

The Christmas Planet

CHATHAM, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1903.



"Peace on Earth."

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down you know,
As we run men down to day.

—Kipling.



Y EAR after year,
century after cen-
tury, Christendom
comes nearer and
yet nearer to real-
izing that wonder-
ful Christmas aspira-
tion, "Peace on earth,
good will to men."
Ever since the birth
of Christ, those won-
derful words, ringing
down the pathway of
time, have heralded once
a twelvemonth, the anni-

versary of our Saviour's coming into the world. Perhaps more than any other known factor, they have been the means of tempering and checking the shedding of blood between nations and bringing them to a higher understanding of their duties toward one another.

But actual conflict on the field of battle, though barbarous and senseless in the extreme, is, nevertheless, responsible for less human suffering, for less waste of manhood and fewer tears of women and children, than the great ceaseless struggle for a living. From the warfare of nations, there are long respites. From the universal fight of man against man, or more pitiful yet, of man against women, for the opportunity to earn daily bread, there is none. For it, there are no Hague conferences, peace commissions or treaties. Occasionally it flares out in explosions of dynamite, in trains wrecked and in burned mills; or yet again, in "firm repressions of violence," which in other words, usually means the ruthless shooting down of some innocent bystanders by deputy sheriffs or the militia. Arbitration is perhaps invoked, a decision rendered, and then, neither satisfied, both parties sullenly settle back to work and preparation for another contest. But this aspect of the matter is only one side of the case. Beneath this great Pelee, this caldron of boiling fire which seethes and bubbles and hisses and spits, lies a great question which involves not only those who live by the sweat of the brow. The cruellest tragedies of that warfare which we call business, of that fierce game of beggar-my-neighbor, are suffered outside the ranks of the workingman. While the workingman may be thoroughly convinced that the employer is his born enemy, the employer in turn, finds that he, too, has natural enemies in the form of competitors. The whole land is studded with mute monuments to the tragic defeats of men ranking in the industrial scale above the grade of workingmen.

On every hand stand disused mills, abandoned refineries and factories where the loom has long since been silent. Why is it? Where are the men who built them? The goods that they manufactured and from which they made a fair profit, are made more cheaply by a combination with which they could not compete in selling prices. Their individual capital was too small to permit of their fighting against a dozen men allied, any one of whom was equally as strong as they themselves. Slowly, but surely, they saw their trade slipping from them and the customers who had been their backbone going to the trust for their goods. And yet the retailers in turn, sold no cheaper to their customers. They merely bought at a closer price and were enabled to make a greater profit. And at last, panting and exhausted, and aching in every bone in their bodies, the small manufacturers were driven back to the edge of the

precipice. For a moment, they braced and nerved up every ounce of remaining energy for one final struggle. But it was of no avail. With a contemptuous snort, the great monster squirmed, struck a convulsive blow with its tail, and in a instant they were over the edge and falling into oblivion. The unequal struggle was ended and the little men had lost.

The student of theoretical economy will tell you that this new organization of industry makes for higher efficiency, and therefore, contributing as it does to the well-being of man, is justified. He may be right. The hard-headed, practical business man, sits fatly back in his revolving chair of prosperity and proclaims the doctrine that whatever is, is right. He too, may be right. To select from all the schools, the one truth by which society is to be regenerated, is a task no one would lightly set himself. Yet surely at this Christ-

mas season, this time of good will among men, it is felicitous to lay some stress upon the part which a fuller recognition of the brotherhood of man, and a fuller acceptance of its responsibilities, would take in speeding the day of social justice. William de Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, and one of the most stimulating writers on ethical questions, has put into a paragraph which all well-meaning men and women might memorize, the code of personal conduct by which the individual can do most to cure the brutalities of commercialism:

"To sternly refuse any gain that is purchased by another's loss, or any pleasure that is bought by another's pain; to make this sensitiveness to the interests of others a living stream, a glowing plant within our individual hearts; to challenge every domestic and personal relation, every industrial and business connec-

tion, every political and official performance, every social and intellectual aspiration, by this searching test of social consequence to those our act effects—this is the second stage of the great moral life; this is one of the great commandments of Christianity."

Henry D. Lloyd has put the contrasting social effects of brotherhood and selfishness into a terse phrase: "If all will sacrifice themselves, none need be sacrificed. But if one may sacrifice another, all are sacrificed."

Hubert W. Beauchamp

Christmas Bells

by Aldene Williams

Across the twilight fields of Time they ring,
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years.

How tender is their echo in our ears
Of all the joy that home and friends can bring;
Of dear delusions that to childhood cling;
Of buoyant hopes, unvexed by anxious fears;
Of laughter mingled with no trace of tears—
How clear they ring! How faint their echoing!

And still they ring, with peal like that of yore,
The same, yet not the same, for more and more
Too bitter-sweet their undertones resound,
Commingling with the thoughts e'er circling round—
As doves their homes—those yond earth's changing climes
On whose rapt ears fall Heav'n's blest Christmas chimes.

COURTESY OF THE PILGRIM.



*Sweet choir of God, this Christmastide
Sing out your song again:
Is the Christ-child born? Has he come to
abide?
Does it mean "good-will to men?"*

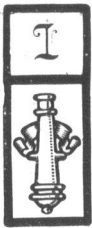


*"Christmas is coming" the children all
shout,
"Hang up your stockings, for Santa's about."
Little ones, many impatient for morn,
Tell of a Christmas when Jesus was born.*



The Phantom of the Waves.

By the author of "Wild Life," etc.



The summer of 1897 I was one of a half dozen genial and congenial spirits camped in a leafy grove on the Lake Huron shore. In the party was an odd sort of genius named Barclay, about whom none knew much save that he was a rising star in newspaper circles in the city from which we all hailed. We hadn't asked him to join our party, but he came rather mysteriously one night and made himself so agreeable that we persuaded him to spend the rest of his vacation with us. We were sorry later for that, but I am anticipating.

A lazy, lotus eaters' life we led of it in camp these warm August days, stretched out in the shade of the trees with scientific literature of the yellow covered variety and the birds for company, to say nothing of pipes and tobacco enough to fumigate the caterpillars on the scrub oaks, while at night our rearing camp fire kept the dew and the blues at equal distance until our blankets wooed us to slumber.

We were all, save Barclay, matter of fact young fellows, with no thought for the morrow save a dim idea that we'd have to get back to business some time, and no more romance in us than the next pretty face could obliterate. But Barclay was different. Though his success in his chosen calling had been little less than phenomenal, it had always struck me that his energy was artificial. I sized him up as a dreamer by nature and a business man by necessity, and I came to the conclusion during that camp that my diagnosis was correct. All day long he would lie by himself in some shady spot, his eyes gazing lakeward and only stirring when the hot sun slithered and roasted him out.

This day on which the event happened, of which this story tells, he had been unusually taciturn, spending the day alone with a book which I noticed he was not reading. I went over to him once or twice thinking he was worrying over something and hoping to cheer him up, but though he did not repel me with his favorite weapon, his sarcastic tongue, I saw that he preferred my room to my company, and so rejoined my camp mates.

At night he behaved in the same odd manner. While the rest of us bunched around the roaring camp fire, telling stories, cracking jokes, and smoking like animated furnaces, Barclay went off by himself to the bluff and, seating himself there, remained for hours motionless and silent. About eleven o'clock we all turned in. I shouted to Harry and he joined the party, throwing himself down on his blanket near me with a short "Good-night, Jim," and was soon, like the rest of us, apparently sound asleep.

I must have slept several hours when I awoke with a start and sat bolt upright on my blanket. The little camp lantern hung from the tent pole shedding a dim light over the sleeping forms of my companions, but I was surprised to notice that Barclay's blanket was unoccupied.

Not thinking the matter of enough importance to justify me in arousing my companions, I slipped my shoes on and went outside.

There was no moon, but the sky was tolerably clear, and I soon caught sight of the outline of Barclay's figure leaning against one of the trees on the bluff a hundred yards or so away.

The wind had risen since nightfall, and I could hear the billows thundering on the beach, though the bluff hid them from my sight. It was not the roar of the breakers, however, that attracted my attention so much as the sound of Barclay's voice. Who could he be talking to at that hour of the night, in that lonely spot?

Quickly I made my way toward him and at last stood by his side. A weird figure he looked in the dim light. He was wet through and his hair clung about his forehead in a damp mass.

Evidently he had been down by the breakers. It was not his wet appearance, however, that aroused my interest so much as the peculiar gleam in his eyes and the odd excitement in his manner.

"Hello, Jim," he said as I came up. "I've been for a walk down there with Mollie. I tried to get her to come back with me to the camp, for she's dripping wet, but she wouldn't come, she wouldn't come."

"Where is she, old fellow?" I queried, for I had no idea who Mollie was and did not exactly see what object any female friend of his could have in prowling up and down that lonesome beach at that hour of the night.

"There she is," said Barclay excitedly, "standing there by that big stone. Don't you see her? Come here, Mollie," he called entreatingly. "Come here," stretching his arms toward the shore line.

I looked and looked for Mollie in vain. Long, hungry-looking breakers came rushing in to the beach in serried ranks, backed by whole regiments and armies more, but no Mollie could I see.

"I don't see her," I said turning to my companion. "She's gone, I guess. Let's go back to camp, and I laid my hand on his wet sleeve. He shook it off impatiently.

"She's not gone," he muttered. "Can't I see her? That's her standing beside that big stone. She's all in white. It's her bridal dress, I guess," he added, "but I wish she wouldn't wear it. It looks so cold, so cold, and I'm so cold, too," and he shivered.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"It is cold," I said. "Let's go back to the fire." Then an idea struck me. "You go back, Harry," I said, "and I'll bring Mollie."

"No, you don't," said the crazed man, turning on me with the fierce light of madness in his eyes. "No you don't. Someone stole her from me before, but nobody shall again."

"All right, old fellow," I said reassuringly, "you can trust me. I thought you were cold."

"Cold," he muttered. "Cold, yes, I'm cold, and Mollie's cold, and the waves are cold. Mollie!" and there was a touch of impatience in his voice. "What are you dancing there for? Come here." And again he beckoned, but still naught could I see save the incoming waves, which broke in foam along the shore line, and over the boulder at which the insane man was gazing.

I was at a loss what to do. I dared not call my sleeping camp mates, for I saw that Barclay was thoroughly convinced his Mollie was before him and I did not know what he might do if I left him.

My deliberations were broken in upon by Barclay.

"Don't you hear her calling?" he queried. I listened. Above us a flock of Kittiwake gulls circled, beating with tireless wings against the gale and occasionally uttering their plaintive cries, but their weird notes, the roaring of the surf and the sighing of the wind in the tree tops were the only sounds that met my ear.

Every time one of the soaring birds uttered its plaintive notes Barclay would listen eagerly.

"Yes, that's Mollie," he repeated. "She's calling me. The jade, the vixen," he muttered fiercely. "She's at her old tricks, tantalizing me, teasing me, defying me, making me mad with her beauty, but she must come. Here, Mollie!" and he started on a mad race for the shore line.

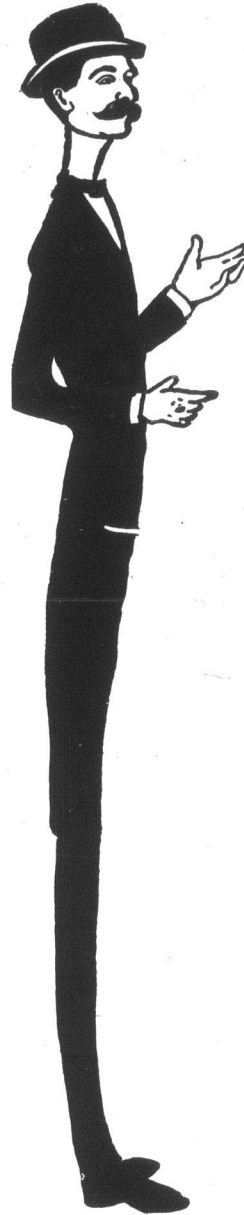
An instant he paused when the spray of the first breakers dashed over him, but only for an instant. Mounting the stone that I have said he had been looking at, he turned and shouted, "I'll catch her yet, Jim, see if I don't."

And before I could recover myself sufficiently to run down the bluff and make an effort to seize him he had dashed into the curling breakers and gone to his doom, while overhead the mocking notes of the Kittiwakes lured him on. A moment or two elapsed before he disappeared beneath a huge billow. My last glimpse of him showed him wading out, his arms outstretched, and the words, "I'll catch you yet, Mollie," on his lips.

Hurrying back I alarmed my camp mates, and, together, we patrolled the shores till morning, but we didn't find the body of our unfortunate friend. The current opposite the shore there runs deep and swift. The body was never recovered and went to fatten the fishes of the swift flowing St. Clair.

Who was Mollie? On returning home a search of Barclay's papers solved the mystery. He had always posed among us as a bachelor, but his papers showed that he had been a leading light in newspaper circles in an American city and a married man. Mollie was his wife, and a two column article, with flaring headlines, clipped from a Western paper several months back, told the whole story of a busy man and a beautiful neglected wife, of an elopement and a futile search by a heart-broken husband. The rest of the story is too simple to call for explanation. Brooding over the loss of his wife, whom he loved devotedly, Barclay had gone suddenly insane, and lost his life in pursuit of the fleeting phantoms who nightly ride the foam topped billows of Lake Huron.

H. D. Carman



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Geo. W. Cowan

KING ST.
CHATHAM, ONT.



Le Noir—Sneak-Cat!

By the author of "The Madness of Billy," etc.



NOT a single trapper along the whole river or up the Bay liked him, and when it leaked out at the Post that he could see a dollar a mile away and would walk backward and tumble over everything to reach it, the men frowned. He was a surly little black-whiskered man, and lived in a lonely shack far up the French River—this Le Noir.

When Angus Fletcher found the door of his shed broken open one morning not long before Christmas, and some brand new otter-traps, a good "peevy," a new axe, and a quantity of ammunition missing, he straightway lost his temper and wasted the best part of a day following a difficult trail through the tamarack swamp. It only led to Le Noir's shack, and he might have known that the woods contained but one two-legged "sneak-cat." There are generally reasons for things, and in this particular instance there was one big reason which Angus Fletcher and his brother Don knew about.

The ice had been so smooth and wind-swept all winter that most of the trappers had skated down to the fur-trading stations along the Georgian Bay, dragging their pelts on pack-sleds over the ice. When the Fletcher boys built the ice-boat, however, and beat the time-record down to half, the men became interested in the offer of carrying their skins for a small fee. The journeys to the Post were long, toilsome even for the best skaters, and often fraught with danger, so that after Jake Hawkins took the lead and allowed the Fletchers to carry his pelts, it was not long before the young men had worked up quite a custom. The season was therefore proving of high profit.

Le Noir never had many skins of his own, and as his sled was large, there was generally room for several extra packs, but since the ice-boat monopolized patrons, his long trips to the Bay now brought but small returns.

The day before Christmas the Fletchers found it necessary to make an extra trip to the Post for provisions and other articles of which they stood immediately in want. On the advice of Jake Hawkins, they had decided to keep the theft quiet and await developments. The offence was of the "high sass" order and indignation would run riot for miles around if the men heard of it; Le Noir would not be safe.

Hawkins was smoking some new steel traps over a fire of hemlock and spruce when he heard a shrill whistle and saw the ice-boat bearing up the inlet to where his shanty stood.

"Hullo! boys," he called out. "Reckon ye'll not be scuttin' along much this mornin' with seel a wind."

"Tis rather slow, agreed Angus," but it's on the increase."

Hawkins sniffed the air. "I low it's comin' on to snow fore night an' it'll be colder'n Biter by mornin'—reg'lar bliz."

"So much the better; we'll come home full tilt," cried Angus. "Pretty cold last night and there's a few cracks in the ice. Over on the Big Pond there's one with about a dozen feet split."

"Yes, an' what d' you think, Jake," Don interposed, "the mury was wonderin' if the Sprite could jump it."

"So she could in a stiff wind," retorted Angus while the trapper laughed a big silent laugh.

"Seed any bob-cats lately?" he asked.

"Nary a one."

"I heard 'm screechin' last couple nights over'n the swamp, an' say, boys, the wolves is gittin' mighty oneasy in this here cold snap; reckon ye better be a kinder keerful. Chris Dawson sayed as he seed seven tracks t'other day all 'n a heap."

"Bah!" Angus laughed aloud. "Why there ain't a wolf in the timber could keep the Sprite in sight for a mile!" he scoffed.

yet?" Don shook his head and Angus' face darkened. "Don't ye go worryin' over that measly sneak—he ain't worth it. He's a thorough-bred skunk."

This last was shouted out, for the Sprite was gathering headway, and an echo flung the word "skunk" through the trees.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Fletcher's reached the mouth of the river and were coasting among the islands along the bay shore when Don caught sight of a man with an empty pack-sled just rounding an islet opposite the river. He was too far away to be definitely recognized, but the figure was that of Le Noir.

By the time the Fletcher's had unloaded the ice-boat, which was designed for carrying a limited cargo, and had re-packed her with provisions, night was closing in. It got dark very quickly and no practised eye was needed to note the signs of an approaching storm. The trappers and settlers from along the bay who had come to the Post, one and all decided to remain over night, and when it became known that the young men were bent on setting out for home, there was a murmur of dissent.

"I reckon ye better not try fer it," Chris Dawson whispered after calling Angus aside.

"There's snow in that there sky an'—"

"Tah! man, we'll be home before the storm breaks; the wind couldn't be better."

"Ye'll smash to smithereens in the dark an' there's wolves about fer I seen 'em."

But Angus shrugged a shoulder and proceeded to overhaul the sail-ropes. Twenty minutes later the Post buildings were rapidly fading out in the gloom as the ice-boat sped away into the night.

The wind moaned through the forest and swept along the river with increasing force. At the end of two hours it was blowing half a gale and the Sprite was obliged to hug the lee of the river and the islands. It was too dark to discern objects at any great distance and there was the constant danger of running into a snag, but away out in the centre of the river the mad rush of the wind was even more to be feared. It was bitterly cold and the young men smuggled down amongst the furs beside the tiller and drew their heavy caps close over their ears. They were travelling at a great rate with the white rime streaming away from the iron heels of the runners which gave out a low singing hum.

All was going well and the miles were slipping to the rear in rapid succession, when suddenly Don uttered a cry and sprang back as a low black object whizzed by on the ice, scarcely a foot away. Angus glanced quickly

out into the full blast of the gale. The Sprite was sailing close to the wind and she careened and shivered and fairly flew. Don glanced in alarm at his brother, whose face was white and his teeth set with a grim determination.

"What's—?"

"Shut up!"

All at once the low cloud swerved sharply to the left and an involuntary cry broke from Angus' lips.

"We've got to save him, Don!" he shouted above the whistling of the wind in the ropes, and threw the helm over a point to the right. Their speed was something terrific.

"The crack! The crack!" screamed Don, seizing the other by the shoulder.

But Angus deliberately shifted their course another point so that they would meet the ten-foot crack head on. They were flying at an appalling rate, and there was now no time to avoid the crevice. If they would save Le Noir their only chance lay in crossing it and reaching him in advance of the howling pack.

Madly they swept on in the grasp of the wind.

"Hang on!"

There was a wild leap into space and the whole fabric trembled with the shock as the ice-boat struck the opposite side of the crevice. The steering-runner ripped the edge, then the boat pitched forward with a thud onto the level surface beyond. There was the sound of breaking wood, and the white faces of the two boys grew whiter still, as for an instant they thought a runner was gone. Like some startled wild thing the Sprite shuddered in the wind, gave a sudden lurch, and then scooted rapidly away.

The wolves were coming swiftly back into the course, but the ice-boat was ahead of them now. Don seized his Martini repeater and scattered several shots amongst the animals, bringing down the big shaggy leader. As the ravenous pack fought savagely over the victim the ice-boat bore rapidly up to the figure a head.

At sound of the rattle, Le Noir had turned and his failing hopes revived. Down swept the Sprite and Angus shouted to him as he hummed past. Intuitively the Frenchman skated around an islet just as the ice-boat luffed sharply into the wind.

"Quick man!" cried Angus.

The sail threatened to be torn to ribbons, but before the boat's headway was altogether checked, Le Noir had skated alongside and dropped upon the boards in an exhausted collapse.

There was not a moment to lose, for the wolves were again in headlong pursuit. With a quick movement the helm was

Angus laughed harshly as they headed for home.

Through the whole night the storm raged and swept across the country. Christmas morning broke clear and

cold upon a world of snow that lay in great drifts of diamond-sparkles beneath the sun.

Jake Hawkins was slowly breaking a path across a small bay opposite the Fletcher's place. The thongs that bound his snowshoes to his moccasins squeaked at every stride, and he was whistling for very joy of being alive. He stopped short.

It was the end of an old toboggan sticking up out of a drift. Hawkins took off one of his racquettes and scraped away the snow, slowly at first, but soon he was digging with all his might. It was only a battered toboggan on which were lashed some traps, a peevy, an axe, and a package of ammunition.

But near by lay a man frozen in the snow, and a smile was on the upturned face.

Hopkins' Monks

Unanointed Altars.

It was not for the sake of the things we sought,

Nor the foolish crowns we cried for,
Nor yet for the sake of those ancient gods
Our fathers fought and died for.

It was not for the bronze and gold we gave,
Nor the loins nor the land that bore him,
O never for these did he battle so long
With the world that lay before him.

"Let it be that the hounds of the Earth
shall win
Let it come that I bow to the curs,
And stand a fool in the eyes of the world
— But O never a fool in Her's."

So the years of his barren youth went by,
With the one word left unspoken;
And the blood in his weary heart ran dry
And his godly strength was broken:

But to those who haggled and fought and fell,
For the fame he met with laughter,
She came full off and we kissed the face



THE SHEPHERDESS

over his shoulder just in time to recognize it

before it faded away

"If we'd hit that log—" Don gasped.

"That was no log," cried his brother excitedly. "Don, something's happened to Le Noir."

"Le Noir!"

"That was his sled!"

"Why, what—?"

But Angus was listening intently to a faint noise far ahead, scarcely to be distinguished above the roaring draught of the wind and the drone of the runners. Soon it grew louder and the young men looked quickly at each other.

"It's wolves!" cried Don.

Angus nodded as the ice-boat sped around a turn in the river. They were just entering the Big Pond where the stream widened out into an elongated lake.

With a sudden ejaculation, Angus peered into the gloom ahead. He could make out a low black cloud skimming along over the ice with the speed of the wind. Far in advance a lone figure was dashing wildly on and the frantic ring of skates upon the ice sounded clear above all.

Angus had been keeping the ice-boat in shore, but now he shifted the helm and they shot

thrown hard over and the Sprite fell off on another tack—faster and faster until she was simply spinning. Several shots took effect, but held the pack in check for a moment only. They had suddenly grown mad with the taste of blood, but no wolf could keep pace with the iceboat in that wind, and once she had gathered headway the danger was over. The howls dropped farther and farther to the rear as the miles slipped by, and soon all sound of the animal was lost in the distance.

Le Noir lay like a log where he had first thrown himself, until they were running up an inlet near his shack.

"We'll drop you off at the Point," said Angus.

But Le Noir gave no sign that he heard. When the ice-boat came to a stand-still in the lee of the Point, he roused himself as from a dream, got to his feet and without a word skated away, fading into the night like a shadow.

"Well, of all the things you ever heard tell!" cried Don in amazement. "Not even a 'thank you'!"

Of the Thing he hung gered after.

And he stood, at the end, in our wondering eyes,
(For all that he held us curs.)

Far more of a god than a fool, indeed,
— But ever a fool in Her's!

Arthur Stringer

Ink Made in Canada.

The ink on this publication was made by the Canada Printing Ink Co., Limited, Toronto. The inks turned out by this firm are recognized by first-class printers as being the best that can be obtained. It has recently been necessary for them to erect a larger factory to meet their increased trade. Canadian printers prefer to buy goods made in Canada.

DUNN'S

BON MARCHE

To all Our Friends

We Wish

A
Merry
Christmas
.. and a...
Prosperous
New
Year..



Incidentally, as You May Require
Some Holiday Goods, Such
as

Raisins, Currants
Figs,
Dates, Cluster Raisins
Nuts, Olives
Pickled Walnuts
Catsups
Gillard's Relish
Fancy Biscuits
High Grade Candies
Peels
McLaren's and Miller's
Potted Cheese

SPECIAL LINE OF

Fancy Box Candies and
Fancy California
Navel Oranges

WE HAVE THEM

DUNN'S

Bon Marche
..Grocery..

"Fairy."

By the Author of
"A Would Be Journalist and an Editor."



ONE APRIL MORNING a tiny figure in brown came tripping down the street and paused in front of the window I was polishing. A pair of golden brown eyes laughed up into mine. Golden-brown curls floated around a bright little face that was not exactly pretty but possessed a wonderful charm.

"Hello," she said, by way of opening the conversation, "would you like to see me skip?"

"I'd be delighted to, but hadn't you better skip on the sidewalk? The grass won't grow if you skip on it, you know," and I looked anxiously at the few blades we had coaxed to grow.

"Course I'll skip on sidewalk. I couldn't skip on grass anyhow; then, then if I did, why—I'd get my feet all muddy," and she looked disdainfully at the cherished lawn.

I laughed, and the speaking face became friendly once more.

"Who are you, anyway?" I queried. "Why?" and the eyes grew big with astonishment. "Don't you know me? I'm Fairy. But I know you, you know you long time, ever since one Sunday night my Auntie and I were coming from Church, and you were down in your sullen, an' 'lectric light was turned on, an' I saw you standin' by your furnace, an' I knowed you ever since."

I told her to call me "Miss Isabel," and from that day the whole family was known by the name of "Isabel;" there was "Mrs. Isabel, Mr. Isabel, Miss Isabel, and the other Isabels."

"What Church do you go to, Fairy?"

"St. Andrew's in the morning, Memorial to Sunday school, an' the little Methodist Church at night— that's where we were coming from when I sawed you."

"Then you are a Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Methodist, isn't that a good deal for so small a girl?"

"Ye-es," doubtfully. "Say, did you ever hear story about 'lectric light pole that wiggled? Well, one night my Auntie says, 'Fairy, you mustn't go to corner,' an' I did— an' it got dark, an' 'lectric light got lighted an' then pole wiggled right down on ground, an' I got skeered an' jus' didn't I run home, an'—there's my Auntie calling now. Guess I got to go— but I'll come 'gen 'nother day an' tell you 'nother story—someday when you're all dressed up."

She was gone, and I instinctively straightened my crooked collar and flying hair.

A few weeks later on a Sunday afternoon, the door-bell rang, and Fairy was announced. When I came down I found her, prim and precise, perched up on the highest chair in the drawing-room, her two little feet sticking out straight in front of her. She was talking, as usual, talking with her whole expressive face and entertaining "Mr. Isabel."

She greeted me with a solemn bow, and continued, "Don't live with my father and mother, live with my Uncle and Auntie. My father died long, long time 'go, then my mother died too, then I come to live with Auntie. Didn't like her at first, 'cause you see, I had to get 'used to her."

"Poor little girl, then you don't remember your mother?"

"Member her? why yes, 'member all 'bout her, what she looked like an' everything. My! but she was a fine woman; she was awful good an' I felt real sorry when she died. Say, is that you? weal good dwess you got on?"

No sudden was the change from pathetic seriousness to eager interest that we disgraced ourselves by laughing. Fairy laughed, too—because we were laughing, but she was soon once more a demure little Sunday girl.

"Is you going to Sunday school?" she asked.

"Why yes; if you will take me."

"That's what I come for, an' say, if you want me I'll come ev'ry Sunday an' then we can go wiv each other, say let's."

I eagerly assented and soon she was dancing along beside me, chatting gaily of everything around us, bowing condescendingly to the other "childrens" we met, and graciously acknowledging the greetings of older people.

Suddenly she paused, and her voice became mysterious as she said, "P'waps I'll find it to-day."

"Find what?"

"The little tin cints I lost, jus' by that post in the boulyyard. D'you see it?"

"When did you lose it?"

"Oh, long time ago, las' summer, jus' when I first went to Sunday School. But p'waps sun's melted it and p'waps it's frozen. Just wisht I had it now. Just fink of all the fings I could buy!"

"But weren't you going to give it in Sunday School for the poor little children who—"

"Yes, then, but I didn't; an' they'd never know if I did spend it now."

No argument could convince her of the evil of her ways, so Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine, no matter what the other distractions she never failed to stop at the post in the "boulyyard" to look for the little tin cints that p'waps was fwozen and p'waps was melted."

But a Sunday came when she didn't look.

"Why, Fairy," I asked in surprise, "have you found your little ten cents?"

"N—no," she answered solemnly, the brown eyes opened wide, "but p'waps I'd be dead if I did get it. Mind you there was a man, an' his name was 'Nias, an' he

had a wife an' her name was—was—"

"Sapphira?"

"Why yes, how'd you know? an' they went an' sold some land, an' 'Nias went to the 'Postle an' the 'Postle says, 'How much did you get for that land?' An' 'Nias says, 'so much,' an' he never did, an' the 'Postle says, 'Then you drop down dead,' an' he did an' that's what you git for tellin' lies. And some men was carrying him out, when his wife came in, an' 'Postle says to her: 'How much d'you get for that land?' An' she says 'so much,' an' she never did, an' then 'Postle says: 'Then you'll drop down dead, too,' an' she did an' that's what you git for tellin' lies, 'cause my teacher said so, last Sunday."

* * * * *

"Only two weeks an' three days till Christmas," Fairy announced, one cold December day, "an' you can't guess what I'm going to get. Saw Santa Claus in his big toy store, an' I told him what I wanted, an' he's going to bring me little gold bracelet, an' black-board, an' watch an' chain, an' blue feather fan like Aunt Lil's, an' little doll's cradle, an' bicycle, an' a real live baby," she ended triumphantly, without having given me a chance "to guess."

"Last year he brought my little curly black dog, Tippy. Tippy's a weal nice dog, but babies is ever so much nicer, don't you fink? An' this one's going to be a dear little boy baby, an' he can play with me—an' we can take him to Sunday School. Let's."

"Fairy," I said, "did you ever hear of the poor little children who don't have nice homes and who haven't anyone to love them and who don't get nice things at Xmas? Wouldn't you like to give some of your things to help make them happy? Wouldn't you like to come with me to the Children's Aid some day before Christmas and take them some toys?"

"Is they poor orfings," she asked in an awe-stricken voice.

"Some are, and some have poor sick—"

"Doesn't Santa Claus give them nothings? Doesn't they hang up their stockings? But



FAIRY

p'waps those poor childrens hasn't got any stockings to hang up. Say, let's go wivt now—I'll run home 'an ask my Auntie an' I can give 'em my clothes, an' my dolls, an' poor Tippy, an' the little gold bracelet when I get it, an' lots of things. But I don't want to give them the baby."

"There are plenty of babies there, dear, but it is too soon to go yet. Santa Claus won't come till the night before Xmas. Let us wait till the Monday before, and then we can say you are his little girl."

Every day during the two weeks that followed Fairy came to discuss the proposed visit. An hour before the appointed time on the all-important afternoon an impatient little girl with arms full of bundles stood ringing our bell.

"Is you weady," she said as soon as the door opened. "I'm sure those childrens will be wondering why we're not coming. Say, I guess God wanted us to go, 'cause this morning my Auntie said it looked like rain an' I couldn't go to-day if it did, then I jus' prayed it wouldn't an' God didn't let it, did he?"

"Is we nearly there?" she asked, fifty times on the way, and "what makes the car stop so often?"

In the big play-room of the Home the children were gathered together when little Miss Santa Claus was announced by the kind-faced motherly matron. Gravely Fairy walked around, giving to each child a present; to the wee tot dolls, Kitchner and the cloth doll babies, from which they immediately pulled the arms and

legs; to five year's old Gordon "who was going to be a soldier" the little box of red-coated tin men, to Emily a box of paints, to each the gift that he or she best liked. Big, rough, fourteen years old Tom, Tom the incorrigible, quick-tempered sailor boy

who had lost his leg the year before while running on a lake boat, the lad who had known nothing till he came to the Home but the roughest, blackest side of life, was transformed into a chivalrous little gentleman as he waited patiently while Fairy tried to open the blades of his knife. "Is she your little sister?" he said. "Ain't she a nice little kid?"

The older girls touched her curls and admired her pretty dress. The little ones rather stood in awe of her because of her relationship to the famous Santa Claus family, all but baby Kitchner, who clutched her dress with his sticky fingers and pulled her hair in glee.

A very tired and subdued but happy little girl came home with me. We were almost there before she spoke: "Those childrens thought I was Santa Claus' little girl, weally an' truly," she chuckled. "I'm going over to play with them some other day if my Auntie will let me. Jus' wisht I had 'em to play with all the time," she sighed regretfully.

She was an "old-fashioned" little girl, and the love of older people was lavished upon her but she was sometimes a lonely little girl, longing for the companionship of other children.

"Wisht I had Kitchner," she said after a moment's pause. "Don't you 'spose he'd do 'stead of that baby Santa Claus is going to bring? An' p'waps that baby'd get fwozen comin' in the sleigh, I'll ask my Auntie. My, didn't those oranges smell good? Aint you awful hungry?"

It was owing to that visit that Fairy got a "weally, truly boy baby" for Xmas, and little orphan Kitchner a happy home.

The other day she said: "That chile jus' worries me dretfully. He breaks my dolls an' he tumbles an' hurts himself, an' he hugs Tippy most to death, an' I'm so 'fraid he'll get the ammonia or something—like little Jimmey had when he died; there he's coming now. Aint he cute?"

A very dirty-faced little boy was coming across the lawn, his chubby left hand clutched the leg of Fairy's best doll, the stately Lady Rose, whose proud head now swept the ground. With his little right arm he was almost squeezing life out of the long-suffering little black curly Tippy.

Isabel B. Armstrong—

Little Lac Grenier

Little Lac Grenier she's all alone
Right on de mountain top,
But do cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam
to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss Little Lac Grenier down below.

Little Lac Grenier she's all alone
Up on de mountain high,
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for
why?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Little Lac Grenier she's all alone
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan'
ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For day keep off de win' and de winter
storm.

Little Lac Grenier she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de big
moose deer,
An' caribou, too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac
Grenier.

Little Lac Grenier, I see you now
Under de roof of Spring,
Macanoe's afloat, an' de robins
sing,
De lily's beginnin' her summer
dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long,
long res'.

Little Lac Grenier I'm happy now,
Out out de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad.

Little Lac Grenier, O, let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong like the rapide's
roar,
An' you know you're I'm too far away,
For visito you now, Little Lac Grenier.

W. A. Hammond

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FRANK BABCOCK,
Western Supt.

A Voice from Windsor Castle

It is well known that during the memorable "Colonial and Indian" Exhibition held in London, England, in 1886, the Mason and Risch Piano Company were honored with instructions to send one of their Upright Pianos (then on exhibition), to Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. This instrument was artistically and richly finished in sea-green and silver, and was the personal choice of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, who, it may be mentioned, when in Canada, ever manifested a warm interest in the tone qualities and other special characteristics of the Mason and Risch Pianos. Seldom, when in Toronto, did she omit a visit to the warehouses of the Company.

After Thirteen Years

In November of 1899, the Kaiser William, of Germany, was the guest of her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

In describing and illustrating incidents in connection with that visit, the well-known illustrated Art and Society Paper, "The Sketch," published by the proprietors of "The Illustrated London News," thus refers to the apartments in the Castle assigned to the Emperor's use:

"The beautiful suit of rooms occupied by the Emperor, is known as the 'Tapestry Suite,' and is exclusively reserved for the use of foreign sovereigns. The tapestry from which the rooms take their name consists of some fine modern panels made at the old Windsor Tapestry Works, which owes its being to the patronage of the late Duke of Albany."

"In the Sitting room stands the Prize Piano, shown at the last 'Colonial and Indian' Exhibition, made by Mason and Risch, of Toronto, Canada."

When it is remembered that the Emperor William is an excellent Musician, and is, moreover, a most fastidious musical critic, it can be confidently assumed that no instrument would be assigned for his use unless possessing exceptionally fine tonal and other qualities.

When it is further remembered that there are numerous pianos in Windsor Castle to choose from, by the world's most eminent makers, it is no slight honor and distinction for this Canadian instrument to have been detailed for so important and distinguished a position.

The fact is also notable, that after thirteen years of use this instrument has so maintained its excellency as to warrant its selection "exclusively for the use of foreign Sovereigns," while it attests more eloquently than words, the high character and durability of the Mason and Risch Piano Company's productions.

Frank Babcock,

WESTERN SUPERINTENDENT

On the Old Ute Trail.

By the author of "Snow on the Headlight," etc.



OLD BILL had been in these hills a half century. His were among the first white feet shod in shoe leather, to find and follow the old Ute trail, that wound away from Manitou, up over the shoulder of Pike's Peak and down the other slope into the Arkansas Valley. At that time the trail twisted through a pine forest. To-day it is dim and blurred, or blotted utterly from the face of the earth. Across it, in tangled confusion, lie the rotten and rotting trunks of tall trees that a time flung their touselled tops to the blue sky. Along this trail now screams the little locomotive that lifts the tenderfoot tenderly from the shady canyons over the Cogway to the summit of Pike's Peak. Hard by the old Ute trail they are uncovered acres of gold and the many mans of Cripple Creek. The Ute and the coyote have gone down the Pacific slope. The stage driver who drove them away has in turn been pushed aside by the pilot of the locomotive.

"Things are changed."

"We were following the trail, three of us," said old Bill, "on a warm, blowy October day. The Missourian remarked that we were walking in a forest fire, but the Dutchman, who knew better, said we were walking into the edge of an Indian summer. 'In fire, of I know my job,' persisted the first speaker, and we plugged on. At an hour later the smoke got that thick that we couldn't see the sky. The Dutchman wanted to go yet back, and while we argued the fire swept up our left flank and crossed the trail behind us."

"The fire had forked, like the tongue of a snake, and we were caught between the two prongs. The wind that seemed nothing more than a brisk mountain breeze, appeared now to grow to the force and speed of a wild hurricane. Fire always seems to gather wind. The fire roared before, above and back of us. Wisps of grass, bunches of leaves and pieces of burning bark flew across the canyon in our wake and instantly the opposite hill was wrapped in flames."

"The fire fiends seemed to swing themselves from tree to tree as the monkeys in the jungle look swing through the African forest. Ever in front of the burning flood, driven by the wind, rolled huge billows of blinding smoke, and immediately in its wake there was darkness deeper than night. And behind that darkness, desolation—a forest of black and boughless trees, standing in the ashy waste of a grey wilderness."

"For a moment we stood speechless, staring at each other, and then turning without a word we hurried on up a side canyon with the forked flame licking the sides of the gulch through which we hoped to escape. In a little while we

shooting those wild beasts who, like ourselves, were fleeing in a panic from the fury of the flames. We were like the unhappy hermit, who said:

"No flocks that roam the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power that pities me
I learn to pity them."

"Now we came to a dense thicket, where the canyon was narrow and filled with boulders, that had drifted high among the trees. The Dutchman, who had long ago abandoned his pick and pan, now threw down his gun. 'Ach Gott im Himmel,' he wailed, 'I shall die yet again,' and the poor devil's face was a sight to behold. Even the Missourian who was as fearless as a lion, turned pale at sight of it, and I—well, I have never seen the like since."

"We lost so much time climbing through this thicket that was fairly alive with wild animals—from a meek-eyed moccasin foot to a mountain lion—that the fire had passed us again. High over our heads the blue smoke drifted, while the snapping and popping of burning pitch pine told us that the flames were following close upon either hand."

"Presently the beasts that had taken refuge in the thicket through which we had passed began to brush by us, hurrying on up the narrow gorge. It was a weird sight to see a young deer and a wild panther, a mountain lion and an antelope, galloping up the gulch, side by side. I saw the Missourian shake his outfit, and I dropped mine, all but my gun, as he had done."

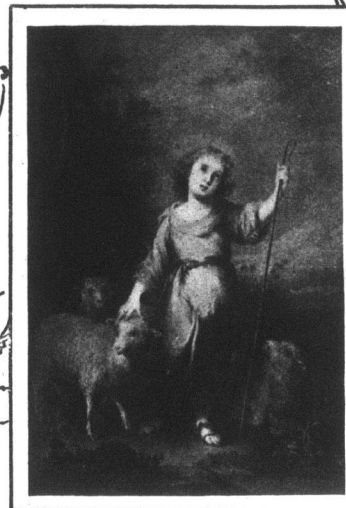
"Now the Dutchman, who was far behind us, called for us to wait for him, and we waited."

"Not a word had passed between my companion and me for some minutes, now, when we felt the cool air grow suddenly warm and then

yon wall, trembled, mute, or roared with fright. Now the smoke shut out every ray of light from the heavens, and in the darkness we could see the eyes of wild beasts shining like bits of green glass in a church window. There seemed no hope for us, and now I fancy we became as wild as the animals that were roaring about us."

"In a little while we became separated."

"I heard the Dutchman's 'Gott im Himmel,' but never a word from the Missourian. Gradually the yellow glare of flames drove the darkness from the sides of the canyon, and with each passing moment the heat became more and more unbearable. Suddenly the flames ran down the hill and caught a cedar tree near the bottom of the gulch and in the glare of it I saw the Dutchman's white face. That moment he lost all control of himself, and laughing like a hyena he threw himself upon the burning bush and began fighting the fire. I saw the Missourian leap up and drag the madman down, and then the wind blew a cloud of smoke up the gulch that blinded me."



THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS

ing along the wall I found the opening and entered, dragging my companion with me.

"Near the entrance I stumbled over a huge bear, who dragged himself respectfully out of my road. Deep in the cave I came to a pool of cold water and with it bathed the Missourian's face. After awhile I could tell by his movements that he was coming round. I spoke to him and he asked at once what had become of the Dutchman, and when I told him we sat for a long time without saying any more. Outside we could hear the flames roaring above the canyon, and once the unmistakable odor of burning flesh came to us there in the cave."

"When the roar of the burning flood had ceased we came out of the cave and it was dark, save for the light of the stars, that stood over the canyon, and a few tree trunks that still burned like great candles in the black forest. A little way from the mouth of the cave we found a deer that had died of fright or suffocation, and a few rods farther on the charred form of the unfortunate Dutchman lay near a stream of water that was stained with wood ashes."

E. J. Warman

A Hillside Garden.

By the Author of "The Little Church of the Leaves," etc.

My little garden half-way up
The mountain from the purple sea,
Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds
Stream over Grand Pre in the sun,
And the white fog seethe up and spill
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,
Like a great cauldron of the tides,
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,
And ever fuming up their sides.

And yet within my valley world
No breath of all that tumult stirs;
The little orchards sleep in peace;
Forever dream the dark-blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversations with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of homely subtleties.

And when the pansies nod to say
Good-morning to the marigolds
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do;
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

And very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
For so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half aware,
They will unlock their heart for once,—
How strange if I should not be there!

Elvira L. L. L.

He Wanted to Know.

Little Eric's family went to the country for the summer, and each day a multitude of new and unknown delights unfolded themselves to him. Shortly after his arrival he went over to the next farm to see the cows milked, a process which he watched in wide-eyed amazement. A day or two later Mr. Brown, the farmer, sent over a quart of cream, the arrival of which brought forth Master Eric's comment.

"Mamma," he questioned, "which stop does Mr. Brown turn when he wants cream?"

—H. M. J.

Kenny's

Christmas Offering

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN IN BETHLEHEM.

had passed out of the smoke and beyond the roar of the flames. In an open space we stopped to rest, for the Dutchman, who was tender, was breathing like a ferry boat."

"The canyon up which we ran had been curving to the north, and suddenly now the smoke of the forest fire blew over the canyon above our heads, and we hurried on. An eagle screamed across the gulch, and occasionally we caught sight of the bobbing tail of a deer, but to these things we gave little thought. Now we could hear the roar of the fire, and suddenly an antlered elk came crashing into the canyon, his wide horns stripping the boughs from the low trees."

"All the while the canyon grew narrower, with occasionally pools of clear water, at which we threw ourselves down and drank, then struggling to our feet, we hurried on. Once, when I raised up, I saw a black bear drinking from a small tank not fifty feet away. All day we had been on the lookout for game, but now none of us thought of

hot, the Missourian looked at me, smiled and shook his head. I made no sign. I had not even the power to answer the brave fellow's smile. Putting the Dutchman in front of us we pushed on."

"The smoke was blinding, the heat suffocating, but delay was dangerous, and we urged the snorting, crying, coughing Dutchman on, with threats of desertion. Suddenly an unearthly roar filled the little gorge—the roar of a lion mad with terror, for the animals dread fire. 'Gott im Himmel,' screamed the Dutchman, 'der gap is closed yet.'"

"As the smoke blew away for a moment I saw the grey walls of the deep gorge come together, as the side walls of a ship meet at the bow, and my blood ran cold to the tips of my ears. The canyon had pinched out. The wild beasts that had taken refuge there, fearing us as much almost as they feared the fire, rushed by us as much almost as they feared the fire, and perished by the score."

"Others, crouching in the smoke by the can-

"I fought my way through the smoke and fire until I came to the burning bush where my two companions were still struggling. The wild Dutchman was now fighting the Missourian, who was striving to save the madman's life."

"Just as I came to them the Dutchman dealt his would-be rescuer a fearful blow in the face that felled him senseless at my feet. The Missourian's clothes were on fire, and taking off my coat I wrapped it about him to extinguish the flames. In a few seconds I had succeeded, and as I lifted the Missourian I heard the Dutchman utter a wild yell, and in the ever-changing light of the forest fire I saw him run, just as the mad-dened beasts had done, and leap into the flames that were sweeping across the canyon a few rods behind us."

"The sight of the madman rushing to his death so horrified me that I dropped the Missourian, for it seemed to me that I ought to make another effort to save my less fortunate companion, but

Barrett, Courier Hudson Bay Co.

By the Author of
"Lords of the North," "Martyrs of Empire," etc.



HEN BARRETT, courier to the Hudson Bay Fur Company, reached the Rockies, his Indian guides flatly refused to go another step. The voyageurs from the prairie declared that the mountains were inhabited by demons, who hurled rocks on all intruders. On a still night you could hear their artillery rumbling like thunder, said they. That, Barrett explained, was only an avalanche, but the canoe men gravely shook their heads and told stories across the camp-fire in whispers. Lurking and chattering and plotting under the mountain cataracts were water spirits, who lured men to death in the roaring canyons. Besides, one could only enter the mountains by a pass guarded by the devil; and the Devil's Gap led directly into Ghost Valley. Here all the noisy torrents were swallowed up in an awful silence, disappearing no one knew where. And beyond Ghost Valley was the Valley of the Gnomes, where a race of giants had been turned to stone and stood forever moaning and mourning in the wind.

Frightened guides were worse than no guides. Trusting to engage fresh hands from the tribes on the other side of the divide, Barrett dismissed every man and prepared to go on alone. Caching provisions for the return trip, he put enough pemmican and hardtack in the pack on his back to suffice if he found no game. Then, buttoning his buckskin coat securely across the company's dispatch, he shouldered his rifle and set out. The entrance to the mountains he found exactly as the Indians had foretold—a windy gap between two rock walls, leading to a silent, sandy valley. Foamy torrents shimmered against the mountain sides; but there was no sound of falling water, and Barrett presently discovered the reason of the ghostly stillness. The porous soil sucked the streams down to some subterranean river.

"So much for Indian ghosts, or ghosts of any kind," thought Barrett.

He worked his way laboriously up a forested acclivity to the crest of the next mountain ridge, and looked down to a narrow, walled canyon full of great earth pillars taller than most steeples he had seen in London. "The Valley of the Gnomes has evidently arrived," said Barrett, sweeping the canyon with his field glass.

Against the opposite wall was the dark mouth of a mountain cave. At the upper end of the canyon he could see the gleaming, icy forefoot of a receding glacier; and high above were the fields of the mountain snows. To Barrett the explanation of the monster monoliths was plain enough. Ages before, floods from the glacier had carved their way through this canyon. Being hard enough to resist the water, these rocky pedestals, with their stone slabs tilted on top like rakish hats, now stood high above the dry river bed, resembling Druid monuments and giving rise to the Indian tradition of petrified giants.

To Barrett it was all very clear and all very simple, and not in the least terrifying. It did not cause him one qualm of uneasiness when he found that darkness had overtaken him and he must spend the night alone in the Valley of the Gnomes. "Those fool Indians," he said, taking refuge behind one broad, towering pillar—"those fool Indians, with all their old tommy-rot of ghosts and gnomes, make one weary." Unstrapping his pack, he boiled some tea on a little fire of sprigs. Sitting back against the stone figure, he smoked his evening pipe. The night breeze blew from the glacier biting cold. It whistled down the long procession of stone pillars with dismal, baffled sounds. It came sighing round the great pillars like an unseen mourner, and went moaning through the canyon with a weary cry.

Barrett knocked the ashes from his pipe and told himself it was "heavily lonely." Whatever had induced him to join the Fur Company and also left England to avoid for a man! Fifteen years of desolation! He would soon be an old man, unfit to go back to civilization. Civilization! Barrett laughed bitterly. Why had he left England? Ah, yes—why had he left? Usually he did not think of it. The past lay behind a shut door. But to-night, perhaps, that mournful wind had blown the door open. He saw it all—his classmates of the finals at Trinity, the cards, the quarrel, the white face opposite him, the blow struck by himself. Then something flashed in Denham's hand. After that everything went into a black blur. Barrett awakened in his own room, at his father's place, with two surgeons probing for a bullet.

"Where's Denham?" he had asked, in an impotent fury of revenge. "Broke the bars of his prison window and escaped from England."

On his recovery Barrett had joined the services of the Fur Company, and also left England to avoid the odium of an investigation.

Then came fifteen years of exile, with his heart full of hatred for Denham; and here he was, alone, watching the moon rise over the Valley of the Gnomes! The trees feathering the mountain outlines became tipped with silver. Shadowy pillars lengthened across the valley floor, and the wind kept up that incessant moaning in the far, dark reaches of the canyon. Some night bird uttered a lonely scream overhead, and Barrett gave an involuntary start.

"No use regretting what is done," thought Barrett, with a deep sigh. And the sigh was answered by an exact counterpart of his own. Barrett's pipe tumbled from his hands. He discovered that he was trembling slightly from the chill of the night wind, and he pulled himself together with a prompt resolution to quit thinking. "No more ghosts from the past for me," he mumbled to himself.

He was reaching for his rubber sleeping sheet when he distinctly heard another sigh, deeper, nearer, more life-like than the last. Barrett assured himself that it was only the wind; but he was aware, all the time, that his assurance would not have been so emphatic if he had not had a suspicion it was not the wind.

"It may be a wild animal," thought Barrett, glancing uneasily among the gnomes. The valley was now criss-crossed by countless shadows: pillar shadows, still and stately like shafts of a tomb; tree shadows, waving in the night wind; brushwood shadows, quivering to each breath of air.

"I dare say one shot will scare it. We'll see what it is!" Barrett stood up, rifle in hand. He would have moved from the pillar, but the breeze brought him a new sound, a deep, sobbing groan. Barrett felt invisible terror clutch at his throat.

One shadow had assumed a huge, grotesque shape and was gliding down the canyon, past the gnomes, tossing its arms in

the air, wringing its hands, bowing and swaying as if in agony. It was the shadow of a man—a man with long, wild, unkempt hair and shaggy beard; a man naked but for a girdle of skins hanging from his waist.

Barrett stepped quickly behind the pillar, saw the shadow move slowly down the valley floor, and, as its feet passed the gnomes, a living man came into view, wild and unclad save for the rough clout of caribou skin. The man was beating his arms about, groaning and muttering aloud.

"Some lonely trader gone mad," thought Barrett, "or some escaped madman hiding here." And he hung back, undecided what to do. No other white man was within two hundred miles of them. What could the courier do? He could not take the man with him, nor could he afford to be detained on his trip.

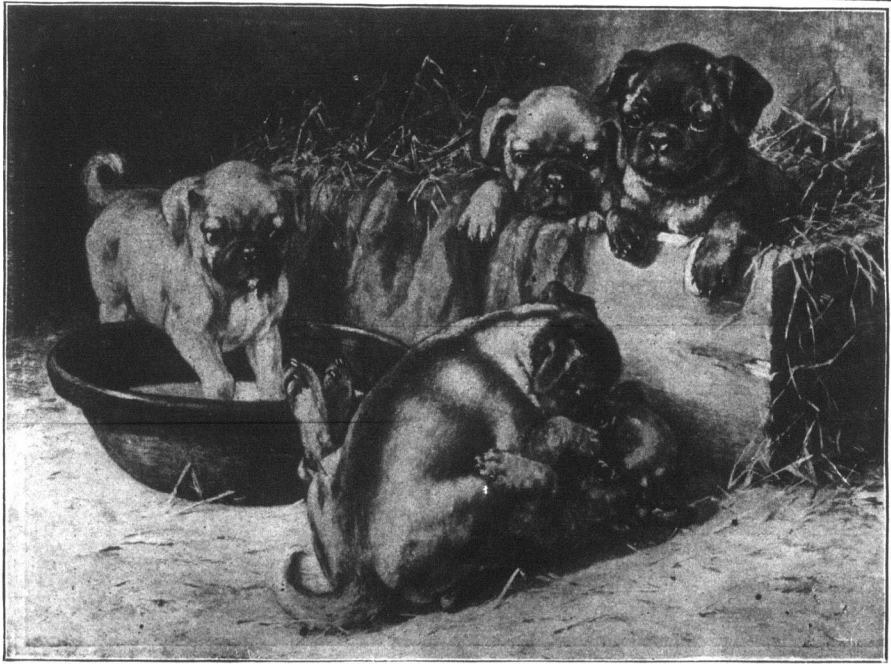
"Dead—dead—dead!" cried the man, with chattering terror, pausing a few paces from Barrett. "Dead—and—twas I—twas I—twas I!" he screamed, with maniacal gesture, "twas I who killed him!" And he passed on down the canyon among the tall,



A CANADIAN MEADOW

silent stone figures, wringing his hands and groaning. Barrett waited till the man had gone beyond view. Then he gathered up his kit as fast as he could.

"Here is a pretty pass," Barrett told himself, "boxed up in this canyon with a murderer and madman." And he was strapping the pack up when he saw the figure coming slowly back up the canyon. The moonlight shone full on the man's face. Hiding, Barrett watched. The wild man came on, muttering up at the stars and clutching the air. Though his bare arms were muscular and weather-worn, his face was ghastly white. In a flash the courier understood. This was the denizen of the cave on the opposite mountain wall, and he only came from his haunt at night. He was tall and strode with the swinging motion of a stag. Something in the cast of the white features, in the action of the rugged arms, in the poise of the head, in the resolute step, vaguely reminded Barrett of some one whom he could not recall. He puzzled his memory for the resemblance; but it only sent up blurred faces, like the broken reflection of a turbid pool. This time the man did not pass so near the gnomes. He stood a pace off, mumbling; with an angry gesture of striking an invisible enemy.



THE PRIZE FIGHTERS.

"Barrett—Barrett—Barrett!" he ground between clenched teeth—"O Barrett, if you could come back to life and know my punishment—I, the heir to Denham Hall, wandering with the brand of Cain, an outcast among the rocks!"

Barrett fell to his knees with the cold sweat standing on his forehead in beads. Again the injured man saw that chiselled, white face across the card table. Again he detected the cheat in the cards. Again he felt a blinding flash in his own eyes, and for him all life went black. Here was the enemy for whom his revenge had been hungering these many years; and the courier's hand closed like a vise on his rifle.

Out of terror at what he might do, he flung the weapon down. It rattled noisily among the stones, and the wild man fled like a hunted stag, leaping from boulder to boulder, with his long hair streaming to the wind. When Barrett looked up, a white figure against the opposite mountain wall was clambering into the black opening of the cave.

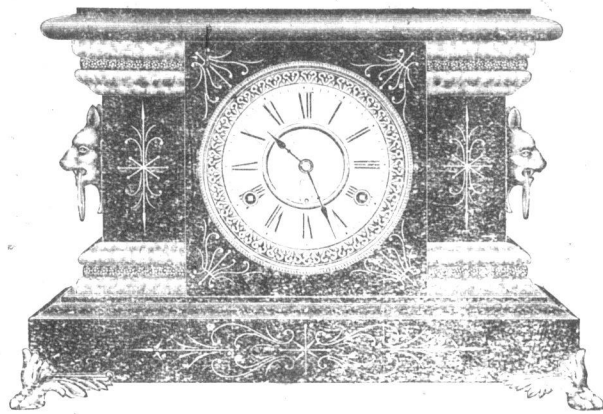
Barrett gathered up his pack and stole away from the dread spot into the darkness of the mountain forest. On returning over the mountains he did not come by way of the Valley of the Gnomes.

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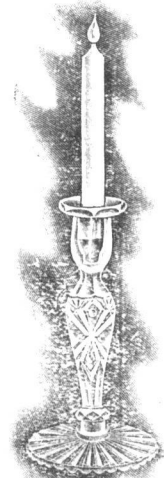
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