's the whole of it."

Big Ferrel paused, and felt for his cigarette tobacco. The Indian Agent drew a long breath.

"It's a thousand pities," he said wearily, "a thousand pities!"

Ferrel shrugged his shoulders.

"Pity enough for Ainsworth," he said, carelessly. "It means he'll have to clear out and start again elsewhere, but as for Jake—if there was ever a useless, no-account Siwash, forever thieving or scrapping or hammering his klootch, Jake was the article. No, I didn't figure to wear mourning for Blackberry Jake."

Royd sighed; he liked his Indians, even the black sheep, and he had taken a great fancy to the young Englishman, for whom this tragedy meant trouble. He called a boy to take charge of his horse, and went to the Indians who had just completed the stretcher. At Royd's orders, given in their own tongue, they took up the body, and the melancholy little procession, accompanied by the Indian Agent, moved off towards the village, where the women had already commenced the mournful death-chant of the tribe. As they disappeared, Ferrel turned to the cause of the unhappy accident.

"I'm going to notify the Coroner now," he said. "The inquest will



probably be early to-morrow morning. I'll let you know. I suppose I can reckon on you being on hand to give your evidence?"

"Yes, yes, of course, said the young fellow, hastily. "It's dreadful, isn't it? I—I never thought——"

"The less thinking you do about it the better," Ferrel interrupted, tersely, but not unkindly. "The only person to blame is the chap who gave Jake the whiskey. If you take my advice you'll go straight up to Lunt's and put in the evening there and never mind your cattle to-night."

He was untying his horse as he spoke, and without waiting for a reply he sprang into the saddle and cantered off. Ainsworth looked irresolutely after him for a moment, then walked slowly, with bent head, to Lunt's. The inquest took place at nine o'clock next morning, at the court-house, behind Marten's store. Never before in its history had the little place been so thronged; every rancher who could spare the time drove into "town" to hear the end of the tragic affair, and almost the whole population of the Indian village were gathered in the vicinity a full hour before the arrival of the coroner and jury.

Ainsworth, pale but perfectly self-possessed, told his story in a plain straightforward way. Ah Wing corroborated his account of the assault in his best English, and Sam, whom Ferrel had shaken into sobriety in the meantime, admitted the truth of the charge. The jury were not long in finding their verdict, "That deceased came to his death by a gunshot wound inflicted by Henry Ainsworth." They added a rider to the effect that the said Ainsworth had acted purely in self-defence, and no blame attached to him.

The verdict satisfied everybody except the Indians. "Justifiable homicide" had no place in their simple vocabulary. A white man had killed an Indian—therefore a white man should die. They did not put their feelings into words, but the black

looks that followed young Ainsworth as he left the court-house spoke plainer than language to the Indian Agent. He knew the Satlasheens and their lawless ways better than any man in the district, save one, and that one he intercepted on his leisurely way into Regan's saloon.

"I want you, Jim."

Big Ferrel looked annoyed; his usual serenity was sadly marred that day—not by Blackberry Jake's death; that was a trifle, but it was no trifle that someone had "got ahead" of him—Ferrel—and supplied the said Jake with liquor against the rules and statutes made and provided. That hurt the big constable in his tenderest spot—his professional pride.

"What's the row now?" he inquired in a surly tone.

"I'm going up to Ainsworth's place to tell him he'll have to clear out, and I'd like you to come with me, Jim."

"He doesn't need a deputation, surely."

"That's just what I'm afraid he does need. Lunt tells me he tried to give him an idea of how matters stood last night, and he only laughed. You see he's a newcomer——"

"So, of course, he knows all about it—the newcomers always do," commented Ferrel, tartly. "If he won't take a hint and go, he can blooming well stay and be shot—it'll be one fool less in the world."

Royd laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Look here, old chap, we've got to do our best if only for his girl's sake. If he'll believe anybody he'll believe us, and we're neither of us the fellow to let him come to grief for want of taking a bit of trouble. You go and get your drink while I bring my rig round."

Royd knew his man. Half-an-hour later the pair turned up off the main road into the narrow, rutty trail that led to Ainsworth's house. Dense thickets pressed them in on either hand, and the light sulky rocked and swayed over the uneven ground, but



a hundred yards up the apology for a road ended abruptly at a big clumsy gate leading into a large circular "slashing." In the very centre stood a pretty frame house, and behind it rose the roof of an unfinished barn. A snake-fence ringed the clearing in, and beyond it, the living green wall of the forest rose against a cloudless sky.

Royd fastened his horse to a convenient sapling, and the two men passed through the gate and along a narrow footpath that wound uncertainly among the scattered brush. At a distance, it seemed as if the logs and stumps lay to the very door of the house, but on a nearer view the visitors saw that a neat gravel walk, bordered by slender poles pegged into position, stretched across the front of the building, and continued down either side; the space inside, about ten feet in width, was laid out with much care and taste in rose-bushes, hollyhocks, sweet William, lad's love, and similar beautiful old-fashioned perennials, while down the sides were healthy-looking rows of currant and gooseberry bushes. The contrast between the howling wilderness of blackened slashing without the gravelled walk and the beauty and orderliness within was very marked and not a little pathetic.

"Poor beggar," said the Indian Agent under his breath, as they mounted the steps of the little verandah that stretched across one-half the front of the house, "I fancy he'll try to imagine he's back in Devonshire when he steps inside that pathway; that's the county he's from and that's where the girl lives who is to come out and marry him in the spring."

Ferrel's only answer was a grunt that expressed entire disapproval of the Englishman and his works and ways; he was fancy-free himself, and his acquaintance with Ainsworth was limited to an occasional nod when they met in Marten's store, which was also the Satlasheen post-office. The young fellow had arrived in the district the

previous spring, had bought a hundred acres of perfectly wild land, and had set to work to clear and drain with an energy and perseverance that won the respect of old-time residents. He was quiet and reserved, and very little was known of him beyond the fact, contributed by Marten, that he received a letter every week addressed in a woman's hand, and that he posted every week a letter directed to "Miss Evelyn Layburn," from which Satlasheen argued that there would be a Mrs. Harry Ainsworth installed in the house in the clearing some fine day. But to the Indian Agent, who had gone out of his way to show him friendliness, the young rancher had blushing acknowledged that he was engaged, and had even read extracts from his lady-love's letters in the privacy of Royd's bachelor quarters.

Royd's knock was quickly answered by footsteps on the uncarpeted boards, and Ainsworth appeared in the doorway. He looked surprised and a little startled at sight of his visitors, but ushered them cordially into a room on the right of the tiny hallway; it was evidently designed for the parlour, for the walls were prettily papered, and a space of three feet around the sides of the floor had been stained a dark red, leaving an unpainted square in the middle to be covered with carpet. A bamboo table and two rocking-chairs comprised the whole of its furniture so far, and a handsomely framed photograph of a remarkably pretty girl, set in the middle of the mantelpiece, was the only ornament. Ainsworth drew forward the rocking-chairs for Royd and Ferrel, and went into the kitchen to find a seat for himself.

"Things are rather at sixes and sevens here yet," he remarked pleasantly, as he reappeared with a common wooden chair. "But I'm paying more attention to the outside than the in at present."

"You've made a wonderful difference in the short time you've been here," said Boyd, wondering in what words to broach the disagreeable ob-



ject of his visit. "It's a pity you'll have to leave it all just when you are getting things into shape," he added.

Ainsworth looked up sharply.

"But I'm not aware that I am going to leave it, Mr. Royd," he said.

Royd cleared his throat.

"But you'll have to, Ainsworth. I'm sorry — everybody's sorry — but there's nothing else for it if you value your life. The Salasheens haven't quieted down as most of the other Siwashes have done; they retain their old customs to quite an extent, and one is their way of exacting a life for a life. You had the misfortune to kill one of them, and if you don't leave the district they'll kill you sooner or later; it's the way of the tribe."

"Oh, is it?" Ainsworth squared his shoulders defiantly, and a very obstinate look came into his blue eyes. "I fancy I'll have something to say to that. Any Siwash I find prowling round here will stand a chance to go and keep Jake company."

Royd shook his head sadly.

"My dear fellow, it's no use talking like that," he said, gently. "The Indian who avenges Jake won't give you a chance to see him, and, in any case, you can't take the law into your own hands in that fashion."

"But that is what the Indians mean to do, according to you," Ainsworth exclaimed, angrily. "Good Heavens, man! You talk as if it was the simplest thing in the world for me to clear out and start afresh elsewhere! Do you know that I've sunk a thousand dollars already in this place — not much, perhaps, but it's all I have, and goodness knows when I'd be able to sell. Real estate's flat at present. Why, it would put me back years and years."

Royd sighed. Difficulties he had expected, but not such illogical, pig-headedness as this.

He glanced at Ferrel to see if anything more than moral support was to be looked for in that quarter, but the big constable sat slouched for-

ward in the low rocker in an easy, limber way peculiar to him, and rolled a cigarette with care and deliberation, as if he had nothing else upon his mind; and after a pause Royd spoke again.

"It's hard lines, I know, very hard lines, but it's surely better than being shot; and upon my word that's the alternative, Ainsworth. Constable Ferrel and I know these Indians thoroughly, and we've come here to-day expressly to give you warning."

"It seems to me that protection would be more to the purpose," Ainsworth retorted; he had evidently lost his temper completely. "Pon my word, it's a queer state of things if a British subject can be driven out of his home by a pack of dirty Siwashes, and nobody can do anything to prevent it."

"That's how the case stands, however; if you had been here longer, perhaps you could understand better."

Ainsworth threw himself back in his chair with a jarring laugh.

"I understand this much," he said, "that the constabulary of British Columbia has reason to be jolly well ashamed of itself."

Ferrel's voice made itself heard for the first time.

"I'll tell the boys you said so," he observed, drily. "I expect they'll all resign."

The lad turned and looked at the stalwart figure and keen, hawk face.

"If you were in my place would you clear out?" he demanded, suddenly.

The abrupt question took Ferrel by surprise. For ten years he had handled Indians in all moods and tenses, ugly, drunk, and crazy, and it was almost beyond his power to imagine himself running away from such people under any circumstances whatever; but, remembering the object of his visit, he checked the emphatic "No" that rose to his lips, and hastily searched his mind for some non-committal form of reply, but his momentary hesitation had not escaped Ainsworth.



"Of course, you wouldn't," he exclaimed, resentfully. "You'd see 'em all damned first. Then why the deuce do you come here and tell me to get out?"

Ferrel looked at him with an expression in which reluctant approval struggled with annoyance.

"You said, if I was in your place," he said, slowly. "Well, the chances are that if I was in your place I'd clear out."

"What do you mean by being in my place? Look here, if you'd shot an Indian yesterday, what would you do?"

"I guess I'd stick it out, but—"

"Oh, there's always a 'but'," Ainsworth interrupted.

"But," Ferrel continued, imperterbably, "there's a difference; I'm used to handling the beggars. I go heeled for that purpose—and I'm not engaged."

Ainsworth's boyish face flushed.

"I don't see that that need come into it," he said.

"All serene," said Ferrel, calmly; "should have thought it would make a difference."

"Police protection is out of the question," Royd said. "There are a hundred and fifty adult males on the reservation, and only one constable to watch them all; if you choose to remain here, Ainsworth, you will certainly be shot sooner or later."

"I'll risk it," the young fellow answered, curtly, and Royd saw by the look on his face that further argument would only be a waste of time.

"I'm sorry," he said, and followed Ferrel out on to the verandah.

At the steps Ainsworth stopped them.

"I'm awfully obliged to you fellows for taking all this trouble you know, although I can't see my way to taking your advice. Look here, can't you stay and have some grub and we'll find something more interesting to jaw about than those Siwashes?"

Royd shook his head.

"Thanks, but I ought to be at the

reserve now, and Ferrel too. Another time, perhaps."

"I did think he'd show more sense," he said, wearily, as they passed through the gate.

"When a chap's a free agent," said Big Ferrel, sententiously, "he can go to blazes any way he prefers, but I'm hanged if an engaged man has a right to take such chances."

The next day Blackberry Jake was buried with tribal honours. For a week or two the unfortunate occurrence was the chief topic of conversation in Satlasheen, and Ainsworth was urged on all hands to leave the district, but he flatly declined, and as time slipped by Royd's anxiety concerning him increased; he would have found it a relief to have talked with Ferrel, his ally in many an awkward position in the past, but was prevented by a feeling that the big constable regarded Ainsworth as an opinionated young fool who was best left to his own advices. He was not aware that night after night Ferrel patrolled the lower edge of the young Englishman's clearing, from the time the moon topped the eastern trees until it dropped below the western timber belt. It was no easy matter to guard a man whose life was in danger from a hundred and fifty different directions, but Ferrel selected the most likely point and time of attack, and kept watch, unsuspected by any, least of all by the man most concerned.

September passed, and October came in with cool bright days and cold clear nights, and so far the Indians had made no hostile move. On the seventeenth of the month Ainsworth and Ferrel met on the verandah of Marten's store. It was the first time they had come within speaking distance since the day of the inquest. Ferrel's eyes were heavy from lack of sleep, for the moon was nearly at the full, and his self-imposed task was very burdensome, but Ainsworth looked unusually cheerful; he was thrusting a letter into his pocket as



he stepped out of the door, and he hailed Ferrel gaily.

"Hello, old chap! Those Siwashes of yours haven't potted me yet, you see. 'Pon my word, you and Royd ought to be prosecuted for libel."

"They'll come for you when they're good and ready," Ferrel retorted, quietly, "an' I don't suppose they'll make more than one bite at the cherry when they do commence."

A disbelieving laugh was Ainsworth's only answer, as he swung himself off the verandah, but Ferrel looked after him with a new expression, that of a man who has just thought of something important.

"I wonder if it would work," he muttered, half aloud. "It's worth trying, anyway. It 'ud mean my beauty sleep, moon or no moon. I'll ask Royd."

He put his head in at the store-door.

"Anybody seen Royd lately?"

Silas Marten, a gray-whiskered man in white shirt sleeves, answered from behind his scales.

"He was in hardly an hour ago for his mail, an' said he was going right on to the reserve."

"All serene."

Royd was standing in the doorway of one of the huge earthen-floored, barn-like buildings that served the Satlasheen Indians for houses, talking to an aged Klootchman, when he became aware that the big constable was standing at his elbow with the inevitable cigarette between his teeth.

"Want me, Jim?"

"It'll do presently."

"Oh, I'm through here. I was just going home. Well, what is it" as they turned up the winding, leaf-strewn road that led from the Indian village to the highway.

Ferrel glanced round for possible eavesdroppers.

"I've struck a scheme for getting that fool Ainsworth out of Satlasheen. Royd looked up, alert and eager.

"You have?"

Ferrel nodded. "Met him just now

coming out of Marten's, and he was a bit funny about the Siwashes not having got away with him yet. I told him they wouldn't take long once they began, and same minute it struck me how lucky he'd be if they'd mull it first try—just wing him, you know, so he'd understand they meant it, and then he'd still be able to save his neck."

"But they won't. It's ten chances to one they'll finish him first try."

"Of course."

"Then we are no further forward," exclaimed Royd, impatiently.

"Hold on. D'yer think he'd get out if he got a hint with a rifle?"

"If he wasn't clean crazy. The whole trouble is he won't believe there's any danger.

"Then suppose we got in ahead of the genuine article and gave him the hint ourselves?"

Royd wheeled round and stared at his companion.

"Do you mean we should snipe him to scare him away?"

"Yes; I've thought of a way. You know that room on the left of the passage in his house? Well, he sleeps in that with his bunk against the inside wall; there's no verandah on that side, and the window faces west, and is about as high as a man's chest and he has no curtain on it. Now when the moon gets to a certain position it shines square on that window and'll make the room so light that a decent shot could easily put a bullet into the wall within a couple of inches of his head, and if that doesn't succeed we'll just have to let him flicker."

"And when are we pulling this off?"

"To-night. The sooner the better. I didn't know *you* were coming."

"I'd like to if you've no objection. I could loaf 'round by the gate and join you in the road later if you cut over the back fence."

"All serene. Be at the foot of his road by a quarter past one, sharp, and I'll wait for you."

Promptly at a quarter to one, the



Indian agent halted at the foot of Ainsworth's road, and Ferrel's tall figure, rifle in hand, loomed out of the shadow of the thicket.

"You're here first," Royd whispered. Ferrel did not say that he had been within sight of Ainsworth's house for the past three hours. In silence they mounted the uneven road and came out upon the amphitheatre lying bathed in brilliant moonlight from side to side, save on the west, where the tallest trees were already beginning to throw their shadows within the fence.

"We must climb over," Ferrel whispered. "That gate creaks like the deuce."

"Let's hope he won't wake at the critical moment," Royd whispered, in the same cautious tone.

"No fear; he works like a horse and he'll sleep like a log."

They dropped into the narrow trail, Ferrel leading. A few yards from the gate, a large cedar—the only tree within the slashing that Ainsworth had spared—spread its dark shadow over the path, and there Royd paused.

"I guess I'll wait here," he said, "if you go—"

He stopped, the words frozen upon his lips, his staring eyes fixed on something he had seen across Ferrel's shoulder. A dark figure had risen suddenly before the window—the moon-lit, uncurtained window of the room in which young Ainsworth slept. Before Ferrel could turn, before Royd could utter the cry that had sprung to his lips, a single shot rang out on the stillness, a little puff of blue smoke drifted languidly down, and a man was running like a deer towards the western edge of the clearing—the side nearest the reservation. With a gasp of rage and horror, Royd started forward in a pursuit that he knew was hopeless, when a sharp click reached him and he turned to see Big Ferrel covering the running figure with his rifle. A single ray of moonlight sifted down through the lower boughs of

the cedar and fell in a tiny glittering disk on the levelled barrel of the rifle.

It was as strange a sight as the midnight stars ever saw—the fleeing murderer, unconscious that his crime had been witnessed, running, twisting, leaping obstacles, and holding a direct course for the western fence, while in the shadow of the big cedar the deadly rifle muzzle kept pace with him, step by step, yard by yard, steady as the brown finger crooked on the trigger, relentless as the keen eyes behind the sights. A little further back, Royd stood and looked from one to the other, his mind in a whirl of bitter thoughts. Why had they not been a little earlier? Why had the lad stayed in the teeth of a score of warnings? and how, in Heaven's name, should he word the cablegram that was to break the heart of that sweet-faced girl in far-off Devonshire?

Would Ferrel never fire?

The man was half-way across the clearing—two-thirds—he was barely twenty feet from the deep shadow, and once there he would be safe! A high log, stripped of its bark, lay directly in his course. It was too high to clear in a single jump—not high enough to climb over; the man leaped upon it, his panting breath and the tap of his heels on the hard wood plainly audible to the unseen watchers. For one instant he stood revealed from head to foot, and in that instant Ferrel's rifle spoke. Royd, standing clear of the smoke, saw the man fling up his arms and fall in a heap among the dead bracken.

"Ankle's smashed," said Ferrel, laconically, and jerked out the empty shell. "He'll hang, if that's any comfort."

"Comfort!" Royd echoed bitterly. "Ferrel, think of the girl!"

Big Ferrel tilted his hat down over his eyes and swore softly. Having arrested his man he found himself at liberty to think of the girl!



# A SHACK-TOWN CHRISTMAS

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CHRISTMAS in Shacktown — it scarcely matters which Shacktown, for there are many in Canada—but that is a far different thing from Yuletide in a tenement or a hovel. There's hope in a shack; whereas, in a hovel—well, such as there may be in Canada this Christmas who have been hovelled and tenemented will comprehend what a world of transformation there is in a few yards of tar-paper, battens over the cracks and a real upstairs; though some say the genuine shack has no upstairs, not even a garret. However, a good many of the shacks of Canada have two rows of windows, sheer-up, long roofs, balconies, basements, fancy doors, paint—and such huge cavernous chimneys, some of them built on the outside from the ground up, as if to buttress the house against the wind and to give Santa Claus a good square chance to get down with a full load.

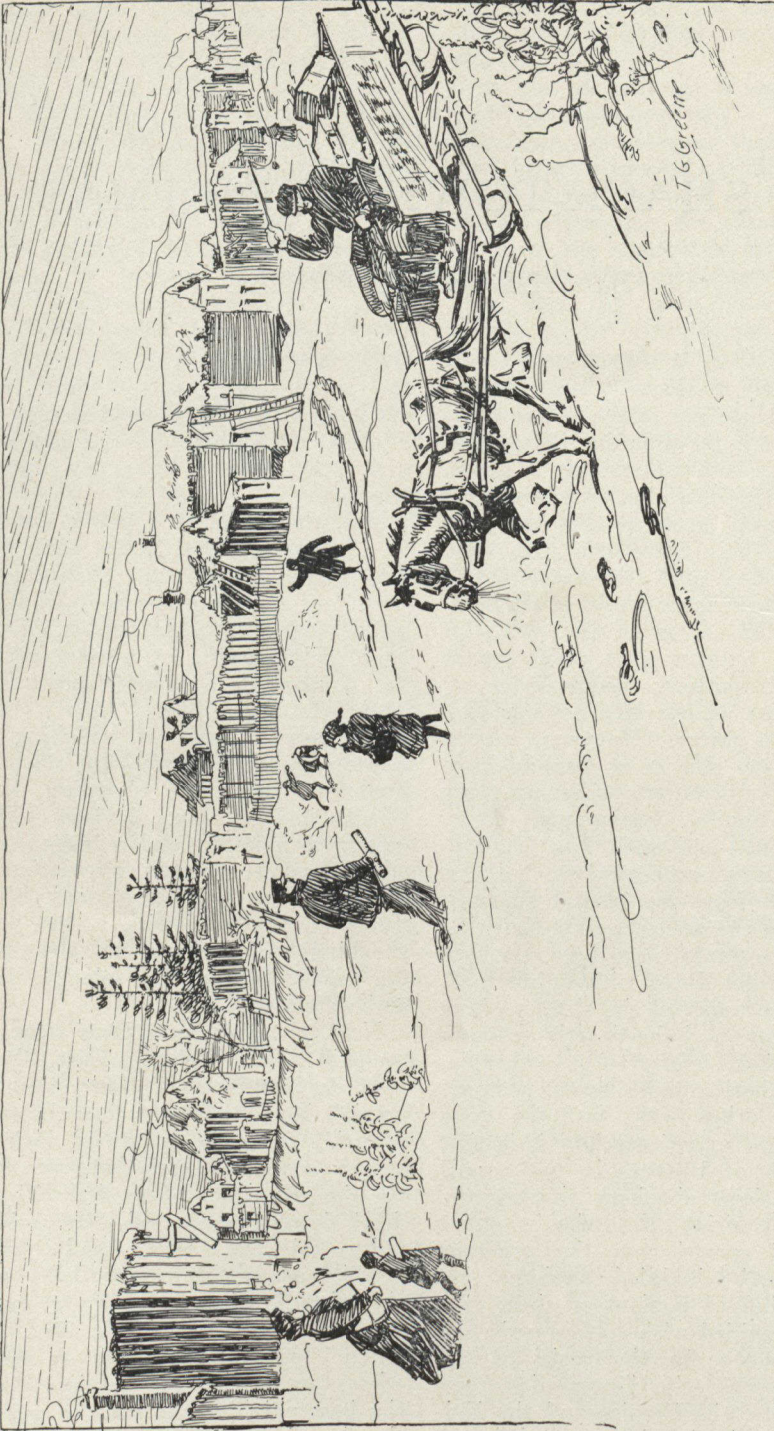
Such are many of the shacks where land is dear; and the dear land forces many a shack-holder to put on style, because there's more room upwards than the other way; but the good Lord knows sometimes how it is that the winds of heaven do not topple some of these shackery skyscrapers. On the prairies the shacks squat close and sprawl over the generous cheap earth; huddled perhaps behind a bluff of poplars or close to a creek scrambled with cottonwoods and gray-willows. On the rocks of the mining towns—the Gowgandas and the Cobalts, the Fernies and the Nelsons—the shacks have a different

story, a separate sort of thrift; but the same hope and forward look: when the shack of to-day becomes the kitchen of to-morrow or the stable of next year, with a house set upon a new hill.

Yes, there's large hope in a shack at Christmas time; some such promise as there was in the bushwhacker shanty of a generation ago—whacked up of logs or rough lumber in the bush and tenanted by a man or two, the cutters of logs for clearing the land. In those days "shanty" was the common way of roughing it. There was the wigwam—but that was final; no hope of changing that. Shacks had not been devised. They belong to a newer and a bigger Canada. And the shack population of this country numbers many thousands of folk who with a few years shacking will become citizens, paying taxes and bills for electric light and waterworks.

Now, there is something strangely sociable about shacks. Last Christmas, for instance, on "our street"—no, it's hardly a street; but the snow and the sidewalk make it look so: scrape away the snow and you find the dry grass lies there flat with the dead flowers of the fall—the golden-rods and the asters—and yonder you'll see a brown mullein stalk shivering in the wind; for a month or so ago cattle ran here. But "our street"—we must call it so—is a place where we've learned to know that the best neighbour is not the man on the flat above whose name you never





*Drawing by T. G. Greene*

"THE TAR-PAPER, SHEET-IRON, WEATHER-BOARDED NEW LITTLE TOWN THERE AT THE EDGE OF A CITY"



found out. He's the man who has the garden next door; and the fence he built himself — well, goodness knows most of us built even our own shacks; working after hours in the summer and early fall, glad to have the time and save the cost of carpenters. And because most of us built our own we came to know one another very well.

At first it seemed as if this and that family never could be neighbours. Some of them were *reliques*—folk who had known houses and had notions about property. Children—well, there isn't a shack on the line that hasn't got one or more. Many a time the young ones squabbled and gipsied together last summer. Some of them had fairly good clothes and a good many airs, too. For instance, there's the storekeeper's family. Now he wasn't a born storekeeper; being a bricklayer by trade and at first a shack-holder like the rest; but he was only a little while in his three-room house when he took a notion to start a little shop. Often some of us ran short of groceries; needed things in a hurry, and didn't want to pay car fare down town or walk to the main street. So he stocked in a few things for his wife to sell when he was away bricklaying; and it was surprising how soon he found that he had to start a regular store and got to be a man of business—a thing he never would have learned at "home," where a man has to be born to the thing he does or learn it when he's very young.

Soon there was a front stoop and a big window; and the store was a good place for mothers to become neighbourly—all it lacked was a post-office to make it the real centre of the community. Then there was the dressmaker's squinty little place with a dotty little garden. She had been a seamstress in the Old Country; got a good bit of needlework from the Shacktown folk; as soon as the fathers got work. A bit of a carpenter shop started up down at the corner; a handy man who at "Home" had been

a joiner; he took contracts for finishing houses. Many an odd job of inside woodwork he got that the folk were unable to do for themselves. Besides he kept a few odd bits of furniture and sold paint. And when the bootmaker started up, the hanky-panky lines of Shacktown began to look like a real settlement come to stay.

It was quite surprising how all these small touches gave the odd-comers a sense of being at home among strangers. Quite as remarkable was the way the neighbours got news of one another. Coming towards Christmas every new roof was spelled out as somebody's. Children gipsying down that way after school found out the names and the business, if any; and the mothers soon noticed what blinds the new-comer had and the number of rooms; met her at the store, the talking place. Wonderful what trades and callings were gathered together in that aggregation of queer little houses — the tar-paper, sheet-iron, weather-boarded new little offside town there at the edge of a city! Notable also what divergent ideas and home notions the people had—four shires of England all hodge-podged together on a street—and it was almost needful to learn a new style of the English language to get on easily together, though the children at school soon got a lingo of quite new things, of which "Skidoo" and "Beat it!" and "What do you know about that?" were fair samples.

Indeed, in less than a calendar year the little settlement of Shacktown had begun to develop social symptoms. First winter out for many, it was odd to see the frost nip the late flowers and the vines, and the snow come sifting along. By which time the bricklayer's wife had begun togging her Christmas window. Good at paper festoons she was; with the various contrivances of these added to a few red paper bells and strings of pine gathered by the children, and a bunch of holly, she put up a brave





A SHACK-TOWN CHRISTMAS SCENE

Drawing by T. G. Greene



little show. Immense walking-sticks of candy were hung on strings — minus, however, the old-style London lollypops and toffy.

That was the week when most of the folk got the notion that Shacktown was a real picture quite different from the rather bewildering topsyturvy of the city streets. For most of these people were not used to the department store with the floating population of a big town, aisles for streets, counters for shops, and the elevators for trams and the like. Because it was a huge Babel, they were lost in it; mostly unaware of how to spend such little spare cash as they had in procuring bargains for the Christmas home.

Here on the open quiet streets of Shacktown it was much different. Here came the long, soft lights over the downs fluffed up with snow; over the swishing, swooning pines with their queer black tops against the tapestry of lovely skies. Days, too, when the snow got into the wind and blurred the blinking new streets with a veil of mystery. Here and there some child had got a sled and a bit of a bell; now and then a dizzy brief bit of a toboggan slide—totally new and quite like some of the fascinating pictures of Canada seen in the Old Country. Thrifty little wraps, too, some of the children were beginning to get; having discarded the pinchy threadbare coats they had worn in the steerage and in which, with the baskets and bundles and boxes, they had first appeared at the Canadian station.

And this, the little shop of the bricklayer's wife, was the last best touch of the holiday picture appealing to the imaginations of these solid festive British folk. There was a fine appetising odour about the shop. She had good plump raisins—"plums" they were called; candied lemon peel—"oh, my eye!"—lumps of suet, a barrel of apples, a few dozen fat oranges, some boxes of figs, and, wonder of wonders to an English fancy,

two or three fat, plucked turkeys!

Divers and long were the calculations of the shack wives as they juggled with the skimpy savings of a summer and fall. There was a real Christmas to spend in the little houses; not altogether an English Christmas, perhaps; but the first festival able to make all these away-from-home people realise that in a big incomprehensible land they were not altogether exiles. Thanksgiving they had not quite understood; not having seen the bountiful harvests that had made it a custom; and never having had such a thing in England or Scotland. No, Christmas was the one great time of times to the British folk, and they had centuries of that to dream about; the snowless, unluxurious, half-starved Christmases, when they had seen the full shops and felt their empty pockets, when they had heard the carols of the "waits" on the creep of the morning and had pulled a few cheap bonbons and gone to the church; or else gone abroad on the streets arrayed in what little knackeries they had, conscious that there was something bigger and finer in the air than they could ever buy.

Somehow here in Shacktown the old feeling and the picture came back to some of them and with all their crudeness and commonplaceness they got the vision of a new way, of a land where the common necessaries of living were not so hard to get, where the fatness of the land was nearer, where people dressed better and talked with a bigger language. It was the land of hope; and of all times in the year this was the week and the day to let hope run back with memory for an incredibly great good time.

Many and many a clever well-to-do Canadian, used to home comforts and wages and pleasures on trams and boats and trains and in all sorts of holiday places, might peep into some of these shacks and smile a little disdainfully at the simple joys of the





Drawing by T. G. Greene

"ON 'OUR STREET'—NO, IT'S HARDLY A STREET"

shack folk. But what matter? There's a real big meaning to it all. The shacks may be rude and some of them rickety; some only half-built, and most of them shells; newspapers on the walls and scarcely even mats on the new floors; three in a bed very often, and no cots or cradles for the children; no family Christmas trees and no loads of presents arriving by mysterious messenger and labouring postman—the blessed postman fetching, at any rate, letters from home. And more blessedly outlandish yet there comes here and there to a shack on Christmas morning an exiled plum-duff made four thousand miles away and weeks ago—come by faith and hope and a whole lot of stamps to Canada, where folk are not supposed to know how to make such things.

Parcels of holly and little bundles of mistletoe; cards and "tickets" and boxes of sweets; long, long letters to

read. And how that holy snow-bright morning goes slipping by into the noon, to the bubbling of a festive pot, while the big, busy city hustles and jangles its bells of joy, half like the bells of home; and the fine sleighs of the well-to-do go jingling by and the tram cars are crowded with jostling, well-dressed folk, and it seems to the dwellers of Shacktown that for this one day at least there is nothing in the whole of Canada to be sorry for or afraid of.

For with all our spendthrifteries and extravagances, we in Canada have still some good, old English notions of how to keep Christmas. We have homes in which the children are tingling with incredible joy and the fathers and mothers and the big brothers are half children again. How much more in the outlying shacks of the unassimilated folk should the real joys of the Christmastide be at the grand height!





# THE PAGAN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MISS MARTHA WEBSTER stabbed the last hat pin through the crape structure adorning her head, and glanced at her reflection in the mottled mirror, set into the dining-room mantel-piece. Miss Martha clung to crape as she clung to other obsolete fashions, and having recently lost her sole remaining relative the structure was appropriately heavy and high. It wobbled upon the thin gray hair and the pins grappled with the situation in vain.

"Run up stairs, Nora Ann," Miss Martha said sharply to the small maid who was clearing away the supper dishes: "run and get me another hat pin from the cushion. Be quick! I'm going down to the church to help pack the Christmas bale for the North-west Indians, and I'm late."

In her youth Martha Webster had been betrothed to a young missionary, who perished in a foreign land, and from that far-off time her heart and soul had been with the heathen of many climes, and with her might she worked for their evangelisation.

"Here's the pin, ma'am!" said Nora Ann, returning breathlessly.

Miss Martha pierced it beside its jet-headed companions, one eye still upon the unflattering mirror.

"Is it straight?" she said to the little girl.

Nora Ann gazed critically, her big blue-green Irish eyes missing no detail of the spare figure.

"It's dandy, Miss Martha," she said smiling reassuringly—"dandy!"

Not for nothing had the people of Nora Ann lived in the shadow of Blar-

ney Castle, in a past of which she knew nothing.

The woman's face softened a moment, then, set primly. She pulled on her shiny black gloves with the twisted finger tips.

"Never use slang, Nora Ann," she said; "it is degrading. You could not have heard that expression at the Home, I'm certain."

"Oh, no, ma'am! It was the butcher-boy. He said——"

"Never mind, never mind; I've no wish to hear. Now I'm going. Be careful not to chip the sprigged china. When the dishes are set away you may take that large book entitled "Darkest Africa" from the parlour table and read it here. Don't finger-mark it, or dog-ear the pages. It's a most interesting book about the poor heathen, Nora Ann (Miss Martha wrestled with the last glove-button), the benighted heathen who worship painted images of wood and stone, and throw their infants to the crocodiles."

The child looked up eagerly, as but half heeding; some question trembled on her lips. The Home matron who had sent her to Miss Martha had said that the Board of the Institution thought her about twelve years old. There was really no exact way to tell. They knew she was an orphan of Irish parentage — but knew nothing else definitely.

Miss Martha let her age go at twelve. Now, as she glanced down at the little figure in its ungarnished woolien dress, a sudden doubt as to the full twelve years crossed her mind.



"Oh, please, Miss Martha — please, ma'am," Nora Ann exclaimed, her voice uncertain with excitement, "could I go to the Christmas-tree? It's to-night!"

"The Christmas-tree, child! What Christmas-tree? I've not heard of one at our Sunday-school."

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's the lady with the children across the road, the little red-haired children, what asked me. She came over the other afternoon to ask if I might go, an' you were out at the Bible-Christians' meeting. She said she'd come again. It's to-night at a school-house somewhere."

The child watched Miss Martha's face for signs of encouragement; but the woman's lips went into a thin line.

"That person from the frame house called here?" she said in a surprised tone, "the one with all the children that run wild? Are you sure?"

Nora Ann nodded. "Yes, her," she said—"the mother-lady with the red-haired little girls and boys. She wanted me to go with them to the Christmas-tree. She said she guessed I'd be lonely here without any other children; but I told her you were awful kind."

Miss Martha smiled grimly. "Those people across the road are Catholics, Nora Ann," she remarked. "The tree, I suppose, is at Saint Joseph's School-house. Of course you could not go. Now I must really start."

The small quivering face darkened, a mist clouded the child's eyes, and a ball that seemed made of tears rose in her throat and refused to be swallowed.

She flashed a sudden question at Miss Martha, though it was a breach of life-long discipline for her to ask questions.

"What's Catholic?" she said, half-defiantly. "What's Catholic?"

The woman paused, part way down the hall.

"Don't speak in that way, Nora Ann," she replied, "Catholics are—are Catholics. We are Baptists."

Then the front door shut with a sharp click.

The little maid turned back to the dishes. They were few, and when the last one was washed, wiped and put away, she went to the window and looked over at the house where the many children lived. Now and then a little dancing shadow passed the blinds. There were lights in all the windows. She knew the children were getting ready to go to the Christmas-tree.

From the first day — four months ago — when she came to Miss Martha, she had watched these children and their mother, watched them hungrily, as only a lonely child can watch.

They seemed to call their mother a great deal, she thought. She could hear them call to her when they went in and when they came out, for they were loud-voiced, merry children. The sound of them calling their mother fascinated her; she found herself listening for it, though it gave her a restless feeling hitherto unknown. Now she watched the house.

Yes, they were getting ready. On Nora Ann's cheeks two bright pink spots began to burn hotly, and tears that took a long while to brim up dropped one by one down on the window-sill. Her crimson lips, soft and curved, trembled, but only for a little while. Presently they grew still and then went into as firm a line as had Miss Martha's. The last heavy tear had splashed.

"I will go! I will! I will!" she said suddenly, half-aloud. "I ain't never seen a Christmas-tree—never. But it ain't for the Christmas-tree—not only that. I wouldn't sneak out for just a Christmas-tree. It's because I want to go with the children. I want to hear them call her mother—the little mother-lady. There aren't any mothers in the 'Home,' and Miss Martha ain't like one exactly. I ain't never seen one close before. I will go—I will!"

With her face pressed against the glass Nora Ann waited for something,



she hardly knew what. A tense impatience consumed her little lonely soul. The empty, silent house was forgotten; the lighted windows opposite bespeaking vivid, active life, were the one reality.

Then two children came rushing across the road, hand in hand, towards Miss Martha's front door. They knocked, and Nora Ann flew to meet them.

"Mother says, can you come?" they cried together.

"Yes! Yes!" she answered. "Wait till I get my hood and coat. I can come! Just you wait!"

In a few moments she was ready, had put out the lights, locked the door, dropped the key in its accustomed hiding-place, and was speeding along with the other children. A delightful exhilaration filled her, a buoyancy of heart, new and much to be desired. Surely the way of the transgressor was not so hard as the motto above her bed assured her. Forbidden fruit would be none the less sweet because it grew upon a Christmas-tree.

She drew deep breaths in an ecstasy of expectation, the joy of being free over-swept her: the emancipation from the lonely kitchen, the solemn ticking of the eight-day clock, the book of "Darkest Africa," which none might finger-mark or dog-ear, the oppressive tidiness of the whole house, where she was such a little, round peg in an absolutely square hole.

From the frame house emerged a group of five more children and their mother. Nora Ann and the other two seemed to melt and become a component part of the cheerful, chattering whole.

The little woman put out her hand and drew Nora Ann close beside her.

"So she let you come, dearie?" she said. "I knew she would, she's such a good woman, they say."

The child pressed close to the kind arm and skipped along over the snow. Joy kept her tongue-tied.

The red-haired ones all talked at once.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" They began and ended their remarks and multitudinous questions with the same word, and the woman answered each one as fast as she could.

"It will be a beautiful tree, my dear," she said to Nora Ann, "much more beautiful than any the Sisters of Saint Joseph's alone could give. They are too poor for such trees, far too poor; but a rich lady set it up for the memory of her little girl who died. She just had the one, and the things on this tree were on the little girl's tree a year ago. She died just after Christmas, so the Sisters told me."

Nora Ann missed not a word.

"There's to be a big golden star on top, mother!" called one of the voices.

"And, mother, Santa Claus is going to take down the gifts. He's to have a long shepherd's crook to catch the high ones," said another.

"There's to be some tiny figures of the blessed Saint Joseph on the tree, and every child is to have one, mother," cried the littlest red-haired girl.

"And, mother, there's to be a pink wax angel with a silver trumpet in its hands, right up on the highest branch."

"I'd rather have the angel than the little Saint Joseph, wouldn't you, mother?"

"What's a saint?" asked Nora Ann softly to the child nearest.

"A saint?" he answered. "Gee! Don't you know what a saint is?"

Nora Ann confessed ignorance.

"Why," he said, "let's see; a saint is—a—is a holy saint."

In substance the answer was much the same as Miss Martha's definition of a Catholic, but the child elaborated a trifle more.

"You burn candles to saints," he went on, "if you want anything very, very much and think you won't get it, you burn candles. If you have trouble you burn candles. And you can pray



before saints—they're good for that. If it's Saint Joseph, you say 'Pray, Saint Joseph, intercede for me'—and he will."

"Oh!" said Nora Ann. "Intercede" was to her a new word, rich in possible meaning.

The lights from the school-house shone out rosily as the children and their mother and Nora Ann trooped through the open door.

Never would the little "Home" child forget the rapture of that moment. A radiance from the hundreds of candles on a great tree greeted them with wordless welcome.

It seemed as if the stars from the frosty sky had dropped softly and been caught on the wide dark green branches. A mighty tree, strong and tall and beautiful, and on it was a gift for every child who belonged to the Sisters' school. A gift, and a tiny model of the patron Saint: everywhere he dangled from the branches with a placid dignity which did not desert him even in that trying position.

Beside the tree stood the beloved Santa Claus — the never old; and the Sisters of the Order, tranquil and smiling, moved back and forth amongst the children.

All this Nora Ann saw as in a dream. What she saw clearly, was a pink angel blowing without sound through a silver trumpet. It swung airily from the topmost branch of the tree, and its wide-spread gauzy wings glittered with dazzling beauty.

So ethereal, so heavenly it seemed, she would not have greatly wondered if a mellow note had floated down from the trumpet it held, or if indeed it had taken the trumpet away from its lips, and called in clarion notes "Fear not!" as had the angels to the shepherds on the Judean hills.

It was all so wonderful to Nora Ann, she was prepared for anything to happen, and listened spell-bound while the children sang world-old carols that were new to her.

Then the gifts were taken down, unbelievable things: such toys as children dream of.

Truly she must have been a rich woman, the one who had lost the little girl, and luckless, woeful little girl, to have to leave such loveliness, Nora Ann thought. Never surely were such dolls as these, such fairy things to delight the eye. To want one of them had not entered her mind, she merely sat close to the woman whom so many children called mother, and gazed wide-eyed and enchanted at the beauty of the sparkling, starry tree.

By and by all the gifts were down, the tree stood robbed of everything but the twinkling candles, the big golden star and the swaying pink angel. The last carol was sung, and the children were being bundled into wraps.

Then one of the black-robed Sisters, who was passing Nora Ann, stopped.

"What did you get, dear?" she asked, bending down—"a doll?"

A sudden mist rose to Nora Ann's eyes. For the first time a passion of loneliness swept away her joy.

"A doll?" asked the little Sister with gentle persistency.

The mother of the red-haired children shook her head.

"She is just a stranger, Sister, dear," she said. "She don't look for a gift at all, but if there was a little Saint Joseph now, she could have—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the other.

"Mrs. O'Connor, when she sent the tree, told us we were to be sure that every child, every single child, had a gift. We promised, and now this one has nothing! There isn't a thing left, I'm afraid, not even one little Saint. Oh, I know! There's the angel! You shall have the angel, my dear. It is more beautiful than any of the toys."

Nora Ann watched Santa Claus catch down the top branch with his long crook, and with clumsy patience extract the angel.

Sister Philomena gave it to her. "I am sorry the saints are all gone," she said.



Little did Nora Ann care. The pink angel gave her full measure of content. She went out into the night holding it close against her heart, lightly, as if it were a butterfly. Its pinions, wide and gauzy, sparkled in the dark as the diamonds of frost sparkled on the snow.

Before and behind her trooped the red-haired children; but their mother kept hold of Nora Ann's hand, feeling the responsibility of one not her own.

At the door of Miss Martha Webster's house the chattering group called good-bye to her, and their mother helped her unlock the door and kissed her good-night. Then they drifted across the road and Nora Ann went into the dark, empty house. A sense of relief surged into the child's heart when the sound of their voices died away. She felt less lonely there by herself than she had while coming home with the children and their mother. Here, in a way, she belonged, at least. But she was not altogether unhappy; the tree seemed still to glitter softly before her eyes, and in her arms was the adorable angel.

She laid it down on the table while she lit the lamp; then carried it upstairs to her own bare little room.

The moonlight shone into it now, white and silvery. Nora Ann sat down on the floor with the angel on her lap, and looked at it a long time. Then she got up and fastened it by the white satin ribbon that was around its waist to the bed-post at the head of the bed. There it floated airily, as it had on the tree, a thing of luminous, unearthly beauty to the child. She lit the candle that was on the washstand, and taking it in her hand knelt down before the little figure.

"The candle is for you, dear angel," she said. "One of the children told me people burned candles before the saints when they wanted anything. You must be greater than a saint, far greater. The little Saint Josephs were not nearly so beautiful. The candle is for you. I want something so very much, dear angel. It's this:

I want somebody I may call mother, like the red-haired children do. They say it over and over, till it makes me feel empty in my heart. Send me somebody. Intercede, I pray, I pray, I pray!"

The pink angel swayed a little back and forth, for it was a draughty room. The candle Nora Ann had set on the floor burned so low the flame fluttered in the socket. She still knelt, but now her head drooped against the bed.

Then the front door opened, and the voice of Miss Martha rent the stillness.

"Nora Ann!" she called shrilly. "Nora Ann!"

As no Nora Ann answered, she toiled up the steep stairs, holding the lamp high, and entered the room. Nora Ann still knelt, the candle fluttered, and the radiant angel swayed.

Across the frosty night the bells rang in the Yuletide.

Miss Martha stooped and shook the child lightly.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she said. "You shouldn't be out of bed at this hour! The bales took long to pack; I'm late. Whatever is that thing hanging to the bed-post? Wake up!"

Nora Ann opened her dream-steeped eyes. She got up stiffly; then, catching sight of the pink vision, a flood of recollection over-swept her.

"What is that wax thing on the bed-post?" questioned Miss Martha, pointing; "where did it come from?"

"I went to the Christmas-tree," said Nora Ann, her eyes now wide and bright. "Oh, I guess it was wicked to go, but I ain't sorry. I don't feel like I ever would be sorry. It was beautiful, beautiful! They gave me the angel from the top of the tree. That's it."

Miss Martha's mouth fell ajar, but no word escaped. The crape tower on her head had slipped to one side, and her shadow on the wall behind loomed huge and grotesque.

"What were you doing out of bed, and on your knees, and with the candle on the floor?" she questioned.



Nora Ann groped in her mind for an answer. Nothing but the truth seemed to fit the occasion.

"I was praying," she said, "to him," nodding at the angel, "and burning a candle to him. They do it to the saints."

"Praying!" gasped Miss Martha, "praying! Burning candles, as they do to the saints! You little pagan!

Then she paused.

Nora Ann began untying her knotted bootlaces.

"What were you praying for?" went on the voice. "Was it something you could not pray for to God Almighty?"

The child shook her head.

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, "no; but—but I was just praying to the angel because I could see him and I can't ever see God. The angel seemed realer," and the small, half-frightened voice trailed off into silence.

"It is what a pagan might answer," said Miss Martha in an awed tone. "A heathen of Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands. Go to bed, Nora Ann, go to bed. Tomorrow I will talk to you and teach you to see aright by the eye of faith. Afterwards you shall carry back that image and leave it where it belongs. I heard to-night when we were packing the bale for the Indians—not more benighted than you, poor child, not more benighted — of the Christmas-tree at Saint Joseph's School. A Mrs. O'Connel gave it to the nuns. You shall take this undressed image back to her. That shall be your punishment. Of your disobedience we will not speak further, for I know you were tempted and are but a child, more to be pitied than blamed."

Nora Ann crept miserably into bed, and Miss Martha took the light and stalked away. The angel swayed above the pillows as the draught caught its gauzy pinions, and it blew all night soundlessly through the silver trumpet, while the moonlight made the bare little room white and fair as ivory.

Early next morning Nora Ann went up the steps of Saint Joseph's school-house. The angel, wrapped securely by Miss Martha in brown paper and tied fast with much string, was in her arms.

Sister Philomena answered the door and smiled as she recognised the child. The starry black-lashed eyes were not easily forgotten.

"A happy Christmas, my dear," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"It is the angel," said Nora Ann, indicating the brown parcel. "Will you please tell me where the lady lives who gave the tree? I must take him back to her, Miss Martha says."

"Oh, I am sorry!" said the sister, looking puzzled. "I am sorry you may not keep it. Mrs. O'Connel lives just over there where the great garden is, but I cannot quite understand. You seemed so pleased with it, to like it so much."

"I love him," said Nora Ann, "but I promised Miss Martha to give him back."

"Then go, my child," she said, opening the door. "Over yonder is the house. Ask the servant for Mrs. O'Connel."

Slowly Nora Ann went up the driveway to the big house. Her little feet, set now on the path of duty, lagged as they had not last night, when they trod the way of the transgressor.

There was something wrong, she felt, with the scheme of things, and she was dumbly rebellious. The angel that had been no burden through the snow and the darkness of yesterday now weighed in her arms like lead. It had failed her.

She went slowly up the steps to the house and pulled the bell. The door was opened by a man who looked very old and gentle. He smiled at her.

"Please, sir, I want to see the lady who gave the Christmas-tree to the Sisters," said Nora Ann.

"Then come along in," he answered, "come along in with you, little one. Sure Mrs. O'Connel will see you."



Nora Ann followed him along the soft carpeted halls, past big, dark, lonely-looking rooms, and to a sunny room where a woman sat alone at a breakfast table. She looked around as the old servant knocked at the door.

"What is it, Shannon?" she asked.

"It's just a little colleen that would be seein' you, madam; a little shmall colleen, an' I thought I'd be bringin' her here." He beckoned to Nora Ann.

She followed him into the room.

The woman rose from the table. She was slight and girlish looking, and wore a clinging black dress.

"I didn't mean to see anyone to-day, Shannon," she said, "but," her eyes turning to Nora Ann, "as it's only a child it's all right."

Nora Ann's gray woollen hood had slipped back. The short dark curls framed her intense little face. She held the parcel out towards the woman.

"It's the angel," she said, uncertainly, "your angel, you know. Miss Martha (I work for Miss Martha) she wouldn't let me keep him, because—"

"Because?" said the woman, and she drew Nora Ann over to a sofa.

"Because I prayed to him, and burned the candle before him, as the little boy with the red hair said they do before the saints. I thought he would do quite as well as a saint."

"Oh, yes," said the woman, seeming to understand, "oh, yes, quite as well as a saint; but what did you pray for?" she still questioned, her eyes on the child's. The scarlet lips trembled over their confession.

"It doesn't matter," said Nora Ann, looking down. "It ain't anything I'll get. It doesn't matter."

"Oh, it does matter!" said the woman. "Oh, yes! Some things we want are right to pray for, and some we want are wrong even to think about, much less to ask God for."

"This wasn't a wrong thing to ask for," explained Nora Ann quickly. "It was just praying to the angel that was wrong. Miss Martha said I was like the heathen who worships wood

and stone, and I had a pagan soul."

The woman smiled, a white, trembling smile. "Then if it wasn't wrong, tell me what it was," she said. "I'm a person who likes to know things. Oh, I ask lots of questions."

Nora Ann hung her head. There was a beading of tears on her lashes. In the light of day, and with the angel tied up in the brown paper parcel, the dazzle and shine of last night was a thing very far off, and her prayer seemed foolish, babyish, pitiful. God did not send mothers to people because they asked Him—that was too hard a thing for even Him to do, and now she knew that it had been God ("The Almighty," as Miss Martha called Him) that she had been praying to, and not the pink angel at all. He and the candle had been there, but she had called to something beyond the things that she could see.

"Tell me what it was you wanted, please."

"I prayed," said Nora Ann, in a small muffled voice, "that the angel would send me some one I could call 'mother.' All the red-haired children across the way call 'mother!' all day long. When they come in and when they go out they call 'mother.' It makes you lonesome. There weren't any in the 'Home'—any mothers."

She stood up, pulled her hood over her curls, and held out the parcel.

"Take him," she said. The woman stood up too. Then she bent down, pulled the hood back softly and caught the child's face between her hands.

"Oh, you queer little thing," she cried, "you queer, queer little thing. Oh, the Irish eyes!"

"Shannon!" she called, "Shannon, come in here a moment."

There was a break in the words.

"Look, Shannon!" said the woman. "Oh, look at this child! Who is she like, whom does she remind you of, Shannon—quick?"

"Sure, she reminded me of little Miss Doreen, rest her soul, the moment I clapped eyes on her," he answered. "I do be thinkin' she's



terrible like little Miss Doreen, terrible like; the black lashes do be growin' on her eyes the same way, an' the same bit of a nose she has."

"Yes! Yes!" answered the woman, with a broken laugh. "Maybe it's only the Irish look, though. She wants a mother, Shannon; she burned a candle to the wax angel and asked him to send her a mother. She's a little charity child, can't you see?

But something has brought her to me, and nothing shall take her away."

Then the black figure caught Nora Ann suddenly in its arms.

The brown paper parcel with the pink angel slipped to the floor. The string loosened, and the angel fell out, and lay there blowing through the silver trumpet soundlessly, while the gauzy wings, outspread, glittered in the morning sun.

## SHEPHERD MAID, WHENCE COMEST THOU ?

(From the French—"D'OÙ VIENS-TU, Bergère?")\*

By JOHN BOYD

"Shepherd maid, whence comest thou,  
Whence comest thou?"

"From the stable which to-night  
I, a shepherd maiden, sought,  
Wondrous vision met my sight  
And a marvel there was wrought."

"Shepherd maid, what sawest thou,  
What sawest thou?"

"In the manger did I see  
Fairest babe that eyes e'er saw,  
Placed was He so tenderly  
On a couch of softest straw."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,  
Nothing more?"

"Holy Mary, too, was there,  
In the stable bleak and old  
Did she tend the infant fair;  
While Saint Joseph shook with cold."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,  
Nothing more?"

"There the ass and oxen lay  
In His presence meek and mild;  
With their gentle breathing they  
Warmed the Virgin's wondrous child."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,  
Nothing more?"

"Three bright angels did I see  
As from Heaven down they came,  
Singing songs of ecstasy  
To the eternal Father's name."

\*"D'OÙ VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE?", of which the above is a translation, is one of the favourite *chansons* of the French-Canadians. Its author is unknown.



# AKIN TO LOVE

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," AND  
"ANNE OF AVONLEA"

*Illustrations by Albert H. Robson*

DAVID HARTLEY had dropped in to pay a neighbourly call on Josephine Elliott. It was well along in the afternoon, and outside, in the clear crispness of a Canadian winter, the long blue shadows from the tall firs behind the house were falling over the snow.

It was a frosty day, and all the windows of every room where there was no fire were covered with silver palms. But the big, bright kitchen was warm and cosy, and somehow seemed to David more tempting than ever before, and that is saying a good deal. He had an uneasy feeling that he had stayed long enough and ought to go. Josephine was knitting at a long gray sock with doubly aggressive energy, and that was a sign that she was talked out. As long as Josephine had plenty to say her plump white fingers, where her mother's wedding ring was lost in dimples, moved slowly among her needles. When conversation flagged she fell to her work as furiously as if a husband and half a dozen sons were waiting for its completion. David often wondered in his secret soul what Josephine did with all the interminable gray socks she knitted. Sometimes he concluded that she put them in the home missionary barrels; again, that she sold them to her hired man. At any rate, they were very warm and comfortable looking, and David sighed as he thought

of the deplorable state his own socks were generally in.

When David sighed Josephine took alarm. She was afraid David was going to have one of his attacks of foolishness. She must head him off somehow, so she rolled up the gray sock, stabbed the big pudgy ball with her needles, and said she guessed she'd get the tea.

David got up.

"Now, you're not going before tea?" said Josephine hospitably. "I'll have it all ready in no time."

"I ought to go home, I s'pose," said David, with the air and tone of a man dallying with a great temptation. "Zillah'll be waiting tea for me; and there's the stock to tend to."

"I guess Zillah won't wait long," said Josephine. She did not intend it all, but there was a certain scornful ring in her voice. "You must stay. I've a fancy for company to tea."

David sat down again. He looked so pleased that Josephine went down on her knees behind the stove, ostensibly to get a stick of firewood, but really to hide her smile.

"I suppose he's tickled to death to think of getting a good square meal, after the starvation rations Zillah puts him on," she thought.

But Josephine misjudged David just as much as he misjudged her. She had really asked him to stay to tea out of pity, but David thought it



was because she was lonesome, and he hailed that as an encouraging sign. And he was not thinking about getting a good meal either, although his dinner had been such a one as only Zillah Hartley could get up. As he leaned back in his cushioned chair and watched Josephine bustling about the kitchen, he was glorying in the fact that he could spend another hour with her, and sit opposite to her at the table while she poured his tea for him and passed him the biscuits, just as if—just as if—

Here Josephine looked straight at him with such intent and stern brown eyes that David felt she must have read his thoughts, and he coloured guiltily. But Josephine did not even notice that he was blushing. She had only paused to wonder whether she would bring out cherry or strawberry preserve; and, having decided on the cherry, took her piercing gaze from David without having seen him at all. But he allowed his thoughts no more vagaries.

Josephine set the table with her mother's wedding china. She used it because it was the anniversary of her mother's wedding day, but David thought it was out of compliment to him. And, as he knew quite well that Josephine prized that china beyond all her other earthly possessions, he stroked his smooth-shaven, dimpled chin with the air of a man to whom is offered a very subtly sweet homage.

Josephine whisked in and out of the pantry, and up and down cellar, and with every whisk a new dainty was added to the table. Josephine, as everybody in Meadowby admitted, was past mistress in the noble art of cookery. Once upon a time rash matrons and ambitious young wives had aspired to rival her, but they had long ago realised the vanity of such efforts and dropped comfortably back to second place.

Josephine felt an artist's pride in her table when she set the teapot on its stand and invited David to sit in. There were pink slices of cold tongue,

and crisp green pickles and spiced gooseberry, the recipe for which Josephine had invented herself, and which had taken first prize at the Provincial Exhibition for six successive years; there was a lemon pie which was a symphony in gold and silver, biscuits as light and white as snow, and moist, plummy cubes of fruit cake. There was the ruby-tinted cherry preserve, a mound of amber jelly, and, to crown all, steaming cups of tea, in flavour and fragrance unequalled.

And Josephine, too, sitting at the head of the table, with her smooth, glossy crimps of black hair and cheeks as rosy clear as they had been twenty years ago, when she had been a slender slip of girlhood and bashful young David Hartley had looked at her over his hymn-book in prayer-meeting and tramped all the way home a few feet behind her, because he was too shy to go boldly up and ask if he might see her home.

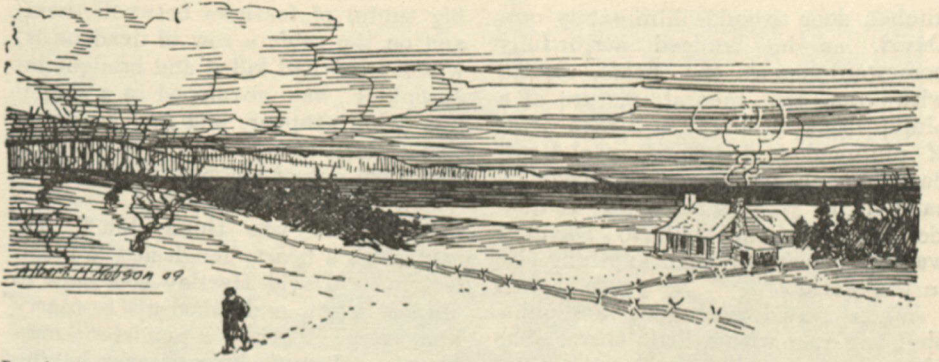
All taken together, what wonder if David lost his head over that tea-table and determined to ask Josephine the same old question once more? It was eighteen years since he had asked it for the first time, and two years since the last. He would try his luck again; Josephine was certainly more gracious than he remembered her to ever have been before.

When the meal was over Josephine cleared the table and washed the dishes. When she had taken a dry towel and sat down by the window to polish her china David understood that his opportunity had come. He moved over and sat down beside her on the sofa by the window.

Outside the sun was setting in a magnificent arch of light and colour over the snow-clad hills and deep blue St. Lawrence gulf. David grasped at the sunset as an introductory factor.

"Isn't that fine, Josephine?" he said admiringly. "It makes me think of that piece of poetry that used to be in the old Fifth Reader when we went to school. D'ye mind how the teach-





Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"IN THE CLEAR CRISPNESS OF A CANADIAN WINTER"

er used to drill us up in it on Friday afternoons? It begun

"Slow sinks more lovely ere his race is run  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun"

Then David declaimed the whole passage in a sing-song tone, accompanied by a few crude gestures recalled from long-ago school-boy elocution. Josephine knew what was coming. Every time David proposed to her he had begun by reciting poetry. She twirled her towel around the last plate resignedly. If it had to come the sooner it was over the better. Josephine knew by experience that there was no heading David off, despite his shyness, when he had once got along as far as the poetry.

"But it's going to be for the last time," she said determinedly. "I'm going to settle this question so decidedly to-night that there'll never be a repetition."

When David had finished his quotation he laid his hand on Josephine's plump arm.

"Josephine," he said huskily, "I s'pose you couldn't — could you now? — make up your mind to have me. I wish you would, Josephine — I wish you would. Don't you think you could, Josephine?"

Josephine folded up her towel, crossed her hands on it, and looked her wooer squarely in the eyes.

"David Hartley," she said deliberately, "what makes you go on asking

me to marry you every once in a while when I've told you times out of mind that I can't and won't?"

"Because I can't help hoping that you'll change your mind through time," David replied meekly.

"Well, you just listen to me. I will not marry you. That is in the first place. And in the second, this is to be final. It has to be. You are never to ask me this again under any circumstances. If you do I will not answer you—I will not let on I hear you at all; but (and Josephine spoke very slowly and impressively) I will never speak to you again — never. We are good friends now, and I like you real well, and like to have you drop in for a neighbourly chat as often as you wish to, but there'll be an end, short and sudden, to that, if you don't mind what I say."

"Oh, Josephine, ain't that rather hard?" protested David feebly. It seemed terrible to be cut off from all hope with such finality as this.

"I mean every word of it," returned Josephine calmly. "You'd better go home now, David. I always feel as if I'd like to be alone for a spell after a disagreeable experience."

David obeyed sadly and put on his cap and overcoat. Josephine kindly warned him not to slip and break his legs in the porch, because the floor was as icy as anything; and she even lighted a candle and held it up at the



kitchen door to guide him safely out. David, as he trudged sorrowfully homeward across the fields, carried with him the mental picture of a plump, sonsy woman, in a trim dress of plum-coloured homespun and ruffled blue-check apron, haloed by candlelight. It was not a very romantic vision, perhaps, but to David it was more beautiful than anything else in the world.

When David was gone Josephine shut the door with a little shiver. She blew out the candle, for it was not yet dark enough to justify artificial light to her thrifty mind. She thought the big, empty house, in which she was the only living thing, was very lonely. It was so still, except for the slow tick of the "grandfather's clock" and the soft purr and crackle of the wood in the stove. Josephine sat down by the window.

"I wish some of the Sentners would run down," she said aloud. "If David hadn't been so ridiculous I'd have got him to stay the evening. He can be good company when he likes—he's real well-read and intelligent. And he must have dismal times at home there with nobdy but Zillah."

She looked across the yard to the little house at the other side of it, where her French-Canadian hired man lived, and watched the purple spiral of smoke from its chimney curling up against the crocus sky. Would she run over and see Mrs. Leon Poirier and her little black-eyed, brown-skinned baby? No, they never knew what to say to each other.

"If 'twasn't so cold I'd go up and see Ida," she said. "As it is, I guess I'd better fall back on my knitting, for I saw Jimmy Sentner's toes sticking through his socks the other day. How setback poor David did look, to be sure! But I think I've settled that marrying notion of his once for all and I'm glad of it."

She said the same thing next day to Mrs. Tom Sentner, who had come down to help her pick her geese. They were at work in the kitchen with a

big tubful of feathers between them, and on the table a row of dead birds, which Leon had killed and brought in. Josephine was enveloped in a shapeless print wrapper, and had an apron tied tightly around her head to keep the down out of her beautiful hair, of which she was rather proud.

"What do you think, Ida?" she said, with a hearty laugh at the recollection. "David Hartley was here to tea last night, and asked me to marry him again. There's a persistent man for you. I can't brag of ever having had many beaux, but I've certainly had my fair share of proposals."

Mrs. Tom did not laugh. Her thin little face, with its faded prettiness, looked as if she never laughed.

"Why won't you marry him?" she said fretfully.

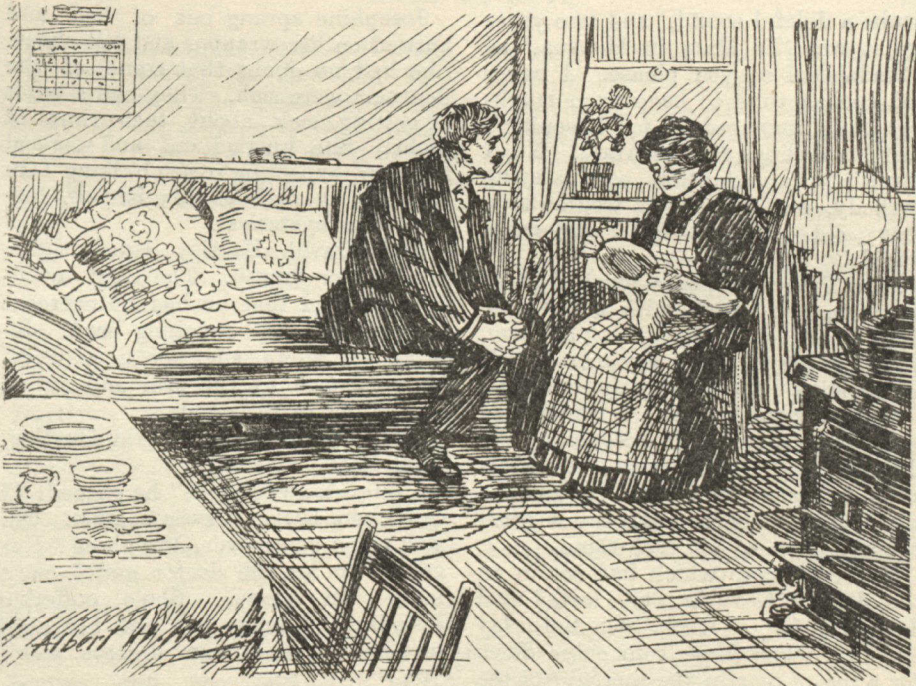
"Why should I?" retorted Josephine. "Tell me that, Ida Sentner."

"Because it is high time you were married," said Mrs. Tom decisively. "I don't believe in women living single. And I don't see what better you can do than take David Hartley."

Josephine looked at her sister with the interested expression of a person who is trying to understand some mental attitude in another which is a standing puzzle to her. Ida's evident wish to see her married always amused Josephine. Ida had married very young and for fifteen years her life had been one of drudgery and ill-health. Tom Sentner was a lazy, shiftless fellow. He neglected his family and was drunk half his time. Meadowby people said that he beat his wife when "on the spree," but Josephine did not believe that, because she did not think that Ida could keep from telling her if it were so. Ida Sentner was not given to bearing her trials in silence.

Had it not been for Josephine's assistance Tom Sentner's family would have stood an excellent chance of starvation. Josephine practically kept them, and her generosity never failed or stinted. She fed and clothed her nephews and nieces, and all the gray





Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"EVERY TIME DAVID HAD PROPOSED TO HER HE HAD BEGUN BY RECITING POETRY"

socks whose destination puzzled David so much went to the Sentners.

As for Josephine herself, she had a good farm, a comfortable house, a plump bank account, and was an independent, unworried woman. And yet, in the face of all this, Mrs. Tom Sentner could bewail the fact that Josephine had no husband to look out for her. Josephine shrugged her shoulders and gave up the conundrum, merely saying ironically, in reply to her sister's remark:

"And go to live with Zillah Hartley?"

"You know very well you wouldn't have to do that. Ever since John Hartley's wife at the Creek died he's been wanting Zillah to go and keep house for him, and if David got married Zillah'd go quick. Catch her staying there if you were mistress! And David has such a beautiful house! It's ten times finer than yours, though I don't deny yours is comfortable. And

his farm is the best in Meadowby and joins yours. Think what a beautiful property they'd make together. You're all right now, Josephine, but what will you do when you get old and have nobody to take care of you? I declare the thought worries me at night till I can't sleep."

"I should have thought you had enough worries of your own to keep you awake at nights without taking over any of mine," said Josephine drily. "As for old age, it's a good ways off for me yet. When your Jack gets old enough to have some sense he can come here and live with me. But I'm not going to marry David Hartley, you can depend on that, Ida, my dear. I wish you could have heard him rhyming off that poetry last night. It doesn't seem to matter much what piece he recites—first thing that comes into his head, I reckon. I remember one time he went clean through that hymn beginning, 'Hark from the



tombs a doleful sound,' and two years ago it was 'To Mary in Heaven,' as lackadaisical as you please. I never had such a time to keep from laughing, but I managed it, for I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. No, I haven't any intention of marrying anybody, but if I had it wouldn't be dear old sentimental, easy-going David."

Mrs. Tom thumped a plucked goose down on the bench with an expression which said that she, for one, wasn't going to waste any more words on an idiot. Easy-going, indeed! Did Josephine consider that a drawback? Mrs. Tom sighed. If Josephine, she thought, had put up with Tom Sentner's tempers for fifteen years she would know how to appreciate a good-natured man at his real value.

The cold snap which had set in on the day of David's call lasted and deepened for a week. On Saturday evening, when Mrs. Tom came down for a jug of cream, the mercury of the little thermometer thumping against Josephine's porch was below zero. The gulf was no longer blue, but white with ice. Everything outdoors was crackling and snapping. Inside Josephine had kept roaring fires all through the house but the only place really warm was the kitchen.

"Wrap your head up well, Ida," she said anxiously, when Mrs. Tom rose to go. "You've got a bad cold."

"There's a cold going," said Mrs. Tom. "Everyone has it. David Hartley was up at our place to-day barking terrible — a real churchyard cough, as I told him. He never takes any care of himself. He said Zillah had a bad cold, too. Won't she be cranky while it lasts?"

Josephine sat up late that night to keep fires on. She finally went to bed in the little room opposite the big hall stove, and she slept at once, and dreamed that the thumps of the thermometer flapping in the wind against the wall outside grew louder and more insistent until they woke her up. Some one was pounding on the porch door.

Josephine sprang out of bed and hurried on her wrapper and felt shoes. She had no doubt that some of the Sentners were sick. They had a habit of getting sick about that time of night. She hurried out and opened the door, expecting to see hulking Tom Sentner, or perhaps Ida herself, big-eyed and hysterical.

But David Hartley stood there, panting for breath. The clear moonlight showed that he had no overcoat on, and he was coughing hard. Josephine, before she spoke a word, clutched him by the arm and pulled him in out of the wind.

"For pity's sake, David Hartley, what is the matter?"

"Zillah's awful sick," he gasped. "I came here because 'twas nearest. Oh, won't you come over, Josephine? I've got to go for the doctor and I can't leave her alone. She's suffering dreadful. I know you and her ain't on good terms, but you'll come, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Josephine sharply. "I'm not a barbarian, I hope, to refuse to go to the help of a sick person, if 'twas my worst enemy. I'll go in and get ready and you go straight to the hall stove and warm yourself. There's a good fire in it yet. What on earth do you mean, starting out on a bitter night like this without an overcoat or even mittens, and you with a cold like that?"

"I never thought of them, I was so frightened," said David apologetically. "I just lit up a fire in the kitchen stove as quick's I could and run. It rattled me to hear Zillah moaning so's you could hear her all over the house."

"You need someone to look after you as bad as Zillah does," said Josephine severely.

In a very few minutes she was ready, with a basket packed full of homely remedies, "for like as not there'll be no putting one's hand on anything there," she muttered. She insisted on wrapping her big plaid shawl around David's head and neck, and made him put on a pair of mit-



tens she had knitted for Jack Sentner. Then she locked the door and they started across the gleaming, crusted field. It was so slippery that Josephine had to cling to David's arm to keep her feet. In the rapture of supporting her David almost forgot everything else.

In a few minutes they had passed under the bare, glistening boughs of the poplars on David's lawn, and for the first time Josephine crossed the threshold of David Hartley's house.

Years ago, in her girlhood, when the Hartley's lived in the old house and there were half a dozen girls at home, Josephine had frequently visited there. All the Hartley girls liked her except Zillah. She and Zillah never "got on" together. When the other girls had married and gone Josephine gave up visiting there. She had never been inside the new house, and she and Zillah had not spoken to each other for years.

Zillah was a sick woman—too sick to be anything but civil to Josephine. David started at once for the doctor at the Creek, and Josephine saw that he was well wrapped up before she let him go. Then she mixed up a mustard plaster for Zillah and sat down by the bedside to wait.

When Mrs. Tom Sentner came down the next day she found Josephine busy making flaxseed poultices, with her lips set in a line that betokened she had made up her mind to some disagreeable course of duty.

Zillah has got pneumonia bad," she said, in reply to Mrs. Tom's inquiries. "The Doctor is here and Mary Bell from the Creek. She'll wait on Zillah, but there'll have to be another woman here to see to the work. I reckon I'll stay. I suppose it's my duty and I don't see who else could be got. You can send Mamie and Jack down to stay at my house until I can

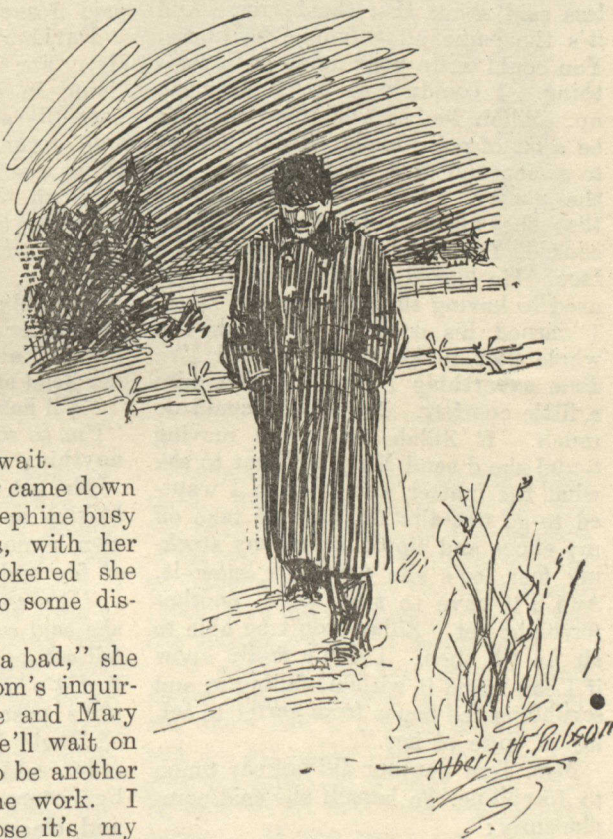
go back. I'll run over every day and keep an eye on things."

At the end of a week Zillah was out of danger. Saturday afternoon Josephine went over home to see how Mamie and Jack were getting on. She found Mrs. Tom there, and the latter promptly despatched Jack and Mamie to the post-office that she might have an opportunity to hear Josephine's news.

"I've had an awful week of it, Ida," said Josephine solemnly, as she sat down by the stove and put her feet up on the glowing hearth.

"I suppose Zillah is pretty cranky to wait on," said Mrs. Tom sympathetically.

"Oh, it isn't Zillah. Mary Bell looks after her. No, it's the house. I



Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"AS HE TRUDGED SORROWFULLY HOMEWARD  
ACROSS THE FIELDS"



never lived in such a place of dust and disorder in my born days. I'm sorrier for David Hartley than I ever was for anyone before."

"I suppose he's used to it," said Mrs. Tom with a shrug.

"I don't see how anyone could ever get used to it," groaned Josephine. "And David used to be so particular when he was a boy. The minute I went there the other night I took in that kitchen with a look. I don't believe the paint has even been washed since the house was built. I honestly don't. And I wouldn't like to be called upon to swear when the floor was scrubbed either. The corners were just full of rolls of dust — you could have shovelled it out. I swept it out next day and I thought I'd be choked. As for the pantry—well, the less said about *that* the better. And it's the same all through the house. You could write your name on everything. I couldn't so much as clean up. Zillah was so sick there couldn't be a bit of noise made. I did manage to sweep and dust, and I cleaned out the pantry. And, of course, I saw that the meals were nice and well cooked. You should have seen David's face. He looked as if he couldn't get used to having things clean and tasty. I darned his socks — he hadn't a whole pair to his name — and I've done everything I could to give him a little comfort. Not that I could do much. If Zillah heard me moving round she'd send Mary Bell out to ask what the matter was. When I wanted to go upstairs I'd have to take off my shoes and tiptoe up on my stocking feet, so's she wouldn't know it. And I'll have to stay there another fortnight yet. Zillah won't be able to sit up till then. I don't really know if I can stand it without falling to and scrubbing the house from garret to cellar in spite of her."

Mrs. Tom Sentner did not say much to Josephine. To herself she said complacently:

"She's sorry for David. Well, I've always heard that pity was akin to

love. We'll see what comes of this."

Josephine did manage to live through that fortnight. One morning she remarked to David at the breakfast table:

"Well, I think that Mary Bell will be able to attend to the work after to-day, David. I guess I'll go home to-night."

David's face clouded over.

"Well, I s'pose we oughtn't to keep you any longer, Josephine. I'm sure it's been awful good of you to stay this long. I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"You're welcome," said Josephine shortly.

"Don't go for to walk home," said David; "the snow is too deep. I'll drive you over when you want to go."

"I'll not go before the evening," said Josephine slowly.

David went out to his work gloomily. For three weeks he had been living in comfort. His wants were carefully attended to; his meals were well cooked and served, and everything was bright and clean. And more than all, Josephine had been there, with her cheerful smile and companionable ways. Well, it was all ended now.

Josephine sat at the breakfast table long after David had gone out. She scowled at the sugar-bowl and shook her head savagely at the tea-pot.

"I'll have to do it," she said at last.

"I'm so sorry for him that I can't do anything else."

She got up and went to the window, looking across the snowy field to her own home, nestled between the grove of firs and the orchard.

"It's awful snug and comfortable," she said regretfully, "and I've always felt set on being free and independent. But it's no use. I'd never have a minute's peace of mind again, thinking of David living here in dirt and disorder, and him so particular and tidy by nature. No, it's my duty, plain and clear, to come here and make things pleasant for him—the pointing of Providence, as you might say. The



worst of it is, I'll have to tell him so myself. He'll never dare to mention the subject again, after what I said to him that night he proposed last. I wish I hadn't been so dreadful emphatic. Now I've got to say it myself if it is ever said. But I'll not begin by quoting poetry, that's one thing sure!"

Josephine threw back her head, crowned with its shining braids of jet-black hair, and laughed heartily. She hustled back to the stove and poked up the fire.

"I'll have a bit of corned beef and cabbage for dinner," she said, "and I'll make David that pudding he's so fond of. After all, it's kind of nice to have someone to plan and think for. It always did seem like waste of energy to fuss over cooking things when there was nobody but myself to eat them."

Josephine sang over her work all day, and David went about his with the face of a man who is going to the gallows without benefit of clergy. When he came in to supper at sunset his expression was so woe-begone that Josephine had to dodge into the pantry to keep from laughing outright. She relieved her feelings by pounding the dresser with the potato masher, and then went primly out and took her place at the table.

The meal was not a success from a social point of view. Josephine was nervous and David glum. Mary Bell gobbled down her food with her usual haste, and then went away to carry Zillah hers. Then David said reluctantly:

"If you want to go home now, Josephine, I'll hitch up Red Rob and drive you over."



*Albert H. Robson '09*

Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"ZILLAH'S AWFUL SICK," HE GASPED"

Josephine began to plait the tablecloth. She wished again that she had not been so emphatic on the occasion of his last proposal. Without replying to David's suggestion she said crossly (Josephine always spoke crossly when she was especially in earnest):

"I want to tell you what I think about Zillah. She's getting better, but she's had a terrible shaking up, and it's my opinion that she won't be good for much all winter. She won't be able to do any hard work, that's certain. If you want my advice, I tell you fair and square that I think





Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"I'LL HAVE TO DO IT," SHE SAID AT LAST"

she'd better go off for a visit as soon as she's fit. She thinks so herself. Clementine wants her to go and stay a spell with her in town. "T'would be just the thing for her."

"She can go if she wants to, of course," said David dully. "I can get along by myself for a spell."

"There's no need of your getting along by yourself," said Josephine, more crossly than ever. "I'll — I'll come here and keep house for you if you like."

David looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Wouldn't people kind of gossip?" he asked hesitatingly. Not but what—"

"I don't see what they'd have to

gossip about," broke in Josephine, "if we were — married."

David sprang to his feet with such haste that he almost upset the table.

"Josephine, do you mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I mean it," she said, in a perfectly savage tone. "Now, for pity's sake, don't say another word about it just now. I can't discuss it for a spell. Go out to your work. I want to be alone for awhile."

For the first and last time David disobeyed her. Instead of going out, he strode around the table, caught Josephine masterfully in his arms, and kissed her. And Josephine, after a second's hesitation, kissed him in return.



# THE WOOING OF THE WIDOW

BY E. M. YEOMAN

*Illustrations by Estelle M. Kerr*

**B**EFORE Benjamin Moore died, there had been perfect peace and contentment in Walton, a little Nova Scotia district that had taken its name from a pioneer settler.

Walton was composed of four prosperous farms; and the four owners of the farms — Dave Munn, Jim Wright, Isaiah Scott, and Benjamin Moore — had always lived in true unanimity of purpose and friendship, whenever possible helping one another with the haying or harvesting, and, in short, mingling in pleasant and generous intimacy.

But shortly after Benjamin's death, the friendship that had always existed in the hearts of his three surviving friends very much abated for a while; and perhaps the true cause of it was that Benjamin had been a bachelor and that his three friends, likewise, were bachelors.

Benjamin, having had only one relative, and that relative having been a widowed sister, who worked for a living in Halifax, to her he had bequeathed his farm and the few hundred dollars he had in the bank.

Of course Benjamin's three friends were deeply interested in his last will and testament; and perhaps the only thing in the will that did not interest them was the fact that, as far as the evidence went, their new neighbour would be marriageable. Indeed, Isaiah Scott, whose house lay at the head of a long lane, across the road from Benjamin's, frequently and gravely deplored the fact that Provi-

dence should send a woman to take Benjamin's place in the Community. Isaiah was a quiet, emotional little man, of about forty, who had hired two men to work his farm, that he might devote a goodly part of his time to the reading of Burns, in whose genius he had become vastly interested; and perhaps his regret that Providence should send a woman to take Benjamin's place was not inexcusable; for Isaiah and Benjamin had always been particularly good friends; and, more than that, Benjamin had always seemed interested in Isaiah's reading of Burns, and in his last sickness a hundred times he had asked Isaiah to recite the song entitled "Peggy"; and Benjamin had always wept at the recitation; for in his younger days he had vainly loved a young lady of that name.

But one afternoon, about ten days after Benjamin's funeral, Isaiah, as had been his wont for many years, strolled over to Benjamin's house. He approached the house with his heart full of sorrow; and, as he stood beneath the window of the room in which Benjamin had died, a burning tear rolled down his cheek. Then, drying his tears, Isaiah proceeded to enter the house, to see that all was well within. But he had no sooner opened the door than he started back with a gasp of surprise; for, sitting sewing in Benjamin's old armchair, was a plump and pretty yellow-haired young woman.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Isaiah, apologeti-



cally, as he stood with his gaze riveted on the face of the young woman, who seemed to be about twenty-five years of age, and whose yellow hair, and pink cheeks, and gentle demeanour immediately wrought a powerful fascination in Isaiah's heart.

"Are—are you Benjamin's sister?" he asked spasmodically, as he advanced with his gaze still fixed on the yellow hair and pink cheeks.

"Yes," answered the young woman, demurely rising. "I came this morning."

"Sit down! sit down!" said Isaiah, whereupon the young woman sank into her chair again, whilst Isaiah seated himself in a chair close by her. "I'm Isaiah Scott," he continued. "I was Benjamin's great friend."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the young woman, smiling upon him. "Ben always spoke of you in his letters. My name is Mrs. Merton."

"And are you going to stay here all alone?" asked Isaiah, for his heart had suddenly taken a keen interest in Mrs. Merton's welfare.

"I suppose I'll have to till I can get somebody to help me," replied Mrs. Merton, looking at the floor.

"Did you bring any food with you?" asked Isaiah.

"No," answered Mrs. Merton.

"Then you've had no dinner!" exclaimed Isaiah in some horror.

"No," said Mrs. Merton, looking at the floor again.

"Then I'll go and get my cook to make up a basket," said Isaiah, rising with sudden vim. "There's no store within five miles, you know; and you must let your neighbours help you till you're set up."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Merton, rising in some embarrassment.

But Isaiah stepped to the door. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he said; and, having taken a last look at the entrancing yellow hair and pink cheeks, he hastened away.

Twenty minutes later he returned

with a well-filled basket of provisions; and as it was then time for the evening meal, he very heartily accepted Mrs. Merton's invitation to sup with her; and together they sat down, beaming upon one another with friendly eyes.

Shortly after they had finished their repast, there came a tap at the door, and Dave Munn and Jim Wright slouched into the doorway in their working clothes. They had seen signs of life about Benjamin's farm, and, surmising that their new neighbour had arrived, had strolled over to inspect her.

Whatever they had expected the widow to be like, it was very evident that her appearance immediately annihilated their expectations. They sheepishly stood in the doorway; and, as if at a signal, their eyes and mouths opened wide.

"Good evening, boys," said Isaiah pleasantly, from his chair beside Mrs. Merton.

"Evenin'," replied Dave, as he and his friend slouched into the room, and seated themselves together in a corner. "We come over thinkin' Mrs. Merton might want help liftin' things."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Merton sweetly; "but I don't think there's anything to be lifted."

Mrs. Merton's voice was as sweet as her face, and its music did much to stimulate the violent thrills that were shooting through Dave's heart, and Jim's, and Isaiah's too, for that matter.

For a while Dave and Jim sat silently in their corner, stealing sometimes furtive and sometimes bold glances at Mrs. Merton, and always with noticeable satisfaction. But Isaiah was in specially good spirits that evening, and he very genially drew his three friends into a pleasant conversation, which lasted for an hour, and in the course of which Dave three times changed his seat, each time getting nearer the widow, whilst Jim changed only once, taking a seat by





*Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr*

"SITTING SEWING IN BENJAMIN'S OLD ARM-CHAIR WAS A PLUMP AND PRETTY YELLOW HAURED  
YOUNG WOMAN"



the lamp, where his light hair, and blue eyes, and freckled face were illuminated to his utmost satisfaction.

At nine o'clock Isaiah arose. "I must go now, Mrs. Merton," he said; "but I'm going to send down Martha the cook to stay with you over night, so that you won't be lonely." Then, silencing the widow's profuse thanks, Isaiah bade her good-night and went his way, muttering as he went, whilst his heart throbbed violently: "A very fine young woman! A very fine young woman!"

Jim and Dave remained with the widow, gazing upon her yellow hair and pink cheeks, and listening to the music of her voice, until Martha the cook arrived, at ten o'clock, whereupon they reluctantly took their departure.

But before eight o'clock of the next morning, Dave, with a scythe in his hand, was back at Mrs. Merton's house.

"That interval of yours needs mowin'," he said, choosing a seat as near the widow as possible, "so I come over to cut it for you. Neighbours is neighbours, you know."

"Oh, you're so kind;" said Mrs. Merton.

"Not at all," answered Dave, making himself comfortable for a long conversation. "You'll need a man to help you a lot."

Before Mrs. Merton could reply, there came a tap on the door, and Jim Wright, also with a scythe in his hand, stood in the doorway. The bright smile on his face vanished for a while when he saw Dave.

"Mornin'," he said to the widow, as he took a seat by the door. "I was thinkin' that interval of yours needs mowin'."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Merton, "but Mr. Munn wants to do it."

For a moment Jim looked suspiciously at Dave. "Well, you'll need some wood cut for the fire," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton. "But you're all too kind."

Then, after they had sat with the

widow for about twenty minutes, they left her, and set to work, Dave on the interval, and Jim on the wood-pile; but, for some reason, neither worked as hard as he had planned to, and often each paused and meditatively gazed at his friend in the distance.

They dined with the widow at noon, and then went away together to do some necessary work on their own farms; and as they went, they met Isaiah Scott wending to the widow's house with a large basket of provisions.

The widow was delighted to see Isaiah, and Isaiah was so delighted to see the widow again that he sat talking with her all the afternoon, and again accepted her invitation to sup with her, and in the evening walked about the farm with her, and inspected the crops that Benjamin had planted.

Next morning Jim Wright was busy with some work that he could not neglect; but Dave arrived at the widow's house bright and early, and, after a long chat with her, mowed the interval and dined with her. Then, after another long chat, he took his departure; and, as he went his way, again he met Isaiah Scott wending to the widow's house with a large basket of provisions.

Isaiah, as might be expected, spent the afternoon with Mrs. Merton, and supped with her; but he took his departure early in the evening, shortly after Jim Wright arrived in his Sabbath raiment.

The widow's three friends seemed to prefer visiting her when she was alone; and so, in the next two weeks, Dave Munn spent each morning with her, Isaiah Scott each afternoon, and Jim Wright each evening; and it is perhaps needless to say that at the end of the two weeks Dave and Isaiah and Jim were all desperately in love with gentle Mrs. Merton, and her yellow hair, and her pink cheeks. Indeed, so desperately did Jim and Dave come to love her that they, each in





*Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr*

"JIM WRIGHT, ALSO WITH A SCYTHE IN HIS HAND, STOOD IN THE DOORWAY"



turn, hired men to work their farms, so that they might be enabled to spend all their time toiling for the widow and incidentally watching for chances to enjoy her conversation.

"I'm thinkin' the widow'd be better married," said Dave one night, as he and Jim left Mrs. Merton's house.

"Yes," said Jim dryly, whereafter there was a long silence.

"D'ye allow she'd marry a feller she'd only known two or three weeks?" asked Dave, casually.

"No," answered Jim, a little loudly. "She'd have to know him a month or five weeks."

"I s'pose you're right," said Dave, meditatively. "I was thinkin' to-day I'd give the widow the red cow. She hasn't a good milkin' cow. I'm allowin' to drive it over to-morrow."

"Yes," said Jim weakly, as they came to his gate. "You an' Ben was good friends."

So, next afternoon, Dave drove the red cow to the widow's house, and walked in to offer the gift; and Dave was not much pleased when he found Jim gaily chatting with Mrs. Merton.

"I've brought you over the red cow, Mrs. Merton," said Dave, taking a seat by the window. "You need a good milkin' cow; an' I've got more'n I need."

"But I can't take such expensive presents!" said Mrs. Merton, in some embarrassment.

"Neighbours is neighbours," said Dave, "an' you must take it for Ben's sake."

"Then I suppose I can't refuse," said the widow. "But you're all too kind. Mr. Wright brought me such a lovely horse this morning!"

"Horse!" loudly exclaimed Dave, glaring at Jim.

"The white one," said Jim weakly.

"You're gittin' mighty kind," said Dave, as he turned to the window, and gazed affectionately at the red cow, and began to curse himself for being so free with his gifts.

After that day Dave saw that Jim was as much in love with the widow

as he was; and Jim, of course, knew of Dave's love; and, thinking of each other's love with many misgivings, each planned to propose to the widow at the very first opportunity, each feeling, as if by instinct, that Mrs. Merton would accept the first proposal.

So, from that day, Jim and Dave spent all their waking hours at the widow's house, each sharply watching for a chance to speak alone with the widow for ten minutes, and each as sharply watching that the other did not get such an opportunity. And this continuous watching, besides being distasteful to both, was a matter of great tribulation to Isaiah Scott, who had loved the widow at first sight. Isaiah was not so aggressive as were his rivals; and the long courtship that he had planned being frustrated at the beginning, his heart grew heavy and his demeanour disconsolate.

As for the widow, she readily saw that her three friends loved her; and the poor little woman almost worried herself into a nervous prostration by trying to decide which one she would prefer—they were all so kind. But finally she decided, as instinct had warned Jim and Dave, that all she could do would be to accept the first proposal.

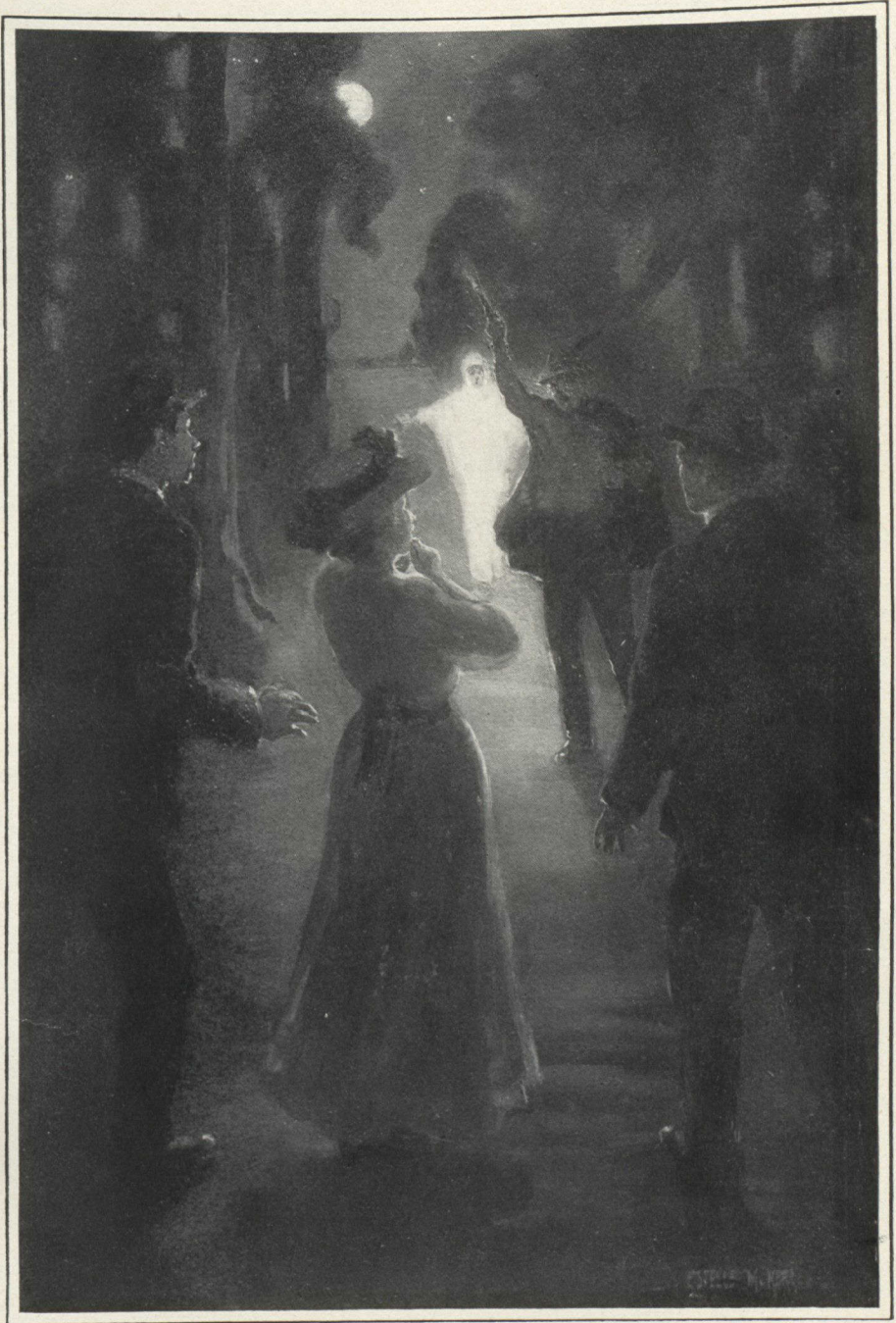
A third week passed, and yet, despite much plotting and scheming, neither Dave nor Jim had found a chance to be alone with the widow for more than three minutes at a time.

But, one evening, after Dave and Jim had gone home to their evening meals, some abominable trick of fortune prevented Dave from returning to the widow's house as early as usual. Jim, not seeing Dave approaching at the usual time, took instant advantage of the opportunity, and hastened to Mrs. Merton's house.

"Evenin'," he said, as he laid down his hat, and, after having sharply peered through the window, took a seat by the widow.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" said the widow sweetly.





*Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr*

"THEY DROPPED THE WIDOW'S ARMS"



"Yes," answered Jim, peering at the window, and wondering how he could most speedily lead up to a proposal. "You must be very lonely sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Merton.

"D'ye allow you'll ever git married agin?" asked Jim, spitting in the coal-scuttle to relieve his excitement.

"I never thought much about it," answered the widow, in some embarrassment.

Jim was silent for a while, and duly considered Mrs. Merton's answer; but, after having thrice spat in the coal-scuttle, he continued: "D'ye allow you'd be satisfied with a feller from these parts?"

"Why, yes!" answered the widow, almost inaudibly,—"if he was nice."

Jim proceeded to turn over this statement in his mind; but, unhappily, the operation was interrupted by a tap on the door and by the appearance of Dave Munn's abhorrent face in the doorway. At his appearance, the widow smiled radiantly, being relieved from the embarrassing questions that Jim was asking.

"What! You here agin?" cried Jim in undisguised disgust, at the same time noticing the widow's radiant smile.

"I reckoned I'd find you here," answered Dave, casting dark glances of suspicion at Jim and the widow.

To this remark Jim made no answer, not knowing what Dave might say if he were angry; and for a similar reason Dave said no more. The rest of the evening they spent in conversing desultorily of crops and farming in general; and at ten o'clock the woovers gloomily set out for home. Dave was gloomy because he had a dark suspicion that Jim had won some advantage in his talk with the widow; and Jim was gloomy because he could not forget the radiant smile with which Mrs. Merton had greeted Dave.

"Look here!" said Dave, as they walked along. "I figger Ben left

about six hundred dollars in the bank. Now one of us has got to marry the woman. Are you willin' to make an agreement that the feller who gets her'll pay the loser four hundred dollars of them six hundred the day after the marriage."

"I was thinkin' of something like that myself," answered Jim.

"Then we'll put it on paper," said Dave, whereupon they quickened their pace, and, having reached Jim's house, sat until midnight drawing up and duly signing the agreement.

Next week Jim and Dave kept a more vigilant watch than ever over the widow, as much as ever to their own distaste, to Isaiah Scott's, and to the widow's. The widow, indeed, began to grow thin under the strain of her new life.

But one night, as Jim and Dave sat with Mrs. Merton, Isaiah Scott made his appearance, and cordially greeted his three friends.

"I had a letter to-night from the Rev. Mr. Prey, our pastor," he said, as he sat by Jim. "He's coming to-morrow morning to visit me for two days, and I was thinking if you'd all come up to-morrow night after supper we might give him a pleasant evening."

"Why, that would be lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton.

"Yes," said Dave, "an' I'll escort Mrs. Merton up."

"An' I'll see her home," said Jim weakly.

"Perhaps you'd better both come up with her and see her home," said the diplomatic Isaiah. "Eh, Mrs. Merton?"

"Yes," said the widow, who had no appetite for two proposals in one night.

This matter being settled, the little company discussed the weather for a while, and then Isaiah and Jim and Dave bade the widow good-night, and went away together, walking in silence until Isaiah parted from his friends at the foot of his own lane.

"That's a hejous dark road of



Isaiah's, ain't it?" remarked Dave, as Isaiah disappeared in the darkness.

"Yes," said Jim. "Yes," he repeated with bated breath, as a brilliant thought flashed into his mind.

"It'd be a nasty place if tramps was around," said Dave. "I reckon ——" then Dave stopped, for he too had been visited by a brilliant inspiration. "Yes," he said, a moment later, "it's better that we should both go home with the widow."

"That's what I was thinkin'," said Jim.

"An' about the winner payin' the loser four hundred dollars o' Ben's money," said Dave. "I don't think that's fair to the widow."

"That's jist what I was goin' to say," said Jim.

"Then we'll burn the agreement now," said Dave, and as they were just then by Jim's house, they went in and carefully destroyed the condemned paper.

Then Dave went his way. And a minute after he had gone, Jim quietly left his house, and strode away along the road, past Isaiah's house, and Mrs. Merton's. He walked two miles, and finally stopped before a small farm-house, upon the door of which he bestowed a knock.

A tall, thin young man answered his knock. "What! Hallo, Jim!" he cried. "Come in!"

"Thanks," said Jim, following the young man into the house.

"How's the widder?" leeringly asked the young man, Bill Ross by name, as they sat down.

"That's what I come to speak about," said Jim. Then he told the attentive Bill that he and Dave and the widow were going to spend the next evening with Isaiah, and that he and Dave were to see the widow home. "Now you know what a coward Dave is," continued Jim, "an' I want you to rig up as a ghost, an' hide in the darkest part of Isaiah's lane, an' jump out on us when we pass. Dave'll scoot when he sees you, an' I'll have a chance to speak with Mrs. Merton.

I'll give you five dollars for your trouble."

Bill at once became profoundly interested, and vowed he would scare the soul out of Dave. He said that he would array himself in a sheet, and that he had a large quantity of blue light powder, which he would burn at the proper moment, and which would add much to the effect.

The details being arranged, Jim took his departure, whistling cheerily to think of what was being planned while Dave was in his bed.

But Dave was not in his bed. When he had left Jim, he had passed his own house and had walked three miles into the night, finally entering a farmhouse, where he had found a thick-set young man, Tom Kirk, by name.

"Set down, Dave!" said Tom, leeringly. "How's the widder?"

Then Dave told the story of the forthcoming visit to Isaiah's house.

"Now, you know what a coward Jim is in the dark," he said, "an' I want you to fix up as a robber, an' hide in the darkest part of Isaiah's lane, an' scare him away, so's I can have a little talk with Mrs. Merton. I'll give you ten dollars if you do it well."

With many guffaws the young man accepted Dave's offer, betting a cent Jim would never forget the scare he'd get. "Leave it to me," said Thomas, "an' I'll do it right."

The matter being thus settled, Dave went his way, whistling blithely and chuckling now and then, whenever he thought of poor Jim lying asleep in his bed.

Next evening there were festive times in Isaiah's house. Dave and Jim, dressed in their black Sunday clothes and white ties, and with their hair carefully oiled, arrived at seven o'clock with the widow, prettily dressed, and looking as sweet as a rose.

Isaiah, himself groomed in every way that his wits could suggest, introduced Mrs. Merton to his guest,



the Rev. Mr. Prey, a tall, gaunt individual, and then the company seated itself, and for several hours sagely discussed mortal existence in its various phases, everybody paying much attention to Mr. Prey's opinions, and generally agreeing with him. It was noticeable that Jim and Dave were in the best of spirits, but that they were especially restless.

At ten o'clock the table was set, and the party sat down to a supper that was both good and bounteous. And thereafter Mr. Prey read the Good Book for twenty minutes, and prayed for ten. Then, after Mr. Prey had finished, Mrs. Merton prepared to take her leave, and Jim and Dave felt that the crucial moment had arrived.

The three friends bade Isaiah and Mr. Prey good-night and went away, leaving Isaiah sorrowfully fearing that his rivals would win his darling before he could begin to woo her.

Dave took one of the widow's arms and Jim the other, and, gaily whistling, as a signal that they were coming, they took their way through the darkness of the lane.

"My, it's dark!" said the widow, when they were half-way down the lane.

"Don't be skeered, Mrs. Merton," said Dave and Jim together, each thinking what a fool the other would make of himself in a moment, and how the widow would despise open cowardice.

No sooner had they spoken than there came a demoniacal roar from the roadside, and Thomas Kirk, perhaps overdoing things, discharged an old musket into the air, and with another blood-curdling roar, sprang in front of the three friends. And at the same moment, a light flashed about six feet away, on the other side of the road, and a second later a blinding flare of ghastly blue light sprang into the air, and showed a horrible ghost advancing on his victims.

When Jim saw the highwayman, and when Dave saw the ghost, they

dropped the widow's arms, their knees sank, and their eyes and mouths gaped. They stood motionless, transfixed with horror. But, regaining their wits, they each sent out a sharp roar for help, and, wildly scaling the fence beside them, sped away into the night with all the speed at their command, their arms going like wings to aid their progress. And the robber was as horrified to see the ghost as Dave had been; and the ghost was not less terrified than the robber; so that, when their powers of locomotion returned, they, too, turned tail, and sped away.

As for the poor widow, she heavily sat down when the robber and the ghost made their appearance, and gazed upon the scene with horrid fascination. But when Jim and Dave had fled away, and when the robber and the ghost had sought safety in flight, she arose, and screaming in a frenzy of terror, hastened as fast as she could towards Isaiah's house.

Meanwhile, Isaiah had heard the cries and frenzied screams, and, with a deadly fear that some evil had befallen the widow, he sped to the top of the lane, and, seeing Mrs. Merton frantically approaching, he ran to meet her.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Mrs. Merton, throwing herself into Isaiah's arms. "Oh! Oh!"

"What is it, Mrs. Merton? What is it?" cried Isaiah.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the widow. "The cowards! the cowards! They left me to my fate."

"Dave and Jim?" asked Isaiah.

"The cowards! oh! the cowards!" cried Mrs. Merton. "I'll marry neither of them."

Mrs. Merton's arms were about Isaiah all this time, and with sudden desperate courage Isaiah put his arms about Mrs. Merton.

"Mrs. Merton," he cried, "will you marry me? I will protect you always. I loved you at first sight."

"Yes, I will," answered the widow, growing calmer.



"Will you marry me now, while Mr. Prey's here?" cried Isaiah ecstatically.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton, "You're the best of the three, and I love you; and, anyway, I can't live alone when there are robbers and ghosts about."

"Hurray! hurray!" cried Isaiah, dancing up and down. "Hurray!"

"Oh! what's that?" interrupted Mrs. Merton in a terror-stricken tone.

Isaiah listened and heard the sound of someone approaching.

"Who's there?" he cried bravely.

"It's Jim," answered a sheepish voice, advancing through the darkness. "Is Mrs. Merton here?"

At the same moment Dave Munn's

approaching voice came from another direction, "Where's Mrs. Merton?"

"She's here, boys! She's here!" cried Isaiah. "We want you to witness our marriage. Hurray!"

Without more ado, Isaiah and Mrs. Merton went into the house, followed by Dave and Jim, with their faces wrought into hang-dog expressions of amazement and utter misery.

At Isaiah's request, the ceremony was immediately performed by Mr. Prey; and the joyous Isaiah and the blushing widow were made one.

And, the moment the ceremony was over, Dave and Jim miserably took their departure, going disconsolately out into the night.

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## THE VASSAL

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Wind of the North, O far, wild wind  
 Born of a far, lone sea,  
 Where suns are soft and breezes kind,  
 Why are ye kin to me?

*Uncounted years above the sea,  
 Rock-fortressed from its rage,  
 The Fisherman, thy fathers, kept  
 A barren heritage—  
 Grim as the sea they forced to pay  
 The sea-toll of their wage.*

*And lo! The Fate which made thee hers  
 And gave thee of her best  
 And set thee in a sunny place  
 Down-sloping to the west  
 Forgotten to change thy fisher's heart,  
 Serf to the sea's unrest!*

Wind of the North! O bitter wind,  
 I hear the wild seas fret—  
 In the dim spaces of the mind  
 I am its vassal yet!



# THE PSEUDO-THEOSOPHIST

BY MADGE MACBETH

HELLO, Central! Hello! 4097—no, 4907; oh, wait a minute, please, eh? Well, I have it right now, 4709—yes.

Hello, is that 4709? I would like to speak to—oh, Hello, is that you, Freida? Yes, it's Kathleen. Are you going to be at home this morning? All right, I'll come right over—I'm dying to see you—I've something perfectly *thrilling* to tell you! No, not killing, I said *thrilling*—t-h-r-i-l-l-i-n-g! Yes, happened to me, of course! All right, in a minute, good-bye.

Oh, Freida, how are you? My dear, just listen—gracious, I'm all out of breath—you remember that lecture, Thursday night—oh, did I ask you to buy a ticket? Isn't that funny? Well I had so many to sell, perhaps I did—I went, yes, of course, or how could I have had such an adventure! Hush now, don't interrupt me, and I'll try to begin at the beginning.

Tuesday night, after dinner, Tom and I were—no, I believe it was Wednesday—or *was* it Tuesday? I know I had on my pale blue *crêpe de chine*—yes, it must have been Wednesday. However, as I was saying—no, I remember now, it *was* Tuesday. The reason I am so sure, is because Tom said that it was the third Tuesday in succession I had been at the "Society" meeting and had forgotten to order dinner, so we just had chipped beef and beans (we always have them in the house, do you?). Tom was a bit nasty at first, but I finally showed him how unworthy it is to give so

much thought to what one eats, and made him say it did not matter.

Well, I had the notice of the lecture in my hand, and said to Tom:

"What is this physio-psychology, dear?"

Tom laid his paper down and apparently thought very deeply before answering.

"It sounds to me like Sanskro-Arabic, though it may be Perso-Egyptian," he said. "Is it a colour for your Easter bonnet—or a new desert?"

Now, Freida, think! Place yourself in my position just for a moment! To have noble, lofty aspirations surging in my breast—to cling to high ideals, to soar to heights which few people ever reach—Horrors, look at my hat! Why didn't you tell me it was all crooked?

To be married to a man like Tom, who thinks of nothing but his business, and is not only sordid but ignorant, Freida, positively *ignorant!* Why he didn't even know what physio—

Well, I know I didn't, but *he* should have had some idea! Good to me! Why shouldn't he be? I try to show him every day what a help and inspiration I am to him. I'm sure I do everything I can to teach him to be serious, never encouraging him in those silly jokes of his own making, which so many people think funny. Why do you know there are *days* when I never laugh, and those are the very times Tom seems to care the most for me. You would almost



think he *pitied* me! A very "big" man! Yes, of course he is. He is six feet, two. Well, what other way do you mean. Now don't try to be mysterious.

To go back, though, even I knew that physio-psychological was not one of the Dead Languages, or whatever you call them, and got quite impatient at Tom when, after explaining that to him, he said:

"Kitty, do you know what is the largest room in the world?"

"I don't see what that has to do with our discussion," I answered, "however, I suppose it is the *Bon Marché*."

"No," he said, "the largest room in the world is the room for improvement, and if you keep on, my dear, you may yet reach the vestibule."

How can you laugh at such nonsense, Freida! You and Tom are just about in the same class. Why don't you study more instead of reading so much poetry?

Here is the announcement of the lecture—hand me my bag, please—I'm so comfortable—thanks. It says: "The Celebrated Professor Munchuti will deliver an address on Physio-Psychology and subjects interesting to Students and Thinkers on Thursday Evening at 8 o'clock.

"This will be a rare treat to those interested in the Higher Life, there being no one more capable of speaking on this theme than Professor Munchuti.

"Having given years of his life to deep and earnest study in Thibet, the land of mystery and witchcraft, and having recently travelled extensively in India, the Home of the Mystics, he has collected material of priceless value, and is able to present his subject to us Occidentals in an entirely new and fascinating manner. Admission, \$2.00."

There, isn't that wonderful? Confused? Not at all, my dear, that is because you are not sufficiently advanced to grasp its full meaning. What am I studying now? Why Theosophy,

of course. Oh, yes, I *did* go in for Spiritualism and Mental Science, yes and Christian Science too, but I found there was nothing in them. Entirely too simple, Freida! My mind is so active, I want a complex subject to grapple with, and I have found it now. I really am on the right track, and in a little while I'll be able to tell you all about my affinity. (Tom? Oh, dear, no!) He is on the Astral Plane (that's where I go next, you know) and he sends me such beautiful messages. No, of course not in writing, you goose—by Miss Mortimer-Fry. She is very far advanced, you know.

I suppose I hardly need tell you that Tom did not want to go—in fact he was quite rude and unreasonable, and said I spent my days with a dozen antique maidens looking for "Infernities," and my evenings with a maudlin crew of unshaven, unclaimed vagabonds—those were his very words!

So I cried and said I could plainly see that my marriage was a failure—he hates me to say that—and of course he very soon consented to take me.

I was dying to wear the new pearl dog collar Tom gave me on our anniversary. It's twice as nice as Hilda Ray's. You know they say her husband is *awfully* mean and never gives her a cent outside her bridge allowance. Just fancy!

When we got to the hall, I nearly had a scene with Tom, because he did not understand about my being on the Reception Committee and having to sit on the stage. However, I introduced him to Miss Esmeralda Mortimer-Fry and he had to behave himself.

I sat at the end of the semi-circle and could be seen by every one in the audience very nicely, and I could see the Professor's profile.

Oh, his flow of language was perfectly marvellous! And he used *ever* and *ever* so many Indian words, Freida. In fact at times he would get so wrought up that he would speak



entirely in Hindostani.

I was perfectly enraptured and hung on every word he said, being awfully anxious for Tom to see how desperately in earnest I was.

But do you know, Freida, he—I mean the Professor—has the largest mole I ever saw, and right on the side of his nose, too! I couldn't keep my eyes off of it and began saying to myself,

Mole on the back, money by the pack,  
Mole on the leg, money by the keg,  
Mole on the neck, money by the peck,  
Mole on the nose—

and for the life of me, I couldn't remember what the rest of it was.

What? Oh, I thought you said something.

After the lecture every one congratulated Professor Munchuti. The ladies said it was "perfectly enthralling" and the gentlemen said "very fine." I couldn't help noticing that nearly everybody said exactly the same words. So stupid of them—I made quite a speech and then looked around for Tom to come up to the stage with the rest.

Oh, Freida, you would pity me if you knew how often that man disgraces me—he was *asleep* and sitting there with Miss Mortimer-Fry! I only hoped and prayed that every one had been too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice him. Very likely, you say? Well, you give me a ray of comfort.

However, he did come up on the stage and my Narcissus was yet to come. What? Oh, yes, I don't mean Narcissus, I mean Nemesis—I always get those words confused, both being names of flowers, eh? Anemone? Oh, well, no matter, that has nothing to do with the story.

Tom clutched — there is no other word to use—the Professor's hand and wrung it madly for a minute. It was such a vulgar contrast to the others, who restrained their feelings of enthusiasm. He said, "My dear Professor *Munch Suey*, I have to thank

you for a most delightfully restful and profitable evening."

"Munchuti," corrected the Professor

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Tom, "all Italian names sound alike to me. Indian? Is it really? How interesting! I used to know a ripping curse in the Indian tongue. Perhaps you know the one I mean—it begins, *Terra daddy Khad*—"

"Tom," I broke in sternly, "of course the Professor knows nothing of such nonsense." Then turning to the lecturer I said, "You mentioned the Hatha Yogi, tell us something more of them, please." (You see I wanted him to realise that I, at least, was in perfect sympathy and accord with all he had said, and was capable of fathoming his deepest meaning.)

He cleared his throat and said: "The Hatha Yogi is a sect—"

"Insect?" asked Tom.

"No, gentle sir," answered Munchuti, patiently, although I could see he did not like being interrupted, "I said the Hatha Yogi is a sect—"

"Oh, excuse me," Tom broke in again, and I could have choked him! "Vivisect? I thought at first you said 'insect.' It's a Medical Society, then. How interesting! I did not know they went in for surgery among the natives."

Oh, well, Freida, if you are going to laugh—you are as bad as Tom! Stupidity is rarely funny, and I never noticed until then, that Tom's hearing was defective. I told him to go at once to Dr. Morgan—I couldn't endure any one who was deaf!

Finally they got things straightened out, and the Professor explained that this was a sect of wonderfully superior men, who had trained themselves to be so indifferent to their bodily sensations as to lie on spiked beds and laugh and chat quite naturally, and to pierce their flesh with red-hot needles, without finching, and some of them had trained their arms to grow perpendicularly above their heads, just by holding them in that position a long, long time.



Tom said he could see for himself this last feat would\*be awfully convenient, buying tickets in a crowd, and some one laughed.

The wretched evening came at last to a close, and, though relieved to get away, I at least had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made a very good impression on Mr. Munchuti, for he spoke almost entirely to me, and even while talking to the others never took his eyes off me—particularly my neck. And as we were saying good night, he asked, in a low tone, if he might not see me again, saying he had some very interesting matters to go over with me, and that he had some wonderful books, which he was willing to dispose of at a great personal sacrifice—to one who could appreciate them.

Pleased? Of course I was, and told him to come the next afternoon at four.

Tom didn't like it because he wanted me to go out in our new car. However, I explained that I could not let this opportunity slip. So he said it was all right, he would try to get used to enjoying his pleasures alone. Horrid of me? Why, Freida? He deserved to be punished!

Now the thrilling part comes. It will all be in the papers this afternoon! I have already had personal interviews with four reporters and another one 'phoned to say he would be up at lunch time. Will you let me have one of my photos back again? Yes, that one will do, I would like to have an extra one lying around. Thanks awfully.

Well, just after lunch Tom went out and I gave orders that no one should disturb me after four.

I had my boudoir decorated with orchids and wore my Paquin gown—the violet one, you know. They say the more one progresses the more one surrounds oneself with violet, which is a very ethereal colour. What? Yes, something like that. I had my jewellery thrown carelessly around to show how little I value such worldly

things, and the fifty dollars Tom had given me for the books was loose on the table.

Oh, Freida, I never dreamed that anything so perfectly *thrilling* would ever happen to me! All right, I'm coming to that.

Promptly at four o'clock, the Professor came. He looked very pale and somewhat shabby in the daylight. He seemed delighted to see me though, and held my hand a long time. Do you know, I wonder whether all Eastern people have such clammy hands!

Say? Oh, he wanted to know where Tom was and how many servants I had and asked a lot of questions, just like any one would who was awfully interested in you. He lighted a queer little candle and put it on the table quite close to me, saying that the Orientals never spoke on sacred subjects without lighting the sacred fire. It was an old, old custom.

Then he spoke most beautifully! He said he had had ever so much experience with just such people as I—ones who wanted to grow and learn things, but who were held in fetters—having some earthly ties binding them here. He said he could see that Tom and I were totally unsuited and that he sadly feared I could never bring him to my level.

You don't think so either? Well I *am* flattered, you have never said such a nice thing to me before, I thought you were such an admirer of Tom.

Where was I? Oh, yes, about my "level"—I believe it was then that he took my hand or maybe a little later. I can't quite remember—in fact I was hardly listening to his words after that, the smoke made me so heavy and queer. However, when he began to talk about my affinity, I tried to listen. He said he could see him plainly, standing with his arm outstretched, yearning to clasp me to him. His eyes were bent on mine with a love fraught with suffering born of long years of patient waiting—*isn't that stunning?*—and a lot



more that I can't remember. It seemed that my head bumped against something and—he was gone.

I was *never* so surprised, and don't know *what* made me look around. Freida Marshall, *every bit of jewellery was gone!* Dog collar, pins, bracelets, rings, even off my hands—everything—the money too!

Not surprised? Oh, come now, don't pretend to know so much. Tom said he had his suspicions too, and came back on purpose to see that I was all right, but I didn't believe him.

What did I do? I screamed for Tom and was quite glad when he answered me. I heard him running up

the steps, and there was a great commotion below.

He must have seen how shaken I was for he took me in his arms and was awfully nice. "They had caught the Hindoo sword-swallower as he was going out," Tom said, and he had all my jewellery. I was so cross thinking of the way I had been taken in, and that Tom should know, I began to cry. Tom is awfully nice to cry against, he never musses your hair, and the longer I cried the more things he promised me.

Say to him? Oh, I just said, "Well, Tom, though you have no soul, you have clever ideas of other things!"

## THE SILVER BIRCH

By JEAN BLEWETT

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams  
Murmurs a roundelay tender:  
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,  
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,  
Standing so stately and slender!

Silvery white where the lone shadows brood,  
White where the starlight is streaming,  
Silvery white through your virginal snood,  
Silvery white through your veil and your hood—  
You, with your singing and dreaming!

You, with a cloak of the loveliest green  
Draping your warm whiteness over!  
You, with the breath of the forest, I ween,  
Mosses and briers with lilies between—  
Haunts of the poet and lover!

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams  
Murmurs a roundelay tender:  
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,  
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,  
Standing so white and so slender!

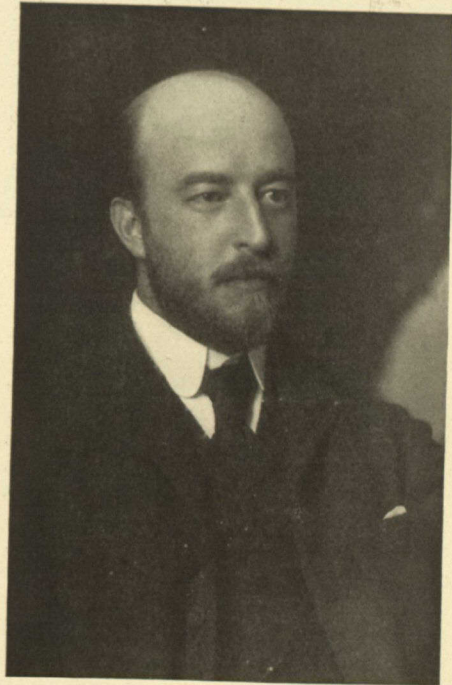


# THE ART OF J. W. MORRICE

BY LOUIS VAUXCELLES

SINCE the death of James MacNeill Whistler, J. W. Morrice is unquestionably the American\* painter who has achieved in France and at Paris (where he participates regularly in all the important exhibitions) the most notable and well-merited place in the world of art. And if he has arrived at this high position, it is certainly not because of any means outside of his art—severe, charming and truthful. Morrice has never concerned himself with flattering the tastes of the public, the fashion of the hour, or *bourgeois* prejudice. From him we have never seen those sensational effigies, brilliant and hollow, of which in Paris, as in all other places, ephemeral reputations are made; nor has he thrust himself into view with immense anecdotal compositions, before which assembles the mob, more sensitive to the pathetic or picturesque subject than to the veritable language of painting as expressed in form, colour, light and value. That which appears to me to characterise above all other things the painting of J. W. Morrice is his freedom. This rather vague word merits some explanation. Morrice, like the true masters, began twenty years ago with pictures that were extremely tight in manner, very stiffly drawn, almost minute, producing the object copied

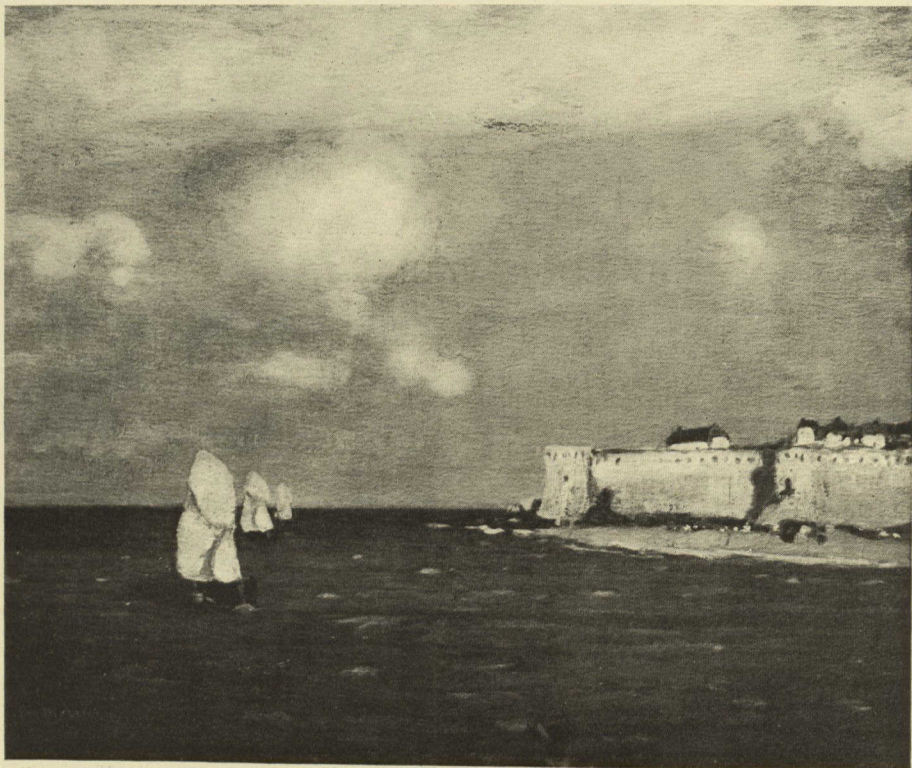
with respectful and timid fidelity. Then in measure, as he became conscious of his powers, he eliminated the useless to express only the essential. The carefully realistic analysis of his first works gave place to a synthesis, broad, rhythmic and



MR. J. W. MORRICE

\* Although Mr. Morrice is a Canadian, a native of Montreal, Mr. Vauxcelles gives to the word "American" its trans-Atlantic significance. To be singled out in this manner by a reputable Parisian critic is extremely flattering. Mr. Vauxcelles has considered merely Mr. Morrice's art. It is worthy of note, however, that Mr. Morrice is very much interested in the development of Canadian art. He was one of the founders of the Canadian Art Club, and many of his important pictures are of Canadian subjects. He lives at Paris, and has had the distinction of being vice-president of the Salon d' Automne, a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers of London, and also of a new and very exclusive organisation called the Société Nouvelle, of which the great sculptor Rodin is president, and in which the only other "English" name besides Morrice's is that of Sargent the celebrated portrait painter.—*The Editor.*





Painting by J. W. Morrice

MARINE AT SAINT MALO

always well considered. This is the only method, I should say, the only sense of beauty, which should guide the artist. A great French historian, Fusten de Coulanges, has made this deep and fertile observation: "It is necessary to give ten years to analysis before devoting one hour to the synthesis. Never had Tintoret, Titian, or Rembrandt more freedom than at the end of their careers. Titian never painted with more abandon than when he produced the "Coronation of Thorns." The treatment in this glorious canvas is prodigiously daring, the brush strokes forming, if one examines them closely, a chaos of formidable slashes, from which emerges at the optical distance a nocturnal scene unforgettably tragic. But the illustrious Venetian permitted himself these licenses only at the canonical age,

after having executed the "Saint Gérôme," "Le Noli me Tangere," "The Man with the Glove," and "The Portrait of Charles V."

Too many young painters of to-day commence with the synthesis. They have, or believe they have, or wish to have, genius at the age when it were better to have simply talent and application. Knowing that nothing is more fresh or more seductive than a *pochade* struck off with spirit in two *séances*, they stop at the moment when their difficulties begin, and their works have the agreeableness of a sketch, but also its insufficiency. There is in modern painting, by a natural reaction against the insufferable finish of the academic, a tendency to carry broad painting to excess. Few are those who know when to stop—not to express useless details,





Painting by J. W. Morrice

AT PARIS

but also to hold to the essential.

J. W. Morrice possesses this quality in the highest degree. His pictures impart just that which their author wishes to express. To repeat a word formerly attributed to Corot: "It is done with nothing and everything is there."

A landscape — Venetian, Canadian, Parisian — of Morrice is recognisable at first sight on account of this wise and precious freedom, of which many painters in vogue do not know how to appreciate the importance. "Art," says an æsthetic, "is made up of sacrifices." Morrice knows how to reject the superfluous.

A sleigh of washed-out green, heavily laden with wood, glides slowly over the blue-gray snow of the road; in the middle distance a house of which the roof and dormer windows

are covered with snow; in the background a hill, violet-gray, losing itself in a low sky heavy with snow and rain. Is anything further required to make us understand — or rather to feel — the penetrating poetry, the agonising melancholy of winter in the noble old City of Quebec?

Some boats with wrinkled sails of a dirty white, rising and falling on a sea of cerulean blue, with choppy waves crested with foam — and it is a marine complete and definite.

Some nonchalant and voluptuous daughters of the people — with great *chignons* of lustrous ebony, the busts enswathed in purple or orange mantles, dreaming on the banks of the Grand Canal — and it is the whole of Venice which appears to our eyes, with its moist sky and ancient palaces





*Painting by J. W. Morrice*

LA PLAZE AT SAINT MALO

Bought by the Museum of Philadelphia

reflected in the waters of the Adriatic. It is Venice, a Venice gray and softly-coloured, a Venice true, of Morrice and of Morrice alone. Think of the extraordinary number of painters who, armed with a kodak, have celebrated the unfortunate city of the Doges, or Carpaccio and of Guardi, and you will feel most profoundly then the taking and impressible charm of the Venice of Morrice!

Whether he sets up his easel in Brittany, that other corner of Europe where so many artificial and mercantile painters direct their steps; whether he speaks to you of the sadness of the little provincial square of Saint Malo or Concarneau, where appears the silhouette of a woman, white-capped, and clothed in black; whether he shows to us the quais of old Paris, with irregular buildings so pictur-

esquely pierced with windows, the oily, light-green waters of the Seine, and the stalls of the old book-sellers, where on a November morning the passers-by arrest their steps to peer into old volumes, it is always the same vision, rapid and strong, interpreting in expressive terms the emotion of a sensibility which never loses its acuteness. The picture is made up of simple elements, with nothing in it which suggests episode or effect, or which appeals to the curiosity, but always fresh and varied according to the scene he wishes to reproduce. His drawing is of perfect simplicity, giving with astonishing truth the volume, the density and the mass of the object. His knowledge of painting is profound, and, while able, is disdainful of cleverness, and, above all, there is the result without the apparent effect;

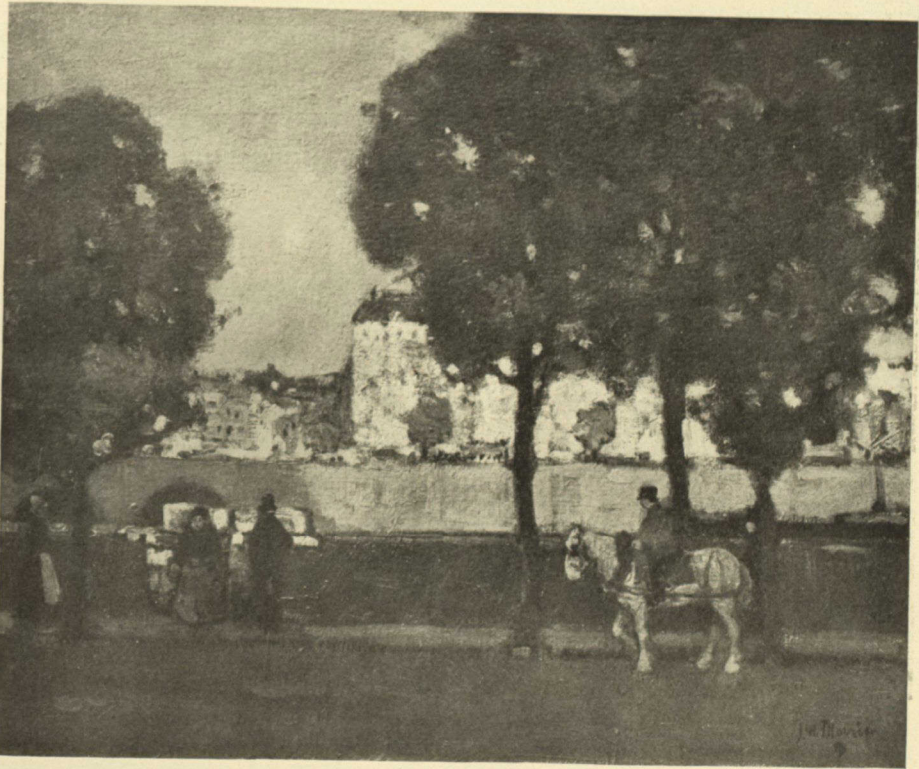


because the artist, although very sure of his pencil and brushes, occupies himself principally with the sentimental spirit of the subject rather than with the precise character and contour.

If we come now to the colouring of J. W. Morrice, we remark at first sight that this harmoniste, although a resolute and conscientious admirer of impressionistic fantasies, has not given way to the easy temptation which has carried so many very talented painters in the wake of the Monets, the Pissarros, and the Sisleys. Morrice does not decompose tones. He never proceeds by divided touches. *Chromatisme* he treats with indifference; and no more will you find with him the "comma" of Claude Monet or Renoir than the little superposed touches of Cézanne. His manner is eminently personal, which

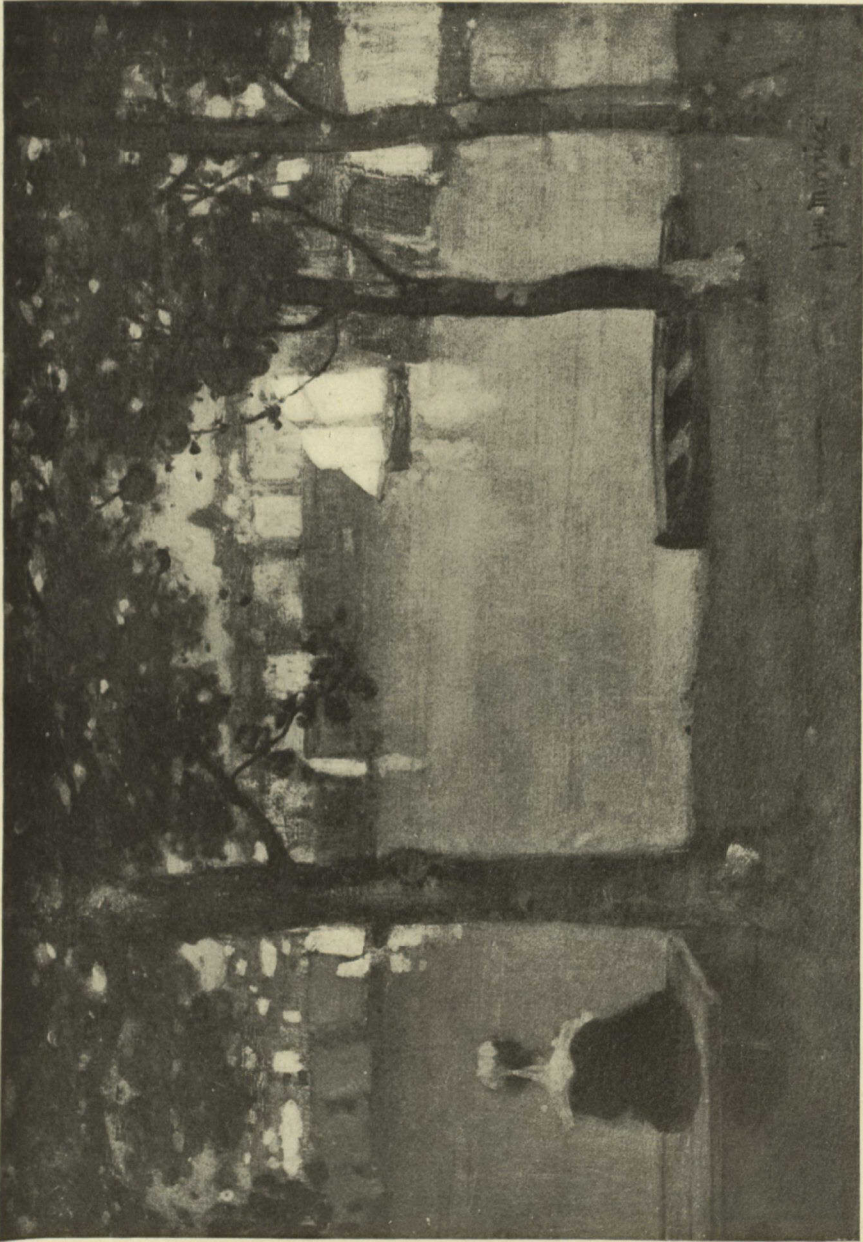
comes neither from Monet nor from Whistler, although without doubt these masters of beauty are dear to his heart.

"It is necessary," said Chardin, "to have a profound knowledge of one's art, but one must paint, above all, with sentiment." Morrice has a preference for delicate harmonies and broken tones rather than sumptuous colouring, noisy effects or *feux d'artifice*. *Harmoniste*, I call him, of a rare taste, refined and subtle. With few tones, but carefully considered, he obtains the most profound and appealing effect. Whistler loved to entitle his works "Harmony in Blue and Gold," "Harmony in Orange and Mauve," etc. Certain landscapes, certain marines of J. W. Morrice are harmonies of ash-gray and light green, and blue and beige. His paintings which we admire in celebrated collec-



Painting by J. W. Morrice





*Painting by J. W. Morrice*

THE PORT OF SAINT SERRON





Painting by J. W. Morrice

L' ITALIENNE

tions, such as those of M. Jacques Rouché or in the French Museum of the Luxembourg, where they have given to J. W. Morrice the place of honour, which is his due, take on a veritable *patine de musée*. They take on a mellow, golden tone, a surface almost like beautiful enamel, and the *matière* is savourous like the surface of antique pottery. His paintings do not blacken with age, like so many pictures that are deliciously fresh when they leave the studio and which one finds twenty years afterwards submerged under a deadly layer of bitumen.

Such appear to me to be the characteristics of the art of the Canadian painter Morrice, of which it is

unnecessary to point out the importance to the readers of *The Canadian Magazine*—an art of breadth, simplicity, truth, and harmony. It might be observed that a great many young artists in France, in England and in America clumsily imitate the talent of Morrice, which has exactly the peculiarity of never having imitated anybody. This indiscreet and persistent homage is the crowning evidence of his true merit.

A last word: Morrice is not, and has never wished to be, a specialist. Excellent artists have often had the weakness to allow themselves to be tied down to formula by art lovers, critics and picture dealers. Henner repeated a thousand times the mon-





*Painting by J. W. Morrice*

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

otonous profile of a virgin with red hair relieved against a background of Indigo plush, and a certain landscapist of renown would believe himself discredited if he did not exhibit every spring to an enthusiastic public his eternal sunset on the banks of the Oise.

Morrice, a lover of all the natural beauties, is not the especial singer of spring, or of autumn, or of Paris, or of Venice. He has painted according to his fancy, scenes gay or sad, fan-

tastic or precise, which present themselves to his enchanted vision. I have seen from him exquisite nocturnes (Morrice is one of the few painters who know how to express the indefinite charm of colour and mystery of night); I have seen from him figures of women, of an eloquent accent and of an expressive truth; but, painter of figures or of landscapes, J. W. Morrice is neither a portraitist nor landscapist—simply a painter, and one of the best of to-day.





# HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO DAMSITE

BY WARD FISHER

*Illustrations by J. W. Beatty*

AT a turn in the river, where it entered a narrow channel cut by the freshets, the old settlers had built a dam to harness the waters for the operation of a small saw and grist mill. As the market price of lumber increased, capitalists took up the vast tracts of Government timber limits and built a large mill. About the site of the dam, company houses had been erected for the workmen, and a large cookhouse, with its two upper floors arranged with long rows of narrow beds for the accommodation of the mill-gang, river-drivers, lumber-jacks, pilers, teamsters, and the odds and ends of help of a great lumber company.

By a natural local vernacular, the "natives" gave the settlement the name of Damsite, and Damsite it continued to be for years.

The men were a motley crowd, rough, brawny men from the country roundabout; small, wiry Frenchmen, demons of the "peavies"; heavy-bearded Germans, the "steadies" of river-driving. And then there were the "natives" who made up the mill-gang. Quick-witted and nimble-handed, they turned out 100,000 feet a day to a shift.

At first sight, every man seemed like his neighbour. And his neighbour was a tough customer. The song, the

curse, the roar, the laugh, the bang and rush, made all seem alike. Acquaintance showed a clearly-defined difference. The mill-gang were the aristocrats of the camp, and took readily to store clothes. Hard drinking and fighting was banned, as it would endanger the perfect adjustment of men and machinery. The mill-men chummed about the company store. For amusement they took to quoits and penny-pitching.

The others, freed from the steady effect of machinery routine, were known as "The Devil's Own." The cook-house and the river-bank were their stamping grounds, and many a wild evening was spent in reckless daredevilism.

"The Devil's Own" were a godless lot, and were led in their godlessness by giant Dan MacCormack, the crack fighter and drinker of the river, and a little wiry Frenchman, Dominic Légère, whom the river failed a hundred times to kill as he faced it with defiant yell in the mad rush of river-driving.

Big Dan was the river-boss—cool and steady, except when in drink or getting over a bout with the bottle. Then he was a fearsome creature, hurling himself with curses against the platoons of logs, as they jumped, dashed, and jammed down the waters.



Always at his heels was Dominic, like an imp from the pit trailing his master, the point of danger and recklessness, either in fight or work, could always be told by his shout and laugh, which grew to a shriek of insanity as the excitement possessed him.

"Dan and Dominic." They were always together. Named as one by the whole river, they were the pride and fear of both camp and settlement.

Six hundred men left to their own devices, with a free rein to their passions, made a community of hard reputation. Sundays and holidays were times of high carnival.

The settlers round about, on their little clearings, gave them a wide berth. There were grave shakings of the head by the older men as some new-born piece of devilry became known. They remembered the days of the little meeting-house, when prayer and praise ascended to heaven. They talked of the "seasons of refreshing" which accompanied the meetings held by the peripatetic preacher.

The meeting-house was closed. The last service had been held two years before—rather, an attempt had been made to hold service. But like many another before it, the beginning-and-end was deplorable. Something, apparently an accident, oftentimes ludicrous, frequently dangerous, would happen. The wild laughter and cheer of the crowd gave cause for suspicion that the "accident" was carefully planned.

Two years had passed by. Big Dan and Dominic reigned supreme. No more was a "long-coat" seen about the place.

Death came in due course. Deacon Jones held religious services over the dead. Funeral services were always unusually quiet. The dead were respected. None were more grave nor reverent in the presence of death than "The Devil's Own."

At the close of an early summer day the whistle sounded for day's work done. The men came flocking

from the mill. The teamsters were coming with their horses from all directions towards the barn, and the crews from the near-by camps came singing down the road.

From out the cook-house came a "long-coat." In one hand he carried a large sheet of wrapping paper, and in the other a hammer. With long strides he crossed the road to the bulletin board on the corner of the company store, and taking some tacks out of his mouth, he fastened the paper to the board.

Big Dan and Dominic turned the bend in the road. Suddenly Dominic shouted: "By tam, a 'long-coat'!" And running to the corner he excitedly watched the tacking of the paper. He was quickly followed by all in sight, and "long-coat" soon was surrounded by a curious and surprised crowd.

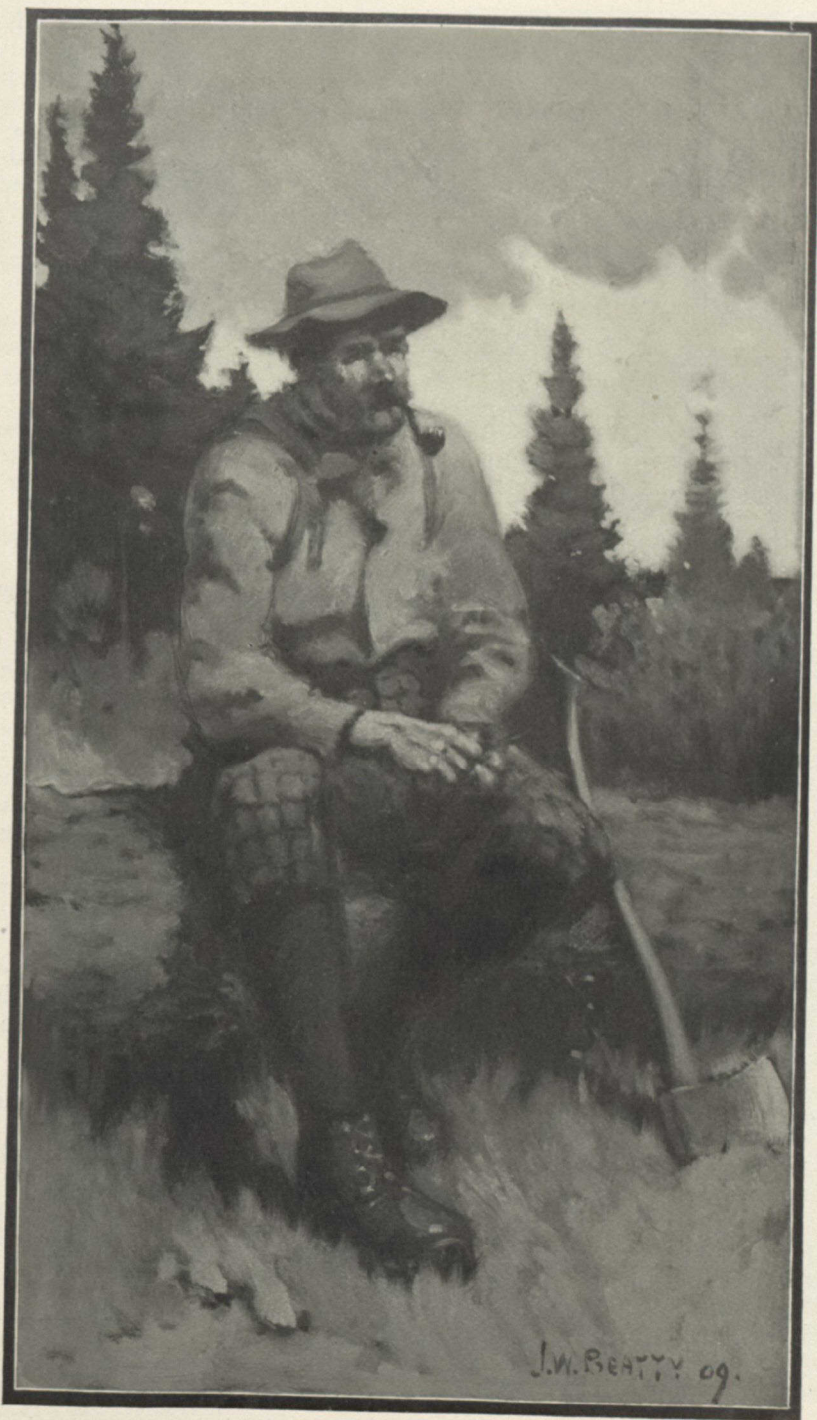
The placing of the notice being done, the stranger turned his tall form with a "How do, men?" only to be greeted with uproarious laughter. He seemed astonished and apparently somewhat embarrassed.

The crowd looked from him to the board, and again and again changed the object of their attention. Both were apparently well worth looking at.

The stranger was tall, lean, and angular. It could easily be seen he was taller than Big Dan, who measured six feet, two inches. He was dark, with prominent features, and of most ungainly appearance. His straight hair was crowned by a slouch hat. The coat was evidently not made for him, nor in his day. It was unbuttoned, for the good reason that the buttons were gone. The sleeves were short, and showed the wrist-bands of a rough blue shirt. The waistcoat was of the old-fashioned open-front style, and around the neck was a white collar and a black string tie. The trousers were black and a good match for the coat. The suit looked as if it had come from the wardrobe of a superannuated minister.

The notice, roughly drawn in black





*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

BIG DAN MACCORMACK



ink with a small brush, read:

**Preaching Notice**  
**PUBLIC PREACHING SERVICES**

Conducted by William Alden,  
Licentiate, will be held in

**The Meeting House**  
**ON SUNDAY—MORNING, AFTER-  
NOON AND EVENING**

Damsite Men Specially Invited  
**Come One — Come All**

The crowd looked for Big Dan, to see how he was taking it. He had Dominic in his arms, and was kissing him in unholy glee. When he saw all eyes were turned on him, he dropped Dominic and strode forward, accosting the stranger:

"Say! Are you the preacher?"

"Yes, my friend," the stranger said, very cordially, in slow and drawling tone, "I am proud to be sent to preach the Gospel in this place."

"What in hell kind of preacher are you? William Alden, Lickenntyate? What are you givin' us?"

"I am William Alden, licentiate, my friend. That means, I'm only a student for the ministry."

"You don't say so! You are a student, are you? Well, I reckon you'll be full-fledged before you are here long. Who sent you here?"

"Our superintendent. He told me I could come and try it, if I really wanted to. Guess it's supper time," and turning toward the cook-house, he slowly walked away, followed by the crowd.

"Say," shouted Big Dan, "I want you to know we don't allow any preaching here!"

"Oh! But the preaching will be done in the meeting-house over yonder," was the reply, made very innocently, while the men laughed.

"You'll come, won't you, my friend," he said, as Big Dan stood glowering at the crowd.

"You bet! I'll be there good and early!"

The crowd made their way to supper, nudging each other, and shouting

sarcastically: "You bet! We'll be there, preacher!"

After a hasty wash-up, they piled in noisily around the long supper tables, and proceeded to pour the tea from the granite pitchers, and to reach for food, when the preacher quietly took his seat at one of the ends reserved for strangers and visitors. With his iron knife handle he rapped sharply on the table. All movement was stopped, and in open-eyed wonderment, and with pitchers suspended, and food half-way to mouth, they heard:

"Let us pray. O Lord, thou God of all the earth, bless this food, and cause us to give thee glory for thy bounty. Amen."

The first blessing ever offered at the place was invoked, and amid consternation, amazement and snickering, the meal proceeded, with only two audible exclamations. One was from Dominic, who put down the big tea pitcher with a bang and a "By tam!" The other came from Big Dan, and was a volcanic "Hell!"

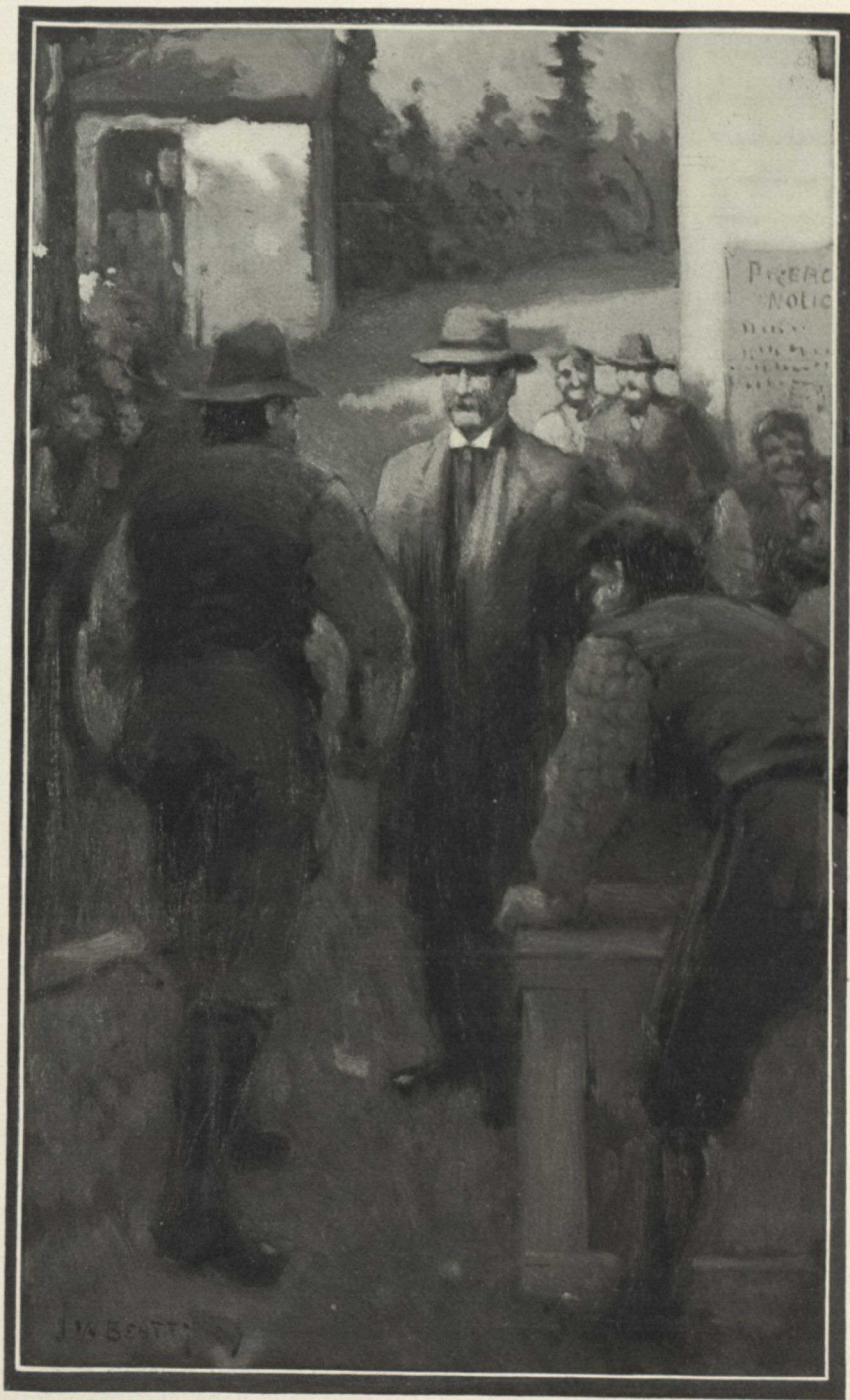
After supper the preacher took a tin of bait from beneath the platform at the back of the house, and one of the poles lying on the grass, and going to the bank of the river he gingerly made his way to the clear water at the end of one of the logs. Carefully placing a cracker box on the log he sat down, and, drawing in his lap the long tails of his coat, he cast his line.

A crowd had gathered, for the curious stranger was a strong attraction. Several, with poles and bait, also made their way to points of vantage.

Dominic, watching the awkward figure, slyly moved the log until a space of clear water separated it from the other logs, and with all eyes watching in delightful expectation, suddenly jumped down on it, and with a burl started the log revolving so as to throw the preacher into the water.

The tall figure arose, and wildly clutching in one hand the box, and





*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"SAY! ARE YOU THE PREACHER?"



with the other hand swinging the pole, he sharply brought the log to a contrary burl, and Dominic went into the water. As the Frenchman came up sputtering, the preacher gave him line a cast, and hooked Dominic in the neck of his sweater. With a drawling "You seem to have fallen in, my friend," he pulled till his catch was able to scramble on the logs, where he stood dripping and crestfallen, and greeted with jeering laughter.

Soon the laughter was turned to questionings.

"How the devil did he do it?"

Dominic was known as one of the best log-rollers on the river. The preacher was taken at a disadvantage, and yet held his place. No movement of his feet had been seen. How did he do it?

The preacher turned to his fishing, and, again carefully pulling his coat-tails about him, was taking his seat on the box, when he was hailed by Big Dan, who had not opened his mouth until moved at the d'scomfiture of Dominic:

"Say! See who'll go down this time, damn you!"

With several leaps, he sprang over the intervening logs, and came down with great force on the other end of the log upon which the preacher sat, throwing him several feet in the air. But instead of falling with a splash into the water, the preacher came down with his feet fair on the log and still grasping the box and pole.

Then began the most exciting combat ever witnessed in Damsite. Big Dan was a most experienced river-man, and was never known to be beaten in a contest of the kind. Though heavy of body, he was amazingly quick on his feet. The preacher was awkward in every part of his make-up, and seemed utterly inexperienced. Yet, somehow, he kept his balance.

Big Dan began to burl, and, getting the log revolving rapidly, with a powerful twist of his foot, caused it

to buck, but the preacher still held his place. Again and again Big Dan tried, but without effect. The ungainly figure of the preacher, with arms swinging frantically, and coat-tails flying, seemed glued to the log.

The crowd on the bank became motionless. Dripping Dominic, with open mouth and eyes popping out of his head, watched for the outcome.

Big Dan settled down to work. With set teeth gripping his moustache, he tried all the tricks of the experienced river-man. Setting the log revolving rapidly, he would suddenly buck, and, with a jump, come down with great force. That anyone could hold his place seemed impossible, and yet there was the preacher, without any apparent effort, holding on.

Faster and faster Big Dan kept at it. The leaping and churning of the log made the water white. The preacher was continually about to be thrown into the water, but he didn't fall. It was plainly seen that Big Dan was losing his temper and working himself into a great rage.

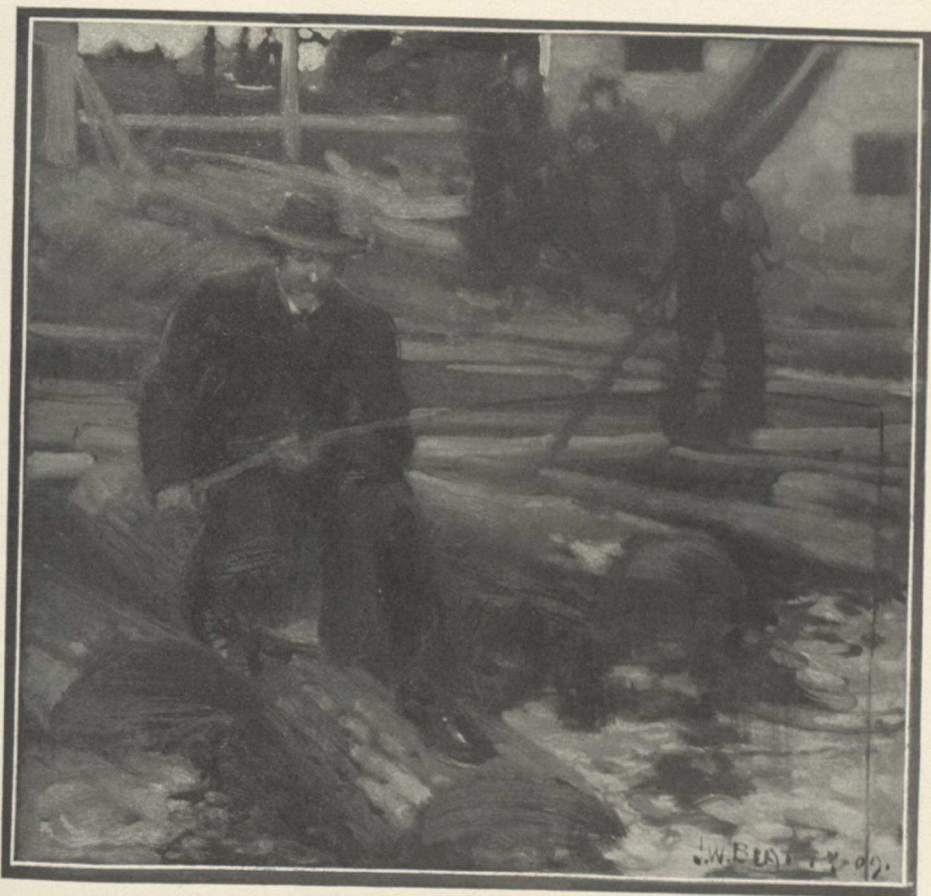
At last, stung by his failure, with an oath he made a leap for the preacher. As quick as the first motion was made, the flying form of the preacher changed. He stiffened up, and with an almost imperceptible movement of his feet he brought the whirling log to a sudden stop. The motion was so unexpected that Big Dan was unable to balance, and fell with a great splash full length into the water.

Turning, with the remark, "'Tain't a good evening for fish, too much splashing," the victor carefully made his way over the logs to the bank, and quietly went to the cook-house, leaving Big Dan and the crowd to follow.

Long and loud was the argument over the downfall of Big Dan and Dominic. Many theories were stoutly held, but none any more satisfactory than Dominic's:

"By tam, he's the devil!"





*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"DRAWING IN HIS LAP THE LONG TAILS OF HIS COAT, HE CAST HIS LINE"

The next day, Saturday, the preacher visited around the mill in the morning, and in the afternoon called on Deacon Jones for the key of the meeting-house. With the assistance of several of the children he gave the house a cleaning up.

Long before the hour set for service Sunday morning, there was an unusual stir. Notice of the meetings and all kinds of rumours had penetrated to the farthest camp, and Jersey-shirted, lannigan-shod men came from all directions. Joining with those in store clothes, and with the more venturesome women, they made their way to the meeting-house.

The house was soon filled, leaving

about two hundred outside, among them being the more timid ones, who were filled with uneasy expectations as they remembered past experiences. This, with the exaggerated accounts of the preacher, and the singular events which marked his unheralded arrival, gave a more than worshipful interest to the whole gathering.

The preacher's arrival was greeted with great quietness. Going to the door, and looking over the crowded house, and the numbers unable to gain admittance, he made his way to the desk and announced.

"The service will be held outdoors. Leave the house and take the side benches across the way."



Quickly the change was made. Across from the house was a clearing surrounded on three sides by a heavy spruce growth, and used for the piling of logs sledded from the woods during the winter. These logs were piled about twelve feet deep, making quite comfortable seats for the accommodation of a large number. On the grass were placed the benches, and in the centre, near the road, by the use of boards placed across a few logs, a platform was hastily made. On this was placed a chair and a small table. On this table the old deacon put a large accordeon and the meeting-house Bible.

Without any announcement, the preacher took the accordeon, and with a swinging motion he played through the first verse, and then in a strong, pure, musical voice sang "Our God Our Help in Ages Past."

"Now, let us all join in singing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'" Great stillness had come over the people while the preacher had been singing. Only a few joined with him at first in singing Wesley's grand old hymn. But before the first verse was sung, tier after tier had taken up the song. Many of the men were expert singers in their own uncultivated way, and it was an inspiring volume of song that filled the air of that Sabbath morning.

Seeing the crowd was in the spirit of song, a number of familiar hymns were sung, and then the old story of the Prodigal Son was read, and prayer offered.

While singing another hymn an uneasy restlessness was observed, and many voices were hushed, as the eyes of those seated at places of vantage were turned down the road.

Coming into view, with long strides, was Big Dan, followed at almost a dog-trot by Dominic.

Looking straight ahead, the two made their way to the vacant circle in front of the platform. The preacher seemed not to have noticed the confusion during the singing, nor the ap-

proach of the two men. Quietly taking up the Bible, he said:

"My friends, I will speak to you this morning from the words found in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel, at the thirteenth verse—'And he took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.'"

By this time Big Dan was facing the preacher. With clenched fists, he broke in:

"Say, didn't I tell you we wasn't goin' to have any preachin' here?"

Slowly the book was shut, and, walking to the edge of the platform, looking Big Dan in the face, the preacher said in steady, even voice: "My friend, we are going to have the Word preached this morning, this afternoon, and this evening, and three times every Sunday, and Tuesdays and Thursdays through the week, without fail."

Opening the book, and looking around at the crowd, he continued:

"To again call your attention to the text, my friends——"

"Damn your text! Get to hell out of here!" Big Dan shouted, amazed at the coolness of the preacher, and the apparent contempt with which he was treated.

By this time many in the crowd were shouting. Some, exulting in hope of a free scrimmage, began to crowd down from the seats on the logs, crying, "Down him, Dan!" "Close up the show!" Others, evidently in sympathy with the preacher, among them being many of the "store-clothes" men, cried, "Sit down, Dan!" "Give the preacher a chance!"

Seeing the crowd was getting into confusion, the preacher held up his hand for quietness, and, turning to Big Dan, he said:

"Will you allow this service to go on in peace?"

"I won't allow it to go on at all. The quicker you get out of here the better for your health. See!"

"My friend, this service is going to



proceed. Be seated, or leave us in peace."

"If there is any service going to be held to-day, it will be a funeral service, and you won't be the preacher," said Big Dan, evidently in good humour. Turning to the crowd, he shouted: "Get out of here. This meeting is adjourned!"

Many rose to their feet, thinking that any further service was impossible, when the preacher in a loud voice cried:

"Keep your seats."

Then, turning to Big Dan, he said in dangerously even tones: "This is going to be settled right now. My friend, will you make a bargain with me?"

"What are you drivin' at?"

"If you give me a whipping here and now, I will promise to leave. If I whip you, will you promise to listen to the sermon?"

With a laugh, Big Dan answered, "Sure, preacher, sure!" Then with a curse, "Why, you damn scarecrow, I'll break every bone in your body."

The crowd listened in astonished bewilderment at the proposals of the preacher. With a strong voice he spoke: "Men, I have come here to preach the Gospel, and the Gospel is going to be preached. Keep your seats. Big Dan and I will settle this matter ourselves. It will be on the square. We will keep our bargain!"

The crowd sank back in their seats with flushed cheeks and eyes ablaze with excitement, while Dominic, standing by the side of Big Dan, gazed blankly around, uttering in a helpless sort of way: "By tam, he's the devil!"

Slowly taking off his coat, the preacher laid it carefully on the table, and unbuttoning the wrist-bands of his shirt, he turned with: "Now, Big Dan, are you ready?"

Big Dan watched the preparations unmoved, with only the lifting of his eyes as the preacher took off his coat.

Then they faced each other. With

a gasp, the crowd suddenly realised how evenly matched were the two men.

Big Dan seemed much the heavier, and of splendid physical proportions. He showed to great advantage, with his close-fitting Jersey and trousers caught in light "lannigans." As a wrestler, he was without his match. When aroused, he was a terror, and the equal of any three men in the camp.

The preacher was taller by two inches, and of unusual length in the arm. While thinner in the chest, now that his badly fitting coat was removed, he was fully as broad as Big Dan. His awkward build and heavy shoes would be against him.

Big Dan wanted to have the contest over as quickly as possible, as it would not add to his reputation to fight a mere preacher. Going up close, he suddenly lifted his left foot to trip his opponent, who stood awkwardly with hands by his side; and, raising his mighty right hand to strike as the preacher would fall, he made the stroke, only to find that by a sudden movement his own right foot left the ground, and to be met by a resounding slap on the cheek with the open palm of the preacher.

Jumping from the ground, with a roar of rage he leaped at his foe. Quickly side-stepping, the preacher warded off the heavy strokes, and, without any apparent effort, he caught Big Dan's foot in one of his own, and again down Dan went, accompanied by a slap first on one cheek and then on the other.

Getting up, considerably sobered, Dan approached more cautiously, and, feinting, he tried by lightning blows to land, but was warded off without doing any damage.

Suddenly changing his tactics, which had been, seemingly, only on the defensive, the preacher straightened up, and, wading in, he played sad havoc all over Big Dan. Breaking down his guard, with open hands he slapped him over and over again,



until Big Dan, unable to keep his feet, fell to the earth.

By this time Dominic was fearfully excited, and with a screech he jumped for the back of the preacher, only to be met by a sudden turn that lifted him clean over the benches. Rising with a curse, he made for the enemy, with an ugly looking knife in his hands. With a roar Big Dan shouted: "Drop that, you damned mosquito, or I'll step on you!" Dominic dropped to the grass, weeping from sheer rage.

Big Dan, realising that he was outclassed at boxing, sought by a series of rushes, to close on the preacher.

With cries of "Don't let him clinch!" a number sought to warn the preacher. Never heeding the blows that were rained on him as he tried for a body hold, Big Dan made rush after rush.

All at once the preacher jumped back, and with arms widespread, he openly invited the clinch. Quick as a flash, Big Dan dashed for the unguarded body. The preacher threw himself forward, and before Big Dan could prepare for the unexpected move he was struck with the whole force of the preacher's body, which sent him flying to the earth with his feet in the air.

Slowly rising, and manœuvring till he got his breath, he accepted the open invitation for another body hold. Soon they were gripped in a tight embrace. Now began the greatest and fairest contest any in the crowd had witnessed.

Locked tightly, they swayed, each trying for the advantage. Sometimes almost on the ground, they strained with crackling joints. The crowd, unable to sit still, were standing on the logs and benches, watching intently the battle of the giants.

At times, cheek to cheek, with ever twisting feet, they struggled over the open space. Again, almost back to back, lifting each other clear from the ground, but unable to loose the hold,

they exhibited amazing power.

Suddenly with a cry of satisfaction, Big Dan slipped the long arm of the preacher from about his waist, and with a quick turn he brought him face to face. Then forcing his head under his arm, and gripping him about the small of the back, he held the preacher at the mercy of his most famous trick.

Many in the crowd gave a sigh of pity. Big Dan could not be hindered from giving that terrible throw overhead—a throw which often ended with serious results.

With every eye glued on him, he set his feet, and tightening his hold, he raised the helpless preacher, and with a giant throw he tossed him over his head.

But with a gasp, the crowd saw the preacher as he was raised from the ground, shift his hold to Big Dan's arm pits, and as he went over his head the weight of his body pressed Dan downward. Holding his grip, the preacher's feet touched the ground, and then with a throw of marvellous power and quickness, Big Dan's body rose in the air, and fell heavily some ten feet away, where it lay bruised and stunned.

"By tam, he is the devil!" came from the dry lips of Dominic, as the crowd moved pell-mell to the front.

"Keep your seats," the preacher thundered, "the service will be continued." Slowly they sank into their seats, as Big Dan rose, half-dazed, from the ground.

"Remember your bargain! Take a seat," was the command to Big Dan, who, with exhausted body, dropped on the nearest bench.

Then going to the platform the preacher was putting on his coat as a carriage drove up, and the mill-owner, accompanied by a visiting lumber magnate, got out and came toward the centre.

As the preacher turned to face his audience, the visitor, with an exclamation of surprise, made for the platform, and, grasping him by the hand,



said: "William, when did you come here?"

With face lighted by the pleasure of the greeting, the preacher returned the grip, and replied: "I got here Friday. We are about to hold service."

"Do the men know you?"

"No, I guess not. But we are getting acquainted."

Facing the congregation the visitor said:

"Men, I am rejoiced to again meet the best man who ever worked on the Restigouche. Let me introduce Wild Bill as the preacher of the day."

"Wild Bill of the Restigouche!" was echoed by the crowd. Agape with astonished interest, they looked

one to the other, and with growing admiration and wonder they followed every move of the preacher.

"Wild Bill of the Restigouche" a preacher of the Gospel! They had heard that name many a time. It was the most famous in the recent annals of river history. Tales of his reckless daring and great strength had electrified many a lumber camp. Wild Bill a preacher!

"By tam," said Dominic, slapping Big Dan on the knee. The cloud of chagrin was clean gone from his face. "By gar, Dan, what you tink!"

What Big Dan thought was known to no one but himself, as he sat, impassive, apparently paying no attention to what was going on.

## ON A PORTRAIT OF JUDGE HALIBURTON

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

"It shouldn't be England and her Colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole,—one vast home market from Hong-Kong to Labrador."—*Haliburton*.

Ah, not for thee philosophy that chills!  
 The singing words of wisdom winged with wit  
 Spring from thy brain; and, if they fail to hit,  
 Safe harnessed in the whittled hickory thills  
 Thy humour pulls the spirit where it wills,  
 While glorious roars of laughter roll and smite,  
 Homeric peelings, as in genial might  
 Sunlight falls merged with thunder on the hills.  
 And not alone for thee this wealth of heart;  
 Thou in the darkness of an earlier hour  
 Hailed Britain Empire to her utmost isles,  
 One from the fir lodge where the Indian piles  
 His beaver skins, to the vast cloud of power  
 Where London dreams amid her trampled mart.



# THE WAIF

BY EDWIN DOWSLEY

THE genial warmth of the glowing open hearth stole soothingly about John Bingham's huge person. Under its lulling influence he continued to back in with seeming disregard for the safety of his coat-tails. So contented and at rest was he, as he dreamily surveyed from his position his somewhat luxurious apartments, that he quite disregarded a gentle tap-tap that came to his door. Indeed, it was such an insignificant little knock, that he disdained to pay it the slightest attention. After an instant it came again.

"All right, come on in," he suggested.

Then followed some unsuccessful fumbling at the knob, as of some tiny person reaching up.

Bingham crossed the floor, and as he drew the door open there sidled in, almost beneath him, about the smallest piece of humanity his bachelor eyes had ever looked upon.

From his height of six feet three, combined with some hazy idea of measurement, this specimen appeared to be about two feet high; and Bingham felt the necessity of bending over with hands on knees to get a good look at the youngster.

"Well, Bub?" which interrogation elicited only a broad stare, disclosing at the same time a pair of those intrepid blue eyes of the street.

The youngster, peering behind Bingham, observed the inviting fire, and without deigning any reply moved slowly across the room. Appropriately Bingham's footstool, he sat down and

stretched his little hands out to the fire.

John Bingham looked after the youngster curiously, unconsciously endeavouring to analyse the mystery that shone in the child's eyes. It seemed, indeed, to involve himself in its very depths.

The youngster, having thus adroitly assumed so much of partnership, it occurred to Bingham, as he dropped into a comfortable chair, to suggest that he take off his coat and boots before the fire could drive all the cold they contained into his body.

The child, with seemingly a mastermind of indifference to this or any remark, stood up, and in a tired, old-fashioned manner unbuttoned his coat, folded it carefully and laid it beside him.

Bingham started, sat up straight, staring, doubtful, wondering. All his lifetime he had been associated with comfort and ease, while here, in from the shivery street, had drifted this mite of humanity. On every side of him, ranged wealth and luxury, yet one single covering was this child's sole possession, and, that removed, it exposed a nude, puny body, save only for a single strap that passed over the shoulder to support his baggy trousers.

Once more, the child sat down and stretched his bare arms to the fire, and so they sat on far into the evening, an illogically congenial pair.

Only once, as the hours sped on, and then as if partly speaking to himself, did a slight remark escape from the youngster.



"I wonder if its warm in Heaven?"

Bingham, brought suddenly to his jovial self by the sound of a voice even so insignificant, banteringly returned:

"Well, I don't know, Bub, but I rather fancy it's the other place," for which unseemly levity he was brought to encounter a gaze of childish miscomprehension that silenced him with its seeming rebuke.

Again, Bingham felt that mysterious influence. He felt annoyed that it should become unfathomable. Gradually it crept convincingly upon him that in some way or other he was approaching a life crisis. There seemed in every look of the child to be some visionary waiting presence that drove him to sober thoughts.

From his position beside the fire Bingham could look out from the low bay windows of his second-storey apartments upon the busy world below. Sounds of merry voices and shouts of laughter arose indistinctly from the streets. Down the long line of lighted shops there elbowed and jostled good-naturedly a conglomerate mass from every level of society. The wind, whistling around the corners, beating their faces with driven snow, only added zest to their merriment.

Occasionally, from out the snowy storm-path, a few stray flakes came dashing at the window, paused to look in at him, then fell away again to join their million of fellows in drifts on the roadway below.

Suddenly there arose a more exhilarating shout from some happy company. Bingham started. It was Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve! And how many such had come in all these years of wealthy ease and idleness; and passed again, with nothing save a date to note their going. Through them all mortals like this little creature beside him lived and died.

Then Bingham remembered; and with recollection stole subtle, dreamy visions of oaken hall and huge dining-room, echoing to rippling laughter of children's voices, the patter of baby feet, and timid "kook" of hide-and-

seek; yet, ever widening, deepening, those childish voices receding, maturing, sweeter boyhood and girlhood notes, a widening still; until, one day, something was carried out from the old home, to be followed soon by another. Then came beckonings from the busy world, and others passed out to distant lands; some to live again like scenes with other lives brought into theirs; and he, of all that company, alone—for what?

The chimes in the steeple clanged the warning half-hour, and but a half-hour to the birth of a new day. Bingham's watch confirmed it, shutting up again with a click that brought the boy's head around, his eyes dumbly challenging, "It's your move next."

So, indeed, Bingham realised that it was his move next. A vigorous pull at the bell brought the buxom, rosy landlady into the room.

"Well, sir," apprehending no cause for the summons.

Bingham pointed to the youngster.

The woman readjusted her spectacles, moved around a little, bent over, and surveyed the specimen; then: "For the sakes of us, Mr. Bingham."

Bingham nodded.

The boy stared at the fire, revealing plainly as they watched him how large and questioning his eyes really were, how small, pinched, and transparent his face.

"Is it a sanitarium you are establishing, Mr. Bingham?"

"Couldn't we put him up in my den there, some place, for to-night?"

"Is this a house of refuge you are taking us for, or what, do you think?"

"Well," Bingham replied, "I suppose we could turn him out."

With a look of scorn, that would have withered him, had he not known her, she stooped and gathered the little mortal up in her motherly arms, and very soon there came to him indistinctly from the room within the soft croonings of a woman's voice; then, a little laughter, the spluttering sounds of a steaming bath, and the coaxing of some tiny remark.



Half an hour later, coming out, the woman met Bingham's inquiring eyes with a warning finger, her lips significantly framing, "sh-h-h," as she passed out.

Scarcely knowing why, the man stole cautiously to the door of the den and looked in. A tiny sock hung close beside the improvised bed.

Again there swept over him memories of other years. Seizing his coat and cap, he moved quickly and noiselessly out into the big semi-public hallway that divided the various apartments, looked fearfully up and down the broad passage, then ran down the stairs and into the street.

Hurrying along the shops, where now only a few belated buyers lingered, he rushed into one to the purpose, jerking up suddenly, face to face with a young saleswoman, hesitating, awkward, in the ridiculous predicament of a well-known bachelor out buying toys for a baby.

A few minutes later he emerged, loaded down with his booty. Looking cautiously about him, lugging his load, slinking along the side streets, he finally reached the doorway and crept up the stairs. Then, just at the top, with all his load fully exposed, a door down at the end of the hall creaked, and a pair of quizzical eyes, with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle, peered out at him, and again there was the warning finger with the lips framing "Sh-h-h."

Without a word, Bingham dashed into his room and halted like a criminal in the full light of guilty exposure.

It required but a moment for reassurance; then the array of purchases was duly marshalled for inspection. There was a rolling-pin, and a rock-ing-horse, a doll or two, a drum, a big

tin wash-basin, and a supply of candy, soap, and hair-oil with sundry small trinkets.

Again the man crept to the den and looked in, listening intently. Noiselessly he arrayed the things in order about the youngster's bed, where his eyes would reach them on the first awakening.

That was a night of half-waking dreams, and plans for the future; of long rows of children stretching away into the dim distance, being fed, and clothed, and made happy; an end to his years of wealthy idleness, carelessness and indifference. Then, shifting again, there walked beside him, a child — a boy — a man; then, tiny voices again, and shouts and laughter and song along the coming years. Yet, always with this, there intruded, gently, some mystic shadow, in form ethereal, indescribable, beckoning always to him; and the look in the eyes was like that he had seen in the child: a peaceful, yet restless night, and a final awaking in the very early hours.

The sun coming up, broke in at the windows and shot a shaft of glory across the floor. Bingham arose, and dressed leisurely. With half-suppressed impatience he moved about, restless, smiling, waiting for the first expected whoop from the astonished youngster. What a tired little mortal he was! Bingham listened intently at every imagined sound; then, finally, from curiosity, he tip-toed to the door and looked in. He was still asleep. Bingham moved over to the bed-side and looked down — stooped lower. The little face was peaceful, but white like marble. He put his hand on the forehead: it was cold and still—he was dead.







# Current Events



By

F. A. ACLAND

THE lapse of a century and a half from Wolfe's victory at Quebec has been pleasantly marked by the publication of his "Life and Letters," by Beccles Willson. It is not intended here to review the book to any degree, but it is interesting to note the curious and conspicuous example it contains of the truism that history repeats itself. Mr. Lloyd-George's budget on the one hand and the danger of the loss of sea-power on the other have filled many Britons with the very definite conviction that their country is going to the dogs. Some comfort may lie for them in the fact that so distinguished a man as Wolfe—and we must remember that Wolfe was a man of unusual culture as well as a brilliant soldier—believed exactly the same a very few years before he achieved immortal fame at Quebec. "Alas! our affairs are falling down apace. This country is going fast upon its ruin," he wrote, and begged his father to withdraw their money from the Funds and invest it in land. The war with France was in sight and England's chance of success was so slight, as it seemed to him, that "all those whose property lies in the Funds must be ruined;" and then follows such a jeremiad on the condition of the army of those days — news of Braddock's defeat had just arrived—as recalls the most approved scoldings during the military disasters of ten years ago, one typical sentence being as follows: "Our military educa-

tion is by far the worst in Europe, and all our concerns are treated with contempt — or utterly neglected. It will cost us very dear some time hence." Wolfe was to show, as many a gallant captain had shown before and has shown since, that a great leader will always find the right stuff in the men below him.

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Mr. Willson took advantage of the 150th anniversary, and perhaps also of the impending publication of his book, to write to the *New York Sun* appealing for aid from Americans in the erection of a statue of Wolfe at the General's birthplace at Westerham, Kent, England, taking the ground that Americans should be interested in the undertaking because of "the great service which the conquest of Quebec rendered to the Republic." Time was, and not so long ago, when a suggestion of the kind would have aroused indignation and when such an appeal would have been scouted in *The Sun* and in most other New York journals, but something very like an Anglo-American *entente* has grown up of late and *The Sun* discusses both in Mr. Beccles Willson's propositions in a very friendly fashion, and urges Americans to subscribe. *The Sun* does not, indeed, admit that any gratitude is due to Wolfe from the people of the United States because of the accident of history which made the victory at Quebec the foundation stone of the fabric of the United States,



though it does not impugn the soundness of Mr. A. G. Bradley's argument, with which Mr. Willson coincides, that "it was there and not at Yorktown that the Republic of the United States was founded;" but *The Sun* would have Americans contribute their quota "because they recognise in James Wolfe a high and daring spirit, a true patriot, an able military leader, and the victor on the battlefield that decided what race should rule in North America." This is a pleasant and amiable spirit, and shows how the bonds of race and tongue are at last finding expression in quarters that formerly were hostile to all the British world.

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The event of the month in British politics, which continue to be in a condition of extreme ferment, was the furious onslaught made by Mr. Lloyd-George on "the Dukes," which must, of course, be read as the Lords generally. It makes lively reading, his merciless ridicule of the great landlords and his frank mockery of the rights of property, and it may be depended on to arouse a considerable degree of enthusiasm among the poorer electors. It is doubtful if the speech was a dignified performance, coming from the lips of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Mr. Lloyd-George would probably be the last to advance any pretensions in this respect. There is a dash of humour in the suggestion that there has been "a slump in dukes," that a fully-equipped Duke costs as much as two *Dreadnoughts*," and that "dukes are just as great a terror and they last longer," but the fierceness of the invective launched against dukes and against the practice of profiting by the unearned increment would suggest that the dukes were in the enjoyment of titles illegally obtained and that lawful ownership in land no longer existed. After all, both dukedom and landlordism are ancient British institutions. The question of abolishing both or lessening the power and influence of

both is one entirely proper for consideration by British statesmen, but while dukes and landlords continue to act within the rights given them by law, it seems unreasonable that they should be denounced so bitterly by one of the very body which creates the dukes and enacts the laws.

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There is in Mr. Lloyd-George's speech too much in the nature of an appeal to passion rather than argument and a suggestion that the Chancellor is spoiling for a fight and anxious to get even with somebody. It is no compliment to Mr. Lloyd-George's moderation or wisdom that newspapers containing reports of his speeches should be excluded from the Russian mails. Responsible Ministers are in the habit of speaking in more careful and more measured language and Mr. Lloyd-George's recklessness in this respect contrasts unfavourably with the more reasoned speech of Mr. Asquith on the one side and of some distinguished men, such as Lords Rosebery and Curzon, on the other. It is not unlikely that the event will show that the Liberal party has offered the British public more reform or revolution than it can take at one gulp. Moreover, the question of the abolition of the power of the Lords is now essentially bound up with the triumph of the Liberal Government and the success of its extensive and extremely radical programme. It is most likely that the approaching election will be more or less uncertain in its results. The present Liberal majority is so large that it is hardly conceivable that the Unionists, if they secure a majority at all, can secure a majority over all combinations. Nor is it likely that the Liberals will on the present issue and with the present leaders secure a mandate to destroy the House of Lords. Mr. Lloyd-George, who is the real leader in the campaign, lacks the stately soberness that seems a necessary element in the composition of great English leaders, and which Glad-



stone and Bright possessed in such preëminent degree. His Celtic fire and enthusiastic recklessness do not appear to appeal strongly to the British public. What seems probable is that the balance of power will be thrown into the hands of the Irish and Labour parties, and the result of the recent by-election in Bermondsley, where the combined Socialist and Liberal vote outnumbered that of the triumphant Unionist, seems to confirm this view. Such a situation would not long be tolerable. The natural conservatism of "the predominant partner" would assert itself as in 1886 and 1895, the Unionists would again secure a long lease of power, and the Lords would be safe for another quarter of a century. The Liberal party will, at such a rate, pay dearly for the brilliance and energy of Mr. Lloyd-George.

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The vital difference in outlook in matters social and political between the people of Canada and the United States on the one hand and those of the continent of Europe on the other hand is very aptly illustrated by the unusually sensational occurrences at almost every capital on the continent following the Ferrer tragedy at Barcelona. Even in London a vast throng of Socialists made demonstration and a Socialist member of Parliament (Mr. Victor Grayson) denounced King Edward and the Foreign Secretary for permitting the execution and incited an angry mob to rush the Spanish Embassy, bringing about the fiercest riot for many years in the British metropolis. Barricades were erected in Paris, and at points as far apart as Genoa and Buenos Ayres fierce and incendiary speeches were made to furiously disposed throngs of people.

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We may be thankful that the Dominion is so decidedly outside the zone of social revolution and riot, yet it is not so certain that the fact that scarce a second thought is given in

Canada to matters that stir such tremendous emotions in Europe is a subject for congratulation. Canada must, indeed, hold herself ready to assist the mother country in extremity, but to become one of the items in a European conflagration would be as unhappy a fate as fortunately it is unlikely. Meantime we should realise that the next such incident as that of the execution of Ferrer may spring the mine on which Europe rests, and even to Canada the issues involved would be momentous.

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It is a striking and encouraging fact that the titanic efforts which Britain and Germany are respectively making in the matter of naval armaments are proceeding simultaneously with such achievements in the field of social reform as have never before been attempted by great nations. Most important on the British side is the old age pension, which, for the current year, will cost about \$40,000,000; actually the sum of \$27,020,000 had been paid out at the end of August. The woes of Ireland should perceptibly diminish as a result of the distribution of the pension, since the Irish has distinctly the best of the bargain. The expenditure per head in the three kingdoms works out at 1s. 10d. for England, 7s. for Ireland, and 2s. 5d. for Scotland. On the part of Germany, staggering to bankruptcy or war as she is said to be, there is the best system of insurance for workmen ever devised, employers, workmen and State all contributing, and, marvellous to state, supported by all parties in the State from Conservative to Socialist. A rivalry in such achievements is far grander than a rivalry in *Dreadnoughts* and it is to be hoped may proceed with redoubled speed when the war cloud has passed.

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Perhaps one of the most remarkable articles which the Anglo-German discussion has called forth is that contributed by Doctor E. J. Dillon to the



last issue of *The Contemporary Review*, the magazine in which this brilliant publicist discusses world politics month by month. Doctor Dillon's utterance is truly sensational, if we are to regard it seriously, for it is nothing else than that "whichever of the two wins or loses," that is to say in the war that may come between Britain and Germany, "the end of the needless contest will be that union of the states of Europe towards which the nations are now semi-consciously wending as by a decree of fate." It is economic pressure which is forcing this situation as between Britain and Germany and it will be economic pressure, according to Doctor Dillon, from the Orientals on the one side and from the American continent on the other which will force European nations into one. But, once within the realm of conjecture we may let the imagination wander at will and picture the coming even of that greater union which the past suggests when "the war-drum throbbed no longer," etc. There are enthusiasts who find in modern development a tendency to such a consummation, and who like Tennyson

"Doubt not thro' the ages some increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
with the process of the suns."

But the bulk of humanity is infinitely more concerned with what is happening to-day or may happen to-morrow to one's own special kin or community than with what will happen to the race in some remote and unspecified period. They are content to accept the theory that

"The individual withers and the world  
is more and more"

but the individual, whether as to men or as to nations, does not passively consent to be sacrificed. Nationalities will persist for centuries in a half-stified condition, like that of Greece, rather than become engulfed in a union, Doctor Dillon notwithstanding.

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Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's visit to

Canada and the several excellent addresses he has delivered before Canadian clubs will have served a useful purpose in familiarising Canadians with the conditions of South Africa, past and present. Sir Percy's book, "The Transvaal From Within," threw a flood of light on the whole South African situation ten years ago, and in Canada, as elsewhere, was the determining factor with many who had for a time hesitated as to the direction of their sympathies. There has been so pronounced a tendency in some quarters to insist that the miracle of conciliation that has been wrought in South Africa since the war might very well have been wrought without the war, and that it is in fact a proof of the wickedness of the war, that it is as well one who has had a leading part in both war and conciliation should state in the plainest of terms that it was the war that made conciliation possible, and that the clash of ideals of which the war was the result could have been determined in no other way. As to the right of the Boers to have an ideal and to fight for it, the South African statesman admitted it in the fullest degree; but he believed, as have most of us, that the British ideal was the better, and that its success alone has made possible the present happy condition. Specially interesting have been Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's references to the differences between the character of the union effected in South Africa and that of the confederation of the Dominion of Canada or that of the Commonwealth of Australia. Sir Percy was one of the stoutest advocates of the system of centralised government which was eventually adopted, entailing the practical disappearance of provincial legislatures, and is satisfied that it will prove to be to the advantage of the new confederation. It is a point which will be closely watched in Canada at all events and some lessons of value may well be in it for the public men of the Dominion.





## At Five O'clock

### MY PERSIAN PRAYER RUG

Made smooth some centuries ago  
By praying Eastern devotees,  
Blurred by those dusky naked feet,  
And somewhat worn by shuffling knees,  
In Ispahan.

It lies upon my modern floor,  
And no one prays there any more.  
It never felt the worldly tread  
Of smart bottines, high-heeled and red,  
In Ispahan.

And no one prays there now, I said?  
Ah, well, that was a hasty word.  
Once, with my face upon its woof,  
A fiercer prayer it never heard  
In Ispahan.

But still I live who prayed that night  
That death might come ere came the  
light.  
Did any soul in black despair  
Breathe, kneeling here, that reckless  
prayer  
In Ispahan?

Perhaps, I trust that Heaven lent  
A kinder ear than late to me,  
If some brown ancient, weeping, begged  
To have his suffering soul set free  
In Ispahan.

I fancy I shall like to meet  
The dead who prayed here, and whose  
feet  
Once made this rich old carpet frayed.  
Peace to your souls, my friends, who  
prayed  
In Ispahan!

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

IT was a dull, gray, autumn after-  
noon, when brown leaves were  
falling and being trodden into the mud  
and when a sullen sky looked as if it  
had never known June smiles or  
August dreams. The various floors of  
a great departmental store were  
crowded with shoppers with the eager  
face of the bargain fiend or the weary  
face of her who knows what she wants  
but clasps a slender purse—who has  
the maximum of desire and the mini-  
mum of dollars. There is an impres-  
sion among men that all women love  
to shop, that the feminine idea of  
Heaven is an eternal bargain day,  
with a pocket-book to meet the lure  
of every counter; but there are women  
to whom shopping is a burden and a  
bore, and to the latter class the writer  
belongs. Next to shopping for one's  
self the most oppressive task is to do  
shopping for another, since there is a  
horrible impression that, however con-  
scientious a proxy may be, there is  
always the danger of getting the wrong  
shade or size.

Just as I was wondering whether a  
tailored black silk waist or a white  
lace blouse would be the proper thing,  
and speculating on the possibility of  
the former "cutting" and the latter  
needing to be "gasolened" after the



second wearing, there came a few chords from somewhere near the roof which seemed to change the shop to a great open space, with the west wind blowing across the wide waters.

They were the bars of "O Canada!"—and surely Calixte Lavallée was in a happy, golden mood when he wrote those notes, whose majestic melody stirs the blood of the Canada of To-day. I heard them first from our Mendelssohn Choir, when the splendid vigour and pride of the strains brought four thousand good citizens and true to their feet and made them turn again to the programmes to discover who had written the poetry and the music. Many a band has played "O Canada!" since that day, but never had its vitality seemed so inspiring as that afternoon over the blouses and the bodices, as it came from the piano of a departmental store. It meant the blood-root of the Canadian springtime and the fresh, cool smell of the woods in May, it meant long days of midsummer sunshine in the Northland, brief days of October brilliance and the frozen starlight of a February night when a sky of cold lapis lazuli arches the ebony branches touched with the mystic white of the fresh-fallen snow.

Music plays queer tricks with us, and Owen Meredith's lover who saw his lost love and smelled the faint sweet scent of the jasmine flower as Mario sang is only one of a host who feel the mysterious reminiscent power of a snatch of melody. You do not know what home and country mean until you are far away from all that was familiar in childhood days. In some inexplicable way, those chords always bring the memory of a certain winter day when I stood before a newspaper office in North Carolina and read that Cronje had surrendered and that several Canadians had fallen. There was a small group of "Britishers" before the bulletin, and when an old Cornishman said softly: "Those youngsters from Canada are all right," there came a sudden pride, in spite

of war's terrible regret, in the boys from the Land of the Maple who had been so eager to volunteer and who had been among the first at Paardeberg. Again one felt the chill of that February day and the swift, choking sympathy for the friends of the dead Canadians. The last chords of "O Canada" were played with a defiant thump and I came back from the Transvaal and North Carolina, to be confronted with a simpering wax model from Paris, wearing a blue gown, besequined and besilvered, and the waxen lady stared placidly back at the delinquent shopper who had forgotten all about the black silk waist and the white lace blouse, just because Lavallée's music had floated down from the upholstery department.

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IT is a far cry from the piano "played to order" to the voice of Madame Johanna Gadski, which gladdened the evening of Thanksgiving Day in Toronto. When Gadski first appeared in that city, the audience was slim and not prepared for raptures. Yet the great singer was as gracious and as generous as if five thousand were applauding, and swept the few hundreds into an enthusiasm that sent them away to talk of Gadski to the unfortunates who had grudged the price of a ticket. Now, there is not an empty seat when Gadski comes to Toronto town, and the smiling prima donna is no kinder to the crowded house than she was to the "fit and few" who applauded her to the echo when she first sang Brunhilde's Call. No singer who comes to Canada is more magnificently generous in scattering the *largesse* of her golden voice than the queenly Gadski, who is utterly without the affectation of the frisky Patti or the tripping Albani. That genial naturalness wins the audience which her wonderful voice completely conquers. Is there any gift of the gods, I wonder, for which we feel so utterly grateful as the voice which takes us away from



the troubles and snarls of everyday to the kingdom of Dreams Come True? It is no wonder that orchids and diamonds and jewelled orders fall to the lot of the woman who charms us with those notes which

"Seem to go right up to Heaven  
and die among the stars."

One would go far and give much to hear the wild wonder of that thrilling "Call" into which Richard Wagner put an imperial woman's soul. Yet the sweetest of all, in the fancy of many, was Luise Reichardt's "When the Roses Bloom," a delightful old song, delicate and fragrant as the flowers of June and penetrated with a sadness as of falling petals. The "ivory gates and golden" of a land where the blossoms are unfading and where "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript" contains no *finis*, swung wide open as that song rested like the gentlest shower of soft rose-leaves on tired hearts. "The crowd sighs with the old familiar joy, the magic of the golden voice slips like a veil over the cruel angles of their broken lives and mists and softens everything."

Gadski is a rose herself, a very radiance of delight and leaves one with nothing to say except a "thank you" which is breathed rather than spoken. How can we thank them, after all—the poet who writes lines that vibrate through the gray days and turn them to golden, the artist who paints a picture whose colours change the canvas to a glowing transcript of life, the singer who floods the soul with an ecstasy which echoes forever? Yet theirs is a gift which is its own great reward and we thank them for using what has been divinely bestowed. Truly, "unto him that hath it shall be given," and it seems hardly fair that the Lady of the Golden Voice should have such a wealth of the world's good things. But we would give the half of our kingdom—for a mere song.

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A MAN who was born and bred in Canada and who has travelled

in Europe and the East more than most of us, has declared that Mrs. Annie Besant is the greatest orator to whom he has listened. More than ten years ago, Mrs. Besant delivered several lectures in Canada and even those who believed not at all in her views were delighted with her voice and eloquence. Mrs. Besant is the President of the Theosophical Society of the World and has lately created much comment by her alleged announcement that she is the reincarnation of Hypatia and Bruno. The *Montreal Standard* has the following to say in regard to the matter:

"During the latter part of the fourth century there lived in the ancient city of Alexandria a woman named Hypatia. Like her father, she was a mathematician, but she was also a philosopher. The public did not take kindly to her philosophy, and one day a mob hacked her to death with oyster shells. About twelve hundred years later there was born in Italy, Giordano Bruno. He became a monk, lived in many countries, lapsed into heresy, and finally met death at the stake. Twelve hundred years separated the lives of these two remarkable persons, and since the last of the two died nearly three hundred years have passed. But they are not dead, says Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society of the World, for she is the reincarnation of them both.

"Two proofs of this most remarkable and exceedingly large claim are offered. One is that, like Hypatia and Bruno, she has been persecuted, although not yet to the extent of introducing oyster shells and the stake into the case. Perhaps she hopes these will come in due time, although it is somewhat difficult to understand how the end is to be brought about by both means. However, that does not matter very much, because she is certain of another reincarnation when she will come back to play another rôle on the tragic stage of earthly life. The other proof is that she 'remembers every day of her existence as those characters.' Of course, the records of the lives of Hypatia and Bruno are as accessible to Mrs. Besant as they are to those who would put the correctness of her memory to the test; but as for the small details of their lives, the daily routine that makes up the greater part of existence, no records exist, and Mrs. Besant is, therefore, in as good a position to affirm as others are to deny.



"It would not be difficult to suggest other reincarnations that would be more interesting and perhaps more useful. For instance, if Mrs. Besant had brought back Helen of Troy, the world might have learned how much of Homer's matchless poem is based on history, whether the siege actually lasted ten years, and if Achilles really died from an arrow wound in the heel or from an apoplexy brought on by a burst of temper. Or had she picked up the shades of Shakespeare, she could now speak with authority respecting the Baconian theory, and settle off-hand the authorship of the world's greatest dramas. But Mrs. Besant not only lived in Europe in the sixteenth century, and in Egypt in the fourth, but during the time of Confucius she lived in China. About that state of existence she remembers very little, but she is scarcely to be blamed on that account, inasmuch as two thousand, five hundred years have passed since she and the great philosopher drank tea in ancient Cathay."

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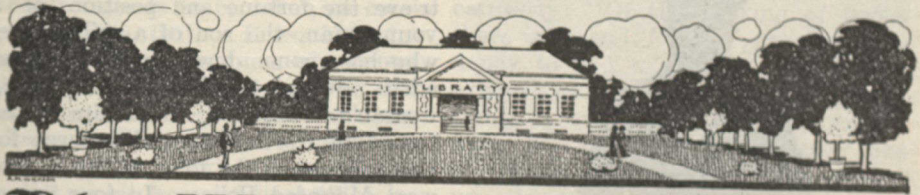
THE Suffragettes have assuredly succeeded in making the British Cabinet Ministers look well to their ways. It is impossible for the latter to hold public meetings now, without great precautions as to disturbances. Tickets of those who wish to enter are examined with the most careful scrutiny and any vigorous lady who appears to have a mission is regarded

with distrust. The coming general elections will see stormy scenes in which banners with the brave device, "Votes for Women!" will flutter free. It must give Mr. Arthur Balfour much quiet enjoyment to see the worthy Premier so thoroughly wearied by the fair enemy. It sends a thrill to the heart of every golfer to learn that Mr. Asquith is not allowed to play the royal game in peace, and does not know when a demand for equal suffrage may echo across the links. There is no doubt that the members of the Cabinet are in dread of the approaching campaign and that the feminine element of the nation is going to have a larger share in the conflict than ever before. Mr. Lloyd-George, who is really the most brilliant and forceful figure in the present Ministry, is already besieged by those ladies, who would gladly cast the ballot, and is nearer being perplexed than at any other time in his meteoric career. Mr. Winston Churchill, who made more enemies in less time than any other man who has visited Canada, is also a target for feminine attention and his fund of tact (which is exceedingly limited) has been sadly overdrawn.

JEAN GRAHAM.







## The WAY of LETTERS

IT would be almost too much to expect as abundant enjoyment from "Anne of Avonlea" as from "Anne of Green Gables." A sequel to a novel is usually unsatisfactory, particularly to the person who has not read its antecedent, but the first reading in this instance is not necessary, because "Anne of Avonlea" is sufficiently removed from the original *Anne* to be regarded as a separate entity. Like the first, the second is in all important respects a character study, but it is doubtful if the author, Miss L. M. Montgomery, realised how completely she was creating for us a new *Anne*. Nevertheless the metamorphosis is natural, but instead of the child we have a young girl in the first impulses of womanhood; instead of the homely, self-conscious, physically unattractive, ultra-impulsive and highly imaginative sprite, we have the nervous yet confident, elusively beautiful, subtle, womanly maiden — a true development, but a decided one. In these two books there is a good example of miscalculated objective. No doubt the author wrote the first to attract juvenile readers, but it went beyond that modest mark and was an unqualified success among adults. With equal confidence it might be said that the sequel was written with the intention of continuing that mature interest, but in this instance the attraction will be mostly for the young. In "Anne of Avonlea" the

adult reader fails to encounter any dramatic or tense moments, and the characters, although excellently depicted, fail to do anything extraordinary. The charm of everyday incident in a quaint rural community must be admitted, but back of that there is demanded a strong coherent play on at least one outstanding human passion. Coherence is wanting in "Anne of Avonlea," and the reader is not enthralled even by love as a passion. Love scenes there are, but they do not absorb the sympathies. Well would they play their part if *Anne* herself were concerned in a more engaging, more indefinite encounter. We find *Anne* about to begin the career of schoolma'am, and we leave her on the eve of a college career. There is promise of a stirring of emotions later on, and we are therefore free to hope that Miss Montgomery has a trilogy in mind, and, if so, the third of the series will undoubtedly prove to be the best. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

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### STORIES OF THE NORTHWEST

A collection has been made of short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, some of which have appeared recently in various magazines. The volume is entitled "Northern Lights," and, as the title indicates, the stories have the northern wilds of Canada mostly for their setting. In keeping with the spirit of the environment, they are





*From a supplement to Vanity Fair*

SIR GILBERT PARKER,  
AUTHOR OF A NEW VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES  
ENTITLED "NORTHERN LIGHTS"

full of vigour and action, and have much to do with the sterner passions of those whose lot has sent them beyond the pale of civilisation, as we know it. Sir Gilbert Parker is an excellent short story writer, and this collection shows him at his best in this respect. There are in all seventeen stories. The first five belong to the period of the West before the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Northwest Mounted Police. The remaining twelve stories are within the scope of the last quarter of a century. In a volume of this kind it is not always advisable to single out one story for especial comment, but perhaps exception might be made in this instance of the story entitled "The Stake and the Plumb-

Line," the teaching or the moral of which is open to criticism. This is the story of a young society leader of Washington, who undertakes to retrieve the fortune and position of a young man, the son of a millionaire, who has gone down and been cast adrift owing to drink. The young woman marries him, takes him to the Canadian Northwest, and secures for him a place on the force of the Northwest Mounted Police. In four years' time the drink habit has been overcome, and a fortune and reinstatement in society is the recompense. In real life the reverse of this experience is oftenest seen. If a woman cannot keep a man from drink before she marries him, the chances are not in favour of her being able to do so afterwards. However, the test works out satisfactorily in this short story. As a tale, having no regard for the moral, it is good work. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

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#### HALL CAINE'S LATEST

It is not difficult to guess why Hall Caine should have chosen Egypt as a background for his latest novel, "The White Prophet." Of all lands Egypt forms an ideal setting for melodrama; strong lights, black shadows, the desert, the bazaar, the prince in purple, the peasant in as little as possible — a land of great contrasts and vast possibilities. Apparently Hall Caine has studied Egypt. He tells us a great deal about it and does not spare words in the telling. To quote Goldsmith, we are apt to be somewhat amazed "that one small head can carry all he knows." Whether he really understands his knowledge is another matter. The Government of Egypt under British rule is something about which, in its true inwardness, the ordinary British subject knows little — all we can do is to hope that Mr. Hall Caine has not got his facts right. Of course, we are warned not to try to trace resemblances between the principal



actors and living persons of eminence, but, all character sketching apart, Mr. Hall Caine says things, unpleasant things, about British rule, which he probably intends to be taken as coming near the truth. It would be interesting to have some one who knows tell us just *how* near; but, as the ones who know very seldom tell, our curiosity will probably remain ungratified. The story of the White Prophet, apart from political filling in, is the old story of the man with a message. *Ishmael Ameer* comes out of the desert to preach the Brotherhood of Man. He has all the fire, the eloquence, the personal magnetism of the born orator and the simple-minded, intensely religious Egyptians are ready fuel to his flame. Rumours of great gatherings of the people reach the Consul-General and, fearful of the rise of another Mahdi, he proceeds to put things down with a strong hand. Unfortunately the strong hand is not also a just hand. The officer ordered to arrest the Prophet can find no reason or justice in the order and refuses to obey. For this act of insubordination he is degraded and dismissed from the army: the tragedy being the more complete in that the disobedient officer is the Consul-General's own son. From this on, the story has all the usual elements of startling melodrama. We find the powerful and unjust father, the heroic son, the son's betrothed wife torn between love and duty, the villain (in the person of the Grand Cadi), the hero (in the person of *Ishmael Ameer*), and a chorus of exclamations from everyone in general. The religious element in the book is of a nature to offend many. One cannot help but feel that Mr. Hall Caine's hands are too heavy in their touch upon sacred things; but to take him too seriously would probably be a foolish mistake. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

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#### "THE SPELL OF ITALY"

The statement has been made that everyone who goes to Italy purposes

to write a book, and surely the accumulation of Italian guide-books has assumed such bewildering proportions as to lead one to say once more earnestly: "Of the making of books there is no end." This prevalent tendency to add a word to the already exhaustive literature of the sunny peninsula is not wholly without excuse when one remembers that Italy has something of the siren in her make-up. He is a brave traveller who can resist her potent charm, a spell that Mrs. Mary Caroline Mason rightly claims is threefold, that of the senses, the intellect and the spirit. It is not to be wondered at that a visit to Italy has marked an epoch in the life of more than one great writer. The author of "The Spell of Italy" approaches her subject from so independent a standpoint that her work needs no apology. She has the courage to ignore the prescribed modes of sight-seeing and to enjoy a few things in her own way. In consequence we have in the place of the conventional book of travel with its encyclopædic catalogue of names and dates, a volume of delightfully fresh and original impressions. A pretty Italian story, entitled "Virtues in Relief," forms a part of the narrative. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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#### THE STORY OF A SINGER

The advertising remarks on the paper cover which protects the modern novel from the reviewer's too ardent grasp are sometimes diverting. "Margarita's Soul" is distinguished by this introductory confidence: "You start a page, you forget yourself, till at the end you want to shout with joy. You have found something real at last." Strange to say, this criticism on the cover is almost true to your experience. Only, you do not wish to shout—the enjoyment is too exquisite for anything more demonstrative than a profound sigh of satisfaction. Such writing as that with which Mr. Ingraham gratifies us



as he tells the marvellous tale of *Margarita* is not often found within the fiction covers of to-day. *Margarita*, to be sure, is almost an incredible maiden, but she is all the better for that. We are tired of up-to-date heroines with gowns of modern manufacture and *coiffures* of elaborate manipulation. *Margarita* is a child of nature, a *Miranda*, without the meekness of Ferdinand's fair love. She is brought up on a delightful island, somewhere off the Atlantic coast, and finds her way to New York, where, by the best of good fortune, she meets the hero, a man of New England principles and breeding, who undertakes to restore her to her island home. The story is sheer romance, told by one who has not forgotten the way to the world of dream and fancy. It is not given to many of the sons of men to describe the effect of a song, but we can both see and hear *Margarita* as she sings Tosti's heart-breaking farewells in the old-world drawing-room or lifts up her magnificent voice in the hymn for the slum-stricken. The illustrations by J. Scott Williams and Whistler butterfly decorations complete a book which is like a well in the desert. May the writer, who describes his work as "the romantic recollections of a man of fifty," live to be an octogenarian and write several successors to "Margarita's Soul." (New York: John Lane Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

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#### IN ANOTHER'S PLACE

Let the publisher herald "A Gentleman of Quality," by Frederic van Rensselaer Dey: "A thrilling tale of mistaken identity; of an unwilling masquerader who unknowingly followed the lead of justice away from bitter crime and the sweet of love, on to a new shore and through the mazes of English aristocratic life, until he rests at last where no man can foresee who has not been with Love a pioneer." The situation, in brief, is this: The world insists upon investing a man with the title and estates of another


man of whom he has never heard. More than that, he is claimed as her lost husband by the wife of the missing man, a bereaved bride who lost her bridegroom almost at the altar. A chain of circumstances against which the impostor struggles for a time force him into the stranger's place. After all, it is probable that the missing peer is dead, and a supposedly second marriage is procured under the plea of loss of memory. In the working out of this singular situation Mr. Dey shows ingenuity. Lovers of the mystery story will relish its handling. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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#### A GOOD COW-BOY STORY

A mere glance at the different illustrations in Robert Alexander Wason's new book, entitled, "Happy Hawkins," is sufficient to cause a person to expect that the stories attached thereto embody stirring scenes. And disappointment does not follow. *Happy Hawkins*, who is an out-and-out cow-boy of the Western plains, is permitted to tell his own stories in his own way, which is undoubtedly desirable. Out of many ranches he singles one, named "The Diamond Dot," and pictures life there as meaning more to him than it would mean anywhere else. Albeit, he drifts away from there time and time again, only to be drawn back after a lapse of sometimes months, sometimes years, by the ardent affection he has for "Barbie," daughter of the owner of the ranch, a man who is known as "Cast Steel" Judson. *Happy's* wanderings get him in direct touch with incidents that occur anywhere from Wyoming to Texas, Nevada, California, Montana, and back again. The variety of life he sees, the experiences he undergoes by his aptness to get into trouble and out of it, as related in his original style, make settings for the stories that are interspersed with keen philosophy, real pathos, good fun, wit and humour. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).





## Within The Sanctum



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CHRISTMAS has as much to do with literature and art in Canada as it has with festivals and merry-making. Perhaps not quite so much, because feasting and rejoicing are the first spirits of the Yuletide. But literature and art play an important part in our Christmas *ensemble*, in as much as they are displayed to what we regard as their best advantage in our special Christmas publications. In letters and in artistic presentation and illustration immense progress is being made, and it is seldom that a single occasion, such as the festival we are about to celebrate, sets forth in any degree of special notableness our achievements in this respect. But if a person wished to learn something about the improvement that is being made in our current literature and the work of our illustrators, he need scarcely do more than examine our best Christmas publications from year to year. That fact is perhaps a sufficient reason for the advantage we sometimes take of printing at this time of year a few direct lines about our holiday number and about those who contribute to it. It has become somewhat commonplace, if not platitudinous, to say that the number in hand is far in advance of all previous issues. Nevertheless, in this instance at least, we shall hold to tradition, and assert that this number is better than previous numbers. That assertion is made with modesty, and still there is no feeling of self-conscious-

ness, for we claim credit, not so much to ourselves as to those whose names appear as writers and as illustrators. We are proud of the list of contributors to this number. Some of our well-known writers are disappointed at not being represented, but their offerings came too late, even for consideration. The list contains a few names that are almost as new to us as to you. It is all the more interesting, because if we had nothing but the old, familiar names we would feel that no progress was being made. One of the contributors, the author of "The Wooing of the Widow," has passed from our midst. The late Mr. E. M. Yeoman was primarily a poet, but this one short story that he has left shows that he had no mean ability as a writer of prose. Some of his admirers in Halifax are undertaking to have his poems published in a volume, and in such form they should prove to be a lasting contribution to Canadian literature. The illustrations for Mr. Yeoman's story were made by Miss Estelle M. Kerr, a Toronto artist, who is regarded as one of our best illustrators.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, who contributes the first story to this number, is in Europe just now. He has been over there for a year or more, but he expects to return to Canada early next year. Writing under recent date, he says: "I am doing a series of short stories for *Pearson's* (New York) and have to start a serial novel for one of



the Munsey publications in a week or two. I am trying to plan a return to New Brunswick early in the spring." Mr. Roberts has greatly increased his *entr ee*, and as a writer he has taken big strides in advance of his earlier work. The illustrations for "Herself" were made by Mr. Fergus Kyle, who in strength of character and draughtsmanship is in the front row in Canada. He is President of the Toronto Press Club, a position he qualifies for by his connection with *Saturday Night*.

Mr. Augustus Bridle's "A Shacktown Christmas" is a genuine piece of art. The person is a stoic who could read it and not come into full sympathy with those to whom abundance is an unknown quantity, even at Christmas time. In its humour and pathos are well blended, and the literary style is excellent. Few things of the kind are being better done these days. The illustrations for "A Shacktown Christmas" were drawn by Mr. T. G. Greene, a young man who is making decided advances as an illustrator.

"Akin to Love" is a good example of Miss L. M. Montgomery's quiet humour and keen appreciation of character. Ten years ago this young woman wrote as follows about herself: "I am a P. E. I. (Prince Edward Island) schoolma'am, and earn, if not my bread, at least the butter for that highly necessary article by my knack of scribbling. I began to write for the press about three years ago, principally juvenile stories and verse for American publications," etc. Her first novel, "Anne of Green Gables," was one of the big successes of last year, and its sequel, "Anne of Avonlea," also promises to have a big sale. The illustrations for "Akin to Love" were made by Mr. Albert H. Robson, who is the art superintendent of the largest engraving establishment in the Dominion.

The author of "When the Gospel Came to Damsite" is of the Maritime Provinces. His name is not

familiar as yet, but if he can write more such yarns as this, the name of Ward Fisher will be watched with interest. The illustrations for this story were made by Mr. J. W. Beatty, who is regarded, not merely as one of our very best illustrators but as one of our best painters as well. A year ago he returned from an extensive trip abroad, and this autumn he spent in the wilds of northern Ontario sketching.

One of the most reasonable stories in the number is "The Pagan," by Virna Sheard. Mrs. Sheard has won a number of prizes as a short story writer, but she has never done anything in prose more artistic than "The Pagan." We anticipate that a casual reader might think that the author's purpose in this story is to ridicule some of the practices of Roman Catholics, and it might in justice to the author be advisable to say here that she disavows any such purpose; indeed, when the story was being written, the very opposite was in mind.

Among the contributors of verse to this number the names of Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Jean Blewett, John Boyd, George Herbert Clarke are well known. It is only occasionally that the muse tempts Mr. Scott away from his most interesting work in the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. In "On a Portrait of Judge Haliburton" we have the result of one of his recent excursions into the realm of fancy. In this is seen a poet's appreciation of a great man; and is it not an eloquent tribute? Do we not also receive from it a feeling of the right kind of patriotism or loyalty, whichever we care to call it?

Mrs. Mackay is among our surest and most artistic poets. Her work invariably bears the mark of distinction. Although she has gone out to the Pacific coast, far away from what are regarded as the literary centres, her work continues to be along the



same high lines, and one might hope that the Chinook breezes will give her fresh inspiration and renewed zeal.

Miss Pickthall has an international reputation as a poet. She occasionally writes prose, but there is poetry in everything that comes from her enchanted pen. In subtle imagery and charming spirituality her work is extraordinary. She is a young woman, a resident of Toronto, but in imagination she is extremely nomadic and versatile.

Mrs. Blewett has perhaps more admirers than any other woman writer of verse in Canada. She imparts much personality into her work, and in whatever she does there is a tenderness that invariably makes a strong appeal and a lasting impression. There is also a delicate touch, as may be seen in "The Silver Birch," her contribution to this number.

Mr. Boyd's name comes later on the horizon, and while he has written special poems that have received unusual notice, he devotes a great deal of thought to a proper rendition in English of poems that are distinctively Canadian although composed in French. This is a most commendable work, and as Mr. Boyd is a resident and a native of Montreal he is well equipped to undertake it.

Miss Madge Macbeth, who contri-

butes the sketch entitled "The Pseudo-Theosophist," is a resident of Ottawa, and a frequent contributor to the magazines. She has a keen appreciation of satire and humour, and is the author of a novel entitled "The Changeling," which has been published in serial form.

Professor George Herbert Clarke, whose contributions to *The Canadian Magazine*, either in prose or verse, are a delight to cultured readers, is a Canadian and a lecturer in English literature at the Peabody School for Teachers, University of Nashville. He is a frequent contributor to leading American magazines, and is the author of a critical introduction to a volume of selections from the works of Shelley, as well as of other volumes of a similar character.

Newer names in the list are Rene Norcross, Edwin Dowsley and Thomas Stanley Moyer. Miss Norcross is a resident of British Columbia, and it is to be hoped that she will send out many stories with a Western flavour. Mr. Dowsley is a well-known resident of Montreal. His little story, "The Waif," possesses a subtle charm that is often lacking in work of its kind. Mr. Moyer lives at Stratford, Ontario. He has a fancy for historical background, and he uses his material in a most artistic manner.

*The Editor*





## WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



### HIS DOCUMENTS

"I like you, Fred,  
I like your looks;  
But you've never read"—  
And she shook her head—  
"Five feet of books!"

"Mere bookish lore,  
My dearest Pearl,"  
Said Fred, "is a bore!  
But I do adore  
Five feet of girl!"

—Chicago Tribune.

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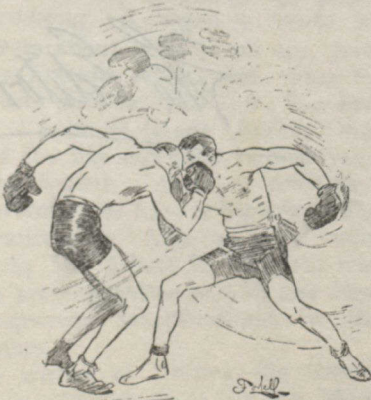
### TAKING HIS FLIGHT

Elder—"Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from Drink, the tempter?"

Sarah (not too well pleased)—  
"Flee yersel'."

Elder—"Oh, Sarah, I have flown."

Sarah—"Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter."—  
Manchester Guardian.



"REMEMBER IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE"  
—Life

### WHAT THE SANDWICH WAS FOR

A stately old professor was approached by a young student one day in one of the Western colleges. Trying hard to keep back a smile, the young man asked:

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time, venturing several answers which proved to be wrong. Finally, at his wits' end, he said:

"I give it up."

"It's easy," said the other.

"Give it up," repeated the professor.

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled:

"Oh, that's what you bite on."—  
The Circle.

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### THE DIFFERENCE

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."—Christian Work.





#### GROUSE SHOOTING MADE EASY

TYRO (to old Keeper, who has been very successfully occupying the end butt): "I can't hit these confounded driven birds at all! How is it you do it?"

KEEPER: "Weel, I gie it them in their faces when they're comin, an' I pour it about their tails when they're gone by, just accordin' tae circumstances."

—Punch

#### WIMMEN FOLK

Toime was I thought av wimmen  
sure,  
As made to riverince, limb be  
limb;  
As something holy-like and pure  
Thro' all the snow-white lingsh av  
thim!

I dreamed av gurls as angels, lad,  
Wid all their wistful holy ways,  
To leave you tremblin' when ye'd had  
A word with thim—in oulder days!

But now I've learned me topsail lore  
And roved the sea from rim to rim,  
I seldom wait and quake before  
The soft and snow-white lingsh av  
thim!

For when gurls love you well, me lad,  
They're throe to nayther law nor  
letther;

And when they're most disheartenin'  
bad

Ye yearn to love such angels bet  
ther!

—Arthur Stringer, in *The Smart Set*

#### THE MUCH-MALIGNED CABBAGE

Wigg—"What kind of cigars does  
Closefist smoke?"

Wagg—"Well, when you light one  
of them you instinctively look around  
for the corned beef."—*Philadelphia  
Record*.

\*

#### FOUND OUT

"Would you like to hear a secret  
involving Mrs. Nextdoor in a dreadful  
scandal?"

"Yes, oh yes! Tell it to me!"

"I don't know any such secret. You  
have certainly got a mean disposi-  
tion."—*Houston Post*.

\*

#### THE RULING PASSION

The editor was dying, says an ex-  
change, but when the doctor bent  
over, placed his ear on his breast, and  
said: "Poor man! circulation almost  
gone!" the dying editor sat up and  
shouted: "You're a liar; we have the  
largest circulation in the country!"—  
*Atlanta Constitution*.





MOTHER: "Why, Baby, what are you doing?"

BABY (with her ear to crack in floor above the dining-room): "Don't know, but nurse does it."

—Punch

#### UP IN THE AIR

In the air one minute—"Another fool inventor."

In the air three minutes—"Hasn't he killed himself yet?"

In the air five minutes—"All the fools ain't dead yet."

In the air thirty minutes—"Mr. Ayriider, the well-known aviator."

In the air one hour—"Our distinguished fellow countryman."

In the air one hour and a quarter—"The wizard of the air."

In the air one hour and a half—"The Legion of Honour could have been bestowed on no worthier man."  
—Life.

\*

#### TRAGIC

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again.—Lippincott's.

208

#### NOT SURPRISING

Concerning the opening of the Orthopedic Hospital *The Daily Telegraph* says:

"Externally the design is modern, and internally the treatment is somewhat severe, as is usual in a hospital."—Punch.

\*

#### HIS HOPE

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, daughter," replied the old man, "if your heart's sot on him I haven't a word to say; but I always did hope you'd marry an American."  
—Houston Post.

\*

#### SUB ROSA

She—"She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

He—"The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

She—"I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."—Exchange.



## Colds are Treacherous

No one is immune from colds and their train of evils.

The strong as well as the weak are attacked.

To trace a cold back to its cause is often impossible, but the fact is that it comes through exposure, when the vitality is low.

That is why every one—weak or strong—should keep the body well fortified against possible danger by a generous use of

## Hot Bovril

which is immediately transformed into warmth, energy and nourishment.

There is both pleasure and safety in

# BOVRIL

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## Ale and Porter

AWARDED

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CANDIES**

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Filled with our Delicious Confections  
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## WOOLENS

FLANNELS, YARNS  
WORSTEDS, and all  
materials containing  
ANIMAL WOOL  
must be carefully  
washed to keep them  
SOFT & PREVENT  
SHRINKING. Don't  
send them to the  
cleaners—but use

**PEARLINE**  
MODERN SOAP



## DIRECTIONS

"Wash woollens and  
flannels by hand in  
luke-warm

## PEARLINE

suds; rinse thoroughly  
in WARM water;  
wring dry; pull and  
shake well, and they  
will keep soft with-  
out shrinking.

DRY IN WARM  
TEMPERATURE."

# Pearline Keeps Woolens Soft

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❁ LACES ❁

Lace robes, waists and gowns  
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**POSTUM**  
must be boiled  
15 minutes—until  
dark and rich.  
That brings  
out the flavour  
and food  
value.

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It is surprising how quickly those old headaches leave the person who quits coffee, and has found out how to make

# POSTUM

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And who prizes health and the ability to "do things."

Ten days' trial will prove

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WOODSTOCK, ONT. AND WINNIPEG, MAN.



# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Avoid substitutes.  
Look for the  
Globe trade-mark

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Simple and good as Waterman's Ideals are they make the best and most useful gifts that you can select for your friends or relatives. We emphasize the trade-mark to assist you in buying; it characterizes the only pen that is carefully made from the finest materials. The prices run from \$2.50 for the handsomely finished plain style up to as much as you fancy to pay for the richly gold or silver mounted styles. Whatever you pay our unconditional guarantee covers the pen. Gold Pens to suit every hand are exchangeable.

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25c. extra.

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It not only makes better candy, but combines real food value, with a dainty elusive deliciousness all its own.

**Try This  
"Crown  
Brand  
Divinity."**

1 cup CROWN BRAND SYRUP;  
4 cups Brown Sugar;  
Two-thirds of a cup of Water;  
1 cup Chopped Nuts;  
One-third teaspoonful Salt;  
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla Extract;  
Whites of 2 Eggs.

Put syrup, sugar and water in a saucepan, and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in water. Remove from the fire. Have the salt and eggs beaten dry and add to the mixture, beating continually until it is good and thick. Add the nuts and vanilla, then turn into buttered pans. Mark in cubes when cold.

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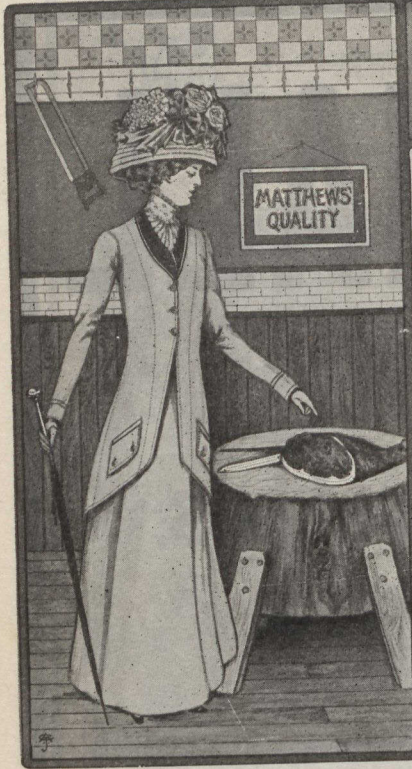
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The lilies from which this charming perfume is made grow in the far off "Flowery Kingdom." Dainty and lasting. A few drops suffice. \$1.00 per oz.

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### Valley Violet Perfume

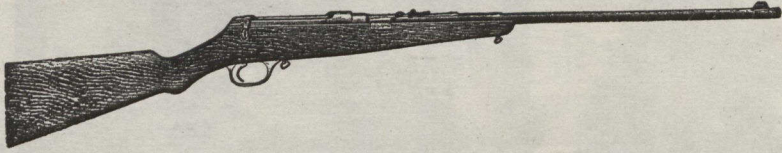
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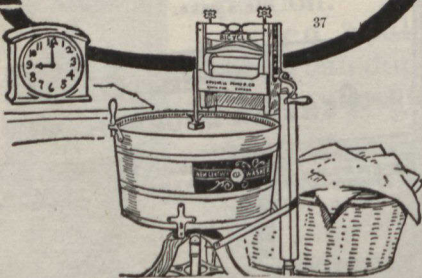
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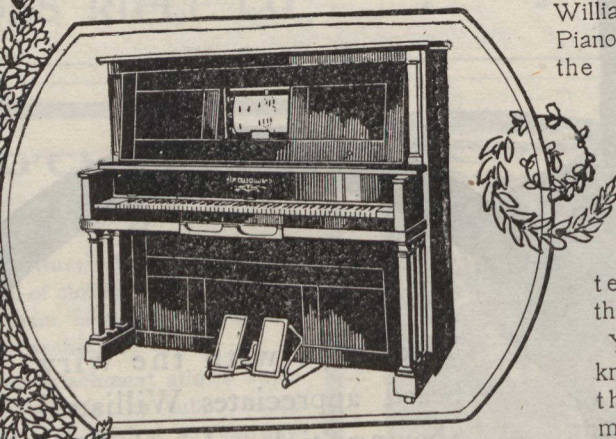
# NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

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The fingers of the great pianists are but highly trained pieces of mechanism. It is the soul of the artist, communicated to the fingers, which plays the music.

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## The Marlin No 24-12 Repeating Shotgun

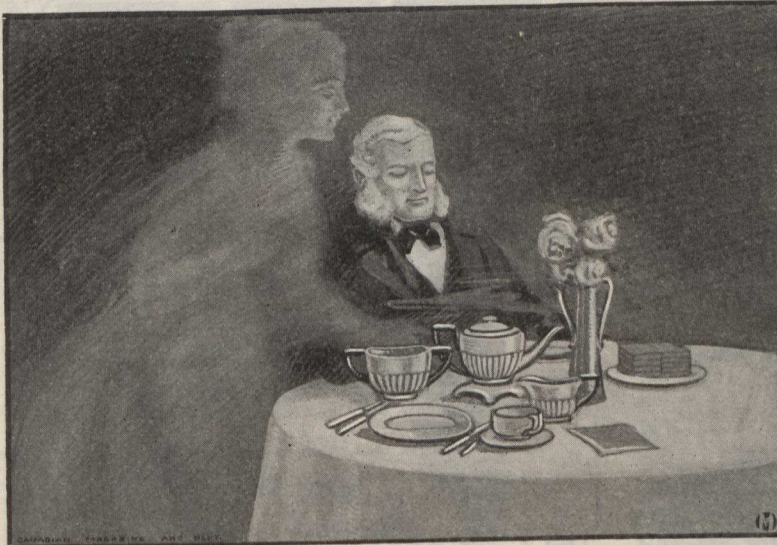
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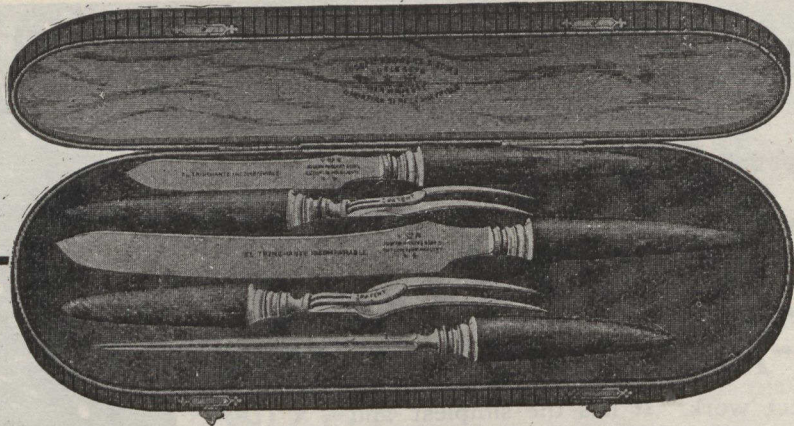
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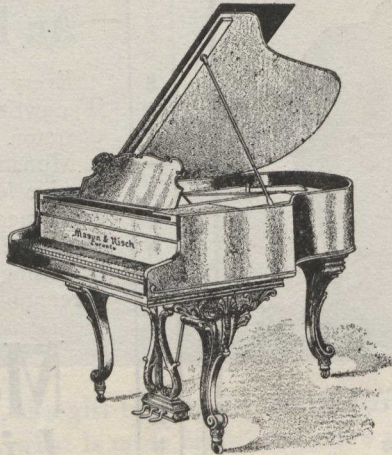


3  
to  
4  
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4  
to  
5  
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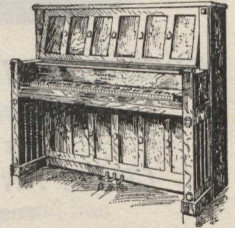




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Our Special Mail Order Bag at \$1.25  
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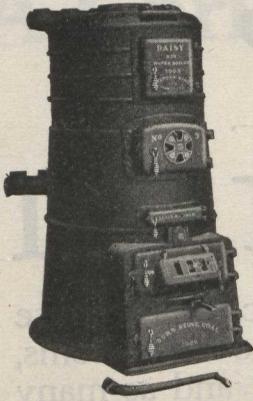
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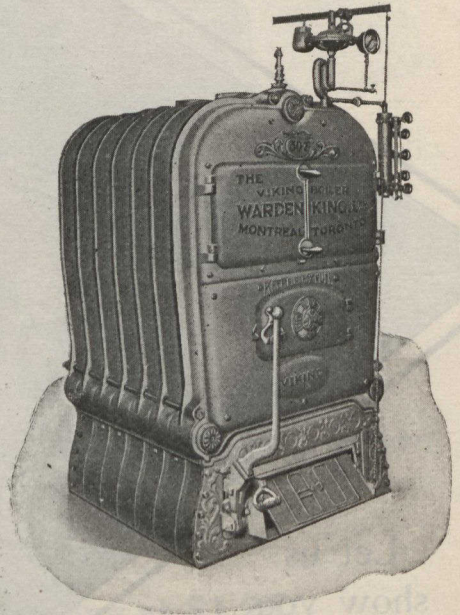
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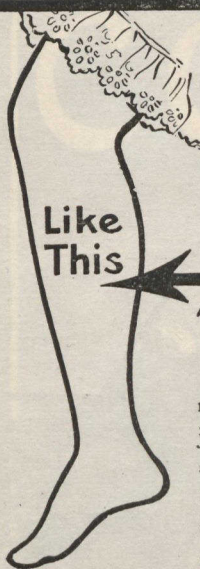
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Warden King Limited Works : Maisonneuve. Stores : 151 Craig St. West, Montreal



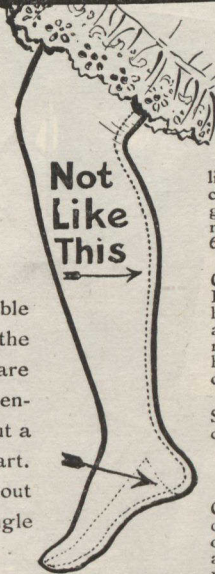
# Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

Like This



**T**HINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

Not Like This



## 2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

### EXCLUSIVE PROCESS

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machine in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

### REINFORCED FEET

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the Hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

### FOR LADIES

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

PENMANS LIMITED, DEPT. D.,

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of three pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, carolinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### FOR MEN

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 6-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium Weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### INSTRUCTIONS

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

### CATALOG FREE

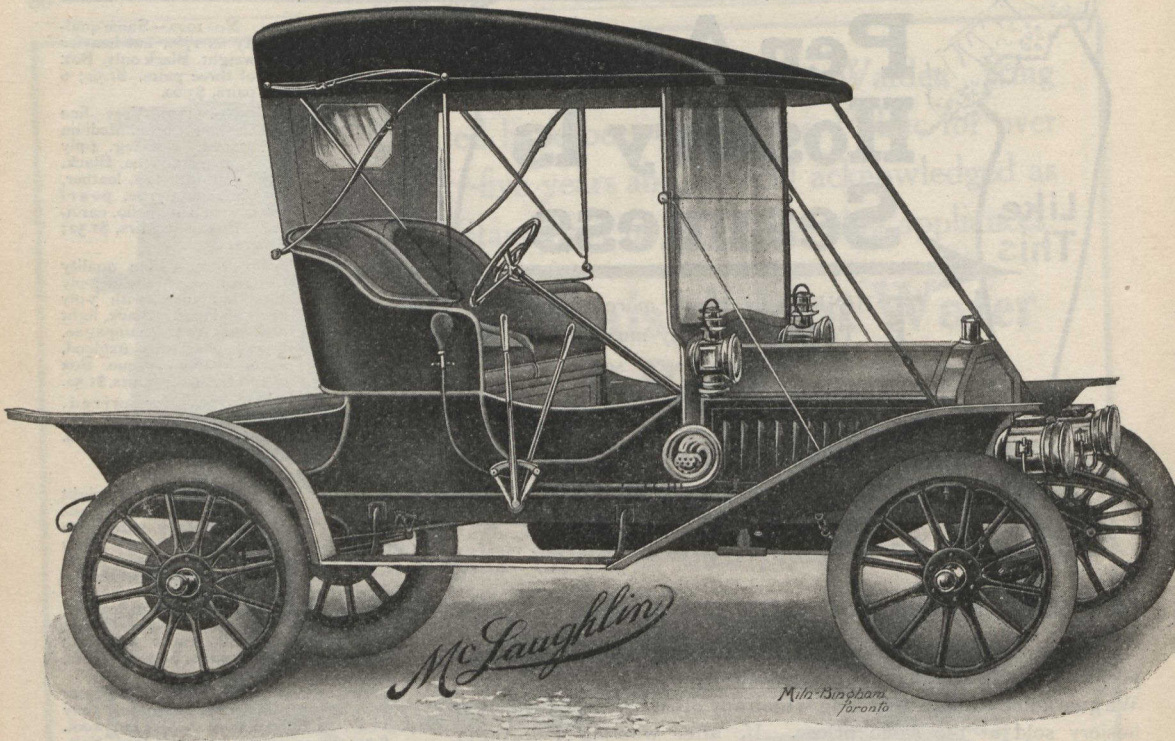
If you want something different than the styles and shades listed, send for handsome free cat log which shows an extensive line in colors. 46

PARIS, CANADA

# Pen-Angle Hosiery







Model 10—\$1100 Top and Windshield extra.

# McLaughlin-Buick Motor Cars Always on the job.

**5 Models Touring Cars and Roadsters.  
Staunch and Defendable on Road.  
Invincible on the Track.**

A great many physicians have purchased the above model in different parts of Canada this season and are adding to their practise and revenue through its use and doing it with greatly increased physical Comfort.

## McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory,

OSHAWA, Ont.



# COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

WITH  
SIX HOLE SIFTER  
(Another Improvement)

## JUST WHERE YOU WANT IT

With the new Colgate Six-Hole Sifter you can concentrate the Talc, if you wish, on a tiny spot, or spread it around by simply moving the sifter. Saves the powder and saves your clothes.

OUR  
NEW  
WAY

## JUST THE QUANTITY YOU WANT

By turning the Sifter Top you get a dainty sprinkling or a generous supply, just as you wish. Another convenience—and another saving.

Besides coming to you in the handiest box, Colgate's is the best Talc. Others, for reasons you can guess, imitate the box, but they cannot successfully imitate the superb quality of our powder.

Get the genuine Colgate's: Violet, Cashmere Bouquet or Dactylis.

If you have never tried Colgate's Talc we will send a trial box for 4 cents in stamps.

**COLGATE & CO.**

(Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Perfume)

DEPT. C.M.

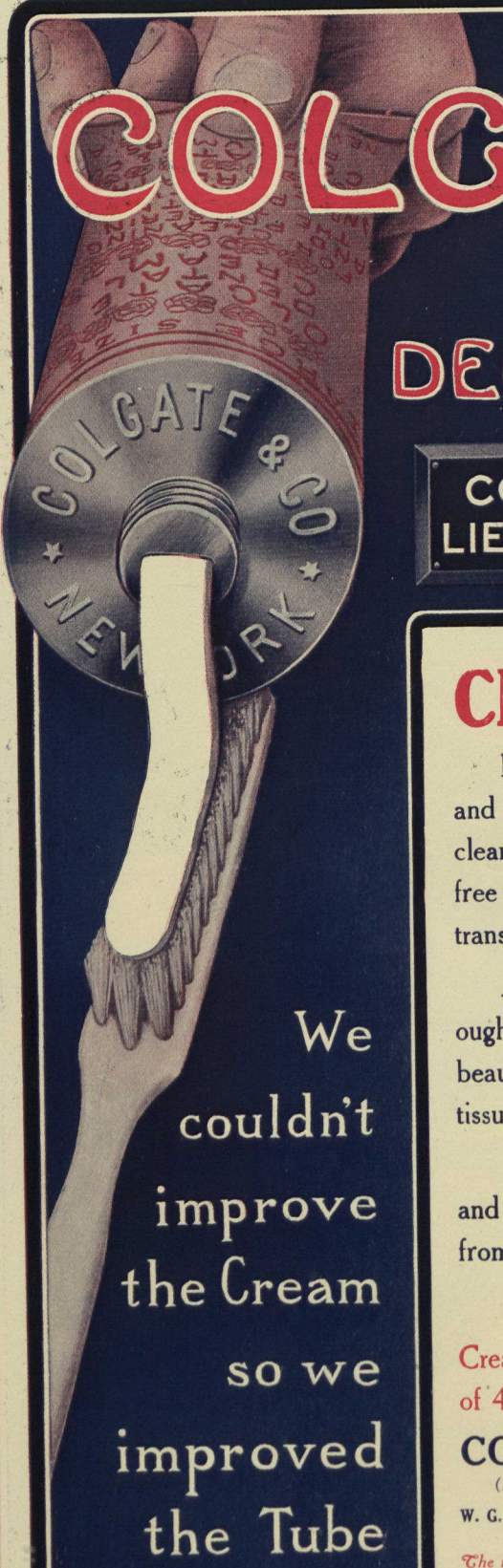
Coristine Building, Montreal.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

THE  
OLD WAY  
SCATTERS  
AND  
WASTES







# COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT A RIBBON  
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

## CHILDREN LIKE IT

Let the children use Colgate's Dental Cream and you will have no trouble getting them to clean their teeth regularly. By its pleasant taste, free from medicinal taint, Colgate's Dental Cream transforms the task into a pleasure.

At the same time it cleans the teeth thoroughly, without scratching the enamel, gives a beautiful polish to gold work, and stimulates gum tissue.

The flat ribbon of cream is more convenient and economical than powder, liquid, or paste from the old-style round opening.

If you have never tried Colgate's Dental Cream, we will send you a trial tube on receipt of 4c. in stamps.

**COLGATE & CO.**

(Established Over 100 Years)

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL

Dept. C.M.  
CORISTINE BUILDING,  
MONTREAL

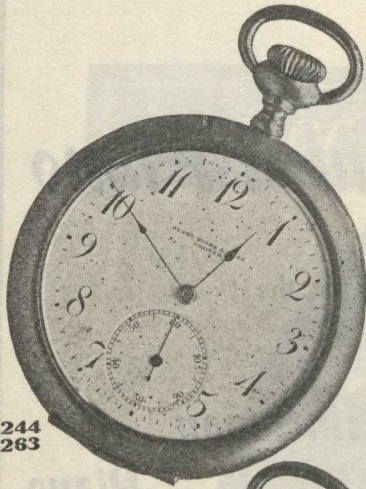
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA

We  
couldn't  
improve  
the Cream  
so we  
improved  
the Tube

*The name "Colgate & Co." on Soaps, Powders and Perfumes corresponds to the "Sterling" mark on Silver.*



# Christmas Watches



244  
263

326. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$25  
Solid 14-carat gold case.  
Birks' "St. James" movement.

331. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$30  
Solid 14-carat gold case,  
Birks' "Fairfax" movement.

244 Banker's Watch, open face, \$50.

263 Banker's Watch, hunting case,  
\$50.

These watches have our fine "Greenwich" adjusted movements, our Banker's movement. The cases are heavy solid 14-carat gold.



326  
331

## Birks' Watches for Men

328. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$25  
Solid 14-carat gold case,  
Birks' "St. James" movement.

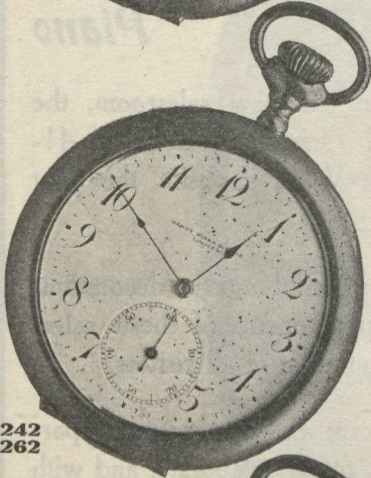
330. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$30  
Solid 14-carat gold case,  
Birks' "Fairfax" movement.



328  
330

## Birks' Watches for Ladies

242. Gold Open-face Watch, \$60  
262. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$60  
These watches have our fine "Downing Street" movements.  
The cases are heavy solid 14-carat gold.



242  
262

## Birks' Watches for Boys

327. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$25  
Solid 14-carat gold case,  
Birks' "St. James" movement.

333. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$30  
Solid 14-carat gold case,  
Birks' "Fairfax" movement.



327  
333

## Birks' Watches for Girls

208. Gold Open-face Watch, \$75.00  
264. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$75  
These watches have our fine "Downing Street" movements.  
The cases are massive solid 18-carat gold.



208  
264

## Birks' Bracelet Watches

332. Gold Hunting-case Watch, \$30  
Solid 14-carat gold, richly engraved case  
with Birks' "Fairfax" movement.

Every Birks' Watch Measures Up to the Highest Practical Standard of Excellence in its own class.



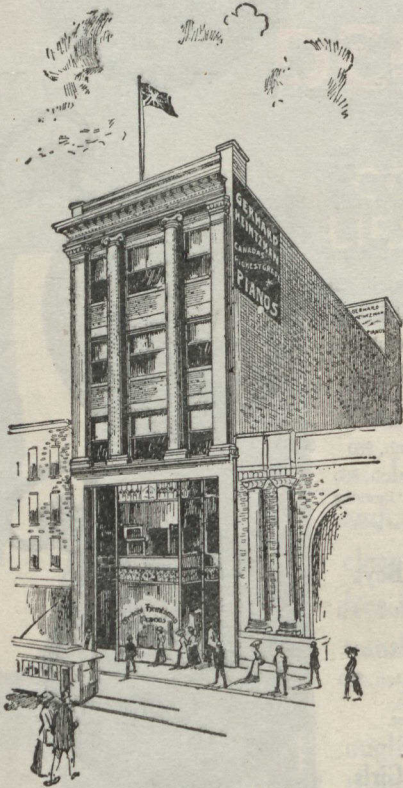
332

SEVEN FULL PAGES IN OUR NEW CATALOGUE ARE GIVEN UP TO ILLUSTRATING BIRKS' WATCHES—SEND FOR IT.

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS, LIMITED  
JEWELLERS - PHILLIPS SQUARE - MONTREAL.



# The New Home of Canada's Finest Piano



The new Gerhard Heintzman  
Building, City Hall Square

On November the 1st, the

**Gerhard**

**Heintzman**

**Piano**

took possession of its new salesroom, the beautiful Gerhard Heintzman Building, 41-43 Queen Street West, opposite the City Hall.

The handsome and artistic decorations and up-to-date appointments of these salesrooms are the admiration of all visitors.

The showrooms and demonstrating parlors are spacious, fittings elaborate, and with the magnificent display of grand, upright and player pianos which now adorn them, may well be called "the delight of music lovers—the finest piano showrooms in Canada".

If unable to call and see the beautiful new home of Canada's Premier Piano, send for our handsome booklet. It contains much interesting inside piano information. Write to-day.

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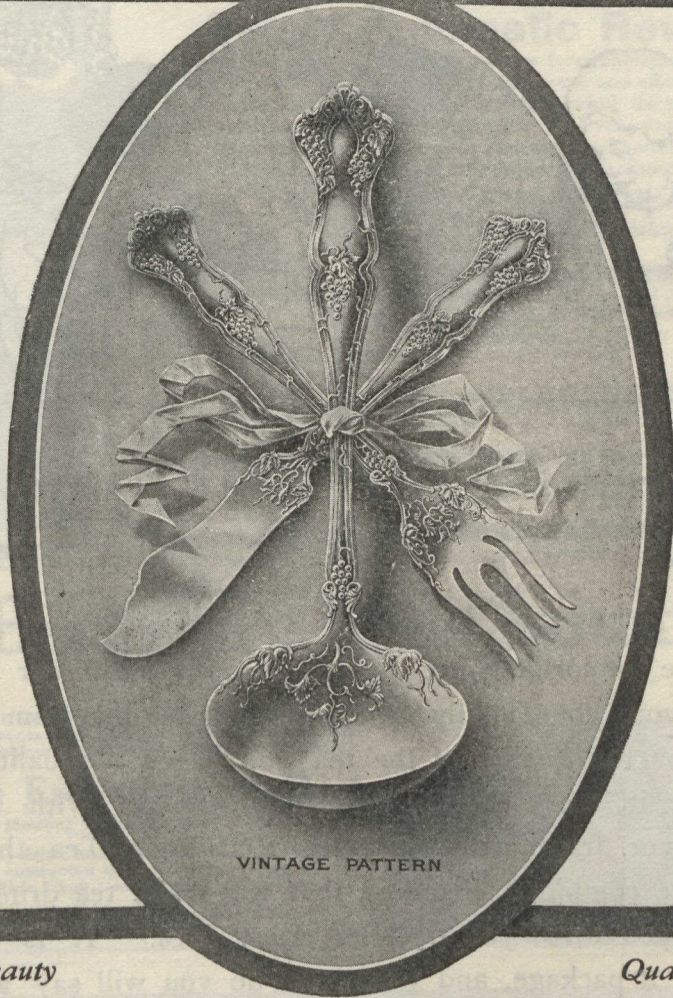
## GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

CITY HALL SQUARE,

TORONTO



*"Silver Plate That Wears"*



*Beauty*

*Quality*

The "Vintage" is one of the most popular patterns that ever bore the trade-mark

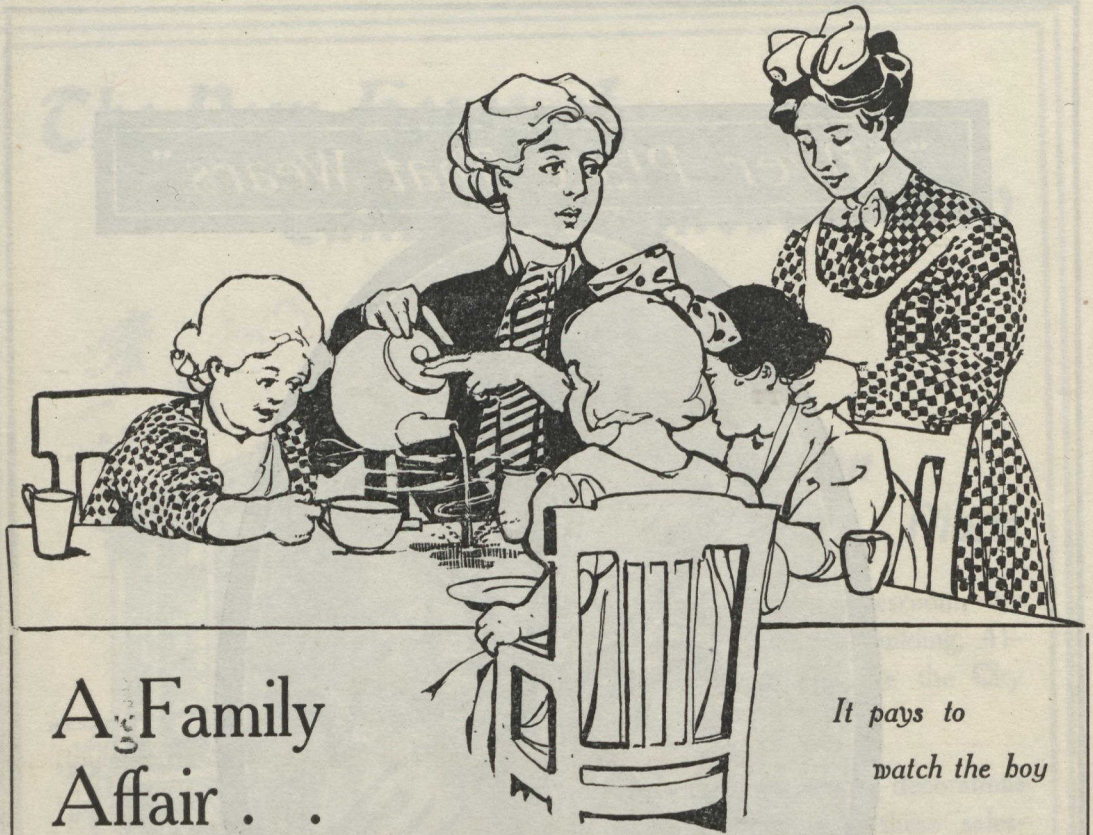
**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**

This brand of silver-plate is the gradual development of nearly sixty years experience—Rogers Bros. being established in 1847. There are imitations of our patterns, as well as the trade mark. See that you procure the genuine, sold by leading dealers. Write us for catalogue

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**

**HAMILTON, ONTARIO**





## A Family Affair . .

*It pays to  
watch the boy*

The importance of tea to yourself and your family—the enjoyment you, your family and your guests get from your tea—depends upon the quality of the tea you serve. Quality is what you pay for in tea. Quality in tea is strength with smoothness, delicious flavor, fragrant aroma. In Red Rose Tea these quality essentials are combined in a way that will make tea drinking a new pleasure to you when you try Red Rose Tea. It is worth your while to try a package, and when you do you will say as so many thousands do—

# Red Rose Tea

“is Good Tea.”

Your Grocer will recommend it.





## A Safe Gift to Him

There seems to be inborn in every man a love for good firearms. When the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give him?" comes around, it is always safe to decide upon the

# IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver

It is so perfect and so safe that as many Iver Johnsons are being sold as of all other makes combined. It's the best house and office weapon, and the best for the pocket. If the hammer hits against the top of the bureau-drawer, or catches in the pocket, the revolver cannot discharge. In fact you can "Hammer the Hammer" without fear of accidental discharge. But pull the **trigger** and it shoots quick and true.

### Our Free Booklet "Shots" Tells More in Detail

just how the Iver Johnson works. Our handsome catalogue goes with it.

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER**  
Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire; or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4 in. bbl., . . . **\$7.50**

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER.** Richly nickeled, 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4-in. bbl., . . . **\$8.50**

[On either revolver, extra length barrel or blued finish at slightly extra cost.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.**

New York: 99 Chambers Street Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4  
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street

# The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

**With the Escharotic Method**  
(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

**WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.**  
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



PRICE  
\$1.50  
AND UP

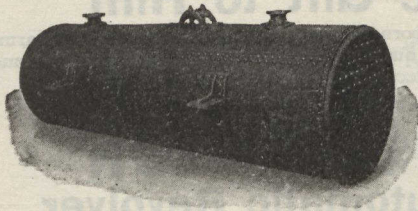
# STAR SAFETY RAZOR



The STAR SAFETY RAZOR is the only one that gives entire satisfaction. The fact that it has a FORGED BLADE like the old style razor which can be STROPPED AUTOMATICALLY and will LAST INDEFINITELY, proves that there is no need of continually buying blades and guarantees the Star to be the BEST and most INEXPENSIVE razor on the market that gives universal satisfaction. Five million users in the past thirty years are positive proof of this statement.

No ROUGH EDGES to IRRITATE the FACE; the blade is guaranteed to shave the HEAVIEST BEARD without causing irritation or discomfort. A quick, comfortable and enjoyable shave is assured the user. Catalogue on request. KAMPFE BROTHERS, 25 Reade St., New York City.





It is impossible for us to demonstrate in this small space the superiority of our Boilers.

But?

If you are in the market either for a Heating or Power factor permit us to place before you our specification.

You will realize our knowledge is valuable.

Our Prices are rock bottom, and our complete Catalogue is yours for the asking.

THE

**Jenckes Machine Co.**

Limited

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Vancouver, Montreal

Works:

Sherbrooke, Que. St. Catharines, Ont.



## THE WRITER

will always find the Society Note Papers of the Barber = Ellis make at the stationers who are catering to the best classes. Three of the most popular are :

" FRENCH ORGANDIE "

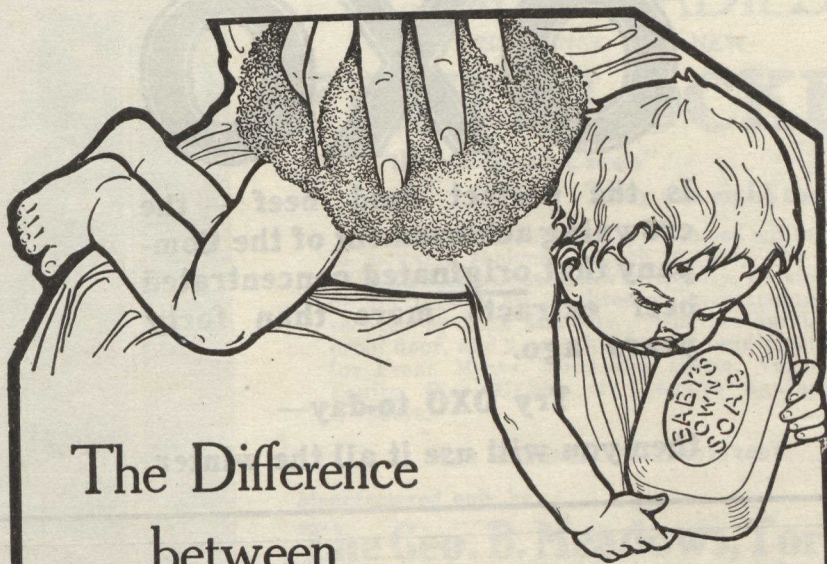
" IRISH LAWN " and

" SHAMROCK LINEN "

**The Barber-Ellis Co.**  
LIMITED

63-71 Wellington St. W., Toronto





## The Difference between Baby's Own Soap and Others

### Baby's Own Soap

1. Is made from clean refined vegetable oils — that are naturally fragrant.
2. Does not contain a particle of coloring matter or any other impurity.
3. Gives a rich creamy lather which preserves the soft smooth texture of the skin and leaves it cool and soft.

### Others

1. Are made from uncleanly animals fats—the refuse of the abattoirs.
2. Are strongly scented and highly colored to disguise their coarse quality and impure nature.
3. Give a lather which irritates the skin, leaving it dry, rough, red and coarse.

Are You Particular?

If so refuse substitutes and use

# Baby's Own Soap

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., Mfrs.,

MONTREAL.

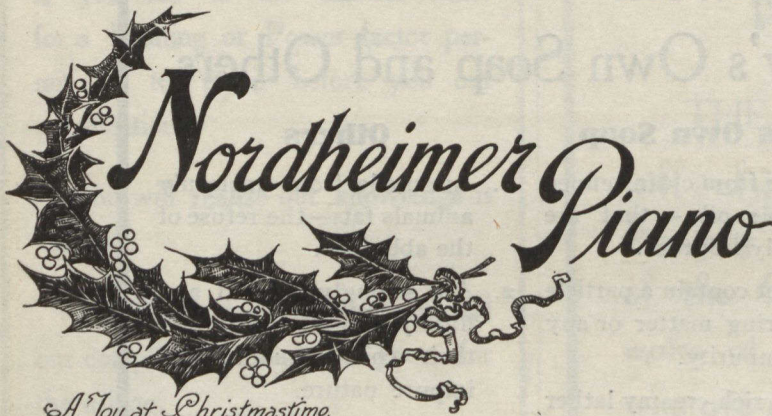
15-09



# OXO

is the perfect fluid beef — the crowning achievement of the Company that originated concentrated beef extracts more than forty years ago.

Try OXO to-day—  
then you will use it all the winter.



*A Joy at Christmas  
and throughout the year.*

Established 1840

The  
Nordheimer  
Piano & Music  
Co., Ltd.

15 King Street E.  
TORONTO

Branches in all leading  
Cities.



**Beautiful Pictures**  
are produced only by pure rich colors.

**Winsor & Newton**  
are artists' colormen to the Royal Family and their

Oil and Water Colors  
are the world's standard. Not dear. For sale at all Art Stores.

**A. RAMSAY & SON,**  
MONTREAL.  
Wholesale Agents for Canada.



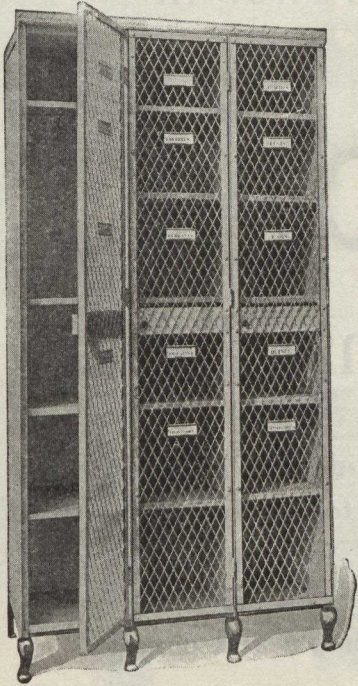
**IF I WERE A QUEEN**

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"**





# 25,000 LADIES PRONOUNCE OUR NEW **FRUIT LOCKER**

"the nicest ever seen".

They are right too.

Made of STEEL entirely, enameled white, with 15 movable shelves. Each to carry one dozen QUART JARS of canned Fruit, Jelly, Pickles, etc. or 216 Jars in all, in three main compartments, secured by lock and key. One section has fly proof door, and 3 meat hooks. Providing storage for Fresh Meats, Fowl and Game, Vegetables Fruits, Pies, Cakes, etc., secure against all Invaders.

**An Ideal Cabinet**

Manufactured only by

**The Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto**

Wire, Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited

479 Wellington St., West TORONTO, Can.

## Ask Yourself

Of what value is Purity to You?  
Every Brand of

# EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

is Guaranteed Chemically Pure.  
It's worth considering.

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Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For  
**EDDY'S MATCHES**

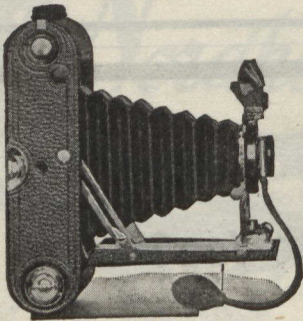


If it isn't an EASTMAN, it isn't a KODAK

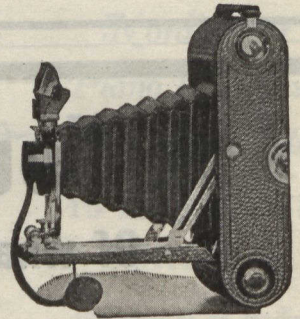
# Put "KODAK" on that Christmas List.

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact

## FOLDING POCKET SERIES.



No. 1,	2¼ x 3¼	pictures,	\$10.00
No. 1A,	2½ x 4¼	"	12.00
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No. 3,	3¼ x 4¼	"	17.50
No. 3A,	3¼ x 5½	"	20.00
No. 4,	4 x 5	"	20.00



Box form Kodaks at \$5.00 to \$12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at \$1.00 to \$12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at \$40.00 to upwards of \$100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

*Kodak means Photography with the bother left out.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

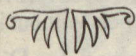
Toronto, Can.

Catalogue free at the  
dealers or by mail.





“It is a beauty  
and it’s just  
as sweet as it  
looks.”



The “Star” Brand Ham

MADE BY  
**FEARMAN, HAMILTON**  
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.



## A Suitable and Acceptable Gift

Every woman managing or caring for her home feels a certain pride in its appearance, and constantly plans to make it more comfortable and attractive. It is therefore her delight

when receiving a gift to have it something for the house.

### Crex Grass Furniture

is the furniture of to-day, it is distinctive—the very newest in style, finish and design and the most serviceable and durable made. Just the gift and at an attractive price.

*Carried by all best furniture shops.*

Ask for “CREX-EASE” cushions.

Send for beautifully illustrated booklet No. 67.

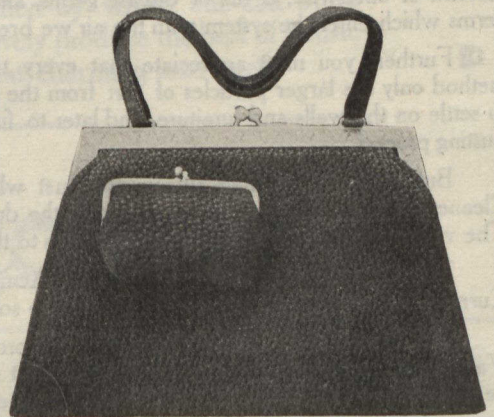
**PRAIRIE GRASS FURNITURE CO.**

Sole Manufacturers

GLENDALE, LONG ISLAND

NEW YORK

WE KEEP THE LARGEST  
ASSORTMENT AND BEST VALUE IN  
**FINE LEATHER GOODS  
LADIES' HAND BAGS Etc.**



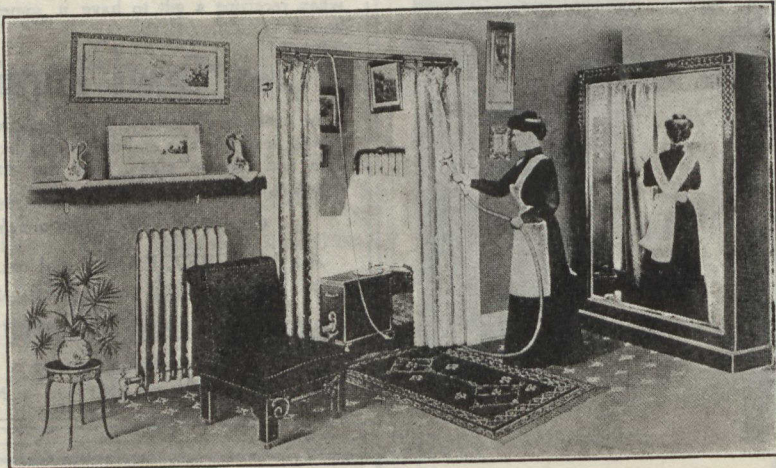
**BROWN BROS.**

Limited

Manufacturing Stationers Toronto



# A DUSTLESS HOME By Acme Vacuum System



Have you not often wished, after a thorough housecleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that the dust and dirt carried into your home, by air currents or otherwise, is full of disease germs, and that the majority of the known diseases result from germs which enter the system with the air we breathe.

Further, you must appreciate that every time you sweep you actually remove by this laborious method only the larger particles of dirt from the premises, and that you stir up the germ laden dust only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back onto the floor through the accustomed dusting process.

But you need neither sweep nor dust when you use our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner. It takes up the disease germs with the dust and dirt, and removes them forever from your home. The vacuum in the cleaner is so regulated as to thoroughly clean your carpets without injury to the fabrics.

The motor in our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner is wound for Direct or Alternating Current, and operates from the ordinary lamp socket at an approximate cost of one cent per hour.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will remove the dirt and dust from your home is with your own eyes, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the Vacuum Department.

MANUFACTURERS ACME VACUUM CLEANER CO'Y.  
20-22 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL



# W.G.P. Collars AND Shirts

FOR MEN WHO CARE  
HOW THEY LOOK

Expect more for your money in style and service than ever you bought; and you may be sure you will get just that when you buy shirts or collars made by W.G.P. That is no mere trade talk, but real fact. The proof is in every first-rate haberdasher's stock. Look for the trademark, it's your warranty, and our guarantee, of quality.

TRADE  
W.G.P. MARK

of Berlin, Ont.



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

## The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

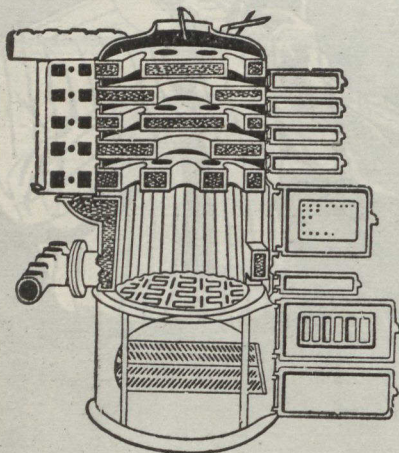
Send for free Booklet C to the makers.



The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.  
TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA



# "SOVEREIGN" is Built on "Unit Principle"



"Sovereign" Furnace

Made by the

**Taylor-  
Forbes  
Company,  
Limited**

From sifting grate to top damper a "Sovereign" boiler is built in nine separate and entire pieces. Each boiler section is a small boiler in itself, bolted individually to the connecting water post. No part is welded or riveted inseparably to its adjoining part. This feature gives indestructibility and permits of easy installation.

*Besides heating all the house comfortably the "Sovereign" will supply abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen.*

*The "Sovereign" is the original boiler with the larger first section—a widely imitated improvement.  
Write for Booklet.*

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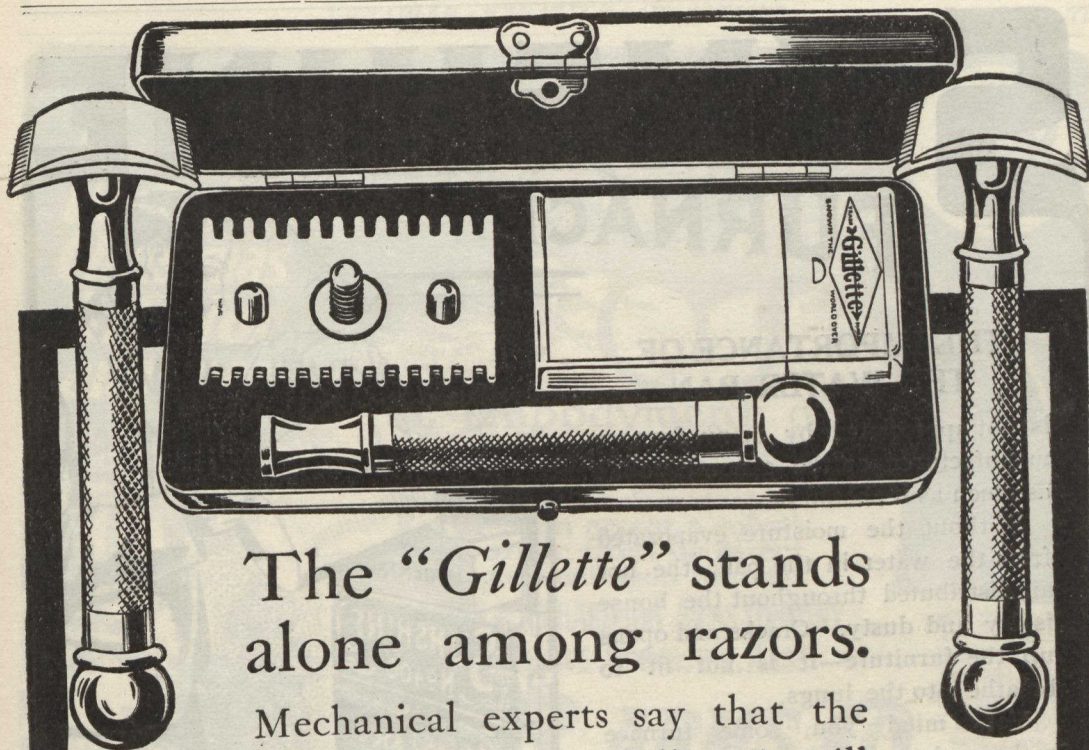
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Mechanical experts say that the *principle* of the "Gillette" will never be improved, *because it's right.*

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The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Office & Factory, Montreal.

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**NO STROPPING**





# SUNSHINE FURNACE

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—it is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine—just above the fuel door.



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY



## THE EASY SUNSHINE METHOD

Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

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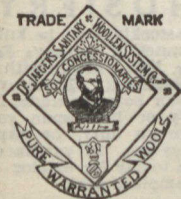
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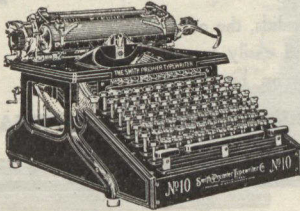
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 drink, that with its delicious  
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**DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR**

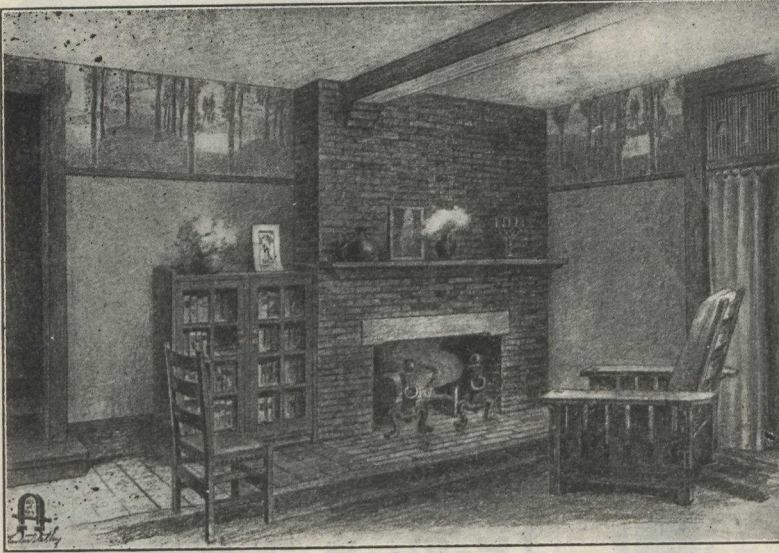
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Do you want the cheer,  
the comfort an open fire  
can give ?

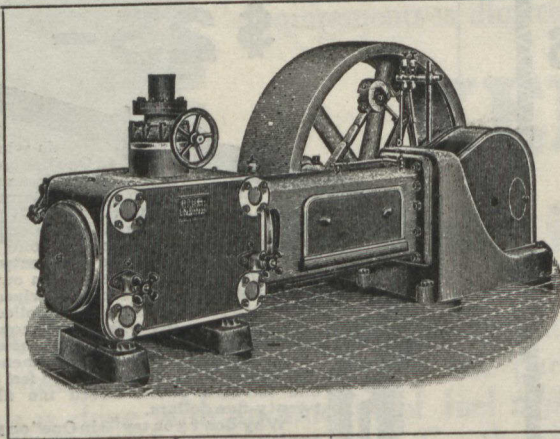
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If you have any idea of  
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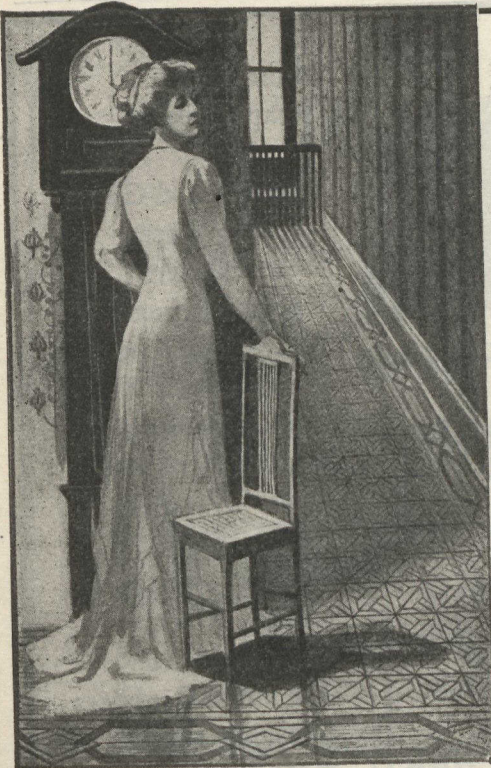
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LIMITED

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 An advertisement for Ganong's Chocolates. On the left, a sign reads "GANONG'S THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND CHOCOLATES". In the center, a woman in a patterned dress is seated at a table, reading a letter. On the table are several boxes of chocolates, some open. To the left of the woman, a cherub with wings is peeking over the edge of the table. The background is dark with some foliage.
 

THE CHOICE OF XMAS GIFTS

### THE LATEST AND DAINTIEST ARRANGEMENT FOR CHOCOLATES

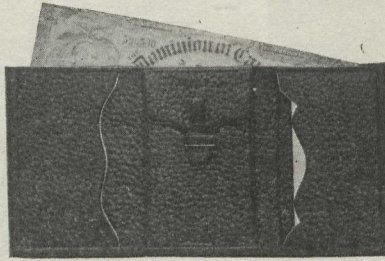
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# Catalogue

No. 24

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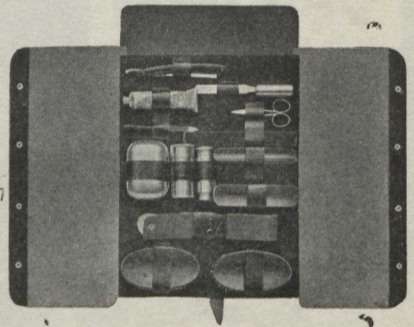


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 paid west to  
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WEEKLY SERVICE  
 MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL  
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MUSIC ROOM, S.S. VIRGINIAN

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From Liverpool to Montreal

R. M. S. VICTORIAN the first Transatlantic Turbine Steamer sailed from Liverpool Bar Lightship at 6.42 p.m. on Friday, August 6th, and arrived at Rimouski and landed mails at 8.43 a.m. Thursday, August 12; adding 5 hours difference in time, the Mails were on board **5 days, 19 hours and 1 minute**. The Steamer arrived at Quebec at 7.20 p.m. Thursday. Time from Liverpool to Quebec, inclusive of 1 hour and 20 minutes delay at Rimouski, **6 days, 0 hours and 38 minutes** apparent time. Left Quebec at 1 a.m. Friday, August 13th, and arrived at Montreal, Allan Line Wharf, at 11.45 a.m. same day. Apparent time from Liverpool to Montreal, inclusive of delays, 6 days, 17 hours, 03 minutes or deducting delay at Rimouski, 1 hour 20 minutes, and at Quebec, 5 hours, 40 minutes—7 hours 0 minutes and adding 5 hours difference in time, the actual time of passage from Liverpool to Montreal was **6 days 15 hours 03 minutes**, equal to a speed of 18.4 knots per hour.

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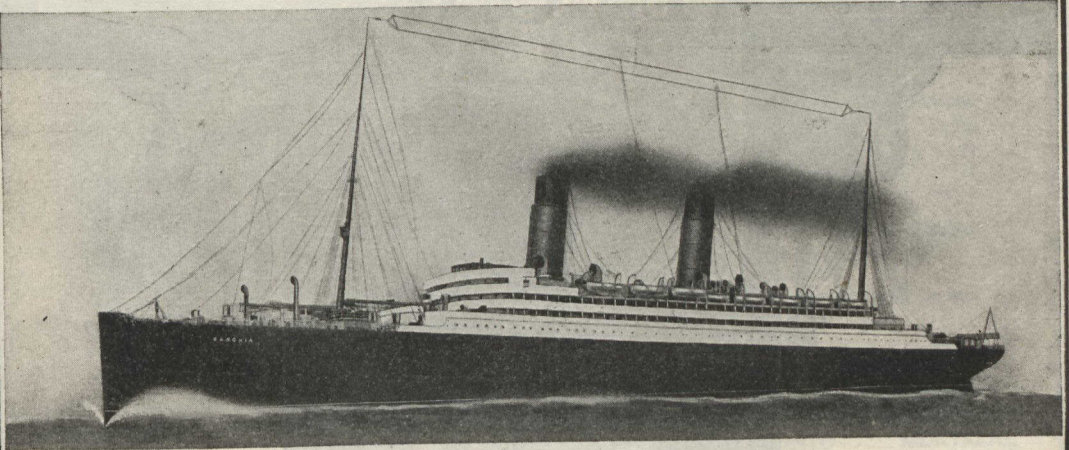
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Via the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples



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In addition the popular S. S. "Saxonia," 14,200 tons will make special sailings in the Mediterranean—Adriatic service, thus offering facilities to reach Southern waters that are unexcelled.

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- "CARONIA," January 8th, 1910 } —calling at THE AZORES, MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR,  
"CARMANIA," January 22nd, 1910 } GENOA, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA, and FIUME
- "SAXONIA," February 5th, 1910—calling at MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES, TRIESTE, and FIUME.
- "CARONIA," February 19th, 1910, } —calling at THE AZORES, MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR,  
"CARMANIA," March 5th, 1910, } GENOA, NAPLES and ALEXANDRIA.
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The itineraries of these SPECIAL CRUISES have been selected with the greatest discrimination. The introduction of a number of new ideas and the addition of several particularly attractive new features will lend added charm, pleasure and comfort. A la Carte dining service without additional charge. Stop-overs, affording opportunities for side trips, and proceeding by subsequent steamer are allowed. Passengers are not required to book for the entire cruise, as arrangements may be made to return by either the Lusitania or Mauretania, thereby enabling one to tour Central Europe at a considerable saving in both time and expense.

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All the passenger steamers of the Cunard Line are fitted with Submarine Signals and the Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

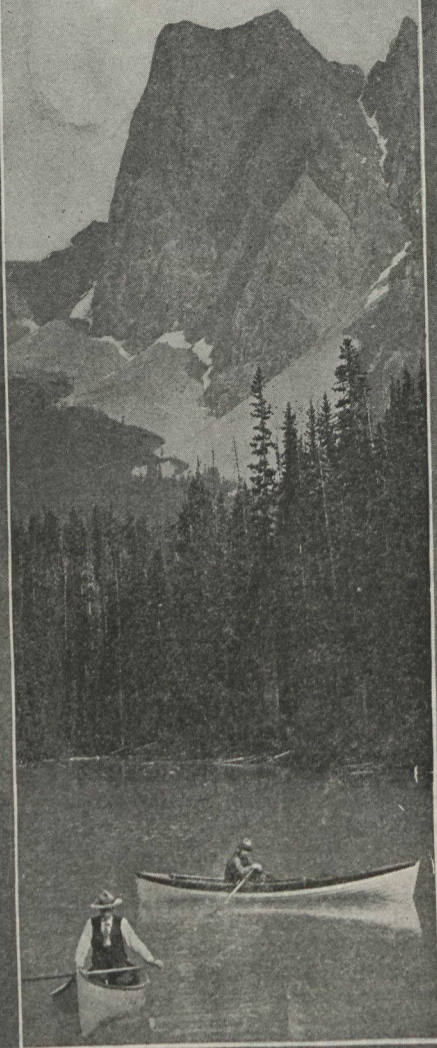


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Write for copy of  
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CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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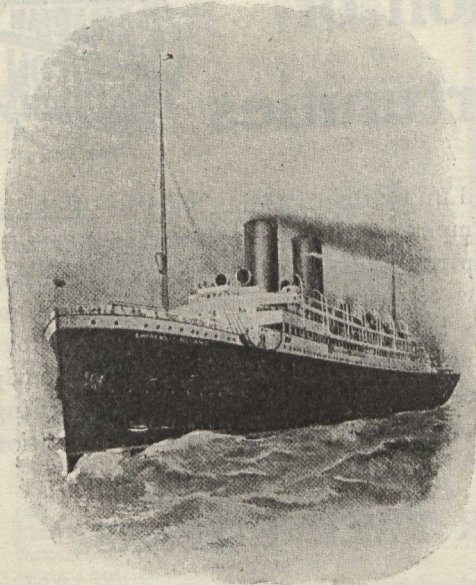
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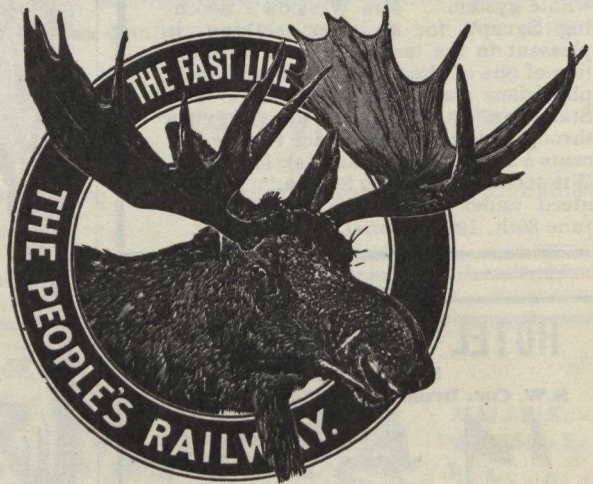
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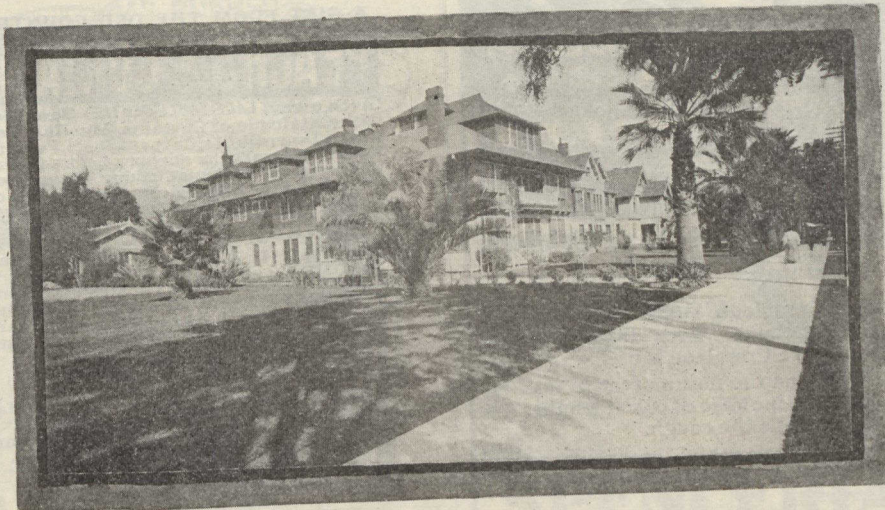
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All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

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**for Whooping Cough  
Croup, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis  
Colds, Diphtheria  
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"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

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Order a pail or jar from your grocer today and insist on having

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SPENCERIAN Steel Pens are easy writers because of their great elasticity; smooth, even points; accurate tempering.

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10c., 15c. and 20c. a tin

Anybody can bake beans after a fashion but to get all the nourishment in an easily assimilated and palatable form requires long experience and facilities that the kitchen cannot provide.

## CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS

are not ordinary beans baked in an ordinary way.

They are the very best, baked in CLARK'S model kitchens in the CLARK way with steam heat at a temperature over twice as great as the ordinary oven.

As a result they are easily digested and are a real delicacy.

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Manufacturers of High-Grade Food Specialties.

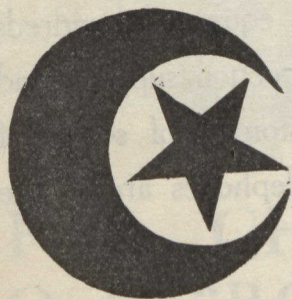


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"Sweets  
to the sweet"

A CHARMING CHRISTMAS GIFT  
THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF ALL PERFUMES  
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, DRESSING TABLE AND BATH.



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Connoisseurs of Real Eastern Rugs, and those building and furnishing new homes, are invited to visit our Art Rooms and inspect our magnificent stock of Persian Rugs, which we make a specialty.

We are quite confident in stating that our rug stock is the most complete and finest in Canada and our prices beyond competition, averaging 50% less than they are sold in the United States.

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Antique Mousoul, Sines, Kazaks, Tabriz, Fine Cabristans  
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We manufacture Automatic Telephones (Lorimer System) for the cities and towns, and Magneto Telephones for the rural lines. We also handle everything in construction supplies.

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Use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" for the Mince Pies and Pumpkin Pies, as well as for the Buns and Biscuits.

Use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" for the Fruit Cake and Plum Pudding, as well as for the Bread and Rolls.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is **both** a bread flour and a pastry flour—and is **best** for both.

Remember—for your Christmas baking especially order "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" FLOUR.

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# When the Stomach Stops

Working Properly, Because There is Wind in it, Use  
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to Set it Going Again.

## A TRIAL BOX FREE.

THE DOCTORS call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ. Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made active or passive factor in this trouble, and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

ALL THIS IS EXPLAINED in doctor books; how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed—burnt up—wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A DERANGED STOMACH is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect, and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply cannot exist where these powerful and wonderworking little tablets are in evidence.

THEY WERE MADE for this very purpose to attack gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

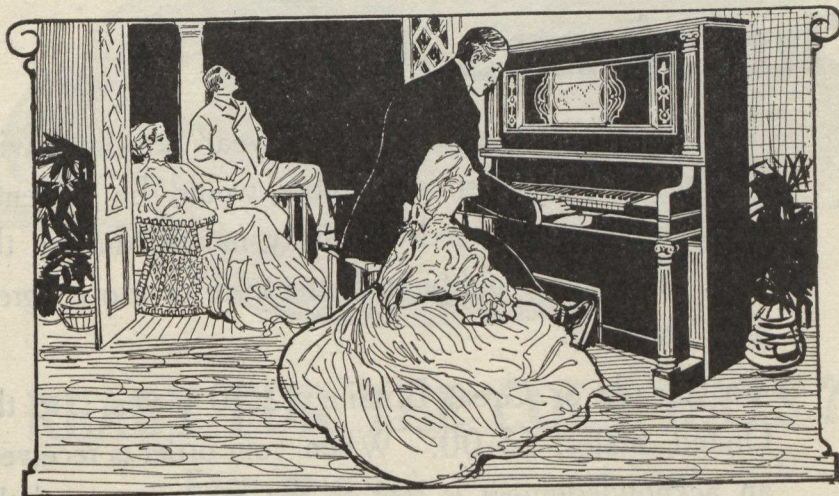
STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the STUART DYSPEPSIA TABLETS have them in mind.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE will be sent any one who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them; everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you want to know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. STUART Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Michigan.

P.S.—Better send to-day for samples of the tablet. You will get quite a box of them.



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With an Angelus Player-Piano you have always at your command a full choice of all the compositions ever adapted for production on the piano, instead of being restricted to the very number of pieces which the average person is able to play on the ordinary piano.

### BECAUSE

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### BECAUSE

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### BECAUSE

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is a mark of distinction.*

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## READY FOR THE COLD DAYS ?

Keep your body warm and your digestion perfect by eating

# Shredded Wheat

with hot milk every morning for breakfast. Christmas cheer comes from nourishing foods and good digestion. Shredded Wheat on a cold day gives natural warmth in a natural way. Overcoats and flannels will not warm a poorly nourished body. Shredded Wheat is better for children than mushy porridges. It is easily and thoroughly digested and fortifies them against cold and exposure.

Heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk will supply all the strength needed for a half day's work or play. It is also delicious and wholesome in combination with baked apples or stewed fruits.

**THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM**

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The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

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**NEW IDEA GRATE**  
NO SIFTING  
OF ASHES



**BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS**

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.  
SEND SIZE OF HOUSE  
IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF  
**COST OF FURNACE**

INSTALLED READY FOR USE

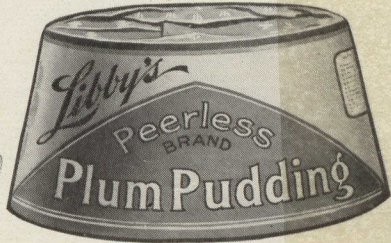
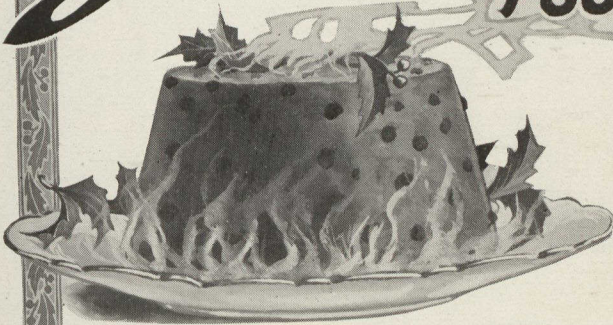
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# Libby's

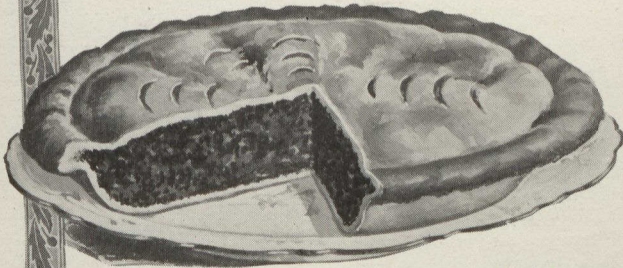


Natural Flavor  
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## Christmas Plum Pudding

The genuine old English, richly flavored kind made of finest spices, citron and fruits, pure sugar, fresh plump California raisins and selected beef suet.



## Libby's Mince Meat

made of apples, raisins, cider, pure spices, sugar and finest brisket of beef. All ready to put into the pie crust. Insist on getting Libby's, it is pure and fresh, and you will always be successful with your pies.

*Libby's Food Products received the Grand Prize at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.*

Ask your grocer for Libby's.

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