

# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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On page 14—A remarkable picture of Lacrosse on the Pacific Coast

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## IN THIS ISSUE

**Lourdes, Story**.....By HERMAN WHITAKER  
**The River Drivers**.....Drawn by ARTHUR HEMING  
**Lacrosse on the Pacific**.....  
**Wandering Peoples**.....By RODEN KINGSMILL  
**The Orippen Melodrama**.....By DONALD SINCLAIR  
**Transcontinental Dialogues**.....By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ANOTHER new illustrator comes to hand this week — quite modestly. Mr. W. F. Broadhead drew the pen-and-ink sketches for the story on page 14. Merely by way of a preliminary; for Mr. Broadhead has in preparation some work for the Canadian Courier which will class him among the best picture-makers we ever had. He is a young Englishman; one of those quiet, resourceful chaps who carry round a deal of finish and art feeling without making a splurge. We expect Mr. Broadhead to illustrate a number of stories during the next little while.

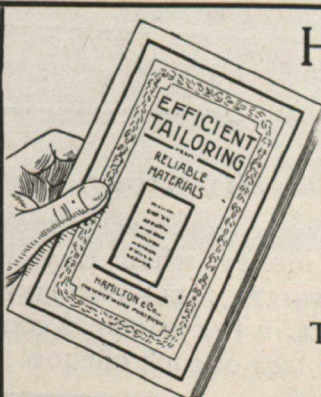
R. E. JOHNSTON is not exactly a stranger to the Canadian Courier. His drawing for "Lourdes," by Herman Whitaker this week is an excellent bit of work. He is a young Canadian; for a time until two years ago member of that distinguished mainly Canadian art colony in London known as the Carlton Studio. The Carlton Studio are to London something what the Canadian literary and art colony are to New York. They are a crowd of bright chaps who have "butted" into the London art world with American methods of doing pictures that help to sell things—including stories. Some of the finest illustration work in England to-day is being done by the Carlton Studio of which Mr. Johnston is an ex-member.

THE drawing by our regular staff artist, Mr. Heming, on page 13, is just as good—in fact Heming says it's better—than a series of river studies which he did for Scribner's a few years ago. You couldn't possibly mistake it for anybody else's work in America; because no other artist in America has quite the same close-up knowledge of back country life as Heming.

A full-page drawing by our on-the-road artist, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, we are holding over till next week.

The story "Lourdes" in this issue by Herman Whitaker is even more of a wick-consumer than "The Governor's Daughter." Whitaker has pen-painted a passionately absorbing picture in Lourdes, the fur-post siren, who married the English clerk and got shot by the other man, the half-breed trapper.

YOU will surely note that in this week's issue from coast to coast and most of the way between we have covered the country with features of timely interest; lacrosse on the Pacific; canoe races at St. Johns, P.Q., Henley Regatta at St. Catharines, Ont., the Laurier tour on the G. T. P., the Cherry Carnival at Bear River, N.S.—now that's about as extensive as geography happens to be in Canada.



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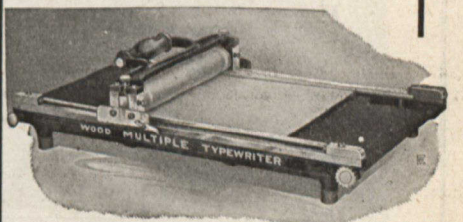
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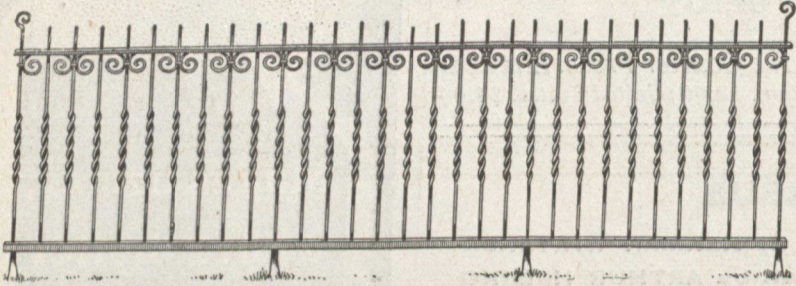
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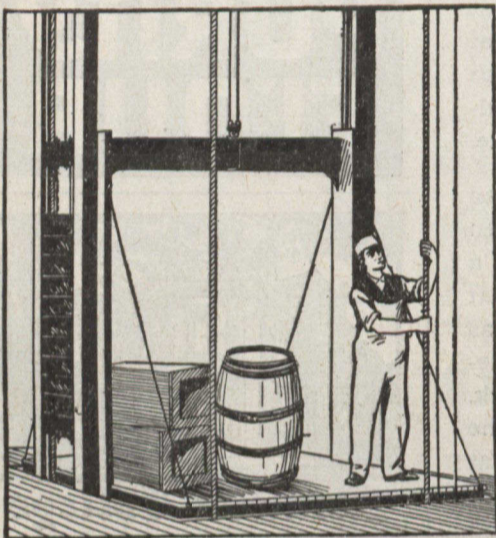
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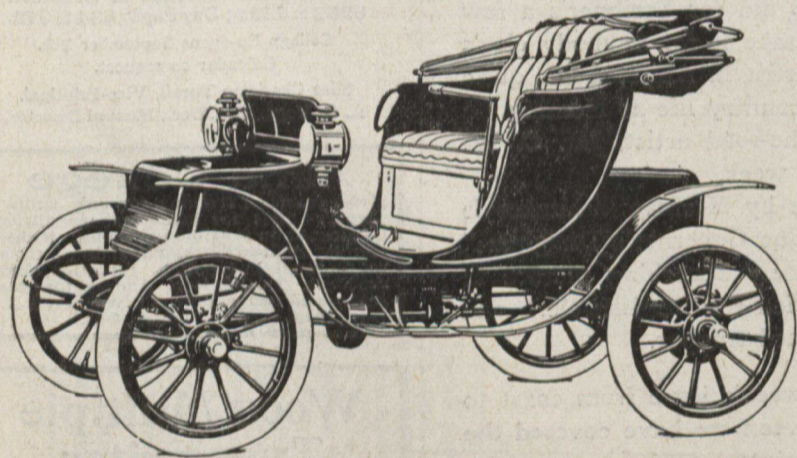
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# Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. 8

Toronto, August 13, 1910

No. 11



Canada has a wonderful asset in her innumerable water-powers—even Manitoba is blessed with them, and this view of the falls on the Winnipeg River is the proof. These falls will lose much of their beauty when the Winnipeg Power Plant, just above, begins to rob them.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

**C**URIOS indeed how some people are frightened by a name. There are men who get quite excited when the word "military" is used in their presence. A policeman in uniform doesn't disturb them, and a troop of dragoons doing the musical ride rather pleases them. But speak of a militiaman or of the militia, or in any way refer to military organisation and immediately they bristle up. Perhaps that is why the militia of the United States is called the National Guard. The people of this continent are terribly afraid of the introduction of the militarism of Europe. They are not afraid of National Guards or Northwest Mounted Police or Boy Scouts, but "militia" is so much like "militarism" that they jump when the word is used. How would it be to change from Canadian Militia to Dominion Defenders? Forty-Fifth Regiment of Dominion Defenders—how does that sound? Perhaps some reader of the Courier will suggest a better designation.

**A** GAIN there are men who get quite excited when the word imperialist is used. There are a whole lot of people in Canada who believe in the British Empire but who would be insulted if called imperialists. It is certainly strange. "Imperialist" is on the black list with "militia." Yet, in a sense, nearly every man in Canada is an imperialist. Nearly every person from Sir Wilfrid Laurier down accepts our present connection with the British Empire without complaint. We cannot logically be members of the Empire without being imperialists, yet many Canadians object to the label most strenuously.

There are a number of gentlemen and not a few ladies who feel honoured when they are accused of being imperialists. These people are not imperialists in the proper sense; they are pro-Britishers, super-monarchists, King-worshippers, or anything you like along that line. The ultra enthusiasm of these people and their self-advertisement of themselves as imperialists has put the term under the ban with the great majority. The enthusiasm of the few, not being tempered with discretion, has created antipathy among the many.

**A** WRITER in the Toronto Star singles out another case of this kind, the faith in "Empire" and the lack of faith in "Emperor." This occurs in connection with a suggestion that King George should have a new short title, such as "Emperor of the British" or "King of the British." The Star writer prefers the latter title, because Emperor is associated with ancient Rome, modern China, Russia and Germany. He does not like Emperor, though admitting the general acceptance of Empire.

Yet logically if a British Empire, then a British Emperor. King of an Empire is incongruous, and accepted only because we do not like "Emperor." Perfect sanity and calm reason would induce us to accept Emperor and imperialist as perfectly proper terms, but our emotions come into play and we reject them. And still people say that Britishers are not emotional, not fantastical, not magnificently illogical.

If the truth be known, the British people possess as many prejudices, idiosyncrasies and fantastic notions as any other people. These features are different, that is the only distinction. The Canadian prejudice against militia, imperialist and Emperor may be unreasonable but it exists and what are you to do?

**P**HOTOGRAPHS have become so common and so easily made that we already forget the centuries of experiment which were necessary before photography became possible. Photographs came in with the steam-engine and their development has been contemporaneous and similar. The first photographic portrait from life was not taken until 1839, although Daguerre took photographs of a kind between 1824 and 1839, and eventually received a pension of 6,000 francs from the French Government for giving full and free information of his discoveries to the world. Yet even when the process was perfected it required an exposure of 45 minutes. In 1841, Fox Talbot patented his Calotype process which reduced the exposure to three minutes. Ten years later the Collodion plate reduced it to 10 seconds and in 1878 the Gelatine Dry Plates reduced the exposure to one second. Since 1878, photography has advanced in a hundred different ways until to-day any one may be a photographer.

One of the newest features is colour photography and the Canadian Pacific Railway has recently experimented with this in the Rockies, obtaining splendid results. Some of these pictures are being reproduced and will soon be given to the public which will then have the accurate colours of the mountains reproduced on paper without the intervention of any but mechanical processes. Some day soon it may be possible to take photographs of people and reproduce on

paper the exact colour of the flesh, eyes, hair and clothing. Already these can be reproduced on glass, but it is not possible to transfer them to paper except with the aid of lithography or half-tone plates. The further step of printing directly from the coloured negative on sensitised paper is a problem on which many people are working with a reasonable hope of success.

**T**HE Crippen case has been the *cause celebre* of the last fortnight. Its most remarkable feature is the number of despatches, fake and genuine, which were worked up. The fake despatches were mainly by American newspaper men who seem to be under contract to send out sensations whether they are true or not. There was a time when a Canadian journalist who needed money and had a good imagination could always get the necessary remittance by sending some outlandish sensation to a New York journal. To-day there is more conscience in the New York press, but nevertheless sensationalism still demands its sacrifices. There never was a time when a Canadian newspaper would publish a sensation which it knew to be untrue or which it suspected might be false. This was the difference between reporting in Canada and the United States. Yet the changes of the years have brought the papers of the two countries nearer to the same standard. The United States press is less sensational, the Canadian press rather more sensational. As the standards of the "other side" have gone up, Canada's have come down. Perhaps we still have the advantage, but it is not so great. In this Crippen case, the Canadian papers have published "stuff" which it was necessary to contradict later, thus showing that we are not as careful as we once were. Perhaps this is a mark of our growing cosmopolitanism.

**T**HE strike is over and it looks as if the company had the better of the decision. The Grand Trunk officials seem to think they have won. According to the view of the men, some of these officials are acting autocratically. It would be unfortunate if this is the case. Many of these older men went out on strike with great reluctance and only because of their obligation to the Union. When a man does what is disagreeable to him because impelled by his conscience to observe a personal obligation, an oath in reality, he should not be judged too harshly. Besides, in every game the victor shows his breeding after the decision more than during the fight. These are points which should not be overlooked by the junior officials of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Few strikes are a victory to either side, though often considered as such. In every strike it might almost be said that both sides lose. It is thirty years or more since there was a strike on the Grand Trunk, and the writer ventures the prediction that it will be nearly as long before there is another. Mr. Hays may have won, but he will be paying the price in loss of custom for some years. His competitors were quite busy during that historic fortnight. On the other hand, the men have had their lesson and it is not necessary that it should be emphasised. The public is interested in having these men feel kindly towards the railway, because only through such a condition can this great public service corporation properly perform its function.

If ever again a strike seems imminent on any great public utility corporation in Canada it is to be hoped that each side will consider first—the good of the public. The moment public convenience and necessity begin to be paralyzed both capital and labour suffer.

**W**HILE the younger manufacturers may be losing faith in Canada, the political leaders seem to be more intent than ever on showing that such is not the case with them. Some time ago Sir Lomer Gouin announced the policy of making those who cut pulp-wood on crown lands manufacture it into wood-pulp in the province. This had long been the policy in Ontario, but it took more courage to adopt it in Quebec. Now Sir James Whitney has gone a step farther and has set a new standard for his brother premier. He has some Ontario pulp-wood limits for sale and he proposes to sell them on condition that the product be manufactured into paper. Formerly if the wood was turned into pulp it was sufficient; now it must be manufactured into its higher and more valuable form. Sir James will probably defend his policy on the ground of "conservation of public resources"; but to the paper consumer of the United States, it will look like protection.

Again, on their Western tour, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues are speaking plainly and eloquently of their faith in Canada's future. They are trying to stimulate the faith of the Westerner, though it was hardly necessary, in the value of national unity, harmony and co-operation. Nothing could be finer or more inspiring than the Canadianism of the Premier as expressed in his recent addresses.

This year, particularly, when the western crop is small and the foreign financial situation cloudy, it behooves all Canadians to pull together in one grand, united effort to maintain our present prosperity. And it will require concerted and sympathetic action on the part of every class in the community.

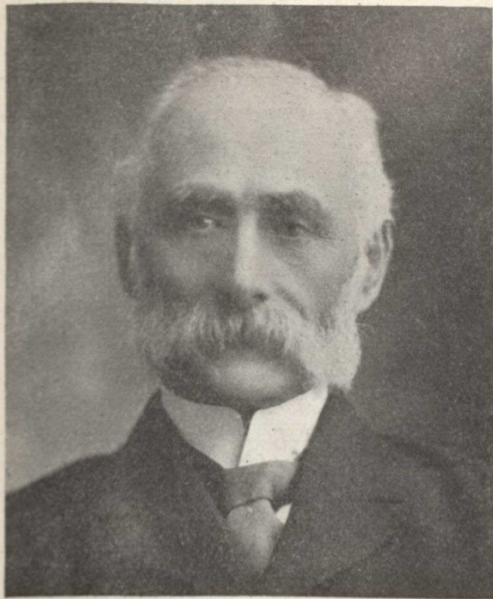
## BLUENOSE FAIRNESS

**A Liverpool, N.S. citizen writes as follows: "On leaving home about a year ago, I gave instructions to discontinue. However it came to my address, and as it is appreciated by the other members of the family and is evidently worth the money, you may continue sending. Enclosed find Post Office Order"**



# MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD



Hon. Benjamin Rogers,  
Governs a million-acre Island Farm.  
Photo by Bayer.

## THE ISLAND GOVERNOR

THE ninth Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island is Hon. Benjamin Rogers. He is a Liberal — was rather; has been thirty-two years in politics in that tight little island which gave to the geography books of our youth the poetical jingle about "oats, potatoes and hay." The new Governor has been Secretary-Treasurer and Commissioner of Agriculture. These portfolios kept him busy; and he has

done as much as anybody to get the island province whatever of its dues it has got from Ottawa of late as well as to systematise farming where every fence corner counts. He did not succeed in getting the tunnel. At present his duties are not excessively onerous. If he has an automobile he might make a complete circuit of his kingdom in a day's drive; and he would see more prosperity and contentment than could be found anywhere else in Canada except along the St. Lawrence. His demesne might be flung down on the floor of Alberta and it would look like a blot of ink on a sheet of foolscap.

\* \* \*

## CANADA'S BOY MINISTER

THE boy minister has scored again. Hon. Mackenzie King is entitled to some credit for the settlement of the Grand Trunk strike. He saw a gap and he filled it: when Ottawa was just about clean out of cabinet ministers; the Premier prairie-touring with Hon. George Graham; Minister of the Interior up in the Yukon — beyond the reach of railways or strikes; Hon. Messrs. Aylesworth and Sydney Fisher at the Hague; leaving the Minister of Labour quite the heavy end of the mediation; though the public will never know what lettergrams passed between his office and the prairie Pullman that nearly got wrecked the other day.

One way or another it's mostly all over now; freight moving; some employees going back—but in some respects doubtful yet who really won the day except that the Grand Trunk must begin to standardise sooner than they intended, though to just such hands as they see fit to reinstate at whatever time suits best their convenience. General public, however, is for the present satisfied; inclined somewhat to belaud Mackenzie King, whom Sir William Mulock discovered about thirteen years ago.

King has always been a feather in the Mulock cap. When Sir William became P.M.G. he discovered that post-office uniforms had been Tory-made by sweatshop methods. He wanted a man to investigate. King, just out of the university, had been doing a series of sweatshop articles for the *Toronto Globe*. He was a good Liberal—and a good special investigator. Sir William sent him after the uniform people. He got enough information to reconstruct that branch of the service; result being the establishment of the *Labour Gazette* with King as editor; later the Department of Labour with Mr. King as Deputy; two years ago the portfolio of Labour with William Lyon Mackenzie King as Minister; a whole series of interventions under the Mulock and the Lemieux acts; culminating in this settlement of 1910, all of which gives the Canadian labour minister a standing between capital and industry not occupied by any other cabinet minister anywhere.

Mr. King is the youngest minister in the cabinet, next in seniority to Hon. Mr. Lemieux. Already he has been extravagantly talked of by some of his ardent admirers as a possible Liberal leader. Time will tell; and there is plenty of time; also there is Hon. George Graham, at present a little closer in counsel to the Premier than any other minister. Then again, some of those who know Mackenzie King best think he is the result of a happy chain of circumstances. Happens, however—that he made some of the circumstances.

Altogether Mackenzie King is just now the most conspicuous all-Canadian member of that distinguished class of '95 in Toronto University. Two of the other brilliant lights in that aggregation are politicians—Hon. C. W. Cross, lately Attorney-General of Alberta,



The Mediatorial Minister,  
He may be lucky, but he means business.

and Hamar Greenwood, well known in British politics. A good few are writers; Arthur Stringer, "novelist" and poet; Norman Duncan, story-writer; the late James Tucker, miner-poet and once co-editor of *Saturday Night*; Rev. O. B. Wicher, missionary to Japan and Oriental writer.

\* \* \*

## A VERSATILE SOLDIER

CHARTERED accountant, graduate in agriculture, traveller, athlete and soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel James George Ross is one of the most all-round men in

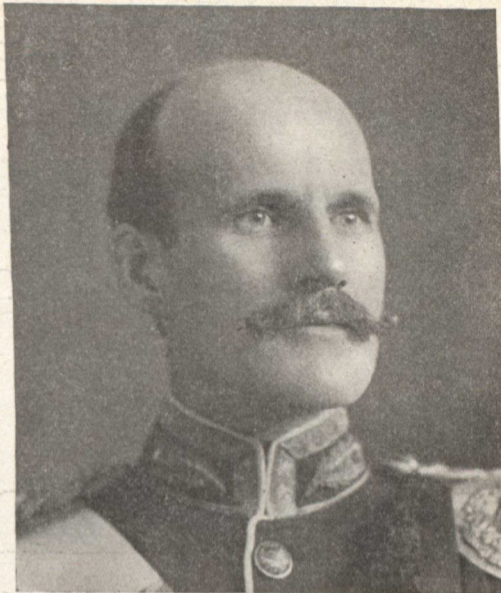
Montreal, where he was born in 1861. He has seen long service in the Canadian militia; beginning with the Ontario Field Battery at Guelph in 1879. At that time he was plugging up agriculture at the O. A. C. Just after he got his degree of B. S. A. from Guelph he took a trip to far-away Manitoba—about the time the C. P. R. was poking a nose into the province. After an extensive tour in the West he returned to Montreal and went into accounting in his father's office. At the same time he linked up with the Victoria Rifles; became identified with all the athletic and club life there was in Montreal—as well as much of its financial development, being soon at the head of his deceased father's firm. Snowshoe runner, life member of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, expert canoeist, crack player of the Britannia Football Club—particularly on snowshoes, however, he made a name, having several medals and records on the wickers. But always interested in the militia, he went from the Victoria Rifles to the 5th Royal Highlanders, of which in 1909 he became Lieutenant-Colonel.

## CANADA'S SEA-DOG

REAR-ADMIRAL KINGSMILL is returning to Canada. He has been in England looking after the Canadian navy, which Messrs. Bourassa and Monk have been hammering to smithereens down in Quebec. He will report that the *Niobe*—not all tears, however—will be despatched in September and be put into commission in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a training station. The *Rainbow* also has been renovated and will swing out this month via the Suez Canal for Esquimalt on a fisheries protection assignment. Then there are four cruisers and six destroyers to build—in Canada. Admiral Kingsmill is interested in having work begun quickly. Probabilities are in favour of shipbuilding plants and drydocks at Montreal, Quebec and Halifax—just as soon as the Government are able to decide the ticklish problem of which is entitled to how much.

## GREAT DETECTIVES

PEOPLE always remember great detectives—as well as great preachers. Javert in "Les Miserables," Lecocq of Gaboriau's yarns, Sherlock Holmes original and resurrected; also the late John Murray of Canada; all are treasured up in the adventure-house of the imagination. Now it is Inspector Dew; of whom a month ago America was ignorant; now he has got among the newspaper heroes of Canada where he first landed in the last week of July this year waiting at Father Point for the arrival of the *Montrose* and Dr. Crippen. He has his unconventional views about some of those American scribes that camped at Father Point waiting for Crippen and afterwards romancing about Dew. Some of these gentlemen published Conan Doyle interviews with and stories about the Inspector. He was alleged to have said that he did not think Dr. Crippen wilfully murdered Belle Elmore, his wife; also that Dr. Crippen would be a dead man within two months. This and other things have made Inspector Dew leery of American reporters. He forgets that it was just the other day that Sherlock H. made Scotland Yard sublimely stupid; and that the Crippen episode was a pleasant shock to the popular imagination. Besides it was summertime; and anyway the use of wireless was so unconventional that the whole business from the boneless body of the alleged woman at Hilldrop Crescent to the landing of the *Montrose* at Father Point was a huge romance.



Lieut.-Col. James Ross,  
Is a citizen of many-sided tastes.



## WANDERING PEOPLES

*The Doukhobors are not the only trail vagabonds in the history of clothes and civilisation.*

By RODEN KINGSMILL

ONCE more recently from out the Canadian West have come tidings of another Doukhobor pilgrimage. These Slavs—or some few of them—a little while ago started on one of their migrations *in puris naturalibus*. The troopers of the Mounted Police, pursuing, herded them as aforetime, back to their reservation, just as, three decades ago, the Indians whose lands these once were, suffered themselves to be shepherded back to their abiding places that the white men had given them. The Doukhobors will return the more quietly.

And the Doukhobors, unlike the Indians, were only following an ancient and authentic habit when they broke bounds five years ago, and two years ago, and the other day. All through their iron-bound, melancholy history, they and their race-mates have been nomads. These migrations are merely indicative of old sense associations returning to their former track. Among Oriental peoples tribal or even national migrations are recognised as completely intelligible. And we Anglo-Saxons, if what certain ethnologists tell us is true, should have no difficulty in understanding these movements, for our race is in itself the outcome of one of them. Back in the misty centuries, we are told, the two tribes from which we sprung rebelled against and emancipated themselves from the odious tyranny of the Medes, broke bounds from the scene of their captivity on the banks of the river Gozon and marched across country, diagonally traversing Europe, until they found their abiding place for a few centuries in the swampy Elbe Valley, thence after a time to sweep with fire and sword over the Roman Empire. And these Franks and Saxons and Vandals and Ostrogoths were themselves fleeing from the Asiatics. "Somewhere in the north of China a storm centre did what it may very well do again. The human volcano blew its top off and Europe was covered with the destructive debris." It was not the conquerors who over-ran the Roman Empire; but it was the terrified fugitives who, like a drove of stampeded cattle, blundered over everything that barred their way. The nations came whirling in out of Eastern Europe like dust-storms and it seems beyond doubt that these wanderers in our Canadian West are the legitimate descendants of some of the Tartars or their allies.

The Doukhobors' migratory habit is a clear case of atavism. It

is true that, submerged as they are—and increasingly will be—by the overwhelming body of descendants of Western Europeans who surround them, they will find it impossible to perpetuate their wandering customs. But the tendency—harmless enough—will still be there. The fact that it is allied with religious belief will only make its extirpation the more difficult. Writers will continue to describe them as fanatics, but fanaticism is only a matter of time and age and nationality. Almost within touching distance in the history of the world, and even of our own people, we can find some amazing instances of it. Take up your Taine or your Macaulay and there you shall read how in the seventeenth century Englishmen and Englishwomen by the hundred appeared in the streets naked and unashamed—as they thought for the greater glory of God. Hear Green speak of John Wesley, the greatest religious leader this race has produced (and Green revered the man and his work): "Throughout his life his asceticism was that of a monk. At times he lived on bread only, and often slept on the bare boards. He lived in a world of wonders and divine interpositions. It was a miracle if the rain stopped and allowed him to set forth upon a journey. It was a judgment of Heaven if a hailstorm burst over a town which had been deaf to his preaching. One day, he tells us, when he was tired and his horse fell lame, 'I thought, cannot God heal either man or beast by any means or without any—immediately my headache ceased and my horse's lameness in the same instant.' With a still more childish fanaticism he guided his conduct, whether in ordinary events or in the great crisis of his life, by drawing lots or watching the particular texts at which his Bible opened."

Thus believed a man of our race who had a mind that was essentially practical, orderly and conservative. Even in our own time, and on this continent we have seen waves of fanaticism, such as the Mormon movement of the forties, seize bodies of men and women large enough to populate an European principality.

"Old sense associations returning to their former track." On the plains of Saskatchewan, half a world away from the steppes of Tartary and the plains of Little Russia, we have a recrudescence of an ancient and authentic Oriental habit. The aimless wandering that the pilgrims desire is an instance of atavism, of a craving to do what some unremembered ancestor did. It is fanaticism; but it is fanaticism which is historically intelligible. We have elevated our Promised Land to the terms of ethics and religion. They have not. They are looking for the Christ much as Peter the Hermit and the leaders of the Children's Crusade sought the Holy Sepulchre.

But the former times were not better than these. In their three western pilgrimages, no Doukhobors starved. Canadians fed them freely and gave them to drink. No dog was set on them. No children stoned them. When the Doukhobors had lost their reason, Canadians had not lost their charity.

### HOW MARITIME CANADA IS ADOPTING LIVE BOOM METHODS



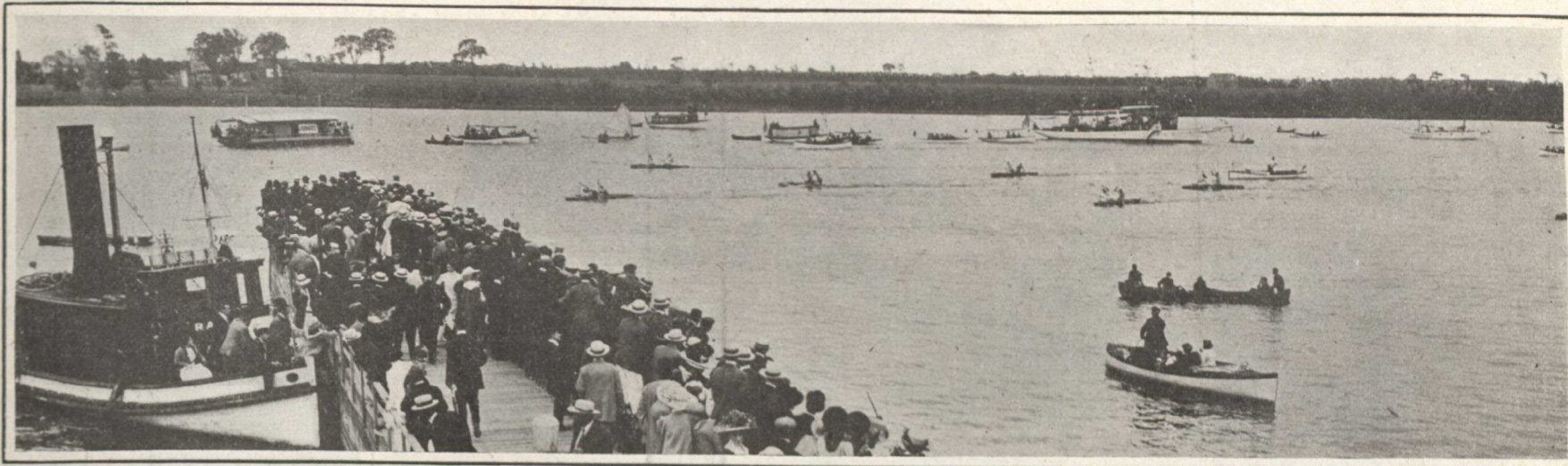
Here is the Cherry Carnival Parade, held annually at Bear River, N.S. Just when the cherries are ripening, this unique fete takes place, out of which the citizens get a big holiday and incidentally boost the industries of their town. Bear River is situated on the Bear River, it is chiefly noted for its lumber which is shipped direct to South America.

Photograph by R. N. Harris, Bear River.



# AN INTER-PROVINCIAL MEDLEY OF OUT-OF-DOORS

*Canoe Regatta at St. Johns, P.Q.; Canadian Henley at St. Catharines, Ont.; Cricket at Winnipeg*



A general view of the Big Canoe Meet at St. Johns, Que., on Saturday of last week. The Toronto men seem to excel at this sport.  
Photograph by Gleason.

## WATCHING ENGLISH CRICKET AT WINNIPEG



Holliday—Bowler.



Winnipeg held a Cricket Tournament last week, at which all the Western Provinces were represented. This is a view of the Club House and Pavilion on the Grounds of the Winnipeg Cricket Club, where most of the Matches were played.



Rev. G. Horrobin—Bowler.



The Ottawa Senior Eight-oar Crew which won at the Canadian Henley last Week.

Photograph by Pringle & Booth.





Captain Kendall of the Montrose wore this look of deep apprehensive meditation every time he got a wireless message from Father Point.



Wireless at Father Point had visions of Dr. Crippen under his thumb many a time while talking to wireless on the Montrose. For days he was the centre of spot-light interest for a score of newspaper men. This is the first case on record where wireless became a factor in criminal drama.



Third Officer Morratt of the Montrose has the real Sherlock Holmes look. His seniors admit that he was the man who started Inspector Dew.

## THE CRIPPEN MELODRAMA

*Staged by Wireless and the Newspapers*

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE case of Crippen takes on the aspect of what might be called an international melodrama. Act I, London, England; Act II, Quebec, Canada; Act III—well, the curtain has not been rung up yet. Last act the "villain" was still curled up in his French-Canadian cell reading a racy Yankee book, "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." Meanwhile he is keeping a whole host of newspaper critics in hysteria wondering what is going to happen next. So far the drama has been swift in its development, but to be candid, rather ineffective in its climaxes. Prospects looked strong at the start, and became really sensational about the time Dr. Crippen and his lovely typist seemed to have been swallowed up.

Wireless stepped in to save the dramatic unities. That was a rather exciting moment. Two score newspaper chaps thought so. They hiked from all over the continent to Father Point to be present at the rescue. They camped around the lighthouse and murdered two very popular songs with Crippen variations. All wrote very live stuff about the charming doctor and his seductive accomplice on the *Montrose* rushing Americawards into the arms of Sleuth Dew. Some of the eagle-eyed New York penmen, gazing far out over the frowning cliff, swore most luridly in printers' ink that they had witnessed the homicide of the two fugitives; others were just as dead sure that the gallant Captain Kendall was taking no chances and had effected their arrest.

The real denouement came. What happened was what the audience expected. The Rev. John Philo Robinson and son were nabbed. The villain was glad that the suspense was over; his companion burst into a flood of feminine tears. A very flat ending to the man-hunt across the Atlantic.

The pressmen were balked. But they had to live up to their glowing promises. Interest had to be sustained. So we have the spectacle of one of the most staid journals in Canada adding some picturesque details in describing the *dramatis personae* to help out the situation. Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, London physician, height 5 feet 3 inches, and bald, is described as "a tiger in his attitude, a wild animal caged and chained, yet defiant and untamed in spirit." His beautiful typist is plaintively pictures as a "wounded fawn." One journal published a most grotesque drawing of Ethel Clare La Neve being searched on the *Montrose*. Poor Ethel! It was

hard to distinguish her from a whipped school-boy. A Toronto news editor faked a picture of a lake boat and a well-known man on deck as Crippen watching the *Montrose* nearing Quebec. Numerous stories have been printed of eleventh hour confessions—all hysteria. Artificial effects always do



And when the *Montrose* got to Father Point Inspector Dew had a number of animated dialogues with Captain Kendall.

spoil a play. Trouble is that when a man like Crippen sets out to provide the raw material for a play he does so many abnormal and therefore stupid things that the play is pretty well spoiled before

the newspapers begin to write it for the public. The effect of the Crippen melodrama will probably be to let loose a school of wireless melodramas on the stage. Nowadays everything in modern scientific development gets to the footlights before it has become flat, stale and unprofitable. Airships have not yet become stage property to any alarming extent. But wireless is so easy to stage and so stagey in character that we shall probably have a full-fledged spark-drama beginning next season. In the days when they come to annex wireless to flying-machines the *deus ex machina* will take on quite horribly supernatural proportions. The case of Dr. Crippen in an airship being apprehended by wireless—will ring down the curtain: there's no room for Shakespeare.

### A Reformed Horse-Thief

YEARS ago, when horse-stealing was a common pastime in Ontario, "Joe" Rogers, now Superintendent of the Ontario Provincial Police, tracked and corralled a brawny horse-thief up in the environs of a little town near Georgian Bay. This man was rapidly making a record for the *Police Gazette*. When Rogers got hold of him he pulled out a knife and sunk it in the detective's shoulder—not, however, before he had got a life scar from Rogers, with which he was retired to Kingston Penitentiary for seven years.

Ordinarily Rogers might have forgotten the man who might have gone along piling up records in crime after his liberation from penitentiary. Some years afterwards Rogers went up to a northern town in Ontario for a hunt. He met a doctor who proposed an expedition to an outpost where there was good moose and one sole inhabitant; a little-known character who had gone quietly in, built a house, taken up land, married and had got a family and was fairly well known to hunters in the fall.

Mention of the man's name and the description convinced Rogers. "Why, I guess that's the horse-thief I put in the penitentiary after he had knifed me. That's exactly who he is."

"Hmm!" said the doctor. "Well, for heaven's sake not a word about that round here. There isn't a soul that suspects him."

Years went by before up in that same town doing Government detective work following a circus for crooks, Joe mooched round among the canvas and saw near the fence a man with a woman and several children—who the moment he got sight of him came over.

"Say, I guess you're Detective Rogers."

"That's me, my friend. Do I know you?"

"Well, I guess yes. I knifed you once. Yes, I'm farming now. Got a good piece of land up north here. Yonder's my wife and family."

"By George! I'm glad to hear it," said Rogers. That same ex-horse-thief is now a wealthy man.



# TRANSCONTINENTAL DIALOGUES

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE National Transcontinental Grand Opera Company is not yet stranded. The bright particular stars, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George Graham, have played to capacity houses ever since they struck the West. Travelling in their own private train, as exclusive as any circus, this aggregation of stars of the first magnitude have kept on trail of the advance agent without having to jump a single hotel bill or leave any luggage as security—and they will not be under the necessity of counting ties to get home.

The play bill in the centre of this page presents a few random scenes from the Grand Trunk Pacific drama—which a few years ago began to be written round the legend, "Cox Can't Wait," and at which several playwright people, particularly in the House of Commons and the sanctums of sundry editors have been tinkering ever since. This opera contains two scenes; one from Winnipeg to Moncton; one from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert. The original cost of staging the eastern scene was supposed to be fifty-one millions. This has been amended. What the other scene cost nobody seems to care; so long as it keeps moving.

The photographs were taken at a point west of Superior Junction. Similar pictures might have been taken a few days earlier of another impressive scene on the eastern section; when the new town of Graham, north of Fort William, was christened; but the photographer was not there.

The actors are in the best of spirits.

Scene: Rather wild country; early morning; background of spruce and jackpine; tepees of some Cree Indians over by a wooded creek.

Enter from the green room—Pullman—the Premier, Hon. George Graham, Senator Gibson, Mr. E. M. Macdonald, Mr. F. F. Pardee, Engineer Poulin and Mr. McArthur (constructionist), both of the G. T. P., and Secretary Jones of the Railway Department.

Premier: "Ah! A perfect natural theatre."

Macdonald: "Oh Wabigoon! List to the murmuring jackpines."

Graham: "George! I'm hungry. I could eat a bushel of huckleberries." Goes picking berries.

Macdonald: "Hmm! Wish I had Graham's Irish temperament. He doesn't seem to realise, Gibson, that we're halted between Manitoba and the Tory editors raising the deuce about the cost of the G. T. P. eastern section. Just a few miles from here are the very rocks that George E. Foster was chucking across the House last session. A few hours more and we'll be hearing howls from Manitoba about boundaries."

Pardee: "Don't worry, Mac. The West likes oratory."

Senator Gibson: "And there's room for thirty millions in the golden, glorious West."

Graham: "Good! It's poetry they want. I could write odes here. I'll do one—"

Macdonald: "Yes, sort of a box-car sonnet, eh?"

Pardee: "How many of the thirty millions will be good Grits?"

Gibson: "That's what we're out to discover."

Graham: "Sir Wilfrid laughs. What now? Beg pardon, Sir Wilfrid!"

Premier (broadly hilarious): "Ah, Graham! How I wish Edward Blake were here. What a contrast we should show him!"

Graham: "Yes. Pity we can't use that axle-grease allusion, though. Sir John should have made that speech about the C. P. R. Still we can't kick. The G. T. P. is far more spectacular."

Macdonald: "History in politics is a queer thing. Now, George Brown would have gone in for the National Policy if Sir John Macdonald hadn't forestalled him. But we can't work that out West. Farmers out there don't believe in a protective tariff. Guess we'll stick to tariff for revenue only."

Pardee: "Well, we'll soon be out of the Tory editor belt, anyway. No matter what the western part of the road cost so long as it hauls out the wheat soon enough."

F. F. Pardee: "Wonder where Oliver is now?"  
Macdonald: "In the land of the midnight sun wearing Lochieux. Ho-ho!"

Graham: "Mac—I think you mean shoepacks."  
Gibson: "That's nothing. Earl Grey will wear moccasins anon."

Premier: "I say, friend McArthur—what weight of rails are these?"

McArthur: "Ninety pounds, Sir Wilfrid; made in Canada."

Premier: "Good! But I really should have thought—that a steel rail was heavier; much heavier. Hmm!"

Graham: "Say, boys, we've got time for a song before breakfast. You know I used to lead a choir down in Morrisburg. What's the matter with a quartette? Here, Pardee—you take the air; Senator Gibson, first bass—"

Pardee: "Out on first! Macdonald to bat."

Graham: "Order, fellows! We can't play baseball here. Wait till we get to the prairie. Mac—you'll take second bass. Now what'll we sing?"

Gibson: "Hmm! How about that touching parody—'Anybody Here Seen Lumsden?'"

Premier: "Ah, no! Sing 'O Canada!'"

They sing; but the combined effect is so much like "Yip-i-addi-ay!" that the Indians in the background begin to beat tom-toms.

Suddenly in the midst of the jubilation when the ardour of patriotism is at fever heat and the party have forgotten both politics and breakfast in the contemplation of the country, the whole country and nothing but the country—in rushes Secretary Lemaire frantically waving a copy of a Conservative paper dropped from a handcar. He makes direct for the Premier, who adjusts his glasses.

"Treason, Sir Wilfrid!"

The Premier: "Eh?" Scanning the front page. "What's this? Never!"

All: "Why, what's the matter, Sir Wilfrid?"

The Premier—paling a little; speaking slowly: "Ah! Merely a canard. I am sure of it. Hays would never do such a thing. No, no. There is nothing in this. I am quite sure the *Globe* has nothing of it. Absurd! To think, Graham, that our good Canadian wheat should ever get to the Atlantic by way of Chicago, robbing us of the eastward haul. Why, all this magnificent Winnipeg-to-Moncton section would be nothing but a white elephant!"

Graham: "Fudge! We should have annexation next. No, we'll have the Georgian Bay Canal—or my name's not George."

The Premier: "Yes. It must never be said—that the road built by Tories is more patriotic, more Imperial—than the Grand Trunk Pacific. No, my friends, every rail in this road is a new link in the Empire; every tie binds us yet more closely to the Mother Country. Have no fear. Mr. Hays will contradict this. It is a Tory hatch."

Conversation turns upon the Intercolonial, whose perennial deficit Hon. George Graham is credited with turning into a surplus, thereby depriving Tory editors of much good slangwhanging copy. Suddenly enters the *Globe* reporter reading aloud a head-line—

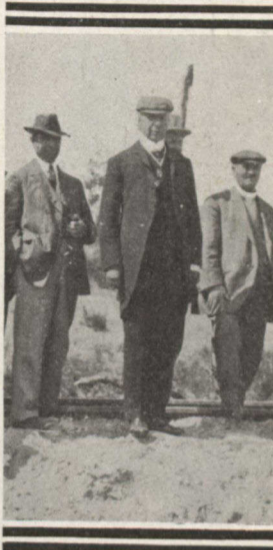
"Mackenzie wants the Intercolonial"; which so perturbs Mr. Graham that he thinks he is an editor again. Comes a lettergram wire from Hon. Mackenzie King to the Premier: "Hays misbehaving; am quoting you copy of his last two-line note—"

Graham: "By George! These old roads are more troublesome than the new one. Seems to me this is a railroad government—"

Pardee (slily): "Say, Macdonald, the Minister of Labour may be Premieristic material; but it seems to me—"

Macdonald: "Hmm! Same here."

Graham, sonorously: "Come to breakfast, boys!"



Senator Wm. Gibson (right) was in the West with Sir Wilfrid sixteen years ago.



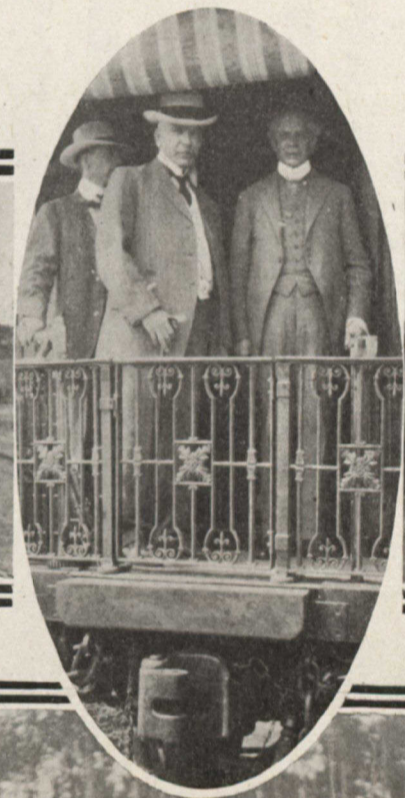
Sir Wilfrid grows hilarious over the National Transcontinental.



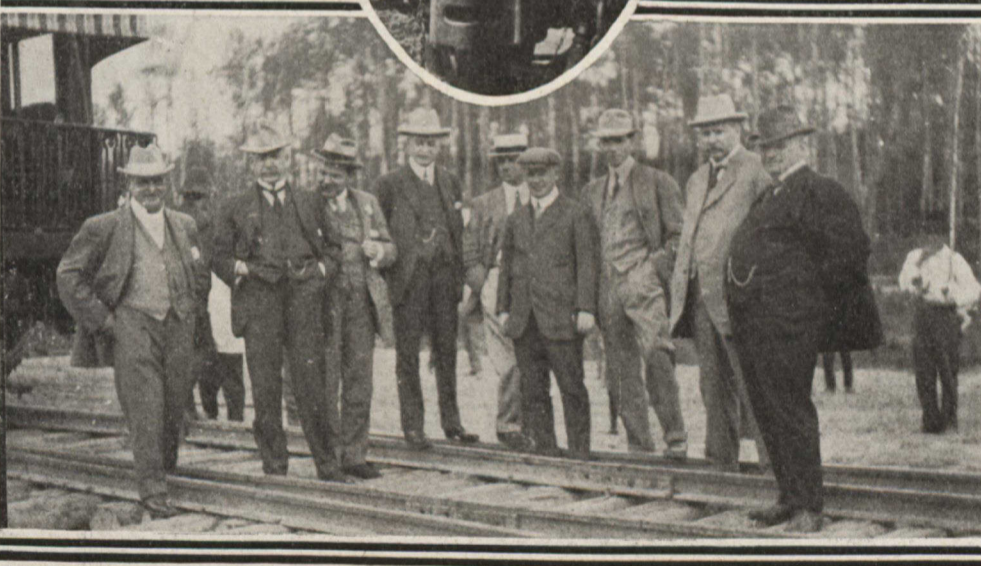
Hon. George Graham is smoking one of Mr. E. M. Macdonald's good cigars.



Sir Wilfrid discusses railroading with Mr. Poulin, the Engineer.



Hon. Mr. Graham in baseball pose; Mr. Pardee reflective.



Minister, Members and Railway Technicians, all of one opinion about the National Transcontinental.

Gibson: "What a magnificent country! *Dulce et decorum est pro patria—*"

Sir Wilfrid: "Sh! We have not finished our work. Eh, my friends, but we are a long way from Ottawa; here in the haunts of the fur trader. Twenty-five years ago here the tomtom thumped to the whizz of the tomahawk. But now we are near the borders of a land where peace and plenty sit smiling upon every hill; where the smokes of the settlers rise like incense over a land that calls the nations of the world; and the Grand Trunk Pacific shall carry them." (Retires a few paces to inspect the track.)



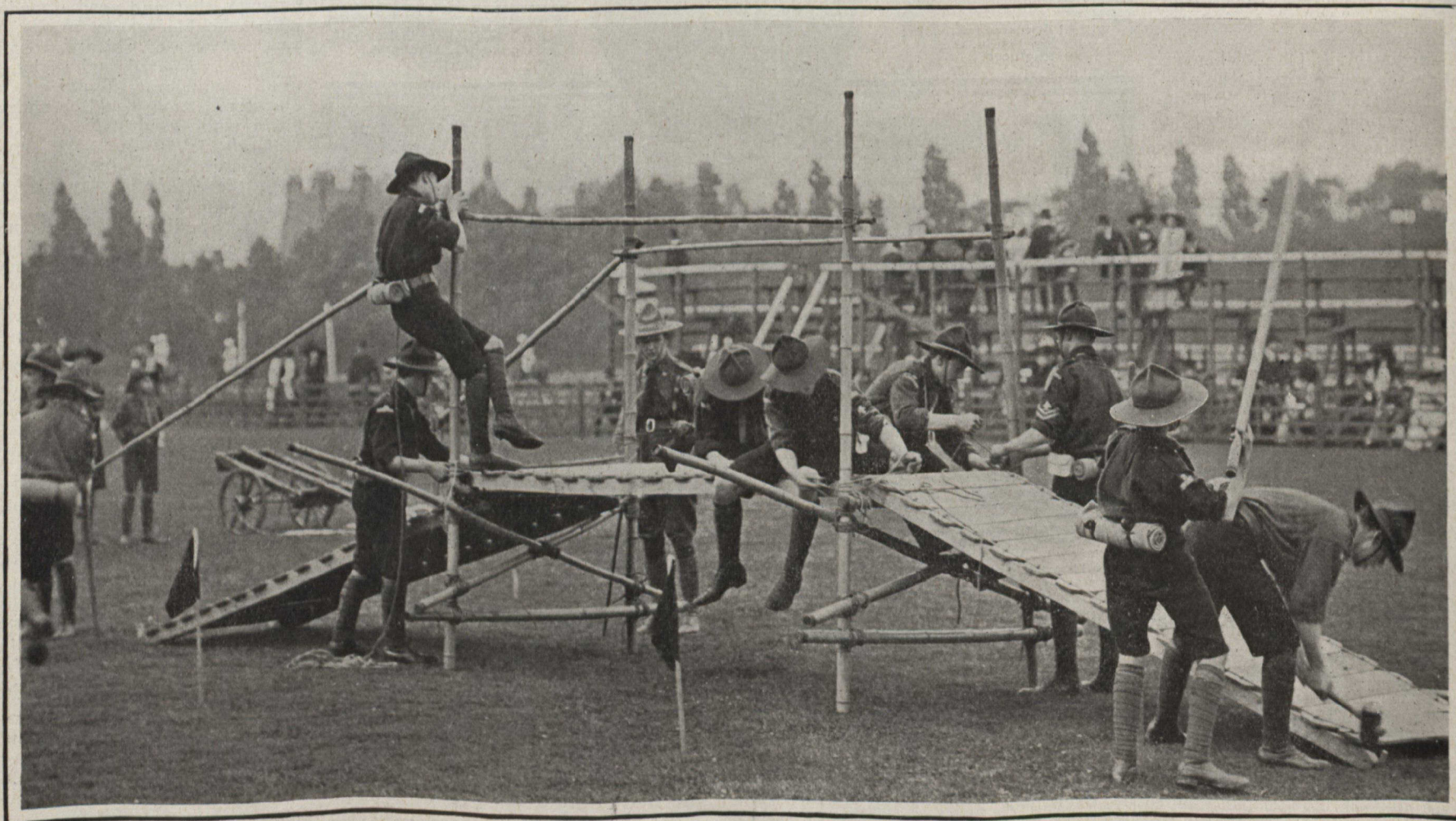
# THE CANADIAN INFANTRYMAN WITH HIS KNAPSACK ON HIS BACK

*Four views of an R.C.R.I. Private with his Oliver Equipment*



He carries on his person everything he needs in action, even to cooking utensils The Q O.R. will look like this at Aldershot.

## BOY SCOUTS AS SAPPERS AND ENGINEERS



Canadian Boy Scouts will be interested in this picture of British Boy Scouts giving a display of Bridge Building at their "Grand Rally" recently held at Hurlingham.



RIVER-DRIVING IS THE MOST HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION KNOWN TO MAN

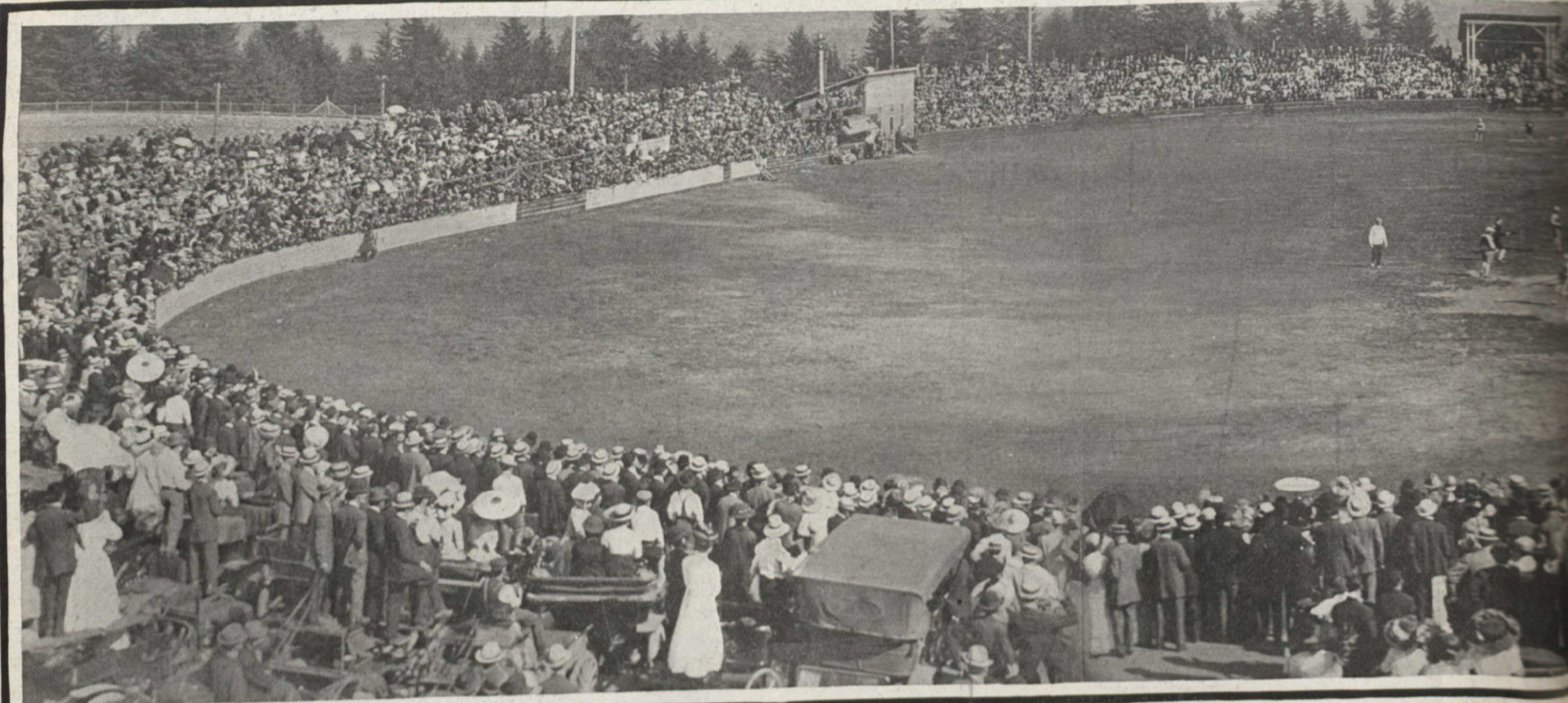


VOYAGE OF CRIB No. 1 OF AN OTTAWA RIVER-RAFT OF SQUARE-TIMBER WHITE PINE DOWN THE CALUMET RAPIDS. Sweeps unmanned and timbers crumpling up the men in the pilot-house hung over the fifteen-foot drop of the dam. They steered for the "apron" at the end. But they missed it. DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMMING.



# A VAST OVAL OF HUMANITY FROM MOUNTAIN AND SEA-COAST; WATCHING CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME

Twelve thousand people at Queen's Park, New Westminster, B.C., saw the first struggle between the "Salmon Bellies" and the Montreal team; the finest sporting spectacle ever seen in Canada



Nowhere else in the world but in Canada has a lacrosse team ever travelled 3,000 miles to lift a trophy. The games for the Minto Cup were a series of spectacles. From the Gulf of Georgia to the Rockies, Pacific Coasters were at fever heat. New Westminster and Vancouver had a series of half-holidays. It was East against West;

the ancient stronghold of the Indian game against the new centre of lacrosse in the land of the salmon and the Siwash. The slogan was Imperial—"What we have we hold." Montreal was beaten two straight games; total score 23-11. Twenty-four reporters from Canada and the United States wrote up the games. The story was read from



Alberni, B.C., on the north coast, clear down to San Francisco; and from Victoria to Halifax. Montreal carried back over \$5,000 of gate receipts—but not the Minto Cup. The style of the New Westminster playing was altogether different from that of the Montreals. The matches were by no means gentle. Yet they are said to have been

"pink tea" affairs compared to other slugging contests that have been witnessed on that Pacific oval. The spectacle, however, was magnificent. As a crowd picture it was to the Pacific coast what a grandstand concourse is to the Canadian National Exhibition or a bull-fight to Mexico.

## A QUESTION OF RULES

By FLORENCE L. HARVEY

Drawings by W. F. Broadhead.

IT was the day of the final, and such a day! It seemed as though Dame Nature herself had put on her brightest garb to add to the success of the great golf tournament. Through the soft blue haze of Indian summer, the maples gleamed red and yellow against the dark green of the sturdy firs, and told of the touch of the fairy artist who had been among them a night or two before. Even the old sun seemed to have forgotten that winter was near and smiled softly on the two boys trudging along the dusty road.

"What do you think of Nan's chances, Fred?" said the taller of the two. "Is she tired after yesterday's game? Cricky! how she played up to Miss Miller after being so badly beaten by her two years ago. I tell you what, old boy, you ought to be proud of that sister of yours! She's plucky alright, and I say! that was bully of her to give her sweater to her caddie that day it was so cold. Didn't she tell you? She is a good sort. You see the crowd went after Miss Miller, penalty of being champion, and Nan and Miss White were away over on another part of the links, when Nan noticed that her caddie was shivering, so asked him where his coat was, and he said he was too poor to buy one, and he had an awful cough, so she took off her sweater and gave it to him. Raymond and I met them at the last hole and Nan was half frozen. Raymond looked as if he wanted to go for her for not wearing something warm, but Miss White told us all about it though Nan tried to stop her."

"What did Raymond say?"

"Nothing! Just sort of smiled, shook hands with her, and made her put his coat on."



your head off to hear him say 'Good boy! There's the club house, and we have half an hour yet.' "Why, where's the crowd?" "Hi, boy! Has the match started yet?" "N hour ago. Want a caddie?" "Oh, the dickens! My batty watch has stopped!" "There they are, Dick! If we cut across here we can catch them at the fourteenth green." "Miss Armstrong one up and four to play!" shouted the scorer as the two breathless boys reached the edge of the crowd.

"Fred, just look at Miss Armstrong's drive. They say she is only sixteen and it's her first tournament. Nan's third, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Miller beat her two years ago, and last year Nan sprained her ankle the day of the final. All your might!" he whispered as a well-built girl teed her ball and stood ready to play.

With the well-cut, short skirt, the white shirtwaist with its soft linen stock, the sun catching the ruddy gleam in the ripples of her hair, the hint of muscular forearm and supple wrist as she "addressed" the ball; there she stood in all the glow of her free, strong girlhood, a fitting representative of the brave young land that gave her birth. What wonder that a man in the crowd drew his breath in sharply with a muttered "Thank God for such women!"

A last little "waggle" and the club went back with the steady, free swing they knew so well; down it came with unerring swiftness when crash! a dog dashed from the edge of the wood in mad pursuit of a rabbit. On went the club, but the wrists had jerked and the ball flew off to the right, out of bounds in the trees.

"Hard luck, Miss Herbert!" said the slender, fair-haired girl beside her. "But it doesn't count, does it?"

Nan looked up in amazement as she teed another ball. Did the girl not know

the rules? She smiled gently and took her stance. "Thanks, Miss Armstrong, but it does count," and played a long, low shot up the field.

"I'm so sorry, for it wasn't your fault."

Nan came over and slipped a hand through her opponent's arm. She was a good little sports-woman even if she did not know the rules. How a girl could play so well and not know them was a mystery, but of course it was her first tournament outside of her little country town and perhaps they were not so strict there about matters of golfing rule.

"Miss Herbert's shot," called the scorer, and Nan looked at the bunker a hundred and forty yards away with the green just beyond it. Miss Armstrong easily reach the hole with an iron club from where her ball lay, twenty yards farther on. Would she play a brassie shot? "Miss Herbert plays two more," called the monotonous voice of the scorer. She must risk and the ball flew from the club with the clean edge so dear to a golfer's heart. It was a superb shot, at first, then rising slowly with what seemed strange little jerks; gradually the downward curve became more pronounced. Would it clear the bunker? Breathlessly the "gallery" leant forward to watch. A few seconds—it seemed an hour. "It's over!"—and then one felt something like a sigh run through the crowd as a tiny puff of dust flew up from the top of the bank and a white object dropped back into the sand below.

"One off two," and Miss Armstrong's ball lay foot from the cup.

"Your hole," said Nan as she picked the ball



LACROSSE CHAMPIONS OF CANADA—WHICH MEANS THE WORLD The New Westminster Team. Second row down Capt. Gifford, next Mgr. Welsh

of the sand, and somehow her opponent did not dare to say "Hard luck" to the girl who walked beside her with her head thrown back and a half smile on her lips.

Two good drives, then Nan put her ball on the green by a beautiful approach with her mid-iron. Miss Armstrong's second shot struck a stone and ran off under the stile at the edge of the course, where they found it absolutely unplayable. "It's alright to lift it out of this, is it not?" said the girl, kneeling on the grass, eagerly looking up at Nan with tears of disappointment in her eyes.

How quickly one thinks sometimes! Poor Nan, two holes down and only three left to play. If she lost this the match went with it; to get a half was almost as bad; the hole was hers, rightly so, she had played it better; hers, too, by the rules, and yet—there was that child, ignorant of the fact that you must give up the hole if your ball is unplayable, asking her with tears in her eyes, if she could lift it out.

They were all alone for the moment, the scorer was fifty yards away having stopped to arrange the rope they used to hold the crowd back, and they were hidden by a large bush, and it was hard luck hitting that stone. "Drop it here in the short grass, without penalty," she said quickly, with a tiny catch in her voice. Quixotic perhaps, but the child's eyes were too

of the sand, and somehow her opponent did not dare to say "Hard luck" to the girl who walked beside her with her head thrown back and a half smile on her lips.

Two good drives, then Nan put her ball on the green by a beautiful approach with her mid-iron. Miss Armstrong's second shot struck a stone and ran off under the stile at the edge of the course, where they found it absolutely unplayable. "It's alright to lift it out of this, is it not?" said the girl, kneeling on the grass, eagerly looking up at Nan with tears of disappointment in her eyes.

How quickly one thinks sometimes! Poor Nan, two holes down and only three left to play. If she lost this the match went with it; to get a half was almost as bad; the hole was hers, rightly so, she had played it better; hers, too, by the rules, and yet—there was that child, ignorant of the fact that you must give up the hole if your ball is unplayable, asking her with tears in her eyes, if she could lift it out.

They were all alone for the moment, the scorer was fifty yards away having stopped to arrange the rope they used to hold the crowd back, and they were hidden by a large bush, and it was hard luck hitting that stone. "Drop it here in the short grass, without penalty," she said quickly, with a tiny catch in her voice. Quixotic perhaps, but the child's eyes were too

of the sand, and somehow her opponent did not dare to say "Hard luck" to the girl who walked beside her with her head thrown back and a half smile on her lips.

two. Two holes up and two to play," he added, for the benefit of those not versed in the language of the game, while a man in the "gallery" who had seen the little episode, looked after Nan with a light in his eyes and smiled suddenly to himself.

The next hole went to Miss Herbert after four perfect shots, amid a half suppressed murmur of applause from the crowd. Each drove well at the eighteenth hole and Miss Armstrong approached to the edge of the green. Nan playing her second shot, allowed fully ten yards for the curve of the hill; there the ball dropped, and catching the right run, rolled down the slope to within a yard of the flag. Her opponent's putt was straight, but not being quite strong enough, stopped half way between the other ball and the cup. Nan took her "mashie" slowly from the bag and looked at the two balls as they lay. She was one down and a halved hole would cost her the championship. The great crowd held its breath as she hit the ball a sharp little tap that lifted it over the other and down into the hole.



"All even on eighteen holes. The first extra hole won decides the match."

"Steady, now, steady," whispered Nan to herself, as she stood ready to drive. Was she to win after all; to reach her goal at last? She had played the last two holes as though in a dream, neither hearing nor seeing anyone, and now she was full of a wild desire to hit with all her strength and end the suspense. But what was it Captain Raymond had once said? "Steadiness wins many games."

"Look how she takes her time," said some one in the crowd. "Did you ever see anyone so cool? I don't believe she has a nerve in her body. I'd be wildly excited in her place."

"Silence, please," called the scorer, but Nan heard nothing, standing there wondering if that stupid little ball would ever stop dancing up and down on the tee. It seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion.

"Well, I've got to hit it sometime," she murmured under her breath. "I only hope I shall not shut my eyes."

It was not a very good drive but it was straight. Miss Armstrong tried to get a long shot but the ball flew away off to the left, and she had played two more strokes when they had reached the green. The strain was telling on both and Nan's putt was a yard short, while the other ball lay a couple of inches from the hole. She had one shot for the match, but some one has said, "Many games are won or lost by a three foot putt." She straightened herself before that last shot; the people, trees and even the club-house, were moving round just like her ball. How silly of them, but nothing mattered but that short space of grass. A little shrug of the shoulders—then "Good-bye," she whispered as the ball left the putter. She watched it as it crawled toward the hole. Did it go in? She hardly seemed to care, she was so tired. What was it they were all saying? Then a hot little hand was thrust into hers and Miss Armstrong said breathlessly, "You have won and somehow I am almost glad."

Fred hugged her like a bear, and she heard





# LOURDES

*A Fur-Post Love Story packed with Strong Character, Passion and Adventure*

By HERMAN WHITAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. E. JOHNSTONE

REINING his shaganappy ponies, Father Francis pointed his whip at twin spruces which formed the apex of a wooded cape that swept from the far forest out into a golden sea of prairie.

"There's the cause."

I had just commented on the fact that though we were travelling through a country rich and fat-soiled beyond imagination, and which abounded in teal, mallard, widgeon, prairie chicken, every sort of wild fowl; though deer fed in droves like cattle, knee-deep in the richest of pastures, and beaver, mink, otter, rarer fir animal splashed in the woodland lakes, all in the very heart of the Hudson Bay Company's vast domain, we had met neither trapper nor Indian nor seen a habitation since we left the Moose Post yesterday.

"Nor shall we," the priest said, as the ponies settled again to the tireless trot that eats up the miles. "Though it cuts twenty miles off the distance between La Passe and Churchill, the company's people give this trail a wide berth." Nodding at the spruces, he added: "It is twenty years since I was close to them. If you would like it—we have time?"

The deference was eminently characteristic, took out of the same courtesy which had led him to offer me, a Protestant and a stranger, passage in his buckboard from Fort Churchill—where I was resting after a long hunt for musk ox and caribou of the Barren Lands—to his own mission of La Passe.

And here I am tempted to wander into the story of Father Francis, the great priest who wages war against the devil in man throughout the length and breadth of a parish larger than an old-world kingdom. Returning, however, to the spruces, which we reached after five minutes of rough driving; originally some twelve feet apart, a century's growth had brought the stout trunks almost together. Below, the branches interlaced, but high above, where the tops swung again apart, I easily made out concentric rings of bark, at which the priest was pointing. Aware of the Cree custom of winter burial, I knew that long ago, in their green youth, they had been pulled down to cradle a dead man in his hammock of skins.

"Twenty years ago," Father Francis commented, "a fray of shaganappy fluttered up there in the wind, but I see that the bark has even covered the knot. Then, too, one could make out the outline of a double grave. The rain and gophers have wiped it out. Soon the trees themselves will go. Yet—what a wonderful thing is memory—when they and we shall have passed away, unborn generations, Indian and white, will still avoid this place. Let us drive on to the old fort."

A half mile's southing, parallel with the trail, brought us to it—all that was left, for what wind and weather had spared the prairie fires had taken. Fur houses, cabins, stockade, and stores, all were gone. Where the factor and clerk, trappers and traders once lived and loved, fought or chattered with the wild tribes that brought down the furry spoil of the far north, a dozen or so of old mud chimneys now uprose from rank grass growths, accentuating the loneliness of that lovely land by suggesting the hospitable fires that once blazed within their crumbled arches.

"A story here?" the priest repeated my question, driving on. "Surely, but if you will have patience until to-morrow, you shall have it from one who will tell it better than I."

Now, if ever face evidenced sensibility, sympathy, and humour in proportions that would insure a well-told story, it was surely his. It would have been hard to find better occasion—either then or when, that night, our fire twinkled, a wee red star under the enormous black vault above. It would have beguiled the long hours of travel next day. But even if our acquaintance had not been too recent for me to urge him, a certain finality, a touch of decision lurked in his smile. Moreover, what of his gossip of men and things as he had seen them during forty years in the Northland, time slid by unnoticed both then and the following day.

To tell the truth, I had forgotten the promised story when, next evening, he brought a sheepskin tome to me where I sat smoking before a great fire in the mission kitchen.

"The Abbe du Fre!" I exclaimed, after one glance at the close knit of delicate writing.

"You have heard of him?" And when I confessed to having made his acquaintance in the

records of St. Boniface, the good priest nodded. "Yes, they contain most of his writings—though he was no niggard. In the company's log books, our mission records, wherever in fact white paper and black ink occurred together, he was seized with the *furor scribendi*. He was a writer born, and though he would have scouted the very idea, some sneaking consciousness of the fact inheres in his elaborately apologetic prefaces. Had his lot been cast in Europe, where letters are not considered so scandalously idle, he would surely have made his mark. And now, as I have some matters to attend, you will please excuse me. I leave you in good company with the abbe and your pipe."

To that good fellowship he might have added the fire which leaped and crackled on the wide mud hearth warmly illumining the dark ceiling barks, the time-stained log walls. He did pause at the door to add: "It will increase your pleasure to know that not only was the story written here, but these old walls chambered its principal event."

And with this thought in the forefront of my mind I opened the book.

It was not my original intention to record the events here set down, the familiar preface ran, events which I had thought buried in the past until Israel, one of our hunters, burst in upon us as I sat at meat with Mr. Temple, the governor, who arrived at La Passe this evening. Pale from fright and utterly exhausted by a night and a day of hard running, he was just able to tell how, while stalking a moose that was feeding on the lush grass beneath the "Twin Spruces" north of the old Park Post, he had seen a man come out from the ruins; a tall man who staggered beneath the weight of the woman whom he bore on his shoulders. At that first glance Israel sensed something unusual, and when they passed him—so close that he could have touched them with his gun—some intuition of the truth held him still and silent; the intuition which developed into certainty when the moose continued to feed quietly, though the man passed it equally close on his way to the trees; the truth that, upon the instant, set his feet upon the fastest trail of his life. And I say "truth" in the face of Mr. Temple's skeptical suggestion that Israel had come upon some Cree carrying his dead squaw to the place of burial.

"Nonsense, father!" he laughed. "The rankest kind of nonsense. Why should one ghost pack round another when it could earn good money transporting my furs?" Withal which raillery, he was greatly impressed by the story, exclaiming at the end that I should deserve hanging or worse if I let it go unrecorded. Indeed, he took me by the shoulders and set me down to the writing, with orders to have it ready for his eye before he left next morning.

FOR the beginnings of it all I have to go back eight years in time, a few hundred miles in distance, to the occasion when I drove in to the Prairie Portage with Father Beaupre, then priest of that mission; and as I recall it, the day stands out for its preëminent beauty as much as for the fact that it marked my first glimpse of Lourdes. Late summer, a gentle breeze tempered the heat and sent brighter waves across the yellow prairies, so that we journeyed as through a golden sea all chased and fretted with shadows of the soft fleeces which sailed high in the blue above. To increase my enjoyment, while we rattled along in a big-wheeled Red River cart, the good priest poured into my ear a report so lengthy and encouraging, that we passed from the dead flat of the Garry prairies into the woodland country around the south end of Lake Manitoba without noticing the change.

"Sixteen Cree converts, half a score Sioux, ten girl communicants—" I remember his tale was at flood when, with dull clatter of unshod hoofs, a white girl child on an unbridled pony dashed out upon us from behind a poplar bluff.

"Lourdes! What does this mean?" the priest cried out angrily as the pony stopped of its own volition.

For the child was naked.

At the time I confess to a feeling of shocked confusion. But looking backward, the picture she made is the prettiest in a long life. Brown-eyed and delicately featured, her flesh, of a pure ivory white, shone whiter by contrast with masses of red-bronze hair that already fell to her waist. Though only twelve, her healthy development already promised

the luxury which, later, made such a stir in the forts; and as she sat her ragged pony staring us with wide dark eyes, the slim whiteness of her in outline against the dark green of a bluff, I could very well understand the old Greek passion for flesh.

"It is this son of a devil!" she answered, in voluble French. "You see, it is that he is so very dirty and requires the wash. But when I try to ride him into the lake, he shies like Jean, my brother, at the sight of soap, and being unbridled, turns and bolts." Digging small heels into the rough ribs, she added an emphatic: "Oh, wicked one!"

"He seems quiet enough now?" Father Beaupre doubted.

"Because he is well breathed. Now I shall go back for my clothes—extra labour for thee, sinful!" And turning the beast with a kick, delivered sideways upon one eye, she drove in her heels and flew off down the wind.

"And is she of the ten girl communicants?"

I was sorry for the dig when he replied with a groan: "I am rightly served for my boasting. She? Lourdes, daughter of the new factor, sent here, as it seems, to be a thorn in the side of my vanity."

After he had related a few of her pranks I could well believe it; an opinion which gained strength with the following years. Indeed, it became my habit to inquire first of Lourdes upon my annual visit; or did I omit it, the tale was at the tip of Father Beaupre's tongue—to be told with a smile or grimace according to his distance from its point. Once she had been captured in the ditch behind the stockade, where—having first stolen an altar cloth to drape the victim and lend verisimilitude to the ceremony—she was about to subject a cat to the *auto-da-fé* in imitation of the Virgin Martyrs.

Again, it was she who cut the rawhide thongs which bound the sled of that Presbyterian divine who came to this country in the train of Lord Selkirk, did it so cleverly that the poor gentleman was miles upon his road before he found himself sitting like a fallen prophet among the pieces.

Later, her tricks grew more intimate, usually bit deep on some one—as when she stole the watch of Donald, the Scotch clerk, from its nail in the store and gave it to a young Cree squaw, telling her that Donald's wife, who was notoriously jealous, would buy it for thrice its value in flour and bacon. Donald's beard grew grey over that prank, and while he was still explaining Lourdes shot up to her years. Leaving her one fall a lithe bare-legged lass who raced my ponies from the cross trails in to the mission without harm to her breathing, I returned next season to find her a woman.

And such a woman! The skirts, that had dropped so suddenly from her knees, fluttered above tiny moccasins which would have been a tight fit for my hand. Her carriage was something to see, head gracefully poised, with an uptilt of the round, firm chin, full torso curved in to the small waist, which swayed above fine hips with the easy flexures, perfect rhythms of youth. Already I have spoken of her whiteness that had the firm pure quality of ivory; in the midst of which imagine eyes that shone like young moons, all within the frame of her wonderful hair. I could well understand Father Beaupre's answer to my comment on her looks.

"Behold your thorn has developed a rose!"

"Ay, but it is still there—to prick the sharper for being hidden. Already she has sent one man to his grave, and when I am not busy shriving such of her lovers as are beyond my rough surgery, then I am listening to confessions of the sin of the eye from men whose penance might very well be left to their wives. There will be no peace till she is safely married to a strong man; for should she go to a weakling, the shrivings will increase, the confessions grow worse. However," he finished his grumble, "things point well. Gabriel, the Little, is after her, and as he always gets what he wants, he'll have her—sooner or later."

Concerning this Gabriel—whose nickname was one half jest—now needs a word. Really above medium height, he was very broad, deep-chested, and possessed that natural strength which is as wonderful as unexplainable; force pulsed through his tough muscles. On a long portage, I have seen him pack his four hundred pounds upstream knee-deep among slippery boulders. With one hand he could tie Gabriel, the Tall, his long, lean name-fellow, in a double knot, and even Mr. Fraser, of



Devil's Drum, the strongest man in the Northland, counted him a fair antagonist in the wrestle. When, of evening, the young men would race canoes along the lake, he would take Lourdes and bring her in, flushed and laughing, ahead of the others in their empty birchbark shells; and as ours is a country where bodily vigour makes for more profit than mental parts, it would be no wonder if he had not won on her.

As a sudden influenza laid me by the heels for a month, I was able to pass on his chances myself; and when, one day, I watched the flame come and go in Lourdes' face as, one after the other, Gabriel forced every strong shoulder to the ground in a wrestling bout before the store, I saw that they were good. Despite the mad teasing with which she met his every attempt at actual love, I believe that summer would have seen them married if the governor had not picked him out for the factorship of the new fort of Painted Post.

As the order fell in with my recovery and our ways lay together, I was witness of their parting, for Lourdes rode out with us a half day's journey; nor could one imagine aught so beautiful as she at the moment she drew up her pony to say good-by. Bathed in sunshine, which crowned her with a flaming aureole, wrapped her ripe youth in a golden mantle, she made a figure rich, gracious, glorious as though limned in the soft stain of a window. I did not wonder at the yearning of Gabriel's dark face, the note of strain that changed his voice.

"Six months to build the fort, little one; three to set it in order, then I shall return to—"

"Find me hard and fast married," she laughingly interrupted.

But the tenderness of her smile belied the mischief in her eyes. It was to them he made his finish: "To end this fooling with our marriage. Till then, à Dieu."

"A Dieu," she answered, so soberly that I looked back and thus saw the laughter die in her eyes, leaving them darkly serious under the red flame of her hair. If that had been the return!

My usual routine would have carried me nor'west by Manitoba House to the Ellice Mission—where Gabriel left me—thence due north by Fort Pelly to Norway House, the La Passe Mission, and so round the Arctic stations to celebrate mass in the Barren Lands that lie under the midnight sun, returning at the end of a year from Fort McCloud in the west by a southern trail. But owing to a severer recurrence of influenza, I turned back two months later at Bedford House in Athabasca, arriving at the Portage on my homeward way a sick man, yet not so sick but that I had eyes for the second chapter of Lourdes' romance.

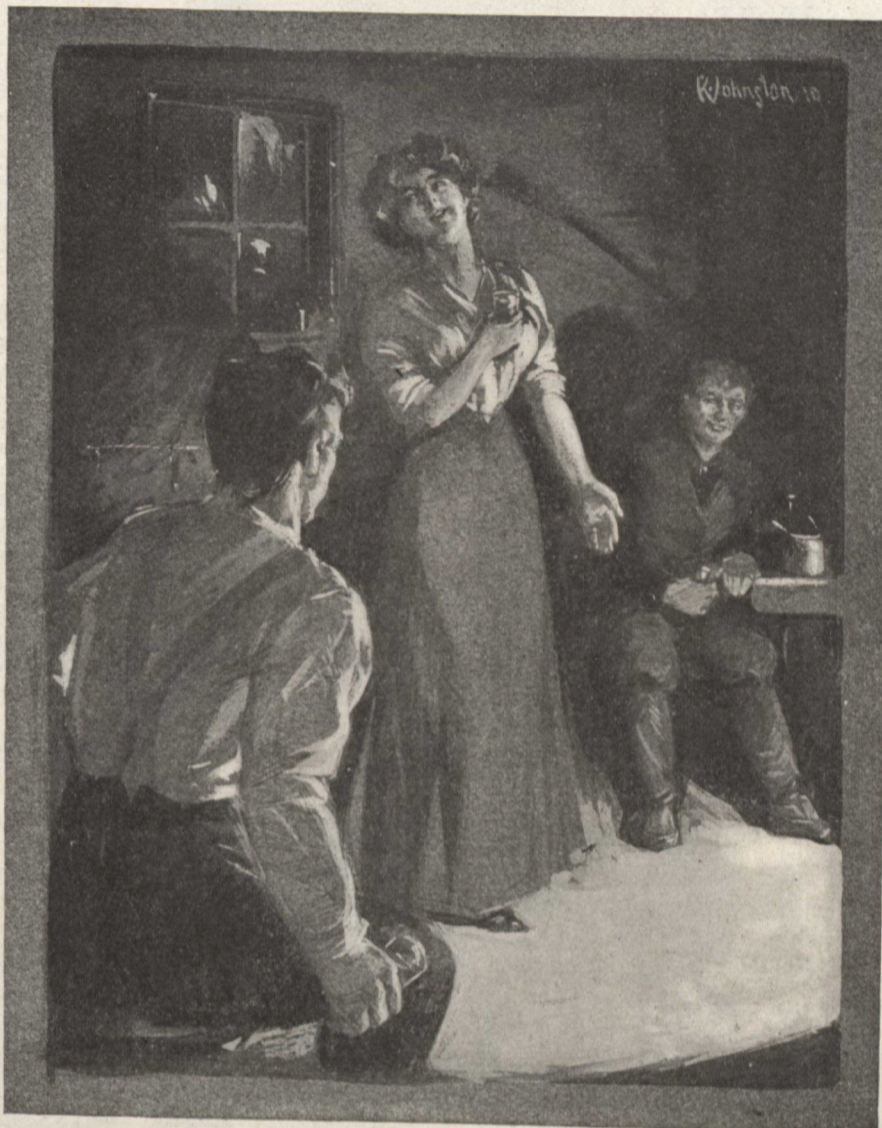
It opens on the afternoon that, making in to the Portage by a new trail which promised a short cut through a bit of woodland, I almost drove over Lourdes and Luke Stevens, the English clerk who was recently come out to serve out his indentures under Donald Blair. They were returning home from a lovers' ramble—yes, in that short time; indeed the speed of the wooing may be gauged from the fact that upon this third day of the fourth week of their acquaintance, his arm clasped her waist. Her bright head pressed in to his shoulder, they were pacing it in love's slow time, so wrapped in each other that they missed my wheels; and so afforded time for me to take a good look at Luke.

A tall lad—man, rather, he had turned twenty-six, and yet the word comes out of that first impression—he was very strongly built and carried himself with that certain distinction of manner much loved by women. Afterward, I heard that he came on one side of a noble family on the under side of the knot. For himself he claimed issue from that upper middle class which exiles its sons to the colonies through prejudice against trade; which, if true, makes for his credit in that he lacked even a taint of the ridiculously superior airs of that useless breed. Altogether I was favourably impressed until, turning at my cough, he reversed the usual habit and flew the woman's crimson. Then I saw that his eyes, while large and true blue, were much too soft for a man who had to make his way in our rough land; and it was to hide a sudden misgiving as much as in play that I shook my whip at Lourdes, whose white teeth had flashed like sudden pearls amidst the scarlet of her lips. I was troubled without knowing why until, that evening, Father

Beaupre put my feeling into words.

"A good lad, a fine lad," the priest said, as we talked it over. "Donald says that he never broke a better. But—too soft for Lourdes. For, look ye, this may be heresy, but it is also sense—a spice of the devil in a husband may sometimes cause a slip, yet in the long run it makes for the good of the church by causing others to 'ware his women. But would you have thought she'd have taken to him?"

It did seem strange that this gentleman should prevail with this madcap savage in whom Gabriel's iron had stirred only liking, and if there be answer to the puzzle it must inhere in the fact that were it otherwise and like mated only with like, we should be quickly bred into oaks and saplings; there could be no commingling of strength with the graces. Dame Nature may be trusted with her own business. But, curious or no, love him Lourdes did, with a love that bordered on ferocity and would brook no laggard wooing. I married them within a month, after a courtship short as it had been ideal.



"She looked at him over the top of her glass: 'And old loves.'"

Over a golden land that swooned under the languors of Indian summer, they had rambled, pausing often to observe, from grassy knolls, the badgers and other prairie children at their loves and wars. When, of evenings, I had strolled with the good priest along the quiet lake shore, we had often caught the slow dip of a paddle far out on the water; or, low, rich, bubbling with her joy of life, Lourdes' laugh would throb through the warm dusk, followed by silence so soft and suggestive that even we dry old churchmen would exchange glances of indulgent understanding.

And their honeymoon had been equally ideal. I have always pitied those whose nuptials are cast amidst the toil and traffic, smoke and noise of cities; the poor souls who flee the regard of friends to expose their natural shyness to the vulgar, brazen stare of a crowded caravansary. But the deep woods cradled theirs, and did the autumn leaves crimson over the tale they whispered to the grasses, there was none but a startled fawn to spread the tale through the forest. For they went off on a long hunting which outlasted my stay, and when I returned the following year, they had settled down in the face of Father Beaupre's croaking to what seemed an unusually happy life.

"Which merely goes to show," he then said, amending his wisdom to suit the new case, "what I have observed before—it is your madcap girls who make the best of wives."

Concerning Gabriel? Were I aught but a plain chronicler of events, here would be fine soil in which to sow the seed of future occasion by

telling of his vow to be revenged. As a matter of fact he took the news very quietly, being helped, perhaps, by the fact that it had had three months to ripen while drifting in to his far fort. In either case, he plunged at his work with ardor which must have won him both peace and reputation in the ordinary course of events.

Wherewith I am brought face to face with a fortuitous providence, find myself in presence of one of those mysteries over which priest and layman may puzzle themselves into spiritual blindness without obtaining a glimpse of the solution which is reserved for the eye of faith. Here were two men, ordinarily good, whose lives would have run in usual channels but for the chance that made two widows, while it drowned at once the factor and clerk of the Park Lands Post in the same rapid. For with the order that sent Luke north and Gabriel east to fill the respective vacancies, things were set in train toward the inevitable conclusion. The future, however, cast no shadow upon that bright spring day when, very happy in the promotion, they rode out from the Portage with two Red River carts creaking behind under the weight of their housekeeping.

AND now the tale comes by many mouths—through Father John, whom I relieved for sickness the following winter, from trappers and traders passing between mission and fort, its end by Gabriel himself; but here the mosaic is fused in a whole which begins with the arrival at the Park Lands Post.

To Lourdes, the journey had been one long joy. After the dead flats of Southern Manitoba, the alternation of rolling prairie, frequent rivers, wide valley, black spruce forest, which gave the Park Lands their name, must have appeared to her as fairyland; and did she tire of the prospect, there were pleasant thoughts of the hospitable folk at the post where they had stayed the preceding night, or she could occupy herself with curious speculations upon those she would meet at the next. Being a woman, excessively pretty at that, it goes without saying that, analysed, her thought centred upon the impression she had made on one, was about to make on the other. Once at La Passe, within fifty miles of her future home, her curiosity naturally concentrated upon it, and she simply bombarded Father John with questions concerning the factor and folk of the post. As, however, the priest had not been there since the coming of the new men, he could tell her nothing. Wherefore, imagine her surprise when Gabriel came out to meet them as their carts creaked in through the gates two days later.

Be sure that she hid it better than he, for Jean le Gros, who saw, said afterward that Gabriel stood on gape till, having introduced himself, Luke

turned to do the like for his wife. Then he burst out laughing. "Why, we are old friends!" he cried, and while showing them to their quarters, he asked after her parents, Father Beaupre, myself, in friendly fashion; bore himself in all things like the strong, sane man he then was.

Better that he had been harsher. Viewing his conduct under the strong light that beats on the past, one wishes, while admiring him for it, that he had driven them forth with blows—for which he would not have lacked a precedent in the Northland. But, as I say, he not only gave them honest welcome, but even took to Luke like a brother. As they were both new men, with a record to make between them, they hunted together near and wide, using the same blankets on long trails into the heart of the Barren Lands in search of furs; and what of their long absences abroad, preoccupations of business at home, Lourdes found herself almost a widow that summer—that very much against her will.

For when did woman overlook the cooling of love? A belief in the fatal nature of the gentle malady is ineradicably planted in the breast of the sex which never forgives even a hint of convalescence in lover, husband, or, as in Lourdes' case, both. Had Luke's passion remained at the fever heat which women persist in regarding as normal, she might have passed Gabriel's defection. But when both old lover and new husband neglected a skin whiter than winter snows, to hang over evil-



# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



This is only Drill, but the Nursing Sisters in a Military Camp have real Hospital Work to do.

## Nursing Sisters at Niagara Camp.

CANADIAN girls, like their sisters everywhere, get the reputation of having a weakness for brass buttons. For instance, at a dance, what chance has a sable-garbed civilian where there are military waltzing? So far in Canada this feminine admiration for things militant has been only passive; which is to say that the girls of the Dominion have been largely content to be mere spectators of the splendours of military pomp, sometimes it is true being carried away by the glitter, and then expressing their effervescent spirits as smart cadets in amateur theatricals or at the college masquerade. Till this year in Canada there were no real soldier girls—live soldier girls who could reel off the Militia List and gossip volubly of the summer camp.

June, 1910, is somewhat of a memorable date in the history of military Canada; six girls went to Niagara Camp in full regalia—and for once the dashing captains in their proud plumage were not the heroes. There were heroines; here they are on this page—Nursing Sisters Leischman, Morris, McGiffin, Daymon, Hammel and Hatch. Note the shoulder straps of the pretty blue uniforms—they are really blue, though they show up white in the photographs; there are the brass buttons on the epaulettes, indicating that each of the young ladies is dignified with the rank of lieutenant during her stay in camp.

The Nursing Sisters are attached to the Army Medical Corps. Bringing them to camp—that was a step in advance for the corps, another example of the progress which has characterised the militia during the past ten years; which has substituted the Army Service Corps for the bull-beef contractor, and organised the Army Medical Corps in place of the regimental doctor and his slim, black bag, turning the whole Canuck army from a crudity into a system.

"What useful purpose is served by bringing trained nurses to a summer military camp?" the sceptic will ask. Talk to Colonel Fenton, C.O., Field Ambulance No. 10. He will dilate upon the

AT BISLEY



Miss Seaton, of the South London Rifle Club, Firing.

advantage of the nurse with military experience:

"Nursing experience to be found in summer camp?" you say. "Pshaw!"

Then the Colonel and his assistants will quietly laugh at your incredulity, and tell you how dead wrong you are.

This year there were eleven days of Niagara Camp. Now for the casualty list. In that period out of 4,000 soldiers, 129 sick and wounded were cared for by the Nursing Sisters. The maladies ranged from indigestion and gunshot-wound down the list to colds and pneumonia.

One case of appendicitis was recorded—quite notable, for the victim for the first time in the Canadian military history was operated on, and successfully too, in the open air.

What of the hospital equipment at Niagara?



The Nurses reluctantly Pose.

Eight tents comprised the hospital, each tent a ward containing six beds. The capacity of the hospital was, therefore, 48 patients and the maximum was well averaged during the eleven days. There was an operating tent and a diet tent. The wards were regularly patrolled, diet sheets were kept, records of the patients, his progress and treatment, were set down. In fact the canvas institution was a city hospital in epitome—one difference; the ozone flapped through the tent wards, chasing away the odours of the apothecary.

The innovation of the Nursing Sisters at Niagara Camp was a distinct success. It is understood that the Militia Department have it under consideration to invite more trained nurses from the big hospitals to the summer camps throughout the Dominion. This policy would bear fruit in case of active service; the girls who have learned the routine of the regimental lines would then be able to superintend the operations of the military hospitals which would be established.

\* \* \*

## They Did Not Talk.

SOME persons like one sort of shoe and some another, but the kind which was desired by Pierre, the French-Canadian mill-hand, has never enjoyed a wide popularity.

"Shoes for Sunday," Pierre stated to the young man who advanced to meet him as he entered the salesroom of the big shoe factory.

He then sat heavily down on one of the red plush seats and allowed the salesman to insert his feet in a pair of bright yellow shoes. When they were fairly on, Pierre stood, moved his feet this way and that, took a few steps, and shaking his head, sat down again.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Do they hurt? Are they too tight?"

Pierre shook his head violently.

"She no tight," he said, "but also she no talk. Shoes for Sunday must talk, talk, all the way up in church for to soun' stylish, see?" — *Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

## Aspiration.

CHANNING GORDON LAWRENCE.

I SAT one day beside the flowing river  
And watched it as it glided on its way,  
So smooth and placid in its onward motion,  
Avoiding all delay.

Within its bosom was a moving purpose,  
A longing wish to reach the mighty sea,  
And all its strength it gave to that one object,  
But yet how noiselessly!

And I have learned that somewhere in the distance  
Beyond the mountain and the spreading lee,  
Still moving with that calm, majestic sweetness,  
The river found the sea.

\* \* \*

## A Woman Safe-Lock Expert.

THE unique distinction of being the only woman safe-lock expert in the world and the most expert at that business of any man or woman living, is that claimed by Miss Stella Darling, a young Portland woman. Solving combinations is a second nature with Miss Darling, and so capable is she that a well-known manufacturer's agent pays her a handsome salary.

Whenever the locks on the various vaults and safes of the banks, express companies, and business houses of the city refuse to respond to the usual number of twists and turns of the combination, the owners instead of tearing their hair and saying naughty things, step to the telephone and call for Miss Darling. She takes a few tools and goes to the street and number given.

With an inborn knowledge of the mechanism and its whims, Miss Darling examines it critically and listens to an explanation of the difficulty. With a smile that is contagious, she puts her alligator handbag on a nearby desk, removes her gloves, and approaches the box of steel. After a few deft turns of the combination—and she knows most of them; it is more than likely that she set this one—the bolt may refuse to move. She smiles at her failure, and as if by some mutual understanding between safe and woman, it opens at her second attempt.

To show the high esteem in which she is held by manufacturers throughout the United States, it is only necessary to state that she is the recipient of a number of costly and beautiful jewels which have been given to her from time to time. It is only her love for Portland that has prevented her from accepting lucrative offers in distant cities.

\* \* \*

## Women as Rifle Shots.

CANADIAN women are beginning to take up target rifle-shooting, but mostly on indoor ranges. In England, according to these two photographs from the *Illustrated London News*, there are several women who shoot with the men at the regular targets. Perhaps the D. R. A. will soon be similarly honoured.

\* \* \*

AT BISLEY



Miss Douglas, a Visitor from the Malay States, Firing.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## Newslets.

THE Ancient and Honourable Order of Murderers will now be called upon to subscribe to a testimonial to Marconi.

There were two queries in the Dominion of Canada at Sunday dinner, July 31st—"Did Crippen get caught?" and "What was the text?"

Sir Wilfrid's silvery tongue may bring a golden harvest.

Men are contrary creatures—especially Toronto men. One of them took carbolic acid because his wife whom he had beated refused to forgive and forget, while a second suicide partook of the same unwholesome drug because his sweetheart's mother considered him too young to marry. The course of true love takes some curious curves.

The most tragic feature of the G. T. R. strike is that several carloads of Paris hats are held up somewhere and cannot be delivered to the city wholesale houses. Of course some unfeeling brutes will profess delight over this delay, but the heart of the milliner is consumed with care.

## A Real Bargain.

Behold a noble gathering was seen  
Of maids and matrons of the busy town,  
They came in haste and took the early car,  
For white mull waists were said to be marked down.

They swarmed around the counters piled so high  
With waists of trimming marvellously fine;  
Then homeward hied in glad, triumphant mood,  
For they had bought them cheap at "seventy-nine."

## The Accuser Exposed.

THE athletic parson is no rare character in these modern days. In fact, it is nothing unusual to see a clergyman of the congregation leading the young men in the sports and healthy amusements. More than fifty years ago, such a course would have been regarded with doubtful eye. In a recent publication, "John Sanderson the First," the author tells of how Mr. R. S. Nelles, who was Principal of Newburgh Academy and afterwards Chancellor of Victoria University, was grievously misunderstood because he insisted on sharing the boys' games of ball and hockey. As he was a local preacher of

the Methodist Church, some of the church authorities summoned him before them to account for his interest in "dangerous and soul-destroying" amusements. The pastor, Mr. Sanderson, who was a genial Irishman, was in sympathy with the accused and waited until the prime mover against him had spoken.

"You will hardly believe it," said the pastor, referring to the chief accuser, "but I have at hand proof that in the evening of the day of his last visit to Napanee, he bought a ticket for the circus, and, with his hat drawn over his eyes, so that he might not be recognised, slipped into the big tent and enjoyed right heartily the whole performance, trapeze, ballet-dancers and all. And this is the man who would hound our brother Nelles to the death of his well-earned Christian reputation! Brethren, I ask for another motion." Needless to say, the young local preacher was exonerated and the hypocritical accuser was brought to shame. It was also disclosed that Mr. Nelles had taught the boys to play ball in a Christian spirit.

## The Coming Host.

In this month, some gentle letters  
Hint of our approaching fate,  
For the guests for Exhibition  
Now begin to intimate  
That they're thinking of a journey—  
"Just a day or two, my dear,  
And we know you'd like to see us—  
So we'll come without a fear."

## His Definition.

SHE was a dear old lady, but she lived at Hard-scramble, and was a bit behind the times. She had been reading the advertisement in a city newspaper chance had brought her way.  
"Father," she asked her husband, "what is these here negligee shirts they talk about?"  
Father, being a man, was equal to the occasion.  
"Don't know what they be!" he grinned. "Well, you are a back number. Negligee shirts ain't quite so stiff and choky as a b'iled shirt—I mean a reg'lar hard-b'iled shirt. A negligee shirt is something you might call a soft-b'iled shirt."

## "American" Not His Sister.

THAT Canadian sentiment is strong in Western Canada was illustrated by an amusing incident at the home of Wm. W. Rutan, member for Prince Albert in the House of Commons.

Mr. Rutan's eldest daughter and eldest son were born while the family lived in Missouri. His younger son and younger daughter, however, were born since the family came back to Canada.

The younger brother recently did some little thing that the eldest sister didn't like, and the latter, mentioning the name of the younger sister, said: "You wouldn't do that to her, would you?"

"No," said the little boy, "but she's my sister."  
"Well, am I not your sister too?" asked the one of the injured feelings.

"No," said the little fellow emphatically.  
"Well, what am I then?" asked the big sister in great surprise.

"Why," answered the youngster with a tone indicating great superiority, "you're just an American immigrant."

## Like Some Other Epitaphs.

"I WAS called in by a close-fisted old merchant recently," a Boston lawyer remarked. "He wanted me to draw his will, and this I proceeded to do, following his verbal instruction. Presently he said:

"To each and every clerk who has been in my employ continuously for ten years I give ten thousand dollars."

"This seemed like a considerable sum to me and I ventured a protest, as he had a number of daughters and his entire fortune was not large.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, with a little crooked smile. "You know people have always said that I was close and hard, and I want them to think well of me when I'm gone."

"I was a little touched and said something, but he waved it aside and we continued with the draft. When it was finished, and I was about to leave the

office, the old fellow again smiled his crooked little smile.

"About those ten-thousand dollar legacies," he said, "there isn't a clerk in my place who has been with me over two years—but it will look well in the papers!"

\* \* \*

## A Safe Company.

TWO London speculators were discussing the rubber boom, and the question naturally arose as to how long the upward movement was likely to be maintained.

One of them, who has done very well, was inclined to be somewhat pessimistic.

"You know," he observed to his friend, "something will come along and spoil this boom. If it isn't home politics or an outbreak of war it will be disease among the rubber trees, which, I'm told, once started, spreads like wildfire."

"Ah," retorted his friend, "the disease question is certainly a danger point. But I'm all right as regards that. The company I'm heavily interested in hasn't started planting yet!"



"Strike me, Ned, if we ain't in the fashion at last!"—Punch.

## Staff Humour.

SO Hon. Charles Murphy is superstitious. Fearing that knives cut friendship, he is cutting out the giving of knives and scissors at Christmas time to civil servants.

The Peat Society of Canada has been formed, and soon we'll be sitting up nights worrying over a possible failure of the peat, as well as the wheat, crop.

A schooner reports encountering twenty thousand walrus in Behring Straits and declares that if there had been a dozen or two more she would have said so.

War is—well, something terrible, but think of the horrors of the trouble down in Nicaragua where rival forces are slaughtering off the population at the rate of one to every "three hours' sharp fighting."

The British Government is talking of fortifying the entrance to the Gulf of Para, and there's great joy among the school children, who feared that they would run out of material for study in current events that can be tagged to geography.

So delighted is Sir Wilfrid Laurier with the great prairie half of Canada that as soon as he gets back east and before he gets the train dust out of his ears he is going to rush to Leader R. L. Borden and implore him to "Go west, old man!"

Hon. Elihu Root says that if the fisheries dispute between the U. S. and us hadn't gone to arbitration it would have caused war. Didn't the "hundred years of peace" have a narrow squeak!

Letter carriers are to sell stamps while on their rounds, and they are hopeful that with a few more duties added they will be able to get through the day without having more than half a dozen hours in which they will just be killing time.

Permit the worried baseball managers to remark that while they don't mind a pitcher taking a mild interest in aviation they don't want him to try for altitude in every struggle on the diamond.




## INGENIUS

Mistress: What does this mean, Jane? You know you should be back at ten o'clock.

Jane: Very sorry, mum. It's the fault of these new skirts. I had to take such short steps that it took longer than I expected to get home.



## PEOPLE AND PLACES



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800 rooms, 120 of them en suite with bath, long distance telephone in every room; elegantly furnished throughout, cuisine and service of the highest order of excellence.

Pleasantly situated near the lake and beautifully shaded; it is cool, quiet and homelike.—McGAW and WINNETT, Proprietors.

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Now and then will do you good, but be sure that it's good ale—ale that is made from the finest ingredients under sanitary conditions, properly aged and bottled before leaving the brewery.

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is the ale for you. Its fifty years of public approval has established it so.

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The Canadian Farm has made arrangements whereby rural schools all over the Dominion are able to secure through it, well selected libraries of standard authors.

Teachers and others interested are requested to write for particulars. Address.

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12 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

**Keys, Railroad Critic.**  
"THE railroad world is still an oligarchy, it is true; but it is no more an autocracy. Whatever one may say, this fact stands out beyond a question; there is no Harriman the Second," writes Mr.



Mr. Clement M. Keys,  
Is an Expert on Railroads.

Clement M. Keys in *The World's Work*. A Canadian is Keys, who for the past ten years has been historian of the big railroad kingdom of the republic. Railroads is his specialty, though he sometimes takes a fling in one of the big New York magazines at some subtle phenomena of finance or insurance. If Clement M. Keys only knew the economics of his subject it is hardly likely that editors would rate him among the half-dozen highest-priced writers outside of fiction in America; he sees beyond the Blue Book. He puts red blood into his articles. They are drama. He knows human nature; was a student of it long before he became expert on that which runs into steel rails. Years ago, he had fiction ambitions. The writer remembers a story of Keys, which appeared in the *Canadian Magazine*, a symposium of Quebec life in the real Drummond style. Hawley, the Moores, J. J. Hill, the Goulds and Vanderbilt — all these czars of transportation are now Mr. Keys' characters; he has sized up their methods; he knows the personalities behind them. Just lately, Mr. Keys has been outlining for readers of *The World's Work* the situation of the past six months, since Edward Harriman came back from Europe and died. "Death and easy money," explains Keys, and he tells of the invading armies encroaching on the Harriman lines; the Pearson incident of a few days ago was only an incident in the disruption of the late wizard's kingdom. Fascinating drama!

It is interesting to dig up a few facts concerning the young critic of Uncle Sam's institutions. Clement M. Keys was born in Chatsworth, Ont., thirty-four years ago. He spent most of his youth at Clarksburg. There he lived the usual academic life of a bounding Canadian country boy with more restrictions than some, however, as he explains himself in a recent letter to the *CANADIAN COURIER*: "Like most clergymen's sons, I had only a passing acquaintance with money."

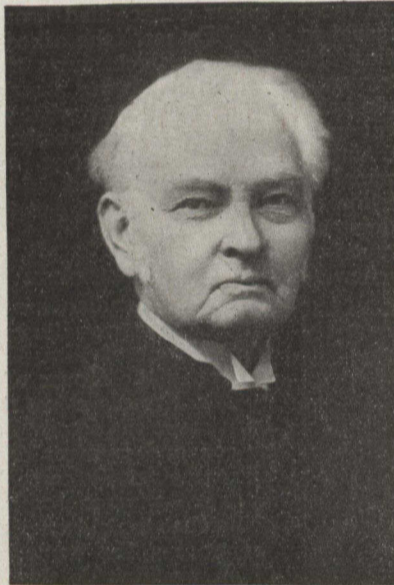
He plugged through Lindsay Collegiate, and by 1893 was cribbing away at Homer in University College, Toronto; sending in copy to various Toronto publications, whose small cheques helped to pay his fees.

Teaching classics at Ridley College was his first job after graduation. That lasted till 1901. The easy penury of teaching wasn't exciting enough for Keys—even with an occasional football work-out under Counsell of Hamilton. Wanderlust seized him. What should it be—Atlantic or Pacific? He says he tossed a coin. All he wanted was free-lancing and eating flapjacks in the big world of New York, about the time Stringer, O'Higgins, McFarlane, and Heming were just getting on their feet. Gradually he worked himself on to the *Wall Street Journal* as reporter — salary ten dollars a week. It is notable that the *Journal* made it twelve his third week; three years later he was railroad editor. In 1906 *The World's Work* signed him; for this great magazine he has fulfilled many big assignments, interviewing some of the most exclusive men in railroading.

\* \* \*

#### A Sky-Pilot of the Trails.

"AS God is my witness, if you have this man shot you are his murderer." The young clergyman who thus remonstrated with the half-breed Riel, forty-one years ago, on that cold, grim morning that Thomas Scott was led out for execution, died the other day at Toronto. Rev. George Young was the first Methodist missionary in Manitoba; he was a sky pilot of the trails; he belonged to the West of the past like Robertson, the Presbyterian, to the days when bad men were picturesque —



Rev. George Young,  
Late Renowned Missionary of the Prairie.

horse thieves, whiskey smugglers, and alcoholised red men. Fort Garry was Dr. Young's mission. Here, as a young man, he began by ministering to the prisoners whom Riel gathered in on his rampage back in '69; he comforted Thomas Scott in his last hours. Dr. Young was a great Canadian missionary. He came to Fort Garry as the humble emissary of his church; he lived to see it Winnipeg, a city of churches.

Dr. Young has a son in Regina. Major Young it was who brought Riel from Regina to Winnipeg fifteen years after his father's encounter with the rebel. The son has still the handcuffs in his possession.

\* \* \*

ON July 5th, 1909, the first Calgary street car went humming down the streets of the cattle town. On July 5th, 1910, out comes the first annual report of the company directors, bright and optimistic. The street railway magnates are \$32,000 ahead.

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E. W. Holton, Eastern Pass. Agent, Sarnia

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



# SPORT OF THE WEEK

THIS great national weekly has a vacancy on its staff. For years it has been dependent on Mr. J. K. Munro for lacrosse prophecies, and he was always right. This spring he sized up the situation by saying it was "Torontos" all the way. The season had hardly got into its stride before it was seen that Mr. Munro's carefully prepared "dope" for the sporting readers of this paper was all wrong. The "Torontos" were vanquished by the "Nationals." So the editor sought for a new lacrosse expert and found one. Mr. Wiggins had his innings last week, and it was "Nationals" all the way. "The Tecumsehs will do well to win half their games." Then on Saturday last, the "Tecumsehs" beat the "Nationals." Promptly on Monday morning the editorial office was decorated with the sign:—Wanted—a Lacrosse Expert. It may be added, lest the COURIER staff be thought to be lacking in the qualities which distinguish gentlemen of the old school, that there has been much sympathy extended to Messrs. Munro and Wiggins.

MR. H. G. MOYES recently won the Manitoba lawn tennis championship, and Miss M. Piggott gained a similar title against all female competitors.

PROFESSIONAL baseball has no easy road to travel in the West. Recently Medicine Hat gave up the ghost, and Saskatoon took over its franchise. Now Regina has blown up and the league has a tail-end team to dispose of. The Carney cowboy crew from Calgary seem to have a sure thing in pennant No. 2.

THE Canadian Henley had bad weather for its two days' of sport. The unfortunate accident which kept the Argonaut senior eight out of the races made the meet at Port Dalhousie seem less important. Yet the Ottawa eight deserve much praise for their victory over the Argonaut's second eight, and for their victory in the senior fours. The Ottawa Britannias won the intermediate fours, while the Argonauts won the junior eights, the junior fours, the senior singles (Butler), the senior doubles, and the tuck weight fours. C. and F. Sherriff, who won the senior doubles for Argonauts, were defeated in both the junior and intermediate doubles. The Dons won the intermediate singles (Lepper) and the intermediate doubles (War and Connor).

WINNIPEG held a cricket tournament last week and on the evening of August 1st some enthusiasts organised the Western Canada Cricket Association. This inter-provincial body will control the game from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains. Hon. T. Mayne Daly was elected president; Judge Johnstone is vice-president for Saskatchewan; H. S. McCarthy, M.P., for Alberta, and H. Hooper for Manitoba. Arthur R. Morrison, the man responsible for this progressive movement is secretary.

OUT in Manitoba they have been cleaning up things in sport; recently it was the Winnipeg four which got away with Henley prize money. The latest is honours in cricket. Last week Manitoba knocked out the other aspirants for the inter-provincial championship—downing Saskatchewan by seven runs. Captain E. J. Smith of Manitoba did some tall bowl-

ing. Cricket, which Eastern Canada says is a slow game, seems to be swift enough for the hustling West. Big crowds attended the games and applauded good plays by, "Well fielded, indeed, sir," in the real English style.

"In the most exciting stage of one game one of the Saskatchewan players hit as he thought the ball to the boundary and took it easily in running back to his crease. The ball never reached the dead line and the unfortunate player was run out. Captain E. J. Smith insisted on the player staying in, and that's cricket!" says the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

## Lacrosse on the Pacific

By P. W. LUCE.

PERHAPS in a future still distant the vice-regal silverware which is the tangible token that its holders excel over all others in Canada's national sport, may again grace the trophy table of some eastern club. In the days to come the New Westminster lacrosse team may be beaten on its own green sward by a visiting twelve. Later on the Salmon Bellies may find it impossible to "come back," but until then they will go the limit.

The sages of the slopes of the Pacific are at one in giving the present holders of the Minto Cup several years more custody of the battered pewter pot. The team will hold together for five or six years at least. After that—? The boys who to-day play intermediate and junior may be worthy successors of the champions, or the day of the decline may have set in. The future of lacrosse is as inscrutable as the ways of a woman.

The recent attempt by Montreal to wrest the title of champions of Canada (for the title "World's Champions" is a misnomer, Rule 1 governing Minto Cup contests stating the trophy is for Canadian teams only) is now a matter of history.

Every team that comes to the Royal City in quest of the Minto Cup returns bowed down by broken pride and overmuch wealth. And yet some would have the championship matches played on neutral grounds, suggesting Winnipeg. Winnipeg! The city where lacrosse is dead as Rameses and forgotten as the lost chord. That would indeed be a costly jest. When the Minto Cup does leave New Westminster, the chances are it will take but a short twelve mile trip, unless, perchance, Con. Jones tires of his ambition in the meantime and abandons Vancouver lacrosse to its fate.

"Why did Montreal lose?" has been an oft asked question since the championship events. Montreal lost because it was the weaker team—that is all. Excuse has been piled upon excuse, but the fact remains, Montreal was inferior to the defenders. The Eastern press has shrieked rotten refereeing and Western unfairness without justification. Stories sent out from Westminster were "doctored" to make the Montreal martyrs. But the sporting editors failed to explain why the majority of goals were scored when the teams were playing full strength. The penalties did not affect the result to any extent and in the damage suffered, Westminster led.

The eastern stickhandlers can try and try and try again, they will never lift the cup as long as they retain their present style of play, long since discarded on this coast, admittedly the premier playing ground in the world of lacrosse to-day.

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Relieve Baby's ills. Especially valuable during teething.

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Part Canadians Have Played in Pearson Enterprises.

**B**OOTH Toronto and Montreal were naturally greatly interested in learning just what had happened to that syndicate that was headed by Mr. F. S. Pearson of Toronto, Montreal, New York and London, which had lost somewhat in the neighbourhood of \$12,000,000 in an unsuccessful attempt to get control of three or four American railroads which together would form a complete American transcontinental line.

The chief reason of this interest has had the habit for a number of years past of bobbing into Toronto and Montreal and getting a good deal of capital for his various electrical enterprises and what is more, the Canadians who have been closely associated with him have made piles of money because his enterprises both in Mexico and in Central America have been wonderfully successful, so much so that within a comparatively few years most of the men who went in with him on the ground floor more than doubled their money. This is all the more satisfactory because he has stated that no prominent Canadians were identified with him in his latest syndicate, which sustained such heavy losses.

Of course, a good deal of Montreal and Toronto money was lost because of the decline in the Rock Island and Lehigh Valley securities, but it was not through Mr. Pearson that they got into the stocks.

The tip to buy came to Montreal and Toronto rather from the London house of Sperling & Co., some of the members of which have been very closely associated with Mr. Pearson ever since the time that he started in on the Mexican Light & Power project. Perhaps it was that they had a good deal of confidence in the tip because they knew that Mr. Pearson was at the head of the syndicate, but then they could hardly blame him because they acted on it. The losses, however, were pretty heavy especially among one particular group in Montreal, but then most of the people affected by it were simply losing a little of the lot they have, and on this account there is very little reason to waste very much sympathy.

Mr. Pearson, who perhaps is more generally known as Dr. Pearson, probably because on account of some degree received in connection with electrical engineering, started his operations in Canada in the city of Toronto, and it was the William Mackenzie group and what is generally known as the Bank of Commerce crowd who furnished the capital for his first big project in South America, the Sao Paulo Tramway & Light Co. What made the proposition look particularly attractive to the average investor at that time was the basis on which the securities were issued, a bonus of 100 per cent. of common stock being allowed with the 5 per cent. bonds which were issued at 90. That the Toronto people thought a lot of his ability as an electrical engineer is indicated by the fact that he received the appointment of consulting engineer to the Electrical Development Company at a time when it was trying to solve its most difficult engineering problems.

In his next big deal Mr. Pearson transferred his operations to Montreal and here it was the Bank of Montreal crowd that went in with him and financed the Mexican Light & Power project, one of the biggest electrical achievements of recent years, which finally resulted in electrical power being carried all the way into the city of Mexico from the many falls on the Necaxa River. The first installation in connection with this project had not been completed before Mr. Pearson had another big project on hand and this time both the Montreal and Toronto interests lent their assistance which resulted in the organisation of the Rio Janiero Tramway, Light & Power Co., a concern that was to establish electrical lighting and tramway systems in the capital of Brazil. It was just about this time that Mr. Pearson and some of the men who were helping him on the financial side of his work got a very close connection with some big London houses, and from that time his big deals were engineered rather from London than from either Montreal or Toronto. It was with London capital that he secured control of the Mexico Tramway Co., which afterwards secured the controlling interest in the Mexican Light & Power, a deal that resulted in a good deal of opposition from the Canadian shareholders of the Mexican Light & Power Co., and in the end led to the relations between Mr. Pearson and some of his best interests in Montreal becoming very strained.

Of course the big loss sustained by the Pearson syndicate in the American railway deal will be quite a blow to Mr. Pearson, more especially from a point of view of prestige. But Mr. Pearson has tremendous energy and everyone who knows him expects that he will go right ahead and recoup his losses in other enterprises. Let us hope that if these additional enterprises are to be successful that his Canadian friends will be able to get in on them in the way they did in the past.

\* \* \*

Every Bank Clerk Has a Chance.

**A**LTHOUGH there may not be enough big jobs in our Canadian banks to satisfy the large number of ambitious young men who are trying to climb the ladder of success, there is one thing about the recent changes at the Bank of Montreal that indicates that it is possible even from the smallest position to rise to the best positions that the bank has to offer. For instance, Mr. R. B. Angus, who steps into the presidency of the bank, on coming out from Scotland back somewhere about 1856, started his career in Canada as a clerk in the Montreal office of the bank of which he has now become president, and rose by slow stages until he became general manager of the bank in the seventies, resigning that position at the request of his confreres to take charge of a railway in the west over which the supplies were brought into Canada for the construction of the C. P. R. In 1879 he became a director of the bank.

Mr. H. V. Meredith, the assistant general manager of the bank, who was invited to go on the board of directors, has also come right up from the ranks, having started as accountant in the Hamilton branch of the Bank of Montreal at a very early age, and since that time he has occupied pretty nearly every position on the long ladder which the average banker has to climb before he reaches the loftiest position.

So it would seem that there is not much reason why the younger generation of bank clerks should give up hope, but the objection of the average young fellow who is working behind the counter of our principal financial institutions is that there are altogether too few good jobs for the large number who are trying to climb into them.

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
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Ottawa, 15th July, 1910

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**EXTRA DRY**

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**Selected Brut**  
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by His Majesty King Edward VII. His Majesty The German Emperor. His Majesty The Emperor of Austria. His Majesty The King of Italy. His Majesty The King of Sweden. His Majesty The King of Denmark. His Majesty The King of the Belgians. His Majesty The King of Spain.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

JUDGE METCALFE of Winnipeg was in the East the other day on his way to England, and he told an up-to-date version of a well-known Western story. There was a famous character in Vancouver by the name of "Jim" Wardner, who had made and lost several fortunes. He was as well known in Montreal as he was in Vancouver, and one of his friends was Mr. (now Sir) Thomas Shaughnessy of the C.P.R. One day Mr. Wardner got an idea as to a valuable proposition which might be worked out in British Columbia, but its success depended upon the view which Mr. Shaughnessy would take of it. Therefore, it was necessary that Mr. Wardner should go to Montreal and interview him. Unfortunately "Jim" was broke. He went in to see Colonel Marpole, the C.P.R. representative, and asked him for a pass to Montreal. Mr. Marpole refused. After considerable talk and argument, "Jim" finally persuaded Mr. Marpole that he should telegraph Mr. Shaughnessy and ask him for permission to issue the pass. The telegram was sent as follows: "Jim Wardner wants to go to Montreal. Shall I issue pass."

Next day "Jim" came to see the Colonel and asked him if a reply had arrived. The Colonel had received an answer which read as follows: "Don't let Jim walk," and in very sympathetic language he explained that he could not issue the pass.

Jim asked to see the telegram. "Why," he said, "this telegram is all right. It says 'Don't let Jim walk.'"

The Colonel finally decided to give "Jim" the pass. Mr. Wardner went down to the station to see if he could arrange sleeping-car accommodation, and to devise some means to get enough money to pay for his meals. He was arrested by a familiar voice:

"Why, Mistah Wardner, how do yuh do! I ain't seen yuh fo' de longest time," and Mr. Wardner turned to see before him a black porter whom he had treated generously in his palmy days.

"Where yuh gwine, Mistah Wardner?"

"I am thinking of going to Montreal to see Mr. Shaughnessy."

"Gwine to discuss som'thin' fine with Sir Thomas?"

"Hmm!" answered Mr. Wardner.

The coloured man persuaded Mr. Wardner to let him in on the "good thing" and the latter got \$50.00 from him for an interest in the "Great Ox Mining Co." which served as a fanciful name for a fanciful enterprise.

When he arrived at the Eastern metropolis, one of the first men on whom he called was Mr. Charles Hosmer, President of the C.P.R. Telegraphs, and a close friend of Mr. Shaughnessy. In the course of their conversation Mr. Wardner told him the story of how he had got to Montreal and Mr. Hosmer thought it too good a joke to be kept. He arranged that Mr. Wardner should come to the St. James' Club the next day and have luncheon with him, in the meantime arranging that Mr. Shaughnessy and several of his friends should be there. Next day came, and when Mr. Hosmer's guests had assembled, in walked Mr. Wardner.

"Hello, Jim!" said Shaughnessy, "how in the world did you get here?"

It was not necessary for Mr. Wardner to answer the question because Mr. Hosmer proceeded to tell the story at Shaughnessy's expense. The upshot of the whole affair was that Mr. Shaughnessy gave Mr. Wardner an interview, listened to his proposition, extended his approval and assisted Mr. Wardner in making another fortune.

Later on Mr. Wardner and the coloured man met.

"How do yuh do, Mistah Wardnah, I ain't see yuh fo' a long time. How is de Great Ox Mining Company gettin' long?"

Mr. Wardner was taken aback and hardly knew what to say. Finally he explained that the Great Ox Mining Company had been sold to advantage.

"Dat's de way with you big men, Mistah Wardnah. When yuh get a good t'ing yuh sell out and squeeze out us small fellahs. Now, dar was dat mine which you and me and Mr. Shaughnessy owned—I sho' thought dat mine would make my fo'tune, and thar you done gone and sold it out. Dat's de way with yuh big men, Mistah Wardnah, dat's de way."

"But," said Mr. Wardner, "I made some money for you, Sam." He handed the coloured man his fifty with a hundred added as interest.

**LOURDES**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

smelling pelts, she first fell into the sulks, then, emerging, displayed a dangerous animation. It was at this period that Father John heard her, one day, tease Gabriel, ask if disappointed love were responsible for his wifeless condition. Only the other day Jean le Gros, the trapper, was recalling how he had seen her make occasion to touch his hand passing a plate at table.

"Touch him?" Jean exclaimed. "Once it was that I saw her reach both hands over his shoulders to take up an empty platter. As her hands came together upon it, his head was brought in for a moment against her breast, and though he bent low over his plate, I saw the black blood flood his neck. In the few days I stayed thereafter, she was demure as a house cat in forestallment of aught that might come out of that bold lead. But a great mischief had been done."

And matters were at this pass when the "Great Blizzard" cut us of La Passe off from them and the rest of the world.

In explanation of that terrible winter, I have heard Mr. Temple say that it was caused by the unusual heat of an Antipodeal summer which

sucked up vast vapours from the South Pacific. Be which as it may, the snows came from the north, south, east, west, till the prairies were buried two yards deep and the drifts banked fifty feet over the bluffs; and did the incessant fall lighten for a few hours, then fierce winds gathered the loose drift, freighting it hither and thither, tossed it and churned it till earth, air, and sky were one white smother. Around the fort, the prairies rolled, a great blank sheet, expressionless as the voids of space, swept clean of life; for wolves, foxes, all of the four-legged that do not hibernate, had travelled south with the ptarmigan to where thinner snows would permit the one an occasional rabbit, the other a cropful of frozen berries; and as the last Cree trapper left before the storm broke—either to follow the moose which had retired to their trampled yards in the heart of the spruce a month before their usual, or to hurry down to Garry, where the company would save them alive for next year's hunting—the three were walled up with their passions in whirling clouds of snow.

But for three months — three

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This thought was with us when we selected "Leith Serge" as a leader for this house.

We knew its value. We had confidence in its permanency.

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Much so-called woollen underwear is adulterated with cotton and Shoddy. Other woollen underwear may be good—many lines ARE good but they not JAEGER.

That means in many cases—doubt, in others experiment, and in a large number, disappointment.

No other underwear has the world wide endorsement for purity, comfort and health that JAEGER receives—No other is so unreservedly and unhesitatingly approved, therefore no other should take its place in your judgment.



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SYSTEM CO., LIMITED,**

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316 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL.  
STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.**

long white months, the first week of which saw Luke's books and stores in perfect order, guns, furs, clothing, all cleaned, oiled or mended—no snowshoe broke on that trail; and as Lourdes had borne no child to keep herself employed and them entertained by its prattlings, there was nothing left but to sit around the fire and talk, or, what was more dangerous, think, think, think, while the roaring winds freighted the ceaseless snows outside.

As aforesaid, Lourdes had screwed up her pretty lips to blow on the live coals of Gabriel's passion before ever the snows locked them in. With a woman's fondness for playing with fire, it was this dangerous time that she chose to fan it to a flame by her attempts at revenge for their indifference during the summer.

From Gabriel himself comes the tale of how, seating herself on Luke's knee, she would alternately tease and fondle him, pull his hair and beard, caress him with small pats and pushes, always with intervening glances at the silent man on the other side of the hearth. Of evenings, she would let her hair fall, a cataract of ruddy gold in the fire's red glare, and comb out the shimmering masses whose perfume rose strong in his nostrils. While flouting him with her beauty, she would tease him with merry words and mischievous glances, thrusting, probing his dark quiet for the old sore.

And often she touched it. With a bitter oath, he described how, flinging out from the fire into the storm, he would pace for hours in the black smother, nor dared retire to the frozen silence of his lonely hut till exhaustion had killed both sense and thought. But he always returned next day—to the lure of her ivory beauty.

WHY did Luke permit it? A sterner man would have quickly checked her levities, but in him was no particle of that saving salt, the spice of deviltry of Father Beaupre's yearnings. Spurred during this slack time to some recurrence of lover's warmth he first encouraged and still submitted to her fondlings long after Gabriel's old friendliness had changed to a sullen moroseness. Albeit with many an uneasy glance at the dark, silent man who brooded by their fire, he accepted and returned her fondlings. Whereafter picture them: The woman busy with her thoughtless revenges, coaxing and teasing the old lover in whom life was transmuted into one long desire, the new husband whose soft blue eyes presently reflected the dawn of an ever-growing fear. For in that surcharged atmosphere thought pulsed freely without intervention of words.

In ignorance of that old relation—of which, for some woman's reason, Lourdes had not informed him—Luke came to know Gabriel's mind. Imagine them, I say, sitting out the long days and longer nights under such stress of feeling that Gabriel could not move without causing Luke a start; imagine that nervous atmosphere deepening, intensifying until, surcharged, it was primed for the explosion that 'whelmed them in a storm of passion and fear on Christmas night.

In a double sense, a lull preceded the storm. First, the drift lifted that morning long enough for Luke and Gabriel to dash over to the forest and return laden with green boughs. While they were gone, Lourdes had ransacked the stores to provide a feast, and, combining with the glow induced by wholesome exercise, the reasonable associations helped to dispel for a few hours the unhealthy vapours of that long brooding. At table they were merry, and if Luke had not obliged Lourdes to taste the

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**CHOCOLATES**

**THE PARTING GIFT**  
DELICIOUS YET WHOLESOME



punch he brewed as they sat around the fire that evening, the healthier spirit might have endured—perhaps through the winter.

One glass, however, small at that, was sufficient to loose the spirit of wantonness which had made her first the plague, then a thorn in the flesh of the forts. Sipping it—so slowly that she was able to drink without refilling to Gabriel's last toast—her mischievous glance wandered between him and a cluster of pale winter berries that Luke had hung above the hearth in lieu of mistletoe. As he called the toast, moreover, "The old home, old folks, old friends," she rose and standing under the mistletoe in the glow of the fire which wrapped her ripe beauty in a red mantle, she looked at him over the top of her glass: "And old loves."

As aforesaid, exercise and good cheer had brought Gabriel a healthier mood early in the day, but the associations of that hearth were too strong to be long banished. While the invisible vapours of thought were settling again upon him, the liquor had been at work weakening the will power which had reined his passion. The flushes that had followed her sly glances now merged in a burst of feeling. Springing up, he forced her head back and, holding her throat with one powerful hand, crushed his lips upon the scarlet mouth, smothering her broken cry. Despite her struggles, he kissed and kissed and kissed until, exhausted, she hung limp as a dead deer across his arm. Then, lifting her upon her feet, he looked quietly on while, turning, she stared at Luke with eyes that seemed to spread like storm-fed pools across her face's whiteness.

THROUGH all Luke had looked on with a sickly smile, the shamed grin which accentuates the cowardly discomfiture it seeks to excuse and conceal. "Christmas license," he now began, was going on to excuse the rape of her lips when she stopped him with a sudden swinging blow that bathed his mouth in blood. And as, with a wild cry: "You dog! Oh, you slinking dog!" she flew across the floor to her bedroom, it was borne in upon Gabriel that, despite the restless devil behind her coquetries, she had been loyal in thought.

"Just a bit of temper." As Luke's eyes came back from the closed door, his bloody mouth drew into a second uneasy grin. "Let's finish the punch."

But giving him a look that caused his soft eyes to seek the floor, Gabriel flung outside—to pace it in company with thoughts that would no longer be denied, to thrill to vivid remembrances of the soft velvet of her lips, to fling wide arms to the embrace of the black storm, to glow, later, at the vision which formed in the frozen darkness of his cabin, the vision which took form in purpose next day, the purpose that sent him flying outside when, in the forenoon, he saw through thin drift Lourdes come out to draw water at the ice-bound well.

He had often helped her draw, but as, on his approach, she stayed the frosty windlass, he saw in her eyes a reflection of his purpose. "I am to come to your cabin?" Her laugh, repeating his words, rang sharp as the broken icicles that tinkled down the well. Her answer, "Come tell that to my—husband," carried neither anger nor reprobation. She laughed again as he spoke.

"Very well. Leave the pails. We need water in my cabin."

It is a habit of writers to blacken much paper with vivid descriptions of deadly occasions, but, according to Gabriel's report, the following scene could not have passed more quietly had it witnessed the simple transfer of a maid from one to another service. On their entrance Luke looked

up from his chair by the fire, revealing glazed bloodshot eyes that told of his attempts to drown his shame. A single fitful glance conveyed his full knowledge that the fear which had dogged him these long weeks now stood openly at his hearth.

"He says that I must go to his cabin?"

Ensued a long pause, and as she stood, looking down upon the other, Gabriel felt once more that if he would rise to his manhood, she would fight at his side. But—with a knife in his belt, his gun close to his hand—he continued his drunken stare at the fire, the bulk of him relaxed in a huddled heap; and Gabriel saw the dark doubt, the troubled question of her look wiped out by immeasurable scorn. Turning, she brought her clothing out of the bedroom, but he did not look up then, or when, having tied her bundle, she followed Gabriel out of the cabin.

AND now must be set down that which may seem impossible to all but the priest whose vocation it is to fathom the incomprehensibilities of human nature. Who shall measure the passion of shame which could cause the poltroon who had quietly suffered the theft of his wife to rise above his cowardly fear and advance his hand against his own life? As, having crossed the fort yard, Lourdes stepped over Gabriel's threshold, a muffled report drove through the drift to their ears. So sure was Gabriel that the shot had been aimed at himself, he let the water pails fall with a clatter as he whirled around. But the door which he had closed behind him loomed through the drift, a blank face whose wooden immobility yet contained a hint of the tragedy it concealed. While rapidly retracing his steps, Gabriel was aware—vividly as though he had already seen it—of the figure stretched at length across the hearth.

The bullet had pierced both temples. On his knees beside him, Gabriel felt of the wounds, nor has Mr. Temple's explanation that bullets have been known to glance and travel around the head beneath the skin, been able to shake my faith in his testimony. The man was surely dead.

In his haste, Gabriel had not noticed that Lourdes had followed; was unaware of her presence until, looking up as she spoke, he caught the bitter hardness of her look.

"He was a dog."

She even spurned him. It was her hands, moreover, that lashed him in his buffalo robes for winter burial. When, late in the afternoon, the drift lifted for an hour, she followed the dog sled that bore him over the blank snowscape to the twin spruces which grew a half mile north of the fort. Her weight was thrown with Gabriel's upon the rawhide ropes which pulled the springy tops down to the ground. She helped to lash him there in his hammock of skins. It was her knife that freed the trees to rise with their grisly burden above the snows. Through all her face had maintained its fixed hardness, only, returning, her dark eyes turned curiously upon Gabriel. As, that evening, she moved around his cabin cooking the meal which neither ate; when, later, they drew up to the fire and fell to a gloomy study of the coals, he felt her glance touch, enwrap him with dark question, which presently merged in knowledge; knowledge of the mind he was to lay bare to me at La Passe three days thereafter.

Though she was there at his fire, the sough of the storm in the chimney, rattle of door and window, wail of the wind outside, were inseparably associated with the long days, longer nights, they had spent at that other hearth. Now, as then, a third sat between them—a figure thin, impalpable, yet so real that did Gabriel but



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glance Lourdes' way, he caught again the familiar nervous start, saw the fear dawn in Luke's pale eyes. In this hour which witnessed the realisation of his hot dreams, the husband still guarded his wife, and Gabriel knew that her ripe beauty was not for him. Had the passion which burned in his veins been ten times heated, he could not have passed that pale shadow, have abridged the distance between himself and the woman by a single inch. He knew it; harder to bear, he knew that she knew it and triumphed in his fear.

"You bade me to your cabin—I am here?" her look continually taunted. Sometimes, too, he could have sworn that she was trying to tempt him. But if a sigh or little look drew his quick glance, it was the coquetry of hate; he caught only the mocking flash of hard, resentful eyes. Thus while the slow hours drew into the night they sat, he studying the coals, she him—sat until, just after a heavier gust had caused her to look round, she sprang up, eyes dilated with horror and fear, pointing at the window. Whirling at her cry, Gabriel also saw a face pressed against the black pane, its pale eyes empty of thought, though seeing, its mouth set in a vacuous grin—the face of Luke staring them out of whorl of grey drift.

In Gabriel's own mind that which followed in the next minute was blurred and indistinct. A hunter of the company since his head levelled his father's waist, his gun always went of itself to his shoulder, his bullet to its mark. While he stood, eyes glued to the horrible face, he was not conscious of reaching his gun down from its pegs on the chimney above the hearth. He did hear Lourdes' terrible cry of "Luke!" and afterward recalled a fleeting impression that she thought the thing alive. He knew that she must have sprung forward as he fired, to clutch the gun, but the first clear picture comes when, as the smoke lifted, he saw her lying at his feet, a beautiful ruin of a woman shrouded in red-bronze hair.

SITTING here years after, before a bright fire, with people moving about the house, I freeze as I picture him raising eyes from the dead woman to encounter again the stare of that awful face. It is easy to understand the obsession of terror that sent him, a trapper born, flying out of that room, forth from the fort, to circle and recircle like any lost child. Whereas, in his senses, he would have steered by the wind, he now plunged forward in his mad desire to put distance between himself and the fort; and as none but an Indian—who places one foot always directly in front of the other—may walk in a straight line by night, it is small wonder that his circlings brought him back again. Ignorant of which, he dug his way hours later into the heart of a drift, and what of complete exhaustion of body and mind, sank into a coma that outlasted the night. Indeed he did not wake till roused by a vibration on the crust of the snow.

While he slept a furious wind had packed the drift so hard that he had to put all of his great strength into a mighty heave before, bursting up like a ptarmigan from its nest under the snow, he saw the fort stockade looming darkly through thin drift. Nearer, within fifty yards, a man was approaching, footing it easily over the hard crust. At the first glance Gabriel knew him. A second gave him the long hair that trailed down from his shoulders, proclaiming the burden under which he bowed.

The dead was burying his dead—yet Gabriel did not move. An image of death himself, for the night's frost had fixed his face in a white mask wherein only the eyes moved, he

watched them go by. As he passed, the grim porter turned his head, revealing the empty eyes, the vacuous smile. For a second he paused and Gabriel thought the lips twitched toward speech. Then, with a beckoning nod, he moved on, steering straight for the twin spruces in the distance.

TWO days thereafter came the first real break in the weather, and it was while snowshoeing north to end the three months' silence which had obtained between the folk at the post and us of La Passe that Jean Baptiste and I came upon Gabriel stumbling south. The bitter frosts of a second night had frozen his legs to the knees. His arms were solid to the shoulder. As aforesaid, his eyes sparkled in a set white mask. Never have I seen a man so terribly frozen. But it was mercifully decreed that he should not die by the torture of gangrene; a greater cold had seized on his heart.

"He called me, father," he said. "And I must go—to finish out the play on the other side. But I could not die, unshriven, out here in the snows."

Nor did he. It was a clean soul—clean of its passion, anger, tears,—that passed out from the mission late the following night.

## A Question of Rules

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

Captain Raymond say, "Mary, take Nan away and let her rest. I'll drive her home afterwards." Then his sister came and took her arm. How kind everyone was!

After all the speeches were over, she slipped away to the dressing-room, and was stooping to fasten her locker, when her opponent came and threw her arms around her.

"Miss Herbert! Nan!" she whispered. "Miss Dawson saw that my ball went under the stile and tells me I had no right to lift it out, and that you knew it, and yet you let me do it. It might have cost you the game."

"And if it had?" said Nan softly. "The losing or winning do not matter, you know. It's just being a good sportswoman that counts, and you certainly are that. You must come and stay with me sometime and we will have many games together." Then she kissed her, and ran out to where Captain Raymond was waiting for her in the dog-cart.

"Well, Miss Victory!" he laughed as they started off, "how does it feel?"

"Blissful, but for one thing. I wish I could have told that Dawson girl what I think of her."

"Nan," he whispered, "she and I were the only two who saw. You were generous to-day and you won the championship. You won something else years ago. Won't you be generous to me?"

"No!" the girl said, shaking her head, then as his face darkened with disappointment, she looked up at him, smiling, and her eyes were very soft. "You cannot call it 'generous' to accept the greatest gift there is."

Some years afterwards when Alice Armstrong won the championship for the third time, some one said to her:

"You are the nicest opponent I have ever had. You certainly have a reputation to be envied for that as well as your golf."

But the other answered with shining eyes: "Whatever there may be in me to envy I owe to Mrs. Raymond, who first taught me that life itself is all a game and nothing counts but how we play it," and then she smiled as she added lightly, "One swallow may not make a summer, but one good sportswoman makes a host of others."



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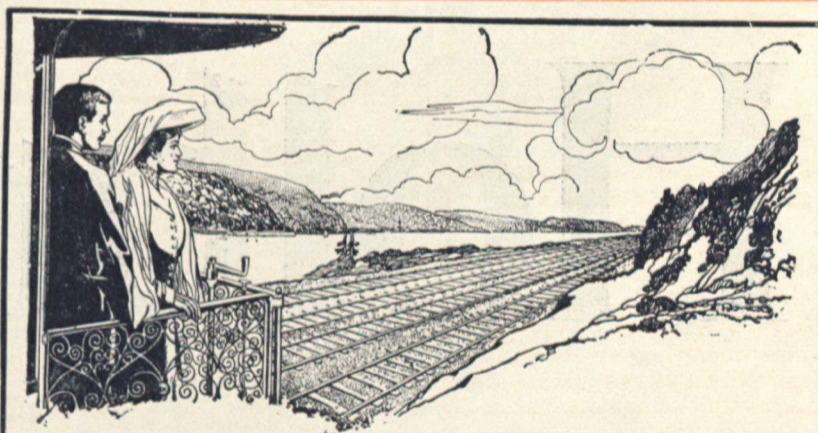
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