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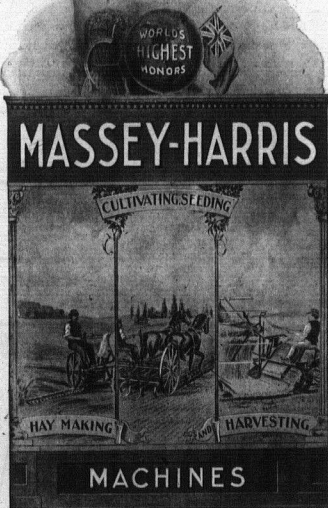
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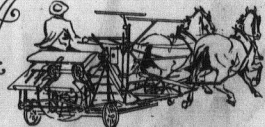
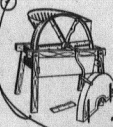
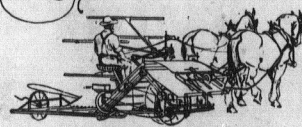
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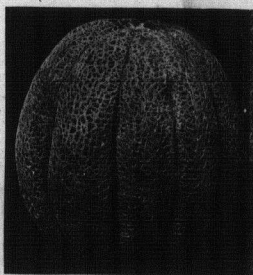
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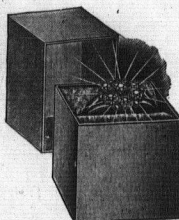


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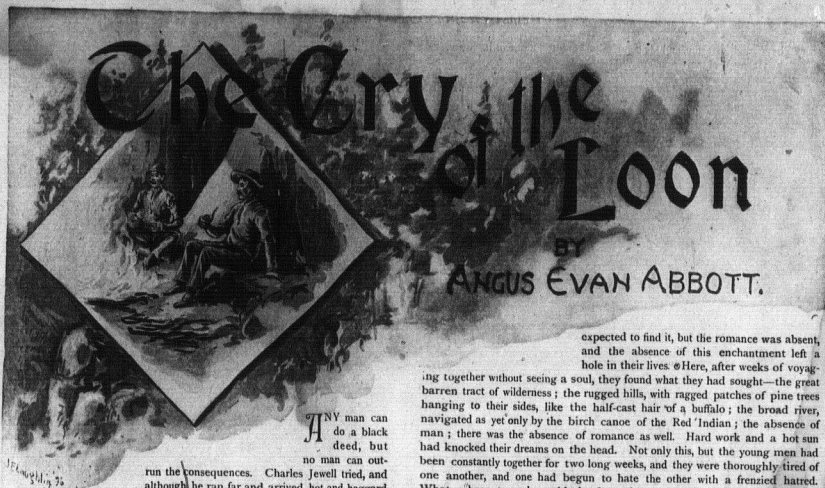
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# The Cry of the Loon

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

Fate, in the form of a curious chance, waited for him in the very heart of civilization, London.

It had been a blistering day. In the northern regions of Canada the summer sun beats with tenfold force on the face of the earth, as if to make good the long months of darkness and frost that turn a quarter of the earth into an inhospitable wilderness. All this day the sun's rays beat down from a cloudless sky, and blazed up from the parched grass and white rocks, and even in the forest the very air, which sought shelter under the motionless branches of the trees, seemed to pant for breath. Even the broad river which lay between its steep banks was covered with a film of heat, and, so oily it ran seemed to have ceased flowing seawards. All day in the broiling sun two young men worked their way up the stream. Early in the forenoon they had reached a rapid in the great river: a rapid scarcely perceptible to the eye, for it was only a gradual fall of a few inches. But so swiftly flowed the body of water that the voyagers had found it necessary to make a portage, and the remainder of the day was spent in carrying their outfit and canoe along a quarter of a mile of river shore. It proved an almost insufferable task. The stones and rocks burnt the hand at every touch, and the flies and midges irritated them beyond all endurance. But the young men worked with dogged determination, and neither spoke to the other the whole day long. When all the effects had been placed far enough above the rapid to permit of the launching of the canoe on the next morning, the two silently prepared their camp for the night. A fire was built in the open space, and, although neither had any intention of sleeping under canvas on such a sultry night as must follow the day, still the tent was erected. Storms of rain, violent downpours, come suddenly in those regions, and it is a wise precaution to make ready for them in time. Supper was eaten, and one, Temple, lit his pipe in silence.

Charles Jewell and Philip Temple planned the trip they were now on quite six months in advance. While attending the University at Toronto they had spent many hours studying the scantily marked map of the far north, reading the exploits of Mackenzie and other Hudson Bay men, and posting themselves generally on travel and adventure in those northern latitudes. Night after night, when they should have been reading Greek or worse, they pored over the lore of the forest and planned. Their hopes were now realized—all but the romance. Life in the wilderness was much as they had

expected to find it, but the romance was absent, and the absence of this enchantment left a hole in their lives. Here, after weeks of voyaging together without seeing a soul, they found what they had sought—the great barren tract of wilderness; the rugged hills, with ragged patches of pine trees hanging to their sides, like the half-cast hair of a buffalo; the broad river, navigated as yet only by the birch canoe of the Red Indian; the absence of man; there was the absence of romance as well. Hard work and a hot sun had knocked their dreams on the head. Not only this, but the young men had been constantly together for two long weeks, and they were thoroughly tired of one another, and one had begun to hate the other with a frenzied hatred. What a boon to each would the face of a stranger have been! How each would have taken him to his arms and poured into his ears small troubles which had grown great through careful nursing! But there was no friendly stranger, and the two sat, Temple smoking a pipe, and Jewell nervously breaking the dry twigs which he picked from the grass.

Philip was the first to speak. He was not a good hater, and when he smoked, Peace always seemed to him an exceedingly pleasant maiden.

"A weird cry that, Charlie," he said in a low tone.

The night had fallen, and the cries from forest and stream were beginning. Jewell started, and looked quickly at his companion, who had not taken his eyes off the running water.

"What is that you say?" Jewell asked rudely.

"I say it's a strange, lonesome cry, the cry of the loon," the other answered gently. "It always seems to me ghostly."

"For heaven's sake none of your sentimental twaddle. I've had enough of it already. Don't make yourself more objectionable than—than God made you."

"Several times on this trip we have unforsaken our innermost opinions of one another. I have made a clean breast of mine, and I will give you the credit of leaving me in no doubt as to your opinion of me. Now, as neither of us have anything new in that line to disclose, I suggest we drop the subject. I am in no querulous mood to-night."

Temple spoke in an aggravatingly slow and quiet way. "It's the first time—" Jewell was beginning hotly when Temple interrupted.

"Granted, Charlie. I grant you it is the first time. But there's the cry again, the loon, but where it comes from a person cannot tell. It seems to come from all sides of me, to be beating in the air with pinions of its own. It's a wild, strange bird, the loon, seldom seen, shy, alert, active, the spirit of the woods and lake."

Then followed a long silence, each man apparently intent on his own thoughts, and at intervals the strange sound, which had called forth the rambling remarks of Temple, sounded from the other side of the river.

"Our family is a peculiar one," Temple continued. "Sarcasm enters strongly into our lives and deaths. We believe in premonition, in signs, and omens. Have you heard of—heard of—" Philip stopped.

"Heard of why? Some fool thing I have no doubt the other said in spite of himself. He was being aggra-



ALL DAY IN THE BROILING SUN.

## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

vated beyond all measure, and his companion was well aware of it.

"Yes some fool thing, you'll say." It was now intensely dark, although overhead the stars shone brightly. But in the woods and among the hills darkness is doubly intensified.

"A fool thing," continued Temple quietly, "but an eerie thing, the night hawk that cries when a sorrow is to come upon our family. Near our house, you know it, Charlie, stands the withered elm, its white limbs touching the sky at night. Behind it are the woods, and the topmost limb is seen when you stand in our front door at night, to shoot out of the dark mass of woods, the background, and into the sky. On the point of this limb, a patch of black against the clear heavens, a hawk takes its place and cries the death knell of our family. It cried when father was killed, it cried when sister died, and mother every night of her life looks out in fear to see that the limb is bare. But I feel it; I know that the hawk may cry when my time comes, but that I will be far from the old farm, and that the loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

Jewell leaped to his feet.

"You madden me with your talk, by heaven, you do," he said as he marched off into the darkness, his hands tightly pressed to his temples.

"I shall go insane," he said to himself, "the sun has injured me to-day. I feel the throbbing pains of madness in my brain. I cannot sit longer and hear him talk, talk, talk, like the patter of rain or a prattling baby. What possessed him to leave home and hawk to haunt me like an evil spirit? I have gone far enough in this insane matter. I will return home at once. I can stand this chattering, hollow sentimentalism and his vulgar satire no longer; him and the sun. The sun! It has battered my skull to-day. I have bled through sunstroke once and that is enough. I will travel by night—to-night. He must come along, and hold his tongue, or to the consequences."

Charles Jewell turned on his tracks and started in the direction from which he had come, at before he got many rods on his way he met his companion, strolling with that pretense of vacant-mindedness along the high bank.

"Hullo, Charlie!" Philip Temple said in a tantalizing way, for he saw how unbearable his familiar address was to his companion, and at heart he was carelessly cruel, "wanted to tell you about my uncle."

"Damn your uncle and all the cursed family," shouted Jewell in a rage. "I've heard all I want of the crew."

Temple saw that he had reached a crisis, and he cowed under the fierce blaze of his comrade's eye.

"In future——" he started, when the other interrupted.

"There is to be no future. I am going back."

"Back! When? What do you mean?"

"That we get out of one another's sight and hearing at the earliest moment. Your sarcastic babble has run through my brain with exasperating monotony. It means turning back or murder. I'm going back."

"We have been getting along famously together, Charlie."

"Famously, you say!" the other shouted. "My brain has been torn to pieces bit by bit by you, and roasted by the sun. I can escape the sun, for I will travel by night, and shall prevent your talk—or kill you. It's for you to say which. Now don't stand there like a fool. Take down the tent."

Philip Temple was not quick-witted enough to see that Jewell had worked himself into a frenzy of rage, that for the time being he was mad. "Not having the sense to say nothing, he attempted to argue."

"What's the matter with you to-night, Charlie?"

"Down with the tent, do you hear?"

"It's madness to attempt the river. I will not step into the canoe to-night."

In an instant Jewell was upon him and had him in his arms. His passion gave him the strength of a giant, and with one mighty fling he sent his companion into the deep river. "Not step into the canoe! then, go without," Jewell shrieked.

There was a splash, followed in a few moments by a smothered cry for help, and all was still.

Over the silently flowing water floated the ghostly cry of the loon, again and again repeated. Jewell stood rooted to the spot, the words of his companion running through his brain, "the loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

### CHAPTER II.

The full meaning of the deed he had done soon flashed across Charles Jewell's brain. As the truth

struck home, his expression quickly changed from one of murderous rage to horror and fear. Madly running along the bank of the river, he cried a dozen times and more, "Philip, Philip, where are you? where are you?" But his only answer was the cry of the loon.

"I must leave this awful place at once or I shall go mad," he said aloud.

Retracing his steps he came to the canoe resting on a narrow strip of beach, and without a thought of the future, but only wishing to get away from the spot he himself had made unholy, he shoved the craft far into the swift flowing river, and all unprovided and unprovided for his long trip, without even a rifle to provide food, commenced paddling as hard as he could down stream. Once, and only once, he looked back and saw the fire burning brightly



IN AN INSTANT JEWELL WAS UPON HIM.



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

person at the post, and made off through the woods or home.

Some days later the modern Jove, a natty, pale-faced youth, sped the lightning across a thousand miles that told the widow her son had been raised from the dead.

When Philip Temple found that Jewell had gone to London he was glad.

"I will meet him there, and among strangers we will make up this foolish matter. Charlie will not be so embarrassed if we two are alone, and a couple of weeks' excitement in the great city may rub all hard thoughts and reproaches from our minds."

It was November when Temple reached London.

When he left home no word had come from Jewell, and so he had arranged for the address to be cabled to his hotel. When he arrived in London the message awaited him.

Calling the waiter he gave him the address and asked the best way to reach it.

"It's Regent's Park way, sir; bus from Charing Cross; but it's a long drive, and the buses don't go very near the street; your best way is to take a 'ansom, sir."

Temple acted on the advice, and when he knocked at the door of Jewell's lodging place it was opened by a loquacious female.

"He's just this minute gone, sir, a-walking in the park. He's always walking in the park. Are you a friend of his, sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you've come, sir, for I don't think he's quite well. I won't say anything more about it, sir, but he's been very down hearted, sir, very down hearted; and between you and me, sir, my 'usband says—well, me and him were both afraid that he might do something that would give the 'ouse a bad name, sir. Lodgers is very particular, sir. They don't ake a 'ouse with a 'istory, sir."

"Do you know where he walks?"

"They say he mostly walks across the grass and under the trees, keeping away from the paths like, sir, towards the Zoo, sir. 'E's a good lodger, that I'll say for 'im. 'E don't make trouble, sir."

"I have no doubt I'll find him," Temple said. "If he returns, don't tell him anyone called. I will come back shortly if I do not meet him."

November in London is hard enough on the spirits of a native of

the city, but to poor Jewell, in a strange, great place, alone with his thoughts and his conscience, the effect was disastrous. His spirits, already low enough, kept sinking, sinking, as the days crawled slowly along. Several times in the last week he had taken from his pocket a small nickel-plated revolver and looked earnestly at it. The very afternoon Temple called he had carefully looked to the cartridges and snapped the trigger at a dummy to see that it worked aright. Putting the weapon in his pocket he shut the front door and made off in the gathering gloom towards the broad Regent's Park. It began to rain a little, a depressing drizzle, as he turned into the park. Paying no attention to this, he strode off across the grass, avoiding the foot-passengers who were hurrying in all directions to escape the wet. He was thinking deeply; thinking of home and of himself.

"It will go hard with the old folk. If it were not for them I could soon settle matters." Seeking the shelter of a tree, he leaned against it, his forehead pressed close to the rough bark. The minutes flew past, and all the time his hand nervously played with the weapon in his pocket. Suddenly he straightened up. His face blanched and his nails dug into the very bark of the tree. Floating on the murky air like a ghost came the cry of a loon.

"My God!" Jewell said in a hoarse whisper, "it follows me, it follows me, everywhere. I must outrun it now for all time." As he drew the weapon he turned half around, and there, standing before him, he saw with mistaken understanding the shape of his companion.

Before Philip Temple, spring as he did, could prevent it, the suicidal shot was fired. Jewell fell dead at the feet of the friend whom he had taken for a ghost. And the loon in the Zoo cried unceasingly all through the night.



FLOATING ON THE MURKY AIR LIKE A GHOST CAME THE CRY OF A LOON.

### A Song of Christmas.

HEART of mine! from the store divine  
Of the memories dear you hold,  
Sing me a song that is sweet and strong  
Of the Christmas days of old!

Sing of the eager heart and eye  
As the season of joy drew near;  
And we mark the lessening days go by,  
When the sun roys late in the winter sky,  
With never a backward thought or sigh  
For the waning year!

Sing of the morn that our Lord was born  
As it came in the days of youth,  
When the bells rang sweet down the village street,  
Their tidings of joy and truth!  
Sing of the drifted fields of white,  
Of the crisp and buoyant air;  
Of the country roads packed hard and tight  
Of the loaded sleighs and the faces bright,  
Of the rosy girls and the laughter light,  
And the greetings fair!

Sing of the hall where we gathered all,  
With never a vacant place;  
Father and mother and sister and brother,  
And each with a smiling face.  
Sing of the thankful hearts sincere  
For the board so nobly laid;  
Of the boundless cheer of the garnered year,  
Of the ample roasts and the home-brewed beer,  
Of the stinging jest and the laughter clear,  
And the joy we made!

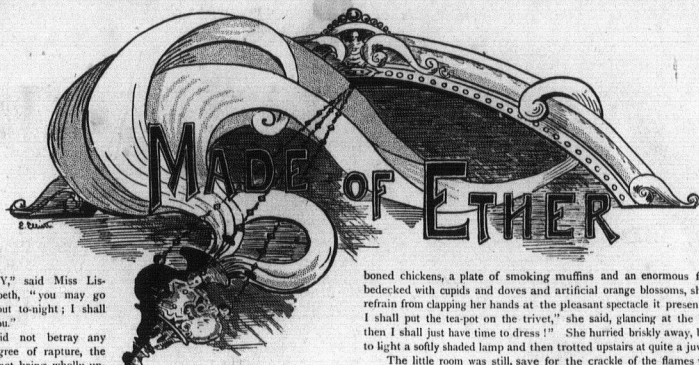
Sing of the night and the rare delight,  
Of the dance and the romping game!  
Of the moments fleet, and the twinkling feet  
In the blaze of the pine-log's flame!  
Of the time whose memories now are keen  
As the poignant sense of love;  
Of the bearded boughs and the evergreen,  
The last up round and the parting scene,  
Of the last guest gone, with the miles between,  
And the stars above!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.



THE LEAVES OF MEMORY



"ISSV," said Miss Lisbeth, "you may go out to-night; I shall not want you."

Issy did not betray any marked degree of rapture, the permission not being wholly unexpected; she rubbed her nose reflectively and nodded several times.

"And, Issy, you need not be back before eleven; I shall be rather busy," continued Miss Lisbeth with a slow flush in her withered cheek. "And here is a dollar you may spend as you like."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Issy, still unsurprised, as well she might be, for the whole performance had been repeated without the alteration of a word every 5th of January for the last ten years. Indeed, it had become part and parcel of the existences of both mistress and maid. Had no word been said Issy would have departed at precisely six o'clock and Miss Lisbeth would have betaken herself to her mysterious occupation. Between ourselves Issy had, of late years, begun to fancy that if she were called upon to shuffle off this mortal coil on that particular date, the angel at the Golden Gates would have greeted her with, "You need not come up before eleven, as I shall be busy, and here's a dollar to spend as you like."

However that might be, she asked no questions, and, shutting the door behind her at six o'clock, Miss Lisbeth was left alone. Poor Miss Lisbeth!

"Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight  
As if for taming accidental thoughts  
From possible poises. Brown hair pricked with grey,

A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines,  
A close mild mouth, a little smothered about  
The ends,  
Eyes of no color

Chink in which was yet a rose  
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,  
Kept more for ruth than pleasure - if past bloom  
Past falling also.

She had been the eldest of five sisters, of whom three were married at some distance, while the fourth, in the sweet old scriptural phrase, "Was not." Miss Lisbeth herself had never soured, as the term goes; she had simply wilted into a loveless middle age. She had never had a lover and never betrayed any anxiety to have one. Her sisters' affairs had filled her youth and young womanhood, for she was an unselfish soul, and now she found herself stranded high and dry on the shores of solitude, like an old wreck that had gone to pieces on its first voyage without a chance to prove its power and prowess. Issy was all that remained to her of the springtime of life. They had been young girls together, mistress and maid, and now they were old women together with the former relations unchanged. So the monotonous life in the cottage sped on year by year, always, as I have said, marked by some peculiar rite or ceremony on that particular date—Miss Lisbeth's birthday. And here it had come around again!

Miss Lisbeth watched from the window as Issy's plump figure dawdled leisurely down the path and disappeared beneath the snow-covered elm at the gate. When the old maid turned from the window her face was curiously changed. Her eyes, no longer pale, shone and sparkled; her bent back was straight and almost youthful, and she actually gave a little skip as she hastily pulled down the blind, for the winter afternoon was changing to dusk.

"I have just time to get tea," she said aloud; "I thought she would never go!"

She stepped briskly to the little dining-room and covered the round table with a snowy cloth; in the middle of the table she placed a vase of Christmas roses and trailing hot-house vines, and with the greatest care and neatness laid two places, though not far apart.

"Let me see—shall it be apricot or strawberry preserve?" she said, with the key of her jam cupboard pressed reflectively to her lip. "What was it last time? Oh, quince! Well, this time it shall be both. He is very fond of apricot." And she laid out a generous supply.

Every inch of silver and glass on the table was polished to the utmost brilliancy, from the silver napkin-rings to the epergne of flowers; and when Miss Lisbeth added to the feast a pair of

boned chickens, a plate of smoking muffins and an enormous frosted cake bedecked with cupids and doves and artificial orange blossoms, she could not refrain from clapping her hands at the pleasant spectacle it presented. "Now I shall put the tea-pot on the trivet," she said, glancing at the clock, "and then I shall just have time to dress!" She hurried briskly away, but returned to light a softly shaded lamp and then trotted upstairs at quite a juvenile speed.

The little room was still, save for the crackle of the flames which shone cheerfully on the many points of light Miss Lisbeth had evoked from spoon and preserve-dish, till they blinked like a hundred bright little eyes all watching—watching for the guest who was to come.

Half an hour went by and there came a rustle on the stairs, not aggressively loud as is the fashion with women nowadays, but soft, subdued and soothing. The rustle was followed by Miss Lisbeth—a glorified Miss Lisbeth, resplendent in the garments of nearly half a century ago, glistening with embroidery, dainty with frills and billows of lace, her hair dressed fantastically high over a tortoiseshell comb, her wrinkled neck bedecked with a shining necklet. She raised her hand to her face, and on its third finger glittered a plain golden hoop that looked like a wedding ring. One could almost believe that the little tea-kettle started back in astonishment at this vision, for it fell over into the coals and hissed loudly. Miss Lisbeth righted it and gave a hasty glance at the table to see that all was right, and then, drawing forward a large pair of carpet slippers embroidered with the monogram E. M., she propped them cosily against a footstool to warm. She unfolded, too, a fresh newspaper and hung that to warm, and finally sat down patiently to wait, with her eyes on the clock.

"Eustace is late," she said with a little childish nod and smile that sat strangely on her worn old face, "but he likes to keep me waiting; he knows his welcome will be all the warmer."

At five minutes to seven she began making excited trips to the window, remaining on his knees and hazarding various feminine surmises as to what could have kept him. At seven she proceeded to the cellar and gravely pulled the front door bell-wire till it rang a loud peal over the quiet little house. Miss Lisbeth was in the hall almost before the wire had ceased trembling and had flung open the door with a glad cry:

"Here you are at last, Eustace! How late you are! Come in, come in, tea is all ready!" A gust of wind brushed past her; no one was there! Nevertheless Miss Lisbeth's hands moved as though she were divesting someone of hat and coat. She did, in fact, hang a man's hat on the rack, but it was one she had brought downstairs with her. Still leading her invisible guest, she walked towards the dining-room, and stopping at the door she blushed and cried:

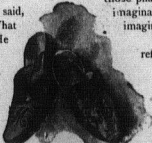
"Don't! Well, one more, then!" as though he had kissed her. Upon those phantom feet Miss Lisbeth then placed the slippers, laying aside an imaginary pair of boots and resting her hand for a moment on an imaginary knee, as she asked tenderly of the chairback:

"Any worries? You look pale, my darling; but you will feel refreshed after your tea."

She sat beside him at the pretty meal, helping him daintily to all the choicest morsels and eating quite heartily herself. She told him scraps of gossip and chit-chat she had picked up

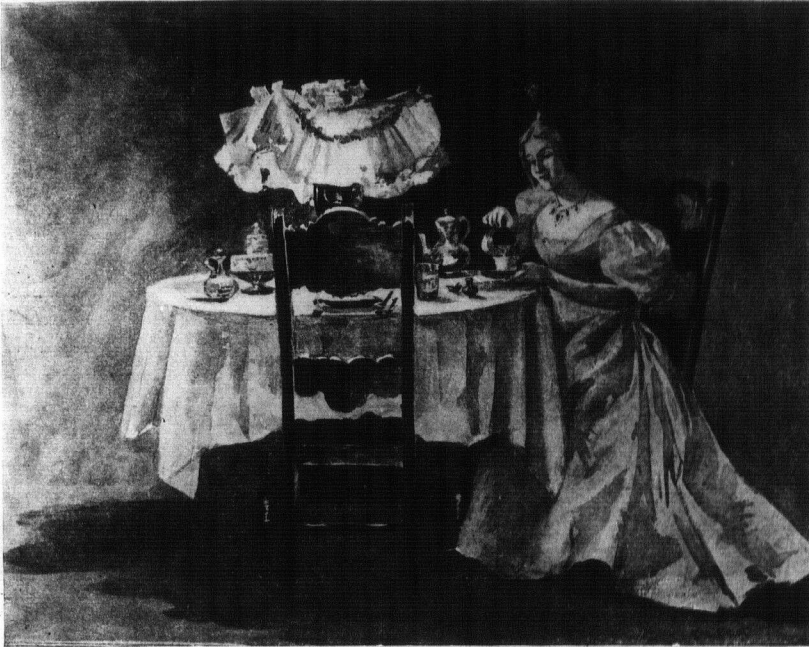


"HERE YOU ARE AT LAST, EUSTACE!"





# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.



SHE TOLD HIM SCRAPS OF GOSSIP.

during the day, and sweetened his tea when it would appear she had not sugared it sufficiently. It was her birthday party, you see, and each succeeding year she invited this one guest—the husband she had somehow missed! She called him Eustace Montessor, and embroidered the slippers accordingly. The name had been gleaned from a cheap novel, and the wedding ring bought from an adjacent jeweler. The hat had been the most difficult of all to manage, and she would have liked to have gone farther and procured other garments but that her maiden soul rebelled in spite of herself, and she sewed buttons on a strip of flannel instead with perfect propriety. She was not mad, this strange old maid—she was simply a woman with a strong imagination and histrionic abilities which would have shocked her had she been aware of them; but she was not, and played her tragic little farce with each succeeding year. At first she had been simply seized with a desire to know what it “felt like to be married,” and in her lonely moments

had gone through the marriage service with Eustace as grave’y as if it were indeed a binding ceremony with priest and ring and book. After that she conceived the idea of devoting one evening of the year to her phantom husband, and now the habit had become part of her, whether to her mental derangement or to her moral peace, who shall say?

When tea was over Miss Lisbeth drew two chairs close to each other before the fire.

“Sit down, Eustace,” she said; “this is the part of the day I always enjoy most of all.” Eustace presumably sat down, for Miss Lisbeth took the other chair and, unfolding the paper, proceeded to read the leader and one or two foreign articles aloud. The phantom had no settled business, but hovering, as he did, between heaven and earth, his wife judged that he might be expected to take an interest in most things. He appeared, at any rate, to find the process

soothing, for Miss Lisbeth’s voice grew slower and softer and finally died away into silence, and she sat gazing into the glowing coals, with a smile on her face and her left hand resting on the arm of the neighboring chair. For half an hour the clock ticked stridently on the silence, and then Eustace might be supposed to awake. Miss Lisbeth brought a little account book and slipped down on the footstool, rather stiffly, if the truth must be told.

“I know you will not be vexed, dear, but the accounts are rather large this year. You see, the doctor’s bill was more than we expected and—there, I knew you would forgive me, you are always so good. What? Did you say you heard something? Was it *lullaby*?”

She sprang up from the footstool and hurried to the foot of the stairs on tip-toe with a finger on her lip.

“She is stirring, Eustace. I will go up. You won’t mind being left alone for a moment. What? Foolish boy! Very well, I shall not be long.”

Then softly on the silent house came a gentle creak, like the sound of a rocking-chair swinging somewhere in the darkness.

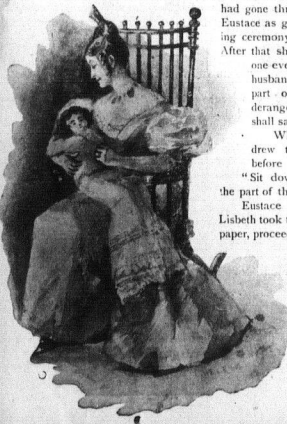
And to its strange accompaniment grew a little foolish song, breathed in a feeble old voice, a lullaby:

“Then butterfly, butterfly, lullaby baby,  
Off into the kingdom of Dreaming and Sleep;  
The blue of the sky—did right under her eyelids,  
The velvet of passion right under her cheek.”

Presently Miss Lisbeth came down to the dining-room again, but not as she had gone up. In her arms lay a large wax doll, dressed in exquisite garments of lawn and lace. What love and longing had been worked into those tiny frills and tucks, and what a business it had been to hide the little patterns and embroideries from Issy! Baby had a new dress every year, and this one was particularly gorgeous, for Eustace exclaimed at it as he kissed his daughter.

“Will you get me the rocking-chair from the drawing-room, Eustace?” said Lisbeth, laying down the baby and getting it herself. “Thank you, that will do—not too near the fire, my dearest!” She sat down, holding the doll tenderly and pushed herself to and fro with one foot while she talked softly.

“I have been a little worried about her to-day, her teeth are troubling her; and do you not think she looks a shade feverish? No? Perhaps I am over-



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anxious, but since our little Phyllis died—" and here Miss Lisbeth stopped and her eyes grew wet with real tears, for the Phyllis affair had been most realistic and had called forth Eustace's most tender sympathy, for which sole result the demise of the unfortunate phantom had been duly planned and executed.

"I shall never forget, dear, how comforting you were, or how nobly you bore up, and I have always felt that it drew us together as nothing else would have done. No, Eustace, you mustn't kiss me any more; you will wake baby. Does she not look lovely? Look at her feet!"

She delicately turned up the hem of the little gown. It was a risk; the plaster toes were not worthy of an extravagant degree of admiration even to her, and she hastily covered them with a little start and changed the conversation.

"No, dear," she said, in answer to a question from Eustace. "You know I do not object to smoke; neither does baby."

She took a box of cigars from the mantel and thrust the tip of one between the bars of the grate. They were cigars that cost a dollar apiece, but nothing is too good for some people. As the penetrating odor curled to her nostrils Miss Lisbeth closed her eyes and sniffed.

"That makes it real!" she murmured, and put the doll's waxen arm about her neck. The clock struck ten. Miss Lisbeth started.

"It is prayer time, dearest!" she said.

She set three chairs near the door for the servants and rang a bell. She and Eustace read the Psalms for the Evening verse about. Perhaps she filled in the silences, and perhaps the ghostly servants filled in the sound. They should have at any rate, for an open Prayer Book lay on each chair, or should I say, each lap? When they knelt to pray, it would seem that the Litany was being read, for Miss Lisbeth repeated "Good Lord deliver us" the orthodox number of times, and glided into "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord,"

as if she really followed the petitions. She said good night to the servants kindly, and then sat down to write a note to herself. She told Eustace she was going to the nursery for a moment to put the baby to bed and would be down again. When she did return she seemed to find the room empty for the first time, for she exclaimed, "Where's Eustace?" and picking up the note read it aloud:

*"My Darling Wife, I hate to leave you without bidding you good night, but there is trouble at the office and they have sent for me. My tenderest love to you and our little blessing."*

*"Your devoted  
"Eustace."*

It was, of course, merely a ruse on her part to claim his parting words without the pain of bidding him farewell; it accounted, too, so perfectly to her imagination for the necessity of his absence and was a nice conventional explanation for her future solitude. She ran to the door and flung it open, calling down the dark and snowy garden:

"Good night, my darling; good night!" and he was gone!

Miss Lisbeth changed her dress, aired the dining-room and removed every trace of her visitor, and when Issy came in a little after eleven she only saw Miss Lisbeth sitting quietly before the fire with her hands in her lap.

"I'm sorry I was so long, ma'am," she said; "the snow kept me a bit late. You must have been lonely."

"Oh, no," said Miss Lisbeth softly, looking still at the fire; "I have not been at all lonely."



"OH NO, I HAVE NOT BEEN AT ALL LONELY."

FOOT NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—A month after this story was accepted by the editor for publication in these pages, Dr. Andrew Lang wrote in the Illustrated London News as follows, without having any reference to or knowledge of Miss Sullivan's story. We reproduce Dr. Lang's remarks because they come as a coincidence and in corroboration of the possibility of the imaginary Miss Lisbeth: "Nobody will ever know the limits of the strange things which a woman, not insane, can believe with at least nine-tenths of her consciousness. Some years ago a girl of respectable character and position maintained for years a legend of an engagement. She received letters and presents from her lover; she read parts of the letters to her family; she reported his movements—he was abroad; at last a telegram announced his illness and death. Nay, the report of his decease appeared in the newspapers. But he was a mere Mr. Harle. The young lady had sent the obituary notice herself. I never heard that she was insane in other respects. Nay, I have known men equally capable of self-deception, to an extent absolutely incredible, if the written documents did not exist, and had not been read by myself. Our consciousness is a queer affair, 'deceitful above all things.' It is never safe to believe in the impossibility of any freak of belief or opinion. Surely 'sanity' is a matter of delicate degrees."

# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

## HAWKIE'S DREAM; OR SPIRITUAL ARROGANCE REBUKED.



**T**WEEN midnight and morning, that eerie hour when,  
As Scripture says, "deep sleep fa's down-upon men,"  
When the wild winds are a' lookit up in their caves,  
And the ghosts o' the dead venturin' out o' their graves,  
To dauner aboot' heath the bonny munshins,  
Or hang aroun' places they likit lang syne.

Then, somehow or iher, I dreamed I was deid;  
Guid kens what could put sic a thocht in my heid!  
I was borne through the lif, and awa' yont the mune,  
And a' the wes stars that were rovin' abune;  
And ye may believe me without any aith,  
It wana a journey for ane scant o' breath;  
At last I was loutit richt doun at the gate  
Where holy St. Peter's appointed to wait,  
But tied on my back was a burden o' sin,  
So I thought I'd hae trouble ere I could get in;  
There were things on my conscience that heavily lay,  
Sic as dribblin' and drinkin' and sawr things than they.  
Ah, ye may believe me, I felt unco blate!  
And coulna tak courage to rap at the gate;  
So I crept in a corner to watch for a chance,  
When wha does I see, like a trooper advance,  
But Granny McNab! Faith, I tumbled wi' fear.  
What the devil, thinks I, brings the auld viper here?  
I dootna she comes just to clype upon me,  
And feth the auld bissum won't stick at a lee!  
I only could mutter, "Guid, guide us frae skaith!  
I keptit out at her a' sweatin' wi' fricht,  
And thankn' was I to be oot o' her sicht;  
But up she comes boldly and raps at the gate,  
And cries "Open quickly, for I canna wait."  
Thinks I to mysel, "Lass, if they'll tak you in,  
There's hope for me yet wi' my burden o' sin."

Then oot cam St. Peter, and there he did staun,  
The keys at his girdle, a sword in his haun,  
And says (rather snily), "Wife, wha may ye be?"  
When granny says mimly, "Ye sharley ken me.  
I'm Mrs. McNab frae the East Neuk o' Fife,  
Ye'll fin' my name's doun in the Lamb's Book o' Life;  
I focht the guid fect an' the battle I've won,  
Sae lead me inby tae the Faither an' Son.  
I claim the reward naething less than the croom,  
Wi' the gems an' the jewels a' buskit aroun';  
Upon His ain shoulters I laid a' my sin,  
Sae staun here nae langer, but juist tak me in.  
I can say a' my questions, I've lines frae the Session,  
For ne'er was I catch'd, sir, in any transgression.  
I believed the hall book frae beginning tae en',  
It's a' richt wi' me, saint, so juist tak me ben."

"Hoot, hoot!" quo the saint, and he seemed unc brief,  
"We care na a bodle aboot your believ,  
But juist let me hear o' some guid ye hae dune,  
For it's only by guid works ye'll ever get in!"

"The guid works I dune!" quo she. "Hear tae the man!  
I'm tellin' ye o' them as fast as I can.  
The foremost was I, man, in ev'ry guid work;  
A pillar an' prop o' the auld Burgher kirk.  
I ne'er could pit up wi' the claver an' clash  
O' the Baptists an' a' the mere Methudy trash;  
Wi' their run an' their water I haena a doot,  
If there's licht among them they'll sune pit it oot.  
And then wi' new notions I ne'er could agree,  
I stuck tae the auld ones whate'er they might be.  
Jean Tamson insisted on common salvation,  
I ne'er could put up wi' sic mere botheration.  
Jean gangs to nae kirk an' she tellt me atweel!  
'Sectarianism's the work o' the deil."  
"Ah, granny!" says she, "when we leave this auld frame  
And the spint unfettered maks aff for its hame,  
We'll never be asked to which kirk we did go,  
Were we sprinkled or ploutit, ah, no, granny, no!  
It's the lives we hae led, guid or ill we hae dune,  
That maks us or mars us wi' them up abune."



Aye greetin' or braggin' aboot her deid wean,  
She's perfectly sure to His bosom it's gane,  
And gatherin' flowers' heath the bonny blue sky  
By the rivers o' mercy that never rin dry.

Noo, saint, did ye e'er hear sic havers as they?  
Should she be allowed tae lead young aines astray?  
They're awfu', the doctrines that she does advance;  
She even thinks cut-throats may a' hae a chance.  
She coulna catch me, for I threw in her mooth,  
'An e'e for an e'e an' a tooth for a tooth."

The saint shook his heid and said, "Woman, begin  
And tell me at ance o' some guid ye hae dune."

But still she continued, "Od, an I no saying  
'Tween hunting doun hersey, plotting and praying,  
And hauling the ne'er-do-well backsliders up,  
And them wha unworthily drank o' the cup,  
I had a big haunfu' o' work tae get through?  
Oh, wha's tae look after the licht limmers noo?"

"Hoots, hoots!" quo the saint, "wife, for guid sake begin  
And tell me at last o' some guid ye hae dune."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, I did nae guid  
When I in defence o' the Cutty Stool said?  
When I was reviled by the 'chit an' profane,  
An' bore the hail brunt o' the parish my lane,  
And focht wi' Auld Hawkie, the worst o' a' men,  
Wha said 'twas a farce frae beginning tae en'?"  
Oh, he's an auld blackguard and has a vile tongue,  
His words they fell on me like strokes frae a' rung;  
He said my religion was a' a mere sham,  
Tell't me tae my face that I likit a dram,  
And tho' I had gotten the faith o' assurance  
Tell't me tae my face in my auld flannin' mutch  
No sae very lang syne I'd been brunt frae a wutch;  
An' O! hoo he ca'd me a dirty auld drab,  
A disgrace to the honorable house o' McNab!  
Ca'd me Mrs. Grundy! Quo he, 'The auld rake!  
I'm sorry there isna a hell for your sake!  
Ye'll min' when he comes here o' what he has dune  
And ye'll no let the wicked auld blasphemer in."

"Whisht, whisht!" said the saint; "wife, I've listen'd owre  
That ane ye ca' Hawkie was hardly frae wrang. [lang,  
Ye've come to the wrang place, my woman, I fear,  
Your kind o' religion is a bogus here.  
Ye ne'er were the woman to lighten the load  
O' any pair wretch on life's wearfu' road;  
And by your ain story ye've leev'd but a life  
O' pius pretension, backbiting and strife;  
On mony a tender affection ye trode,  
Tell't mony a lee for the glory o' God.  
Ye've weel-learned your place in the great loun heugh.  
I'll no hear anither word, I've heard enough.  
To a' honest folk ye're a terrible fricht,  
So aff, ye auld bissum, and oot o' my sight!"

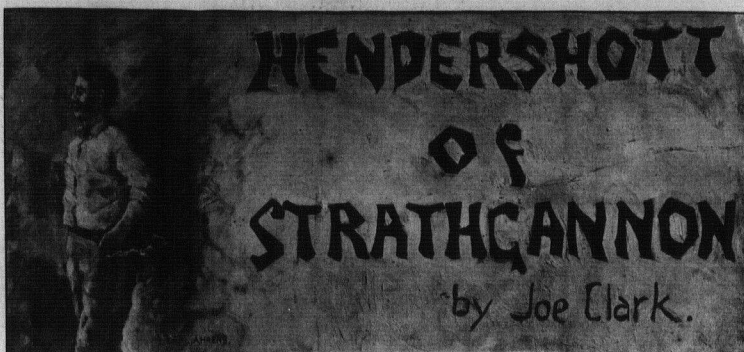
Dumfounded a moment the auld hizzie stauns,  
When up she rins at him a-clappin' her hauns:  
"A pretty like story! Is't you, sir," says she,  
"That daurs tae keep oot sic a woman as me?  
Ye were but a coward, man, when ye were tried!  
I'm thinkin' the Maister I've lestin' auld lout!  
Ye cussin' auld scunner! ye lestin' auld lout!  
An' ye'd be for keepin' the like o' me oot.  
Na, na! Mr. Peter, craw ye na sae crouse!  
I'll lay my complaint wi' the heid o' the hoose."

For mair o' her chatter the saint didna wait,  
But in he slipt quickly and bolted the gate.  
And O! sic a picture was auld granny's face,  
O' baffled impudence, o' shame and disgrace,  
I burst out a-lauchin', I fairly did scream,  
Which startled me oot o' my wonnerfu' dream.

ALEXANDER MCCLACHLAN.

William Cameron, alias Auld Hawkie, was a celebrated street orator in the city of Glasgow. His wise sayings and queer dreams are still, after more than half a century, household words all over Scotland.





Illustrations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., and Beatrice Sullivan.

STRATHCANNON—no one of those *effe* towns which glory in fine buildings put up thirty years ago. Such of its glories as are not of the present—and most of them are not—are of the future.

All those public institutions and improvements incidental to a town may be said to figure in the anticipation of the citizens rather than in their tax bills, and therefore are we happy. Each citizen has some little private interest in the general sum of anticipation—for instance, I have succeeded in purchasing the lot where the town hall must of a moral certainty be built, when the time for a town hall shall arrive. Others have hopes and holdings similar to mine, yet no one infringes upon the pet purpose of his neighbor. The future is large enough for us all, for our town is situated in the new country of north-eastern Ontario, where vast towns must yet flourish.

Our village is built upon agriculture and the lumber trade. Most of our people farm in the summer and go lumbering in the eternal woods in winter. We are thirty miles from a railway; our streets are graded with sawdust from the mills. We would be utterly at peace, it often seems, but for the fact that here, as elsewhere, the prayer-meeting and the hotel bar are at it hammer and tongs in that ubiquitous strife of theirs in which only flesh wounds are exchanged. The one reaches its climax in revival meetings, the other in drunken riots. I may dismiss myself, save as a narrator, with the remark that I am the village doctor, having run away off here into the newest corner of Ontario to escape the stifling proximity of that endless stream of doctors who are ground out by monster machinery at the capital of the province.

A few evenings after my arrival I was glad to comply with a request to come up and see Mr. Hendershott, the auctioneer, insurance agent and issuer of marriage licenses, at his office, for I had taken a fancy to the man on first seeing him. I found him tilted back on a chair, with his heels on his desk, smoking dreamily at a large wooden pipe.

"How do, doctor? Sit down—sit down. Make yourself right at home, and run in here any time. I'll always be glad to see you and give you any pointers you may need. How does the town strike you, anyhow?"

"Not having moved about much, I had little to say on this point."

"Rather rough at first. That's the way it'll strike you, but you'll soon like the place and the people. The sawdust on the streets will seem strange to you for a while, and I want to apologize right here for our sidewalks. Before another year we'll have 'em fixed. We're raising a subscription now. In the meantime someone's sure to break a leg on a loose board, and that'll be good for trade, eh, doctor?"

Professional dignity required that I should discourage this sort of thing, and, quick to perceive it, he changed the subject.

"Well, Doc, I sent for you because I'm not just feeling as I should and you must give me a bottle of something. If we hadn't a doctor I'd take some quinine, but now that you're here I'll quit fooling with drugs. Mind you, there's nothing the matter with me, only I need a nerve bracer or something of that sort. You know what will be good for me."

It was only too evident that his desire was to give me a little business by way of encouragement, but I pretended not to penetrate his generous design and wrote out a prescription and told him I would put up a bottle that would set him right. Then I settled down to cultivate a man whose personality was attractive and who seemed desirous of becoming intimate with me.

He was explaining to me the condition of the village school and certain plans he had for improving its efficiency, when suddenly we heard a man running up the road outside the office. He stumbled and fell across the sidewalk, but sprang up and threw himself against the office door, calling the auctioneer by name before he had it open.

"Pete, come quick! There's a fight over at the hotel—"

It was Jake, the hostler, and he stopped short on seeing me, for my advent had made quite a sensation in the village. My companion jumped to his feet on hearing the message.

"This is the doctor. It's all right, Jake. Who's fighting?"

"Brown and Jack Collins—they've locked horns at last. The boss says

you're to come quick or one of 'em'll get killed," and Jake bolted through the door and back to the fight.

Hendershott whipped off his coat, his eyes dancing with excitement. "I guess I'll have to do some punching this time," he said, throwing his vest into a corner. "These are two of the toughest nuts around here," and he pulled off his collar and tie. "No one else will interfere." He pulled down his braces and tied them around his waist. "I knew I'd have to show these fellows a thing or two some day," and he sprang through the door. On the sidewalk he turned suddenly and collided violently with me as I followed. "Say, Doc, you stay right here," he ordered. "Don't you get mixed up in this affair."

He gave this more as a command than a suggestion and raced off down the road, leaving me standing there. The whole thing struck me with amazement. Hendershott was by no means a big man, only five feet eight inches in height, and weighing not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, I should say. Yet he seemed to be rushing into a rough-and-tumble fight with two of the worst characters in the neighborhood, men with whom as he had said himself the crowd would not venture to interfere. Not only that, but he had been sent for, as though his coming would accomplish something. It occurred to me in a flash that he must be the village constable. Of course it was plain as day. There was such an exaggerated respect for officers of law in simple communities that the mere sight of the constable would put an end to the fight. Still, he had stripped as though relying upon his prowess and upon nothing else. It was perplexing.

It takes some time to write down or read the reflections that will gallop through a man's mind in a few seconds. It must not be supposed that I stood long where my companion had left me. Even the godliest of men will run towards a fight, and tender women will crowd around one, and though they may weep and take hysterics they will contrive to catch glimpses of the combat between spasms. It is an emotion of our ancient barbarism never quite eradicated.

The hotel was not more than one hundred yards from the auctioneer's office, and before Hendershott had bounded up the steps and disappeared within the door, I had started after him at full speed. Hoarse yells arose from

the tavern, and another sort of noise, as though the whole interior were being pulled down by giant hands, but, as I came nearer, the uproar seemed to abate, until, as I jumped upon the steps, it had modified into a score of voices all talking at once. The hallway between the bar-room and the large sitting-room was crowded full of excited men, crushing and crowding towards the bar, all talking and none listening, while the names, "Collins," "Brown," "Hendershott," jumbled in all their remarks. Throwing myself into the crush I had forced my way almost to the door post, when from the inside a big fellow, wearing long boots, pants, belt and woollen shirt, came driving through us as though we were men of straw. He had great shoulders, was over six feet in height and well made. His face was cut in several places, one eye was swollen, while the sweat



A TYPE

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of exhaustion and the blood from his bruises saturated his head and hands and shoulders. When he had crushed half-way through those of us who were wedged about the door, he turned quickly around and shaking his great arm over our heads—I do not believe he saw one of us in his concentrated anger—he called out:

"Don't you go too far, Hendershott! You'd better learn to keep your nose out of things, or science or no science, I'll break your d—d neck."

So saying he turned down the hall and entered the wash-room, followed by several of his partizans. This, I learned, was Collins.

And now I could see Hendershott. He stood in the center of the floor with a clear space all around him and every eye upon him. As I first caught sight of his bristling figure standing there, he grasped his trousers by the waist-band and gave them a hitch. His white sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, and he called out an answer to Collins, who had not waited to hear it:

"All right, Collins. That's all right, but while you're breaking my neck I'll not be sitting in a rocking-chair with my arms folded." The crowd cheered and laughed at this retort.

"And look here, Brown," he went on, turning towards a corner of the room where the other combatant was having his wounds looked after by a group of friends. Some of these stood aside and I could see the man's face. He looked up with a sneer, saying nothing, for he was still panting from his excessive exertions. "Lo k here,

Brown, I don't want you to think that I am trying to play the bully, and I don't want Collins to think it either. I don't want to get into a fight—there isn't a man here who ever saw me look for a fight. Leslie sent for me, because he won't have fighting in this tavern. Last fall I had to stop you fellows once before, and when I jumped into the scrap to-night you didn't quit. You hit Collins a nifty one on the face, and I tell you I came as near putting you to sleep as I ever came in my life to dropping a man without actually doing it."

"You'd better steer clear of me, that's my tip to you, Pete," Brown spoke from the bottom of his deep throat.

"That's all right; I won't interfere with you unless I have to, but if I have to I'll make as good a job of it as I know how."

"I can lick any man in the township that ain't sciened."

"Great Scott! what do you want to talk fight for? You can lick that and you can lick that! I'm sciened, but I don't go around cracking people's jaws just because I know I can do it. Some of these days I'll get mad and let out right and left when one of these fights is going on."

"Well, don't you rub it in too hard, I tell ye," said the big fellow, pushing forward, and I felt sure he would attack my acquaintance on the spot. "I'll take a trouncing before I'll have it rubbed into me." There was a decided sensation, but Brown's friends seized him by the arms and hurriedly pulled him back. Hendershott did not move, but a quiet smile played around his mouth.

"You'd better take him away. He's forgetting himself," he remarked quietly to the Brown faction. "Ted, the night you jump on me you'd better start early in the evening, before you've tuckered yourself out with Jack Collins."

This delighted all but the immediate bodyguard of Brown, and they heard it in silence as they walked out with their champion. I saw that Hendershott was master of the situation, and that everyone about the place admitted his mastery.

An hour later I sat with my potent friend in his office once more. A dozen villagers would have come in to worship their hero, but he excused himself, saying he had private business to discuss with "the doctor"—business which the little racket had interrupted.

The quiet, almost awkward auctioneer of the earlier evening was a different

man now. His eyes yet retained the excitement of conflict, and he talked self-confidently. He opened a large drawer and showed me a lot of sporting papers, and a scrap-book in which were pasted newspaper accounts of all the pugilistic encounters of any consequence for years. He was ready to talk the night away on a subject that would not have interested me for a moment but for the exciting experience of the evening. He showed me exactly how he would have acted had the two bullies refused to cease at his command. He would have hit Brown on the point of the chin and put him to sleep; and then he would have jumped back, sized up Collins, induced him to make a rush, whereupon he would have ducked under his arm, swung around and landed a pivot blow on the big fellow's neck. I remarked that they were very powerful men and might get a clinch on him, in which case their excessive strength would give them the advantage.

"My dear Doc., I see you are not sciened. All they have is brute strength. I will give a medal to the man who can clinch me when I am hitting at him for keeps."

I remember as I went to my rooms I felt glad that my new friend's theories had not been put to the test, but it must be recalled that I had only known him for three days at that time. That night, too, I was haunted by an idea that as we entered Hendershott's office I had seen a face appear suddenly at the window and as suddenly disappear. I feared that it meant peril for the peace-maker, but decided not to speak of it, for timidity unbecomes a man.

### CHAPTER II.

I came to hold Pete Hendershott in the highest esteem before long. He was one of the best informed men in the place, a great reader and religiously inclined. Anything deceitful or dishonest roused in him the most violent disgust, and he could not even pretend a friendly feeling for those of known sharp practices. He was selected as an arbitrator in all sorts of disputes, and so well understood was his absolute honesty of judgment that his verdicts were always accepted as finalities.

His capacity as a fighter was the most peculiar thing about him. He was, as I have said, a common, medium-sized man, yet, as I soon learned, he had more than once sprung into the thick of a general fight on cattle market day and had caused the riot to quell at once. Let an armed man confront a score of unarmed ones resolutely and he is their master, for each

individual feels his personal danger as much as though he were alone. And so it was in the frequent free fights that Pete Hendershott put a stop to. Each belligerent encountered those resolute eyes and realized that he must cease or grapple with the sciened fighter of Strathgannon. When Hendershott first came to the place he had casually admitted that he was expert in the art of boxing; he received all the sporting papers and could always name the holders of the various class championships. In his office there hung a set of boxing-gloves, old, worn, but never used now. His fame spread without any cause, and it was set down as a surety that the man who ran up against Pete Hendershott would fare badly. Yet he quarreled with no man. He stood abuse even, smiling calmly at anyone who threatened to attack him. For two years he avoided every scene of trouble, giving as his reason that he was trying to give up that sort of thing. One day, however, Con Macpherson, in a drunken mood, expressed the opinion that Hendershott was a blow-hard and couldn't fight at all. He pulled off his outer garments and attacked the auctioneer. Pete backed away and called out, "Keep clear of me!" But Macpherson struck him and then the auctioneer hit out with his left arm, caught his assailant on the end of the chin and the big man fell insensible to the tavern floor. A hush, as of death, settled upon the noisy bar-room, for this was a new and terrible thing



CON MACPHERSON FELL INSENSIBLE TO THE TAVERN FLOOR.

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"Don't get alarmed. He'll come round in a minute. I always hit my man that way when I don't want to punish him too much."

This feat confirmed rumor into fact. The big fellow whom he had "laid out" in one blow was the hero of a hundred battles, and he left the neighborhood at once. Pete had to talk about former combats in which he had figured. He could not be induced to talk save after those occasions upon which he had acted as peacemaker, but when he had the fit on him he would talk all night—regretting his loquacity for some time after.

The influence of the man was wholly for good. If he saw a couple of boys fighting he would stop them, elbowing roughly through the crowd of onlookers and bidding all begone at once. There was no parleying with him at such a time. Every flash of his eye held a threat which all knew his ability to put into prompt execution. Some sought to benefit by his proficiency in the manly art, but he emphatically declined to give instructions. He declined, because he could not hit easy, and because of a certain event in his history of which, however, he withheld particulars. Men said that he had once killed a man in a sparring bout, and could tell an interesting experience if he cared to talk, but though this was often hinted at to him he would say nothing, either in confirmation or denial, and with his clear eyes looking into yours he was not a man to question. You felt instinctively that he had a history.

Mrs. Hendershott, too, I learned to esteem, a tall, thin woman, extremely religious. She was very reserved and seemed to care for no man but her husband and children. Attempts to draw her into the chase, Belgravian society of the place had long since been abandoned as useless. Her oddities—for she was odd—seemed to add to the mystery that clung about Pete, and it was said that the rumor of Pete having killed a man in a sparring contest was no doubt true in view of her evident brooding over something and the way she acted whenever she knew that her husband was about to use his science upon some rowdy. On market days, when one or more battles occurred as surely as though they were fixed certainties, Mrs. Hendershott was in extreme agitation. The least noise would cause her to fly to the street, and when her husband started towards the scene of combat she would try to interrupt him. He would break away, however, with her following to the corner, where she would lean against the veranda post of a store, her eyes cast down and her hands clasped tightly together. It was said that she had once witnessed a fatal outcome from Pete's combativeness and feared another such scene. But his way in Strathgannon was supreme, and peace came at his command. Then as the admiring mob surged around him, shaking his hand, she would hurry into the seclusion of her home, speaking to no one.

### CHAPTER III.

The November cattle fair in Strathgannon is the biggest and stormiest of the year. I remember the first one in which I shared, and will always remember it, for it was the great day when Pete Hendershott made his historic stand in defence of law and order. I had been eight miles out in the country that morning dressing the foot of a wood-chopper whose axe had glanced into his instep. Returning about noon I found the village all in a bustle, cattle standing in groups all along the main street, drovers with their skillful halloos and cracking of whips keeping them in check. Now and then a steer would make a perverse break for liberty, pursued by barking dogs and swearing men. Then a boy seated bare-back upon a lean white horse would gallop break-neck down the street and head off the runaway, which would be hooted by the men, stoned by the boys, nipped by the dogs and made to feel that fun had to be paid for.

The platform at the tavern was crowded with men smoking and wrangling, laying foundations for the fights that would begin as soon as the selling of the cattle had been concluded. Already some had got so far in liquor as to be trading horses, though this usually flourished best after nightfall. Everything promised a riotous evening.

Coming around from my stable I found Mrs. Hendershott plying the knocker on my surgery door.

"Oh, doctor, here you are! I want to see you. Can I see you alone?"

"Certainly. Come inside," and I showed her into my office. She was in great agitation and looked into an inner room to see that no one else was about.

"Doctor, I believe you would do me a kindness if I asked you, and I believe you are a friend of Peter's. This is going to be a wicked day in Strathgannon, doctor, and I want you to take Peter away somewhere until all these drunken, quarrelsome men have gone home."

I shifted in my chair and could not well answer.

"You will, doctor, won't you?"

"Well, Mrs. Hendershott, I don't know. It seems to me that this is the very day when Pete ought to be here."

"Oh, doctor, don't tell me that," she cried, and, there was a beseechment in her hard, homely face that stirred me. "Don't you tell me that. You are a man. You're different from the rest of them. Think of me. Think of what I suffer when I see him called for and see him rush out whenever those great brutes go mad and try to kill each other. I have seen him, I don't know how many times, throw himself in between them, and they will kill him yet. It is sure to happen. He can't always escape as he has done."

"Now, Mrs. Hendershott, you are allowing your nerves to get unstrung. Pete can take pretty good care of himself. There is not a tough of them all that will not sink away from him, and if they don't they'll wish they had."

"But I don't want him to fight or go near a fight. I don't want anyone to get killed. It is a disgrace to a Christian land. But, doctor, you don't know the worst. Jack Collins has come into the village with his crowd and has given out that he is going to fight with Peter."

She spoke of this as a crushing horror, perilous for Peter. I reflected that unless I was mistaken in the gentle Peter for whom she was so solicitous, I would be practicing surgery upon the aforesaid Collins ere the day was done. But I sought to comfort the woman.

"Don't you believe it, Mrs. Hendershott. Collins will back out of the contract as he has done several times before."

"He won't. I know he won't. A lot of rowdies are urging him on. I have foreseen this day for a long time, and oh, doctor, if you are a friend of Peter's and mine, hitch up your cart and drive him out into the township somewhere. Do it at once, before he hears about Collins. I couldn't ask this of anyone but you."

"Then he doesn't know that Collins is looking for him?"

"No, I'm sure he doesn't. He is in his office. But everybody is talking about it, and once he hears what Collins is saying he will refuse to go with you. See him, quick then, doctor, and make him go."

Spurred by her entreaties I got out my rig and drove up to the auctioneer's office, and told him that I wanted to go back to see the wood-chopper whose foot I had dressed in the morning, and asked him to come along.

"Now, say, Doc, that's awkward, but I really can't go. I've got a little business on hand. I'll tell you what I'll do, though—you wait until four o'clock and I'll be free then."

I expressed a fear that my patient might develop lock-jaw unless seen to, and urged him to come.

"No, I can't. I'm sorry you've got to go, for I expect you'll be needed here. You know Collins? The fool is drinking down at the tavern and says he's going to give me a trouncing. It's time that fellow was disciplined. I knew it would come to this some time, and perhaps it would have been better if it had happened a long while sooner. But I'll make such a job of this that these rowdies will quit coming to Strathgannon to do their fighting. I've made up my mind at last. The place has been disgraced long enough and I intend to drop a heavy hand on it to-day."

It was useless now to urge this man to leave the village. It would seem cowardly for him to do so, and as I did not really require to see my wood-chopper until the next day, I decided to stay also. Remembering his wife, however, I sought to persuade him to remain in his office and avoid Collins if possible, but, looking at him as I spoke, I felt ashamed of my counsel. He only remarked that when a thing had to be done it might as well be done in a businesslike way and thoroughly.

Having returned my horse to the stable I was about to enter my surgery, when loud voices came from the air, and looking up I saw men running down the street towards the hotel. As I stood thus, a villager, standing up in a buggy, came driving his horse at a gallop from the direction of the tavern and called out to me that Collins was going to fight with Pete Hendershott. This good citizen was going posthaste for his brother, so that he too might witness the great encounter.

I ran at my utmost speed and passed many stouter and older people, who mentally cursed their handicap of flesh or years. A score of cattle, no longer guarded by their owners, came riotously up the street and scampered away from the village to find their homes and fatten for another month. In the road before the hotel was a surging crowd, swearing and talking. Farmers, lumbermen and villagers, big and little, old and young, crowded in, realising the importance of the occasion. The excitement of combat shone in every eye.

Several big lumbermen and the tavern-keeper were attempting to form a ring by joining hands, a difficult thing to do, but in the end they succeeded. The ring was almost



MRS. HENDERSHOTT WAS VERY RESERVED.



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the width of the street in diameter, yet so many were the spectators that every link in the chain had to exercise its strength to preserve its integrity. Both combatants were outside the ring, surrounded by allies. I could not see Hendershott, so hemmed in was he by admirers, who knew that an epoch in the history of the village had arrived. Collins was surrounded by big fellows from the lumber camps, yet amongst them his shaggy head and bull neck loomed large. The whole thing struck me as brutal, and the recollection of an agitated, homely woman's face and the thought of that woman's emotions at the present moment, if she knew what was going forward—as who in the village did not?—prompted me to do what I did.

Dodging between two men forming part of the ring, I started to speak. By virtue of my profession I had standing in the community, and before I had said a dozen words there was comparative silence.

"Look here," I said, if I can recollect what in my excitement I did say, "this has got to stop. Is there no law in this part of the country? Is there not a constable in this village? Is there no magistrate in this crowd who will come forward and prevent these men from killing each other?"

Two or three old men seemed to support me, but they did not represent public sentiment.

"Man alive! Don't make a fool of yourself."

And with the words I felt an iron grip on my shoulders and Hendershott stood beside me. Then I called out that I would lay information with a magistrate and have both principals and every man assisting in the matter hauled up for breaking the peace. Hendershott caught me by the arm and swung me out into the crowd, but I had time to see that my threat did not cause a man to resign his place in the ring. The auctioneer returned to the center of the open space, but seized by an afterthought he came over to me.

"Doctor!"

I bent to him.

"I'm going to throw some business into your hands. Shut up!"

He got no answer, and stood there as Collins, held back by two stalwart companions, forced himself into the ring. It was plain that they were trying to save him, even at the eleventh hour. My friend was paler than usual, but his eyes were afire and his face set with that quiet fury that only few men have. Yet, as I looked at the antagonist, it seemed impossible that the smaller man could withstand him for an instant. The woodsman outweighed him by fifty pounds and was all bone and leather. A belt girdled his waist, his arms were bare to the elbows and his gray woollen shirt was open on his chest. He seemed a man born in riot and made for fray.

"Now I want to say about seven words," remarked Hendershott, quietly advancing. "I seek a quarrel with no man. I have always used my influence to keep order in this village. The doctor hasn't lived here long, but he ought to know that much. I'm going to give this big rowdy a dressing-down that he won't forget for some time, and what he gets every rowdy will get who from this day forward comes here to disgrace Strathgannon."

"You're a heller to talk," yelled Collins, "but ye can't fight."

His face was red and he was beyond control. He waved and swung his arms impotently and his great fists, formidable weapons, beat the air.

"Well, I'm going to try." That was the quiet answer.

The smaller man stood perfectly still. He also was stripped to the shirt, his braces around his waist; his left foot and his left side advanced, his left arm extended full length, his fist level with his shoulders, the elbow slightly bent for freedom of action, while his right forearm crossed his chest, the fist covering the heart. I am something of an amateur boxer myself, and his posture pleased me. It burst on me suddenly that I had never seen a man of his inches so perfectly poised, and I could have hugged him.

Collins made a rush at his seemingly immovable opponent and smashed at him a blow that might have killed him, but Hendershott jumped aside and struck with his right at the back of the big fellow's neck as he passed. It was a clever ruse, but Collins was out of reach and, turning, rushed again. Again

Hendershott dodged, but not free enough to escape being touched, and he fell.

With a curse the giant threw himself at the fallen man. We gasped, thinking that this was the death, but Hendershott with a quick bound regained his feet and eluded his foe.

Then he stood still, inviting attack. The rush came. He did not dodge, but braced himself, threw his body as far forward as possible, with his left arm extended like a rod. But I saw something, quick as their movements were! My friend's tactics were good, even admirable, but I saw that as his antagonist



BEFORE THE HOTEL WAS A SURGING CROWD

came on he shut his eyes and averted his head. I was the only one there who knew the meaning of that—knew that it meant a man without training or a trained man without practice. That is a good position for a man to take to stop a rush, but Collins had the longer reach and his blow fell on poor Hendershott's face, whose arm naturally went up in air as his head went back.

He staggered, was struck and struck again, his arms moving in pitiful adherence to the rules of boxing, yet not guided by sight and sense, protecting each part after the blow had fallen. His jaw was set, he faced the giant without shrinking, but his eyes did not open. He struck a pretty body blow that hit nothing, gave an upper cut that cut only the air.

Then a mighty brute blow from the lumberman, and Hendershott of Strathgannon lay crushed and bloody in the road.

The whole thing could have occupied only a minute. The crowd, stupefied at first by the unlooked-for outcome of the combat, was dumb for a few seconds. Then riot began. People pulled and scrambled over each other. I hit somebody, hard and fierce, and got hit in return. I felt the hot blood in my face, blurring my sight. Rumor has it that it was Collins with whom I exchanged tokens, but I cannot say as to that. Then I blindly fought a path to my fallen friend, striking without sight or heed whomever I could reach until the mob fell back to give him air, and then—then a woman came with wild eyes that saw nothing but what she sought, a woman who, seeing what she sought, said never a word, but clutched at her breast and fell unconscious upon the other unconscious and battered form.

That night when I had driven away the women who had come to the house out of a pretense of rendering assistance, but in reality to gratify curiosity, I assured Mrs. Hendershott that her husband would be as well as ever in a day or two, as he had not sustained serious injuries.

"He'll never get over it. We must leave this accursed place."

I pointed out to her that the village must have a constable and that her husband should not be required to preserve the peace. Moreover, I said, he would now realize the fact that he was out of practice and that the science of boxing was valueless to a man unless he kept his hand in. But the woman caught me by the arm fiercely.

"Doctor, don't you see the truth? Don't you know that it's all a crazy notion? He never could box. He never took a boxing lesson in his life, and

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he never had a fight in his life that I ever knew of. Oh, the thing has nearly driven me mad—to see him rush into these frequent fights and order them to stop or fight with him. It has been terrible! I knew that some day one of the big brutes would take him at his word, and I knew just how it would end. He read everything he could get about prize-fighting; he sent for books and papers; he studied it all, but he knew nothing about it save what he had read. For years his mind has not been right on this question."

"But, Mrs. Hendershott," I managed to explain, "you forget about him knocking Macpherson insensible in one blow."

"Yes, that was the worst thing that ever happened. Only for that he would have doubted himself at heart. He was always reading about pugilists before that, but I did not fear that he would get into a row until after. It was just an accident that he hit Macpherson the way he did, but he thought it was skill and people talked, and he let them talk, and really believed himself able to handle any man in the world. He even talked to me about fights that had never happened, in which he had handled two or three men. He believed himself that they had happened. His heart will break now unless we leave here, and I fear to go anywhere else, for he will grow into the same way again. If he would stay here they would know about him and he wouldn't be tempted. If we go away it'll be the same thing over again. It was a good deal the same in the last town we lived in." She began to sob. "He will build up the same reputation wherever we go. He can't help it—I know he can't help it. If he isn't killed now he'll get killed some day."

Pete Hendershott sold out his property and his business without mingling again in the daily routine of Strathgannon, and with his family departed none knew whither. His case throws a strong light upon a phase of human nature seldom studied, yet most interesting.

Men may say 'things in joke and live to repeat them in their prayers. A man may delude himself into anything if he set his pace in that direction. I have known a man to think himself a great

rifle shot and to back his imaginary proficiency with money, while he had never owned a rifle in his life and could not pull a trigger without shutting his eyes. Pete Hendershott was a man physically without fear and in his mind was this crotchety, that he was possessed of all those arts of self-defence upon which he pondered so tirelessly. He may not have had even natural courage. His courage may have been the product of his delusion.

I saw him as he was leaving the village for the last time, and after we had exchanged our regretted farewells he made reference to the tragedy.

"Doc, the trouble was he had the reach on me by two inches. That way I have of stopping a rush, it never failed me before, never. But I'm out of practice—I'm quite out of condition. After I get into training again I'll bob up here some day!"

This was said with marked significance and unruffled self-confidence.

"Nonsense! A respectable man like you, a man with a family, should not bother with such low business."

"I owe it to my self-respect though, Doc, to polish Collins off."

Why, did you notice, the fellow didn't even know how to put up his hands? After I settle his score I'll put my whole past life behind me. I've been in the semi-professional ring long enough. I'll enter it just once more. I just want about six minutes with Mister Collins, Doc, and then I'll drop it. Good-bye, Doc, good-bye!"

And so he went. It is as well that he did go, for the moment he fell vanquished on the village street he ceased to be the public idol and became at once the butt for the coarse humorists of Strathgannon, the men who for eight years cringed beneath his confident eye.

Somewhere, to-day, he is no doubt occupying a large place in local attention—carefully discharging his every duty, yet building up with infinite care a reputation that he cannot sustain for a moment.



### The Way of All Men.



Life is a road.

At the outset it is very smooth and inviting to travelers; and as far as the eye can reach it stretches like a ribbon of white over a cloth of green. Yet, even at first, the road is winding, this, however, being apparently meant to bring travelers nearer to rich meadows, noble trees and purling streams.

As we walk the road we say: "What a glorious day in June!" We loiter, and laugh, and sing, for it is so easy to travel, and such a joy.

Then a valley lies below us and a splendid city, with its steeples and domes, is revealed. The enchanted road leads to an enchanted city—it is at our feet. What a magnificent sight! Could we in dreams have fancied anything so beautiful? The steeples, the domes, the roofs, the chimneys coming to us from afar, and away off the harbor with its ships. To reach it, to be in it and of it, is the passion that seizes us, and with giddy senses and eager feet we hurry down the hillside and into the magic city. Its brilliant lights, gaily dressed people, endless music, enthrall us for a time, and we push and crowd and hurry, we grow an hungers and fall ill, and the glamor soon wears off; the lights make our eyes ache, the dresses entail slavery, the music palls, but we cannot find any road that leads out the way we came or on the way we would go. Search and seek—it is in vain. Others come, we know not whence, others go, but we cannot follow. Up and down the streets we wander in search of a way that leads back to the height where we stood when the city burst on our sight, but no such way can be found. We recall that when we first overlooked the city we saw away beyond it a road winding up over the hill and across level country. Where is that road? Worn, exhausted, spiritless, we seek it in vain. 'Tis a walled city without a point of egress.

Emotionless, at last, the road beyond opens to us and we take it, but without much sense of relief, or pleasure, or hope. We plod along it and find that it ends at a churchyard.

Life is a short road.

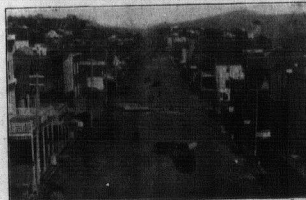


it is not good to weep for ever, and it was under her influence that Yuletide at Court gradually resumed most of the features which it had worn during the lifetime of the lamented Prince.

For some time before the actual date the stir of preparations is in the air. The Royal warrant-holders obtain permission to send in samples of their Christmas novelties, and the same license is often conceded to other tradesmen. In consequence, large consignments of goods arrive at Osborne, and Her Majesty is able to indulge in all the pleasures of Christmas shopping and present-choosing without leaving her own boudoir. There is, moreover, a great deal to be done in this way. The list of presents which the Queen bestows in honor of the festive season of the year is a very long one and would amaze the great majority of our readers. First, there are the members of her own family and the long roll of her posterity, to each of whom is sent a token which is at once of value and suited to their individual tastes. Then there are many personal friends and attendants to whom the arrival of the souvenir, which shows that the Queen has not forgotten them amid her numerous cares, forms the brightest spot in all the festive season.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROSSLAND.



MAIN STREET, ROSSLAND.

### Christmas With the Queen.

CHRISTMAS brings with it to the Queen a variety of very diverse associations. It was on a Christmas morning, 1838, that her engagement to the late Prince Consort was announced. Twenty-three years later she went to Osborne, a lonely and almost heart-broken widow, after the funeral of the late Prince Consort, to spend the most joyful season of the year in the saddest manner. For years after that melancholy date the Christmas at Osborne was of the most perfunctory character. It was Princess Beatrice who gradually persuaded the Queen that

# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.



JIM LANCEY was a railroad man and had passes over almost every railway in the West. He was an intimate friend of mine, and assuring me that no one knew him there, he once—in violation of the cast-iron rules of all railroads—loaned me his "annual" when I undertook a journey to look after some of his business and my own, over a road which, for the sake of the story, we will call the K. L. & B. The first half of the journey was without incident, but within a couple of hundred miles of home a conductor with a big blonde mustache and a penetrating eye looked first at my pass and then at me in a way which made me uneasy. I hate to be made uneasy by a conductor, for I have traveled some and found it much more pleasant to make the conductor uneasy and myself comfortable. After writing down the number he handed back the pass and dropped into the seat opposite me with the remark, "You don't remember me, do you, Lancey?"

"Well, now, your face is familiar," I exclaimed, with guilty alacrity; "and if you'll give me just a minute I'll think of your name. Confound it, I know you just as well as I do my own brother! Danged queer, isn't it, how we forget people's names?"

He began to talk and ask questions, making it his business to avoid the discussion of abstract questions. This is not nice in a gentleman who invites himself into your seat. Moreover, a young lady had told me not long before that it was "not pretty" to become personal; that, indeed, "form" denounced the discussion of things on totally impersonal grounds. I tried to run the conversation on general lines, but the conductor wouldn't have it.

"Don't you remember the Sanderses out at Hanover Center?" enquired the ticket-puncher, with a slight lifting of his blonde mustache which suggested a grin hidden behind it.

"Well, I should say I do. How are you, Sanders, old fellow?" I reached over and shook his hand, slapped him on the knee and leaned back and laughed heartily. I had forgotten him for a moment, so I said, but I was a poor off-hand liar, and a moment afterwards it struck me that maybe I overdid the recognition.

"Great times we used to have out there, wan't they, Jim?"

"Yes, those were the best times in my life. I guess those are the best days in everybody's life, when we are young and haven't any responsibility or care and our hearts are unswayed and—how long is it now since you have been running on this road?" I enquired, anxious to change the subject and aware that my English, if nothing else, was getting mixed. I had never heard of Hanover Center and felt liable to make mistakes if we got talking about township geography.

"Let's see," answered Sanders ruminatively. "It must be fifteen years. I had just begun 'brakin'' when old Dad Wilson died. How long ago was that?"

"Well, it must be fully twelve or fourteen years anyway," I answered. "Poor old dad was quite a character, wasn't he?" I ventured, with a very bored look and a yawn as big as a wash-basin.

"Character!" exclaimed the conductor. "Well, I should say so! Do you mind the time he broke your father's nose in a fight over the line fence?"

"Oh, I don't think he broke his nose. I remember they did have a dispute of some sort. Been running the passenger train long?" I asked, with another frantic attempt to get away from Hanover Center.

"Oh, yes, I have had this run for nine or ten years I guess. It was me, you know," he continued, somewhat ungrammatically, "that telegraphed to your father when your sister ran away with Bill Scott. The old man was wild and didn't know what had become of them. That itself must be pretty near twelve years ago."

"Yes, just about that," I shuddered. This family history was becoming very difficult to handle.

"It wasn't true that Scott had a wife living, was it? All sorts of stories afloat at that time, you know."

"No, not a word of truth in it. I suppose you have queer experiences with your passengers?"

"Yes," said he reflectively, "deuced queer," and again his big thick blonde mustache was lifted in a way that I did not like. I determined to write an article advocating a law or by-law, or a railway regulation of some sort forbidding employees of a transportation company forcing their society upon passengers.

"How did you get out of that marrying scrape with old Mam Snider and her daughter?" demanded Sanders as he sorted his tickets. "She was a regular snappin' turtle, wasn't she?"

If there is one thing more than another that I pride myself upon it is my reputation. I may have been bad, but I have never been found out, and I dislike men who always classify me with themselves as a general all-round tough. Consequently it was easy for me to insist that this was a person subject, which even at this late date I did not propose to discuss. I dwelt on the unfortunate propensity of human nature to be uncharitable, hinted that my life had been saddened by the miserable attempt to coerce me into the hateful marriage to which he referred, and finally begged him to re-open no more old sores, hinting that I might burst into tears or a rage if the public insisted on digging into the dead past.

I turned my back on him and looked out of the window, hoping to impress him with my unspeakable grief and desire to be left alone with it. At last I thought I had him squelched, but he continued sorting his tickets, leaving them in the seat with me when he went out to see who got on the train at the stations where we stopped. Trusting his official belongings in my care was a mark of confidence which I esteemed as being bestowed upon me as a fellow-railroader, but I did not like it. I was tired of him. In fact, I hate reminiscent busy-bodies and avoid them if possible. They are sure to stumble on to one's record or into one's feelings, and I was not in a position, as the acting Jim Lancey, to be interviewed. The strain grew unendurable, and during the next absence of the conductor I asked the porter to make up my berth, though it was only eight o'clock.

"Yes, sah," he grinned; "jess as soon as de boss takes dem pace-boads away. Yeh see, I hain't let tech 'em."

It must have been anywhere from fifty to five hundred miles from that station to the next, and the conductor sat and talked with me all the way, though I told him I had a frightful sick-headache and was fretting myself to death about a sick friend in Kansas City whose symptoms I described as minutely as a doctor-book.

"I took up a ticket a while ago from an old woman who reminded me for all the world of Aunt Julia Jones," he went on. "You mind her—out on the town line? By gosh, she was more like her than you are like the Jim Lancey I used to know." Again the nasty bushy mustache was lifted as if the owner of it were trying to take soup into his system without dripping the *consomme* all over his vest. "You remember Aunt Jule, don't you?"

I had lived long enough in the country to know that every familiar feminine character was known to the people as "Aunt," but for the life of me I was unprepared to venture an opinion upon the particular variety of "aunt" in question. The crisis was on, however, and I had to meet it, so inwardly cursing Jim Lancey's pass and his relatives, and Hanover Center and the "town line," and myself, I dashed into the thing again:

"Well, I should say I do remember Aunt Jule. Once when she was down at our place sewing and helping to make cider apple-sauce—you remember what a talker Aunt Jule was, never let her tongue stop a minute; people said she kept on talking even in her sleep. Well, once when she was up at our house helping make cider apple 'sauce,' as she called it, she was carrying in a big dish of boiling cider, when she slipped, down she went, the boiling stuff flying all over the porch! She was telling something about a 'prize party' that came to her place six years before, when she tumbled down, and she only stopped to scream out: 'Scald myself—no I hain't—wish I had!' then on she went about the marble-cake and two pumpkin-pies that Emmeline Wilson brought and got full of hayseeds out of the sleigh." I thought I did that yarn pretty well, for I picked up the Wilson girl's name from my tormentor's talk about "old Dad," who of course must have had some relatives.

The conductor laughed immoderately at this story and insisted on taking me out to see the woman who looked like Aunt Jule. I said I was sleepy and didn't care to bother, so he sat with me and asked questions, driving me, in self-defence, into further wild flights of untruth. I would have given fifty dollars for a ticket and a chance to punch his head, but there was no relief; I must protect Jim Lancey's pass, even if I had to break the record and meet the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, his wife.

"I suppose you're married?" looking up from his tickets interrogatorily. I was married and proud of it, but Jim Lancey was a bachelor, and I got single at one desperate gulp. "Not yet, Sanders, not yet! Still looking around! How is it with yourself?"

He was through with his confounded tickets and rose up yawning and stretching himself as he replied; "Yes, old man, I'm married; been trottin' double these ten years." The horny brute, to refer to his wife in that way, I thought, as with joy I watched him pick up his suitcase. "My missus," he continued, "was Jennie Williams—Hiram Williams' daughter, you know, at Faldersburg."

"Why, she's my wife's cousin!" I blurted out; "she—she—married Jeff Porter—"

"Yes, that's right, I'm Jeff Porter and you're—not Jim Lancey—" and he sat down and laughed and laughed till I wanted to kill him. I knew him then, of course, for we had been schoolmates fifteen years before, when I was twelve and he was nearly twenty.

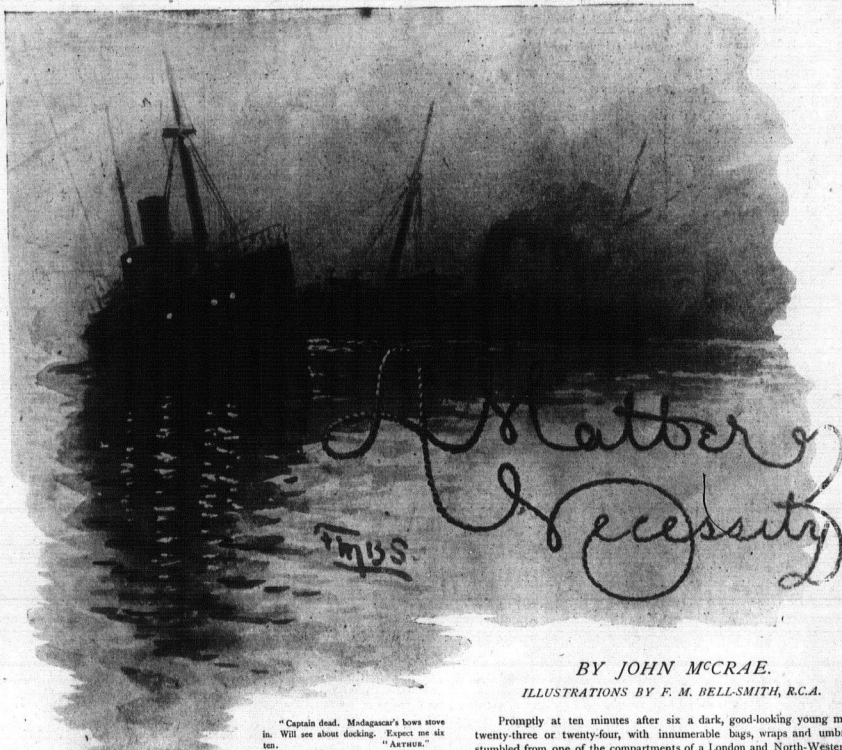
"Say, Jim, do you remember—here he exploded again after emphasizing the 'Jim'—say, do you rem—mem—ember old Dad Wilson at Han—Hanover Cen—Center?"

I was too sick to laugh. My face was swollen with blushes and shame; all I could do was to get mad and swear.

"Say, Jim, how did you get out of that sc—sc—sc—scrape—" here he nearly took a fit—"say, how did you, with—th—th—that Sn—Sn—Snider girl?"

"I was getting too hot, so he let up on me for a while and then asked me out into the next car to see who it was looked so like 'Aunt Jule.' 'I'd never known you if it hadn't been for that passenger. Come on and see Aunt Jule. She got on at Jefferson, where I took the train.' At last I followed him into the next sleeper, and there in the smoking compartment was that infernal scoundrel, Jim Lancey, laughing himself sick.





"Captain dead. Madagascar's bows stove in. Will see about docking. Expect me six ten."  
"Arthur."

**M**R. DUMLEY, Sr., sat back in his comfortable office chair and looked vacantly out of the opposite window at the atmosphere of a murky Liverpool lane; then swore. A further perusal of the telegram persuaded him that the message could give him no further information.

"Morrow dead, hey!"

A shout that resembled the roar of an angry lion brought from the outer office a little, old, bald-headed clerk.

"Scott, how much were the repair charges to the Madagascar last September?"

"A trifle over a hundred and ninety pounds, sir, I think."

"And the docking charges?"

"Nearly that amount, sir."

With a snort of indignation the firm of Dumley & Arthurs, shipowners (Mr. Arthurs was dead these fifteen years), gathered together its thoughts, and recollected that last August it had refused to sell the Madagascar for an offer less by sixty pounds than the price asked.

"At the least we've lost four hundred pounds by it, Scott."

The clerk, in response to Mr. Dumley's glare, said nothing.

"How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing?"

Now, Scott had heard the same question for twenty years past.

"Not long, sir, not long," he said, as he reflected upon the pittance that would remain when four hundred pounds were taken from a round hundred and twenty thousand.

"Too bad, too bad!" growled Mr. Dumley.

"And Mr. Arthurs, sir, he's well, I hope?"

Whatever Arthur had or had not done, the thought of him seemed clearly connected with disaster—stove-in bows and untold docking charges.

"Oh, confound Mr. Arthur!" and away stamped the irate firm of Dumley & Arthurs.

BY JOHN McCRAE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.

Promptly at ten minutes after six a dark, good-looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, with innumerable bags, wraps and umbrellas, stumbled from one of the compartments of a London and North-Western car almost into Mr. Dumley's arms. No sooner were they seated in the carriage than a fusillade of questions began, to which the young man replied as he best could.

Captain Morrow, he explained, had been drinking heavily all the time the Madagascar was in port. The second day out he had been seen going to his cabin. McGinnis (the mate) and himself had done most of the duty on the day previous; search late in the evening of the second day had revealed the fact that the captain was missing.

"Perhaps delirium tremens," broke in Mr. Dumley.

"At any rate, he had gone overboard—so McGinnis and I had everything to do after that."

At dinner the old gentleman resumed his discourse.

"Yes, and you managed to run her into the only iceberg within a hundred miles of you," for so far had Mr. Dumley learned of the mishap. He had a rooted objection to accidents befalling his ships.

"Do you mean to say that McGinnis doesn't know ice when he sees it?" continued the old gentleman. "Ah, dark night he hanged! Old Phillips can smell ice as far off as the North Pole, and why can't you? Besides, it was smooth, wasn't it? It was lucky you didn't go right down. I'll wager it wasn't your fault."

"Still, sir, we had all the bulkhead doors shut. The right one was scarcely tight, so she listed a little."

"Humph! they just happened to be shut. Where was the lookout?"

"The lookout gave no alarm."

Mr. Dumley's eyes fairly bulged with the astonishment he felt; Arthur's glance was earnestly fixed upon the stem of his wine-glass, which he was fingering uneasily.

"Well, well," said the old man, softening, "there's no use making a fuss, but, dash it all, Arthur, our smallest office boy could command a ship better than that. If your name wasn't Dumley I'd discharge you. Poor old McGinnis

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has been so long with us that we'll have to keep him till he dies. A decent fellow, McGinnis."

"Yes, he is."

"Oh, by the way, what time did the smash occur?"

"About three o'clock. It was a very dark night, I know, and I locked at my watch just before we struck them, and it was——"

"Them! Do you mean to say you ran into more than one?"

"Oh, I mean—that is—why, yes, there were several——"

"Several bergs?" queried Mr. Dumley.

"Yes—decidedly, decidedly—why, I should say——"

"But you said before——"

At this juncture a knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and, much to Arthur's relief, Mr. Dumley was summoned to the library. The young man's eyes followed the retreating figure to the door, and as it closed he lifted his brows. "I am afraid I am a liar," said he to himself, with which soliloquy he dropped his chin upon his hand pensively and proceeded to perfect a few details in his evidence in the Madagascar case. Yet, one week before, in the haze of an Atlantic dawn, this same carefully dressed and careless-looking young Briton had gone to his cabin and looked in the glass to see if his hair

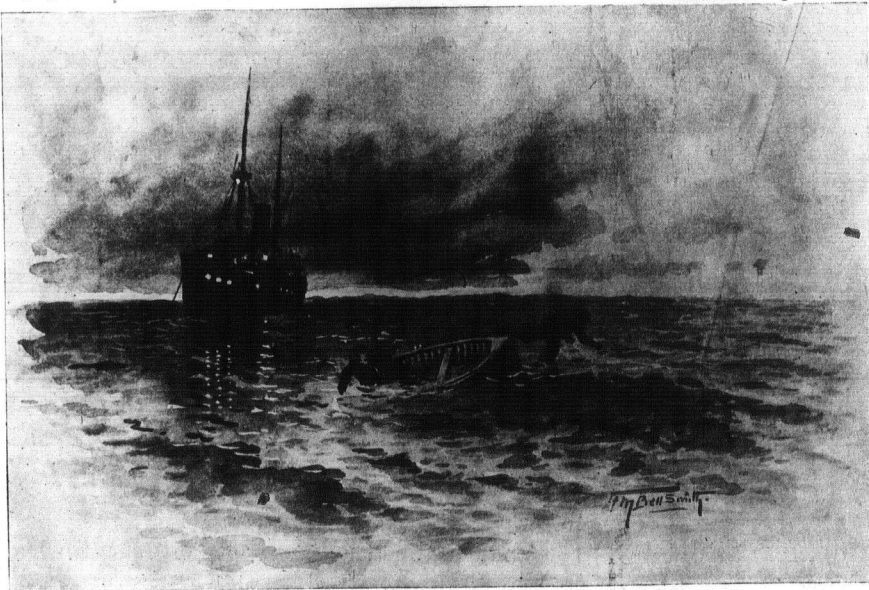
A few moments' silence ensued, during which this astute young man scans the faces of his companions.

"Then, you see," he continued, "you provide six men who can be trusted; he will pay them liberally—but of course we can settle that afterwards, when we are sure of our men——"

A little whisky all around will mellow these already half-clouded minds; it is forthcoming, thanks to legal forethought and marine generosity.

"Ah, now to continue. You, Morrow, will command the Madagascar, henceforth the Cormorant, re-rigged, re-painted—in fact, till her own mother wouldn't know her. Ha! ha!" laughs the worthy youth, "you sail her to Rio—where, by the way, the Cormorant will be expected. There you will make the final settlements with my friend—my client, I should say—and myself. That will be better and more satisfactory than any arrangements we can make now."

"Of course, I should add, if the regular crew of the Madagascar will not accept terms that are satisfactory, they must just go to Rio, or," the bland young man added with a meaning smile, "perhaps they will not go so far." The tone in which this methodical person clothed his last remark caused both men to glance up for an instant. Truly, his young shoulders carried a cool and a calculating head.



AS HE SPOKE THE MULATTO WENT OVERBOARD.

had turned gray; which, in the light of the events to be narrated, may not seem totally unreasonable.

### CHAPTER II. HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Surely Captain Morrow of the Madagascar has his employers' interests at heart, that he so carefully consults his charts and marks out the route suggested by his friend John Bilby, master of the steamer Edith M. Page, as they sit, heads together, in the chart-room of the Page the night before she sails from New York. John Bilby, he of the low forehead and the squinting eye, has sailed the Atlantic and the Pacific—may, has even had experience in the carriage of passengers (black ones, be it said) from the west coast of Africa, if reports do not lie.

The two men sit, elbows upon the table, intent upon the words of a certain young lawyer (not yet a pleader in the Supreme Courts) who, with a handful of papers and letters, evidently foreign, dilates upon the advantages to be derived from the course they intend to pursue.

"He guarantees sixteen thousand apiece, you see: paid under a distinct agreement with each of you separately: so—excuse my saying so—there is nothing to be gained by any one of us playing false to the others. I see you laugh, Captain Morrow! Well, no doubt it is an unnecessary precaution—perhaps it is only my client's little joke."

"However," added the youth, looking up, "we must hope for the best, always. I guess you think I lack experience in these matters. Well, possibly, possibly——"

Bilby broke in, disregarding the last remark, "But the boat's worth a lot more than thirty-two thousand; it's worth——"

"Of course, of course, Captain Bilby, but my good client must protect himself against loss; must make his percentage, so to speak."

Thus long into the night they talked and drank; charts were compared and marked, routes discussed and fixed, as if one ship were to be guided by the wake of the other, until, in the early morning, Morrow staggered ashore, threading his uncertain way amid boxes, bales and all the various accompaniments of a departing ship. Five hours later the Edith M. Page, bound for Amsterdam, was leaving behind her a trail of smoke and a track of foam.

"Here I am, Morrow, or at least my remains," laughed Arthur Dumley as he stepped into the lee of a deck-house on the Madagascar and "took in sail," as he expressed it, by lowering his dripping umbrella.

"I've sent for my traps. What can I get in the way of a cabin?"

A mental oath formed itself in the recesses of Captain Morrow's brain, but it took no form of speech. There had as yet been no hitch in any of the plans that had been hatched two nights before, but the presence of young Mr. Dumley seemed a cloud on the horizon; but, as a member of his father's firm and part owner of the Madagascar, Mr. Dumley, Jr., could not be denied.

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"Glad to have you, sir, but—well, our cook ain't what he might be."  
This was strictly true, for the cook had been shipped as one of the men "who could be depended on," and cooking was not his forte.  
"Besides, the boat rolls a good deal; but," as if afraid he might cite too many disadvantages, he added, "you're a good sailor, I've heard McGinnis say."  
"Yes, good enough," replied the young man.  
"I suppose you'll be in a hurry to get home?" queried the Captain insinuatingly.  
"Yes, I am."  
"Because, the Egypt sails to-morrow morning; she'd be a lot quicker."  
"Oh, hang the Egypt. I'm going to leave my things in the cabin next to



"IT IS ONLY MY CLIENT'S LITTLE JOKE."

McGinnis'. We'll try the cook," and Dumley disappeared, leaving a very ill-pleased man.

"However," thought Morrow, "Bilby's sure to find some way out of it." That morning Captain Morrow undoubtedly did tell Mr. Dumley that the Madagascar would sail at three p.m., whereas it was certainly the intention of that wily seaman that she should sail promptly at two p.m.; but the young man's lucky star brought him to the dock in time to see the last rope cast off, and a run of a hundred yards and a frantic spring for the rail completed the troubles of the "inevitable late passenger!"

"Confound you, Morrow," gasped Arthur as he mopped his brow, "why did you tell me you weren't going till three?"

"I told you two, sir," calmly replied the inwardly chagrined Morrow.

"If you did, I'll— But I suppose I ought to eat the bread of thankfulness that I got on board at all, or rather, drink the drink of thankfulness," he added as he disappeared aft in search of some bearable kind of American beverage.

During the next few days the monotony of the passage was scarcely broken; all the days were fair and sunshiny, except one, when a westerly breeze chopped the sea a little. The Madagascar plodded on, sighting now and then a passing sail. Morrow's brow brokened a shade of anxiety that was quite unnoticed by Dumley and McGinnis, who were too much occupied, the latter by his duties and the former by any means of killing time he could devise. Many an hour had the Captain passed over that marked chart, and, to the credit of his seamanship be it said, he had deviated but little from the course he supposed the Page had taken. Morrow had sought many a way, high and low, fair and foul, of achieving his dreams of success; never until the present had he seen an opening that seemed to promise so well. True, it was pure villainy, but what of that? He wished no harm personally to Arthur Dumley, but that was not *his* business; as for McGinnis, he wished that salt anywhere but aboard; his men, especially two former sailors of his own, were, he thought, a judicious selection. So the Madagascar sped on to her uncertain tryst.

Towards evening on the sixth day out, Dumley and McGinnis stood talking on the bridge, watching the smoke of a steamer towards which the Madagascar's course had been directed. Before long they were sufficiently near to make out a steamer of the "tramp" kind, not unlike the Madagascar herself. From the funnel a thick column of black smoke poured, and the ensign hung stars downwards on the halyards. The two men had their glasses fixed upon her, when they were joined by Morrow.

"No," said the latter, in response to Dumley's question, "I don't know her. She's a Yankee, there is no doubt, but beyond that I can't say. I never saw her before."

"Nor I," added McGinnis.  
"Why is she hove to? She seems to have steam up."  
"You see the pumps are going; but there may be something wrong with the machinery and the fires are for the pumping engines," the Captain explained.  
"We must stand by, then," said Dumley, "in case she requires assistance."  
"Just what I was thinking, sir."

In a short time the Madagascar brought up a few cable lengths from the stranger, from the scuppers of which the water streamed with a constant, monotonous splash. The name on her bow could now be distinctly read; there it was, in gold letters, Edith M. Page.

Just at dusk Morrow and the two seamen who had sailed with him on previous voyages, started; if they could be of any use they might be away some time. In any case, would it not be best to bank the fires and stay by the Page till morning? Dumley acquiesced, and so it was agreed.

About one o'clock in the morning, as McGinnis and Dumley stood talking at the forecastle rail, a hail was heard: by the light of a flare a boat was seen approaching. As soon as it came alongside, a rope was thrown and a young

mulatto scrambled up, followed by a boy, who had slipped on board the Page unnoticed on the day she sailed. The mulatto brought a letter from Morrow to Dumley, and, not understanding anything beyond his instructions, had allowed the boy to accompany him, who, seeing the Madagascar, considered that it might yield more of the material comforts of life than the Page vouchsafed him, and concluded to transfer his allegiance. When Dumley left the Madagascar, in compliance with Morrow's request as sent by the letter, he was too much occupied by present circumstances to think of the boy. The mulatto, though a vicious enough youth, was no plottier, and the boy was entirely forgotten. At the same instant the young man felt the cold water around his feet.

"We're leaking!" he shouted, as he put down his hand to feel the depth of water in the boat; but even as he spoke the mulatto was overboard, and by the impetus given to the boat by his spring, Dumley was thrown into the water. There was no chance of emptying the already sinking boat, and with a shout to the mulatto to follow, Arthur struck out for the lights of the Madagascar. There was no answer to his shout, but the alarm reached McGinnis and in a moment or two a boat was being lowered. Guided by his shouts the men quickly found the almost exhausted swimmer and in a minute more he was lifted on deck.

The night was intensely dark, but the sea was calm, and as they rowed away it seemed to Dumley that there was no danger of missing the Page, whose lights twinkled faintly in the darkness. No word passed, but the mulatto rowed steadily, until they were several hundred yards from the ship.

"Hold on," said Dumley, shifting the rudder. "Turn back. I don't believe I'll go till morning." This was quite unprovided for in the instructions the mulatto had received. He stopped rowing, and Dumley thought he leaned forward. At the same instant the young man felt the cold water around his feet.

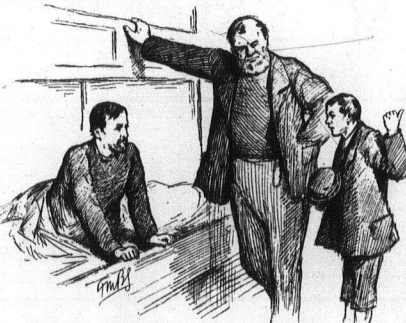
Before he had been in his berth a minute, McGinnis returned to the cabin, having despatched the boat to search for the mulatto. A knock at the door interrupted them.

"Come in!" shouted Dumley.  
The door opened and disclosed the new passenger in the grasp of a sailor, whose grip seemed to afford him no small degree of discomfort. Dumley, though weak, could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"Why, who's this, Wilson?"  
"Don't know, yer honor. He don't know himself!"  
"That's the boy that came in the boat. Aren't you?"  
The boy nodded, while McGinnis stared at him in silence. He seemed like a wharf-rat, but at the same time he lacked the quickness of intellect that usually characterizes that class.

"What do you want here?" asked Dumley.  
The boy explained, volubly, with many embellishments and strange expressions that were as Hebrew to Dumley's ears, that the treatment he had received on the Page was not in accordance with his ideas of comfort; he wished, in short, to stay on the Madagascar. Dumley looked dubious and was about to resume his conversation with McGinnis regarding the strange event of the sinking boat, when the youth interrupted:

"See them pumps?" he volunteered, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction in which he supposed the Page to lie.  
"Well?" said McGinnis blandly.  
"But yer didn't see the hose on th' other side!"  
Dumley sat up in his berth excitedly. "Do you mean to say that the pump it up and over again?"



"SEE THEM PUMPS?" HE VOLUNTEERED.

"Yep!" retorted the youth.  
"And isn't there any leak?"  
"Now!" again replied that worthy. Then he went on, regardless of the astonished looks of his auditors:  
"As I hears yer Cap'n say, says he, 'Keep it up till mornin', boys, an' we'll git 'em.' So you'd better *huz!*" said the boy, with an expressive but jocular leer and a gesture significant of speed.  
"And what else?" said Dumley sharply.



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

The boy sobered instantly. "They says, 'What'll ye do with 'em?' An' your Cap'n, he draws his finger crosst his neck. Oh, I've seed him afore; he's a good 'un. An' then he says, 'Oh, they'll fall ov'board, mebbe.'"

Dumley was already on the floor drawing on his trousers. Suddenly he stopped. McGinnis stood helpless.

"What can we do, McGinnis? Run quick and get the fires raked and steam up!"

McGinnis disappeared like a shot. Wilson had already bolted with the news. The boy, quiet enough now, stayed.

"How fast can they go?" The boy shook his head.

"Faster'n you fellers. One of 'em says they'd give two knots an' ketch you."

"Two knots!" groaned Dumley.

When McGinnis returned Dumley sat half-dressed on the edge of his berth, with a kind of stunned look. Then, in a monotone, "I'll wager that fellow sank that boat. I remember—"

McGinnis broke in: "Steam 'll be up in twenty minutes."

"But that will almost be daylight. In an hour at the furthest. We can't get enough start, can we? They won't stick at anything now," said Dumley in a voice that was almost plaintive.

The same thought had just struck poor McGinnis, and he was silent.

"Ready?" asked he, in a voice that he could not prevent from trembling. "Yes, sir."

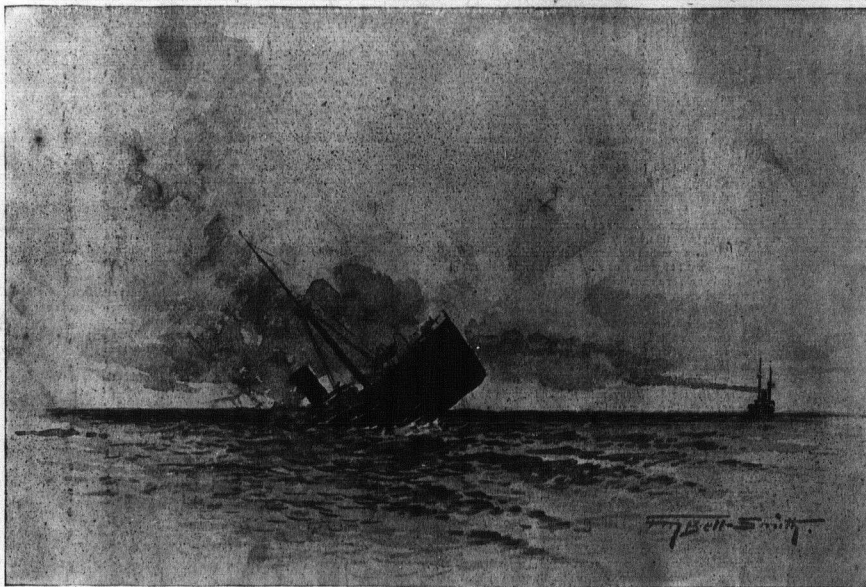
"Then full speed ahead!" McGinnis pulled the wheel-house telegraph.

The hull quivered with the thro of the engines and the bows swung slowly around with the gathering impetus, till the twinkling lights appeared right ahead.

Meanwhile, on board the Edith M. Page the boy's absence had been noted, and it was to be feared that the alarm had been given to those on the Madagascar; and though the mulatto had not yet returned, the shouts had been heard, and Morrow and Billy, now, once more, in deep consultation, therefore judged that in that respect things had prospered. At any rate, further concealment was probably useless and the pumps were stopped. The fires were raked and the steam was already hissing from the valves, when suddenly the lights of the Madagascar disappeared. Had she got the alarm? In any case it would soon be daylight, and then a chase for it!

In the wheel-house of the Madagascar stood McGinnis, scarcely daring to breathe. No sound could be heard save the grind of the engines and the creak of the wheel as Dumley shifted it. The lights of the Page were scarcely a cable length away, as, with sheer fright, the old mate fell back upon the seat. A hoarse hail rang out from the darkness ahead.

Dumley reached out his hand and down below the telegraph-gong clanged.



FOR A MOMENT THE LIGHTS OF THE PAGE FLARED WILDLY, THEN DISAPPEARED.

Dumley jumped up. "Call back the boat and close all the bulkhead doors!" McGinnis started, but Dumley called him back.

"Get boxes, cargo or anything! Quick! Burn a hole in the boilers, but get steam up. Quick!"

Fifteen minutes later, when McGinnis climbed the wheel-house ladder, Dumley was sitting by the wheel, trembling with very excitement.

"Well?" asked Dumley.

McGinnis seemed calm enough now.

"Every man swore, 'So help me, God!'"

"Did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then listen." Dumley stretched up his hand in the darkness. "I swear never to tell what we do to-night. So—help—me—God!" His words came slowly and very deliberately.

"Put out every light, and see if Edge is ready."

McGinnis stumbled out of the wheel-house, down the bridge-ladder, and in a moment stood at the door above the engine-room. Far below, amid the great dim machinery, he saw Edge standing at the levers with a bull's-eye lantern.

"Edge!" he called.

"All ready, sir!"

As he entered the wheel-house Dumley was standing by the wheel.

The engines stopped. Then came a crash that shook the ship like a leaf. Confused shouts, oaths, orders—a pause. Again the clanging, the ship slowly backing free—then she gathered way into the night. For a moment the lights of the Page flared wildly, then disappeared.

Hours after—or was it only seconds?—McGinnis came to himself to feel the cold night air blowing in on his face.

As he sat there with the whole fearful chorus ringing in his ears, beside him that statue-like figure still stood at the wheel and he felt the ship surging sullenly on, away astern, in the darkness, the Atlantic, with a few swirling eddies, was hastily covering up every trace of the latest secret entrusted to its keeping.

Five weeks later Mr. Dumley, sr., sat at the breakfast-table reading his morning paper.

"Hullo, Arthur, listen to this! 'The Edith M. Page, steamer, of Boston, Billy, master (that's the boat Miller's firm sold, you remember!); New York to Amsterdam, has now been at sea forty-three days, and the gravest fears are entertained for her safety.' That's serious, isn't it?"

Arthur, at the opposite side of the table, picked at the fish on his plate and said nothing.

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL



Falling  
Leaves.

## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

### The Victory of Love.



BOY and a girl played by the roadside. They were plucking the wild flowers, still sweet and heavy with the dew of the morning. It was spring; the hills were green; there was music in the forest; the sky was clear and serene.

"I love you," smiled the boy, as he gave her the violets he had gathered.

"I am glad you love me," she said.

Meanwhile that a mist swam before my eyes, and when it grew clear once more I saw Love and Death standing close to the boy and the girl. Death moved impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."

A youth and a maiden leaned on the stile in the meadow. Her eyes were downcast, yet in his hand hers passive lay. It was summer; the golden grains swayed restlessly to the breathing of the wanton breeze; the harvest moon rose round and yellow, frosting the purpling hills in the east.

"I love you," whispered the youth.

The maiden spoke not, but raised the timid lids of her eyes and gazed into his. Her lips were mute, but there is a language of the eyes which lovers can read. He drew her face to his own and kissed her mute lips and speaking eyes.

Again I saw Love and Death.

"I have waited long," said Death, impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."

The brown leaves of autumn fluttered and rustled; from the gaunt forests, where song no longer awakened the dim echoes, they came, whirling over the stubble-fields, whispering to the lonely earth that the glory of the year was dead.

An old man and an old woman came slowly down the lane. Their thin locks were as white as the fleecy clouds overhead; their faces were as withered as the apples that lay forgotten in the orchard.

"It was here," said the old man, pointing to the roadside, "that we used to pluck the wild flowers in the spring."

"It was here," said the old woman, pointing to the stile, "that you told me you loved me. Let us sit upon it again."

So they sat there in silence, looking into each other's eyes, knowing that the love which shone from their peaceful deeps was as pure and fresh as in the glorious golden days.

"It is good to have lived and loved," said the old man.

"Yes, as we have done," she added.

"I shall not wait any longer," said Death, grimly.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine!"

The Christmas snows fell noiselessly on two new graves; the winter winds brawled through the tree-tops.

"Now," cried Death exultingly, "where is your vaunted life? They are mine!"

"Vainest of creatures!" said Love, "dost thou think that such as these care for thy grubbing worms? Thou hast followed me all these years to no purpose. Take man and woman to the grave if thou wilt, and give their bodies to thy worms and sad decay; but there thy task endeth. But I—I am beyond the grave, for I rule not over the clay, as thou dost, but over the Soul, for I, Love, am the Soul!"

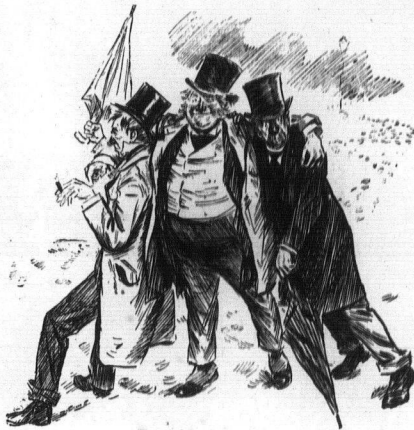
And Death stood beside the graves as Love passed beyond into a light more brilliant and dazzling than the light of a thousand suns!

HAROLD MACGRATH.



LETTER FROM FRED

"On Monday night the gals all went to the town hall to raffie me. I'm the only Clippie down here at the summer resort, and the gal who wins takes me out boating for the rest of the week."



THE LAST CHANCE.

First Convicted—Shay, I (this) shall turn over a new leaf—New Year's day.  
Second—So shall I.  
Third—Same 'ere.  
All together—That leaves us over a week (this) to enjoy ourselves.

### A Calculating Bore.

MY friend Bings is one of those habitual calculators—one of the kind that says if all the teeth that have been extracted since the first dentist began business were to be used for paving purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions-contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his texts from the same source.

The other day he saw me first on a ferry boat, and immediately button-holed me. Said he: "How sad it is to think that so much labor goes for naught!"

I knew that I was in for one of his calculations; but I also knew that it would be useless to try to head him off.

He stroked his beard, and said, with an imitation of thoughtfulness: "Every day in this Empire State one million human beings go to bed tired because you and I and the rest leave butter on our plates, and don't eat our crusts."

I told him that I was astonished, but that he would have to elucidate.

"The farmers sow 8,000,000 bushels of useless grain—grain that eventually goes out to sea on the refuse scows—they milk 50,000 cows to no other purpose than to produce sour or spilled milk, they allow their valuable hens to lay 1,654,800,001 eggs that will serve no better purpose than to spatter some would-be booth or he neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, while their wives are making 1,008,983 pounds of butter that will be left on the edges of plates and thrown into the refuse pail. If they didn't sow the useless grain, or fuss over the hens that lay the unused eggs, or draw the milk that is destined to sour, or make the butter that is to ornament the edges of the china dishes, they would be able to go to bed merely healthily tired instead of overworked, and fewer farmers would commit suicide, and fewer farmers' wives would go insane."

His eyes gleamed, and I knew that, as he would put it, his pulse was going so fast that if it were revolutions of a locomotive wheel it would take only so long to go somewhere.

"And what is your remedy for all this?" asked I, with becoming, if mock, interest.

"Let us help ourselves to no more than we want at table, buy our eggs a week earlier, drink our milk the day before, eat our bread before it is too dry, and in six months' time there will be a reduced State death rate, more vacancies in the insane asylums, 1,456,008 rosy cheeks where to-day there are that many pale ones."

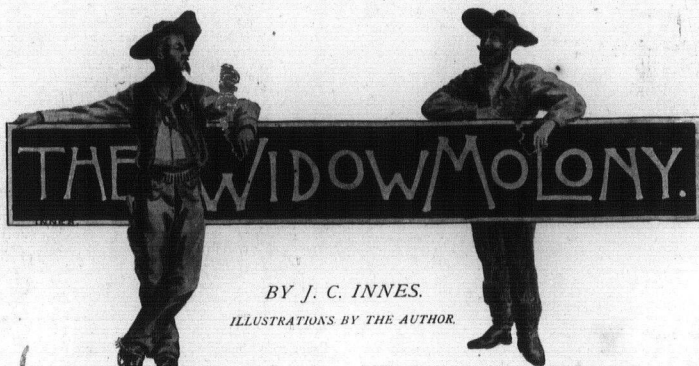
Just then the ferry boat's gates were lifted, and as we went our several ways, in the hurry that is characteristic of 7,500,111 Americans out of eight millions, I thought that, if all the brains of all the arithmetical cranks were used in place of wood pulp to make into paper, we writers would get our pads for nothing.

CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir.

Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.





BY J. C. INNES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"THEY'RE off!" "No they ain't!" "One of 'em's balkin' at the line!" Such were the exclamations that broke from a motley crowd of prospectors, cowboys, "breeds," Indians, and police, gathered at the finishing line of a well worn race track, stretching, straight-as-an-arrow, along the level greensward of a sunlit Western valley. All eyes were turned on a little bunch of ponies, dancing and jumping far in the bright perspective. "Here they come!" was the yell, as the band were seen to suddenly draw together and a cloud of light dust arose, against which they showed out darkly. "Clar the track, fellers!" howled the judges, and the crowd drew back on either side, giving a full view of the racers. On they came amid a dead silence, which was at length broken by comments and speculation as the race progressed and gave a view of the individual horses. "The bay's ahead!" "No, the roan!" "That pinto's creepin' up!" "The rest ain't in it!" Excitement ran high. The little ponies were doing their level best, and their half-naked Indian jockeys, with colored cloths bound over their foreheads to confine the flying hair, plied their "quirts" with vigor and drummed with their moccasined heels on the sleek sides of their rushing beasts. The yells of the spectators were redoubled as the decisive moment approached. The roan, the bay and the pinto were abreast in the van; the others were hardly visible in the dust that arose in their wake. "Bay! bay!! bay!!!—Pinto!!—Roan!! roan!!!—Pinto!!—Bay!!—Pinto!! pinto!!! pinto!!!! Hooley! Yah!! Whoop!!!!" A wild shout went up as the pinto crossed the line a head to the good of the roan, who ran with the bay's nose at his shoulder. The yells were quadrupled, hats went flying in the air, guns were fired. Gray-headed old sinners hopped and jiggled around like schoolboys, waving their dirty buckskin tiles and chuckling in their joy over the success of their favorite.

It was a motley crowd. There rode or stalked the Blackfoot and Sarcee, gorgeous in yellow and red paint, with feathers, red flannel, brass beads and tacks to match. There, too, were the "cow-punchers," in their broad-brimmed head-gear and with their lower limbs encased in the shining leather "chaps." Prospectors, storekeepers, police, toughs and half-breeds held high carnival together. Of course there was a section of the crowd that did not give external evidence of great and consuming joy; they composed that portion of it who had lost on the event. Any demonstration on their part was not to be expected.

It was an ideal place for sport, the whole bottom being flat as a billiard table, while from either side the grassy slopes rose in a series of terraces to the upper prairie land. At the extreme end they were covered with dark pines that seemed to carry with them a breath of their mountain home as they stood, straight and tall, amongst the willows and cotton-wood that drowsed over the waters of the glacier-fed stream to which the valley owed its verdure. Far in the west, forming a background to this bright scene, could be faintly discerned the distant peaks of the Eastern Rockies, towering in cool majesty high in the sunlit air.

Race followed race in quick succession, and the gathering assumed larger proportions as the inhabitants of the valley, hearing of the sport, came galloping over to join the festivities.

At length two riders drew out from opposite sides of the crowd and rode eastward towards the little cluster of tents, log stores and wooden shanties, that formed the existing metropolis of that section of the great Alberta ranching country early in the "eighties."

Slowly their paths converged, but so occupied were they with their thoughts that neither noticed the other's presence till they were almost abreast. Simultaneously they raised their eyes.

"Hello, Fred."

"Hello, pard."

Then they relaxed into silence.

They were two uncommonly fine types, those men, as they sat their springy little steeds with easy grace of the trained riders whose lives were spent in the saddle. He who was addressed as Fred was dark and tall, with bright black eyes, black curling hair and close-cropped beard. A broad-brimmed new hat shaded his face, a red shirt covered his body, trousers turned half-way up the tops of his boots encased his lower extremities; a cartridge-belt, sheath-knife and long black-barreled revolver completed his personal outfit. His horse was black, like himself, and had a white star on his forehead; his saddle, which was of the old military type, at once proclaimed that he was not a rancher.

His companion, although tall, was in other respects his opposite in appearance. He was fair and ruddy, with a bright, gray eye and face shorn of all save a long blonde mustache that drooped at the corners and lent to his thin, well proportioned features an expression of profound kindness. There was no mistaking his profession; his seat in his heavy stock saddle, which, with its wide skirts and coiled rope at the horn, almost covered his handsome little bay "cow" horse, the plaited bridle with spade bit, that skirled and jingled as the bright chains chinked to the motion, the "tapadaras," "chapps" and heavy spurs, with their tinkling bells, all proclaimed the "cow-puncher." His hat, too, had the regular rider's tilt on his well shaped head. He was evidently staying in the settlement, for he wore a "boiled" shirt without any collar, over which his black waistcoat hung unbuttoned; coat he had none. A blue silk handkerchief was loosely knotted around his neck, and from the upper pocket of his vest protruded a tooth-brush and small comb. This was Frank Willis, or Long Frank as he was more commonly called. He owned a ranch, but worked out when occasion offered, was thirty years of age, and, in the words of those who knew him, was a "blamed good sort."

His dark companion, Fred Allan, was ten years his senior and by profession a prospector, miner, general roust-about and heavy drinker. He would



THEY'RE COMING.

gamble, fight or make friends with the utmost *sans froid*, and, though generally called Mad Allan, had never been known to do a mean action.

They rode in silence till the capering of their spirited little bronchos, which traveling abreast became at once keen for a race, gave them something to occupy their minds and shake them into a realization of the present.

"How're you fix'd, Frank?"

"Bust, pardie. How're you?"

The dark man dug his hand into his pocket and pulled out a few big silver dollars and some small change, which he counted over slowly.

"Four dollars 'nd seventy-five cents this side of strapped," he answered.

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Again they relapsed into silence, and giving rein to their bronchos sped through the sunlight toward the ramshackle collection of tents and houses. They clattered and jingled a-down the open lane between the improvised edifices, called by courtesy Main street, and pulled up before the log shanty in front of which was a red, white and blue board with the announcement that this was "Poker Bill's Tonsorial Palace." Tying up their mounts, they entered.

Within all was still; the tonsorial artist was evidently at the races, so the two friends sat them down in silence.

"Frank, we're in a mighty 'slim situation," remarked Fred at last.

"You're right, pard."

"Let's have a drink."

No objection being forthcoming, Fred arose, slipped his hand along the board that ran beneath the joint of the roof with the walls, produced a black bottle and a cracked shaving-mug, from which they pledged each other. The bottle was stealthily consigned to its previous position and the two again sat down.

"Pard," said Fred, "you and I have pulled together for many moons and have never been busted, dead, stony, eternally busted afore."

A grunt of approbation rewarded this effort and he proceeded.

"How much did you lose on these here races, Frank?"

"Three hundred and twenty-seven dollars and two horses."

"Wall, that's tough, old boy; I lost more'n four hundred and my best pack mule."

"That don't make things any better," ventured Frank.

A period of silence ensued. Suddenly Allan jumped to his feet with a

"Whoop!"

"Pard, I've got it."

"Got what?"

"Whatcher suppose? Measles? No, sirree. I've got a gilt-edged idee."

"Let 'er go; I can stand it," said Willis, with sudden interest.

"The Widder Molony!" shouted Fred in triumph.

"What in blazes has she got to do with it?" enquired the cowboy lazily.

"Got to do with it, you away-backed loonane? She's got the cash, she's got the land and the stock that 'ed give us a start for life. She ain't never looked at a man since Billy Molony died, three years ago, 'ceptin' us. Her land's next ours, pard," he added slowly. "I'm leavin' for the mountains to-day, bust. When I git back I'll marry that widder; you'll live on our land; I'll live with the widder, and we'll be right on top of the percession, you bet. Why, we've been her best friends, and I shouldn't be over surprised if she was woderin' why in blazes I didn't marry her afore."

"What do I come in, Freddy?" enquired Willis. "Strikes me you want the earth."

"Whatcher want?"

"Wouldn't it be a sight better if I married the widder myself? You're away most of the time and I'm right at hand. I reckon she'd be a sight happier with me."

This side of the question seemed to strike Allan as reasonable.

"That's somethin' in them remarks of yourn, pard; but burn my skin if I wouldn't kinder prefer doin' the marryin'."

"Sord I," exclaimed Willis, jumping to his feet.

Mad Allan's black eyes glittered and he half rose, then with a laugh he sat down again.

"Frank, old man," he said quietly, "I hope the sun 'll never rise on the day that you and I quarrel, for when it does that'll be a devil of a row. It looks kinder like we couldn't agree on the widder business, don't it?"

"Right y'ar, Freddie," said Willis, somewhat appeased.

"Do you mind, pard, that we allus had a little difference of opinion, as to which of our bronchos could run two hundred paces, with a turn, fastest?"

"I do," replied Willis; "and I hold, Freddie, that my little Bay Charlie kin lick Star over that course, and I bet—or I would if I warn't plumb bust—that he kin."

"I'll bet you the widder he can't," said Allan tersely.

"I'll go you," shouted the rancher. "When'll we try?"

"Wall," said Allan, his face ablaze with excitement, "as I meet Harry Cross and the rest of the boys at the Big Hill this very evenin', I reckon we'd better try now."

No sooner was the thing settled than they mounted and made for the race track. The fun there was slightly on the wane when they arrived, but no sooner had it become known that Long Frank and Mad Allan were going to have a race, than interest was redoubled. Something was surely in the wind when these old partners undertook to compete one against the other.

"How'll we ride, Frank?"



"HOW'LL WE RIDE, FRANK?"

"Whatcher say to bare saddles?"

"It's a go. How about slips?"

"No slips, sudden death, pardie. Standin' start at the line, one hundred paces to each peg, turn free of the peg and then back. Pegs must be standin' when we cross the finish; the cuss that knocks down his peg loses. Is that a fair deal?"

"Fair on a square," answered Allan.

"Shake, then," said the cowboy.

They shook hands, dismounted, and discarding all superfluous clothing and fixtures, such as 'chappies, ropes, blankets, etc., laid them at either

end of the starting line, about thirty feet apart. Each man then chose a judge to watch the finishing line and one to watch each peg. Those thus chosen stepped off one hundred paces and drove in their stakes; then, stepping to one side, signalled that all was ready. The starter stood with revolver raised. It was a pretty sight. Up the space between the excited crowd they rode, trying to curb their spirited mounts, for well the fiery little brutes knew a tussle of speed and skill was at hand.

Long Frank had discarded everything with the exception of his white shirt, neckerchief, trousers and boots; Mad Allan had done the same. Star looked fit and nervous and showed to good advantage as they came prancing and sidling towards the starting line; the light saddle did not obscure the lithe proportions and the fine muscles moving under the sleek skin. Bay Charlie was almost hidden under the huge stock-saddle, but his round barrel, his broad chest, clean limbs, reined low, and easy gait, gave promise of a hard tussle for his more lightly burdened rival.

Bang! went the gun and they were off. The spectators had only time to realize that there was a rush, snort and a cloud of dust before the racers were nearly at the pegs. With a swift, graceful movement, of which none but a cow-horse is capable, they swung about simultaneously, seeming to ride over the turning post, so close was the movement. The horsemen flung the reins loose and leaned over the necks of their beasts with yells of encouragement. The crowd were breathless with excitement as, like a pair of thunderbolts, the bronchos, with distended nostrils and ears laid flat, tore up the earth in their mad excitement. A flash and it was over.

"All bets off! Dead heat!" yelled the judge.

Allan and Willis rode back, amid the acclamations of the crowd; to hear the decision.

"How is it?" they queried with one breath.

"Dead heat," repeated the judge, who, by the way, was none other than Poker Bill, the tonsorial artist.

"Hard luck, Freddie," said the cowboy.

"Damned hard luck," replied Mad Allan.

"Suppose we'll have to run again."

Just at this juncture a series of shrieks from up the track drew attention to the men

at the stakes, who were dancing a sort of can-can and waving their hats in a frenzy of excitement. With one accord the mob scooted off in



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL

the direction of the turning point. The cause of the demonstration was soon explained; Willis' stake was down, and a hoof mark close to it explained the cause.

"Wall, Freddie, the widdler's yours," said Frank, moving away.

"She is!" said Allan.

For a while they pressed on in silence, then the prospector spoke.

"Old man," he said, "I'll be away a mortal long time and thar's no sayin' what may happen. Will you do me a favor?"

"Will a duck swim?" said the rancher.

"Just tell any rooster that happens to float about that widdler of mine that he'd better look somewhars else for steady company as she is already spoke for."

"I will, Freddie."

"An' kinder see that she don't want for nothin', old boy. Durn my socks if I ain't feelin' the cussedness of married life already. Ye'll do this, Frank, won't you?"

"Sure thing. I'll nurse her like a sister, pard, en see she's delivered over in good shape when you come back."

This didn't seem to altogether suit Allan, for he spoke up sharply: "No monkeyin' with the band wagon on your own hook, Frank."

The rancher's face turned deep red and the lay eyes contracted in sudden anger. He was about to speak, when his partner turned and said: "Pardon, Frank, I was wrong, shake. Good-bye, old man."

"Good-bye, Fred."

A clasp of the hand and they rode in opposite directions. Allan turned westward in the direction of the distant mountains, and Willis cantered slowly towards the town, cogitating deeply on his new duties as custodian of a young and pretty widow.

The Widow Molony's ranch was an ideal spot. The buildings nestled on the south side of a high bluff that afforded protection from the winter winds and a running spring bubbled in the midst of the enclosure that surrounded the house. It was a long, low, log structure with a veranda in front, from which could be had a view of the river valley, with its clustering trees, grassy slopes and cut banks, while beyond the foothills rolled westward, billow upon billow, growing ever larger, and finally merged their individuality in one grand haze of varying purples. Above all, in simple grandeur, rose abruptly the huge forms of the Eastern Rockies, their scarred and wooded sides mellowed by the distance into dreamlike beauty, the glowing whiteness of their snowy crests softened by the warm atmosphere into a very dream of tender light.

The widow's household consisted of herself, her child, her mother, Moll the half-breed servant, and Jefferson Persimmons Washington Smith, a nigger boy who looked after the stock, broke horses occasionally, and was a capital hand about the house and farm. She had a goodly bunch of stock on the range which were increasing in a satisfactory manner, and also a bank account at the trading post, the proportions of which made her a power in the land. Her late

husband, Bill Molony, was a brute of the first water when on this planet, and his call to another sphere had been looked on with much satisfaction by those whose daily occupation called them within range of his obnoxious personality.

It was a warm September evening. The Widow Molony stood on the veranda holding her little one by the hand. She made an attractive picture with her five-feet-three of perfectly moulded humanity, her wavy black hair, her large dark eyes with their long lashes and clearly penciled brows, that showed with marked distinctness upon a skin, smooth, though dusky, through which the warm blood betrayed the glow of perfect health. Her child was fair, as her father had been, but had the big, dark eyes of her mother. In spite of the hard life and rough surroundings to which the little woman was inured, she had never lost

her love of all that was beautiful in nature, and liked to stand or sit looking at the far-off mountains change in ever varying beauty as the shadows of the big clouds chased each other up the great slopes and subdued for a moment the glitter from their ramparts of ice.

Just now, however, her thoughts were not of the scenery, for her pretty face was flushed and her eyes were fixed on a little ranch house nestled in the valley at a distance of about half a mile from her own. It was not an interesting shanty; it had no veranda or garden plot to recommend it, and yet the little widow's thoughts all centered there. "Why," she pondered, "did that strange Frank Willis pay her so much attention? He used not to. Ever since that big, dark partner of his had gone prospecting she had been the object of the most constant care on his part. Not a day had passed all that summer but he had ridden over on some pretext or other to see if he could be of any service. Then, his strange behavior to such stray men as happened to stop in. Why, he was as gruff and savage as a bear; they all seemed scared of him. Scared of Frank! (The widow laughed softly at the idea). He was the kindest friend she had ever known; no man had ever been so kind to her before—that is, without making love." Then she began to wonder why he had not come to-day; it was evening and he had never been so late before. How tiresome if he didn't come at all. From the way the red blood flushed hotly through the clear skin, an unbiased onlooker might have conjectured that "tiresome" did not quite express what the widow meant.

The sun sank in glory behind the western hills and the beautiful valley was bathed in cool shadows. Little Pet had toddled away long ago, and the air grew chill with the breath of the autumn evening, and still the widow mused alone.

At length the clatter of horses' hoofs aroused her, and she smiled as she heard the well known voice of Frank yelling to the darkey factotum:

"Hello, thar, Jeff!"

"That you, Mistah Willis?"

"I guess it must be, you little pale face. How's Moll, Jeff?"



THE WIDOW'S RANCH WAS AN IDEAL SPOT.



# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.



"Moll, Mistah Willis? What d'yer think I know 'bout Moll? I ain't no chicken."

"Ef yer had been, Jeff, ye'd never have been 'blowed to live 'mong niggers."

"That's 'nuff, now, Mistah Willis; that's 'nuff. Maybe I ain't as white as you, but I ain't no niggah, I want yer to understand, ef I am dark complexionated."

"All right, my lly. Is the missus in?"

As Jeff's feelings would not admit of a reply, Willis jingled up to the house enclosure and dismounted. He raised his eyes; they fell on the object of his search, laughing quietly at Jeff's discomfiture.

"Evenin', Mrs. Molony."

"Good evening, Mr. Willis."

Little Pet, who had come tumbling out the instant his voice had reached her, toddled to the veranda edge and held out both hands. In a moment the big sunburned rancher hoisted her up and she, pulling his long mustache apart, gave him the customary kiss. The widow looked at the pair and was silent; there was something away down in her heart that told her the handsome, kind man who nursed her child might some day be more than a friend. Her woman's wit had divined the fact that Willis loved her, though she was at fault in believing that he himself did not realize it. So she sighed softly, did this little woman, and prepared to wait.

"Fwank, why doesn't oo cut oor 'atches?" queried Pet suddenly.

"Why, Pet?" said Willis.

"They tickles Pet when oo kisses. Don't they tickle, muver?" she added, turning to the widow.

To probably ninety-eight persons out of a hundred the remark would have caused a laugh and destroyed sentiment utterly; for sometimes even Master Cupid has to lay down his bow and let many ripe bachelor and spinster hearts go gaily by, whilst he almost splits his fat sides over a ludicrous situation. Not so, however, did it affect Willis. The widow was inclined to give way to mirth from sheer confusion, till she looked up and saw the great, handsome gray eyes blaring into hers. The blood rushed to her face and her glance fell, but not far long. Something seemed to draw it up, and again she was looking steadily into those eyes of his. They had grown so strangely tender now

that her own heart crept into her gaze, and for one brief moment those two rough prairie folks read each the soul of the other as truly and clearly as though their thoughts had found vent in words.

"Get me a drink, Pet," he said suddenly. It was the little tot's delight to get a "drink for Fwank," and she accordingly toddled off.

"Mrs. Molony," he said, standing facing her, "I've known you a long while, en I wish you to say whether you ever knowed me to do a mean thing."

"Never!" she replied, and wondered at the pain which had crept into his look.

"Nor go back on a friend?"

"Never, Frank Willis. I don't believe ye'r the sort of man that ever would; leas'tways, I hope you ain't."

"You're right, marn; and may God forget me if I ever go back on my word."

There was silence for a moment.

"Mrs. Molony, mebbe you'll think me a fool; mebbe you'll think I've done wrong comin' here. I must git out—right off somewhars—en I musn't come back."

The little woman raised a face so full of startled pain that his heart almost failed him, but he bravely held out his hand and said "Good-bye."

"But why?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"Good-bye," he repeated, as he took the small, plump hand in his own and bending low raised it to his lips. No cavalier could have bidden farewell with nobler grace than did this rough cow-puncher. His spurs clanked down the path; a rush of hoofs and he was gone. The widow sat gazing after him, hardly able to realize what it all meant, till she was aroused by a pull at her skirt and looking down saw little Pet's fair face with eyes brimful of tears gazing up at her.

"Frank's goed wisout sayin' dood-bye to Pet!" she wailed, as her mother with a stifled sob pressed the sweet face to her own and whispered almost unconsciously, "We're all alone again, darling."

Willis rode wildly through the gathering darkness; down under the deep shadows of the trees by the river, then up the winding trail, over the terrace slopes, till he reached the prairie, lying flat and gloomy. Boundless and



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL

cheerless, it struck a responsive chord in his soul. He turned Charlie's head away from the valley and into the sombre hush of the wilderness. The cloud rack swirled low and chill over the dark expanse, the wailing yell of coyote was borne upon the breeze that moaned to the land the tale of the dying summer. Still the night deepened as he rode, and ghost-like patches of pale moonlight crept across the waste, glooming, growing; then disappearing, only to leave a blackness more intense. On and on he spurred, cursing the day he had made that bet with Fred. (Unwittingly he had treated the woman who had become as the very life of him as though she were a chattel, to be discarded or won on the turn of a race. She! Why, the man didn't live who was good enough for her—himself last of all. Yet she loved him. He knew that. He would go away from her, for that was the only way to keep his word to his pard.)

He turned his horse's head homeward and rode slowly. To reach his own shanty he must pass the widow's house. The light shone brightly from the little parlor window across the dark trail he followed, and an overpowering desire to see her once more swept over him. He dismounted, and creeping stealthily to the veranda looked in. The room was empty, but he waited, with his hungry eyes fixed upon the inner door. At last he was rewarded; the widow entered and sat by the fire. She looked pale, and the big black eyes seemed larger than ever. Again the door opened, and set off by the dark background, stood little Pet in her white nightdress, with the golden hair like a glory about her innocent face and her dark eyes shining. She pattered over to her mother and kneeling down clasped her little hands. The feeling stole over him that if he could hear that little prayer it would help somehow. He drew close to the window and, kneeling in the blackness of the chilly night, listened with his head close to the pane.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," came the clear, sweet, little voice and continued till the end of the verse. Back through the long years, like an echo from dreamland, stole into his heart a memory of those words repeated by another child at its mother's knee, and the child was himself.

"God bless muvver an' Granny an' every body, an' Frank, and make him come back to us."

He glanced up now; the room and its occupants were strangely blurred; the widow's head was bent very low over her child.

"For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Frank as he stole back to his horse and rode through the darkness to his desolate shanty.

He prepared his pack, made everything ready and lay down to rest. It was no use; his mind was busy with the present, and the upshot of all his arguments was that he was in the wrong.

He had passed his word to his chum that he would not interfere or try to gain the affections of the widow, and his only honorable course was to go away and leave the coast clear. At length, worn out, he slept.

When he awoke, the sun was high; he threw open the door and dressed hastily, for now that his mind was made up he longed to be off. A shadow fell athwart the patch of light on the floor. Then a tall figure darkened the opening.

"Fred!"

"Frank!"

Willis held out his hand; Mad Allan did not take it, but drew back.

"Not yet, pard," he said.

Frank looked at him in amazement and was about to speak, when he interrupted.

"Do you remember a bet we had afore I went prospectin'?"

Did he remember it? Had it not cost him all that was worth having?

"Yes," he replied.

"I didn't shake hands with you just now; have you any idee why not?"

"I am not sure," said Willis.

"Wall, I'll tell you; but first I want to know if I ever did anythin' mean to you or went back on me word as long as you knowed me?"

"You never have, Fred," said Willis, as a mad desire for a fight crept over him. For one brief moment he wished that he and his old pard would kill each other.

"Wall, Frank, I've broke my word now and I ain't fit to be shook hands with," said Allan in a humble tone.

"For God's sake, whatcher mean?" queried Willis in hopeless amazement.

"Didn't I promise afore I went away that I'd marry the little Widder Molony and start fresh in business with you fer my pardner?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Wall, pard, I meant it then, s'help me Moses; but I was took sick up Kootenay way en was took care of by some folks, en I—"

He hesitated.

"You what?" said Willis, wild with an undefined hope.

"I married one of the gals in the house and she is the finest wife on airth. I wouldn't give her for all the widders this side of hell, and if you don't like it, Frank Willis, damn yer eyes, come and fight it out!"

But Frank didn't want to fight just then. He held out his hand and gave his old pardner a grip like a vise. He could hardly realize that his struggle was over, that, instead of being a wanderer, owned by none, the whole heaven of a woman's love was his. The cloud was lifted from his mind, the sunshine seemed dazzling, the air was life itself. Through the open doorway his ear caught the joyous murmur of the waters and the rustle of the foliage as the zephyrs frisked and darted in the autumn light; the very soul of nature rejoiced in his joy.

Neither spoke for a few moments. Then Allan said, "I've done the best I could and apologized all around. I'm mighty glad it's over."

"Apologized all around! Whatcher mean?" exclaimed the cow-puncher.

"What do I mean? Why, as I come along I just stopped over at the widder's and blowed off the whole story, tellin' her how I was real concerned at not bein' able to marry'er."

"What did she say?" gasped Frank in horror.

"By thunder, old man, saddle up. She said how she wanted to see us both right off. I couldn't tell whether she was mad or not."

With a heavy heart Willis saddled Charlie. He feared his hopes were shattered now indeed by his old chum's frankness.

Arrived at the widow's they knocked, and entered the parlor. She was there and proceeded at once to business.

"Mr. Allan tells me," she said, "that he cannot fulfil his first intention and marry me." Then she looked hard at Willis.

He was looking at her in such an appealing way that she had not the heart to go any further, but let her eyes drop nervously. Mad Allan looked from one to the other and a light seemed to break upon his mind.

"I reckon you folks can fix this deal up by yourselves," he gasped, and vanished, closing the door behind him. He almost ran over Jeff, who was about to enter. The prospector seized him, and throwing him down sat on him, yelling, "If you try ter git in that door for a while, you son of Satan, I'll put a head on you."

"No, I wouldn't," he murmured a moment later, "for a nigger with two hard heads 'ed be pretty nigh indestructible."

So he sat on Jeff till the door opened and the widow appeared, followed by Frank with Pet's arms about his neck.

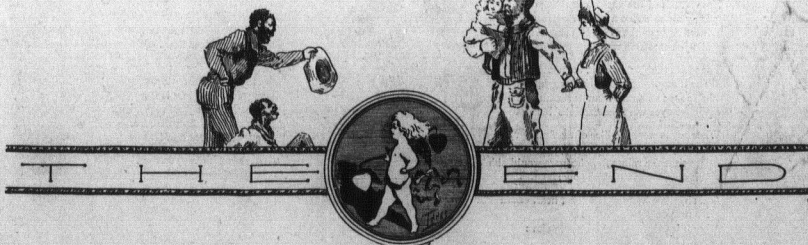
"Fred, old pard, we have arranged this here difference in a bully way."

"How?" said Allan.

For a reply the big cow-puncher leaned over and kissed the Widow Molony.



THE WIDOW MOLONY.



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

### The Hero.

ON Queenston's hill we reared thy lofty shrine,  
Where sleeps thy fiery heart, our gallant brock;  
Our many-voiced acclaim shall here unroll.  
Time's chest of honors, proffering what is thine.  
Thy name is with the glorious names that shine  
O'er war's red flood, a beacon on a rock.  
Thy soul, which bore its hour's consummate shock,  
All-valorous, thou didst to fame consign.

Sheathed be the blade; nor seek through blood a name.  
Thy foes are of thy household; mingled rife  
Through hourly needs there rings the vital strife  
With doubt and sin, the lust of honor, shame;  
O soul, live greatly; thy self-conquering life  
Shall breathe an inextinguishable fame.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

### The Frosts of Age.

THU! see the fiery spirit burn!  
The wild, aspiring rage, discern!  
The soul on wings of impulse borne,  
By heaven-striving passion torn;  
Ambition's eagle-pinioned flight;  
The conscious glow of nascent might;  
The molten thoughts, the mad desires,  
The burst of frenzied-kindled fires,  
Ah, this is Youth!

But flames so fierce have ne'er the eye  
Of man appalled, but burned to die;  
The fire of Youth, the quenchless will,  
The madness, frenzy, calm and still,  
Lie dead below the Winter's snow  
And Frosts of Age.

Yes, e'en this world of throbbing life,  
In turmoil plunged, convulsed with strife  
Of struggling souls; the ceaseless roar  
As races, nations surging pour,  
Their turbid streams into the Void  
Of Time: the sun, effete, destroyed  
With weary years, when his death throes  
Have plunged these planets in repose;  
All Nature's frame, her mighty spheres,  
Now hurtling on their vast careers;  
The works of man, his perished race,—  
In icebound, frozen seas of space,  
Lie dead below the Winter's snow  
And Frosts of Age.

SAMUEL MARER.

### Cecilia's Eyes.

WHO knoweth the blue of the frail harebells  
That cling to a pillar gray  
In the roofless nave of an abbey old,  
And look on the choir away?

The hue they may seem of the azure sky  
That arches the ruined fane—  
The eyes of a rose white girl are they  
Made dim by her love's deep pain.

The eyes of a girl in their aure bells  
Keep watch from the place away  
Where, sweet as a rose in the olden time  
She knelt with her beads to pray;

Keep watch of the vacant crumbling choir,  
Long since where a young monk sang,  
Where, clear as the voice of a skyward lark  
His jubilate Deo rang,

The while that she knelt in the peaceful light  
The dim, stained glass let through,  
Whose face as a rose from its sheath was sweet,  
Whose eyes were the harebells' blue;

Whose eyes were the blue of the frail harebells,  
But ah, that they sought away  
A face that the saints from her gaze would shield  
With a cowl of monkish gray;

And ah, that the saints from her heart could hear  
No prayer but a wordless cry,  
A cry from the depths of a maiden love  
For a love the saints deny.



SAMUEL MARER.

Long past is the time when the youthful monk  
Went forth to his endless rest,  
And found, in the radiant angels' choir  
His place with the good and best.

But what of the soul of the rose sweet girl?  
Who now her abode can tell?  
Dost she fare afar with the holy saints,  
Or dwell in the blue harebell?

But though she abide with the saints, I ween  
She sees not the face most dear  
Where she wanders dark in the sight of him  
Whom her eyes seek ever here.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

### Christmas.

SOME days are tragic and more dark than night,  
The sun's last glimmering beam seems to have fled,  
The latest spark of all—the soul—seems dead,  
And followed by thick gloom departs delight;  
But Christmas is the day—fair, rapturous, bright,  
Heaven's holiest halos seen around it shed,  
The perfect happinesses through it spread,  
Thrill as the dreams wov'n of the soft twilight.  
Its mighty pleasures are for it alone;  
Let each his meed of golden bliss enjoy,  
Lest pleasures formed for ends, which they knew not,  
Please now no more, but, being aside thrown,  
Become instead great griefs which gods annoy,  
As through all times they roll with sorrows fraught.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

### Will I Forget?

WILL I forget?  
You ask me in the twilight  
Of this sad day of tears and vain regret,  
And you'll answer thus whenever you ask me  
With these same wistful words,  
Will I forget?

Will I forget?  
When hope is strong within me  
Will years still leave your thought unanswered yet?  
When others love and others have forgotten  
I, who no longer grieve,  
Will I forget?

Will I forget?  
Yet when you see me passing  
With smiling lips or eyes with glad tears wet,  
Weep in your heart stilled from its faint repentance,  
E'en so be not too sure  
That I forget.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

### Winter Snows.

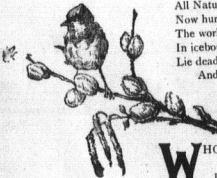
SCARCE have tiny songsters trilled  
All their praise of bud and bloom,  
When their liquid notes are stilled,  
And, to shroud them in the tomb,  
Comes, from gloomy heights, the snow—  
Silently—a spotless flow!

Tender breezes scarce have told  
All their love in Flora's ear,  
When their ardors chill, and cold—  
Cold the breath of Winter drear,  
Fades the sun and falls the snow—  
Silently—a spotless flow!

Dulcet echoes of the past  
Seem to sing of yesterday,  
While the touch of Time is fast  
Changing locks of gold to gray.  
Summer, Autumn—then the snow—  
Silently—a spotless flow!

Life, that runs with rosy feet  
All aglow in Summer bliss,  
Runs the magic Frost to meet,  
And must lay her hand in his.  
Comes, to hand and cheek, the snow—  
Silently—a spotless flow!

JAMES C. McNALLY.





# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

## THE TRAMP REPULSED.



She—What do you want?  
Tramp—Rest.  
She—Well, you better call in at the graveyard down on the next lot.

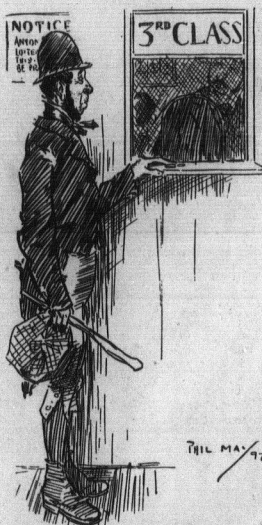
## "OPENING ON A FULL."



## "NOT FOR JOSEPH"



"Only think of it, Soosan, if we'd been born a dog we might ha' bin somebody's pet!"



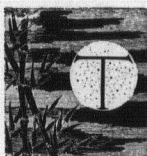
Clerk—Want a return ticket?  
Pat—Phwat for wud I want a return ticket when I'm here already?



He—Now, if you will give me your hand—  
She—This is so sudden.

## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

### Of Long Engagements.



HEY say there is no marrying in heaven, so if we can imagine that an engagement might occur there we are at liberty to invent for it an indefinite continuance. There is an exclusiveness about an engagement which, somehow does not consort with the prevalent notion of the advantages of that place, but if it could exist there at all it might go on forever, and be a pleasure all the time. It is not altogether so here on the earth, where clearly enough public sentiment is against permanency in engagements, and only tolerates them as a temporary condition. Of course the very young like to be engaged. The very young who have healthy tastes like everything. They are usually delighted to become engaged, glad to be married if possible, and if being married is not immediately practicable they are glad to keep on being engaged. If youth was a continuous state the chief objection to long engagements would disappear. The trouble is that youth is a skittish and fugitive thing, here before you fully realize it, and gone before you know it. It is particularly so in girls. A man is marriageable up to the time when he loses his courage, and even then his case is not hopeless, for his powers of evasion and resistance may wane in the same degree as his daring, and even when his will has grown too feeble to carry him through a courtship he may still be chosen and landed by some woman who knows her mind and sees in him the making of a desirable husband. A bachelor of fifty, with nothing against him but his age, will do to marry at a pinch or in times of scarcity, and of course a widower of that age in good standing may be an excellent match. But with a spinster of fifty it is different. While she may be a charming person, an ornament to society and an adorable companion, there is no doubt that in ordinary estimation she will be felt to have passed the marrying age. There would be no serious objection to an engagement of an indefinite duration, provided the parties to it were over fifty; but for marrying, the earlier years of life, especially of a woman's life, are better, and society has sound reasons to be jealous of the expenditure of too many of those years in mere betrothal.

There is a sentiment, too, that an engagement that comes to nothing, while bad for both the parties to it, is worse for the girl than for the man. It is apt to happen that a man who falls in love, falls in love more or less, with womankind, and if he falls out with the specific object of his adoration, he is apt presently to make his loss good in some other quarter. But ordinarily it seems not to happen so—at least not so much so—with women. Girls, as a rule, don't fall in love with the whole of mankind, but only with a single individual, and if the individual turns out to be untrue, or unsuitable, or impossible for any reason, and the engagement is broken, the mishap in the woman's case may have enduring consequences. To be sure it is not so bad to be engaged to an impossible man and break the engagement as it is to be engaged to such a person and marry him, but that is cold comfort, especially if the engagement has lasted a good while, and during its continuance has greatly modified the natural instinct which the woman would have taken in the rest of mankind.

Heaven forbid that any hireling scribe should set himself to invent reasons why young persons should not fall in love. That is what they are there for. That is what the Creator intended. Being honest and heartily in love is, perhaps, the best fun for the money that life offers. No one but parents and guardians and misanthropes and prudish and pelicans object to it. And shall not young persons who fall in love become engaged? Not necessarily. If they can see their way to getting married some time, let them become engaged and announce it, but if not, they had better just keep on loving one another informally. That is a good thing in itself. It warms the heart, keeps one thin and comfortable, and helps support the post-office. Judicious persons will probably agree, however, that when the current of affection proves steady, and a formal engagement is desired, it is justifiable on remoter prospects where the associates are both young than when they are older. A girl of twenty who entangles herself in an engagement which promises to last five years is much less open to criticism than if she were ten years older. The man may deteriorate on her hands in five years—there is that risk certainly—but if he means well, and she is married at twenty-five, what is there to complain of?

The extreme impatience with long engagements that one finds in certain persons seems to indicate an exaggerated distrust in human nature. There

are folks, like my good Aunt Jane, who seem to keep in a state of chronic uneasiness about lovers until she has been to church with them and seen them stand up before the priest. There is no satisfying Aunt Jane by anything less than a wedding. If she suspects that lovers have a private understanding and are deferring their engagement until they get ready to announce it, she is always for poulicing the situation and bringing it promptly to a head. She is sure, in such a case, that the man has no real intentions, that it is a mere pastime with him, and that presently he will make his bow and pass out and on, leaving more or less blight behind him. If an engagement is announced and promises to be of liberal continuance, she likes that scarcely any better. In that case she expects the man to give his whole attention to getting married just as soon as possible. She expects him to rise early, work hard, and live frugally. He is not to spend his money on clubs or flowers or dinners or fine raiment or pleasures of any sort, but to hoard it. She has no patience at all with grown-up men who monopolize idly the attention of girls who ought to be pairing off and settling down. When an exclusive intimacy between marriageable persons becomes conspicuously chronic, and makes no claim to be anything more than a mere platonic friendship, it gets no standing at all in Aunt Jane's estimation. She is down on all that.

Still, folks seem to regulate their entanglements without much regard for Aunt Jane's feelings about them. Uncle Thomas has averred that the long engagement between young Tadpole and Herminia Scapple was a serious expense to him, because of the extra ice he had to take in during those years on Aunt Jane's account. Yet Herminia and Tadpole finally paired off, and

Aunt Jane cooled down and went to the wedding, and they are now living in a Harlequin flat—and happily, so far as any one knows. I know of other similar cases; and Aunt Jane knows of other dissimilar cases, and if you could hear her state them, you would probably be of her opinion on this subject. But, after all, what good does her opinion and her impatience do her, and what good would they do you? Grown-up folks in this country are very apt to do as they please, both about getting married and getting engaged. The young may in some cases be steered or restrained to their profit, provided one is well placed to do it; but to meddle to advantage in the affairs of the heart calls for a great deal more sagacity than is usually available for that use, and, in the long run, folks who manage for themselves seem to prosper at least as well as folks whose plans are made for them. E. S. MARTIN.



James Russell Lowell used to tell the story that one of the gentlemen he met in Chicago had a great deal to say of his travels in Europe. Lowell remarked that Georges Sand was one of his favorite authors. This reference to the great Frenchwoman called forth a characteristic rejoinder. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the representative of Chicago culture, "I have had many a happy hour with Sand." "You knew Georges Sand, then?" asked Lowell, with an expression of surprise. "Knew him? Well, I should rather say I did," cried the Chicago man, and then he added, as a clincher: "I roomed with him in Paris."

Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's Diary contains many entries about literary folk. Thus there is recorded the saying of Sir F. Doyle, when Lord Houghton's death was rumored, that "his exit is the result of too many entries." There is also a story of the Dean of Wells having to propose the health of Freeman the historian, whom he hated, and coming off with flying colors by toasting "our distinguished guest who has produced with such marvelous fidelity the barbarous manners of our ancestors." A definition which Gladstone gave of a deputation is also given in the Diary. It is: "A noun of numbers signifying many but not signifying much."

Mr. Tollemache tells in the *Spectator* of a little girl who once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven, and which was too bad to be repeated. By dint of a little coaxing she was induced to make a full confession, which was in this wise: "I felt so sorry for poor Satan, and wanted to give him a little comfort. So I got a glass of cold water, and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor."

When Lawson Tait, the English surgeon, and his wife were driving through Montreal one hot summer morning, Mrs. Tait, observing large blocks of ice standing opposite each door, remarked: "I see what a novel plan they have of keeping the air nice and cool by exposing small icebergs opposite each door."

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.



HAGAR AND ISMAEL



# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL.

## GOLD IN CANADA.

That Canada is coming rapidly to the front in the production of gold is well known, but it may prove interesting to give some of the facts that illustrate this. The production from 1891 to 1897, inclusive, was as follows:

1891.....	\$30,614	1894.....	\$1,128,688
1892.....	907,601	1895.....	1,011,676
1893.....	976,603	1896.....	2,780,086
1897.....		1897.....	\$6,027,016

During this seven years' period the production of gold in Ontario increased from \$2,000 in 1891 to \$189,394 in 1897; North-West Territories, including the Yukon, increased from \$45,500 to \$2,550,000; British Columbia from \$49,811 to \$2,724,657. These have been the marked increases. The gold production of Nova Scotia increased from \$45,501 to \$562,165, while Quebec fell off from \$1,800 to \$900. From 1860 to 1897 Canada has had a gold out-put of \$73,264,830. When the accurate Government returns are in, showing the out-put for 1898 and 1899, it will be found that a tremendous advance has been made. The Yukon country is a new gold field; British Columbia is producing gold in greater quantities than she did in the great boom back in the 'sixties; Ontario is doubling her out-put, and more, each year.

Here are some interesting figures for the year 1896 showing which nations possess the world's gold mines:

GOLD MINED IN 1896.	
British Empire.....	\$100,737,786
All other countries.....	102,188,100
Included in the others countries is the United States, which produced \$53,068,000, so that we may look at it this way:	
Anglo-Saxon Nations.....	\$153,825,786
All other nations.....	49,100,100

## NATIONAL DEBTS PER CAPITA.

Here is a table showing some countries that have national debts that are higher per head of population than Canada's:

Canada.....	\$50 43	New Zealand.....	\$302 33
United Kingdom.....	78 30	Austria-Hungary.....	74 68
Natal.....	65 48	Belgium.....	68 21
Cape of Good Hope.....	73 19	France.....	157 57
Newfoundland.....	62 96	Greece.....	73 39
New South Wales.....	217 08	Italy.....	76 71
Victoria.....	194 21	Netherlands.....	92 61
South Australia.....	308 94	Portugal.....	142 89
Western Australia.....	166 65	Spain.....	65 85
Queensland.....	328 52	Egypt.....	74 70
Tasmania.....	228 01	Argentine Republic.....	96 36
Uruguay.....	\$143 70		

## CANADA'S SHIPPING.

The statement is often made that Canada stands near the top among nations in the registered tonnage of her shipping. While this is true, it must not be forgotten that it is our shipping on the lakes that counts up, while our shipping on the sea-board is not what it might be. Of the vessels carrying trade to and from Canada on the high seas only about 16 per cent. were Canadian. But when we include, as we have a perfect right to do, our inland lake shipping, our position in the registered tonnage of the principal nations is fifth, as follows:

	TOTAL VESSELS.	TONNAGE.
	NUMBERS.	
Great Britain.....	20,796	9,020,286
United States.....	22,633	4,769,020
Norway.....	7,192	1,506,548
German Empire.....	3,592	1,502,044
Canada.....	6,684	731,754

Following Canada come France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Australia, the Netherlands, etc.

## POPULATION TO THE SQUARE MILE IN CANADA.

Prince Edward Island.....	54.5	Quebec.....	6.5
Nova Scotia.....	22.0	Manitoba.....	2.4
New Brunswick.....	11.4	British Columbia.....	0.3
Ontario.....	10.0	Provisional Districts.....	0.2
Canada.....			1.5

## INSANE.

The number of insane in Canada in 1891 as obtained by the census was 13,355, of which 7,162 were males and 6,193 females.

In every 10,000 males there were 29.1 insane, and in every 10,000 females there were 26.1 insane.

The insane classified according to civil condition, were: single, 9,506; married, 2,815; widowed, 721; unknown, 313.

Of the single, 5,441 were males and 4,065 females; of the married, males were 1,239 and females 1,576; of the widowed, 218 were males and 503 females, and of the unknown, 206 were males and 107 females.

## THE CANALS OF CANADA.

The following statement gives the amount expended on canal works and maintenance (chargeable to capital) to 30th June, 1897:

Lachine Canal.....	\$10,408,025
Beauharnois.....	1,611,690
Soulanges Canal (under construction).....	26,390,034
Williamsburg Canal.....	4,696,694
Cornwall Canal.....	6,392,150
St. Lawrence River Canals, surveys, etc.....	1,159,480
Murray Canal.....	1,247,470
Welland Canal.....	23,771,636
Sault Ste. Marie Canal.....	3,657,574
St. Anne's Canal.....	1,170,216
Canilun and Grenville Canal.....	4,031,697
Culbute Canal.....	379,494
Rideau Canal (including Perth Branch).....	4,571,172
Trent Canal.....	2,025,356
St. Ours Lock.....	121,538
Chambly Canal.....	637,307
St. Peter's Canal.....	648,756
Lake St. Louis.....	127,963
Total.....	\$69,397,152

In addition to the above there have been expended from income:

Renewals.....	2,453,498
Repairs.....	5,282,173
Staff and maintenance.....	6,764,673

Making the total expenditure.....\$83,797,496

## LARGEST CEMETERY IN THE WORLD.

At Rookwood, Australia, there is a cemetery comprising 1,400 acres. It was originally 2,000 acres, but was reduced, owing to 600 acres of it being handed over to a large benevolent asylum. About 200 acres are already occupied by the bodies of 100,000 persons of all nationalities. A railway runs through the cemetery, having two mortuary stations, at which the friends alight and follow the remains to their last resting-place. The greatest city of the dead in the world is at Rome, viz, the Catacombs, in which no fewer than 6,000,000 human beings have been buried. These Catacombs are underground galleries, which extend for miles in all directions, and it has been calculated that if the galleries of the largest could be extended in a straight line, they would reach more than 200 miles.

## HIRSUTE STATISTICS.

Blonde hair is finer than that of any other color. By actual count it has been ascertained that 400 hairs to the square inch grow upon the head of a blonde beauty. The brown comes next with 350, then come the black with 325, and the red with 250 or 260. After counting the hairs growing on an inch square it has been estimated that on the head of a blonde there will be about 149,000 hairs, while a brown suit of tresses will have 109,000, a black 102,000 and a red 90,000.

## WHAT A HORSE CAN DO.

A horse will travel 400 yards in four and one-half minutes at a walk, 400 yards in two minutes at a trot, 400 yards in one minute at a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 pounds raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry 250 pounds twenty-five miles per day of eight hours. An average draught horse will draw 1,600 pounds twenty-three miles per day on a level road, weight of wagon included. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds, and his strength is equivalent to that of five men.

## THE COALFIELDS OF THE WORLD.

It appears from the estimates of the most reliable authorities that the coalfields of the world cover an area of about a million and a quarter square miles. The United States, China, Australia, and India are the countries in which the area of coalfields is greatest, but the output of the United Kingdom is far larger than that of any other country. On an average every inhabitant of Great Britain uses 74 cwt. of coal annually, and in this respect leads the world. The Belgians come next with an average annual consumption of 44 cwt. per inhabitant.

## TO PREVENT TIRING THE EYES.

People who complain that their eyes get tired while engaged in some close pursuit, such as writing or sewing, might try the ingenious invention of a oculist, and placed on the market by a Glasgow company. Finding that his eyes became so tired that he could write only with great difficulty, he hit upon the plan of having some strips of colored papers pasted on his desk close to the inkstand, so that every time he wanted a dip of ink his eyes fell upon these colored strips. The result was surprising, and the inventor claims that, by this simple device he not only avoided the use of glasses, but also improved his sight.

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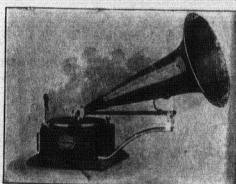
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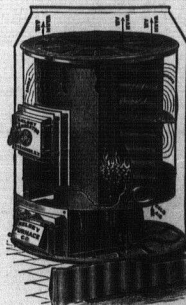
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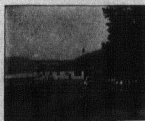
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