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WESTWARD HO!

1907

S.T.Judge

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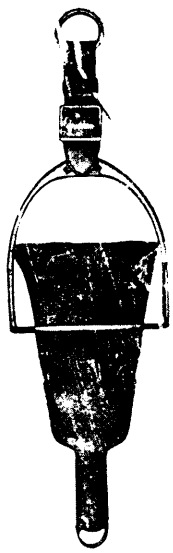

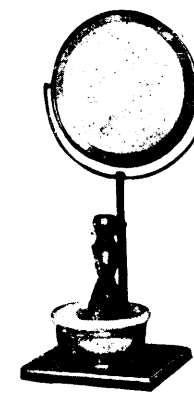

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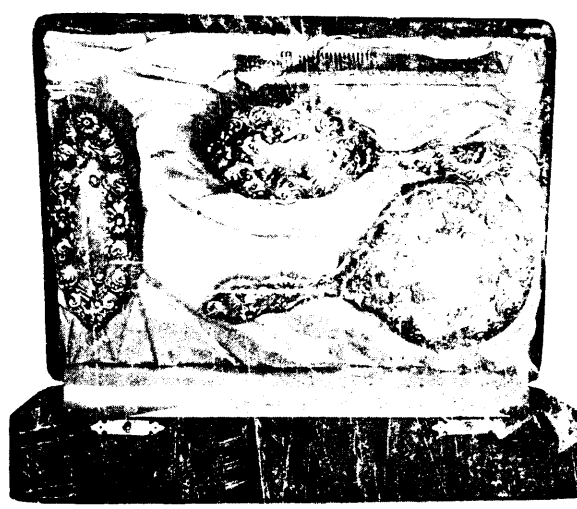

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Westward Ho! Magazine

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE, Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH, Business Manager

Table of Contents:—December, 1907

Burwash, Nov. 6th, 1907.

W. Blakemore, Esq.,
Editor Westward Ho!

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge with thanks your letter of October 14th, reminding me of my promise to write something for your Magazine in the near future. I feel that I am so full of impressions of my wonderful visit to Canada that it will take me some time to reduce them to order, and in the meantime I am afraid that I cannot force myself to think in any other direction. Please, therefore, do not count on my contribution for your Xmas number as you kindly propose.

I wish Westward Ho! Magazine every success.

Yours sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Changed Conditions.

In the short space of one month business conditions in British Columbia have undergone a complete change. A month ago everything was busy and nearly everything was booming, now nearly all native industries have closed down. Smelting, lumbering and logging are at a complete standstill, and mining has been reduced by at least two-thirds; and yet there is no ground for pessimistic outlook. The crisis has been precipitated by money stringency, but while this is the immediate cause, the fundamental reasons lie much deeper. The expansion of trade and commerce on this continent has been so enormous, production has increased at such a rate that it has outgrown its sinews, and there is not money enough to go round. The position of the Western world is precisely like that of a man who, having run a small business successfully, attempts to run a large business without a proportionate increase in his capital. This could go on for a little while by dint of trading on credit, and increasing obligations, but a day always comes when notes fall due, and when they can no longer be renewed. That day has come for the Western world, and in a sense it has gone into voluntary liquidation, and while necessary adjustments are being made, the works are shut down. Beyond this general principle which operates in all commercial communities, and at all times, there have been other contributing features which if they have not produced, have precipitated the crisis. These may be classified as excessive wages, high cost of living, over speculation; and south of the line, loss of confidence in the financial institutions of the country. All these are temporary conditions which can be ameliorated. The principles of social economy are now so well understood, and so widely accepted that all classes of the community share in the profits, of good times, and suffer the losses of bad ones. Perhaps not in the most spontaneous manner, for unfortunately readjustments of values, whether in wages or material are more frequently arbitrary than automatic, but there are natural laws which determine and govern the adjustment. Those laws are now very evidently in operation, and before the period of prosperity which this continent has enjoyed for several years is renewed, there will have to be a general reduction of wages concurrently with a decrease in the price of necessaries, and a careful handling of the financial situation looking to the restoration of confidence. Political economy is an exact science; it has solved many problems, and has thrown light on matters which greatly puzzled past generations, but it has made no appreciable advance in the direction of explaining, or anticipating good and bad times. The most astute financiers fail to see them coming, and it is only when they are upon us

that we begin to summarize the causes which have contributed to bring them about. This is because there is a human element in commerce which refuses to be bound by cast iron regulations, which will never learn wisdom, which does not believe in saving for a rainy day, and which is gifted with such a sublime optimism, that when good times are on, it believes they will last forever. Such a spirit is invaluable even if it courts occasional disaster. It is the spirit which overcomes every depression, and when the temporary in convenience is past, swiftly recovers itself. Of all places, the Canadian West has least occasion to repine, its boundless resources, good government, enterprising spirit and business organization will effectually save it from anything worse than temporary inconvenience.

Municipal Politics. By common consent municipal politics in the West have kept free from the entanglements of ordinary party politics. It is realized that men of divergent political views may advantageously co-operate in the administration of civic affairs. The principles which underlie, or at any rate, which should underlie, party politics, cannot by the widest stretch of the imagination be demonstrated to have any connection with municipal management. It is greatly to be feared, however, that civic administration in the West is not an unmeasured success. There is general dissatisfaction both in Victoria and Vancouver. It is claimed with truth that the sanitary arrangements are inadequate, and in some respects disgraceful. The streets are neglected. Victoria has a totally inadequate water supply, and the only satisfactory thing in either city is the electric light, which is furnished by private enterprise. Further, there are complaints, especially in Vancouver, at the manner in which the police perform their duties. Neither person nor property have been protected as they ought, and certain sections of the city are a constant source of trouble. In Victoria the Mayor is a laughing stock, and the Council have shown a remarkable inaptitude for doing anything but talk. It is about time that the citizens of Victoria and Vancouver began to take a real interest in municipal affairs. The great difficulty is that the best men hold aloof, but this is neither patriotic nor profitable, and both cities have surely reached that stage of development when the best men in the community should be willing to exercise a little self denial in order to ensure good civic administration.

Unique Colonizing. One of the most important topics now receiving the consideration of British Columbia is that of colonization. Its importance is derived from two facts; the first is, that this Province is suffering from slow growth in the matter of white population; the second is that the most permanent element of population, if indeed it be not the only permanent element, is the land settler. Nearly every other class of labour is transient; when trade depression comes, factories are closed, industries are laid idle, and workmen move to other localities in search of employment. This feature has been strongly emphasized during the last few weeks when upwards of two thousand miners and smeltermen have left Grand Forks, Phoenix and Greenwood for the States. There will be no large permanent increase in our population until there are more settlers on the land. The man who grows his own produce is the only man who is absolutely independent of trade conditions. He may have a pinch when the selling price of his commodities falls, but he is always sure of food and a roof. Those who have studied the question are convinced that the only remedy is the establishment of some well-devised colonization scheme. Combination is necessary to achieve the best results in land settlement, and what individual effort is only able to do on a small scale, organized effort can accomplish on broad and successful lines. Several such schemes have been mooted, they all have merits, but the best which has come under the notice of "Westward Ho" is one which has just been formed in Vancouver upon model lines. The modus operandi, which was highly suc-

cessful in certain localities in the United States is remarkably simple. According to their propaganda, the Dominion Homeseekers' Association interest would be settlers in the possibilities and advantages of British Columbia; and when a certain number have signified their willingness to cooperate, a club is formed, numbering a hundred or more families, to whom is submitted reports on tracts of land which offer the greatest inducements as to soil, water supply, price and terms. The club then appoints a committee composed of its own members who make a thorough investigation of the tracts of land, and submit their report. The land is not bought by the club as a club, but each individual makes his purchase at the wholesale price, as if bought in any other way. The centre of the chosen property is laid out as a townsite, and town lots are platted. The balance of the land is subdivided into one, two and a half, five and ten-acre tracts. In each the club will have the fixing and arranging of the grading price. The scheme certainly possesses elements of success and will no doubt appeal to many who are desirous of acquiring land, but who are either not able or not competent to judge for themselves. It is to the interest of the Province to encourage every "bona fide" colonization scheme; settlement is the desideratum.

The Mystery of Good.

By Frederick J. Scott.

O! strange, mysterious melody,
Breathing the good and purity
Of Nature's ways, we know not whence
Come those immortal strains that steep
The soul in Love, and banish Hate
When we incline to thee. Perchance,
Thou art the spirit of the Child,
Who in a lowly manger lay.

Heard in the Club.

By Clive Phillipps Wolley.

SURGEON—"The mere existence of pain is in itself enough to disprove the existence of a beneficent Almighty."

ATHLETE—"Yes, if you look on your body as an armchair for your soul. I look on mine as a gymnasium for it. What do you say, Hayseed?"

HAYSEED—

Under my window I planted a rose
Made it a nest with my own two hands
Where Sweetness of Home in the springtide grows
Brought from the dearest of all dear lands
Where the sunbeams cling until evenings close
I planted and tended my rose, my rose.

At the call of Spring through my window panes
Daffodil, violet, all sweet eyes
That laughed with the lad in his English lanes
Pitying smiled at the old man's sighs
A secret there is which my garden knows
Art climbing to tell it me rose, my rose?

Climb on sweet fool, thou canst never attain
Though love leads upwards and love's thy life
Nursed by the sunshine and fed by the rain
Cruelly kind is the Gardener's knife
Thine innocent hope to the earth He throws
Yet love Him and trust Him—He knows, He knows.

But this rose, sweet rebel was Island-bred
Not to be crushed in a first emprise
Its blind roots sought for a wider bed
Lowlier room for its energies
My garden was wide but the way was barred
Narrowed and cramped by the Gardener's shard.

It might not climb and it could not creep
There seemed no way it might reach its goal
Till the strength and sweetness that would not sleep
Surged to its centre and formed its soul
Now nightingales sing as the bud uncloses
'Twas pain made perfect your Rose of Roses.

Life At Fort Simpson 20 Years Ago.

By Velma.

IT was a delightful balmy morning in August when I arrived at Ft. Simpson, now known as Port Simpson, over twenty years ago. The voyage which lasted for ten days was made on the "Princess Louise," commanded by Capt. Wm. Meyer. The trip was especially interesting, as there were so many Victorians taking advantage of the excursion rates to enjoy a trip to what was to many of them, an unknown country. The picture from the steamer's deck was one continuous panorama. The moss-covered hills, the rippling blue water topped by stately pines and cedars, almost to the water's edge, precipitous bluffs rising out of the sea, then beautiful vistas of distant shores, which had looked only a grey haze in the bright sunshine, but on coming nearer developed shades of green, tinged with bright colors like that of departing autumn. Passing through the waters of Queen Charlotte, and Milbank Sounds, the sea gets heavier, and there is very little protection from wind, no convenient harbors being accessible, and through the fast gathering shadows of evening, the only evidence of life outside the confines of our staunch little steamer are the glimmering lights of some passing ship. While lying at anchor near Gold Harbor, our thoughtful Captain organized a visit to the village in one of the steamer's boat. The Indians had just returned from the season's fishing, and were celebrating as only Indians can. They were short, stolid looking individuals with abnormally large heads and receding foreheads. Their faces were painted the most vivid tints of red, and they were accompanied by droves of fierce-looking, short-legged husky dogs who walked beside their owners as they made innumerable trips from canoe to lodge unloading the supplies of crockery, food, dried fish and blankets, which they had purchased at some of the Hudson Bay posts. We went into a very spacious log and driftwood lodge to pay our respects to the chief, but the only occupant was a tiny papoose tied fast in a bark cradle and lying close beside a large open fire. It was more than we could bear, to see this wee infant unable to help itself lying there almost roasting alive, so we moved it to a distance where we felt sure it would be comfortable and safe. Presently the mother, a fierce-looking old squaw, with her face painted red and black, rushed in and seizing the cradle, placed it in its former position by the fire, at the same time gesticulating in such a wild manner that we prudently withdrew. The photographer of the party placed his camera in position to take a snap-shot of this evil looking woman, but she covered her face with her hands and refused even for a bribe of five dollars, to remove them. We then also visited the old American barracks at Tongas, a mass of ruins, our basket was brought on shore, and in the dilapidated old building, luncheon was partaken of, after which, for the sake of old memories, we sang "The Starspangled Banner," and "Rule Britannia." Mrs. Maynard photographed the party from a high bluff, an interesting group of old Victorians. Mr. and Mrs. C. Kent, the late Mr. J. Weiler, Miss Blenkinsop, now deceased, the daughter of an old H. B. trader; Sheriff Hall, now of Vancouver; the late Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Mr. J. Dassonville;

Dr. Praeger, the mission doctor from Metlakahtla; Chas. W. D. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. R. Maynard, several Americans, and Capt. Meyer, Purser Frank Williams and the writer. The previous day the captain had tried to land at Massett on one of the Queen Charlotte group, but owing to the sea being rough was forced to abandon the idea. Towards evening the weather being more favorable, a large band of cattle was cast into the sea from the steamer and forced to swim to the island. These had been purchased by Messrs. R. H. Hall, and J. Alexander, H. B. traders, to stock their ranch with at Massett. Numerous descendants of these cattle still roam the island perfectly wild, and are shot for food by whites and natives. Being Sunday morning, the Tsimpseans were returning from church when our steamer was made fast to the wharf at Ft. Simpson, and with the few white residents they thronged the landing. After midday dinner I proceeded with many misgivings and tears to pack my valise and land at what appeared to be a most desolate-looking village, and which was destined to be my abode for several years. In the distance various colored low hills and cranberry swamps and tall, lean firs with yellow cedars interspersed; greeted the eye, also a church, fire hall, rows of irregular cottages, an old bastion, and outside the fort gate a tall staff from which floated the Union Jack. Although it was midsummer, I found that at all seasons one could not walk out without overshoes, the mossy, marshland seemed a hidden lake. Huge toads would hop almost from beneath your feet, while porcupines were as numerous as squirrels. I have seen numbers of Indian dogs coming home from a hunt literally covered with quills and suffering intense agony. At the end of the very long landing stands the H. B. store, a whitewashed old building with a steeple, from which a bell tolls the hours of rising, noon time, and evening. It reminded one of an old convent. Adjacent to it, and in the same enclosure, were the residences of the H. B. manager and clerks. In the rear of the store was the bastion which was used for a cow shed, and the only garden in the settlement planted with currant and raspberry bushes and vegetables was in an adjoining field. At the foot of a hill in this garden was a secluded spot where reposed several old prospectors and some children who had died many years before my arrival, their names painted on rude slabs. There were neither hotels nor stopping places at Ft. Simpson. On the beach was a rough shed called a "guest house," in this building travellers were forced to camp who could not obtain shelter or accommodation at the Company's houses. Our headquarters were made at the Bishop's house, a large unoccupied dwelling on a hill-top, which had been erected for church purposes as well as a residence for Bishop Ridley, the Bishop of the diocese of Caledonia, but owing to dissension in the church at Metlakatla, where Mr. Wm. Duncan was then stationed, the C. M. C. had decided to retain the Bishop at that place until their affairs were settled amicably or otherwise. During the winter of this year, H.M.S. Satellite, commanded by Capt. Theobald, steamed into Ft. Simpson harbor, and after taking on board our S. M. Hon. A. C. Elliot, with a constable, and through the courtesy of the commander, the writer, the ship proceeded to the rebellious village of Metlakahtla. We were conveyed to the town in the ship's launch, and a squad of bluejackets and marines were paraded. We remained at Metlakatla for several days, a court of inquiry was held, at which presided Attorney-General Davie. Judge H. M. Ball, Hon. Mr. Eliot and Capt. Theobald. Supt. of Police Roycroft had also been sent from Victoria. Several Indians who had been especially demonstrative and threatening, were placed under arrest. There was no rioting, the booming of the ship's big guns at practice in the channel served to inspire respect and fear for British law, though previous to the arrival of the Commission there had been a good deal of anxiety among the white settlers, and Bishop Ridley's adherents, on account of the hostile and intolerant demeanor of Mr. Duncan and his braves. A few months later hundreds of Metlakatla canoes towed by

Mr. Wm. Duncan's gospel steamer sailed away to New Metlakatla, near Kaien Island, where Mr. Duncan has founded a colony which is ruled by him. The Bishop's followers remained at the old town. On Saturday morning the "Satellite" went back to Victoria, and we returned to Ft. Simpson in an immense Hydah canoe manned by four stalwart Indians, reaching our home at seven o'clock in the evening, thoroughly tired after a voyage lasting almost eight hours with an unfavourable wind and sleety rain. On the following morning, Sunday, we attended service at the Methodist church, where Rev. Mr. Crosby officiated. It is quite an imposing edifice, having been built by Indians and capable of seating three or four hundred worshippers. We felt rather backward about entering, as there appeared to be natives only in attendance. After looking through a partly opened door, intending to withdraw, we were startled by the stentorian tones of the parson calling from the pulpit, "Come right up here, Mr. and Mrs. ——. There is lots of room." And with every Injun eye upon us, we walked up the aisle and seated ourselves in a pew reserved for white people, and listened to some of the best singing ever heard in an Indian church, also a sermon preached in English by the minister and translated into Tsimpsean by a native preacher. We did not attend regularly after this as the Tsimpsean portion was very tiresome. The manner in which the congregation responded to the collection which was taken up by ushers in the usual manner, was very unique. Those who had no money would place a bangle, or a brooch, usually a silver salmon or dogfish or an eagle, and often a huge safety pin with about twenty-five cents—on the plate. These articles were usually redeemed before the following Sunday, a coin being substituted.

After service we walked across a short-sighted bridge which connects the village with the burial ground, and were greatly surprised to see no signs of Indian relics or totems, although these were to be found almost everywhere in the village. The tombstones were marble or granite slabs and monuments, and well-to-do Indians often purchased theirs at Victoria, and had them shipped to their homes long before deaths occurred in their families. Sometimes a tombstone adorned the front doorstep for several months and even years, before being removed to the graveyard. One inscription was both pathetic and unique; that, on the headstone over a young Indian girl, "Saire Gamp, aged 17." "A brand snatched from the burning." She was said to have lead a wayward life and was drowned in a squall while on a trip to Masset. A missionary termed her tragic death an interposition of Providence.

We walked home from this little island of the dead, by the beach, as the tide was extremely low. The daily tide is said to be often thirty-five feet. The Islands, Finlayson and Birnie, lie across the harbor, they are uninhabited, but thickly timbered. In the summer we made frequent excursions there for blueberries and salmon berries which grew in great abundance. Wild ducks, a numerous variety, including canvas back and teal, grey and white geese, the northern diver, sometimes called the "loon," from the cry it emits, plover, snipe, sandpipers and godwits, are seen almost everywhere. Our first swan was presented to the Victoria museum, also my pet owl "Jock" who met an untimely death from a mischievous boy's gun.

December 25, 1884, saw our first Christmas in the north. How eagerly we watched for the arrival of the "Barbara Boscowitz," which brought the Christmas mail, the first we had had in six weeks. It was blowing a stiff gale from the southeast and soft snow was falling, but still we waited at the point to catch the first glimpse of the hardy little schooner. A small light was seen miles away, flickering like a candle, it came nearer, and then the cry went up from twenty or more Indian throats, "steam schooner!" Every white and native man, woman and child, was at the landing when the ropes were cast ashore, and before the gang-plank was made fast, eager voices were calling "Any parcels or boxes for me, Purser?" The reply was almost always in the affirmative, and

before many minutes had elapsed, tremulous fingers were tearing open parcels from home, six hundred miles away. Oh! the joy of the Xmas parcels, the many and wonderful things contained therein, from a turkey and plum pudding to articles of apparel, but most welcome of all, books and latest newspapers.

On Xmas eve the village shone like a Bethlehem. There was a lighted candle in each of the twelve panes of every window. These were not extinguished until after midnight, when in perfect darkness the waits, all natives, appeared dressed in white and singing carols, such as we used to sing at old St. John's and the Cathedral: "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

On Christmas morning, about eight o'clock, the villagers marched in single file to all the whites' residences and greeted with "A Merry Xmas." They entered at the front door, being regaled as they passed through with buns and hot coffee, then passing through the back door to the next house, until they had completed the tour. We attended service at ten o'clock. In the afternoon the homeless whites were collected and we sat down to Xmas dinner at one table.

The toast to "Absent friends," was drank, the evening passed merrily, and thus ended Christmas day in the Far North.

"Sonnie."

By Jean Whyte.

THOUGH I am an old man now and many years have passed, some weary ones, some happy ones, never shall I forget the tragedy of Sonnie whose life story I am now about to tell you.

At the time of which I am writing I was station-master at the little village of Angweling in Sussex. The first time I saw him was on Christmas eve, a dreary rainy night it was too. With the hail and rain driving in all directions, not the night one would expect to see a small boy all by himself in the waiting-room of a country railway station. But being Christmas eve, and one of the busiest nights at the station in the whole year, I found myself too fully occupied to think much of the small, pathetic figure in the deary, deserted waiting-room. Finding, however, that he was still sitting in the same place some two hours later, while the trains came and went, some clashing through at express speed, some slow ones, save the mark, some ordinary fast trains, and all was bustle and confusion. I went up to him and asked him what he was waiting for. He looked me curiously up and down, but without any appearance of fear. "Who are you waiting for?" I asked. Half puzzled I looked at the little sad and forlorn, but thorough-bred face. "Please, I am waiting for my mother," he replied gently.

"Where is she?" I said, "is she coming by the train?"

"Oh, no; she is over there," pointing with a delicate white hand to the building facing the station.

"What, at the Inn?" I explained.

"Yes," he answered, a warm red flush spreading over the delicate face; "she told me to run in here and stay by the fire until she came."

"Where is your father?" I demanded, "that he allows your mother to leave you here alone?" There was no reply, but the little golden head bent low and he burst into a fit of sobbing. "Dad-

dy, Daddy," he sobbed. "Oh Daddy come back for Sonnie."

"Poor little chap," I murmured sympathetically, looking down on the golden head. I sat down on the hard bench beside him and by degrees he told me in a broken little voice his story, which I pieced together. He had no brothers or sisters. His Daddy had died a long time ago, about two weeks. He had got a bad cold looking for work, but Mother had said Daddy was not ill really, but one night Daddy came home and went to bed, and he never got up next morning for the doctor said he was dead. Mother got a little work sometimes, but not often, and did not often have money, but when she did they had nice things to eat. But mother had to go out so often to look for work, or call at the Inn about work, so he liked to come to the station as it was so lonely in the bedroom mother had in Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village street.

He told me his pathetic story bit by bit, between the sobs that shook him from head to foot. I wondered if the little chap was hungry, so considered a bit and asked him what his name was and if he could eat a bun? He smiled through his tears and said: "I am Sonnie, and I would love a bun, though I did have some dinner today."

"Don't you always have dinner?" I asked in a horrified tone?

"Yes," he said, nearly every day, and when I don't, Mrs. Jones asks if I am hungry and gives me some bread and butter."

"How old are you?" I next asked. "I am seven years old," he answered with a proud smile, "and I shall soon be old enough to work for Mother," he said, smiling at me through his tears. I took him into my private office and put him in a warm corner near the fire and found him some cakes and a cup of milk which the kindly porter heated for me. As he ate with a hungry appetite, we talked. I asked him if he knew it was nearly Christmas time.

"Yes," he said. "I know it is."

"What would you like for a Christmas present Sonnie?" I asked him.

"I'd like to see my Daddy better than anything," he said, looking up at me with his lovely wistful blue eyes.

"But surely dear," said I (being myself a family man) "there is some present you would like."

"Well," he replied, "I spect it would be to have a horse, cos my Daddy had real live horses once."

Fortunately I remembered there was a brown paper parcel lying in the corner of my office that I had intended as one of the presents for my chubby little lad Jim, long ago safely in bed, watched and cared for by a loving mother, so I produced the parcel and gave it to him saying: "See, Sonnie, what Daddy Christmas has sent to Sonnie!"

"For me?" he cried with childish glee. His delight was unbounded as he opened the parcel and kissed and squeezed the shaggy gray horse with a fearful and wonderful tail.

I must confess I was myself delighted and experienced a keen sense of pleasure in giving so much joy to the weary little wayfarer.

But I had to run, an express train was whistling round the curve, and I went out to signal. The line was perfectly clear, and I signalled "All Clear," when something flashed between me and the engine, and to my horror I saw the staggering figure of a woman appear on the side of the line. It was pushed back by two small hands, but alas too late, and as the train thundered through the station I stood sick with fear, afraid to think what sight would meet my eyes. There was a sound in my ears of running waters, but I found it was the voice of the porter. When I got down to the line they were gently lifting the body of little Sonnie. In the baby arms the gray horse all broken and torn was still lovingly held. He was dying though partially conscious. By his side lay the body of his mother dead. Just then the old village church clock struck the hour of midnight and the bells pealed out, and from the village floated across the voice of the waits singing the old Christmas Carol, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Little Sonnie looked into my face trying to smile bravely in spite of his agony.

"It's Christmas morning Daddy," he

cried. "I am coming to show you my horse."

Poor brave little soul, he surely had his reward in meeting the "Daddy" he so dearly loved.

Though in my time I have seen many sad sights, I do not feel ashamed to confess that I broke down and cried like a child over the little hero who gave his life in trying to save his mother's. He was buried in the pretty village churchyard. Between us we raised a subscription and put a pretty marble cross to mark the last resting place of little Sonnie. On it was inscribed:

"In loving memory of Sonnie, aged seven, who gave his life for his mother."

At The Shack.

By Percy Flage.

And did you then see Shelley plain?
And did he speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems—and new!

I must answer my Browning (if Browning it is) partly in the negative.

I saw him plain enough—or was it a dream?—but had no words with him.

Let well enough alone, said I, he has a sharp wit and a keen tongue, and, man, what a vocabulary!

If he stuck to the beaten paths of conventional argument one might venture a friendly tilt up and down the trail—but when he steps aside for epithetical pebbles to his sling, as Daniel O'Connell paralysed the Billingsgate fish wife with his "profane parallelogram!" and "hypocritical hypothenuse!" what Goliath could stand before him?

What new variant of the "muddied oaf" stigma might he not apply to the unfortunate shoulders of one who annoyed him?

How would you like to win the fame of posterity as the first man who was called a "Tomlinsonian entity," by Kipling? No—hush!

Mine was the fortune at Alberni to obtain from the Hiram Walker Club permission to snap the massed features of those assembled to do their hero honour—and in that menial but union protected capacity I was able to observe and take mental notes for the benefit of those who gnashed at the outer door.

At a quarter to one o'clock the vast hall was thronged. The three dining tables that ran concurrently from the bench of honour near the raised dais of the musicians, far to the dim illimitable distances of a perspective vanishing point, were flanked by six endless rows of hungry and expectant males.

The walls were draped with the flags of all nations (Japan, perhaps, excluded) and festooned with the green and yellow turbans of countless slaughtered sikhs.

The balconies—oh, Romeo!—were hanging gardens of Babylon, where Eve in all her glory was arrayed quite different to these.

The less than hum of subdued murmurings in the great galleries of femininity, floated airly above a well of ab-

lute silence where sat and fasted the charter members of the club.

"'Tis merry in the Hall, when beards wag all," but the attendant quarter-hour that precedes a feast is clammy with gloom—and as I ran my eye along the serried ranks of bun and salad, cold turkey and sliced chicken all standing at breathless attention I shuddered, lest that should befall us which once happened to the shame and confusion of Glasgow.

The good Whigs of Glasgow, early in the last century when Whiggism was at the acme of its social prestige, were hidden to a midday dinner in the town hall or market place, to meet and greet and hear some noble or semi-royal personage from the south whose attendance at that town and on that occasion was held to be not less than epoch-making. They flocked in many thousands and being seated, as these of Alberni, before a great array of tempting dishes, caution was loudly given by the Master of Ceremonies that no one should uncourteously break bread or taste drink until the baronial guest arrived and took his place.

The minutes dragged slowly. The royal coach horses, mired somewhere below the coogate dragged slower yet, but the canny Glaswegians held out dourly till in an unhappy moment some clumsy or careless hand toying with an empty fork, dropped it on his yet empty plate.

The clanging sound reverberating to that end of the hall farthest from possible vision of his Lordship's entry was heard as a preliminary summons to begin.

Hands began to move and heads to bob, a dish clattered here and a spoon there, the panic spread contagiously and like a merry feu de joie ran up this table and down that to such effect that when the Duke entered fifteen minutes late and puffing apologies there were not in the whole room enough crumbs left to say grace over.

Stand fast—Alberni!

There is a flutter in the atmosphere, whispers of "Is that him?" "Ain't he sweet?" "So like his portrait, dear!"—but no—tis O'Shaughnessy, the caterer, counting forks for the last time and casting a Sherlock Holmes eye about in quest of souvenir hunters.

Now, then! In He comes, with seven solid citizens in tail male, the band playing Conquering Heroes and the ruck roaring hysterically.

God Save the King, all standing, and, then to feed.

There is comparative comfort in the room and a sense of peaceful ease while the men folk are eating and the women looking on.

How like an ancient English Hall it is, with the warriors at meat in the one great chamber, musicians harping softly to their pleasure and ladies half hidden bending from their tapestried bowers.

Very solemn these last, and earnestly studious of the striking scene below them.

I see their wide eye search this way and that to fix steadfastly on some to them perhaps not lesser hero than the chief guest.

Confidences are exchanged. Words are passed from ruby lips to shell-like ear. Are they vaunting each to each the worth of their own good man?

I from my vantage point can hear something of this:

"Just look at Tom wolfing down that cold potato salad and smiling like a gargoyle! Wouldn't he make a row if I gave him a bunch like that?"

As the last sigh of contenement is lost among the rafters the chairman rises and with a not unnatural nervousness presents to us "Mr. Kailyard Kipling, creator of the Rudyard school of diction—author of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' ('Bless me—I thought Mother Goose wrote that!" says one on my left), and "other stories' too numerous to mention—second only to Hall Caine and Marie Corelli as as a psychologist he only awaits the retirement of Alfred Austin to forge (not using forge in the sense of plagiarise) to the front rank of poetry writers. The Gilbert Parker of the British Empire—Our Guest!"

And Our Guest spoke something as follows: It is with mingled feelings of envy and gratification that I stand on Alberni real estate and address my fellow Empiricists. Speech-making is not my forte, and as John Rockefeller says, there is another medium in which I can better express my sentiments. But that's another story. I am envious of this

land where the lotus tree is crowded out by the Douglas Fir and the Hindu by his—no, its the other way—I must not say too much.

A land free from scab and blight, and poverty and crime and drink and suffragettes. A land where the sun is always shining and the rain is always raining and sometimes both.

I have spoken at ninety and nine flag stations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, each station lovelier than the last and the station master handsomer, more manly; and here at the jumping off place my Uutima Thule inasmuch as I make neither stop nor speech on my return voyage, I give to Alberni the palm of my approval as the best ever yet for scenery, climate, hops, crops and canned salmon and all that goes to the production of lovely women and five-meal bean-fed men.

From school boy days, Westward Ho was ever my motto and here in this city that juts farthest of all Canada into the Pacific ocean—jutting yet farther I understand in clam time when the tides are low—here where you make the proud boast (correct me if I am wrong) of being a day's march nearer Japan than any terminus on the continent—here—I say.

Why, here we are! Long may we jut.

Here, where the Somos Siwash has for countless centuries upheld the banner of an Anglo-Saxon Canada, let us forget the white man's burden and pay, pay, pay!

Forget Kim, forget Mowgli, forget Gunga Din! Your people shall be my people, and your policy my policy; and your magnificent plan of developing a world commerce, of vying with Tyre and Sidon and Venice and Bombay by building a concrete foot-wall all along high water mark from the forty-ninth to the fifty-fourth parallel flanked by political pits, bastioned with bombast and trimmed with a top dressing of borrowed British bayonets, rouses my wondering admiration.

Shall I conclude with a few rhythmic apothegms, born of the moment?

I shall—

KIPLING'S LATEST INVENTION.

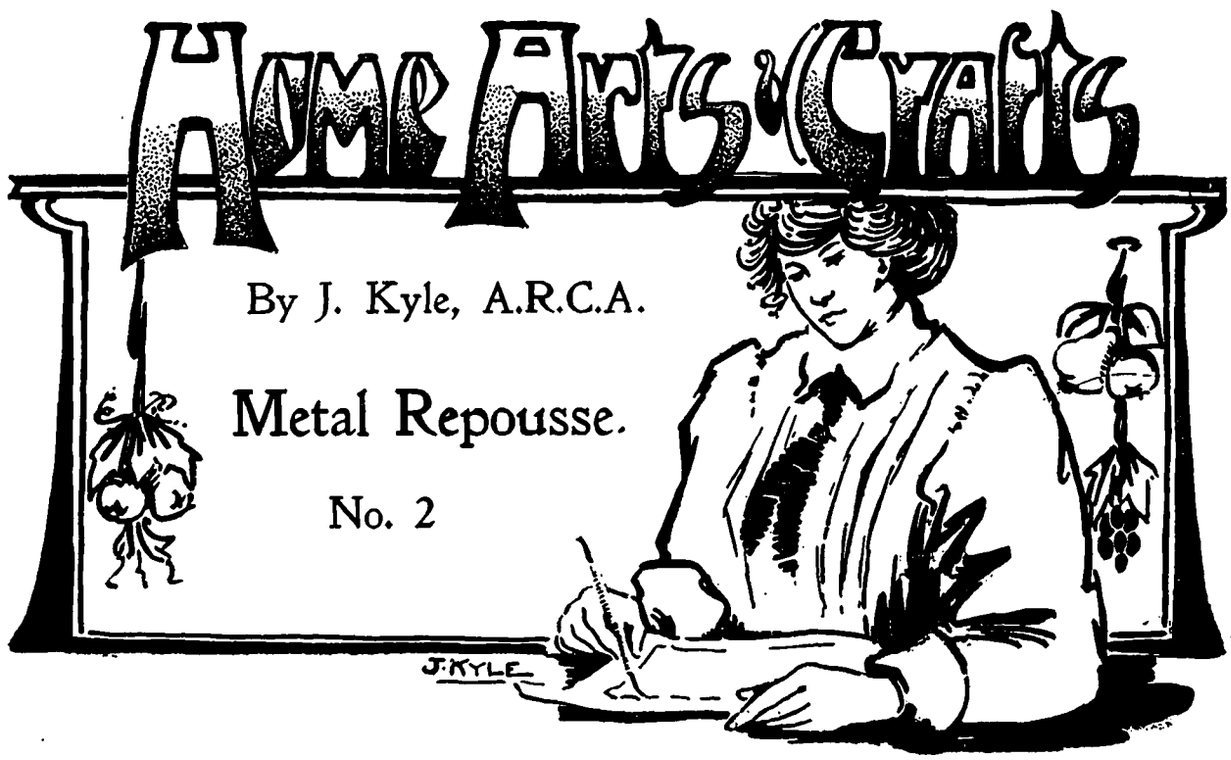
Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as sister and brother—
Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind—
Because ye are son of the Blood and call me Mother
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

We yearned beyond the sky line, where the strange roads go down,
The happy roads that take you o'er the world—
But we be only sailormen that use in London Town
Where hearts blood beat, or hearth smoke curled.

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the western main
We dreamed the long tides idle, till thy trumpet tore the sea.
Take the flower, and turn the hour and kiss your love again
Tell her England hath taken me!

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! you've taught us somethin' new—
No doubt but ye are the people, absolute, strong and wise—
Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue
The tumult and the shouting dies!

And so you'll write to McAndrews—he's chief of the Maori Line —
The skippers say I'm crazy! But I can prove em wrong—
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline,"
I trow ye'll not forget my song.



AN exceedingly useful and ornamental object to construct, in order to gain experience in handling the metal, is a plant pot. The effect in copper or brass harmonises well with almost any surroundings.

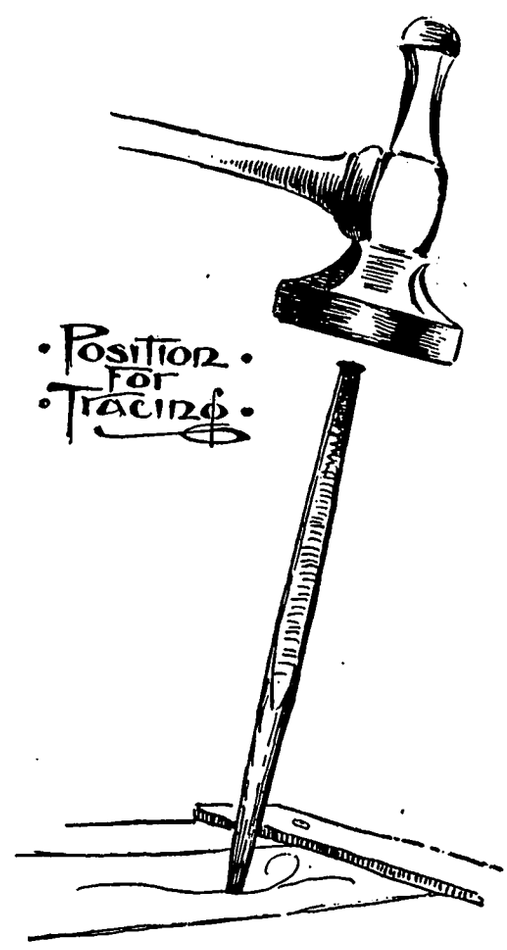
At any grocery store one can obtain a box 9 in. or 10 in. square, which will make an excellent foundation for covering with metal.

Take a strip of paper and fit it to the box with thumb tacks. This will give one the exact dimensions. At A and B leave enough metal to fold over at the top and bottom. Cut the small spaces out exactly 90 deg. so that they will join together at the corners when finished.

On this paper draw the design and let the forms be simple and bold. The front should be the important square; some simple boss or shield should be quite sufficient for the remaining spaces.

Trace the design from the paper to the copper with the stylo, and fix the metal to a board of soft wood as described in the last article. It is only necessary to pounce one square at a time.

Line the pattern with the tracer very carefully and let the lines be equal and



regular. Next punch down the back-

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ground; this will force the design into relief and it will scarcely be necessary to work from the back at all.

However, should the design require further pouncing, place the copper on a sandbag, and with a wood punch and mallet, force it gently out. Sometimes this can be done quite as well on the knee.

The three bosses should be hammered out from the back on the sandbag; and the whole strip straightened out with the mallet, preparatory to bending round the box into its position.

Punch the holes for the nails on a block of lead, and after it is tight and firmly hammered round the box, fix with copper nails.

Instead of a square box, a round tub could be used 9 in. or 10 in. diameter.

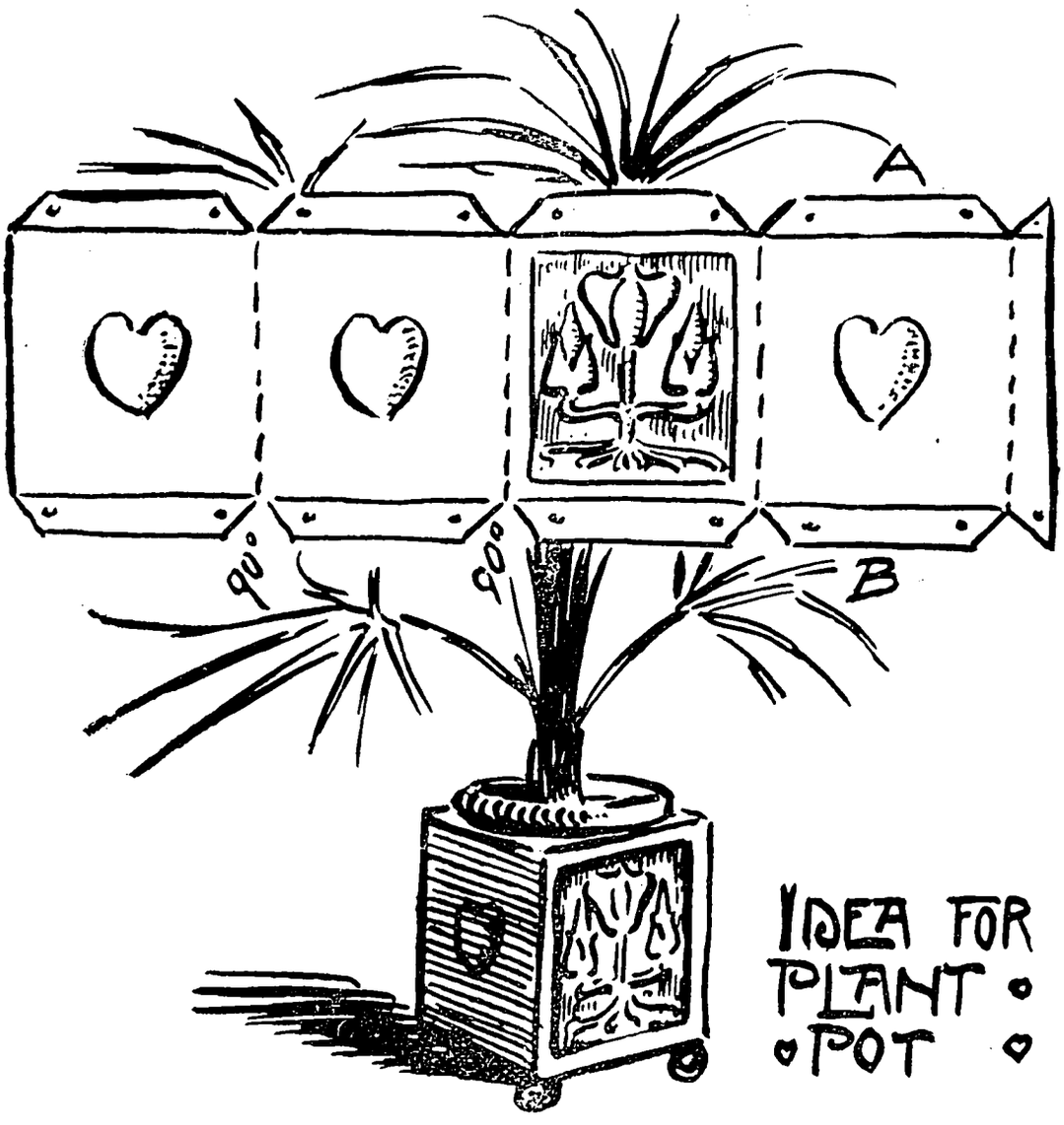
Set out the plan for the material according to Sketch No. 2.

Make AB the length of the top diameter and CD the length of the bottom. The space between them should be equal to the height.

Produce AC and BD until they meet at a point E. With compass point at E and radius ED describe an arc, then with radius EB describe another arc. Mark AB and CD three times round the arcs. Cut the paper out and see if it fits exactly, then draw on the design; trace it to the copper and work.

Take two strips of metal about one inch wide. Punch holes at regular intervals and nail round the top and bottom with copper nails.

There is a very attractive method of working metal in the House. The plate is very light and pliable, more in the nature of leather, in fact the embossed leather tools are quite suitable to trace and model neat decorative features, like lamp shades, blotter corners and similar small articles. The metal is so light that it can be worked on a soft ground with-

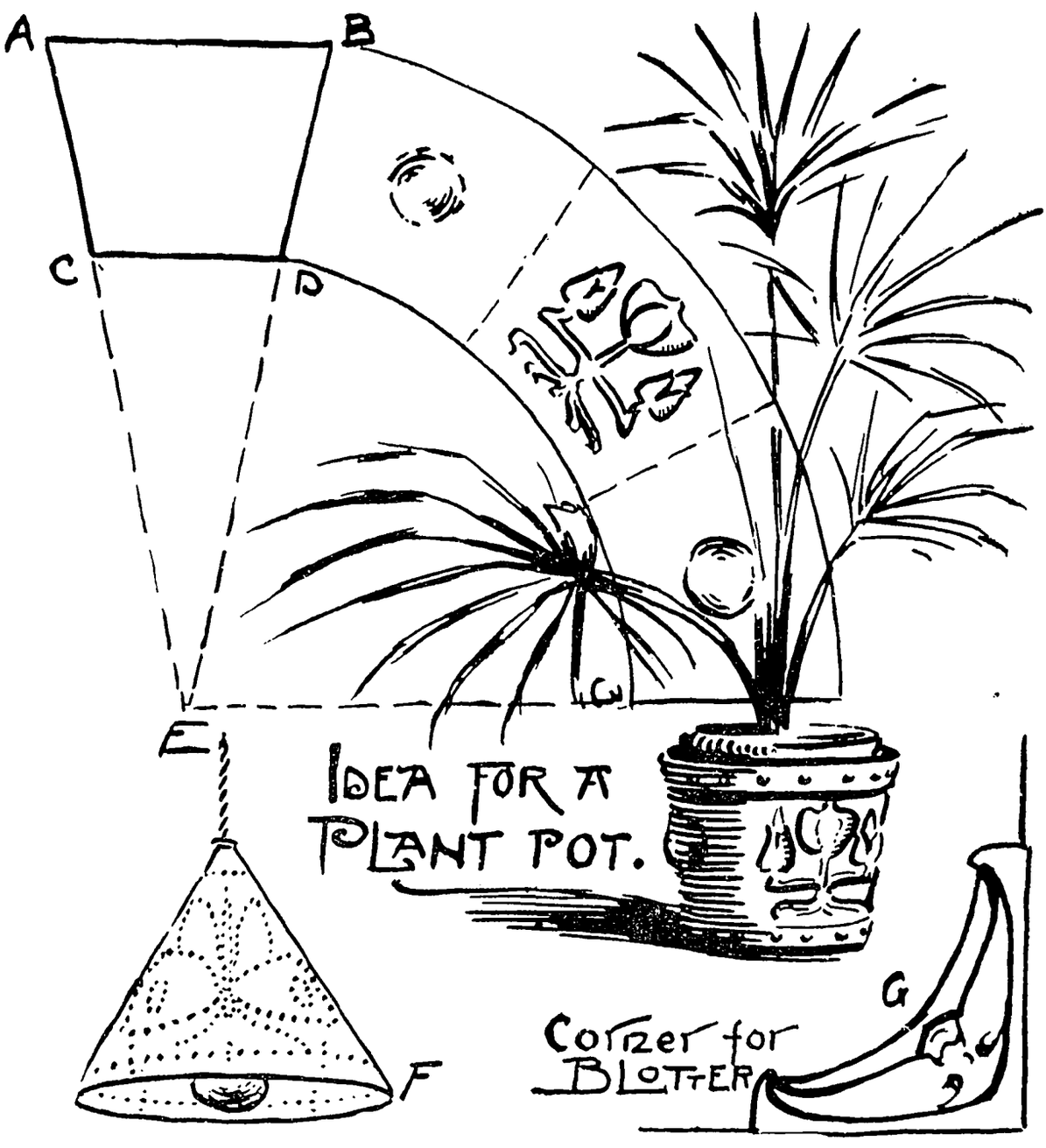


IDEA FOR PLANT POT

out punches at all. Place the metal on a pad of blotting paper, or any soft ground. Trace the design from the paper with the stylo and the impression will be found quite distinct and in good condition for any further work. Probably the lines may have to be strengthened in parts or spaces pressed up from behind.

For lamp shades either the ornament or the background should be pierced with a series of round holes so that the light may shine through. This gives a quaint effect and is very pleasing to the eyes. (See Illustration F.)

When making a shade draw out the plan on paper first, just as the plan for the round plant pot was made. Pin it into position first; if it is right, then cut the metal. The amount of scope in this work is surprising, but it is very light and trivial after all; however, it serves to introduce one to the designing and working of copper and brass. Those who are ambitious can branch out to work of a more permanent kind and which requires more skill in workmanship.



The Moriarty Twins Christening.

By Irene M. MacColl.

SURE, an' if I have to be afther callin' yez once more, Danny Flaherty, it's yersilf'll not get to the christening!" challenged Mrs. Flaherty from the kitchen, whence issued wails and lamentations proclaiming the fact that the baby was undergoing a vigorous tubbing.

"An' ain't I comin'?" belligerently returned her six-year-old son as he entered the room, keeping behind him in his right hand, while his left grasped a hammer.

"Phat are yez hidin' behind yer back, ye limb?" demanded his mother, as she set Nolan down in the rocking chair and advanced toward the boy.

"Th' hammer," and Danny held out his left hand promptly.

"Sure I can see that! Hould out the other wan!" Danny complied reluctantly.

"Where did yez get thim nails?"

"Who give thim to yez?"

"Nobody. Yez said it'd be all right fer me to take all iv the bent wans."

"Was all ix thim nails bent wans?" queried Irish honesty.

"N-no," said Danny.

"Phat were yez doin' wid the hammer?"

"I was hammerin'."

"Hammerin' phat?"

"Nails."

Fixing the youthful sinner with a wrathful eye, Mrs. Flaherty asked slowly, "Was you hammerin' thim nails so's they bent, an you could have them?"

Fortunately for Daniel, who might not have evinced such fortitude as did his illustrious predecessor, there came a knock at the door and Mrs. Kelly anxiously inquired the time—her clock having stopped.

"Half-past foive, is it? Sure, the christening is at eight an phat wid helpin' wid the supper an' all, it'll be small time we'll have for slepin' the night! Mrs. Moriarty's just afther tellin' me that the Mayor's comin' over. It'll be a great toime wel'll have."

"Haste ye, Danny, an' call yer father—he'll need to be gettin' ready to come wid us," said Mrs. Flaherty, and Danny, glad of the diversion which had taken his mother's mind off his misdeed, sped up Hogan's Alley.

He found his father talking with Billy Bakke, and after the manner of small boys, interrupted the conversation cheerfully:

"Yez are to come right home an' get ready for the christenin'!" he announced.

"I suppose yez'll be goin' this evenin'?" said Flaherty.

"Sure!" replied Bakke. "They'll be big doin's the night."

"Yes, an' they's goin' to be a regular spread," broke in Danny. "Ice cream an' sanwidges, an' pie, an' angel cake!"

"How do yez know?" queried Bakke, with a wink at the elder Flaherty.

"I seen it, an' I'd a had some angel's cake, only Mrs. Kelly caught me an Terry in the kitchen an' chased us out!"

"Phat are they havin' the angel cake fer, I wonder?" mused Bakke.

"I don't know," said Danny slowly. "I hope it's fer us!"

"Sure an' yez ain't an angel, thin!" said his father, starting homeward, as Mrs. Flaherty's voice was wafted to him in no uncertain tone.

Half an hour later she headed the little procession to the Moriarty's front door and after a moment's wait, the family entered the best room in all the glory of their Sunday finery.

"Troth, an' it's glad I am to see yez!" said Moriarty to his neighbour. "I've

been dyin' by inches fer a smoke, an' the wife wouldn't lave me have one. Come away out on the poorch."

Meantime, Danny had been making a preliminary tour of the cottage and found Mrs. Kelly the center of an admiring crowd, proudly exhibiting the twins—who were as like as two peas.

"Come, Danny, an' see the kids!" called Micky O'Rourke—a mischievous lad of fourteen.

Danny cossed the room and stood silently gazing down at the twins.

"Phat do yez think iv them?" asked Mrs. Kelly.

"They ain't much 'count!" said the boy, slowly. "They ain't got any teeth."

"Av course they haven't, but they'll get thim afther a while!" said Mrs. Kelly, while the others laughed.

"Nor anny hair," went on this Daniel come to judgment. "Will they buy it and put it on like you do yours?"

"Danny Flaherty, wait till I get yez home the night!" said his mother, trying to reach the boy through the crowd who willingly made a way of escape for him.

"Well, me bye!" said Father Gorman, lifting the lad on his knee, "an' phat do yez think iv the childer?"

"They're awful small—is all babies that small?" asked Danny.

"Sure, thin, Adam was the only wan I ever knew of wasn't," returned the priest, winking at old Pierto Bonnell; the genial Italian shoemaker, whose beaming smile was so bright, his love of "dat Italia" as intense in the alien country, as under his own sunny skies.

"Then wasn't he born a baby, at all?" Danny's eyes widened.

Hastily directing the boy's attention to the latest arrivals Father Gorman bent toward Bonnelli, who was speaking.

"I haf heard," he was saying, "dat dere iss peoples lika belief we was descent from da monkey—but I nefer belief it."

"Sure, it's more likely we were come from the Ark!" laughed the Father.

"Say," broke in Danny. "I know something about a twins—they're names' was Cain an Abel, an' they had a fite; an' Cain beat. I'd a licked him if I'd a been Abel!—is them twins goin' to be named soon—an' is wan iv thim a girl?"

"Yis, me lad," said Bakke, who had joined Danny's hilarious circle. "Phat do yez tink would be a nice name for her?"

"I do'no," answered the boy slowly. "I don't like girls."

Just then a chorus of greetings hailed the entrance of a tall well-built man, whose grey eyes swept over the crowd in general recognition. He was led to a seat of honour by Father Gorman.

Mayor Powers was a typical westerner —forceful, dominating. In every walk of life there are always some adventurous spirits who forge to the front because of the iron will, the steady nerves and calculating foresight of the men who are born to lead—to bring order out of chaos.

After a moment's chat, Father Gorman rose and crossed to Mrs. Kelly, who cradled the twins in her motherly arms. The Moriartys, big and little, were gathered by the centre-table in an awkward bunch. Mr. Kelly, also awkward, shifted ceaselessly from one foot to the other. A hush came over the company as the priest began a prayer and then all necks craned eagerly as Moriarty gingerly held out his arms and received a baby, which Father Gorman as carefully took from him.

"He's afraid iv lettin' it fall!" chuckled Bakke.

"S-sh — he's beginning another prayer!" whispered Barnes.

Then said the priest in low, clear tones, "I christen thee 'Kathleen Mo—'"

"Father! Father!" excitedly whispered Mrs. Kelly, "it's the boy yez have,—an' his name's to be Patrick!"

"Oh!" said the Father, hastily dipping his fingers into the christening bowl, "Then I christen thee 'Patrick Moriarty.'" Another prayer followed and the baby was handed back to its mother. The other child, wakened by the exchange of nurses, broke into a wail, and Moriarty handed it to his wife and took up the already christened infant. Father Gorman held out his arms for it, but again Mrs. Kelly came frantically to the rescue.

"Father! Father!" she gasped, "that's

the wan yez are just afther doin'!—take this wan, an' name it 'Kathleen'!"

"Faith, an' maybe he's not got the right wan now—he'd better sprinkle thim both again!" whispered Bakke to the little sharp-faced man next him.

"Ah, think it's na mair nor civilized!" he returned. His name, Burr, most aptly suiting him.

"What did you come for, then?" asked Barnes.

"Because I wis invitit!" snapped Burr tartly.

"Ye ken richt weel ilka man wi a voice like mine needna hide at hame! Noo, oor church wudna allow the like of you!"

"Yez mean the way Widdy Briggs is smilin' at yez?" inquired Bakke innocently.

Burr, red with wrath and the consciousness that the Widow was at that moment openly making eyes at him, wheeled squarely from the laughing trio and stalked with dignity to the opposite side of the room—having temporarily forgotten her presence there. His discomforture was not lessened as she coyly made room for him on the parlor sofa which had been placed in the corner on account of a disabled leg.

Naturally, the added weight of dignity and avoirdupois was too much for it, and Burr suddenly found himself sprawling on the floor.

As he regained his feet, the Widow rose with a wry smile and hastily readjusting a puff which had mysteriously broken away from its moorings, accepted a chair at the hands of his special aversion—a jovial individual who followed the same trade in the Alley.

Supper was almost over when Mayor Powers rose, and instantly the room became still.

"Friends," he said in clear level tones, "Phoenix is but one year old. Yet in this one short year what changes have taken place!

We have seen a city spring up—where once no man lived, and the forest-clad hills stood as sentinels about the hidden treasure they held in their fastnesses.

We have seen the awakening of the world to the possibilities that lay in these silent places—and the developing of great mines—for we of Phoenix can boast of the greatest copper mines in our great country. We have seen the founding of homes—may there be many more!—for good homes make good citizens, and good citizens make prosperity. Now, on behalf of the City Fathers, I take pleasure in presenting the first child—pardon me—children, born in this enterprising city of ours, with two lots on Water Street."

Amid wild cheering, the Mayor sat down. Danny Flaherty and Micky O'Rourke had listened quietly until the Mayor ceased speaking — then the younger boy in obedience to a signal from Micky, followed him into the bedroom, whence the twins had ben carried after their naming. Softly pushing the door over, the boys turned to the bed where lay the two little bundles.

In a flash, Micky dodged into a long narrow clothes closet, and improvised a bed from the garments hanging on the walls. Then, deftly lifting a sleeping baby, he carefully placed it on the floor. In a moment the other was beside it, and a big clothes basket pushed forward as a shield—in case their hiding-place was searched. In giggling silence they waited developments.

In a few moments Mrs. Kelly entered the room, and with a sharp exclamation, reappeared in the doorway, demanding in awful tones: "Has any-one seen the little twins, anny-wheres?"

Instantly everybody began searching for the missing children, in the flour-bin, the woodshed, under the beds,—anywhere the babies might have been smuggled as a joke—except the dark closet where the two young conspirators lay, chuckling gleefully at their joke—with never a thought of the anxiety they might be causing.

In a few minutes one of the children began to stir uneasily, and the boys, fearful of its wakening, decided to restore the babies, without discovery.

The room was empty, and in a moment the two bundles were lying on the big white bed again.

"How'll we get out?" whispered Danny excitedly.

"S-sh," returned Micky. "We'll thry the windy."

It lifted noiselessly, and Micky, droping to the ground, helped Danny to descend, just as Mrs. Kelly opened the door and discovered the twins—who were by this time squalling lustily.

"Sure, some wan's been playin' a joke on us!" they heard her announce triumphantly to the other searchers.

"If we'd a been caught wid the goods, we'd a got licked, sure!" giggled Micky.

"We'll not dast to tell, will we?" whispered his accomplice in crime.

"If yez do, it'll be all day with yez!" cautioned the older boy, as they made their way quietly round to the front door. There they encountered Father Gorman, to whom Micky spoke in tones of extreme delight. Aain't it good they've found thim little twins, Father?"

"Yes, my son," answered the priest turning; and, meeting the boy's sparkling eyes, read in their tell-tale depths the secret of the twins' disappearance.

"Micky," he asked, gravely, "if I were to ask you a question about, well, about the twins, would yez answer me the truth?"

"Plase, Father," said the boy, his lips twitching rebelliously, "I'd a lot rather yez wouldn't ask me anny!"

"Come, Danny!" called Mrs. Flaherty, "It's time all small childer were in bed. An' so thim little twins wasn't stolen, afther all, Father!" she added, perplexedly. "D'ye spose twas the Evil Man himsilf bewitched thim away the night?"

"Troth, an' I don't thin!' returned the priest, smothering a laugh with difficulty.

"Some wan must've been playin' a joke on us all, thin, Father?"

"Sure, I belave yez are right!" laughed the priest as the little group reached the Flaherty gate.

"It's a great-t Chrıstinin' they've had," said Michael, as he helped Danny up the steps.

"Yis," sighed the boy, sleepily. "Me an' Micky had an awful good time!"

DAWN SONG

By Blanche G. Holt Murison.

The golden chariot speeds its way,
From out the changeless tide;
Aurora comes to the gates of Day,
And opes their portals wide:
With rosy fingers she tips the stars,
And parts the sheen of their silver bars.

She gems the East with roseate hues,
And spangles the sky with light;
She scatters abroad ambrosial dews,
Distilled from the breath of Night;
She bends from the far horizon's brink,
And kisses the flowers, and bids them drink.

She heralds the glad and joyous birth,
Of wonderful things to be;
She whispers low to the drowsy earth,
Awake to the dawn and see!
Awake! awake to the hope of morn!
Awake! for another day is born!

Dixon's Amendment.

By Lavington Cumberbatch.

A CERTAIN Greek statesman once declared that his wife ruled the world, by ruling him, who ruled Athens, which ruled Greece, which ruled the world. And in this manner did Miss Sibyl Moore once rule the Legislature of Columbia, B. A.

The Legislature of Columbia, B. A., was ruled by Dixon, M.L.A., Chief of a small band of Socialists who in reality held the balance of power; Dixon, M. L. A., was under the orders of Larry O'Brien, his campaign manager; and Larry O'Brien, secretary of the Wallsend Miners' Union, secretary-treasurer of the Wallsend Local of Socialists, and general all-round denouncer of every person who is above, or endeavours to rise above the social line drawn by the Wallsend Socialists, was little better than a slave to Miss Sibyl Moore, a young lady of some beauty and much independence, who earned her own living by teaching a part of the young idea of Wallsend to shoot.

O'Brien, when not on duty—that is, when not actually engaged in the noble task of calling down maledictions on all "scabs," "parasites," "slave-drivers," "blood-suckers," "vampires," etc. (for which he was paid) was a pretty decent sort of a chap. He possessed a goodly person, had a fair education, was temperate almost to abstinence, could sing a good song, and, what was perhaps best of all, he had a command of language which was at once the envy of all his foes.

Now, this O'Brien had for some time been diligently angling for the hand of Miss Moore, and what was most incomprehensible in a man of his parts, he took good care to let her see how his nets were disposed, his lines baited, etc., —in a word, he committed the consummate and unpardonable folly of confiding to her an exact statement of his worldly standing, his hopes, prospects and ambitions, winding up by declaring to her that if she would but consent to become his wife all these and more should be hers.

She listened to him most attentively, and when he had finished thanked him for the compliment he had thus paid her in offering her all that he possessed and hoped to possess; but, unfortunately, she could not then consider a proposal of marriage. As he was well aware, she was an ardent advocate of women's rights, and hoped some day to be a voter like himself, but until that day came—the day when her equality with man should be recognized by man—she would not think of surrendering her present independence for any man.

"And so you've made up your mind not to marry until you've voted?" he said, interrogatively.

"That's what I said," replied she, with finality.

He was silent for some moments, then: "This is an extravagant position to take," said he. "It may be twenty, aye, forty years before we see the enfranchisement of women. You surely won't be content to wait all that time?"

"Contented I certainly will not be," she replied; but I am prepared to wait —and work. . . . If we could but secure the assistance of one unselfish legislator," she added, addressing the lamp-shade, "—just one, to press our demand in the Councils of State we might not be compelled to wait forty years for that which we ought to have had ages ago. But," she concluded absently, as though thinking aloud, "they

are all alike; and I do not know but that they are wise in thus ignoring us, for they know the moment we obtain our rights their supremacy ends."

"You are hard on our law-makers, Miss Moore. I am in full sympathy with you in this matter; but in justice to those in whose hands the remedy lies I would say that the question of women's suffrage has never yet been an issue in Provincial politics. . . . They do not know that you want it. I am sure that if the matter were represented to them in the proper way they would not be so ungallant as to give it the deaf ear."

"And, pray, how must their High Mightinesses be approached? Must we go to them on our knees, and in tears entreat them to listen to us, or must we select champions of their own sex who shall face them with drawn swords?"

This was spoken in apparent sober earnest, and with adequate theatrical accompaniment. O'Brien was growing impatient. He was tired of the subject; but he dared not retreat.

"You must do neither," he replied, in as soothing a tone as he found it possible to command. "A good way to go about it would be to organise in all the Electoral Districts societies composed exclusively of ladies of voting age. These societies could discuss the matter and pass resolutions, etc.—you know how these things are managed. They could then form a Provincial League which, acting on behalf of all the societies, could present their case to the Government in the usual way. That is the best thing I can suggest."

"Thank you very much for the idea," she said, with cool sarcasm. "It is beautiful in conception; sublime in its simplicity; and I can only say that your estimate of forty years is much too sanguine. By this system we would at the end of a hundred years be just where we started. Now listen to me. I propose to begin where you would have us end. I have often heard you say you can do anything you please with Dixon. I have as often heard it asserted that Dixon is the master of the administration. Be that as it may, I know that the party in power cannot afford to refuse Dixon anything. And an amendment to the Elections Act is not a very formidable affair. . . . So now, Mr. O'Brien, to use a vulgar expression, it is up to you."

O'Brien pondered in silence for about five minutes. The magnitude of this proposal, coupled with its suddenness, was staggering in the extreme. "In a week," he said, after regaining his composure, "the House meets for its second session. Last session the Government, with the aid of the Socialist wing, managed to put through a few unimportant measures. For this session they have prepared a much more ambitious programme, much of which will be hotly opposed by the enemy, which means that our party will be in greater demand than ever. . . . Yes, Miss Moore," he concluded, "I think it not altogether impossible, and is at least worthy of a trial."

"Go ahead, then, and earn the undying gratitude of sixty thousand downtrodden women."

"Amen," he reverently responded. "And if we be successful I understand you promise—"

"I promise," she replied, interrupting him, "nothing more than that I shall not consider the question of marriage until my sex has been placed on a political equality with yours."

This meant absolutely nothing; but many stronger men than O'Brien have been urged on to the very gates of Tophet by promises meaning no more.

* * * * *

"But, Larry, this is sheer madness. Nobody barring a few unsexed women has ever asked for it, and it is my opinion that nobody wants it. The question is altogether absurd and uncalled for."

Dixon and O'Brien were closeted in the latter's private office at Socialist headquarters, and O'Brien was urging upon the Member for Wallsend the necessity for an amendment to the Elections Act, which should comprehend all females as well as males, being British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years, etc.

"Absurd or reasonable," replied O'Brien, "it has got to go. It won't be

altogether out of place as coming from us, since this very question is one of our articles of faith; with how much or how little sincerity you perhaps know best. So if you are wise you will introduce the amendment at the coming session and press it home to a successful issue."

"I'll be damned if I will," was the laconic reply of Dixon, M.L.A.

"Very well, then," said O'Brien. "Perhaps you won't mind my sending in your resignation?"

"You send in my resignation!" exclaimed Dixon, with some warmth. "Are you the whole Executive Committee? Bear in mind that you are only one of twelve."

"True enough," admitted O'Brien, with a smile like the summer twilight; "but the document is in my possession, and—well, I think you know Larry O'Brien."

"Send it in, then, and be hanged to you!" thundered Dixon, his patience at last giving way. "I'll run again, in spite of you."

"Most heroic of you, I am sure; but have you ever considered how your majorities have been obtained?"

He had not; and as this was a matter of some importance he now gave it his most careful attention, with the result that he finally agreed to father the proposed Bill for the amendment of the Provincial Elections Act.

* * * * *

When the Member for Wallsend introduced his Bill for the Amandment of Chapter 67 of the Revised Statutes of Columbia, and Amending Acts, his fellow-legislators regarded the thing as a joke. They, however, thought they would pass it on until it reached the Committee stage, when they would have some fun with it at the expense of its author. The Bill itself was an innocent-looking little document of four sections only. The first of these was the title of the Bill, and the last fixed the time when it should become law. The substance of the measure therefore was contained in sections 2 and 3. And how beautifully simple it was! All that was asked for in section 2 was that the word "male" in line 1, section 7, chapter 67, R.S.C., should be struck out, and the word "person" substituted therefor. Section 3 enacted that the words "of the male sex" in the second interrogatory of Form A., section 3 of the Provincial Elections Amendment Act, 1902, being the Application for the Registration of Provincial Voters, be struck out.

There would seem to be nothing very formidable in the substitution of one word for another in, and the removal of four small words from, an existing Act of Parliament; but in reality it meant nothing less than the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men.

The Provincial Secretary was the first Member to accost Dixon when the House adjourned.

"I say, Dixon," said that pillar of the State, "what jolly are you up to now? You ought to know better than to be wasting the time of the House with your bally freak bills. I suppose you will be introducing a compulsory marriage act next."

"Not just yet," replied Dixon; "but I may later on. As to the bill I brought in today you must know that I mean to see it through, and you are going to help me with it."

"I don't know so much about that. Why, man alive, my people would flay me alive if I lent countenance to such a measure. They have a notion that their women have too much to say as it is."

"Never fear the result, old man," said Dixon, with unwarranted confidence. "The women will vote solid for the men who gave them the chance to vote, while the men are too firm in their party allegiance to switch because of a little thing like this. You watch me work the Grits. They can see farther into human nature in two minutes than you fellows can in two years."

"Be that as it may," said the Provincial Secretary, "my advice to you is to leave well enough alone and withdraw the Bill before it is defeated. You can gain nothing by its passage, anyway."

"This Bill," returned Dixon, slowly, as though weighing each word, "means

the same to me that the Loan Bill means to you fellows. My very political life depends on it. Give me the unconditional support of your side, in so far as you can whip the beggars into line, and I promise you my five—for the Loan Bill at least."

"I can't say that I am in love with this chivalrous, knight-errant, tomfoolery of yours, Dixon," said the Minister, "but I'll see what Mac and Elliott" (the Premier and the Tory whip) "have to say about it."

"Very good. Now I'll go see what I can do with the Grits." And off went the Member for Wallsend in search of support from the gentlemen to the left of Mr. Speaker.

It might here be mentioned that the House consisted of nineteen Tories, of whom one was the Speaker; eighteen Grits; and five Socialists. The Tories held the reins of power by virtue of the fact that they were at the helm at the time of the General Election of which the present House was the result; and in spite of the bitterest opposition from the Grits they continued to hold them until the end of the term.

That a Government which was actually in a minority in the House could successfully carry on the business of the country and control the House for four years requires some explanation, and this may be discerned in the fact that on every important division the five Socialists were found voting with the Tories. These gentlemen were nominally independent of both the other parties, their platform being to support whatever legislation might seem to them to be in the best interests of the workingman, and to vote against anything and everything that was in the interests of capital. But it was notorious of Dixon that he could see, and prevail upon his followers and constituents to see, good in anything that was good for Dixon, M.L.A. Hence it is not surprising that he should throw in his lot with the people who had the dispensation of the loaves and fishes.

With the Grits Dixon found it most difficult to deal, for they loved him not; moreover, there was no one man among them who could speak for the lot. It is true they gave some sort of half-hearted allegiance to him—they called him their leader; but they were far from being united—except in their opposition to the Administration. Hence Dixon was reduced to the necessity of button-holing them individually. And the result of his canvas was that he secured promises of support from six, and promises of neutrality from two. The remaining ten, the leader among them, promised him most faithfully that they would oppose his Bill to the bitter end. One grizzled old warrier from an up-country mining camp told him blankly to go to Bedlam and take his bill with him as a credential for admission.

When the bill came up for second reading it was the subject of a lively debate which lasted over two hours, and the Member who had consigned it and its author to Bedlam tried to kill it by moving the six months' hoist; but in this he was unsuccessful, and it passed its second reading by a good majority. In Committee of the Whole, which followed two days later, the hostile Grit members created a great deal of amusement by moving amendment after amendment, any of which if carried would have destroyed the aim of the Bill, and have left the original law exactly as it stood; but Dixon had succeeded so well in his canvas among the members that all attacks were public, and the Bill was finally reported complete without amendment. The report was adopted, and the Bill read a third time and passed, the division being:

Ayes—Tories, 10; Grits, 6; Socialists, 5—21.

Nays—Tories, 5; Grits, 10; Socialists, 0—15.

Three Tories and two Grits were absent from the Chamber.

There now remained nothing but the Royal Assent, and this was given a week later. The Governor was seated on the throne, the Members were all in their places, the galleries were crowded with spectators, the ladies' gallery being packed to the doors with fair ones, and the air was tense with suppressed excitement. The Clerk of the Legislative Assembly read the titles of the Bills

that were to be assented to that day, and when he reached Dixon's famous amendment it was noticed that the Governor, as courtly and gallant an old gentleman as any who ever graced the halls of Queen Bess, looked up to the Ladies' gallery, bowed and smiled. This was the last straw. The people present broke into a tumult of applause. It began in the Ladies' gallery, spread through the men at each side, along to the scribes over and behind the Throne, and finally down to the floor of the House itself. And thus ended the making of one of the most romantic pieces of legislation in the history of Columbia.

This Act came into force on the dissolution of the House that passed it, and the result was rich in surprises. Of the 23,000 women who thus found themselves qualified as Provincial voters over 8,000 refused point blank to register their votes, declaring that it was bad enough to be compelled to see their sons, husbands and brothers eternally warring over politics, to the exclusion of their own personal affairs; and another 5,000 expressed their willingness to register when they were old enough—which goes to show that of two children, a boy and girl, born in the same year the boy will be twenty-one anywhere from one to five years sooner than the girl.

But the greatest surprise of all was that, contrary to Dixon's prediction, and to the expectations of the majority of the ex-M.L.As. the 10,000 who actually registered and voted at the ensuing General Election did not by any means vote solid for the men who had supported the Act which gave them the power.

One notable result was that in Alexandra City, where the women polled one-third of the total vote, four Grit Members who had supported the Act were defeated by large majorities; while in Cranfield old Macdermott, he who had tried to shelve it by moving the six months' hoist, was returned by acclamation. In Wallsend, where neither Grit nor Tory dared show his face, Dixon, despite the best efforts of O'Brien, who fought the fight of his life, went down before another Socialist. In Burrard City alone did the people elect supporters of the Act, and there the five Tory Members, two of them Cabinet Ministers, were returned, although by greatly reduced majorities. The Premier was also returned, but he had neither spoken nor voted for the Bill, he having at the time been "paired" with one of the neutral Grits. The Provincial Secretary was defeated, and the remaining four Tory champions of women's rights avoided a fall by not entering the arena—they simply would not run. As it was, the seats went to four other Tories, so the party sustained no loss on that score. Of the five Tories who opposed the Bill, four were elected, the fifth one being defeated by an Independent Grit. The four neutral Tories, including the Premier and Mr. Speaker, were also elected.

The ten Grits who opposed the Bill were all returned, so were the two who had stood neutral on the question; but the whole six supporters were defeated.

The five Socialist Members were defeated; but as the fight in three constituencies was confined to themselves they had the barren honour of returning three standard-bearers to the House. In the two districts in which they encountered foreign opposition they lost one each to the Tories and the Grits.

This General Election and its results were unique in the history of Columbia, B.A., in that the regular order of things was completely reversed. In all former elections the candidates had always declared themselves as for or against some one great question of general Provincial interest, and the people had always responded by ignoring the great question and voting as suited their own personal and particular interests. But this time the politicians entered the ring without anything in the shape of a definite platform on either side, but with a multitude of petty trifles such as a bridge here, a new waggon-road there, a new school yonder, etc., etc., and never once touching on the matter which was uppermost in the minds of all, namely, the women's suffrage affair. They did not know how the people felt on that important matter until after the votes were counted, when it became patent to all

that the people could have been thinking of nothing else.

As near as is possible where the secret ballot is in use it was ascertained that the women who interested themselves in the election divided their support about evenly, while as a protest against the passage of Dixon's Amendment, the men were almost unanimous in support of those members who had opposed it, and vice versa.

The newly-elected House consisted of 24 Tories, 15 Grits, and 3 Socialists; a clear majority for the Tories of six over all. This was not very cheering to the Grits and Socialists; but every right-thinking man in the Province was satisfied that it was better than having the country exposed to the "stand and deliver" of a few Socialists.

Elections are productive of curious and amusing incidents, but a book might be written on the humours of this election without exhausting the supply. Needless to say, the presence of the fair sex at the polls was responsible for a great deal of the fun, and in Wallsend the ingenuity of Larry O'Brien furnished material for many laughs. Larry was engineering Dixon's side of the campaign. In his capacity of agent-in-chief for Dixon he made a thorough canvas of the district, and by various means ascertained who were likely to vote for Dixon, and who would vote for Dave Morgan. This knowledge obtained he took some of the boys into his confidence and unfolded his plan, which was nothing more than that they should make it their business on polling day to see that the women, and especially the younger ones, of their side came early to vote. To the women themselves he said nothing. He knew better.

On polling day he was stationed in the polling booth to watch the interests of Dixon, and it afforded him much satisfaction to see that by noon the greater number of the younger women known to be on Dixon's side had voted, while on the other hand the fair supporters of Morgan had been but few, and those mainly of the matron order, whose bona fides were above question. The proceedings were enlivened here and there by amusing little incidents arising out of the ignorance on the part of some of the ladies of the rules of the election and the proper use of the ballot; but in general they acquitted themselves more creditably than might have been expected in the circumstances. About 1 p.m. O'Brien fired his first shot. A rather trim and natty little woman entered and stood before the Returning Officer, a benevolent old gentleman, in spectacles and a bald head, himself the husband of one, and the father of four female voters.

"Your name, please?" said he, seeing that she made no attempt to speak.

The lady looked at him in surprise and —"Oh, Mr. Owens," said she; "you know who I am. You know me as well as you do your own daughters."

"Yes, miss," he replied, "I do. But you must announce your name, you see. It is the law, and everybody has to do it."

"Oh," she said, in a quavering voice, "my name is Winnie Jones."

"Winnifred Gwendoline Jones, 17 Monmouth Street, Stenographer," read the Poll Clerk, from the voters' list.

Up jumped O'Brien, and—"I object to that vote," said he.

It was the first female vote challenged that day and everybody was surprised, the lady herself in particular.

Counsel for the defence (Morgan's agent) was on his feet in an instant.

"On what ground do you base your objection?" he demanded.

"That of minority," curtly replied O'Brien.

"But I am over twenty-one," piped the lady.

"My impression is that you are under it, and I object to your being furnished with a ballot unless you take the oath."

"Take the oath," sounded terrible to her, and it was with the tears welling up in her eyes that she appealed to the Returning Officer: "You know this is not so, Mr. Owens."

"In private I may," he replied; "but officially I do not. However, if you will take the oath as demanded you can vote."

"I must warn the lady that if she takes the oath and votes she does so at her own risk, and we will after the election

prove her age by ascertaining the date of her birth," said O'Brien.

"This is all nonsense, Mr. Owens," said Morgan's agent. "All this talk of minority is utterly absurd and futile. Why, sir, one has only to look at the lady to be convinced—"

His speech was cut short by the lady herself, who turned on him a face eloquent of bitter resentment.

"To be convinced of what?" she asked, and without giving him a chance to reply continued: "I think you are pair of impertinent puppies. I was going to vote for Mr. Morgan, because he is the nicest man of the two; but I shan't vote for either of them now, so there." And out she went, with her cheeks aflame and her chin in the air.

Finding his bluff successful O'Brien repeated it in various forms no fewer than twenty-seven times that afternoon. In twenty-five cases the ladies left the booth without voting. Two called him by taking the oath. He made great capital out of promising to prove their ages, for although the majority of his victims would have sworn to being twenty-one there was not a single one who would take the chance of having her real age disclosed.

Morgan's sponsor tried the same game with but slight success. He managed to turn away a timid little mouse of a woman who had much against her will been coerced into politics by a couple of bullying brothers, but he caught a Tartar when he challenged Miss Sibyl Moore, for the cool contempt with which she received his objection, and the firm way in which she took the oath made him feel like a penny in a bushel of twenties.

O'Brien did good work for Dixon, but it was not quite good enough; for that gentleman was defeated by a large majority, for which the male voters were mainly responsible.

Miss Moore left Wallsend that night to spend her summer vacation with friends in the country. At the end of five weeks she returned, to find O'Brien working at his old occupation of a coal miner, he having in the meantime been deposed from his position of secretary of the Miners' union, and secretary-treasurer of the Local of Socialists. His cavalier treatment of the ladies in the polling booth had given grave offence to a great many of the men by whose suffrages he held those offices.

One evening, shortly after her return, O'Brien met her at the home of a friend, and while escorting her to her own home from thence the following dialogue ensued:

"I trust, Miss Moore, you have not forgotten the promise you made me two and a half years ago."

"Promise! What promise?"

"Now, Miss Moore," with a smile, "you remember that night in January when we first discussed the question of women's suffrage. I promised to do all I could in the matter, and you promised to accept me after you had polled your first vote."

"Did I, really? Dear me! My memory must be sadly at fault. All I remember is that I said I would not marry until women were made politically equal with men."

"It is true that you made no definite promise, but still I have been hoping ever since that you might look with favour on my suit. Won't you accept me, dear Syb—Miss Moore? I know that my lot is not the most enviable in life, but you should consider that I practically ruined myself in your cause, and if you refuse me my cup of bitterness will indeed be complete."

O'Brien was dramatic, but Miss Moore was not impressed. "Tell me one thing, Mr. O'Brien," she said. "Did you foresee this result to yourself?"

"As clearly as I now see your house before us," he replied, with returning hope. "Two days after the Bill was introduced in Parliament I knew that if it became law Dixon would never be re-elected in Wallsend, and, of course, his defeat meant my downfall. I could have had the Bill withdrawn at any time up to the third reading, but I felt that I was playing for a higher stake than anything else the country had to offer. There's my case, Miss Moore. Have I won?"

They were at the door of her house, and would part in a few seconds. Find-

ing herself fairly challenged she met the question with a suddenness and an absence of dissimulation not at all feminine. But then she always prided herself on being free from all female weakness.

"That was very noble of you," she said in answer, with her right hand on the wrist of the left glove, "but it was also very foolish, and had I been aware of the possible consequences I should never have allowed you to deliberately sacrifice your future to what was after all only a woman's whim. I owe you a debt which I can never pay; but it grieves me to say that we can never be anything more than friends," peeling off the left glove. "And even if I felt otherwise this," holding up to the street lamp her left hand, from the third finger of which came a brilliant flashing, "is in the way. It was placed there a week ago by a man in Sandridge, whom, if you wish I will introduce to you when he comes up at Christmas. . . . Good night."

A Camera Study of the Life of the Muskrat.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

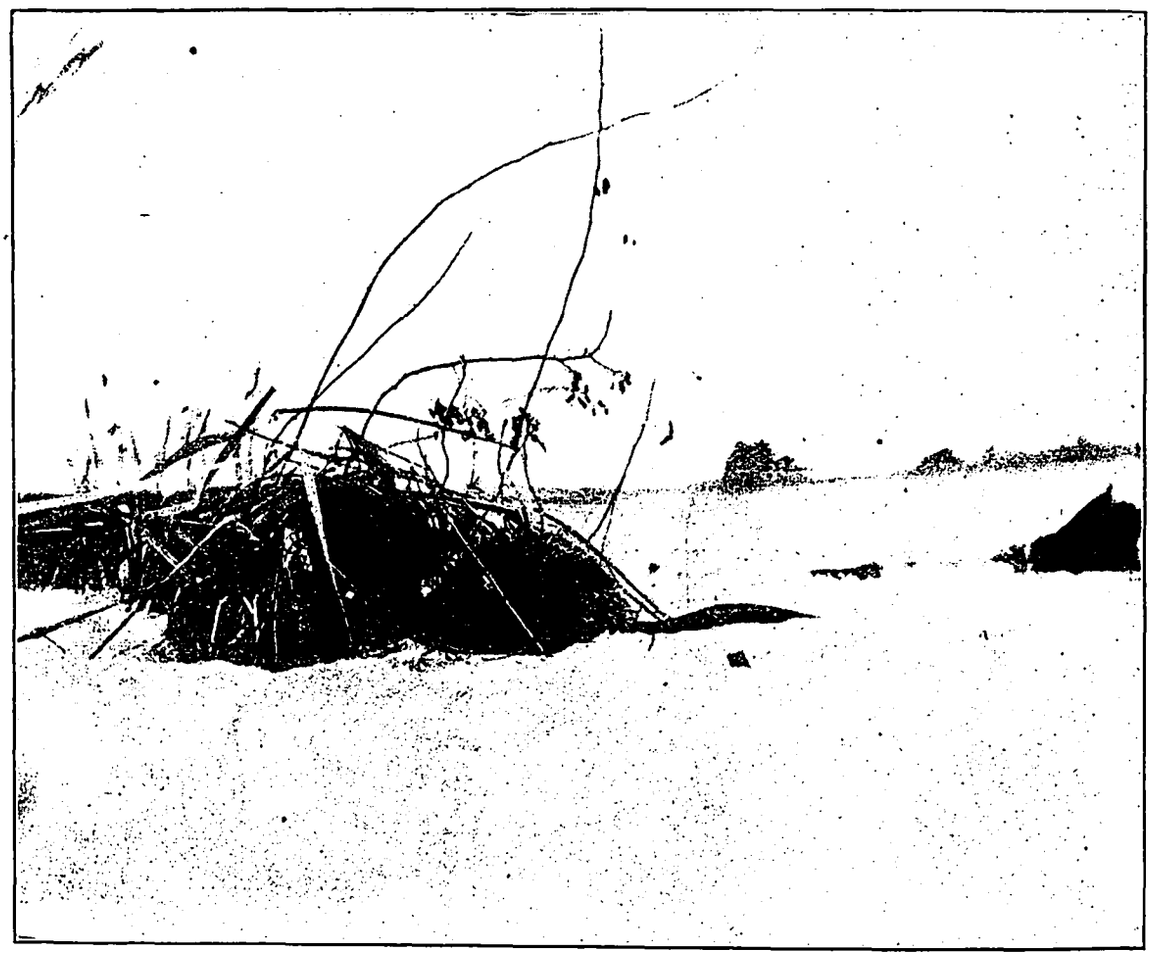
THE prolific furbearer is scattered broadcast all over this "Canada of ours." The domes of their wild rice-straw and flag-built houses dot every marsh, bog and "drowned-lands." The banks of the lakes and rivers are perforated with the channels that lead to the bank-dwellers' homes, yet to see one of these shy animals in light that is sharp enough for photography is a rare event.

Hawk, the Mississauga guide, and I stood on the thick ice that bound the Otonabee River. All the landscape was sparkling white under its mantle of snow. The tops of the muskrats' houses showed here and there, yellow dots amid the scene; one, immediately in front of us, an immense pile of marsh debris, bore the tell tale footmarks of the fox; others were torn open, showing where animals had forced an entrance, two-legged animals, I thought, as I remembered the Indian village lay not far away, and these clean living vegetarian animals are not to be despised by a hungry woodsman, be he white or red. It was late in March. Already the melting ice and snow had raised the water and a swift current flowed beneath our feet. In one place a ribbon of blue water showed the coming spring. Instantly Hawk displayed his natural instinct by launching the sled-borne canoe into that mere ripple of blue and standing up he poled his way along, forcing the light craft through the honeycombed ice. "Nesahbubwa oon je"—drowned out—he called back. The rising water had forced these families (sometimes as many as ten live in one house; the last litter of "kittens" take place in October, so only two of these would be adults) to leave the warm winter house and seek shelter under logs in cedar swamps and even under the log barns of the settlers.

"March winds and April showers" soon played havoc with the icefields. The sleek brown animals, released from the icebound places, ran everywhere in marsh

and bog, the runaways criss-crossing every square yard of these immense waste lands. This is the breeding season, and the whining and snarling of the muskrats could be heard all the night long, love here—as in a greater order—leading to many quarrels. Often, as we lay hidden in the canoe in some dense piece of cover, have we seen a pair of these glossy brown animals decide by single combat who should possess the plump female. She, seemingly unconcerned, sat nibbling a wild onion on a nearby log. Whining and crying the males approached one another. Suddenly there was a fierce rush and they were tightly locked in each others arms. The clever use they make of them justifies this word. Face to face, savagely with the long sharp yellow teeth, tearing desperately with the strong claws, they rolled over and over in the beaver grass, plunging at last down a mossy incline into the water. Still tightly locked with the forepaws, swimming and kicking with the hind ones, the battle continued until the deep wounds of one compelled it to give in. Then they both emerge and comb the disturbed coat with their forepaws, much as a cat does, licking and nosing the fur into place. Then the victor rambles off after his chosen mate, ready and willing to fight off the next intruder. The pelts of these animals are badly gashed by these continuous fights. I have seen clean cut incisions from an inch to three inches in length.

As the month of April ran on, the muskrats started to build their spring houses. At least the females did, for their fierce fighting lovers had promptly retired to the secluded places the moment work was in order. It was intensely interesting to watch one of these plump females dragging up the building materials, these were floating around the center of the spot she had chosen, usually the top of a submerged log, a bit of firm bog, oras in the picture, the roots of an old decayed marsh maple. Hour after hour and night after night she toiled backwards up the growing mound,



Muskrat Tearing Into Submerged House.

dragging great mouth and pawfuls of parrot grass, wild oat, wild rice, flags, reeds, elder branches, willow cutting, until she had reared a solid pile four feet above the water. Then the submarine work began. Starting from the center of the pile below water, she gradually tore her way up until she was two feet above water. Here she cut a half-circular shelf-like chamber for the nesting place and here the kittens were born and reared.

A Muskrat's Nest.

Three weeks later we opened the well-built house. Its straw walls were dry and clean, and its straw-lined nest as sweet and pure as if freshly gathered, instead of having had a litter raised in it. All the young promptly plunged or fell into the "diving hole" in the center of the house, emerging from the exit below water, where, no doubt, the female took care of them. All got away save one blind, sleek, pink-legged, blind-eyed, grey-silky little chap. It squealed in the nest like a kitten, its still blind eyes blinking and quivering in the unaccustomed glare. It shrank from our unfamiliar touch and finally went to sleep. Its hind feet and head are all out of proportion to the balance of its well shaped body. We left it there in the bright light and anxiously watched for the mother's return. But although we saw her pass us with a youngster held upside down in tender tooth hold—said youngster kicking and squealing tremendously, no wonder—it was borne through marsh and

water at a great pace in this most unnatural position. We could trace its unseen course readily by its sharp querulous complaints. One after another she carried them past and laid them on a hastily made "draw-up" in the hot sunshine. But either she was deficient in arithmetic or she had given up the other for lost, no matter which, she allowed us—forced us—to adopt it. Back to our island cabin we carried it. We fed it, wrapped it snugly in wool, obtained fresh milk for it, my assistant acting as a foster-mother, with the assistance of a fountain pen filler. Alas, all our care was in vain. The tiny semi-transparent pink legs became weaker, the plaintive cries fainter, the heavy head too much for the tired body and finally it stretched itself wearily and lay still, to our great regret, for the human heart has room for any suffering thing, dumb things especially, and we must admit we had grown fond of the odd little pet in the few days we had it.

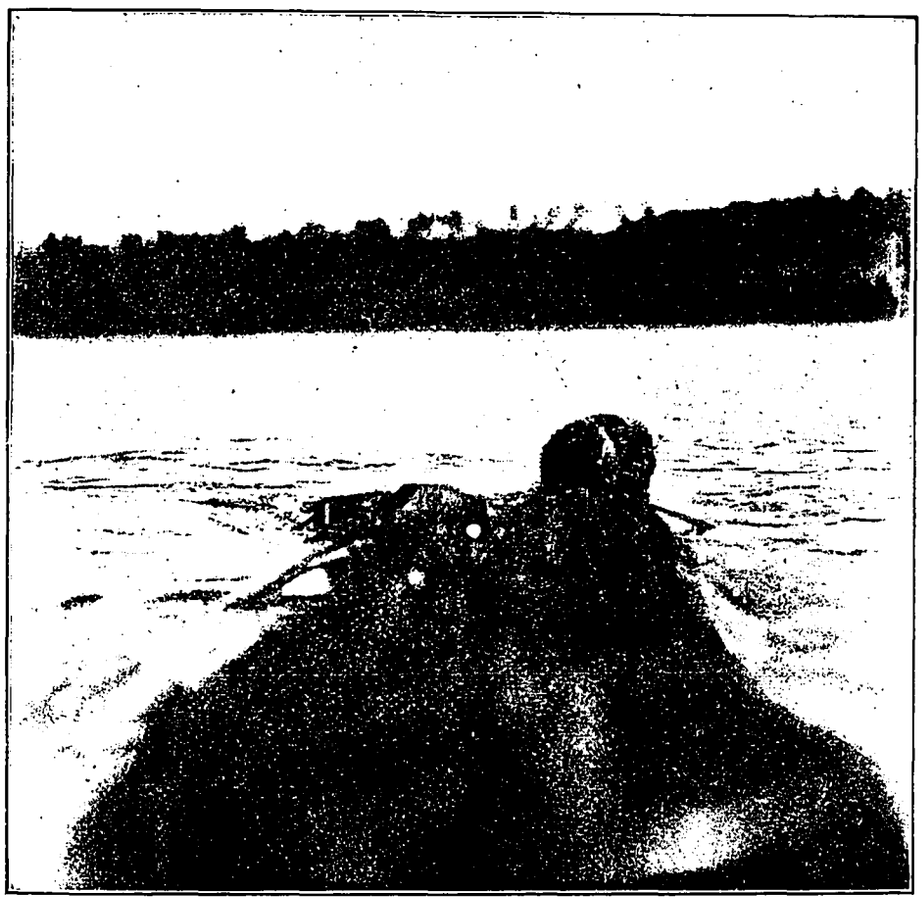
We collected a quantity of wild feed to show the varieties these animals live on. The long yellow roots of the flag, a plant that grows in such quantities that even the prolific muskrats cannot eat it all: it is a wonder, too, considering that each adult female is good for a reproduction of thirty-two per year, counting that her first litter itself reproduces. The small tuber-like wild onion, more the shape of a potatoe, and excepting the slightly bitter taste, it has the same starchy, watery formation of the tame

Feeding Young Muskrat Warm Milk With a Fountain Pen Filler.

potatoe. This plant is called the "Muskrat Apple," in the more poetic Ojibway, the language of the Mississaugas.

Throughout all these desolate secluded places run narrow channels, just the width of a canoe, a scant three feet wide. They are usually cleared out of all aquatic vegetation right to the bottom, three to six feet below. In the early summer these channels are covered with the cut up blades of the flag, the wild rice, the wild oat, the reed and all the tangled rapidly growing marsh vegetation. These deep, far-reaching maze of paths are kept open by the muskrats, a mighty task. Truly they have wondrous instincts. Visit these scenes in November; then all the marshes and drowned lands are sealed with ice and the surface travel of the muskrats is cut off, but all they have to do it to dive swiftly down the "diving hole" and all the marsh is open before them to choose a meal from. The only hindrance is the limited time they can stay under water. Nature with her miraculous powers has implanted in these small brown animals a secret denied to the human family. When a muskrat, swimming rapidly along these submarine ways, finds itself in danger of suffocation, it simply rises to the underside of the ice, expels the air from its lungs in a bubble against the ice, waits while the momentarily recharging is going on, and reinhales a pure, fresh bubble of air.

Enemies of this race abound, the hawk, the mink, the weasel, the owl—even the great bullfrog does not disdain to swallow a tiny youngster. Their destructive habits, boring their way into banks of canals, millponds, levees, causing breaks in these immensely valuable works, has turned man's hand against them, but all the hunters, trappers, urchins with small rifle, poison, even the excitement of the quest for the pelt, none of these seem to make the slightest decrease in their innumerable masses. In one one-hundred-acre patch of drowned land we counted ninety houses. Allowing only a fair average of reproduction, there were five hundred of these active brown animals here, and when the animals are running



"Out" at Sunset.

the wooded lands resound with their angry cries.

In the battle field they hold their own with many of the smaller animals, even putting up quite a fight with the lithe, cruel mink. Invariably the lean sharpened mink wins and rends its enemy's body instantly, satisfying its dainty appetite with one or two of the choicest portions. Then, unless the weather is severe and food unusually scarce, it deserts the carcase and resumes its quest.

A migration from a pond is a sight worth travelling far to see. Once while I was photographing and collecting in the "back country," I came across a place where the ramifications of the bank-dwellers had been more than the ancient beaver dam would stand. The water had dashed off down the valley in one great roaring lip, and the straw houses of the muskrats stood up like the tree dwellings of Borneo. In many cases we saw a mother actually throwing her numerous prodgeny from their airy perch, pushing them off the mossy ledges, where they clung timourously. The departure of the water had left the bank-dwellers in a similar fix. From openings that had once been under water they peered and searched the scene. The flood occurred after sunrise. By nine in the morning that old-time breeding ground was thoroughly deserted. I sat on a dry bank and watched them leave, the mothers suiting their pace to the little weaklings beside. Some mothers were carrying the little ones, making many a portage from stream to stream, from pond to pond. It was quite possible to trace the course of the departing host by the hawks that circled above, darting down every now and then to select a fat youngster, as straight as the mariner guides his ship; so these animals steered their way, taking up a location fully twenty miles from the old home pond. Here we saw the animals working a short while in the daytime, evidently females whose spring home was immediately necessary.

Their cleanly habits are Nature taught. It is possible to scent a passing muskrat at one or two hundred yards, a strong, not unpleasant odor of musk. Yet, when the animal is killed and the scent bags removed from near the thighs, it is possible to raise the freshly cut meat to the nose and not find the slightest odor from the places immediately surrounding, a truly wonderful thing.

I was intensely interested once while watching a large female sitting on an ancient cedar log gravely washing her face and combing her hair. Above her sped a hawk. She looked up with a shivering motion. Later a huge spawning maskinonge rose near her, sending the circling ripples splashing onto the log. Still she sat unmoved, staring at my bright lens. Then a clumsy snapping turtle clambered up and disgustedly she tossed her head and dived beneath.

If you would fall into any extreme let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigour and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

* * *

The people in all times of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never crowds another out, nor even compels hurried, and therefeore, imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time and doing it well, and it therefore, works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

The Hospitable Mr. Macfie.

By Isabel A. R. MacLean.

"WHY do we always have people staying with us?" said Justina bitterly. "I mean, people we don't like?"

Mr. Macfie looked uncomfortable. He knew. And what was more, he knew that Justina knew.

"It is two months today since those wretched Wolvertons came," she continued, "and heaven knows how much longer they intend to stay. Something must be done, Charles. I don't care what it is. I hate the Wolvertons."

"So do I," he agreed hurriedly, "but we must not allow the milk of human kindness——"

"As far as I am concerned," she interrupted, "it was condensed, or it evaporated, or something, soon after they came, and I repeat that I hate the Wolvertons."

The Macfies were holding one of their clandestine meetings in the attic, called at the instance of Justina to consider some means of disposing of the Wolverton family. How clearly she remembered their advent. She had been sitting by the fire nodding over a book. She was very tired and decided to go to bed. It was eleven o'clock. Suddenly she put down her book and listened, with growing apprehension. Yes; there could be no doubt about it; the cab was stopping at their gate. She was well aware that Mr. Macfie always walked when he came from the depot alone. Presently she recognized her husband's genial accents. The commingling voices were strange.

With an air of calmly accepting the inevitable she leaned back and waited. Ten years of Mr. Macfie had taught her the futility of reproaches and protests against his indiscriminate hospitality and the sudden raids of his followers upon the calm of the domestic horizon. In the attaining of this attitude her sole support was Ellen, in the unseeing eyes of the world, a mere tidy maid-of-all work, but in reality, a female Job, rendered such by persistent trial. Ellen and her mistress had long since come to the realization that, as long as he had a tongue to persuade and a roof to cover his head, they must be the unbleating lambs slaughtered upon the altar of Mr. Macfie's unremitting hospitality. For Ellen there was a glimmer of hope. She was not married to Mr. Macfie. For her own part, Mrs. Macfie loved a congenial guest; she was devoted to a guest of obligation; but Mr. Macfie's found-by-the-wayside species filled her with dismay. By painful effort she had overcome, to a great extent, a propensity to swoon, or break into a gentle perspiration, at the sound of an unfamiliar footstep, and could clasp with a moderate degree of civility, if not enthusiasm, the divers hands which the genial ways of Mr. Macfie thrust upon her from time to time.

"Of course," she said, rising wearily, and pulling herself together, both literally and figuratively, "I might have known what would result from his three days' absence. Will it be the ingratiating, friendless female whose mother's grand-uncle was a Macfie (of the same branch as Charles) and spoke Gaelic? or the blighted investor whose opinions of the West Charles feels called upon to correct? or, quite likely, the appealing orphans who got on the wrong train and missed their relatives. Possibly—"

There was a great deal of ordering and excited conversation outside, and much tramping of feet, and slamming

and banging and thumping of trunks and valises. The door swung open, and a procession, headed by the hearty Mr. Macfie himself, filed into the hall. Outside there were more strange forms flitting up and down the steps in the darkness, and more slamming of baggage. Mrs. Macfie wondered, as she came to meet him, if Charles had brought home a football team, or a stranded opera company.

"My dear Justina," he exclaimed, embracing her affectionately, "here we are at last. How are you? Are the children well?"

The crowd began to sort itself. Part of it disappeared altogether (the agitated Justina had at first mistaken the expressman for guests) and the remainder drew up in a semi-circle behind the portly form of Mr. Macfie. To his wife's bewildered eyes there seemed to be fifty of them but as a matter of fact, there were only five, not including a green parrot and a terrifyingly-human monkey. Toward the strange semi-circle Mrs. Macfie's covert glance returned again and again, fascinated, while Charles delivered his explanatory-introductory speech. She couldn't help thinking that if they had only brought pink lemonade and paper hoops, the circus would be complete. One was elfin, another abnormally tall; all were odd looking. And Justina's heart failed her when she beheld their clothes.

"Now, my dear," continued Mr. Macfie, in his amplest manner, as if heaping some rare good fortune upon her, "I have brought home the most delightful people in the world—fellow travellers of mine—Mr. and Mrs. Wolverton from Ceylon, and their charming family. I have been telling them that you would enjoy a visit from them just as much as I should myself."

He bowed all around, beaming and smiling expansively, as he waved them all together and assisted the travellers to remove their wraps. He fairly radiated warmth and cordiality, so that a sort of reflected glow came upon his wife, as she extended welcoming hands to Mrs. Wolverton, Mr. Wolverton, Master George Wolverton, and the Misses Millie and Emily Wolverton,—a glow, however, that was distinctly of external origin, and had no place within the hostile bosom of Justina.

While Mrs. Wolverton gurgled and babbled and protested that they were the kindest people imaginable, Justina's mind was upon the pantry shelves improvising supper, and in the linen closet counting the extra blankets. What a lean, hungry creature that George looked. Ellen would be sure to leave this time. She had given notice that she would upon the next offense.

An hour later Mrs. Macfie came downstairs in her dressing gown with a quantity of bed clothing over her arm. Mr. Macfie was alone in the dining-room. For some reason he had carefully avoided a tete-a-tete with Justina. Whenever she approached, he immediately fell into earnest conversation with a Wolverton (of whom there was no lack) and, to all appearances, remained entranced until some forgotten duty took her away again. Once, when she beckoned him into the dining-room, he deliberately ignored the summons, and devoted himself indefatigably to the uninteresting Misses Millie and Emily. Justina was not a scold—in fact, there was no denying that she was a remarkably amiable woman—but in this instance Mr. Macfie preferred to meet her in the presence of others. He was sitting at the table, rather limply, it must be confessed, but at the sight of her coming down the staircase, he adopted a jaunty demeanor, and whistled Comin' thro' the Rye with utmost indifference and lack of melody. Mrs. Macfie had observed before now that when Charles' soul was heavy with guilt, he invariably became jaunty.

He stepped forward to relieve her of the blankets as airily as could be expected of a man of his weight. To his astonishment, she displayed not the slightest sign of animosity. He gave her a quick, searching look. Was it possible that, after all, she did not mind this—this little surprise party? The jauntiness gave place to uneasy speculation.

Justina was too tired to quarrel; besides, what was the use of going over

the old arguments, the old protests. He would never be different. She pitied herself sincerely.

"I've found places for everybody," she remarked, unfolding a pillow-case, "but you'll have to sleep downstairs. Which do you prefer, Charles, the cozy corner, or the deck-chair?"

Mr. Macfie's soul was above trivialities. Such details had not occurred to him before. Of course these people had to sleep some place. He cast his eye over the cozy corner, and observed that it had a nasty, sharp turn in the middle. He had no great fancy for deck-chairs at any time.

"What about the library sofa?" he ventured.

"Master George Wolverton is occupying that."

Was there just the faintest tinge of malice in Justina's reply? He couldn't, for the life of him, tell.

"Well, then, I think—the deck-chair." But there was no enthusiasm in his manner. He had been looking forward to a good night's rest. He never slept well on a train. Moreover, he was an order-loving man by nature and habit; every cuff button and every shoe had its proper place in his room. He hated to be tumbled around like this. Why hadn't the Wolvertons sense enough to go to an hotel? Wolverton was a man of means. Why didn't they insist upon going to an hotel? He always did, and you couldn't pay Justina to do otherwise.

He turned, attracted by a dull, scraping sound. Was that thing a coffin, and what, in the name of all the gods at once, was she doing?

"I think, after all," said Justina, dropping something long and white and narrow, "if I attached the ironing-board to the cozy-corner and padded it with cushions, it would be more comfortable than the deck-chair."

Somehow, Mr. Macfie felt hurt and humiliated—dreadfully humiliated. The ironing-board!

"As you wish," he replied stiffly, "it is immaterial to me." His manner said "I shall not rest in either case."

She said good-night, then, as if struck by a sudden thought, stopped at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" His tone was cold as the arctic snows.

"I was just wondering," she answered, stifling a yawn, "if there were ten extra eggs in the house for breakfast."

And Charles had muttered something unintelligible, as he flung his necktie on top of the piano, and kicked his boots among the Indian curios.

As things were now, the attic was the only part of the house that was left to them, except the basement and the chicken run. Mr. Wolverton slept all day in the library, when he was not practising the cornet, in collaboration with the screaming parrot; while the drawing-room and second storey were entirely at the mercy of Mrs. Wolverton, George, Millie and Emily, their belongings, occupations and friends. Jacko, the inevitably-named monkey, grew more satanic, if possible, daily; he recognized no boundaries, and his domain was everywhere. The Macfies were distinctly de trop. For two months they had been practically homeless. Moreover, in their efforts to obtain stolen interviews with each other, they had become furtive and shy. Justina recognized this, but with indifference. Nothing mattered, but to get rid of the Wolvertons.

Like a hunted Huguenot, she had whispered to Charles to follow her to the attic, and he had tip-toed, pantingly, up the narrow, squeaking stairs, glancing back, fearfully, lest he should be tracked. Once they had nearly caught him. (Justina and Charles always spoke of them as They). They were all ears and eyes and stomachs. On close acquaintance They had nothing to recommend them. No human beings had ever bored him so wholly, so incessantly. Would that he had never seen them.

Justina came back to the original question.

"Can't you think of anything?"

Mr. Macfie twisted in his chair uncomfortably. How well he remembered saying, in that fatal burst of cordiality, "We'll put you up as long as you can put up with us." (Mercifully, Justina, didn't know that.) He had no idea then

they would take things so literally. Every day they grew more obnoxious in his sight. But what could he do? After all, the house was Justina's department. He looked after the office.

"Really, Justina," he said aloud, "I can do no better than leave the matter in your hands entirely. You have such tact."

This was not altogether a surprise to Mrs. Macfie. Matters of a disagreeable nature were always delegated to her. Charles encouraged a comfortable doctrine that women rather enjoyed making themselves unpleasant. Men, on the contrary, found that sort of thing embarrassing.

"You know, Justina," he continued, in extenuation of his attitude, "(forgive my saying so) you have only yourself to blame; you make it far too pleasant for them; you exhaust yourself needlessly in providing entertainments. It has often pained me—"

"I am only civil," interposed Justina, with deadly emphasis upon the pronoun. "I don't flatter them until they fairly simper, and encourage a belief that we can't be happy without them. Even I would be deceived by your manner—almost."

Mr. Macfie groaned. It was amazingly easy to say pleasant things, just to limber up the conversation.

For a few minutes Justina was silent. When she arose, determination gleamed in her eye. Someone must rescue the house of Macfie from these wolfish creatures. Their society was no longer a thing to be borne.

"Very well," she said, slowly and impressively, "all I ask is this: When Ellen brings in the letters tomorrow at breakfast, and I read one from your Aunt Jemima Heatherton of Edinburgh, saying that she will be with us almost at once for a long-promised visit; don't stare at me and say, 'Who is Aunt Jemima Heatherton?' I'm telling you now that she is you mother's unmarried sister. She is sixty-five, and her companion always travels with her."

"My mother was a Spotiswoode," corrected Mr. Macfie with dignity.

"Spotiswoode or not," retorted Justina with some irritation, "do you grasp my meaning? Do you realize that it will rid us of the Wolvertons? Rid—us—of—the—Wolvertons," she repeated, for the sheer joy of hearing it again. "They will have to give up their rooms to Aunt Jemima and her companion. Don't you think it's a good idea? I have half a dozen far more interesting schemes, but the beautiful simplicity of this appeals to me. And above all," she warned, with a prophetic flash, "above all, don't become weak minded and assure them that we can accommodate everybody, and beg them stay on, in spite of Aunt Jemima. You know how readily those things roll off your tongue. Do you think you can resist, for once?"

Charles arose, visibly offended.

"Really, Justina," he said, with the air of a wronged arch-angel, "you go too far. I admit that the fault is my own. I have spoilt you. For ten years you have done exactly as you pleased, regardless of my wishes,—and now all the thanks I get is to be called a fool."

With a heart-broken, And-thou-Brutus expression Mr. Macfie descended the attic stairs, leaving Justina to repent of her uncharitable and uncalled-for observations.

When Ellen appeared with the letters the following morning, Mr. Macfie was put to instant flight, pleading an early engagement at the office; nor would he meet Justina's reproachful eye, but made his exit in the middle of the meal with, what she considered, cowardly haste. After all, she concluded, it was just as well he should go. She would manage it better without him. There was no telling what he might say.

Three letters lay unopened beside her plate. She looked at them, and began to weaken, and the more she looked, the weaker she grew. Several times she began, but the words died on her lips, or dwindled into stale commonplaces. With a supreme effort she rallied her forces, and picked up the middle envelope.

"I wonder what news the post has brought me today?"

In her own ears her voice sounded quavering and hypocritical. How could

she go on? Once started, she recovered her nerve, and firmly unfolded to the toast-and-egg-sodden Wolvertons the tale of Aunt Jemima Heatherton.

At Justina's polite regrets for their limited accommodation, Mrs. Wolverton generously declared that it could not be helped, though she agreed that it would, indeed, be delightful to have plenty of room for everybody. She let Justina understand quite plainly that it was inconvenient for them to leave just then, but, in further proof of her magnanimity, put aside all the attendant anoyances, and offered to vacate the premises without further delay. "Far be it from me or mine to inconvenience anyone," she finished, "that is one rule I insist upon observing."

An unspeakable relief filled Justina as the realization dawned that all had gone well. The plot was successful, and there was no bloodshed. With the sudden lifting of the load came, first, laughter, then tears. Justina—the well-posed Justina—was indulging in mild hysterics all by herself in the attic retreat. Here she took refuge during the terrific upheaval and dire confusion that reigned below. The Wolvertons were making ready to depart.

Upon his return, late in the afternoon, Mr. Macfie encountered them in the hall, booted and spurred, the parrot caged, and the monkey chained. A carriage was at the door.

The situation was too much for him. His feelings underwent a rapid change. Remorse set in. Strangers—and to be treated like this! Turned out like stray mongrels! Justina and he had been guilty of a contemptible trick—of conduct ill befitting any Macfie. For generations their hospitality had been famous throughout Colonsay and the Loch Fechan country. Was it thus that in this new land he upheld the traditions of his race? Five—only five—puny guests; and his father had housed them infifties, many a time, and thought himself felicitated. Circumstances might change, but instinct—never. He flung away discretion; he flung away Justina's warning; he forget the miseries of the past months; the cornet solos, the parrot, and the diabolic monkey; the attic conferences, and the weary strain of it all. The flower of hospitality bloomed with him anew, nothing blighted by the frost of experience. They were his guests, bidden to the shelter of his roof. That was enough.

"My dear Wolverton, my dear Mrs. Wolverton," he exclaimed, in tones of inexpressible, unfeigned relief, as he advanced, beamingly, with outstretched hands, the very incarnation of gracious cordiality, "my dear friends, pray, hang up your wraps again, and unpack your trunks. I've just had a cable from Aunt Jemima, and her visit has been—indefinitely—postponed."

"Ellen," he added, as that young woman entered, happily burdened with hatboxes and travelling rugs, "kindly give this to the cabman, and tell him that we shall not require his services."

Better faith tested than desire fulfilled.

* * *

Probably one-half of the rudeness of youths of this day, that later in life will develop into brutality, is due to the failure of parents to enforce in the family circle the rules of courtesy. The son or daughter who is discourteous to members of the family, because of familiarity with them, is very likely to prove rude and overbearing to others, and very certain to be a tyrant in the household over which he or she may be called on to preside.

ONCE upon a time, there was a Blue Pig. He was a Golly-wog, pure and simple, and although he did not like telling so, he never pretended to be anything else.

A Golly-wog is—well, just a Golly-wog—that is all I can tell you.

When he made his first appearance in public he was filled with delicious candies and stood very proudly in a glass case in a confectioner's window.

There he stayed for a long time and would spend hours in speculating on all the wonderful adventures he would have when it became his turn to be handed over the counter into the great, wide world outside.

He was by no means a beauty, but had a very original charm and personality of his own.

His mouth was very wide and always open, as though he were constantly yawning. His ears were very long, even for a pig; his eyes red and prominent, and the skin below was extremely puffy as though he never went to bed early. His upper lip seemed drawn into his long, thin nose, and his lower one came to a point over a triple set of chins, which hung down between his delicate little feet almost to the ground. In colour, he was of that peculiar shade of blue, commonly known as laundry blue.

When at last he left the sweet store, he was carried away to a large house and virtually turned inside out. When all his toothsome interior was consumed and he was quite empty, he was set upon a high shelf in the children's nursery, quite close to two other Golly-wogs, a yellow Dog and a Pink Dog.

The Yellow Dog had red eyes and a very supercilious expression, and he always wore a sporty looking hat on the side of his head.

He had the appearance of having belonged to a militarv club in his better days and was very proud and conceited. In the middle of his back was a large hole, which unkind people whispered had once been used for matches.

The Pink Dog was a thorough aristocrat, with yellow eyes and long drooping ears. His neck was a tremendous length, and his legs disproportionately short. He held his nose high in the air, and prided himself on his presumed poetical appearance.

They two were great friends and cor-

dially despised the Blue Pig, who heartily wished himself a thousand miles away at least a thousand times a day.

He got very tired of hearing the two talk of their illustrious ancestors, because, so far as he knew they hadn't any, and he thought "making believe" like that was very poor fun.

Then the Pink Dog had a melancholy habit on moonlight nights of howling dolorous ditties what we call "doggerel." Sometimes the Blue Pig ventured to grumble which made matters worse for then the Yellow Dog chimed in too, and the duet was infinitely worse to bear than the solo.

Afterwards they would make unpleasant remarks, and address him as Sir Asinego, which means a little ass—a foolish person.

The Pink Dog discovered the word one day when he was searching the dictionary for some suitably long words, with which to decorate his poetry, for I forgot to say that his noctournal serenades were quite original.

They used this name so often that the Blue Pig actually begun to believe that he really was a foolish fellow after all and became more unhappy than ever.

There were no babies in the nursery and the place was often quite deserted, but one hot afternoon two little girls were playing on the nursery floor. They were dressing and undressing their dolls and were having a real good time.

Most of the dolls were the good old-fashioned scrawny kind made of wood, with arms and legs whose joints always moved with a jerk, and had a peculiar habit of dropping off like a crab's claws, only a crab always sets to work to remake himself and these dollies never took the trouble, perhaps, because they had found out that the more limbs they shed, and the more love their little mistresses showered upon them.

Indeed, the Queen of the nursery was Miss Priscilla, who had neither arms nor legs; nay, her very nose was chipped off. One head, one body, one eye, (the other had been washed out) and two ears! That was all that remained of Miss Priscilla. But what a darling she was! No other dollie had such fine clothes, nor such a soft bed.

The wax doll, from Paris, who could say Mama and Papa got quite jealous and the china doll even wilfully snipped herself in several places in order to get a fair share of pity and attention.

The rag doll only laughed at them, and said: "What's the use?" which was her favourite expression on all occasions.

Well, on this particular day, the Blue Pig was dozing a little, when he heard one of the children say, "We must hurry. The Princess calls on Miss Priscilla this afternoon." "Yes," replied the other child, "and Lady Betty said she would call too. I think Miss P. shall receive in the white drawing-room today. The pink brocade in the rose parlor needs renewing."

The other child assented and the room was very quiet for a while, for the children were far too busy to talk, excepting for little remarks like these: "How do you like that?" "Oh, lovely!" "Shall Miss P—— have on her emeralds, or her turquoise set?" and such-like.

By and bye the Blue Pig heard such rapturous exclamations, that he peeped over the edge of the shelf to see what was going on below. At first he was rather puzzled. On the floor was spread a white cover with a border of pink roses. Here and there were set little chairs and tables cut out of white cardboard. Wee bits of fern were stuck into round white beads which made lovely jardinieres. A scrap of pink plush posed as a rug, and bits of colored glass, shells, and scraps of tinsel made a lovely assortment of bric-a-brac.

The children had a very old and very learned uncle, a real Professor, and he used to tease them sometimes and tell them that he had seen birds—Bower birds, he called them, in Australia, which could make just as pretty dollie-houses as they could. Of course, the children said he was "funning," but I don't think he was for all that.

Today the white drawing-room was gorgeous. Everything was spick and span, the tea-table set with the best china and silver, and flowers scattered everywhere, regardless of expense.

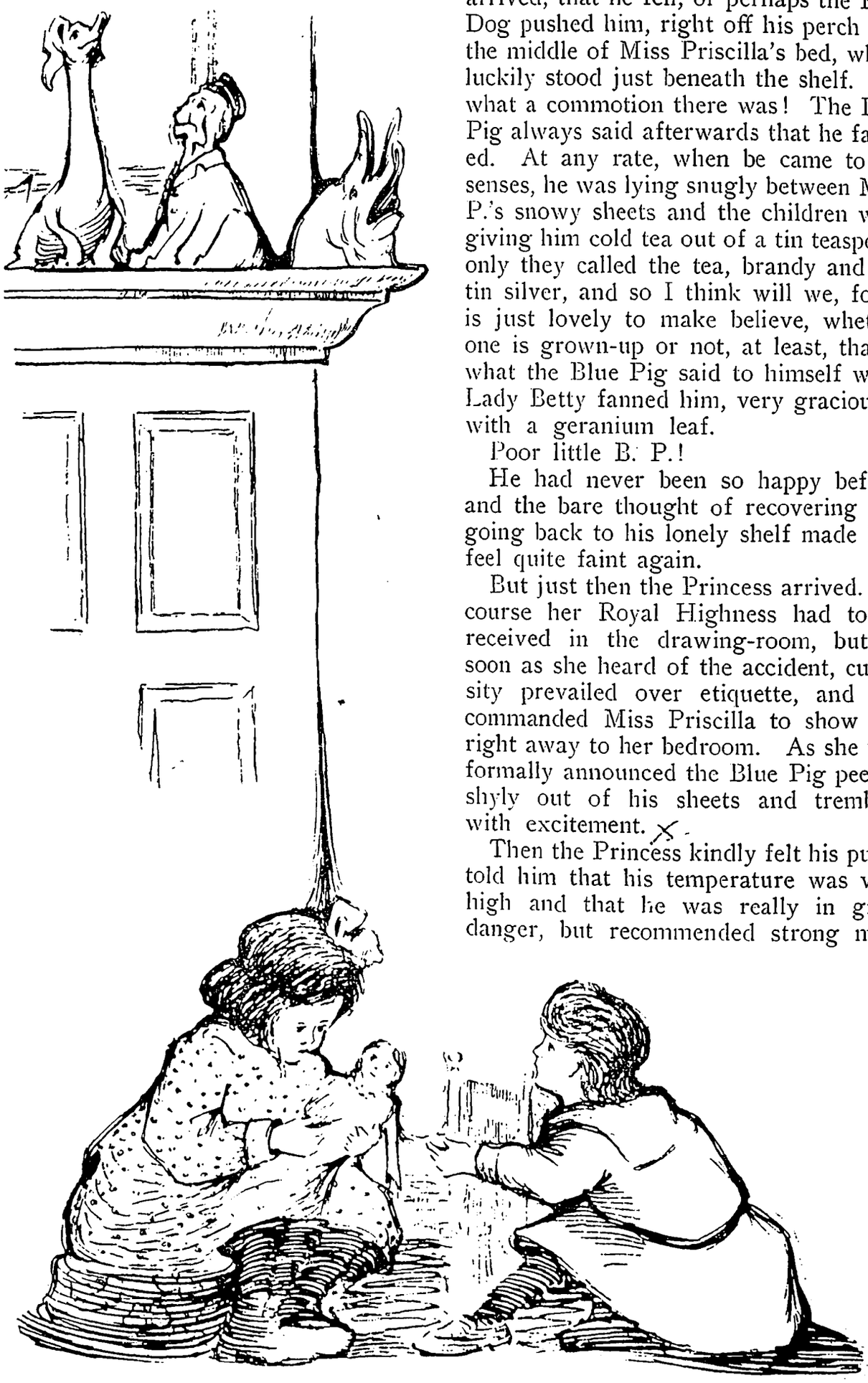
The Blue Pig showed the greatest curiosity and in a short time quite entered into the fun of the thing, and was so intensely interested when Lady Betty arrived, that he fell, or perhaps the Pink Dog pushed him, right off his perch into the middle of Miss Priscilla's bed, which luckily stood just beneath the shelf. Oh what a commotion there was! The Blue Pig always said afterwards that he fainted. At any rate, when be came to his senses, he was lying snugly between Miss P.'s snowy sheets and the children were giving him cold tea out of a tin teaspoon, only they called the tea, brandy and the tin silver, and so I think will we, for it is just lovely to make believe, whether one is grown-up or not, at least, that is what the Blue Pig said to himself when Lady Betty fanned him, very graciously, with a geranium leaf.

Poor little B. P.!

He had never been so happy before, and the bare thought of recovering and going back to his lonely shelf made him feel quite faint again.

But just then the Princess arrived. Of course her Royal Highness had to be received in the drawing-room, but so soon as she heard of the accident, curiosity prevailed over etiquette, and she commanded Miss Priscilla to show her right away to her bedroom. As she was formally announced the Blue Pig peeped shyly out of his sheets and trembled with excitement.

Then the Princess kindly felt his pulse, told him that his temperature was very high and that he was really in great danger, but recommended strong mus-



tard poultices and an electric battery. Either, or both, said Her Royal Highness were splendid for shock to the system.

Then she and Lady Betty swept back into the drawing-room. There they sat in great state while Miss Priscilla presided at the tea-table.

Tea was served in priceless Dresden cups and the cake on real old Worcester plates.

Of course, the Princess being so great a lady was obliged to be very haughty and proper, which rather spoilt her pleasure as she was really a jolly little soul when she wasn't dressed in her very best cothes.

She could not stay long either; not more than the conventional twenty minutes, however much she wished to; but she promised to send down her own Court physician, at once, in her own coach.

Then away she went, Miss Priscilla ducking and bobbing all the way down the garden path. Her want of legs being rather a draw-back, she found it a difficult matter to satisfy the demands of Court etiquette with the proper amount of agility.

However, she made many excuses for her innocent disloyalty, and H. R. Highness was good enough to say, "Oh, don't mention it," just as ordinary persons like you and me might do.

It really was good of her, as Miss Priscilla said afterwards over and over again.

The physician did not arrive until the next day, as the Court lap-dog ate too much dinner and was delirious half the night, but the Blue Pig was not at all sorry—he was so very comfortable.

Miss Priscilla said she feared some internal injury and worked herself into a very pleasing state of apprehension and importance. She bustled about and turned the whole household upside down.

Indeed she got so very nervous that she tied dainty little bread poultices on every one of the invalid's four feet so that he couldn't possibly get up and move about, and choice morsels of food were popped into his mouth every ten minutes excepting when he was supposed to be asleep. Then the wax doll and the china doll took turns in fanning him, although the rag doll said as usual, "What's the use?" He was not really asleep; he was far too anxious for that. The joys of "making believe" got sweeter every moment. In his heart he knew that he was not really hurt at all. What should he do when the doctor found his little deception out and ordered him back to his shelf?

But indeed he need not have been afraid. The doctor was far too great a man to dream of making a personal examination of his patient.

He arrived at last in great state. He was very stout, and came through the bedroom door with much difficulty, puffing and blowing like a whale. After mopping his forehead with a huge handkerchief, he sat down at the bedside and looked very wisely at the B. P. through an immense pair of spectacles. This (he being so great a man) was all that it was necessary for him to do to ensure his patient's recovery. To the delight of the B. P. and the dismay of Miss P. and all the dollies, he took a very serious view of the case, ordered perfect rest and quiet and said that if the patient survived the night, a messenger should be posted off instantly to the Palace for some white powders and black draughts.

If he did not survive—well, the great man shook his head very, very slowly, and said that he was afraid, much afraid, that even a Court physician, in that case, could not do very much.

However, he brightened up suddenly and said cheerfully that in any case they should send for him. His usual fee was one hundred dollars per visit, but feeling as he did, such an unusual interest in the patient, he could not think of charging more than fifty dollars.

Miss Priscilla was overcome with gratitude at his generosity and having received his fee he bowed himself out.

The Blue Pig gave a sigh of relief and out of pure joy fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the Pink Dog and the Yellow Dog were almost green with envy. They turned into such a funny colour that their own mothers would not have owned them.

They had held their noses high in the

air so long that they could not bend their heads at all. Their necks had grown quite stiff, so they were not able to peep down to see what the Blue Pig was really doing. But they heard quite enough to know that he was having a very good time. And they felt very sore about it. What was the good of being superior to the rest of the world if they had to stay on the shelf whilst a common Blue Pig got all the good things down below?

At last, they could bear it no longer. They forgot all their pride and begun to quarrel with each other. The shelf was very slippery and soon over they both went, and shot right on the top of poor Miss Priscilla, who fell flat on her back and screamed for help.

She screamed so loudly that even the Princess heard her in her Palace, and actually came down in her state coach to see what was the matter. Of course, it took hours to get the coach, horses and footmen ready and the bustle was all over long before she arrived on the spot, but it was very kind of H. R. Highness all the same.

Poor Miss Priscilla! She was not much hurt herself, but her best dress was quite spoilt, for she fell into a large mustard poultice that the Rag Doll was mixing for the Blue Pig. Not that they meant to use it, but you see it was a Royal prescription. Miss P. thought is would look well, and be a delicate compliment to the Princess, if she happened to call.

The children were very cross about the accident. The Ping Dog and the Yellow Dog were picked up, scolded well, and hustled back to their shelf with their faces to the wall, and there they stayed for a whole week.

But alas for the little B. P.! He was crying piteously, for this time he was really hurt. In the scuffle one of his dear little feet was somehow broken clean off. He was in great pain. Grown-up people might not have known that; but children and dollies always understand, and they all cried too, in sympathy—all, excepting the Rag Doll, who said as usual, "What's the use?" which so vexed the children that they shut her up with Jack in the Box for a whole hour.

Just then the Professor, the children's uncle happened to peep into the nursery and was greatly concerned about the accident. He looked carefully at the injured foot, and said that the B. P. would have to go through a serious operation at once. So the dollies were all turned out of the room for fear they should cry out. Then the children dressed themselves in aprons and caps whilst the Professor got his instruments ready. They had to give the B. P. a great deal of chloroform so that he would not feel any pain. At first he was frightened and wouldn't keep still. But soon he was perfectly quiet and the operation was a great success. The Professor said he must stay in bed at least two days and not be moved at all, but he could have lots of company to amuse him. So the dollies were all brought in again, even the Rag Doll, who seemed quite subdued for once, and the Princess came too, and Lady Betty and the Court Lap-Dog as well.

Such a time they had and the best of it all was that somehow the Blue Pig never managed to recover from the shock. He said if his leg was mended, his nerves were shattered, so he was never sent back to the shelf any more, much to the disgust of the P. D. and the Y. D., who got quite tired of making believe to be great folks and fell out with each other every day, only nobody took any notice of them.

As for the little Blue Pig—well, he lived happy ever after and never got tired of "making believe." He had tea with the Princess and Lady Betty every afternoon, made love to Miss Priscilla in the evening, and finally would have married the Rag Doll, but she only laughed and simpered, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "What's the use?"

"The Terminal City."

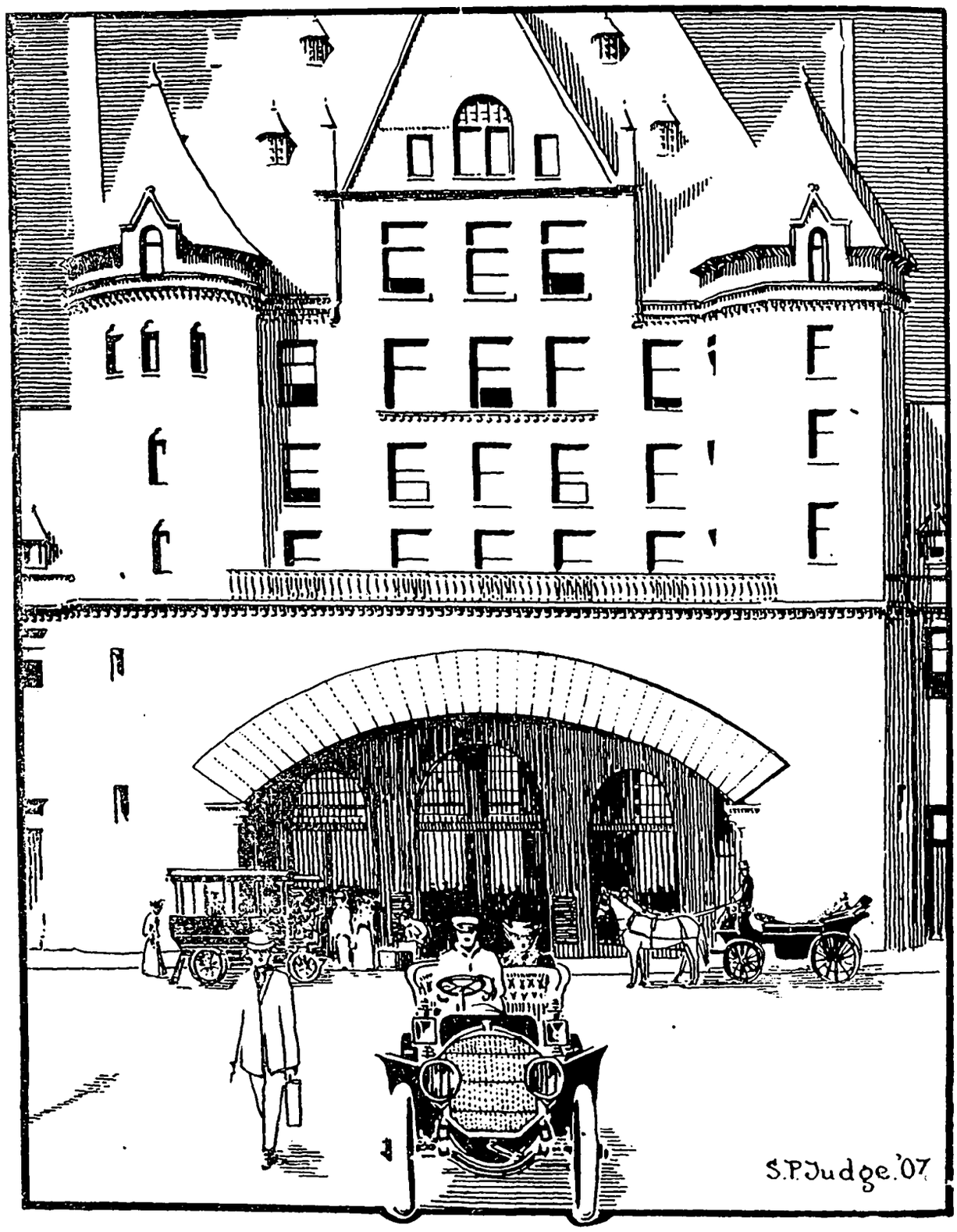
By Howland Hoadley.

BY the entrance of the colony of British Columbia into the Confederation July 21, 1871, the Dominion of Canada received a daughter that formed the last link in the great chain of provinces and unorganized districts stretching from ocean to ocean, uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific. When the final location at Vancouver was selected as the terminus of a transcontinental railway on the Pacific Coast it was universally acknowledged that the city in embryo would soon take its place among the noted seaports of the North American continent, and from from its inception, Vancouver was assured of trade and commerce, which in themselves sufficed to support a city of many thousands. As the ocean terminus of a railway traversing a continent, as the place at which wheel and keel must meet, where the entire trade between the Dominion and the nations of the Orient must crystalize, the connecting link between Greater Britain's possessions in India and the Antipodes, Vancouver has established an undisputed foundation for a prosperous community. She reaches across the plains and prairies for the commerce and trade of her elder sisters, which have played so important a part in the up-building of the great power and wealth of the mighty British Empire, at the same time beckons with welcoming hand to the traffic of the mystic east.

To the naturally advantageous location of the city, rising gently from the shores of Burrard Inlet on the one side, and from the waters of False Creek on the other, separated only by a narrow neck of land, the site of the city presents ideal features. Vast forests of the finest timber encompass the surrounding country, to which must be added the proximity of great mineral wealth almost beyond description, while not to be forgotten, the fishing industry on the Fraser river which attains elsewhere unknown proportions. But to crown all, the situation of Vancouver makes her the half-way house on the great Imperial Red route, between the Motherland, her Indian possessions and the Federated States of Australia, and today Vancouver stands as one of the foremost cities on the Pacific coast notwithstanding that her streets and avenues have been carved from the virgin forest less than thirty years ago.

This environment which has played so important a part in the wonderful advancement and present pre-eminence of Vancouver differs in some respects from any city on the North American continent. Many have had to depend entirely upon the unaided efforts of their inhabitants for their growth and have had to pass through countless difficulties and overcome numerous obstacles before they could take their place in the world as commercial centres. Excepting, possibly, the harbors of Sydney, Australia, and that of Rio in the Argentine, as a safe anchorage, that of Vancouver is possibly unequalled. Its waters are almost completely landlocked, its seaward entrance is protected by mighty hills, while the peninsula on which the city proper is built is sheltered by the bold outlines of that portion known as the wooded domain of Stanley Park. Again, along the street ends the water is of such depth that vessels of the deepest draught may lie at the docks unaffected by the tides, and treacherous currents.

Histories are replete with the early voyages of Captain George Vancouver in the sloop Discovery, who arrived off Cape Flattery April 29, 1792, when a carefully explored, as far as Port Moody, the peninsula now occupied by the "Terminal City" was entirely overlooked, as it was supposed that the high point of



The C. P. R. Depot.

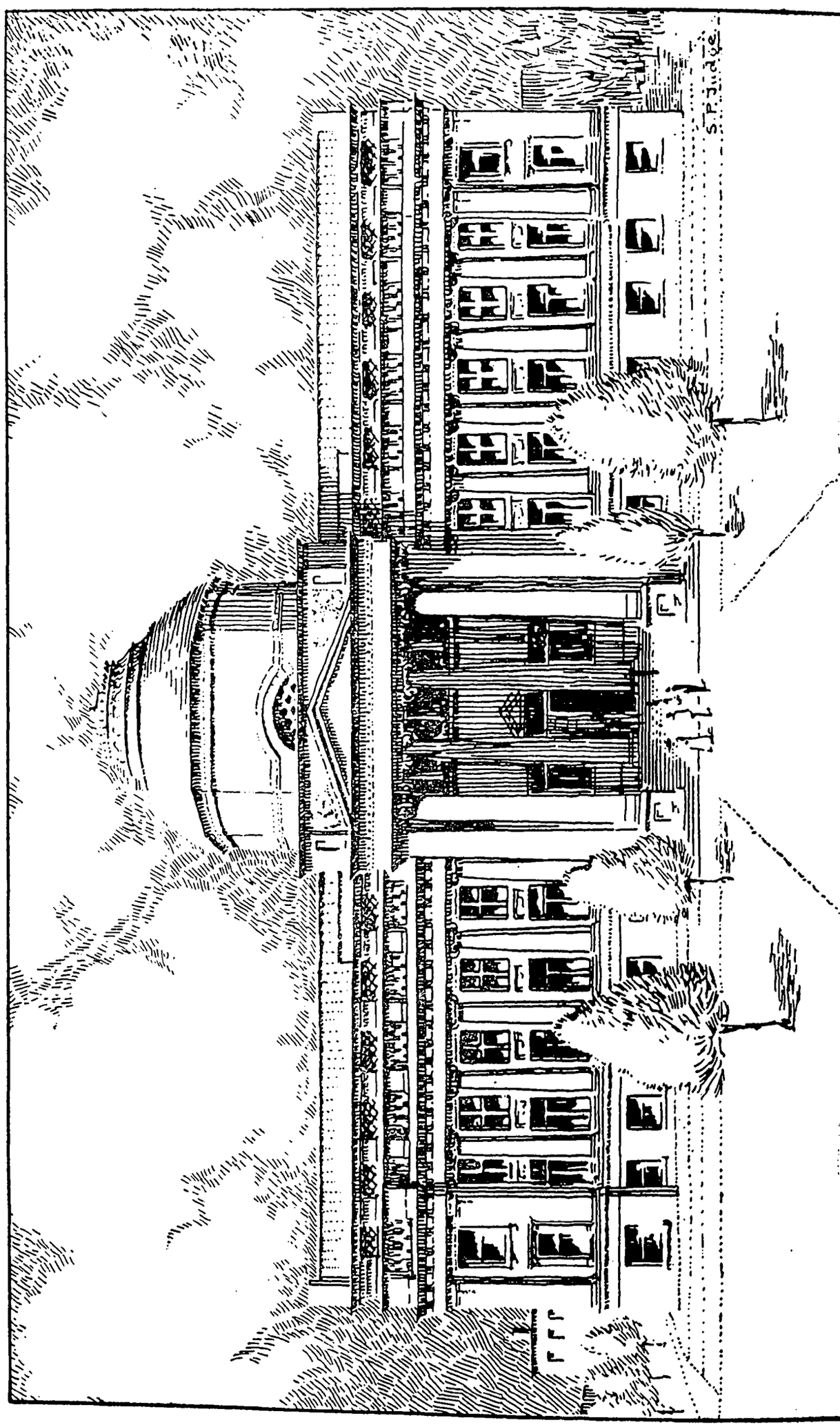
few weeks later he took formal possession of the territory, pursuing the usual formalities which are generally observed on such occasions. Although, at this time, False Creek and Burrard Inlet were Stanley Park was an island lying exactly across the so-called canal named after Sir Henry Burrard, which was supposed to be part of the Delta of the Fraser river.

But little notice was given to the locality of Vancouver until 1863, when two pioneers erected a small saw-mill driven by water power opposite the peninsula of Vancouver, near the present site of North Vancouver three miles across the unruffled waters of Burrard Inlet. These two men, Messrs. Hicks and Baker, are the first white men known to have located on the Inlet. In the following year they disposed of their property to a Mr. Smith, who in turn, transfered the mill to Mr. Moody, after whom the present locality, Moodyville, derived its name. At this period there was no actual settlement or even a village, though in 1864 the peninsula was visited by Messrs. Holbrook, Clarkson, and others, who, finding indications and specimens of lignite on the shore, began boring for coal in the vicinity which now bears the name of Coal Harbor. In the same year a logging camp was started near Point Grey by Jerry Rogers, who had received a commission to take out spars suitable for ships for the French government, and to this day the vicinity of this first enterprise on the shores of English Bay is named after him,—Jericho. At this time quite a settlement had been established on the Fraser river, and during the year '64 and '65 a road connecting New Westminster with the locality then known as Brighton, now Hastings Townsite, was completed, it being the only artery of traffic from the Fraser to Burrard Inlet. In the meantime numerous logging camps were started on the peninsula and Captain Edward Stamp erected a saw-mill on the site now occupied by the Hastings Mill. The timber along the shores of the Inlet and the lumber produced at the mills immediately attracted attention, and from that time on drew shipping to the vicinity and steamers from the Fraser river.

Two years later a townsite was planted by the government, situated along the water front between Cambie and Abbott streets, and the lots, 66 feet by 132 feet, found a ready sale at $100. In '67 the first saloon was opened in the new village by a man from Port Moody called "Gassy Jack," and after him, so popular did he become, that the locality was known all over the Coast as "Gastown," and even today, among the Indians, far into the interior and for five hundred miles up the coast this name is more familiar than either Granville or Vancouver, by which it was subsequently known. The townsite had to be enlarged in a few years, from Abbott to Carroll streets and Granville, as it was then called, grew and multiplied.

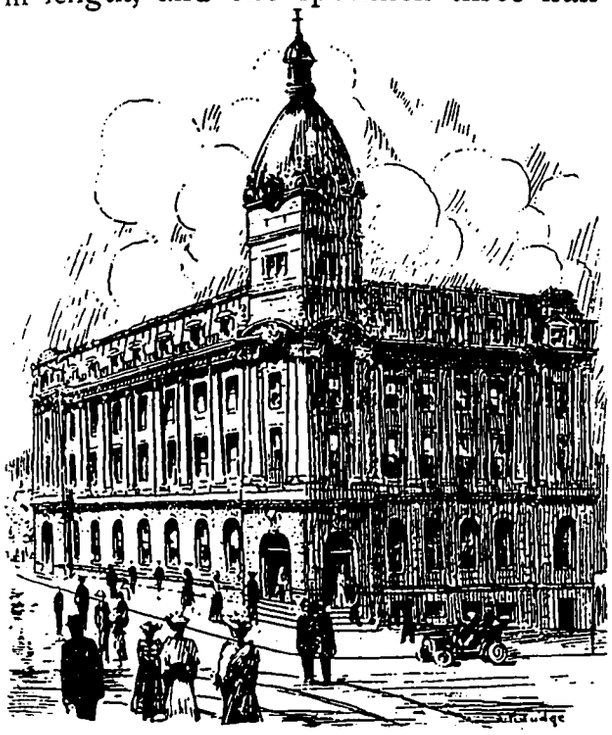
In June, 1880, it was announced by Sir John A. Macdonald that a new syndicate had been formed to push forward and bring to a conclusion the Canadian Pacific Railway which should terminate near the waters of Burrard Inlet and notwithstanding the enormous cost of construction the great work was rushed forward with vigor although it was not until May, 1884, that the final land grant to the C. P. R., comprising 9,000 acres, on the peninsula, definitely brought about the terminus at Vancouver instead of Port Moody. In 1886 the population of the village numbered 200 or 300, and from that time to the present the growth has been steady and certain. One marked contrast which has characterized the progress of Vancouver over all other cities, is that in her entire history there has been no boom notwithstanding the rapid growth which has been clearly defined since the first charter was given by the Provincial Government in 1886. At this time the principal street of the city was Cordova, and today the dates on the buildings that line this important thoroughfare amply testify to the solidity and enduring nature of the imposing structures.

The constant shipping of lumber from the vicinity of Burrard Inlet drew the attention of the outside world, and logging camps were established in many localities in the neighborhood. Notwithstanding that Stanley Park today is famous for its great trees, by a careful estimate it has been figured that fully 12,000,000 feet of select timber were taken out and that many of the forest grants, now the pride of the city, were rejected at that time as being below the required standard. Some of the ship timbers and spars taken from the forest below New Westminster by actual measurement were forty-two inches in



The New Provincial Law Courts Now Under Construction.

diameter and a hundred and twenty feet in length, and one specimen three hun-



The New Post Office.

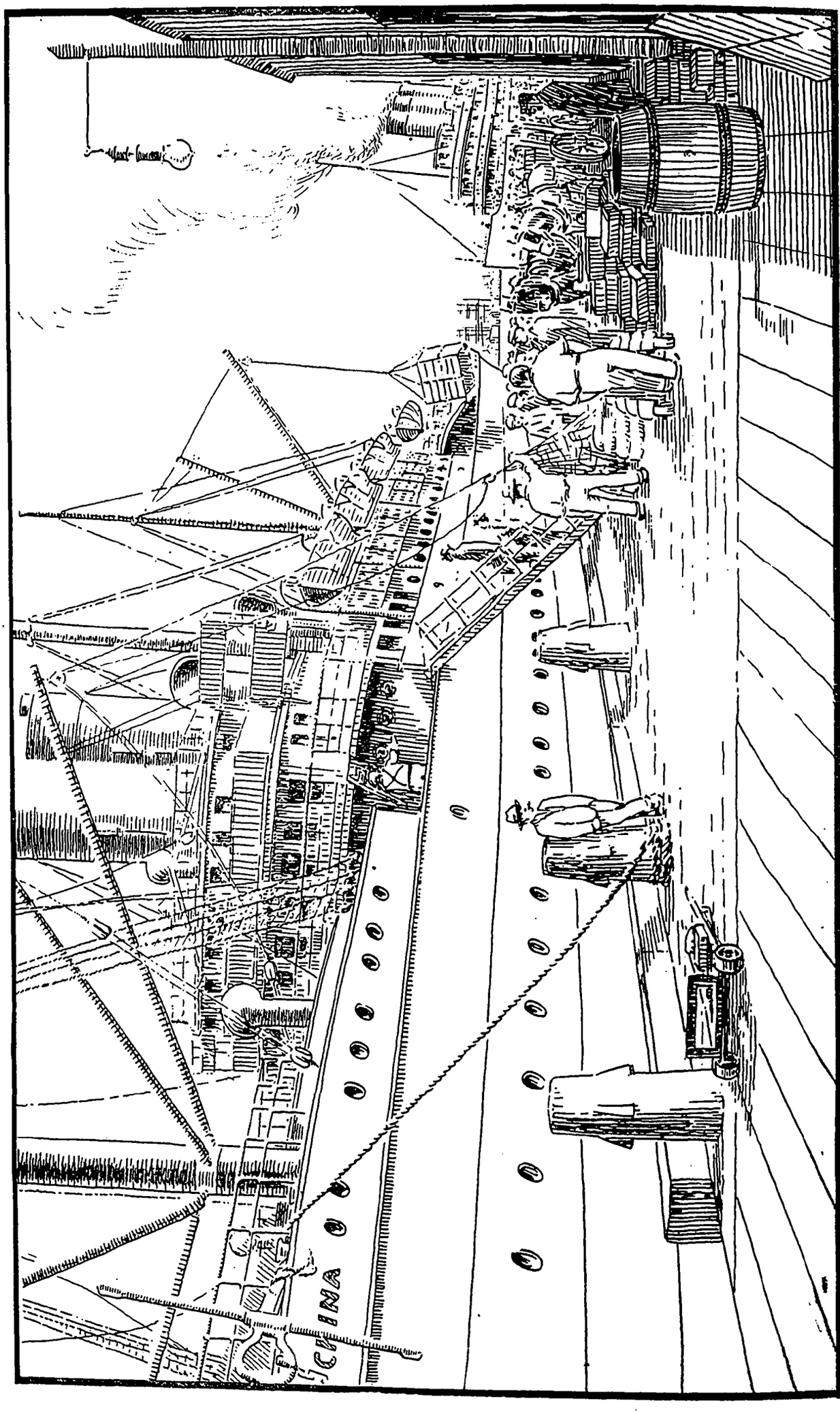
dred and twenty-seven feet in length, and five feet in diameter, was sent to London, England, in sections of ten feet, where it was placed on exhibition and attracted universal attention. An item

Canadian Bank of Commerce.

in the early history of Vancouver is worthy of mention which is recalled vividly to mind, by the recent anti-Asiatic riots. In 1886 a number of Chinamen were imported to the city by contractors which so deeply aroused the public indignation that they were driven beyond the limits of the townsite, and because of which by influential representation in the legislature the charter of the city was suspended and Mr. Bodwell with thirty-two constables, was appointed to preserve law and order. It was in this year that the most disastrous fire ever known in the history of the city occurred. Starting from a small bush fire the blaze swept over the young city, carrying all before it, and leaving only smouldering

The Carnegie Library.

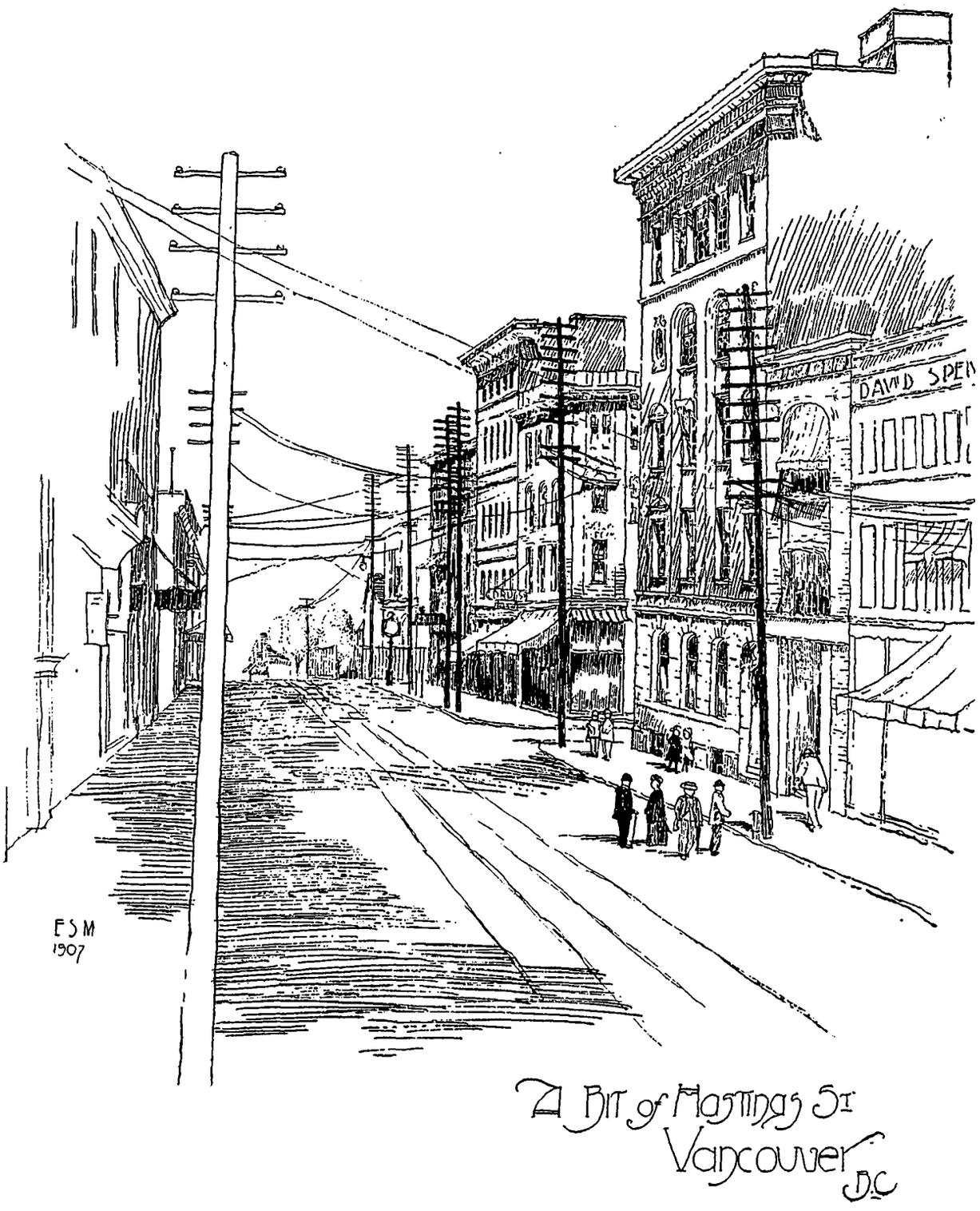
heaps of ashes and ruins, where a prosperous little town stood the day before. But even while the ruins of their former homes were yet hot the energetic citizens began to show some of that spirit that his since made Vancouver one of the finest cities on the continent. Procuring lumber and other necessities from mills that the fire had not touched, and from settlements along the Fraser river the homeless people worked incessantly until they had erected new homes on the sites of the burnt dwellings, and, in an incredibly short space of time, the little city was rebuilt. Although this fire at the time seemed to be one of the worst



Along the Waterfront.

calamities that could have befallen a young city, it was really a blessing in disguise, for it brought out the latent energy, pluck and confidence in the city's future which has been so prominent a factor in its onward progress ever since.

this time Carroll street was practically the eastern extremity of the city, and the building operations trended toward the west. After Cordova street the greatest advancement was to be seen on Hastings street, while in the residential

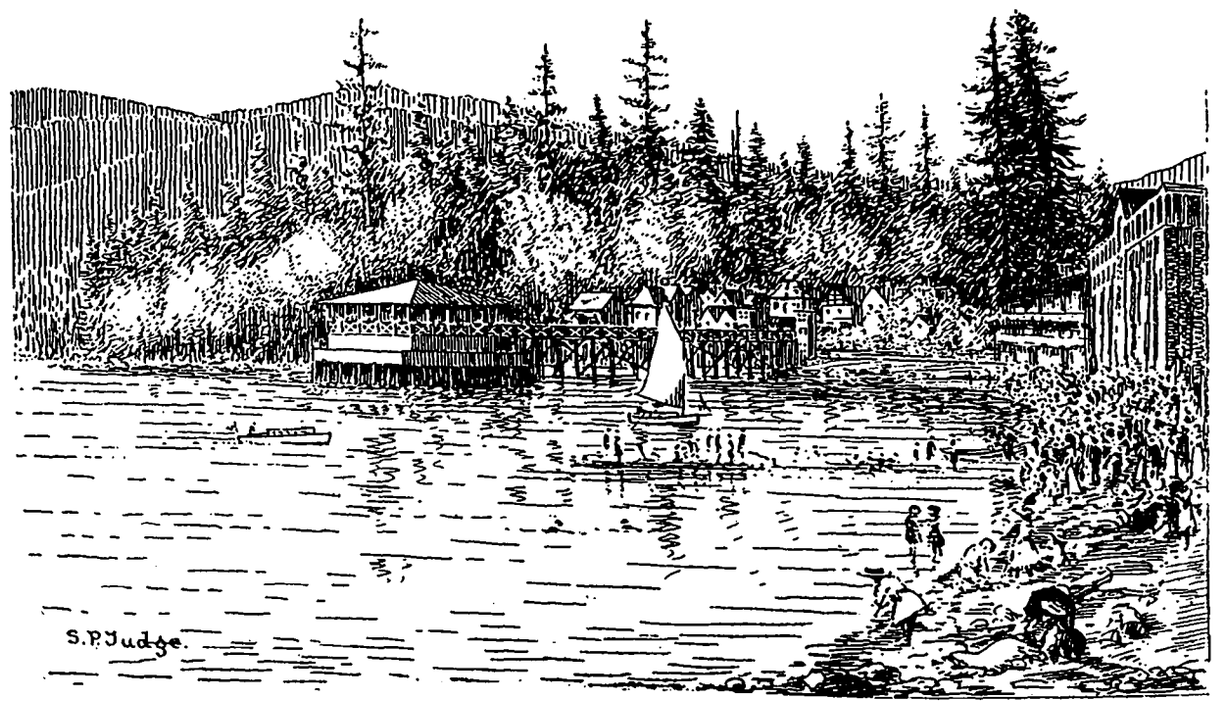


In the year 1887, following the fire, the number of separate buildings erected has never since been exceeded, though in 1889 the class of structures, begun and completed, handsome business blocks and costly homes, would be a credit to any city in any part of the world. At

districts the progress was equally marked. From this time real estate values began to rise, and although there has been a fair amount of speculation, (to afford homes for the new-comers who have been attracted to the new city, residences and homes have been erected

with a view to quick sales), never has there been over-construction, and so rapid has been the legitimate growth in the population that the erection of buildings, whether for commercial purposes or for residences has never equalled the demand.

As the population grew the need of new suburbs for residential purposes became apparent, with the flight of years Mt. Pleasant, Fairview and South Vancouver, from hamlets containing a mere handful of cottage homes, soon presented the appearance of thriving communities which in turn attracted small business enterprises and the necessary tradesmen, who have obtained lucrative business in these ever-growing ramifications of the city proper.



English Bay—the Civic Pleasure Grounds.

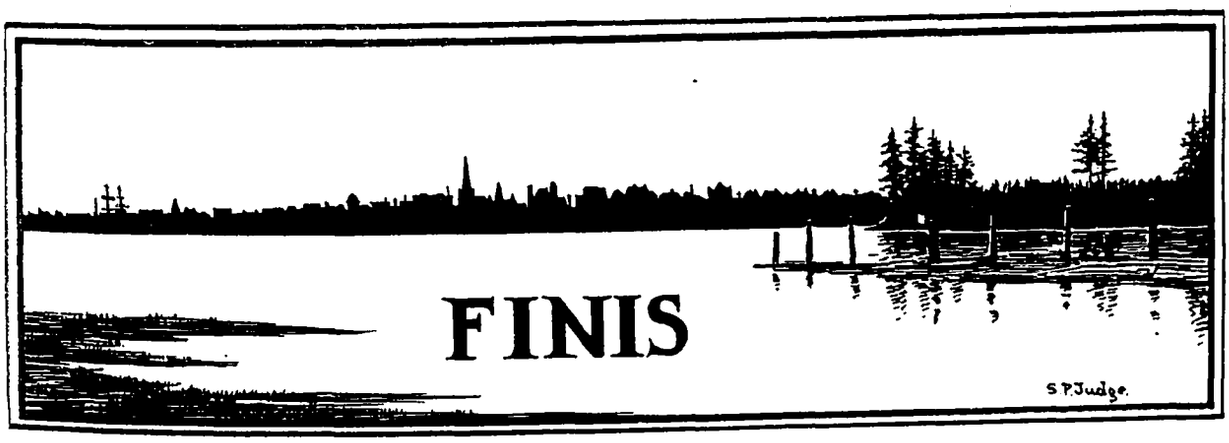
To cast the horoscope of a city which has arisen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the village after the fire of 1886, and has assumed such phenomenal proportions is a difficult matter, but it is safe to say in the years to come, the limits of the city must soon embrace, towards the west, Point Grey, as its select residential quarter, as already towards the east the perlieus of the city are approaching New Westminster. The suburb of Grandview is now thickly populated and Central Park, the half-way point on the electric railway, between Vancouver and the "Royal City," has been subdivided for city lots. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that before many years have elapsed that district now known as South Vancouver, which, although today is but a suburb, will become the connecting link between a new water front lying along the Fraser river, the site of manufacturing enterprises, as the distance from Burrard Inlet to the tide waters of the Fraser is but five miles in extent.

Although for years the Canadian Pacific Railway has been the only railway having its western terminus on Burrard Inlet, it is now known that the Vancouver, Westminster & Yukan Railway, opening up the fertile Squamish Valley and the Pemberton Meadows, has obtained terminal sites at Vancouver. This railway is at present in its infancy, being a branch of one of the trans-continental American railroads—the Great Northern—naturally must play a very important part in the opening up of the surrounding districts and the advancement and prosperity of the city. The Grand Trunk Pacific which has secured an ocean terminus at Prince Rupert and which will be in active operation within the next few years, must necessarily connect by a branch with Vancouver. In

addition to this, the "Terminal City" will be connected in the near future with Tacoma, Seattle and Everett, prominent coast cities in the State of Washington, by means of electric roads. It is even suggested that in the near future a railway from the province's capital, Victoria, will be built to the coast, adjacent to Vancouver, and that a fast line of express steamers will shortly be in operation. False Creek, the northern boundary of the city, will be dredged and regular water-ways formed, similar to those in Seattle, at the docks of which, the largest ocean liners may lie. While new industries in this vicinity which have been already started, as projected during the last year, give promise that as a manufacturing centre no city on the Pacific Coast will be equalled by Vancouver.

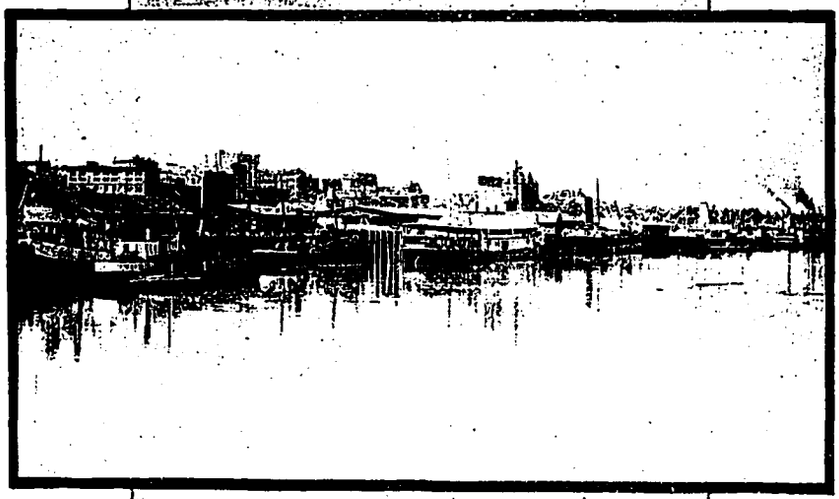
Already the wonderful fertility and productiveness of the farms along the Fraser Valley have attracted homeseekers who hitherto have been satisfied with the prairie provinces, as the mild and equable climate of the coast, so different from their wheat sections in Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, has been the means of increasing emigration in this locality, in numbers, hitherto unprecedented. One farm on the Fraser during the past year, produced a crop of cherries, on half an acre of land which produced an income to the owner of seven hundred and fifty dollars, according to government statistics.

With such grand natural advantages, with her enterprising citizens working always towards her advancement in every possible manner, with outside railway and steamship companies placing huge ocean liners at her miles of docks, and building transcontinental railroads to terminate in the heart of the city, and with the great tourist traffic, attracting thousands of travellers from all corners of the earth, it is indeed difficult to see why Vancouver should not, within the next ten years, be a metropolis with very few, or no rivals, in all of Canada. No city in the Dominion can boast—if boasting were necessary—of such a harbor, three great trans-continental railways making the city their headquarters with others to come, such unlimited room for growth and such opportunities in every line of business. It requires little foresight to see that within the next ten or fifteen years Vancouver will be a city as large as Montreal or Toronto, a city where the traffic of the whole world will meet; where travellers will find it most convenient to take steamer and train; where huge manufacturing interests will have their headquarters, where False Creek, Kitsilano beach, and English Bay, dredged out, will add three more great harbors, making Vancouver a seaport equal to any on the continent, and one that will attract the greatest manufacturing, railway, steamship, and other enterprises, of the known world.



VANCOUVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA



The COMING CITY of CANADA

Advertising a City.

By Elliott S. Rowe.

THERE is no longer any debate concerning the value of advertising. It is accepted as a business necessity by all successful firms. In recent years, especially in the West, the fact has come to be recognized that a city is, among other things, a business institution whose prosperity requires the adoption of the same means that are found effective in commercial enterprises and publicity has become an important factor in civic development. The experience of cities employing it has so fully justified their action that none of them would seriously consider the idea of stopping. On the contrary, they, in common with business institutions, have increased their activity in this direction with their growth.

Those most familiar with the history of Vancouver Tourist Association find in it ample justification for this attitude and strong reason for the adoption of a similar policy by its members. They have no doubt as to the importance of the contribution made by the Association to the present and growing prosperity of the city and are equally strong in the conviction that the existing circumstances call for still more vigorous work upon its part and give the promise of greater and more valuable results therefrom.

From the brief account of the aims and methods of the Association that follows, it will be seen that its name does not accurately describe its purpose, for, while it has had in view the attracting of tourists, it has not confined itself to that work nor has it regarded its accomplish as an end, but rather as a means of promoting the commercial and industrial growth of the city and the development of the Province.

It accords with the rules of good advertising to "feature" that commodity which is attractive to a large number of people, which best lends itself to pictorial representation, and, of which the advertiser has the best possible quality. In conformity with this, the Association very wisely decided to publish abroad the scenic and other features of the city that would appeal to tourists, confident that visitors would not be slow to recognise the many advantages afforded, by the city, as a place of residence and in which to do business.

If a city can attract and delight visitors with its facilities for pleasure, the openings it presents for profitable investment will not be neglected; if the enjoyment of its scenery, climate, sport, etc., seems adequate return for the money it costs them, the opportunity to make money amid the same surroundings will appear extremely attractive.

The results have fully justified the expectation of those responsible for the policy of the Association. Thousands of persons have been induced by its publicity work to visit the city for pleasure; many of them have become residents, many more investors here, and in other parts of the Province and all of them have been impressed with the evidences of the vigorous life, as well as the beauty, of the city and the assurance of its high destiny among the great cities of the world.

The publicity work of the Association is done through advertisements and descriptive articles in newspapers and magazines, by the preparation and distribution of booklets and by illustrated lectures. Cuts are loaned to periodicals to illustrate articles on Vancouver, and lantern slides to lecturers travelling

through the British Isles, the Colonies and the United States as well as in Eastern Canada.

About 80,000 booklets, folders, etc., are yearly distributed throughout the English-speaking world, through railway and steamship ticket offices, hotels, libraries, information bureaus and other public offices. Large numbers are distributed by the representative of the Association at the annual exhibitions throughout the prairies, and many are mailed to enquirers and handed to visitors at the offices of the Association. The offices of the Agent-General for British Columbia, and of the High Commissioner for Canada, London, Eng., are kept supplied and form centres of distribution. In exchange for our distribution of New Zealand literature, a like service is performed for us at the stations of the Department of Tourists and Health Resorts of that country, and by a similar exchange of courtesies with other Associations of the same kind, and from foreign hotels, we obtain valuable publicity through their offices.

Besides attracting visitors to the city the Association provides, in some degree, for their entertainment and guidance while here, by the establishment of a free Bureau of Information where they are given directions suitable to the purpose of their visit. Tourists are advised as to the best use of the time at their disposal, while home and investment seekers are furnished with information that will aid them in their search.

In the equipment of the bureau, the Association has had regard to the commercial and industrial progress of the city, and has recognised the intimate relation between the interests of Vancouver and those of the Province. The growth of the city and the development of the Province mutually promote each other. Opportunities for the city multiply with the progress of settlement, and, on the other hand, the growing city population creates increased demand for the products of other sections. The measure of the advantage accruing to Vancouver depends wholly upon the enterprise of her citizens. Nothing but indifference upon their part can prevent the city from participating more largely in the results of the progress of other parts of the Province than any other community. Every mine opened, every acre of land brought under cultivation, every great public work undertaken will contribute to our prosperity, according to the measure of our ability to take care of the business created thereby.

A similar relation exists between this city's growth and the progress of settlement on the prairies, for nothing can be more certain than that Vancouver may, if she will, become the chief distributing centre of the West, as well as the manufacturing and shipping point for a large part of its natural wealth. The Association, therefore, furnishes information regarding every section of the West and assists in the settlement of it and this, as has been said, is not philanthropy but just intelligent and patriotic self-interest. A wholesale centre cannot be indifferent to the multiplication of retail openings, and a city desiring to become the home of thousands of skilled workmen is vitally interested in the development of those resources which shall supply their food and the raw material of their manufacture.

Thus the Bureau keeps copies of all Government bulletins, maps and reports and of advertising booklets issued by other communities. The British Columbia Gazette and many newspapers and periodicals are kept on file.

An exhibit of the resources of the Province will shortly be installed in the offices of the Association. The Provincial Department of Mines is furnishing a mineral exhibit, the Geological Survey department a complete set of its reports and maps, and many of the mining companies are sending samples of their coins. The Provincial Department of Agriculture is supplying samples of fruit and grain, and views of farming scenes, and the Manager of the Experimental Farm at Agassiz is preparing a collection of fruit, grain and nuts grown on that property. Efforts are being made to enlist the co-operation of the agricultural communities and to obtain photographic views, samples of the products and information regarding the soil, cli-

mate and other conditions prevailing in their respective localities.

Information regarding the city is carefully collected and tabulated. Every item appearing in print containing reliable data relative to the city's progress is clipped, filed and indexed. Lists are being prepared of the industries and commercial houses of the city and it is hoped that arrangements may be made for a display of the products of local manufactures. The purpose is to make a collection of data covering the subjects in question that shall be as comprehensive and as reliable as it is possible to obtain, and to assemble an exhibit that will fairly indicate the variety and extent of the known resources of the Province, the industrial products of the city and the social and economic life, and the progress of both and suggest their illimitable possibilities. In a word, help the city grow and prosper by giving to the world the facts. The best advertisement of Vancouver is the truth about her.

Musings.

By M. P. Judge.

The vacant land was sold, and workmen cleared
Its undergrowth; their horses ploughed the earth:
With measurements the overseer marked
The outline of the houses soon to be.
And day by day long wooden scaffoldings
Grew higher, blocking out the distant view
Of mountains, sea, and sky, and open space,—
My window-world of morning, noon, and eve.
To others it may seem a little thing
To lose a view so loved, it seemed one's own;
I only know in having lost my view
I lose a friend behind the houses there.
The greatest loss has been the sunset hour,
The glory of the after-glow on sea,
And sky; the clouds that speak their loneliness
In radiant colours from the setting sun.
One consolation to myself I keep,
Is that I've had my view so long unclaimed,
And learnt so much in silence with the skies:
While in my heart live happy memories
Of dreaming moments by my window sit,
Where only good and far-off ideal thoughts
Dared muse with me in Nature's fairest moods.

Briggs, K. C.

By L. McLeod Gonld.

IT was a curious thing about Briggs, that ever since he took silk ten years before he had always been known as "Briggs, K.C." No one ever spoke of him as "Mr. Briggs" or "Jack Briggs," or any other kind of Briggs. He was merely "Briggs, K.C." His habits were as uniform as his nomenclature; a brilliant and painstaking pleader, he was invariably to be found for the defence in any criminal cause celebre, though in his earlier days he had been noticed on more than one occasion as a merciless and relentless prosecutor. Briggs, K.C., was an elderly man with rapidly thinning grey hair, and a face lined and seared with countless wrinkles, which could not all be accounted for by the arduous nature of his profession.

A gentleman of the old school, it is not to be wondered at that his favourite club was The National, that quiet and sequestered haven for those who like to sit apart from the bustle and confusion which the newer generation brings in its wake, both in club and professional life. Hidden away in Whitehall Gardens, The National shares with The Westminster the distinction of being the only club in Whittaker's list, which demands as a sine qua non of membership some religious guarantee. All members of The National are Protestants, and as Briggs, K.C., was a member of The National it must be inferred that he was of this persuasion, though it is doubtful whether he could have differentiated between the dogmas of the Roman and the Anglican Churches, and it is a fact that to his dying day he always cherished the idea that Mohammedanism was thousands of years older than Christianity.

For ten years had Briggs, K.C., been a regular member of this club, which suited his retiring disposition; he was never to be seen in conversation with any of the other members, and it was realised that he was somewhat eccentric and preferred to be left alone He breakfasted in his own rooms in Queen Ann's Mansions, his lunch, when he remembered it, he took in any chop-house which might be conveniently situated to his whereabouts at noon, but he invariably dined at seven o'clock at his club. For nigh on ten years Briggs, K.C., had sat at the same table, in the same chair, and had been waited on by the same waiter. It was a small table set for two, but Briggs always dined alone; a little soup, a little fish, an entree or a small cut from the joint, followed by a savoury and a black coffee was his regular meal, after which he retired to the smoking-room, to the same chair, which was always left vacant for him. The smoking-room at The National was, and perhaps is, not the least remarkable feature of this most conservative club. For a long time smoking was not tolerated on the premises, and when at length the pressure put on the committee became too strong a grudging consent was given to the use of a large basement room as a billiard and smoking-room; a peculiarity of which, in spite of its inconveniences, the members were not a little proud, as marking a difference between their club and those of others.

Men liked Briggs K.C., though he resolutely refused all openings for conversation, and let it be clearly seen that he did not desire the companionship of his fellows, there was something in his

style which fascinated; an old-world courtliness seemed to pervade his whole personality; whether he stood aside to allow another to pass in front of him, or whether he had occasion to pass in front of another, he did it with a grace which charmed. In all the little every-day occurrences of life Briggs, K.C., preserved a curious charm of manner together with a becoming dignity. Consequently it had come to be an unwritten law that his table should be unoccupied, and that his favourite chair in the smoking-room should be left vacant for his use. And here he would sit, placidly smoking a cigar, taking no part in the general conversation, though at times the expression of his face would show that he was following it, and approved or otherwise of the sentiments expressed.

It was one Christmas Eve that the unexpected happened, and Briggs, K.C., resumed the habits and characteristics of a normal person. For ten years it had been his custom to have his table set for two on that one night of the year; he sent up his own flowers, and sat facing the door instead of with his back to it, and each succeeding year when his solitary meal had come to a close his face seemed older and more drawn, and his figure appeared more shrunken as he huddled himself into the depths of his arm-chair down below. His fellow members felt genuinely sorry for him, but none dared come in between him and his unknown sorrow. It was therefore a red-letter day in the annals of the club when Briggs, K.C., threw off his exclusiveness and came down-stairs in company with a friend. And the manner of it was this:—

Precisely at the stroke of seven Briggs entered the dining-room and walked slowly up to his table, which was waiting ready set and decorated with his usual Christmas flowers, bright red and pure white chrysanthemums. James, his accustomed waiter escorted him to his seat, facing the door, murmuring, as was his custom, a suitable and pious desire that Briggs, K.C., might be both happy and merry during the festive time of Christmas and the opening of the New Year, well knowing that there was more chance for a snowball to survive in Tartarus than for merriment to linger on the countenance of Briggs, K.C., who nevertheless responded in his usual courtly style. On taking his seat Briggs cast his eye over the menu and was on the point of giving his double order when the sound of voices outside the door attracted his attention. A gleam of animation came into his eyes and he half rose from his seat as the door opened to admit the page, who with eyes bulging with astonishment came rapidly up to his table. "Please sir," he said, "there is a man in the office who says he wants to see you; he says he has an appointment with you for dinner."

"Why did you not bring him in then?" queried the member.

"Well sir; please sir; he doesn't look like a er—I mean, he isn't dressed like most gentlemen when they dine with gentlemen at their clubs, please sir. I didn't know whether you would have liked me to bring him in, sir. Robert always makes me ask first, sir." It was a curious thing about Briggs, K.C., that the boy should be so obviously nervous in addressing him. It is notoriously as hard to upset the equanimity of the ordinary London page as it is to mix oil and vinegar, but Briggs was an object of almost reverential awe to all the club employees, including even the head waiter himself.

"Go and bring him in immediately," said Briggs; "I have been expecting him."

The boy vanished and presently reappeared conducting an elderly man, whose appearance brought a gasp to the mouth of the waiter who was taking Briggs' order. Abnormally tall, and built in perfect proportion, with a magnificent head thickly covered with a shock of iron-grey hair, the stranger moved down the room like some demi-god of old. In striking contrast to his physical attainments was his dress. Instead of the conventional evening suit he wore a rough tweed of some heather mixture which seemed to hang rather than to sit upon his form; a rough flannel shirt with collar attached, appeared in the "V" of his waist-

coat, while his flowing beard dispensed with any necessity for a tie. The man looked like one who had been far beyond the reach of civilisation for many years, and had been accustomed to commune with Nature alone, untrammelled by the arts and conventions of society. A magnetic influence seemed to pervade the atmosphere as he advanced; the other diners ceased their conversation, and exchanged puzzled and curious glances with each other; the club dining-room might have been the banqueting-hall of Polyctetes when Perseus returned with the Gorgon's head. And so he came to Briggs, who rose and with extended hand said: "Welcome, Richard; you are somewhat late; I have been waiting for you these ten years."

The spell was broken, and the busy hum of conversation was resumed, though many a curious glance was cast from time to time towards the table, where for the first time in a decade two diners sat. When at last the two repaired to the smoking-room they found it crowded; the news had gone abroad that Briggs had found a friend and expectation was rife as to what developments might accrue, for all were of opinion that some strange mystery was abroad, though none could give a reason for the thought. Without a word the two sat down and smoked, and men remarked that Briggs looked happier and more at peace than ever before. At twelve the stranger left, and then Briggs, K.C., made his first and last speech in the National Club.

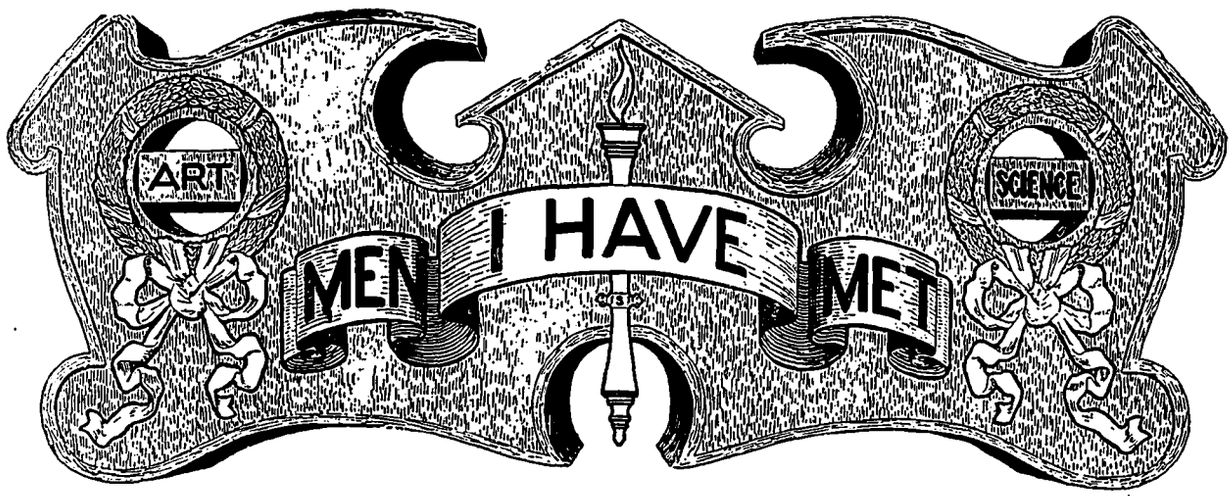
Rising to his feet he said: "Gentlemen, for the past ten years you have borne patiently with what must have seemed to you to be the vagaries of a misanthrope; it is due to you that I now give some explanation of my conduct, before I leave you for ever. The man whom you have just seen leave, was my brother, my twin brother, and for forty years we were inseparable companions. Richard, however, developed a mania for want we may term, lacking a better word, spiritualism, whereas I have always remained a sceptic on this point. Eleven years ago he left England on a prolonged journey throughout Northern India and Thibet, being bent on probing to the utmost the secrets which are said to exist up to the present day among the descendants of old Oriental civilisation. I tried to dissuade him, scoffing at his aims, but all in vain. Our parting was cold, but just as his train was leaving he told me that I should see him twice again; once on the day of his death, and once, provided his theories were correct, a year before my own demise. It was on a Christmas Eve that I saw him for the first time, ten years ago, when he informed me that he had met with death at Llhasa, and that he would visit me some other Christmas Eve in the years to come. You understand now why I have always kept so much to myself, and why I have always reserved a place at my table once a year. He came the second time tonight to warn me to be ready to join him. I have till this time next year. One more thing; people have often wondered why I have so persistently refused a brief from the Crown in criminal prosecutions. Eleven years ago John Hammond was hanged through my efforts, and I learned from my brother that he was innocent; since then I have shrunk from being the instrument of a miscarriage of justice."

Amidst a silence like that of the grave Briggs left the room, and not for some minutes did the buzz of conversation break out. Opinions were bartered freely, but the prevailing idea was that Briggs, K.C., had been over-worked, and needed rest.

Twelve months passed quickly, and the affair passed from the memory of members, until a brief notice in the obituary column of The Times brought it back. It read:

"Briggs, J. At his rooms in Queen Anne's Mansions J. Briggs, K.C., Dec. 24th, of heart disease."

A superstitious reverence has caused the committee to have the corner table moved to another part of the room.



Henry M. Stanley.

By William Blakemore.

AS long as I can remember Davil Livingstōne has been my ideal hero. I shall never forget the quaintly and curiously illustrated missionary notices which arrived at my father's regularly month by month. The wood cut illustrations were fearfully and wonderfully made, crude but impressive. In every part of the known world Christian Missionaries were depicted at the moment of direst peril, when fierce animals or blood-thirsty savages were about to administer the "coup de grace" to the emissaries of the Gospel.

Among the most impressive of these was a pictorial representation of Livingstone in the clutches of a mighty lion, and the letter press explained that he was only rescued by natives with the greatest difficulty, and at the cost of an arm. From that time I followed his travels most religiously, and when he was finally lost in darkest Africa, the period of anxiety and suspense which was felt throughout the world, found a sympathetic response in my own breast.

I well remember the cablegram, flashed from New York to London, which told of the enterprise of James Gordon Bennett in fitting out an expedition under the direction of Henry M. Stanley. In due course the expedition sailed, and Stanley disappeared itno the heart of the Dark Continent. All the world is familiar with the official record of his travels until the moment when upon the shores of Lake Tanyangika he discovered the illustrious traveller and greeted him with "Mr. Livingstone, I believe?"

No apology is needed for prefacing an article on Stanley by a reference to Livingstone. Stanley is only remembered because he discovered the man whom all the civilized world loved, and whose fame as a traveller, an explorer and a missionary is not surpassed in the annals of the Christian era. And yet Stanley was in many respects a remarkable man. He was distinctly the representative of a type, the square built, bullet-headed, heavy-jawed type which stops at nothing to achieve its purpose, and is relentless. It is not a little singular that I should first have met a man who has earned a reputation for heartlessness amounting to brutality when he was paying a visit to the humble cottage near Ruthin, North Wales, where his aged mother lived. She had not seen him for nearly thirty years when he had left the rooftree to seek his fortune in the wide, wide world. How many things had happened since then?

For him years of poverty, struggle, obscurity, with a sudden meteoric emergence, and a world-wide reputation; for her, half a lifetime of patient waiting.

I was spending my summer holiday at Llandudno, and had ridden out to Ruthin where I met Mr. Stanley at luncheon at the Rectory. First impressions are always the most lasting, and I see him now as I saw him then, a man slightly under medium height, well built, indeed remarkably like a smaller edition of President Roosevelt, he had a round face, close cropped dark hair turning to gray, a small iron-gray moustache, and rather a beady eye. His manner was stiff, and suggested aloofness and indifference. Without being a good talker he was interesting because he had seen so much, and during lunch he spoke quite freely of his experiences. He was greatly impressed with the possibilities of South Africa, and had evidently been in close touch with most of those marvellous natural resources which have since attracted world-wide attention.

I felt at the time that he was the very antipodes of Livingstone, just the man to conduct a commercial or a punitive expedition. A man who, if allowed to organize his own forces, would be certain to achieve his object; fearless, dauntless, determined.

I met Stanley several times after this before he entered public life as a politician and made an utter failure. I also had the pleasure of entertaining him in the winter of 1888 when he lectured to the Walsall Literary Society. Many things had happened since I first met him. The Barttelot scandal had agitated England. Stanley's reputation had suffered, his cruelty to the natives had leaked out in spite of the pledge of secrecy under which the members of his expedition were laid. It is doubtful whether the whole truth in connection with these regrettable incidents will ever be known; and now that Stanley is dead and gone, probably no good purpose would be served by breaking the long silence.

Safely locked in a vault in Halifax, N.S., is the diary of Lieutenant Stairs, who accompanied Stanley. No one has ever seen the contents of this diary, which is sealed. Lieutenant Stairs when depositing it with the members of his family stipulated that it should not be opened during Stanley's lifetime. But although a considerable time has elapsed since his death, nothing has been heard of it, and I think it may safely be concluded that the story of the bloody deeds which characterized the expedition will never be known in its entirety.

It is a striking comment upon Stanley's work in Africa that one of the most conspicuous results has been the perpetration of the Congo atrocities, and the perpetuation of the most murderous and mercenary rule of which there is any record under the aegis of his Royal master, the King of the Belgians.

I am reminded of one incident which has never been published, and which throws a strong light on Stanley's character. At a meeting of the Colonial Institute in the early nineties, an address was delivered by F. C. Selous, the great African hunter, a man who is as modest as most men who have achieved great things usually are. Selous gave many interesting details of his travels with Livingstone, and of his experience in shooting great game. After the address the Chairman called on Stanley to move a vote of thanks. Stanley got up, and after mumbling a few words of ungracious thanks went on to say that he could not allow the occasion to pass without deploring the fact that hunters like Selous were simply destroying the finest game in the world, and decimating the ranks of the noblest animals in creation. He deplored such wholesale slaughter for mere amusement, and suggested that instead of applauding any man for killing lions, tigers and rhinoceroses, there should be a fine of twenty-five pounds a head for animals so slain.

The speech was truly amazing, and the spirit which prompted it was obvious. A well known sportsman who was present passed a note to Selous asking if he should reply to Stanley. Selous handed back a memo terse and laconic "leave me to kill my own game." Rising under the influence of tremendous excitement with his fingers twitching, and

the muscles of his face quivering, Selous literally scarified Stanley. He declared that he had never killed big game or anything else for the mere luxury of killing, that he had made it his first business to kill for food for himself and the natives, that wherever he had gone, even in the unexplored recesses of the Dark Continent, either alone or in company with Livingstone, he could go again and be received with kindness and hospitality. He did not have to plough his way across the continent with Gatling guns because he could not shoot with a rifle; and walking up to where Stanley sat, and addressing himself directly to him, in low impressive tones he said, "I have never shed one drop of human blood in all my travels, can Mr. Stanley say the same?"

This incident is an epitome of Stanley's character and Stanley's African history. Nothing can ever gloss over the fact that he marched to his triumphs through seas of blood, and that where the sainted Livingstone went single-handed, and secured the confidence and affection of untold thousands of the dusky natives, Stanley had to fight his way in and out, and entrench himself behind artillery.

Africa was a dark continent, a great lone land, its true discoverer was Livingstone; the most patient, the most sincere, the most truthful, the bravest and the gentlest of men. His travels his discoveries, and above all his lofty character seized the imagination of the civilized world, and focussed attention upon the continent which in a very true sense he had made his own.

After him came Stanley and Rhodes; the latter imbibed somewhat of his spirit and shared his enthusiasm, and if today the last great continent is rapidly becoming an open book, and the very jungles in which Livingstone was lost thirty years ago are penetrated by the Cape to Cairo Railway, it is not so much because of Stanley's expeditions, or of Rhodes' dream of Empire, but because the humble Scotch missionary whose remains were carried by loving hands over land and sea until they rested beneath a slate slab in Westminster Abbey, blazed the trail for those who came after.

REMEMBRANCE.

One night you touched the harp beside the stair,
The harp that long unfingered and unstrung,
Had silent dreamed of hours when it was young,
And those who loved it blithe and frail and fair.
Beneath your careless hand a faint, sweet air
Leaped back to life, and told with tender tongue
Of loves forgot, and soft, the strings among,
The dying music lingered like a prayer.
How long the harp had waited for your hand,
So long my heart lay silent till you came,
How strangely sweet the strain you made to rise
From each! And yet you cannot understand
That now can neither ever be the same—
Ah, love, ah, love, how slow the music dies!

A Christmas Thought.

By A. V. K.

As round our Christmas hearths we gather now,—
The while a gentle peace is over all,
And sounds of youthful laughter on us fall—
Fond memory wafts us back on fleetest wings
And in our ears an old-time anthem sings.
We pause awhile and ask each other how
Our dearest ones, far distant o'er the foam,
Are faring in the well-loved Home, sweet Home.

We picture them, as in the days long past
They guarded o'er us and directed where
When, sheltered neath their own most loving care,
Our youthful energies should find a gaol
Wherewith to satisfy each yearning soul.
Ah! How they loved us then and love us still;
And though, for just a while, we still must roam,
Our hearts forever turn to Home, sweet Home.

Here, in imagination, for a space,
As memory paints the scene before our eyes,
We seem to see each dear one's face arise
Out of the gloaming. Lovingly once more
Our lips meet their's as in the days of yore.
Tears dim our eyes, we clasp our hands and pray:—
"God of our Fathers, wheresoe'er we roam,
Watch over and protect our Home sweet Home."

The Burglar and the Babe.

By Billee Glynn.

THE burglar tiptoed his way silently across the dimly-lit parlor and slightly parting the portiers looked into the adjoining room. No one was there; but there were signs of recent occupation, and from appearance it seemed to be a living room. A cradle with a chair beside it—on top of which a fashion magazine had been left open—told at least the story of a woman and a child. Perhaps the child was still there. The burglar rose on tiptoe to glance in the cradle and fancied he could detect the gleam of yellow hair. Would he venture? His eye swept the room and settled at length with a greedy look on a cupboard where some valuable pieces of silver were placed. But suddenly the expression of his face—set between the two wings of curtain like a spectrum, its gray haggardness touched strangely by the yellow glow of light—changed to the deepest self-disgust. The burglar had never stolen before. But a moment later a look of hatred and recklessness succeeded. He was at war again with a strange, heartless city, that refused him work, that refused him bread; with the rich who languished in fat opulence; with a world that had wronged him, robbing heart and home.

Home! The muttered word seemed to sting him like a bayonet thrust. With lowered brows he stepped into the room moving swiftly and noiselessly toward the cupboard. His hand fondled the silver avariciously; his eyes had now the true gleam of robbery. Two or three of the pieces were gold-lined. He selected these and then stood debating.

Would he take any more? These were sufficient to satisfy his immediate needs—why steal simply for the sake of theft? There was still left a portion of honour—the consideration of degree in thievery. He smiled bitterly. Why not throw this in the face of fate with the rest and be the full thing life had made him? What a hateful charity is a half blessing! But suddenly the sound of a spoken word broke the silence of the room. The burglar started and glanced apprehensively toward the farther door where the woman must have gone out. No one appeared. He turned to the cradle. The sound after all seemed to have come from there. With the pieces of silver still in his hand he tiptoed over and glanced in. A child—a little boy apparently of three or four years of age—with long, golden hair, was sleeping softly on a downy bed of cushions, its little hand pressing its cheek. Moving closer the burglar stood and gazed at the child. How sweet and innocent it was—fresh from the hand of God, and unmarked by the coarse touch of life and sin. A look of yearning crossed the face of the burglar, followed by a flood of shame. He had been like that years ago—not so very many—and now! He glanced at the pieces of silver in his hand. Truly there was the story of his life written in characters of "silver and gold." The irony of it all brought a bitter, sarcastic smile to his lips; then his eyes grew tender. One of the articles of his projected theft was a gold-lined mug, on the side of which was engraved "From Mother To Babe, Christmas." It belonged to the child and he was about to take it—steal a gift of love from a babe! At that moment the child stirred in its sleep and murmured the word "Papa." Ah, that

had been the sound! But now how poignantly reproachful! With subconscious intelligence the child might have been calling for paternal protection. Shuddering at himself the burglar went back to the cupboard and replaced the mug; then after a moment's doubt the other articles. Was it worth while after all to steal? He was turning to leave the room when a photo standing on the top shelf of the cupboard caught his eye. Something in the poise of the figure attracted him. He bent over and peered at it closely for an instant, then shrank back suddenly, his hand to his brow as if in pain, murmuring the word "Ethel." Recovering and bending forward again he scrutinized the picture anxiously—forgetful of all danger of detection. The identity was beyond doubt. It was hers—the woman who had been his wife. Had been!—what a torture was that thought now! What an awful regret it signified—a regret which had eaten his very soul since that time of madness four years before when he had separated from her. What a terrible wrong he had done her—a wrong beyond all forgiveness—nor could he ask it if he knew where to find her. After all was not his misery and suffering since then but his just deserts? And he had been blaming fate. With the picture in his hand he stood and recalled her image as he had seen her the day of their wedding. How sweet, how beautiful, how pure she was! Innocent as the child in the cradle! But whose child was that? Whose house—a house in a distant Western city that contained her picture! His eyes swept the room with its handsome furnishings. Might it be possible—her father was rich? And the babe—had there——? He went over to the cradle and inspected the sleeping child. He studied its features closely, a wild glow of love trembling at his heart, and fancied he traced in them those of the woman mingling with his own. As if in corroboration of his thoughts the child stirred in its dream at that moment and half turning lifted up its arms and lisped again "Papa!" The word burst the flood-gates of the burglar's soul. Everything was shut out but a great overwhelming love—the love of a father for his first-born. A rush of blood mantling his pale cheeks he bent down toward the cradle—to kiss the child—to take it in his arms—to call it son. But suddenly he paused. No, this thing could not be; he could not accept this momentary joy at the hands of fate to reap the despair of its loss the rest of his life. No, the picture was there by chance. The child was not his. Didn't the very word it had uttered prove this?—Papa! What father would his child have ever known to learn the name? He had been crazy to think of such a thing. He rose slowly to an erect position, tore his eyes from the cradle, and strode hurriedly toward the portieres where he had entered. His hand parted them—another moment and he would have been gone into the night, lost in the city's millions from whence he had come—then a voice uttered his name from behind and he turned quickly around.

A woman had entered.

"Fred!"

"Ethel!"

"Oh, Fred——" She was smiling a smile of forgiveness—of welcome—almost supplication.

A great hope flushed his face. He turned back to the centre of the room and pointed to the cradle, a question in his eyes.

"Ours!" half whispered the woman approaching, the angelic light of motherhood in her face.

"Ours!" he echoed hoarsely; "——then, will you forgive——"

Their hands met over the cradle; then their lips. And the child opened its eyes at that moment and smiled on them.

Condemned.

By Henry Morey.

NO, Margaret; Evans won't say there's a good chance of my getting off. He's going to do his best, of course, but the evidence is all so much against me."

"But, Alfred, you are innocent. Surely something in your favor will come to light before or during the second trial."

"I am striving hard to think so, but when an innocent man has had the halter put about his neck by twelve of his fellow men he can hardly be blamed for losing faith in mankind generally."

"And womankind?" questioned Margaret, turning her lovely brown eyes full upon him.

"One woman, at least, believes I am innocent, or she would not be here," replied Alfred, drawing Margaret tenderly to him.

Just then a footstep sounded in the corridor. The door of the cell swung open and Robert Muir, Margaret's elder brother, strode through it.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, palpitating with suppressed rage, "how dare you persist in coming here against my wishes?"

"I must come, Robert," answered Margaret, fervently. "In spite of the verdict, Alfred says he is innocent. I believe he is telling the truth. He needs someone to comfort him and until I know he is guilty I will not forsake him."

"We'll see about that," retorted Muir, harshly. "I'm going up North again in a day or two and you're going with me."

"O, Robert," cried Margaret, appealingly, "you'll never compel me to spend another summer in that dreadful place."

"Dreadful, indeed! Why, if I have any memory at all, you went into raptures over our camp when you first caught sight of it."

"So I did," replied Margaret, quietly. "It is naturally a paradise; but last summer it was turned into a hotbed of vice."

"Well, I promise you that shall not happen this time."

"You have made many promises, Robert."

"Don't anger me, girl," snarled Muir. "You're going up North whether you like it or not. Alfred Joslyn has been found guilty. He's to have a second trial, I know, but the verdict will be the same. In any case, you know I have always objected to him as a prospective brother-in-law. Leave the jail at once and promise me that you will not come here again."

"I will promise nothing," said Margaret, firmly.

"Your brother is right," interposed Joslyn, laying a hand on his bethrothed's shoulder. "Leave me, Margaret. I will not ask you to see me again until I have been proven innocent."

Margaret drew herself up proudly. "No," she said, "I will not go voluntarily until five o'clock. I am allowed half an hour, you know, and I came at half-past four."

As she finished this ultimatum Robert Muir stepped forward, took her roughly by the shoulders and pushed her towards the door.

"No violence here!" ejaculated the jailer, laying a strong hand on Muir's arm and with difficulty restraining himself from further action. "At present Miss Muir is our guest and if she wishes to remain till five o'clock she may do so."

Robert Muir had no desire to interfere with an officer of the law. "We'll see about this later," he exclaimed, angrily, releasing his hold on Margaret. Then he stepped into the corridor and strode away.

Margaret at once returned to her place

beside Joslyn. MacPherson the jailer, himself a kind-hearted Scotchman, took care that they were not again disturbed. The clock in the corridor struck five and Margaret was preparing to leave.

Macpherson appeared at the grating in the cell door. "We'll allow you an extra ten minutes, this time, Miss Muir," he said, cheerfully. "You know why."

Margaret thanked him and smiled.

"By the great St. Andrew!" muttered Macpherson as he walked away, "that smile was worth a muckle! I wouldna hae missed it for six months' pay."

Three days later Macpherson handed Alfred Joslyn a letter. It was from Margaret, telling him of her brother's determination to take her North again. "There's no way out of it," she wrote. "Robert is determined that I shall go. He says he will use force, if necessary, and I think it would be unwise to resist him. By the time you receive this we shall have set sail. But remember, Alfred, I love you; and whether we sail north or south, east or west, my first thought will be of you. I enclose a photo—the one you like best, I think."

Alfred Joslyn raised the picture to his lips, kissed it passionately and then held it at arm's length. He gazed intently at the beautiful face and into the kind, smiling eyes, until his own filled with tears. Then, with a great sob, he brought the picture to his lips once more and fell heavily against the door of his cell.

Meanwhile Robert Muir and his sister were steaming North. Robert was in quest of timber again and intended going a hundred miles further up the coast than he usually did.

The northern portion of the coast of British Columbia is particularly beautiful in summer time, and but for the shadow that had come into her life Margaret would have enjoyed the journey thoroughly. She did her best to let the grandeur of mountain, sea and sky take possession of her, but the attempt was a failure.

Night came and with it a full moon which transformed the sea into shimmering satin. Margaret sat sadly gazing into its depths until her brother's footstep aroused her..

"Still brooding, Margaret," he began, tauntingly. "Thinking of Alfred Joslyn, I suppose?"

"Of whom else should I think, Robert?"

"Why not try George Lander for a change," replied Muir, taking speedy advantage of his sister's remark.

"George Lander! You know I detest him."

"Well, he's going to be at the camp again this year, if I'm not mistaken. In fact, I believe he's there now getting things into shape."

"O, Robert!" gasped Margaret, rising from her seat in agitation. "How cruel of you!"

"I don't see it," blurted Muir, blustering about the deck. "Lander's very well-to-do and expects to be still better off after this season's work. He's fond of you and will make you a very good husband."

"How can you say that," exclaimed Margaret, indignantly. "You must know his faults even better than myself."

"Well," he's going to make a desperate effort this summer to reform and win you at the same time."

"He'll do neither," declared Margaret with an expression of disgust. Then, walking quickly past her brother, she left the deck and retired for the night. Sleep was impossible, however, and morning found her depressed and weary.

They sighted camp that afternoon. It was situated on the shore of a beautiful little bay and nothing could have looked more picturesque.

"That's Lander in the centre," said Robert Muir, pointing to a group of three figures standing on the beach.

Margaret shuddered. Up to that moment she had indulged a faint hope that perhaps, after all, Lander would not be there.

He came forward as the party disembarked and greeted Margaret quite naturally. Then he led the way, up a winding path, to the tents.

"This one is yours, Miss Muir," he said, indicating a tent somewhat removed from the others. A clump of vine maples, already tinged with red,

added to its privacy, and an awning of cedar bark, with a comfortably-shaped rustic seat beneath it, made it look quite inviting. Margaret recognized Lander's hand in these and other little comforts and quietly thanked him for his thoughtfulness.

The party settled down to camp life and Margaret, in spite of herself, was obliged to admit that it was a model one.

Four weeks passed by. Not a drop of liquor had made its appearance, nor had Lander, by word or deed, given Margaret any cause for uneasiness. But a change came. Margaret was seated under the awning one afternoon when Lander approached.

"We've finished our work rather earlier than usual today, Miss Muir," he said. "May I come here and rest awhile?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lander," replied Margaret. After all, the seat and awning are yours, you know. You made them, I suppose."

"They were made for you, Miss Muir," answered Lander, sitting down quite close to Margaret.

Something in the tone of his voice made her move a little further away. Lander closed the gap immediately and Margaret glanced at him with alarm. His face was slightly flushed and Margaret fancied she could detect a faint smell of liquor.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Muir," began Lander. "May I call you Margaret?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Margaret, quickly. Then she stood up and faced Lander. Her cheeks were ablaze and her fingers twitched nervously, but her voice was steady.

"Mr. Lander," she said, firmly, "we may as well understand each other at once. I am engaged to Alfred Joslyn and you have no right to offer me your attentions."

"But, Miss Muir, conditions have changed so much, lately," urged Lander, smiling. "Alfred Joslyn is a condemned prisoner and I have reformed."

"Not a word against Alfred!" ejaculated Margaret, with flashing eyes. "True, he is a prisoner. He has been found guilty but is not yet condemned. He is to have a new trial. As for your reforming, I am sorry to say I have very little faith in that."

"Let me have a chance to prove that it is genuine," pleaded Lander. "I haven't tasted a drop for two months, just on account of you. Say that I may at least hope and I shall be able to do without it altogether."

"I cannot do that," answered Margaret.

"If I keep perfectly straight for twelve months, may I speak to you then?"

"My answer would still be the same," replied Margaret, turning to go away.

"Please don't go, Miss Muir," continued Lander, beseechingly. "Hear me out, I beg of you. We. expect. the steamer any hour now with fresh supplies for the camp. She'll take orders, too, for her next trip up here. Your brother and I have talked the thing over and we've come to this conclusion: you have only to say that there is at least some hope for me and the steamer will leave here without any order for liquor. I think you understand me."

"Yes, I'm sure I do," replied Margaret, scathingly. "But nothing you can say will make any difference."

"You know what your refusal means?"

"Perfectly well. It means a repetition of last year's horrors."

"And you won't give me the least encouragement?"

"I cannot."

"Not even to save my very soul from hell, I suppose,' cried Lander, losing control of himself.

"I am sorry," replied Margaret quietly, "but I cannot promise to love you."

"Then you're not as good a woman as I thought you were," hissed Lander, contemptuously. "And mark my words, Miss Muir," he continued, going a step nearer Margaret to emphasize his statement, "last year, a five-gallon keg of whisky was responsible for the whole trouble. We'll order a hogshead of the stuff this time!"

A steamer's whistle sounded in the distance and they both turned towards the bay.

Margaret's first thought was of Alfred Joslyn. There would be a letter for her, no doubt, and newspapers for the camp.

Robert Muir undid the packet of mail and glanced at the addresses. "Two for you, Margaret," he said. "They're both from a lady, though. That precious prisoner of yours doesn't think enough of you to write."

Margaret bit her lip until it bled, but made no reply to her brother's cruel remark. She took the letters and walked slowly towards her tent. She had fully expected a letter from Alfred. Why had he not written! Tears welled up into her eyes and she was about to give way to her grief. Then she checked herself. "I'll see what Maud has to say, first," she thought, taking up one of the letters, the handwriting on which she recognized. "Why, it's from Alfred!" she exclaimed, her voice full of emotion. Then she smiled; and if Macpherson had been there he would have declared that particular smile to be worth a twelvemonth's pay.

But Margaret's joy was short-lived. She began her letter; the beautiful smile faded from her face and an expression of cruel despair took its place. Her hands trembled, her limbs refused to support her and she sank to the floor.

"Alfred; my Alfred!" she moaned. "And he is innocent, innocent!" Then she tried to rouse herself. "I must go to him, at once," she cried. "The steamer will wait a few minutes for me, surely." She staggered to her feet and reached the door of her tent. Then she heard someone calling her. It was Lander. He came running towards her with a newspaper in his hand.

"Miss Muir! Miss Muir!" he shouted, heartlessly, unmistakable joy in his voice, "it's turned out just as we expected. Alfred Joslyn has had a second trial and he's to be hanged a month from today. What's your answer, now?"

"The same as it has always been," replied Margaret, grasping the tent pole hard to steady herself. "And if I were a man," she began with quivering lips, "I'd——, but it doesn't matter," she concluded, with infinite scorn and a proud toss of her head, "I'm going to Alfred."

"Not if I can help it!" snapped Lander, catching hold of her wrist as she swept past him.

Margaret screamed, but the steamer's shrill whistle drowned her voice and none save Lander heard it.

"Screaming will do you very little good, Miss Muir," he said, harshly. Your brother expected something like this. I had orders from him to keep you here until the steamer is well under way and I'm going to do it."

How Margaret lived through that day and the weeks that followed she could never tell. There was a settlement a few miles further down the coast and she made several attempts to reach it. But these were always frustrated by Lander who seemed never to leave the camp.

Margaret grew pale and thin as the dreadful day approached until she found herself counting the hours that Alfred had to live.

"It's a month tomorrow since the steamer was here," she thought with a shudder. Then she began to pace to and fro. "How beautiful the evening is," she muttered. "It seems to mock me. Why doesn't the lightning flash and the thunder roar! Why doesn't a hurricane come tearing down from the North and lash the waters into great foaming billows, mountains high! It would do me good to hear them roar and see them come crashing in, higher and higher, until Robert and Lander and the whole camp were engulfed for ever in their darkest depths. But I must be calm," she murmured, "and not give way to these dreadful feelings." Then she went into her tent to be with Alfred in spirit, at least, during his last night on earth. She was on her knees in prayer when a steamer's whistle disturbed her. "That can't be our steamer," she mused, going to the door of the tent and looking out. "It is, though!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why, she's at least two hours ahead of time. There'll be another letter. Perhaps some good news as well."

Margaret hurried to the beach and with feverish impatience watched the steamer land. When the mail came ashore she took her place amongst the

eager little crowd around her brother.

"Another letter for you, Margaret, and a newspaper," said he.

Lander took these from Muir and was about to hand them over to Margaret. A headline in the paper, however, attracted his attention and he hesitated. A look of surprise and fear came into his face and he thrust the newspaper into his pocket. This is what he had read: "Alfred Joslyn, the condemned prisoner, has escaped!

Margaret's quick eyes had seen the headline, also, and her face was a picture. Joy, thankfulness, relief, hope, all were depicted in it.

"My mail, please, Mr. Lander," she said, radiantly.

Lander handed Margaret the letter, but the newspaper remained in his pocket.

"All of it, please," demanded Margaret, holding out her hand confidently.

"Aye! Gie the lassie all her mail," said one of the workmen standing by.

Lander turned sharply and looked at the man. Then he drew the newspaper very reluctantly from his pocket and handed it to Margaret.

"Thank you, Macgregor," she said, quietly, turning her wonderful eyes full upon the one who had spoken. And as she sped away to her tent another Scotchman's heart was melting within him at the beauty of her smile.

It was almost dark when Margaret came out of her tent again. The steamer had gone and the supplies for the camp were piled up on the bank above the beach. Conspicuous amongst the packages was a large hogshead. Margaret gasped when she saw it.

The men were lounging about the camp talking noisily. Presently one of them lunged across her path and fell heavily into a nearby bush. Then Margaret stumbled over something herself.

"Never mind, Margaret," stammered a familiar voice, husky with drink. "It's only a small case of whisky we've opened. I daresay it will last us tonight and we'll tap the hogshead tomorrow."

Then a bold idea suddenly took possession of Margaret. "I'll tap that hogshead myself," she thought. "A wilful waste will surely be justifiable in this case."

Not daring to return to her tent, Margaret hid herself amongst the boulders on the beach. She remained there until absolute quiet reigned in the camp. Then she climbed the bank and made her way to where the tools were kept. In a few moments she was at the side of the hogshead with a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other. She found the bung near the ground. A few good blows served to loosen it and a vigorous twist or two brought it out. Margaret expected a stream of rich brown liquor to follow in its wake. But none came!

"It can't be empty!" she said aloud, grasping the rim of the hogshead and giving it a tug.

A circular portion in the top of the cash began to move. Margaret saw it and her first impulse was to run away. "There's something in the cask!" she gasped.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Alfred Joslyn's head and shoulders came into view.

It was a lucky thing for Margaret that she was not a believer in ghosts or she would have swooned that very moment.

With a glad cry, Alfred leaped out of the cask and Margaret, weeping for joy, fell into his arms.

"Macpherson made it easy for me," said Alfred, placing another kiss on Margaret's sympathetic lips; "and Morrison, the nightwatchman at the wharf, suggested the empty hogshead. There was a full one alongside of it, labelled. Morrison, paying little attention to the address, took the label off the full hogshead and tacked it on to the empty one."

"Our love for each other was the lodestone, Alfred," whispered Margaret, fondly. "But you are not safe here," she went on, anxiously. "Even now Lander may be watching us. Nothing would please him better than to be able to place you behind the bars again. We must get away before daylight. We'll take the row-boat."

"And go further up the coast," suggested Joslyn.

"No, you stupid," returned Margaret,

almost gleefully. "That's just where they'll go first of all to find us."

"But Margaret——" began Joslyn.

"There's no time for buts, Alfred. The camp will be astir in a couple of hours. We'll put a few necessaries into the boat and be off at once."

Morning found George Lander still stupid with drink. His eyes opened wide enough, however, when he came to inspect the hogshead.

"Why, confound it all, the thing's empty!" he blurted out. "It doesn't even smell of whisky! And there's a hole in it big enough for a man to get in and out of!"

Then he called Robert Muir. Their surprise sobered them and in spite of the night's debauch they were able to put two and two together.

"Margaret will know something of this," suggested Lander, maliciously.

"To much, I'm afraid," growled Muir.

They walked hurriedly to Margaret's tent and found it open. Lander made a hasty survey of it.

"Empty, by Gad!" he cried, slapping his thigh.

Then they rushed to the beach.

"Gone, of course!" howled Muir. "They've given us the slip nicely."

"But look!" exclaimed Lander, hopefully. "There's a tug boat coming this way."

They hailed the vessel and in a few minutes were on board of her.

"They've gone North, most likely, Captain," exclaimed Muir, after a hurried explanation. "One hundred dollars if you overtake them within two hours."

"And two hundred from me!" bawled Lander.

"Full steam ahead!" signalled the captain, and the powerful tug shot forward, quivering from stem to stern, in a mad endeavour to break all previous records.

Meanwhile, Alfred and Margaret were rowing away briskly in the opposite direction. They had travelled about five miles and were thinking of landing when a large steamer came into view.

"We musn't let them see us," said Margaret, heading their little craft for a small island about a hundred yards away. The vessel passed them and they put out to sea again.

Margaret noticed something white on the surface of the water. It was in the wake of the steamer and drifting towards them.

"It's part of a newspaper!" she exclaimed, grasping hold of it as soon as it came within reach. She held it up before her to let the water run from it and her heart gave a great leap of joy.

"O, Alfred, it's come at last!" she cried, springing up and taking a step forward.

As Margaret snuggled into his arms, Alfred Joslyn read the words that made him free. Someone had turned King's evidence and the story implicated a man who was supposed to be up North on a timber cruise.

Joslyn was showering glad kisses on Margaret's face when she interrupted him. "Alfred," she murmured, trying to look very serious, "there's a Government agent at the settlement—and a Minister."

The narrow way may have hills, but no pitfalls.

* * *

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—Thackeray.

* * *

Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is reconciliation with our lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.

The Associations of Rivers.

By E. A. Jenns.

READING an old copy of the English Illustrated Magazine for 1906, I came across an article by Oscar Parker, "The Thames in Summer," in which he says: "If any one was asked, what river in all the world holds first place for beauty and associations? the answer if uninfluenced by patriotic feeling would probably be the Rhine." After which he proceeds eloquently to describe the beauties and some of the associations of the Thames.

As I read the thought suggested itself to me, of dwelling more particularly upon the associations that are brought to mind, when one thinks over the names of some of the older known rivers, and in that connection the first that most people would probably think of would be, "the great river the Euphrates," if only from its connection with the Garden of Eden in Biblical story. Over this river must have marched Chedalaomer, King of Elam, with his allies, to attack the five kings of Canaan and to be in turn attacked and defeated by Abraham and his servants, while turning to secular history we find that he was again defeated and slain upon his return to Elam by Khamurabi, King of Chaldea.

It was on this river that as far as we know now the dawn of civilization for the world arose, and the ancient glories of Elam and Chaldea, Assyria and Babylon enchain our attention. As we think, the legenday Semiramis and Ninus, flit through the memory, while the great names of Sargon and Assurbanipal, Nebuchadnezza, Cyrus and a host of others array themselves like the armies of a dream, and float through the mind with the tales that have come down to us of the Gods they worshipped the laws they made and how they lived and warred and died. It was by the waters of this river that the Jews "sat down and wept when they remembered Zion."

After, the Persian who came with Cyrus, appears the Greek with Alexander who died on its banks; and later again the Roman left his mark there. The Persian again in a new and later Empire, warred with the Tartar on the North, (when that incident is supposed to have occurred, told so well by Mathew Arnold in his poem of Sohrab and Rustum), as well as with the Eastern Empire of Rome on the West, until the conquering Arab swept up and combined both Persian and Graco Roman in one red ruin, and the scene changes to the new cities of Gaghdat and Bassora, of Haroun at Rashid and the Caliphate, with the poets and historians and astronomers of that time until they too were destroyed by the Mongol hosts under Holagu, the general of the son of Genghis Khan. Tamerlane must have led his hosts over it when he marched t oattack Bajaret the Turk. After which it sinks into the night of forgetfulness and its cities and its gardens, the wonder of the world at one time, returned to their original desert. Perhaps yet to be revived again like the Nile and recover its lost glories under some new people when the Turk in his turn has sunk into the mists of history.

Or, shall we give the palm to the Nile, with its history of ten thousand years. The glories of Menes, Cheops, Rameses, the strange episode of the shepherd Kings, the slavery of the Israelites, the wonder of the Pyramids, the mystery

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of the Sphinx and the marvels of that civilization from which the Greeks first lit the torch which afterwards enlightened Europe. The ships that sailed round Africa, the caravans that explored its sources, the wisdom and might of Egypt at a time when our forefathers were but painted savages. It too saw the coming of the Persian when Cambysses marched his thundering hosts along its banks. Here too, came Alexander, and founded that city which still bears its name, and marched inland to greet his father Jupiter Ammon. We think of Caesar, and Anthony, and of Cleopatra, the desire of the world; the long empire of Constantinople, then the Arab and the Turk, the burning of the great library and destruction and decay, until at last now under our own dominion it promises to revive its ancient glories, and again gives life and yet more life to the land it fed so well in ages long past.

Nor among these great rivers must the little river Jordan that lies between them be forgotten. To all of us it appeals as the river on whose banks the greatest religion of the world was taught, and the Divine Message of redemption given to Man. No child but knows its history in that respect, but the Jordan has besides, its place in the march of great events. Situate in that land which for so long was, as Belgium in Europe was, and perhaps is, the pivotal point, a battle ground of nations, it was always of importance. Across it marched Assyrian to attack Egypt, and Egyptian to attack Hittite and Assyrian. Cambyses, the Persian, led his hosts across it when Egypt ceased to be a nation save as a vassal of Persia. Here too came Alexander the Great, the Roman Conqueror, and later came the Generals of Mahomet. Up and down its banks raged the battles of the Crusades fought with the Seljuh Turks. Lastly came the Ottaman Turk and it now sleeps an uneasy slumber dreaming perhaps of the time when the Jews shall become once more a nation, or perhaps to be awakened into new life when a railroad shall cross its banks to reach Persia and India by the old land route.

We might turn East, to the Ganges, the sacred river to so many millions of the Hindoos, the dusky branch of the great Eurasian-European race, to which all turn and endeavour to make pilgrimage at least once in their lives, as the Mahometans to Mecca. Or to the Indus, where the Greek first met that same dusky brother in the battle between Alexander and Porus; but let us instead go West, past the Scamander, famed in Homer, the Eurotus sacred to the twin Gods Castor and Pollux, till we come to the Yellow Tiber; and here we have the rise and fall of Rome, from Romulus its founder, seven hundred years before the Rhine, or the Thames, nearer home, were heard of, till the death of the last of the Emperors and the subversion of the Western Empire by the barbarians. What a wealth of legend a history is here. Here it was said that Aeneas brought his band of Trojans after the fall of Towered Ilium, and established them in the land. Here arose that mighty people whose stern virtues for so long gave them the Dominion over the whole known world, whose laws we have so largely copied, whose characters we so greatly admire, and from whose fall we can again take to heart the lesson, that always corruption and luxury, bring an inevitable result, in nations as well as individuals.

Here Sextus Tarquin stands for ever as a name for infamy, and Lucretia for the purity of womanhood. The long list of noble statesmen and patriots who counted their country always above life or wife or wealth is so great that it is invidious to choose between them, yet one must mention Gamillus, who taught his countrymen that peace is purchased with steel, not gold, and having conquered the enemy again laid down his power and returned to his little farm. When one remembers and thinks one can understand the sigh with which Pyrrhus, after having once defeated them in the Tarentine war, going over the battle field, and noticing that every dead soldier had his wounds in front said, "With such soldiers I could conquer the world." And the blaze of glory with which her power attained its zenith in

the reign of Caesar Augustus, and even when after long centuries her power was indeed in the dust, still she arose again, when the power of the Popes of Rome, the head of the Roman branch of the Christian church, was so great even on earth, that Kings obeyed their behest; and Frederick the Emperor, held the stirrup of Adrian the only English Pope. Even now when that power is gone still Rome on the Tiber again arises as the Capital of a New and United Italy who has once more taken her place among the nations. Well may Rome be called the Eternal City.

Passing northwards the associations of the Rhine only begin when Caesar drove Ariovistus back across its waters some fifty-eight years before Christ. Across it Varus went when he lost his legions, in that great rising of the Germans under Herman against their conquerors. Later, across it Attila—that terrible king of the Huns, "the scourge of God," the "terror of the nations," led his hosts, to fight the greatest battle ever fought on European ground, when he met Atius, the Roman Prefect of Gaul and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, on the plains of Chalons sur Marme in France, and for the first time knew defeat. Three hundred thousand men were left dead on the field of battle. How puny seem modern wars to those struggles of the Titans. Before that across it had marched the Vandal and the Visigoth; the first they conquer the Roman Provinces in the North of Africa, the latto conquer and establish kingdoms in the South of France and Spain. Later came the Franks, who gave a new name to the ancient Gaul. And the name of Chaslenaque is sung by its bubbling waters. On its banks, dwelt in after years the robber Barons, the ruins of whose castles are perched on every hill. Also the great bishoprics of Cologne and Treves whose powers equalled those of many kings; and all through the middle ages, back, and forth, across its waters, surged the tide of war. German against the French; the French against Germany. Until Napoleon marched across its waters to lay Prussia, Austria as well as all the lesser kingdoms beneath his feet. A tide that rolled back again after his disastrous retreat from Moscow, and again in 1871 when William the Firt marched across the Rhine to take Paris and be crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles.

The Rhine too, how rich in legend and story. The beautiful tale of Undine, and the Maidens beneath her waters who guard the Rhine gold, and on through fancies that it would take many days and many books to tell.

Nor is our own Thames without its many associations; the dearer indeed, because the nearer our own hearts. Here history begins again with Caesar, who fifty years before Christ, defeated the British Chieftain Cassivellaunus upon its banks.

It does not again appear during the next hundred years nor so far as I have heard during the whole period of the Roman occupation, some four hundred years more, save that we know that the Romans had na important town, Londinum, situate upon its banks; but Hengist and Horsa when they conquered Kent, must have touched upon the Thames. Later with the fourth settlement of the German invaders in 526 we find Middlesex first mentioned; but perhaps the most interesting story of all that time of invasion is one that comes to us from Norse sources which tells of the—perhaps—mythical Ragner Sodbrodson who late in life is said to have made an attempt to conquer England with two ships only, and lost his life in the attempt; being cast, when taken prisoner, into a pit full of vipers; his three sons, however, following in his footsteps made, says the legend, a more successful attempt and landing in the Thames subdued a large portion of country which they held for many years.

Here too, our Alfred the Great warred with Hasting, the Danish Viking, and nearly two hundred years later Edward the Confessor laid the foundations of Westminster Abbey, that most beautiful record in stone of so much of England's greatness, while shortly after William the Norman commenced to build the Tower of London.

At Runnymede on its waters John was forced to grant that charter of English liberties which has meant so much not only to us, but to the great Daughter Republic, and which too, has perhaps done more to civilize and humanize not only the English speaking peoples, but all other branches of the human race, than anything since Christ brought God's New Testament to earth. On its banks the Mother of Parliaments grew up.

At its mouth in Charles the Second's time the Dutch threatened the Naval supremacy of England, since so gloriously established.

After all which has the greatest record,—apart from that of the Jordan—the Euphrates or the Nile, one of which, whichever may have been first, saw the dawn of civilization, the Tiber which saw its continuous spread under the stern and just dominion of Rome, or the Thames on which that civilization has so grandly culminated, in a free people carrying on Rome's good work of spreading civilization into the four corners of a world twenty times greater than Rome ever knew. This is perhaps apart from the question, but it is hard to say which indeed holds the first place in association, while as to natural beauties, each has its own, of its own individual kind.

God's Silence.

By George Franks.

Deep in the dense green woods at hush of eve,
When all things living have retired to rest,
How sweet it is the cares of day to leave,
And meditate, upon the Earth's cool breast;
The solemn silence soothes, the stillness calms,
And smooths the frown of petty woes away;
Caressingly the touch of Nature charms,
While dear dream faces round about me play.

When dawn awakes the sleeping world to light,
The listening ocean waits the zephyr's kiss,
Which comes so gently from the fields of Night
That the smooth surface trembles in its bliss;
The same still silence broods invitingly,
And o'er my heart a gentle restful peace
Steals softly, as I gaze far out to sea
And feel a joy that never more shall cease:
For even in the busy crowded street,
Where noise and trouble ever reign supreme,
I now can rest in God's own silence sweet,
Protected ever, as within a dream:
I do not see the giddy whirl and rush
Of restless life, for ever to my eyes
The visions come of that green woodland hush,—
Of Sunrise by the water's paradise!

The Trial of Lady Betty.

By A. V. Kenah.

THE heart of the fair Lady Betty was most uncomfortably perturbed. She admitted this much to herself, and when a woman gets so far in the abasement of self-confession as to own up to her heart being worried there can be no disputing the fact.

Had she confided her troubles to a mere man she would have been told at once that the source of her discomfiture was no less a person than Sir Geoffrey Danvers, but, unfortunately, she had not got to this stage of her confessions yet, and the consequence was that she tried to convince herself that it was something altogether different that was admittedly influencing her life.

As she sat in her cosy bedroom and listened to the occasional rumble of a cab as it wended it's weary way homewards, she reflected on it all. The hour was a ripe one for meditation as the day had been long and sultry, but, with the coming of the evening, the sky had cleared and a fresh cool breeze had gently passed over the heated squares of the great city of London and after the excitement of the theatre with the supper it seemed a relief to Lady Betty to be able to sit down and be perfectly quiet for a short time and let the cool air blow through the open window across her heated face. She had dismissed her maid half an hour ago and had tired herself in a soft, clinging dressing gown and, snugly ensconced in the subtle embrace of a sumptuously padded armchair, she gave full play to her imagination and let her memory wander at it's own sweet will over the pleasant vista of the last few months. It seemed almost impossible for her to realize that it was less than a year ago that she had left Sir Alfred and that during all that time she had heard nothing directly from him. Beyond the regular remittances which she received from his solicitors and their formal accompanying note, his influence was as little felt by her as in the days before he had wooed and wed her. She had done her best to keep the peace between them as long as she could, not only for her own sake but more especially for the feelings of her relatives and friends. Drunkenness and gambling she had deliberately shut her eyes to, but when it came to the other thing she had been forced to realise that there was a limit to even her spirit of toleration, and the inevitable visit to the lawyers was speedily followed by the Deed of Separation which had untied the knot that had become so erksome to both contracting parties. Since then she had been doing her best to forget all she had ben forced to go through and had given herself up whole-heartedly to the pleasures of the social life of London, and being of a sweet but withal lively temperament it was not surprising that she was a welcome guest wherever she went. Until the coming of Sir Geoffrey no one had succeeded in making a permanent impression on her susceptibilities and not even the most notorious of the busybodies had been able to attach one word of scandal to her name.

Of late, however, there was no gainsaying the fact that his name had been coupled with her's a good deal, and an undercurrent of gossip was being stealthily woven round what she had tried hard to convince herself was nothing more than an ordinary platonic friendship. She had often thought over the matter

before, but this was the first occasion that she had seriously addressed herself to the potentialities of the situation, for like many another woman she had gladly availed herself of the good things which had been thrown in her way and of the hospitality Sir Geoffrey seemed never tired of extending to her. Not until the echo of a spiteful piece of gossip reached her ears did she see the possibility of misconstruing her actions, but now, as she sat alone and thought the whole matter over, she wonder whether Sir Geoffrey was really falling in love with her.

Being a woman she instinctively knew that she was especially favourably regarded by him and that particularly of late he had been making all manner of excuses to be with her, but she had never realised until tonight that it was on her account that he was staying longer in London than was his custom.

No man was better known in society circles than Sir Geoffrey Danvers, although he spent little of his time amongst its devotees, but he had already firmly established himself as a noted traveller, big game hunter, and an all-round sportsman second to none in the Kingdom.

Coupling with these accomplishments the fact that he was a strong and handsome man and that his rent role was known to be a large one, it is not to be wondered at that he was much sought after, but so far had successfully eluded the many snares that ambitious mothers delighted in laying in his path, and still remained an unattached bachelor. As she thought over all these facts Lady Betty's mind was sorely troubled, for she admitted to herself, with a frankness that was characteristic of her nature, that she had from the first been attracted to him and that now her feelings towards him were something warmer and deeper than those of a mere friend. Though no single word of love had passed his lips she could not deceive herself as to the pleasure her presence always gave him and how deliberately he sought her out on every possible occasion and tried to get her entirely to himself. His very looks told her what his feelings were and the way he anticipated all her wants and wishes spoke of a thoughtfulness that was eloquently expressive of the regard in which he held her. The more she thought of it the more firmly was the conviction borne in on her that things were drifting too far and that something would have to be done to avert what would be a painful crisis to both of them. She knew perfectly well that she could trust Sir Geoffrey, but the question that worried her was how long could she trust herself not to show her real feelings, for she knew that if she did so it would be too much to expect him not to reciprocate them, and once the die was cast, well———

It seemed to her that the only hope of saving the situation lay in flight and, before turning out her light, Lady Betty made up her mind that she would tell Sir Geoffrey on the morrow of her intention to go on a visit to her aunt and to be absent from town for some length of time.

* * * * *

The luncheon had come and gone and Lady Betty was once more ensconced in her snug little boudoir. Somehow everything seemed to have gone wrong and life itself had taken on a gloomy aspect for her. All through the morning she had been thinking over the problem that had perplexed her so the previous night, and, though she had racked her brains until she had nearly brought on a bad headache, no solution other than what she had already come to seemed applicable to the situation.

As she drove in the hansom with her friend Mrs. Karter to meet Sir Geoffrey at Princes' Restaurant her mind was very ill at ease: she knew she had to do that which her heart rebelled against and for a moment she even resented Sir Geoffrey for coming in and upsetting the calm enjoyment of her life. Then in a second her thoughts switched off at a tangent and she tried to picture to herself how lonely her life would be once the sweet influence he had come to exert over it should be pre-emptorily removed.

All through luncheon she was unable to shake off the spirit of despondency

that had settled upon her and not even the gayness of the surrounding scene or the smart witticisms of her friend were able to entirely obliterate the sadness which had seemed to have taken so firm a hold of her.

During the drive afterwards she had certainly brightened up, but as the carriage drew up at Mrs. Karter's house it seemed to her as though some oppressive weight had settled on her heart and was crushing the life out of her, for she realised that in a few moments she would have to tell Sir Geoffrey of her decision and so, of her own free will, put an end to the happiness which but a few hours ago she had come to consider as part and parcel of her life.

It was not until after tea that an opportunity presented itself for the denouncement and then it could hardly have come at a more unpropitious moment.

As soon as the tea things had been cleared away, Mrs. Karter had called upon Sir Geoffrey for a song and, as though Fate itself had been conspiring against her, he had chosen "Love's Coronation." She had resolutely determined to avoid meeting his glance during the singing, but as she listened it seemed to her that he was addressing the words directly to her, and as his rich tones fell upon her ears her heart seemed to rise up into her throat and she crushed her little handkerchief into a tiny ball within her hands.

Not until the last note had died away had she dared to look up and then it was only to meet his gaze fixed straight upon her with a tenderness and emotion depicted therein which he made no attempt to conceal. How well she remembered it all now; immediately after the song Mrs. Karter had left the room on some pretext or other and, coming over to her, he had said: "Lady Betty, don't you think the words of that song are lovely, even though they seem somehow to be sadly out of place in this matter-of-fact world of ours? I cannot altogether realise a present-day lady being content with her lover telling her, "I have no crown to crown thee with save love," and yet how ghastly true it is of some of us. We may indeed have everything that makes life worth living, that is from a materialistic standpoint, to give to those on whom our affections are set, but yet we are not allowed to do so and have to content ourselves with a self-contained homage and only the satisfaction of the occasional proximity of the loved one. But to turn the conversation into more pleasant channels, Are you doing anything special tomorrow? If not will you and Mrs. Karter join me in a little excursion? I propose motoring to Maidenhead and then getting on the river and going up to Marlow in the launch. I think it will do us both good and will shake off this spirit of despondency that has somehow seemed to have taken possession of us today?

It was then that she had told him of her decision, pleading as her excuse that she was fatigued with the gaieties of town and, as the hated words fell from her lips, she saw how pale he had turned and a deep emotion pass over his face though he evidently tried so hard to restrain it. It was then that she had loathed herself, and only the return of her friend prevented her from owning up to the falsehood she had uttered. She thought of him now as she saw him then standing before her with a reproachful look in his eyes that seemed to go straight to her heart and tell her how deeply her words had wounded him. And then again she saw him as he handed her into her carriage and she had said "Good-bye" to him. "No, Lady Betty," he had replied, "not good-bye—only au-revoir; it may indeed be some time before we shall meet again but "good-bye" has too much a ring of finality about it to be true," and she had looked up into his face and had seen that it was pale as death and that he was struggling to master the emotion that was so cruelly racking him and which she herself had been the cause of.

When she awoke next day to the full consciousness of what she had done her aching heart seemed to force her to go at once to Sir Geoffrey and confess everything, but, apart from the pride which was such an inherent instinct of

her nature, she knew that if she did so it would only make matters far worse than they were at present.

To turn back once the die is cast is even more fatal than to surrender in the first instance; compromise may be an excellent philosophy in the dealings of the mercantile world, but in the affairs of the heart it must of necessity be all or nothing.

She knew that, though to all intents and purposes she was a free-agent, there was nevertheless a presence standing in the background that had the right to claim a possessory lien upon her and one who could, did she commit herself too far, step forward at any moment and assert his rights. This latter consideration she admitted did not have much weight with her for she knew that as a matter of convenience the world chose to shut its eyes to sentimentality and for the sake of conventionality endeavoured to force everyone into a mathematical consideration of orthodoxy.

No, it was not this that restrained her from following the impulse of her emotions, but it was the fact that she was unable to absolutely determine the extent to which Sir Geoffrey would commit himself. Whatever action had tc be taken must be suggested by him, not by her; as it was she had only pointed out the line of least resistance and it lay with him entirely as to whether he would accept it or not. She was indeed on the point of summoning her maid to commence the packing when her meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door and the delivery of a letter which, as soon as she glanced at it, she knew would set all her doubts at rest.

After all the message was one that she might have expected; it was terse even to abruptness:

"Dear Lady Betty,—

"So you have really made up your mind to go? I too seem to think that London holds no further attractions for me, though I am not so definite in my plans as you are. I am just like the man of whom Omar Khayyam wrote:

"'Into this Universe, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.'

"Believe me to be, dear Lady Betty, ever yours sincerely,

"GEOFFREY DANVERS."

So he had taken her at her own word and would no further seek to force himself upon her. She knew the action was characteristic of the man and that there was no doubt but that he had carefully considered everything before sitting down and penning the letter and that he had acted in accordance with his own strict ideas on the subject. Had she acted differently she felt that she could have won him over to herself but now that she had deliberately separated herself from him she knew that nothing could alter the situation, and as she realised it all the letter slipped from her hands and she threw herself upon the sofa and gave way to tears.

* * * * *

It did not take Sir Geoffrey long to make up his mind what to do. He was naturally self-reliant and accustomed to think out things for himself and his extensive experience as a traveller had not only developed this gift but also taught him to act quickly once a decision had been arrived at. Now that he realised that Lady Betty had of her own accord chosen to have nothing more to do with him he knew that there was nothing further to entice him to prolong his stay in London. He longed for the freedom of the plains and forests, and yet it was too early to set off on a big game hunting expedition.

Meanwhile he determined to go to Russia for a while and try to seek oblivion in a further study of the political and economical problems which were perplexing the intelectual inhabitants of that unfortunate country. The attractions of the many watering places to which society were now migrating were abhorrent to him at the present time, for he longed to get away from its artificiality and to

be alone with his sorrow. On the other hand his mind was too essentially active to permit of him shutting himself up in a castle and gloating over the blow which had fallen upon him and he therefore decided to pay a visit to his friend Doctor Vovrikoff at Rostoff.

It was now more than four years since he had met him and during that interval he had only heard occasionally from him. The personality of the Doctor was an interesting one for he was a typical example of the ardent patriot whose one aim and object in life was to bring about reforms for the amelioration of the hard lot of the working people in the land of the Little Father. It was he who had first introduced the subject to Sir Geoffrey's notice and, through the force of his earnestness and enthusiasm had interested him so much therein that he had made a study of the economical conditions in Russia and now longed to see for himself the change that had taken place during the interval of his absence. That there was a change he knew well, for it was only a few months ago that the historic meeting of the Zemstovs had taken place and the draft of the proposed Constitution had been submitted to the Tsar by Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, Minister of the Interior. The permittance of such a meeting a year ago would have been undreamt of, but the awakening of the moujik brought into existence a force which even all the resources of the Bureaucracy were unable to cope with.

Undoubtedly the situation was an interesting one and Sir Geoffrey pondered over it as the train swept him along towards St. Petersburg, thence to Moscow and Rostoff. Arriving at his destination he was surprised to find the station in the possession of the military and as his drosky hurried him to the hotel, he saw that something serious had taken place. The town presented an air of desolation, andthe few people that were about hurried along towards their homes and made no attempt to stop and converse in the streets. After dinner he started off to his friend's house and a feeling of disaster came over him as he saw that it was closely shuttered and that there were no welcoming lights to greet him. Knocking upon the door he waited a few minutes before it was opened to him by the doctor's faithful old servant, Maria Ivanoska. Beckoning him inside, she joined him in the study and, after greeting him, told him all that had happened. It appeared that three days ago the students had made a demonstration in the streets which was broken up by the police. For some time the workmen had been in a discontented state, which culminated in a strike and a massed march on the Governor's residence. Although thty had gone with the peaceful intention of laying their grievances before him, he refused. to listen to them and had ordered the Cossacks to disperse them. This they had done in their usual brutal fashion, sparing no one who came within reach of their cruel nagaikas. The doctor had returned home the same evening with his face laid open by a sabre cut and had hardly got inside the house when there was a loud knocking at the doors and the gendarme had entered and dragged him away. Since then she had heard nothing of him and begged the "gospodin" to find out for her where he was. Hastening to the residence of the Governor Sir Geoffrey asked for an audience, which was at once granted to him, and the Governor himself corroborated the story he had been told by Maria Ivanoska, and promising him every assistance in his power and providing him with an escort, had advised him to search at the hospital for his friend. As he hastened through the wards to his comrade the cruelty of the massacre seemed to make his blood rage in his veins; the very floors and corridors were crowded with the victims of the butchery and not even the women and children had been spared. The delight of the good doctor at seeing him was profound, but he assured him that beyond some severe flesh wounds he was uninjured, and begged him to go and enquire into the condition of a friend of his, another Englishman, whom he had seen brought in and who was evidently badly wounded. As he approached his bedside Sir Geoffrey saw at a glance that in a few moments

all would be finished for already the cold fingers of death had touched the closed eyelids.

Gently taking his hand Sir Geoffrey bent over him with the intention of speaking to him, when a thrill of horror ran through him as he realised that the victim was none other than Lady Betty's husband. Slowly the dying man turned his face towards him and a faint smile of recognition lit up his pale features as he saw who his visitor was. Straining his ears Sir Geoffrey just caught the words as they fell from his feeble lips: "Thank God you're here Geoff. You know my wretched story, don't you? I want you to tell Betty when you see her that I know I've been a beastly cad, but I'm sorry—damned sorry, and ask her to try and forgive me."

A week later, when all was over and the last burial rights had been performed, Sir Geoffrey bade good-bye to his friend and took the midnight express to London.

The Point of View.

By M. P. J.

ONE summer's evening a woman of thirty-three whose fresh complexion, pretty face, and thin figure belied her age, making her look seven or eight years younger; and a silent and reserved man of forty, sat listening to a boy of nineteen airing his immature opinions on women over thirty.

The man up to the present time had added nothing to the conversation; he happened to know the woman's age, and was aware that she knew it; he also was very much in love with her, but that she did not know.

The boy having finished expounding his somewhat crude views on married women, next took the subject of the single.

"When an unmarried woman," he began emphatically, "has passed the boundary line of thirty, and is not engaged nor seems likely to have an offer made her in the near future, she ought to look seriously to herself, or she will get left on the shelf. There must be something amiss. Perhaps she does not exert herself enough to please, or is not dressy enough. Men do like girls to be smart, and have plenty to say for themselves; they hate a girl who cannot talk, and who has no 'Go' in her."

"What is the correct definition of the word 'Go'? in connection with a girl?" asked the man reflectively.

The woman shifted her position slightly to enable her to glance at his face, while waiting for the boy's reply. She wanted his opinion, not the boy's. "What was he thinking about," she wondered. "He looked strangely content." She did not know that with half-closed eyes, he had watched her for over an hour, and had just then only looked away, feeling she was going to look, and he feared his eyes might tell too much.

The boy moved too, into a manly attitude, to his thinking; true, it was copied at some previous date from the man at his side, but what of that, was not he entertaining a pretty girl, and an older man who had not contradicted him once. It was not often he felt in such congenial company.

"Well," he said briskly, "you know at once if a girl has 'Go' in her, it shows in the flash of her eyes, and the turn of her head, and the way she walks; it is

almost as if she liked being looked at; not a bit like a boy. Oh! there are hundreds of ways of telling. I know one girl."

"Does the dawn continue after thirty?" interrupted the woman, smiling at the man as she did so; but again his eyes were not ready to meet her's, and she felt the same odd resentment that his thoughts were beyond her understanding.

"By Jove, no, Miss Clinton," said the boy, in the tone of one who knows, and anything outside that knowledge was beneath his notice.

"Hardly ever, unless they are married. Don't you know the awfully tired type of old maids, that never have anything to say to us, and who's 'Go' has turned to wrinkles and nerves, and fatness, or scraggy necks; and don't we men just dodge the old Dears, at a dance, whenever we see them coming."

"Poor old maids," said the man dryly, under his breath.

"What a fate for them! To be dodged at dances by the callow youth."

"There is the youngest Miss Summers passing along the road. I recognized her red golf jersy through the bushes," said the woman with a warning look at the man.

She felt in another moment the boy's complacency would be torn to shreds by the other's withering contempt, or the man would lift him like a puppy dog and drop him off the verandah on which they were sitting.

But the boy, blissfully unconscious of their thoughts, jumped up hastily.

"I say, do excuse me a moment, Miss Clinton, and you, Mr. Bolton; it is most important; I—er—want to see Miss Summers about the Club Dance tomorrow," and he hurried off, running down the steps and into the garden without waiting for an answer.

There was silence between the two left alone. It had grown so dark in the last few minutes, neither could see the other's face.

Presently he asked quizzically:

"Are those your opinions, too, concerning your own fair sex?"

She laughed a little uneasily.

"Not quite—he did not know, and you did, so it was not quite fair play, was it?"

"About your real age?"

"Yes."

"Does it matter?" he asked in a low tone. He thought her answer would be the keynote to her thoughts.

"No," she said, rather defiantly; then more slowly, feeling somehow she had his sympathy at last: "Yes, sometimes, yes it does matter a little, when one is not very clever, or interesting, or well off, and cannot do anything in particular, and one's youth is going, and, hardest of all, people notice it, and one is doubtful of what is coming to take its place."

The man got up from his chair and moved over to her saying: "Let me tell you your fortune, no, I want both hands, please."

"You cannot see in this gloom," she said unwillingly. She was seated on a low sofa, and he sat down beside her and took her hands.

"Not by palmistry," he remarked gravely. "It must be by mind. I think you are going to give yourself in less than five minutes to a man who has loved you for two years, but was never sure until tonight that you cared for him."

"You seem very sure of my mind," she murmured, half resentfully, trying to draw away her hands, and looking down, not to let him see the rising colour in her cheeks.

"My child, I am waiting," he said gently; he felt her hands trembling between his own. It reminded him of once, when a child, he had caught a young bird, and how it had fluttered with the fear of the unknown. He loosened his grasp.

"I am waiting for you to come to me."

"I do not think I have been asked yet," she whispered, but she held out her hands to him; their eyes met, and he drew her to him.

Suddenly, without warning, the boy appeared; he had run upon the grass, and they had not heard his footsteps.

He began breathlessly: "I'm awfully sorry to have left you so long; I was afraid you might have got tired of waiting and gone indoors. Miss Summers

is such an awfully jolly little girl, the one I began to tell you about. Oh!—by Jove—I—er—have forgotten something. Good night." And he disappeared into the darkness with even more rapidity than he had arrived.

"Oscar has plenty of 'Go' in him; lucky for him he knows when to use it," said the man a minute later, in an amused voice. He had longed to kick him two or three times that evening and considered the boy's discomfiture had evened things somewhat.

"You ought to be sorry for him," laughed a rather flushed little lady smoothing back her hair.

"It won't hurt him," said her lover. "His thoughts, like a green apple, need ripening; he has plenty to learn like the rest of us."

And a moment later they resumed their former comfortable position.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN.

By Courcey C. Ireland.

Where have they gone—those mountain men,
Trappers and hunters of bygone days?
Only their blazes now remain
To faintly mark the forgotten ways.

Signs discernible here and there
Show thro' the moss of a bygone age
Tracing their progress on and thro'
Desolate places where tempests rage.

On and thro' to the great Beyond
And one fell here, and another there;
Aye! and their spirits haunt the trail
Out where the caribou makes his lair.

The swish of a pack against a tree
Comes with the sweep of the shrieking gale;
The wand'rer sits in his camp aghast
And watches the spectres on the trail.

On they come with their forms thrust forth
The rifle, the pack and snow-shoes there,
No mistaking the hardships stamped
On hungry faces and eyes that stare.

For these were men of the Wilderness,
The rougher men from the outer track
Too used to hunger and trials that kill,
The trailing shoe and the sagging pack.

On they glide thro' the whirling snow
And swing to the creak of the straining shoe;
Weirdly silent they pass, until
The dark woods open and let them thro'.

The wand'rer strains his gaze—alas!
Nothing is left but the whirling snow,
Dead men follow the long dead Past,
And no one knows of the trail they go.

Only the moan of the passing storm
Comes with the breath of the Arctic breeze,
Only the hiss of the drifting snow,
Sifting away thro' the sheeted trees.

Jim Horsfield.

"IF a man will not work, neither shall he eat," were the views of St. Paul on the labour question, but they were very different from those practised by Jim Horsfield, whose motto in life was that he who could not support himself in comfort and luxury without the necessity of working should live on the efforts of others who held the old-fashioned ideas about the dignity of labour and such like quaint beliefs. It was in Canada that Jim first had to put into actual practice the creed which he had long ago selected for his own when he used to debate within himself as regards the great problem of Ways and Means which he knew would some day present itself in its most disagreeable shape, and with the inherent caution which was part of his nature he had set himself carefully to study the workings of his favourite method in all their diversities before the day for actually proving their worth and value might arrive. It was in direct accordance with the promptings of this caution which had led him some years previously in the fat years of his life to stay for a year in a busy town on the Pacific coast, which for want of a better name we will call Larriput, and there by a lavish display of wealth, pave the way for his return in his hour of need when the lean years of famine should have intruded themselves uncomfortably on his notice.

Twelve months spent in a first-class hotel, lived out in a generous fashion with dinners, theatres and suppers, do much to encourage the belief that the man who can afford to stand them and can always pull out a "bunch" to put up the drinks for the crowd is a man of substance who may be trusted accordingly if by any chance his "confounded bankers" had not sent out his quarterly dues right up to date. And Jim was the man who knew how to play the game right up to the hilt; there is nothing which establishes a man's credit more quickly than the prompt repayment of a loan or the immediate settling of a gambling debt.

The man who occasionally pleads to being hard up and borrows a ten-spot for a fortnight and repays it within the appointed time will never have the difficulty in running up a large account and borrowing sums in dry cash which will beset the man who has never had to be dependent on the good nature of his acquaintances before the hour of his real trouble comes on him. And well did Jim know this curious trait in human nature, for had he not made a study of it and had he not found it so a hundred times, both in his own experience and in his observations of others. Moreover, a little carefully placed charity goes a long way in the same direction and Jim had been lucky enough to meet during his first visit to Larriput a well-educated man who through stress of circumstances had fallen on evil days and was fast in the grip of the liquor fiend. Jim promptly took charge of him, paid all his expenses in a trip through the islands on that part of the coast, and had restored him well and better able to carry on the fight which lay before him. So when at the end of a year Jim had left this charming spot he left behind him a number of people who were genuinely sorry to lose him and who were loud in the protestations of regret and in their expressions of hope that he would soon pay them another visit, and Jim smiled sardonically as he promised that he would not fail so to do and as he settled himself comfortably in the cushions of his eastern-bound flyer he congratulated himself that the money and time of the last year had not been spent in vain.

That was seven years before he redeemed his promise and returned. In that seven years much happened which made him feel even more satisfied with himself for his forethought and caution.

Things had not prospered well with him; not that they had gone any worse than he had expected, but blue ruin is not a comforting thing to gaze at even if its advent has entered into one's calculations years before. A man who starts enjoying life with a capital of $25,000 and lives at the rate of about $5,000 a year is not likely to last for many years as a rich man without working. Moreover, there were many things to trouble him at home; his ideas of the proprieties and those of his sister, who, being many years his senior, had been made his trustee, did not coincide, and she thought it her duty to trouble him with her views on his behaviour long after he had come to years of discretion, and just as the great Boer war was calling for volunteers there was a stormy scene between the two of them, at which Jim was told that the further he kept away from his family the better they would all be pleased. This occurred when he was down to his last hundred pounds and was trying to raise the wind preparatory to making one final bid for fortune on the St. Leger.

Jim, seeing the hopelessness of continuing the struggle at home, promptly went and enlisted in the C. I. V.'s, which were then being organised and soon sailed for South Africa. "And a good riddance, too," said all his relations sincerely hoping that that would be the end of him; but in this they were grievously mistaken as are all those who think that their disreputable members can be so easily disposed of. He was not fortunate enough to distinguish himself in the war, but instead was laid up for the greater part of the time with chronic dysentery, which finally landed him with many others on the sick-list back again in London infinitely worse off than before; for there is little to attract the coveted hero-worship about a man returned from the front without having even seen the enemy and who seems to promise to be little better than a perpetual invalid all the days of his life. And Jim's family did not hesitate to let him see that although they could hardly refuse to allow him a roof to cover his head and food enough to keep him alive they certainly were not going to keep him in cigarettes and whisky and all the other comforts for which his soul yearned. Then it was that the thought of Larriput came like a refreshing breeze into his mind and he determined to cut forever the ties, slight as they were, and to go far away to the place which knew him so well, and yet so little, there to make his home until something should turn up which would put him on his feet again without the horrible necessity of working. So a family conclave was held, composed of Jim, his sister and a younger brother who was respectably employed as a managing clerk in a solicitor's office and whose clothes were a never-ending cause of anguish to the Sybaritic soul of Jim, and after much palavering and threatening on both sides, for Jim felt that he had the trump cards, as indeed he did, his sister being morbidly afraid of scandal, for the heartless scoundrel made no bones about expressing his intention of doing something disreputable in the immediate neighbourhood if his wishes were not carried out, it was agreed that Jim should have $1,000, half to be paid then in cash and the other half to be forwarded in three months' time to the address of the bank at Larriput which had done business for him in the old days. When this was finally settled Jim set out to put into practice those theories which he was convinced would see him through all difficulties, until either a rich wife or a dishonest opportunity or some other expedient might present itself to him for the future conduct of his life along the paths of ease which had been so beset with thorns during the past few months?

See we now our hero on board the Campania casting off from Liverpool for the conquest of the west. Now there was one curious trait in Jim's character which was a never-ending marvel to all the friends and otherwise, which he had picked up in the course of his travels and that was a deep-rooted objection to

gambling; perhaps it was due to the above-mentioned caution which he had inherited from his father who had been a long-headed business man, or perhaps it was his own common-sense of which he possessed a remarkably large share, but whatever the reason might be it was nevertheless a fact that he had never been guilty of the folly of gambling with the exception of penny nap or such like games, played in the drawing-room with old ladies who liked a little mild excitement, and were happy for a week if at the end of three hours they had made fifteen cents; true he would have plunged heavily on one horse race if he had been able to raise the money, but that was in a temporary aberration of mind when he was so hard up that a little more or less seemed to make no difference. Therefore, it was that he crossed the Atlantic without finding himself in New York "broke to the world." Jim's great vice was whisky; at least it would have been a vice in others, but it seemed impossible for him to take enough to make him drunk; though he was always good for a cock-tail and two whiskies before breakfast and at frequent intervals through the day until the evening came, when he would start real drinking, he never showed the slightest signs of it except that his always red face would sometimes assume a more fiery tint; with that exception he never showed by gait or speech that he was other than a rigid teetotaler. It was owing to this useful characteristic that he was able on many occasions to become possessed of secrets which would not otherwise have reached his ears. But whisky consumes money and Jim found that it would be advisable for him to make his way as quickly as possible to his haven of rest so that he might make a good show at the first; then he calculated that the remaining $500 arriving in a few weeks would put his credit on the highest pinnacle and make things easy for the prodigious graft which he intended to play on his unsuspecting hosts.

It was in the early summer that he arrived at Larriput just before the tourist season was to commence and he immediately established himself in a small suite of rooms in the hotel which he had patronised on his former visit; here all were delighted to see him, the more so when he announced his intention of making a long stay, perhaps over a year, while he looked round with the idea of finally locating in the town for good, as a resident. There was but little change in the town or in the people and Jim speedily found himself at home in his old haunts where he was welcomed with open arms. Nor did he wait to let the grass grow under his feet; he allowed it to become known that while he had been away the death of his father had put him above all sordid worry as to the earning of his living, and all that he meant to do was to live comfortably on his means and possibly do a little chicken farming later on if he should find absolute idleness pall on him. As soon as his remaining small stock of cash began to run out he represented to his hotel proprietor that the estate was not yet entirely settled and that for a month or so he would be likely to be rather short of cash and here he found the great benefit of his former reputation for honesty, of the service to him that he had anticipated; no objection was made to his extending his credit at the hotel to whatever length of time he might wish and more than that the obliging proprietor was only too glad to be of assistance to him in lending dry cash and in recommending other tradesfolk in the town to give Mr. Horsfield all the tether he might ask for.

At the end of the appointed three months the second instalment of money, namely, the promised $500, came out from his sister, who also did not fail to remind him that that was the last sum he was ever likely to get from any of his relations; Jim read the letter through carefully, smiled sardonically, and after carefully destroying it went off to find his landlord whom he told that he had a small sum sent out on account with the assurance that the bulk would be coming if anything rather earlier than he had expected. To still further buoy up the man's confidence in him he paid him $150, which very nearly squared his account up to date, and he also paid one

or two of his smaller accounts in the town; then he settled down to planning out his scheme in detail. Here Fortune favoured him, though at first sight it would seem that she was playing him a sorry trick for he was suddenly taken seriously ill; the dysentery which he had contracted in South Africa had so weakened his constitution, which was already in a precarious state, owing to the dissipated character of his way of living, that at one time his life was actually despaired of and he was for many weeks in the hospital, where he made the acquaintance of Gertrude Laidlaw, who was to be of such assistance to him afterwards.

Although a nurse then, Miss Laidlaw was reported to be an heiress and when Jim heard this he did not find it a hard matter to make love to the pretty young girl who was his devoted nurse for so many weeks. Moreover he saw quite well of what inestimable benefit it would be to him if he could appear before the townsfolk as an engaged man; for no man unless he had really substantial proofs that he was coming into immediate possession of a large sum of money would engage himself to a girl who, whatever her prospects, had at that time to earn her own bread. And so he found it; the fact of his engagement was quickly known and Jim found that it was all as he had expected; nothing was too extravagant in the shape of jewellery, of theatres, and suppers for him and his intended; and everything was bought on the nod. So many months went on and people still were found to be patient, for as they said, it takes long for probate in the Old Country, and his creditors would comfort themselves with the recollection of various people they had known who had not received their money until more than a year had passed by, after the proving of the will. Jim meantime was living in the lap of luxury; his stay in the hospital had set him up again in health and he was as happy as a king and far less worried. Some people shook their heads and wondered if it was well for a girl like Miss Laidlaw to marry a man who was such a confirmed toper, but it was none of their business anyway, and so things went on; Gertrude herself believed that Jim was all but a teetotaller, as he used the greatest precaution to avoid her knowing that he drank spirits during the day.

She used to come down to see him when she was off duty at his hotel and sit with him in the parlour there; then Jim would go down to get her a lemonade and while getting that would have at least two whiskies, taking elaborate trouble to hide the tell-tale breath with lemon peel. Then they would go out for a drive, for he had had no difficulty in running an account with a local hackman. This state of things continued for at least eight months and all seemed to be going as well as could be when Jim began to put into practice the second part of his scheme. Up to then he had refrained from borrowing any money in dry cash from anyone except his landlord, but it was now beginning to be time for more active operations if he wished to make anything for the future out of Larriput. He calculated that he would be safe there until the middle of the summer as after that there would be no excuse to put forward for not having the money of which he had spoken so much. He had about six months then in which to collect sufficient money to take him out of the town and to settle him in some other place where he could play the same game again; he had found it so absurdly easy in Larriput that he did not anticipate much difficulty in pulling it off somewhere else with equal ease; but it would be necessary for him to start with rather more Capital than before. He had found that all the actual cash he needed for each day was twenty-five cents, ten cents being for a shine and fifteen for a shave. He never wrote any letters so postage was no cost to him; all his drinks were booked to him; he read absolutely nothing and as he was staying in the same hotel there were no tips to be considered; true he needed money occasionally for the theatre, but that did not happen now so often as at first in the early days of his engagement. If then he only needed twenty-five cents in actual cash each day it should not be hard for him to collect in

small sums enough to keep him later on. And so he started in. Right at the beginning he was met with a stroke of luck which even appalled him in its opportunities. He met in the bar of his hotel a young Englishman who had lately come out from the Old Country and was then teaching at one of the schools; this fellow whose name was Goddard, had money of his own and had really come out with the intention of gradually making his way round the world; at each place he stopped in he managed to find a little work to do, thereby paying his way and enabling him to see the different places through which he passed more thoroughly than he would have done as a tourist. This Goddard then fell into conversation with Jim at once and in the course of their talk they found that they had many mutual associates in the Old Country and at last it transpired that Jim had been a boy at Westminster under Goddard's cousin. Naturally this was a circumstance of which Jim was not slow to take advantage and before Goddard left that afternoon he was the poorer by $5 which he had lent to Jim for a few days, to be returned within the week; a few days later Jim telephoned up to say that he had posted the money to Goddard, who, however, never received it; the loss was blamed on the post-office and Jim ingenuously expressed his sorrow, saying that he was particularly grieved as he had hoped to be able to borrow the same amount over again; however, the fish was not biting that time.

In the course of a month Goddard heard from his cousin in England to the effect that he remembered Horsfield perfectly at Westminster. This decided him that Jim was O.K. and consequently he made no difficulty about letting him have as much money as he wanted up to a couple of hundred dollars; Jim explained his need and on every occasion on which he asked for help he pleaded a pressing creditor and artfully reminded Goddard that he was engaged and that that should surely be sufficient to dispel any doubts. In the same way Jim was raising money over the whole town in small quantities and it is an astonishing thing how easy he found it when he had once got into the habit. It is a fact that he borrowed sums from one dollar up to five from all classes of people; car conductors, barbers, bar-tenders, hackmen hotel clerks, nor did he even spare bell boys and hotel porters. Larger sums he raised on his note, off hand, from the professional classes who all knew his story and were quite prepared to trust him; in all he managed to put by against his time of need a sum of money which ranged somewhere in the neighbourhood of $1,200; not so bad for eighteen months spent in absolute idleness on the fat of the land, without having had to spend more than about $500 in all.

Then the trouble began; all villains make mistakes, and Jim made his now; he waited too long; whether he had really fallen in love with the girl and was unable to tear himself away, or whether he was blinded with success is doubtful, but he disregarded all the warnings which should have been obvious to him and remained in Larriput too long. The first warning came from the jeweller who had trusted him with several hundred dollars' worth of credit, and who was now beginning to press for his money, not so much that he distrusted Jim, but because as he was dealing entirely on commission he was himself in real need of the money. That should have given Jim the warning that the game was becoming dangerous, but with the over-confidence begotten of his success he thought that he could still carry the bluff on for some months yet and he allowed himself to be frequently worried by this man's frequent visits to the hotel which not unnaturally gave rise to a certain amount of talk, first of all amongst those who had lent him money and then amongst those to whom he was in debt for goods received.

It was at this time too that the hotel proprietor began to wonder if he had not been rather too easy in allowing so long a board and lodging which had extended itself over a year.

Goddard, too, was becoming a trifle suspicious and in a conversation between him and the manager they both discovered for the first time how deeply Jim

had got into them both. Pinkerton, the proprietor, was full of remorse for not having put Goddard somewhat on his guard, but it was too late, and as he himself had gone so far it was impossible for him to do anything else than continue the credit, until such time as it would be possible to obtain an answer from England.

One morning, therefore, he called Jim on one side and spoke very plainly to three of them to talk over his position saying that it was surely time that the expected money should arrive and that it was becoming rather inconvenient waiting so long for what ought to have been paid long before. Jim replied in the old style that he could not understand himself why the money had not yet come to hand, but that it surely would arrive before the end of the month. He said that he was going to write again by the next mail to his sister who was acting as sole executrix and he even showed the letter when written to Pinkerton, who expressed himself well satisfied with it, and promised to try and quiet the angry claims of the jeweller. The letter, needless to say, was never posted and Jim well content with the impression that he had obtained set himself down to make the most of the short time then left to him to rake in all the other money possible before he should have to leave. In this he was foolish, as when once the first suspicion of doubt had been aroused people were on the look-out to see what he did do, and were not well content to see that he made no attempt to curb his expenditure, but rather on the contrary excelled his former extravagance. And so the time crept on till the day arrived and passed, by which he should have had some satisfactory reply from his sister; of course none came; and then Jim in a moment of forgetfulness or through some mistake made his next bad mistake.

A meeting had been arranged for the three of the mto talk over his position as the jeweller was again pressing hard for his money, and was openly saying that he was inclined to believe that there was something which was not all right in the business; he suggested to Jim that a cablegram be sent to the Old Country with reply prepaid which would settle once for all the doubts which could not help intruding themselves on the minds of so many of the creditors. Here Jim flashed out; he refused to give his sister's address and even said that if that were done it would ruin everything, as the money was coming to him from her, but was dependant on his own good behaviour; he thereby contradicted all his previous statements.

Possibly it was a mistake born of the whisky he had been drinking, but whatever the reason there was no doubt but that the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance. Even then he had a chance to escape, but he wilfully refused to take it. He asserted his intention of going over to a neighbouring town where the relations of Miss Laidlaw were living and putting his position before them, thereby raising enough money to get out of this immediate demand. And in this he was nearly successful; exactly what story he told them is not known, but he did manage to impress them so far with the truth of what he said that one of them came over to see for himself how he was fixed; apparently he was not well satisfied for he left again without putting up the money and Jim saw that all was up. There was a stormy three-handed meeting in a saloon where the three of them had an hour's conversation, after which Jim went out with the promise that he would meet them again in the morning and would agree to whatever they might suggest. Instead of going to his hotel he went down to the quay and took the boat which sailed every night for a small town on the Canadian side of the town, whence it would be easy for him to get over on to American soil; once there he hoped with the amount of money he had saved from his collections, that he would be able to repeat the experiment, mentally vowing that he would not again allow himself so little time to make his escape. Unfortunately for him, however, he was seen as he went on board and when the news was brought to his creditors they immediately laid a charge against him for obtaining goods under false pretences

and sent a detective after him. And here once more the egregrious folly of the man was apparent; instead of going immediately to the other side he dawdled in Canada just long enough to be caught within half a mile of the frontier.

He was immediately brought back and after a preliminary trial before the magistrate was committed for the higher court. There was only one charge laid against him, namely, that of obtaining the jewels under false pretences, and there were but three witnesses: the jeweller, the hotel manager and Goddard, who was called to show that Jim had been making a practice of borrowing money on every possible occasion. The trial only lasted one day and he was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Even then the man kept up the story that he was the victim of others and that the money was really his, but was being unlawfully kept from him and many people still believed that he was an innocent person, the dupe of others, nor was this feeling entirely dispelled even by a letter which was found addressed to him by his brother warning him that he was not to expect any more help from home. However, on the whole, Jim was fairly well satisfied with his performance; true he had to work, but when all was said and done he had had over a year's good loving and pleasure; had had all that the most luxurious Sybarite could desire without having paid for it and had also a comfortable little balance which he had succeeded in hiding, sufficient to start him again when his time should be up. As for the girl she also had done pretty well out of it; apparently there was no true love on either side; she had been attracted by his gentlemanly bearing and evident prosperity and had certainly had her share of the good things while they lasted. The lawyer was well satisfied as the jewellery sufficed to pay his costs, the judge having decided that it could not be returned to the jeweller.

Everybody was well pleased with a little scandal which had done much to enliven the monotony of a small business town and nobody thought it worth while to go to the trouble of re-arresting him on his release for their own debts, as he was thought to be absolutely penniless and they considered that eighteen months would be sufficient punishment for all his misdeeds. Consequently when the time was up Jim was quietly released and had the good sense to go straight down to the boat and depart quickly to the other side where he proposed continuing this comfortable style of living. But in this he was disappointed; he found it more difficult to impose on the credulity of his American cousins and realised that it would be impolite to waste his money in trying to create a good impression. He therefore waited a little while and then when a chance offered he bought a share in a small hotel where he may be seen to the present day standing behind the bar, above which is a large card bearing the words: "Absolutely No Credit Given." And there isn't any exception made to this rule. However plausible the customer Jim knows too well from his own experience that appearances are sometimes very deceptive, and he has so impressed this view of life on his partner that the hotel bids fair to be a regular gold-mine to its proprietors for they have not yet allowed a customer of the Jim Horsfield class to stay more than one week without paying his account. There was only one exception and that was when Pinkerton once arrived to stay for a short holiday and to his astonishment found his quondam guest posing as the prosperous proprietor; on this occasion Jim insisted on his staying at his expense, but whether he made the offer through fear of the other's tongue or whether he so acted out of some idea of making some sort of return is not known. It is said that he does not favour guests from Larriput.

H24

The Greenhorn.

By Dick Templeton.

OWING to a more or less laudable attempt to break all records in whisky drinking line, Joe Ferguson, the "tote" teamster, was unable to take his team into Willow Bluff for supplies, and I was deputed to act in his stead. This was supposed to be one of the "snap" jobs about the camp, but I, for one, preferred to work on the grade in company with my fellows, where, with many a joke, the day passed quickly by. I had long since got rid of the idea that one's own company is the best company.

As I drove from the camp, on my way to town, I coupled the foreman's name with many an expressive adjective not to be found in our standard dictionaries. My horses seemed to realise that this was one of my "off" days, and they therefore set out with a will, thereby hoping, no doubt, to escape many a severe cutting from the lines.

Presently, under the influence of a kindly sky and a couple of pipes of tobacco, the stormy state of my mind subsided, and I found myself actually whistling a joyous tune as I drove into Willow Bluff.

I had made good time into town, and so managed to have all my supplies on the waggon, ready for the return journey, by 11.30. As I had half an hour to spare before dinner, I strolled to the depot to witness the arrival of the train which was due in a few minutes. It pulled up at the platform just as I got there, and, having discharged a solitary passenger and some freight, steamed out again. The young fellow who had alighted took my attention. He was evidently an Old Country man. In his hands he carried a couple of portmanteaux, which he deposited in the waiting-room. He then made his way to where the freight had been dumped, and I found he also possessed a large cabin trunk.

"Now where on earth can he be going," thought I, "with all that stuff. If his luggage consists of clothes he's got enough to furnish a moderate store."

After hesitating for a minute or two, he walked to where I was standing and said:

"Would you kindly tell me where I can find a porter to take my things to the hotel. I don't see any about."

"Well," I answered, "I guess you'll not find such an individual round here. If your box isn't too heavy we can carry it to the hotel between us, and you can then return for the portmanteaux."

He thanked me as if I had just made him a present of a hundred-dollar bill, and we made for the hotel, the trunk between us. Having placed this in the office he returned for the remainder of his belongings.

As I rather liked the youngster's appearance, I delayed going in to dinner until his return, when I suggested to him that we might dine together. He expressed himself pleased, and we thereupon took our places at one end of the long dining-room table. We were both hungry, so that, with the exception of a few common-place remarks, all confined ourselves to a vigorous attack upon the food laid before us.

After dinner, when our pipes were going smoothly, I asked him for an account of himself. He said his name was Bob Murray, and that he was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He had been sent to Canada by his father, as a last resort, because of his inability to pass even one of the many exams for which he had sat. He was hired at the Standard Employment Bureau, Winnipeg, as a teamster at Joe Sullivan's camp, near Willow Bluff.

I told him that I was a teamster at that very camp, to which I was returning in half an hour's time with the "tote" waggon. I asked him to get his things together so that we might put them in and hitch up right away. He wanted to bring along his trunk and two portmanteaux, but he contented himself with one grip when I explained how ridiculous he would appear with all that stuff at a railway camp.

During the drive he went into details regarding himself. He was just twenty years of age, had never done any manual work as yet, and knew practically nothing about horses. I foresaw a bad time before him while old "Blue Nose" (the foreman) put him through his paces. But I didn't care to dishearten the young chap, as it was quite possible that he'd make good in due course.

The supper bell sounded as we got to camp, so I hastily unhitched, watered and stabled my team, and then, with the new recruit, entered the dining tent. Young Murray seemed horrified when he found he was expected to eat all his food off one plate, but he realised that this was one of the little things to which he'd have to accustom himself, so he imitated those around him, if somewhat reluctantly.

After the meal I introduced him generally in the sleeping tent, and I was glad to see that he created a good impression among the men.

The next day was a Sunday, and I took the opportunity to coach him up a bit regarding his duties as a teamster. There were a number of teams idle, so I selected the best of them and persuaded the "stable boss" to let him have that one.

As Ferguson had recovered from the effects of his libations by Monday, I returned to my place on the grade. I helped Murray to harness and hitch up, and gave him some parting advice as to his conduct on the works. I've seen some poor teamsters in my time, but never have I seen such a wretched attempt at handling the lines as Murray's. Old "Blue Nose" was frantic. He swore at the new man as long as he could find language which he considered expressive enough; but even his voluminous distionary failed to meet requirements. In the end he just told Murray that if he didn't do better within the next few days he'd find himself "hitting the pike," i. e., dismissed.

That night "Black Abe" (one of the old hands) and his following started bullying the kid. Interference on my part would, I knew, only make matters worse. Every "greenhorn" has to put up with a lot of rough treatment at first. If he is made of the right stuff he'll weather it all right. If not, why, he'd better go in for some gentler occupation.

During the remainder of the week Murray certainly had a bad time of it. On the works he was sworn at and laughed at alternately by the foreman, and in the tent at night he was set upon by "Black Abe" and Company. To the gibes of the foreman and men he never returned a word. Indeed his conduct was put down generally as cowardice. I, myself, could find no explanation for the manner in which he took the most insulting remarks. I never like to doubt a man's courage until there is no other course left open to me. I therefore hesitated to condemn the youngster too hastily. As a teamster he was improving but slowly. In fact he would never have been kept on had there not been a shortage of men in the camp.

On the second Sunday, as I was grooming my team, Murray entered the stable and set to work on his pair with curry comb and brush. He was evidently feeling in the best of spirits for he hummed, as he worked, snatches from such of his Old Country songs as "Father O'Flynn" and "Phil the Fluter's Ball." When I had finished with my team I seated myself on the dividing pole between his stall and mine, smoking.

Having groomed his "off" horse to his satisfaction, Murray crossed under its head to get to the other one. As he did so the horse backed to the length of the halter rope, right into "Black Abe," who happened to be passing at the time. With an oath, Abe drove his boot into the ribs of the offending animal. At a bound, Murray was out of the stall and facing the bully.

"You miserable coward," he cried, "come outside and I'll teach you the lesson you need. I've stood your low-down tricks long enough." With that he made for the open, followed by Abe and the half dozen of us who had witnessed the incident.

I wouldn't have put a five-cent piece on the youngster as he faced his opponent. He can't have weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds, whereas Abe scaled fully thirty pounds more, and was, besides, of a magnificently muscular build. Abe seemed to be thinking similarly, for he got to work at once, hoping to put a speedy end to what he must have regarded as a farce. Driving right and left, he rushed on Murray. What was everybody's surprise to find the blows parried, and, not only that, but to find blood flowing from Abe's nose as the result of a straight left-hander from Murray.

Murray slipped on the wet straw which lay around. With a yell, Abe sprang to the attack, driving both fists at his opponent's head. One of the blows reached home, and Murray fell. He was up again immediately, to find blows raining fiercely about him. Several broke through his defence. One on the jaw laid him on the ground again, panting.

We, the onlookers, then interfered. We told the kid that he had put up a plucky fight, and that he had showed himself a man; but we pointed out that to continue would be simple lunacy, as Abe could half kill him. He wouldn't listen to us, however, but declared his intention of fighting until either he or his opponent got properly beaten. We then asked Abe to have done with it. He expressed himself willing to cry "quits" if the kid was similarly disposed. Murray, however, was obdurate in his determination to see the affair through to a more definite conclusion, so we were forced to withdraw and let them fight it out.

Neither party took the initiative for a couple of minutes. I wondered that Abe did not rush in again, as he must have felt confident in his power to put Mu ray speedily hors de combat. The thought struck me that perhaps this was due to a latent magnanimity, for which I had never previously given him credit.

Having manoeuvred about each other for some time, Murray attacked, two blows reaching Abe's chin. This was followed by a fierce bout. Abe rushed in twice, unsuccessfully. Murray retaliated in each case, with success. Then both parties gave and received some pretty severe blows about the head and chest. With that they drew apart, to get wind and manoeuvre for advantage of ground.

Abe had certainly had the more severe punishing. His face was cut in two places, one eye was half closed, and his nose let blood freely. The kid had escaped none too well either. His lips were split in several places, and one or two bruises showed on his pale face.

Having recovered his wind, Abe charged Murray's defence, to be beaten off and punished about the face and chest. Again and again he rushed in, with a like result. He then lost his head and fought wildly. Murray saw his chance, and we were treated to as fine a display of the art of boxing as it had ever been our privilege to witness. Blow after blow he landed about Abe's person. In vain the older man tried to defend himself. He was forced back and back until he lay stretched upon the ground as the result of an especially fierce attack by Murray.

For a minute or so he lay there without moving. We were too astonished to even go to his assistance. At last he staggered to his feet, and, holding out his hand to Murray, said:

"Give us your fist, kid. You're the better man. I'm sorry for the way I treated you in the past." When Murray had grasped his hand, Abe turned and abruptly left us. I confess that I was foolish enough to have a lump in my throat as I witnessed this unexpected conclusion, and I fancy the other onlookers did not feel comfortable either.

From that day the foreman ceased to swear at the "greenhorn." He even went out of his way to help the new man become a good teamster. In this he was backed up by "Black Abe" and the other men.

The Prophetess.

By Francis Owen.

MY friend Weston and I were among the first to hear the call of the Golden West and to trust our future in the hands of the guardian spirit. Those were the days of the pioneer, the real pioneer, not the settler of today who is rushed at the speed of thirty miles an hour through the rocky solitudes of the Superior District, on over the boundless prairies, "the gardens of the desert," and then again through the serried rolls of snow-capped mountains, by the brink of yawning chasms, beneath frowning bluffs and over winding rivers to the wave-washed shore of the Pacific Coast. Travelling is a pleasure now-a-days—no long, weary walks, no jolting over stony roads, no camping among the lonely mountains with the cries of cayotes and hungry wolves ringing in your ears.

At the time of which I speak the C. P. R. was in process of construction and inspite of almost insurmountable difficulties, had hewed its way through countless walls of rock, until finally, arrived at Port Moody, it only remained to lay the foundations of its Western Terminal, Vancouver, the present Queen City of the West, but which then had only a few thousand inhabitants, daring adventurers, who had braved the perils of an unknown land to carry the standard of Western civilization to the barren regions of the Pacific Coast. The bulk of the city clustered around Cordova and Water streets, stretching out on one side toward Hastings' saw-mill and on the other as far as any speculator wished to go, which was not very far. Back of this section to False Creek, where now stand hundreds of smiling homes and pretty lawns, was bush and brush, a tangled mass of fallen trees that crossed each other in hopeless intricacy, partially charred and checkered by fires which had raged and laid low the monarchs of the forest, but leaving a horde of smaller trees which looked like a sea of needles, with thin sharp points rising high in the air, and their weird, leafless branches protruding like thorns from their sides. Large gangs of workmen were employed by the C.P.R. clearing this land and making ready for the laying of a roadbed to the water front.

Weston and I had been attracted by the high wages offered by the Company to surveyors and we had followed the progress of the line nearly all the way through the mountains. At this particular time we were in Vancouver and were quartered in a three-story wooden structure on Alexander street, which we made our base of supplies for the extensive journeys we were often compelled to make. The weather had been hot and dry, scorching hot; we felt ourselves shrinking perceptibly every day, and our health began to be impaired. As we had been working steady for several months without a rest, Weston proposed one day that we go for a few weeks' shooting in the mountains, adding by way of further inducement that we might run across a good gold proposition in our ramblings. For three weeks we fished, hunted and prospected along the Fraser river, thoroughly enjoying the bracing mountain atmosphere and the beautiful scenery of the Canadian Alps. But the lonely life at last began to tell upon our spirits. Not a living soul but Indians had crossed our path during all this time and we began to long for the joys of companionship.

It was on a Saturday night, I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday,

and we had decided to go down the river the following day on our homeward journey. We had gone for a last excursion among the mountains about two miles away from our camp. The sun was just setting; a crimson glow suffused the sky; the twilight blushed; the silver gems of the snow-capped peaks became golden with the sunset flush; the rushing streams seemed to allay their headlong course to be caressed by the lingering sunbeams, which left a purple hue upon the dancing waters, turning them into streams of gold; the birds spread out their wings to catch the radiance of the setting sun and warbled their evening songs of happiness and peace.

We were standing beside a clump of stunted trees which had climbed as far up the mountain side as their small strength would allow and had been forced to stop half way, whence they could see below them the sturdy heads of their stronger brethren, and far above the dwarfed statures of smaller but more daring and hardier adventures who had scaled the slope even to the snow-line, but there had stopped, repulsed by the cool reception of the aerial spirits. We stood gazing at the glory of the sunset, lost for the moment in the grandeur and nobility of the eternal, fascinated by the varied shades of color, and the succession of changes from silver through all the mutations of gold and crimson to a deep purple hue as if the blood of battling spirits had stained the sky. Suddenly an apparition darted from behind the trees, sprang upon a projecting rock, raised a skinny arm and pointed toward the setting sun. It was the form of a woman. Her face was wild and haggard and her Indian features tanned still swarthier by exposure to the sun. Large coal-black masses of tangled hair fell over her naked shoulders. Her eyes were weird and roaming, and flashed at times like diamonds in the night. Her only covering was a garment of leaves intertwined so as to cover her emaciated form and angular body. Tall and commanding in appearance she rose to her full height, threw back the matted locks from her wrinkled brow and with one hand still indicating the sea of fire in the West, she slowly raised the other arm and with a look of inextinguishable hatred pointed in the direction of Vancouver. With extended arms and trembling body, in piercing tones that penetrated the very stones in the intensity of their passion, she hurled forth her denunciation: "Woe to the vile intruders! woe to the impious city! The fires of wrath shall descend upon their guilty heads. They shall flee before my anger, they shall hide and cower when I spurn them with my vengeance." "See these valleys and these mountains," continued the forboding spectre, comprising with one sweep of her extended arms the whole district around her; "they were the home of my people, the hunting ground of my tribe; the land of the red man. They lived and laughed; they basked in the sunshine; they hunted and they fished; they died in the land of their fathers. But the vile intruder came. He came with his infernal devils that scared the fish from the rivers, that shivered the hills to fragments, that filled the mountain streams and hewed down our sacred trees. They drove us before them like sheep and we starved among the rocks." She ceased, buried her face in her bony hands and wept bitterly. Then as if her grief inspired her with renewed hatred, "Look at me," she screamed, "look at my withered face, my skinny arms and emaciated form. Once I was fair, once I was beautiful, once I was loved. The idol of my people, I lived like a Queen. I was the Queen of the mountains, the mistress of the valleys; the fish came at my call and the birds obeyed my voice. That was before the white fiends came and disturbed our solitudes with their unholy noises and their fire devils. Woe to the vile invaders! Woe to the unholy city!" With these last words uttered in a perfect crescendo of emotion, she pointed once more to the ground, muttering to herself: "Three weeks! three weeks!" the ghostly phantom vanished behind the trees with a dismal howl.

As soon as we could recover from our astonishment we darted behind the bushes to see where she had gone but there was no trace of strange creature to be seen.

She had vanished as quickly as she had come.

Silently we proceeded toward our camp, as the darkness was falling fast. Weston was the first to speak. "I wonder what she meant," he said. "I don't think I am superstitious, but——I've heard of strange things happening sometimes."

"Oh, nonsense!" I replied, "she is only a poor, crazy Indian. There are lots of them around. Something has turned her brain."

"I suppose you're right," he said, but did not look satisfied.

When we reached our camp we lit a cheerful fire, had some supper and then sat down beside the blaze to enjoy a smoke. Under the soothing influence of my pipe and the ruddy glow of the fire, my thoughts went back to my distant home. Familiar scenes flashed through my mind; old friends and loved ones peered at me from the mazy wreaths of smoke. I was startled from my reverie by Weston's voice: "I say," he said, "haven't you heard that the Indians place a great deal of confidence in these wild women. They believe them to be inspired, to have the gift of prophecy, oracles in fact?" "Still thinking of that," I replied impatiently. "I don't believe any of that rot. There never was anything in it and never will be. How can a poor, crazy woman know what's going to happen?"

"Well," said Weston slowly, "I'm not saying that she does know or that she can do anything, but you know that many people claim to have intimations of the future. "Coming events cast their shadow before them,' is an old saying, you know."

"Yes," I replied," it is old, that's the trouble with it. It's too old."

"Perhaps" was all the answer he made.

I dismissed the matter from my mind and I supposed he did the same, for he didn't mention it again. We turned in for the night, and slept the sleep of the mountain climber.

The next morning we packed up and started for town, glad to get back again, even though it meant hard work and long hours. We arrived at Vancouver without any further adventures and found everything in motion. All was hurry and bustle. The work of clearing the land had proceeded rapidly in our absence and scores of huge piles of logs and rubbish lay waiting for the match.

It was Saturday night again, just three weeks after our unearthly visitor of the mountains. I had noticed that Weston had been very quiet all that day, but the reason for it had never entered my head. I left him for the night about 10 o'clock in the evening and went to my room. I tried to sleep but could not; all sorts of things came crowding on my brain. I rolled over and over; I tried every possible expedient to induce the god of sleep to close my eyes, but it was of no avail. Finally I got up, and, knowing that Weston often sat up late at night reading, I crept softly down the hall to his room, opened the door and peeped in. There he was, sitting beside the table, his elbows resting on the edge, and his head supported by his hands. A boot lay near him which he had evidently been reading. He did not hear me open the door.

"Hello!" I said.

He never moved. I approached him noiselessly and gently touched him on the shoulder.

"Good heavens," he cried, springing up with terrified expression on his face,

"What's the matter," I asked.

"Oh, it's you!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were asleep."

"And I thought you were," I replied.

"What, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"The prophetess," he whispered hoarsely. "It is three weeks today. Did you not notice the sunset tonight? It was as red as blood. The sky seemed to be on fire. She was there. I saw her."

"Come! come! what nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Are you going to let a little thing like that keep you awake?"

"Why couldn't you sleep?" he asked, turning round sharply.

"I don't know, the heat perhaps."

"I do," he answered as he sat down and motioned me to do the same.

"I'll tell you what," he continued after a moment's silence. "I'm going to pack

my few things together tonight so that if anything should happen. . . ."

"You're a fool," I snapped.

"Perhaps I am," he replied calmly. "I hope I am in this case, but I'd rather be a living fool than a dead sage."

"Why," I cried, "that blessed old Indian has forgotten the whole affair by this time!"

"After we came back to town," Weston rejoined, as he began to pack his things in a small trunk, "I made inquiries about the woman among the Indians. They were very reticent, but I finally learned that she had been a noted personage among the tribes of this district, but owing to an unfortunate alliance she had had with a white trapper who had treated her harshly and then deserted her, she has ever since dwelt alone among the mountains. Her mind became unhinged, and her people regard her with awe and veneration." He had by this time finished packing. "There," he said, "I hope you're right, but I couldn't sleep until I had done that."

I was awakened the next morning by a loud shouting on the street. Wondering what was the matter, I arose, looked at my watch and found to my surprise that it was 11 o'clock. I opened the window and looked out. A fearful sight met my eyes. People were hurrying and running in all directions with spades, shovels, axes and buckets. A huge roll of fire was advancing upon the little town driven on by a strong west wind. An indefinable dread thrilled me. "The prophetess," unconsciously escaped my lips. I hurried out to the scene of the fire and found that the men had been ordered early in the morning to set fire to the large piles of rubbish. No one had thought there was any danger. All at once a strong wind had arisen, had fanned the flames to fury and whirled them from one pile to another, closer and closer to the outlying houses. The wind increased and poured its vials of wrath upon the devouring flames, sending long fiery streams and serpentine coils hundreds of feet into the air, ever reaching forward toward the town as if eager to try its uncurbed strength upon the unprotected wooden structures that lay clustered in a heap. Dense volumes of burning smoke obscured the sun and fired the heavens. On swept the seething mass towards the city in eddies and whirls that looked like a sea of serpents twisting and twining their coils around each other. Frail houses disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. A fierce crackling, a cloud of smoke, and then the fiery demons passed on, leaving the charred ruins behind to mark their path. The frantic people fled from the houses in every direction, crazed with fear yet fascinated by the aweful spectacle of destruction.

The fire had eaten its way to the water front when suddenly the wind veered to the northeast and the whole cloud of fire started on its path of annihilation in a new direction. Down Alexander street it rushed licking up the rows of houses as if they had been paper. I thought of my few possessions in my room, but it was too late to save them. I found Weston standing in speechless terror, pointing with trembling hand to the roof of the house.

"The prophetess," he finally gasped. There was the wild woman of the mountains, with her long black hair streaming in the wind, her tall form reflecting the glow of the approaching flames, her weird eyes gleaming like burning balls, waving her long arms in wild gesticulation at the fire, her body swaying to and fro as if keeping time to the withering advance of the snake-like tongues of blood, and mute as her native mountains. Instinctively I started for the house to save the poor creature from a fearful death, but Weston seized my arm.

"Too late," he whispered hoarsely, and pointed to the rolling flames which were rushing upon the house in a perfect maelstrom. I looked again at the woman. Once more she had extended her long arms, one towards the west and the other towards the burning city. "Woe to the vile invaders! Woe to the impious city!" she shrieked in a voice that was heard above the roar and crackling of the blaze, and then the sea of fire received her in its coils.

"The prophetess!" cried Weston, and fell to the ground in a death-like swoon.

AT THE REQUEST OF A LARGE NUMBER OF READERS THIS NEW DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE MAGAZINE. THE RECIPES GIVEN BELOW ARE ALL CONTRIBUTED AND THE PUBLISHERS WOULD ESTEEM IT A FAVOUR IF HOUSEWIVES HAVING GOOD, PRACTICABLE RECIPES WOULD SEND SAME TO THE EDITOR.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.

One quart of large Eastern oysters; one quart of crisp cracker crumbs. Use a deep bake dish. Cover bottom with a layer of oysters, next a layer of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and put severa pieces of butter over this. Then another layer of oysters, then cracker crumbs again, and so on until you have three layers of each, covering well with crumbs and butter, season well; pour over it all a half cup of rich cream and about the same of oyster liquor. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven and serve at once.

—o—

TURKEY OR CHICKEN STUFFING.

Pour sufficient boiling water over a loaf of stale bread to thoroughly soften it; add one large onion chopped fine, one teacupful of currants, sage, salt and pepper to taste. Put on stove in frying pan with two tablespoons full of smoking hot lard, and let it brown well, then stuff your fowl and roast.

Another very tasty fowl stuffing is made by preparing the bread as above, using one large onion, four tender stalks of celery cut thin, one green pepper chopped fine, sage, salt and pepper to taste. Fry in hot lard as above until well browned, then stuff. This is an excellent stuffing for ducks.

SPANISH RICE.

Take three slices breakfast bacon, cut in small pieces, one large onion chopped fine, one green peper ditto, fry all together. Wash one large cup of rice; add it to above, stirring continually until nicely brown. Remove from frying pan to double boiler and add one can tomatoes, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, and cook well until rice is done. If it gets dry add water to keep it quite moist and let it cook thoroughly.

—o—

PLAIN MINCE MEAT.

Boil tender four pounds of lean fresh beef, (a beef's heart is preferable), and when cold put through meat grinder (fine knife). Chop four pounds of apples, one pound of suet, one pound each of currants and raisins, and one-quarter pound of citron. Dissolve one pound of brown sugar in water, add two quarts of cider and a half pint of brandy; put in the meat, apples, suet and fruit and put on the stove. While heating add spices as follows: one tablespoon of cloves, allspice, salt, ginger and ground mace, with one grated nutmeg and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Let all boil well together; when done put away in cool place. This will keep for two months.

CARAMEL PIE.

Four eggs, one cup of butter and one of sugar, one glass of jelly (plum preferred) and one teaspoon vanilla. Beat yolks, butter and sugar to a cream, add whites of eggs beaten to a froth; melt jelly and put in with other ingredients; add the vanilla last. Beat the whites of three eggs with half a teacup white sugar. When the pie is cooked cover with the meringue and brown in oven. This will make two large or three small pies.

—o—

PUMPKIN PIE.

Remove the seeds of the pumpkin, cut into small pieces and steam till tender, then remove peel and mash fine, or cut up, peel and boil in a very little water until well done. After mashing, to each quart add one quart of milk, two cups of sugar, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, ginger and salt, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch or two eggs. Bake in a custard pie pan with an under crust.

—o—

FRUIT CAKE—3 LBS.

One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pint lemon and orange peel cut fine, half pint of citron, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnaman and allspice, one grated nutmeg, one pint molasses, one pint whisky, three pints of flour, twelve eggs well beaten separately, and one tablespoon baking powder. Use milk to make a stiff dough. Bake in moderately hot oven from three to five hours.

—o—

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

One pint of suet chopped fine, one and a half pints of flour, one pint of brown sugar, one pint of currants and raisins mixed, half pound of citron, one egg, one pint milk, scant, and one teaspoon of baking powder. Put in a brown cotton cloth, tie securely and boil seven hours.

—o—

HARD SAUCE.

Butter size of hen's egg creamed with one and one-half cups brown sugar; add half a cup of brandy or whisky to flavour or half a teaspoonful of vanilla if you do not want to use liquor.

—o—

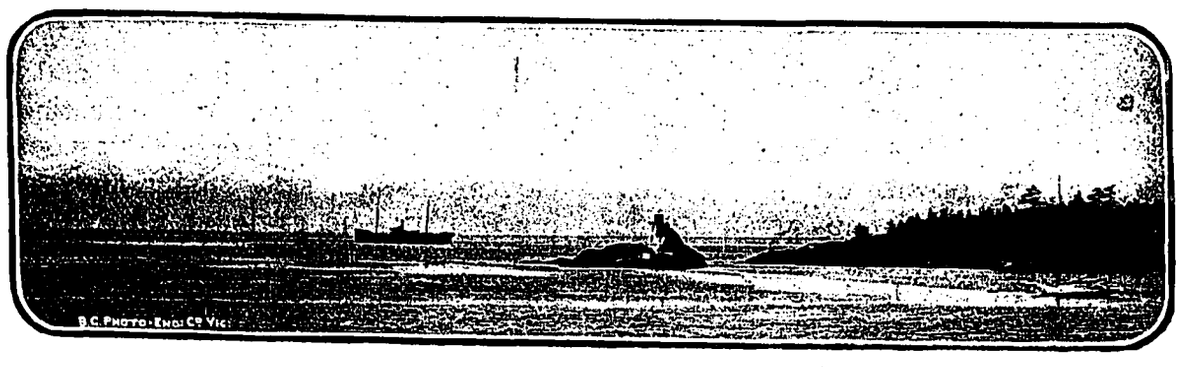
BACHELOR'S SUET PUDDING.

Four cups of flour, two cups of mutton suet chopped fine, one pound of currants, raisins and citron, and a pinch of salt. Mix with water until stiff; role in cloth, tying same at each end; boil for two hours; serve with the above hard sauce. This pudding requires no baking powder.

—o—

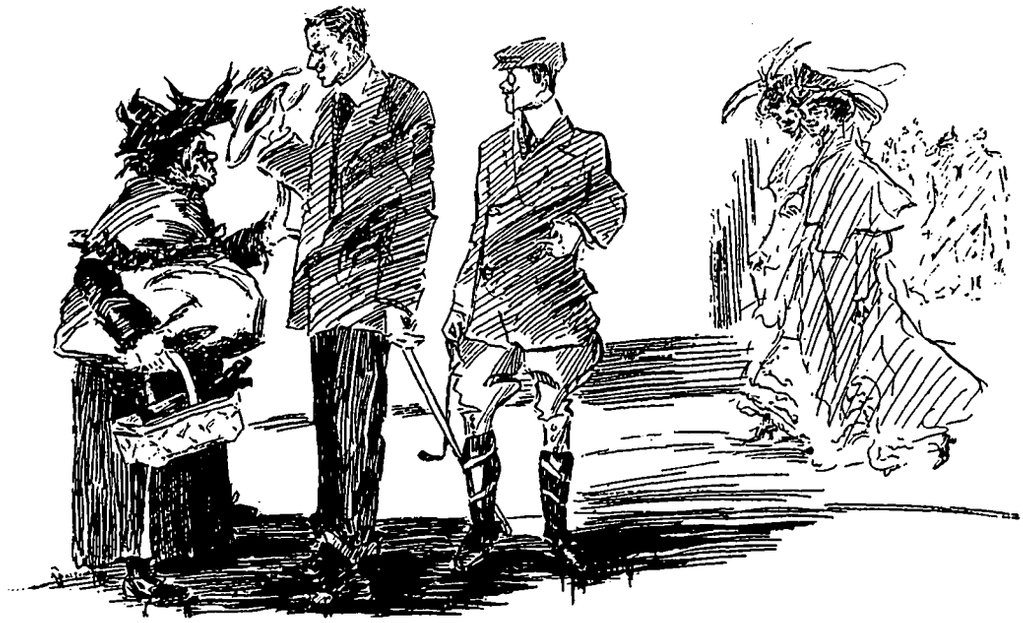
TRIFLE.

One quart of milk, two cups of sugar and two eggs. Stir all well together and put on stove in double boiler and when to the boiling heat add two tablespoons of cornstarch mixed well with water. When a thick custard add half teaspoon of vanilla and let set for four or five minutes. In a bowl or platter place fifteen lady fingers and pour over them one and a half cups of sherry; when they have absorbed the sherry pour the custard over them and put away and serve cold. A deep bowl is best for trifle. Put a layer of cake, then a layer of cake, then a layer of custard, then cake, then another of custard. A cup of chopped almonds or English walnuts mixed with the custard just before pouring over the cakes helps to enrichen the flavour and makes a delightful dessert.



He—"What's that vegetarian doing now?"
She—"Making love to a grass widow!"

"I wonder if Mars really is inhabited?"
"Don't know, but if Saturn is I'll bet the politicians own it."
"Think so?"
"Certainly; can't you see the rings?"



She—"Stop Mester! Can you shew me the way to the Y.W.C.A.?"
He—"Are you sure you don't mean the Mercy Hall, Madam?"

The best efforts to make a home attractive sometimes fail.

Recently a district visitor in the East End of London asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public-house.

"Well," she answered, "I 'ave done my best, ma'am, but he will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'omelike, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlour carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But, lor', ma'am, it ain't made a bit difference."

Knicker—"Does Jones claim to be a naturalist?"
Becker—"Yes, he knows a small hot bird when he sees one."

"Mrs. Chauffeurly is always running down people when I go out with her in her auto."
"Doesn't she ever get arrested?"
"No; they can't arrest you for gossiping, can they?"

Dolly—"Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream."
Polly—"Well, that is all it is so far. Her husband won't give her the money for it."

HIS CHANCE.

Young Jones who has been watching the mistletoe for the last half hour; now that his chance has come does not take advantage of it.

"For my part, I can't see the difference between gambling and speculating by buying or selling things on a margin."
"There is a big difference. A man who gambles has a certain number of chances out of a thousand to win."

"So Xantippe Snifkins is going to apply for a divorce. Do you know on what grounds?"
"Cruel and inhuman treatment."
"Did her husband treat her so very badly?"
"No man could have treated a woman worse. He never would give her any good reason for finding fault with him."

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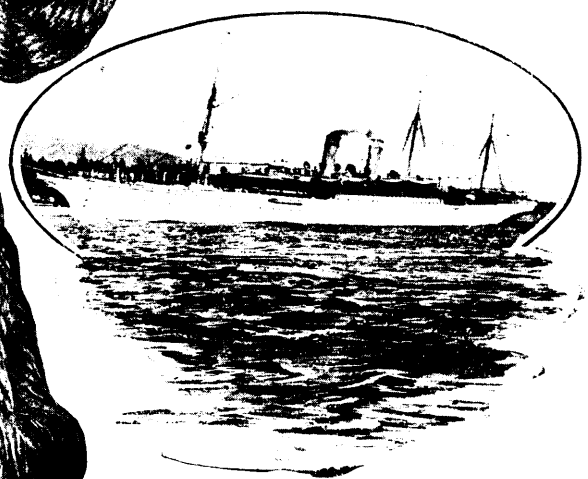

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Till he told them it was
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