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The Situation in Ontario.

TWO provincial conventions have been called to meet in Toronto next week, the Liberals on the 23 and the Conservatives on the following day. Mr. Whitney has issued a "manifesto" calling on the electors to vote for clean, decent, and honest government. Premier Ross says that he has given the province good, decent government, and that the Whitney party ain't fit to govern. The people have to soon make a choice.

It is proposed to raise a most important and far reaching issue in the contest. It is suggested that Mr. Ross should pledge his government if returned to power, to pass a law prohibiting the sale in Ontario of intoxicating liquor, with a clause empowering any municipality to over-ride this general law and issue licenses, as at present. This is practically a Scott Act measure applied the other way on. Under the Scott Act any municipality could adopt prohibition for itself; under the suggested law any municipality could adopt a license law for itself. The experience of the Scott Act in Ontario shows that such a hybrid system cannot be enforced and

only brings discredit on the administration of law in the Province.

The principle or practice of temperance is one that recommends itself to everybody. The principle of coercive legislation called total prohibition has never been a success in free communities. At present we have in Ontario a law which prohibits the sale of liquor except during certain hours, and on Sundays absolutely. There is also absolute prohibition during election days. All the time each person can be a prohibition law unto himself. He can either practice total abstinence or temperance. The intemperate will somehow or other get liquor if it is in the vicinity. If one municipality votes to accept the proposed general law, and the adjoining municipality to exempt from it then the intemperate of the first will get his supply from the second. He will also get it in the worst form and in the worst way. There will be numerous middlemen anxious to make the enormous profits that are always to be made out of adulterated, cheap liquor and without the onus of a license or general expense of a licensed concern. These peo-

ple will keep dives and all sorts of disreputable places and young men are thus led into the worst kind of company. Clubs with a concealed bottle spring up like mushrooms as the Marshall in Bangor testified during a public investigation.

The Public House Trust system advocated by Lord Grey is only suitable to a country in Europe and to large manufacturing centres. The main objects are to take away the elements of private profit, to urge moderation on the drinker at the time when he is

in the bar, and to supply good liquors.

The prohibitionists say they will be satisfied with nothing short of total prohibition. They never accepted the Scott Act. The Legislature of Ontario has not the power to enact total prohibition. The power to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale rests solely with the Dominion Parliament. The author of the Scott Act told the writer that he did not think provincial prohibition would be worth much.



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

Hon. G. E. Foster:—I'm sorry, Mr. Borden, that you haven't got a seat, but you know I hadn't one for four years.—Toronto News.

Did Better Than Laurier.

GREAT as has been the success of the Laurier Ministry in Canada it has been exceeded by that of the Bond cabinet in Newfoundland. With 35 constituencies polled Sir Robert Bond has carried 29, and in the one remaining he has a good prospect of winning also. In the last House he had 32 seats out of the 36, in this House he is sure of at least 29. This is a remarkable result, all things considered, for the Bond Government had to face a situation unique in political annals—an amalgamation of all the front-rank politicians on the Island not connected with the Ministry, for the express purpose of ejecting it from power. The idea gained strength in certain quarters that the country was disaffected and would welcome a chance to overthrow Bond, and so the Goo. ridge-Morine and Whiteway-Morison parties were formed, to take advantage of this, both of these factions trying to claim the Opposition leadership. But failing in this and recognizing that a three-cornered fight would be disastrous to themselves, they combined, and included Sir James Winter also, making a united party with five leaders of the strongest calibre, apparently, and with substantial monetary backing and large commercial interests also operating in their behalf. Yet their very strength proved in time to be their greatest weakness, for it suggested to the electors the impertinent query—which of these men will lead?—and the further prospect that if they were all successful their warring ambitions would destroy the Administration almost at its birth, as the struggles between Winter and Morine brought to ruin the Conservative Government elected in 1897 with a following of 23 men, after a brief and inglorious career when all the

circumstances should have ensured for it a reign of years and usefulness unequalled by any Government that had ever attained office here.

The result of the contest is that four out of the five leaders is defeated—Morine alone retaining his seat. Sir Wm. Whiteway, who contested Harbor Grace against Hon. E. Dawe, Minister of Fisheries, was left at the foot of the poll, being beaten not only by Dawe and his two colleagues, but also by his own running mates. To this outcome the fact that he had a legal "claim" filed against the Colony for \$30,000, for alleged special services during the period he previously held power contributed not a little. The Bond Ministry declined to pay the claim, and the Government writers and speakers argued that Whiteway was only in politics to secure that amount, an argument which clearly had much weight with the electors. Morison, Whiteway's lieutenant, who faced Bond at Twillingate, met almost an equally ignominious reverse. Although Grand Master of the Orange body, and using sectarianism very largely, according to the accusations of his opponents, he secured only fifth place on the poll, being beaten by Bond and two colleagues by 1,000 votes and also outstripped by one of his own confreres. Mr. Goodbridge, the leader of Morine's wing, and the one fixed for Premier if Bond was overthrown by the Opposition, had better fortune in Placentia, inasmuch as that he led his own ticket, but he was 1,000 votes behind the third Liberal. In this district Mr. Goodbridge tackled Hon. E. M. Jackman, Minister of Finance, and had to contend with the odium of his connection with the Bank disasters of ten years ago.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER 19, 1904. No. 21

WE have just received from the government printing bureau at Ottawa copies of debates of Senate of August last, being apparently the finishing sheets for sessional file; also some of the sheets of the revised Hansard of the House of Commons. As the last parliament is dead the celerity of the Bureau is startling. We repeat what has been said before, that the daily edition of Hansard is the only useful publication connected with either House, and they only have a daily report for the popular Chamber. The bound copy of that Hansard should be out three weeks after prorogation, and let the index be printed subsequently. As a matter of record for the library of parliament these very late publications are serviceable, but for no other purpose.

THE defeat of the Conservatives on Nov. 3 in Canada was so complete and widespread that for several days it seemed to take their breath away, and there was an inclination in some quarters, where better advice should have obtained, to advocate unconditional surrender. There was no room for the argument that the country had been carried by corruption. In Halifax, however, after pondering the defeat of the Conservative leader for a week, it was announced in the party paper that Mr. Borden had been defeated by gross corruption. The Liberals, on the other hand, point to the fact that in the ward where the tougher and most corrupt element reside as, for instance, the colored vote, Mr. Borden obtained a majority. So, they argue, if money was employed at all it must have been in behalf of the Conservatives.

THE position in Manchuria is unchanged. It has remained unchanged for

over a fortnight, and there is little to be said upon its military character save that it is a deadlock from which neither force can emerge until it has received a great superiority in reinforcements over its opponent. At what rate either party is being reinforced we cannot tell, but presumably each with much the same rapidity as to men, and the Russians more rapidly as to guns; for the limit of Japanese gun power was already nearly reached at the end of August, before Liao-Yang. The situation has one peculiar feature which no student of the war has failed to observe. It is the way in which either army though each is of enormous size, has been able to maintain its entrenched position through the increasing cold of what is now the Manchurian winter. No houses remain intact along this great front of perhaps thirty miles, and the accomplishment of such a feat would certainly have been pronounced impossible by any writer upon modern warfare.

LEADER FLYNN'S manifesto advising the Conservatives of the Province of Quebec not to place any candidates in the field at this general election, is, we are glad to see, being ignored by the party. It is up to Mr. Flynn to retire into private life as, of course, he cannot allow himself to be nominated, and the leader who does not lead should resign.

THE Winnipeg Telegram says that the Laurier victory postpones public ownership of railways for a hundred years. Two days before the election it said that public ownership was going to win all round. If the Telegram could not peer into the future three days two weeks ago how can it be expected to see a hundred years ahead?

IT is said that some half dozen "switch" ballot boxes were found in a certain house in West Hastings during the campaign. These false boxes are said to have been brought in from the United States under the name of beehives. The Dominion government lost no time in appointing a lawyer to hold an investigation and detectives to hunt up information, and it is promised

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MR. FOSTER SAYS THAT A SEAT SHOULD CERTAINLY BE FOUND FOR MR. BORDEN

—Toronto Star

that if there was any attempted fraud of this kind the guilty parties will be punished. The government take every precaution in the distribution of their ballot boxes, and to attempt to substitute false boxes for the genuine ones is a fraud on the government and the prompt investigation shows a proper appreciation of the outrage.

THE mystery of La Presse has yet to be told, but there are some interesting rumors concerning it that are worth repeating in print. When Mr. Dave Russell and his friends purchased the daily paper with the largest circulation of any in Canada and at the same time Mr. A. G. Blair resigned once again at a dramatic moment, all the world wondered. Everybody asked everybody else, what is going to happen? Is the power of money going to overthrow Laurier at Ottawa, and then proceed to make untold millions out of the construction of a government owned railway across the continent? Have Mr. Dave Russell and Mr. Blair such gigantic intellects that they can overthrow a powerful government of all the talents at the heel of a short campaign? Was this the beginning of a syndicate to buy up all the influential papers in the Dominion so that a few men would make and unmake governments and build transcontinental railways? It is said now that whatever the scheme was it miscarried. The income of \$20,000 a year said to have been guaranteed to Mr. Blair is reported to have faded away before the surprising victory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and of Mr. Emmerson in Mr. Russell's province. Mr. Russell could not deliver the goods. One of the most interesting incidents of the La Presse move was the refusal of the editor in charge, Mr. Thomas Cote, to publish the editorial prepared by the syndicate, and which was, of course, hostile to the Laurier government.

It is said that when they brought the stuff to the office of La Presse Mr. Cote laid a revolver on his desk within reach and told them that he would shoot the first man who tried to put such stuff in the paper. He held them off successfully, and now there are two new reports. One is that La Presse is not to remain under the control of the syndicate, and that for his services Mr. Cote is to be given the seat in the House of Commons for Gaspé. We believe this latter report to be accurate and congratulate Mr. Cote on it, and the former is a likely thing. One more interesting fact is that three days before the sale of La Presse was announced to the public it had actually been sold to the campaign manager of the Republican party in the United States. Ex-Secretary Cortelyou is the name and the fact is based on good authority. He wanted to use the paper to influence the large French Canadian electorate in the New England States. Mr. Russell ought to satisfy the public curiosity in regard to all these things. He might emulate the other great men, like Mr. Borden, Mr. Flynn, Lord Dundonald and Mr. Whitney and issue a manifesto "to the people of Canada", who should know if the money power is to edit the daily press of the Dominion, as, in that case, the people will have to look to the weekly press to vindicate them.

LORD and Lady Minto took their departure from Ottawa on Wednesday with the good wishes of the population, judging by the turn out of the citizens to say farewell and by the cheers heartily given.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH delivered a memorable address before the Canadian Club of Ottawa last Saturday. He was followed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier who took exception to some of Mr. Smith's despairing views, but hoped he would yet live to see many years.

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Borden's Policy as outlined by Montreal Star on the eve of polling day.

Why Government Ownership Failed.

THE rejection in the Canadian general election of the idea of government ownership of railways was due apparently to three direct causes. First, the party that adopted the cry were not united in its favor, and the most conspicuous leaders were on record as dead against it. It was obvious that Mr. Borden himself occupied an equivocal position in regard to it. He did not believe in it at bottom, and shied from it on every occasion. He moved every conceivable resolution before the "owned and controlled by the people" motion. He carefully avoided committing himself to government operation.

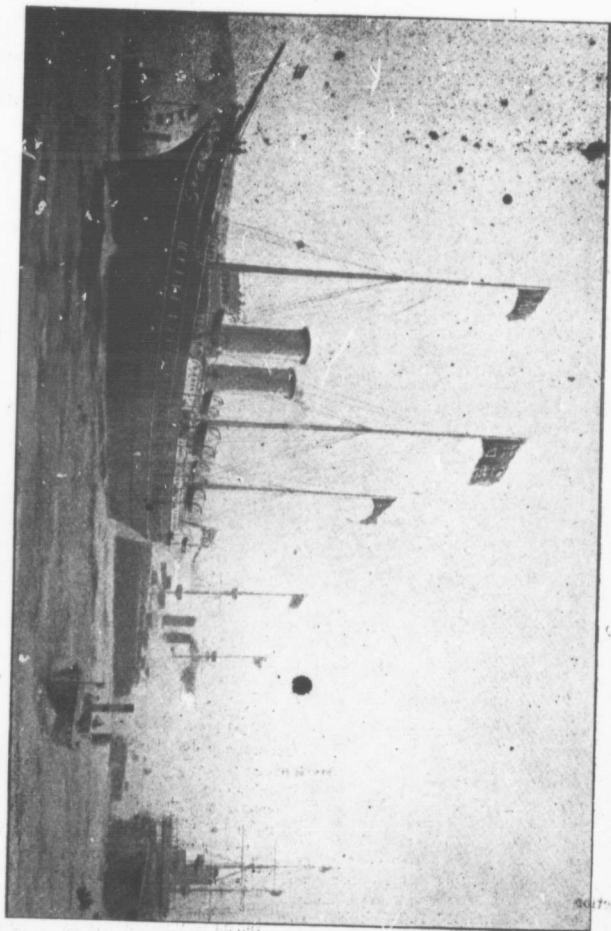
Secondly, the history of the Intercolonial was a warning rather than an example.

Thirdly, the people saw in the railway policy of the government another railway all arranged for, and already started, with Mr. Borden's threat that if he was returned to power he would repeal the contract made, and compensate the contractors before he proceeded to construct a government road. The government did not shirk the issue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding said plainly that the government was opposed to the policy of extending the Intercolonial across the continent, and in

the campaign handbook of the Liberals the question was fully discussed and proof given that the experience of democratic countries with the operation by the public of the railways was not a success and entailed deficits, waste, and other losses even greater which the taxpayers had to make good. The verdict of western Canada on the question shows that the desire for railways is much greater than the decision of theories as to the method of constructing them. The new voters from the United States probably looked back to the country of their origin and failed to see any example for government roads.

The only road in Canada operated by government was admittedly not a commercial but a political railway, and it had cost the taxpayers a sum fully equal to the cost of construction in its failure to earn the interest and often even the operating expenses. The extension of the road to Montreal was probably a good thing for it, and with activity in railway construction connecting with Montreal the I.C.R. may soon pay its way. To put it further west would supply no advantage that it does not already possess.

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The royal yacht used by King Edward.

Glamour of a Fortress.

THAT committee of the whole on the state of Russia, the press of western Europe, invites attention to the principle of military science which dooms to capture by its assailants every besieged place unaccommodated from without. Even in French expert opinion the strategic fascination of Port Arthur is, because of this principle, fatal to the Muscovite. As the London Times puts it, the whole St. Petersburg plan of campaign has been involved in error because based upon "that great military heresy, the geographical objective." Behind the recent offensive movement of Kuropatkin to the south, so British journals suspect, is the influence of what they describe as "the glamour of a fortress," a glamour which has ruined more than one magnificent army. The despised Auliac council of grand dukes ever attached undue importance to Port Arthur, stubbornly refusing to see in the fortress only the tomb of every force that reposed faith in it. If there has been interference with Kuropatkin Port Arthur was the cause. The feud between the departed Alexieff and the commander-in-chief of the field forces is due to this military heresy. The viceroy has insisted that Port Arthur be succored. Kuropatkin would abandon the place to Japan. "We," says the eminent soldier, Lieutenant-colonel Roussel in the Paris Gaulois, "whom the fetichism of fortresses ruined in 1870, can not forget that to expect more from them than they can and should give is to risk the loss of every thing." Wherefore this friend of Russia pronounces Kuropatkin in the right and the grand dukes mad. That eminent writer on strategy, Dr. Miller Macdonald clinches the argument. *London News:*

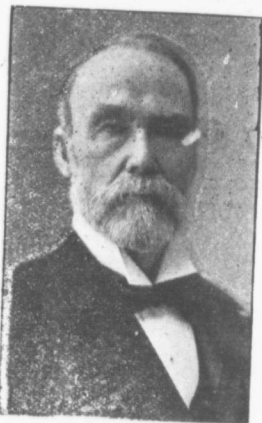
"To let a fortress go, which has been disgraced, is often one of the best things a general can do. If Macdonald had let Metz go, the Germans could not have got around Paris without tremendous losses and months of fighting. If Lee had abandoned Richmond in 1862 the war might have been protracted indefinitely. The greatest mistake Osman Pasha made in 1877 was holding on to Plevna too long. Napo-

leon let Genoa go in spite of the fine defense of Massena, but he soon recovered it after he had defeated the Austrians in the field. In the American civil war Burnside was compelled by the press to advance, with the result of the failure at Fredericksburg and the loss of 12,000 men. A field army should never be risked for a fortress."

Yet there is no lack of experts that can prove to us that the sorcery of a fortress has its spells for Japanese generals too, Port Arthur being to them all that Cleopatra was to Caesar and to Antony. Kuropatkin was not ruined on the Shakhe, because he was not outnumbered. He was not outnumbered because an infatuated Oyama would not withdraw the legions daily dashing themselves to death against Itsuchan and Palichwang. Thus the military expert of the Independence Belge (Brussels), and he is confirmed by a competent English authority, the Manchester Guardian, which says:

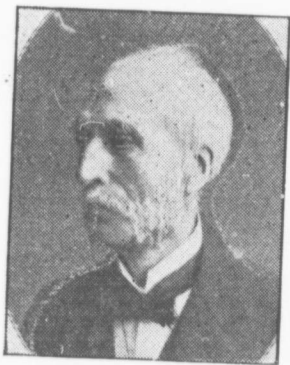
"General Kuropatkin will keep up his attacks on the Japanese, and will doubtless renew his attempts to cut the Japanese communications by land. The whole plan is to assist the relief of Port Arthur by a war on communications by land and sea; it is conditional on the ability of Port Arthur to hold out, and it collapses when it falls. What the life of Port Arthur as a Russian fortress is worth no one can say. But the Russian offensive will, unless checked by a really decisive Japanese victory, last just so long as the garrison can hold out. After the fall we may have plenty of inaction on the part of the Russians; till then they are committed to their present policy. The entanglement of Port Arthur will drive the Russians to attempt many things that they would not have dreamt of attempting under ordinary circumstances. But it is an entanglement for the Japanese as well as the Russians. Both sides have 'run matters very fine' at Port Arthur; and the next three months—supposing that to be the outside limit of the Russian resistance at Port Arthur—should be the most critical in the war."

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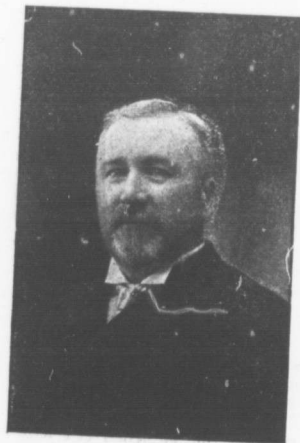
PREMIER ROSS

Who meets a convention of the faithful
next Wednesday



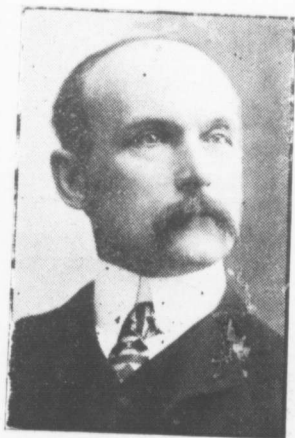
PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

Who made at Ottawa last Saturday what
he termed his last public utterance.



HON. J. R. STRATTON

Who was highly praised by Premier Ross
at the banquet



F. T. CONGDON

The Liberal candidate for Yukon; election
next month.

A Gallant Girl.

By Julia Magruder and Frances Leeds

IN Holland, where the roadways are so often water instead of land, the *trekschuit*, or canal-boat takes the place of our wagons, and electric cars. In many cases, also, these boats constitute the homes of the poorer people, who are born and bred and live and die in these travelling houses.

It is an unusually pretty sight to watch these *trekschuiten* gliding along the narrow waterways, which run like some intricate lace pattern over this land.

All the work of a simple household is done as they move on, laden with the burden of traffic or stopping to take up passengers going from one village to another. Little gardens are often made to sprout with beauty on the poops, a bed of tulips opening their cups in the moist air, or lettuce-heads and other vegetables making squares of greenery in the broad boxes filled with earth, which are placed midway of the flat decks.

In the cold season these *trekschuiten* remain motionless for months looking like monster birch alighted amid snow and ice to wait in patience for the return of Spring.

Toward the latter part of a November, not very long ago, a *trekschuit* from Friesland ventured to the lower country with a cargo of peat for Dordrecht. Good Jan, the owner of the boat and the father of the family living there, had hoped to return to his northern country before the Winter set in; but just as they were nearing their destination, Jan, with Jeffrow Donka, his wife, Joost and Katinka, the twins of twelve years, Trudchen, the girl of nine, and little Flulin, aged four, found himself held fast by a mass of ice. With a sinking heart, the father, who knew the signs of

Winter well realized that months must pass before the boat would be freed from its bondage.

What must be done? Jan himself could get work in Friesland, where he was known, and so could Joost, the boy, but it was hard indeed for them to leave the mother and the little ones. 'Twas the only way, however, and so it was decided that they should go, taking with them the old gray mare, Jettchen, that had towed them with such patience along the weary miles.

When Jan had given his parting kiss to his wife and left her sobbing, with Flulin in her arms, he turned to take leave of Katinka, who stood outside with Joost. Putting his hands upon her shoulders, he looked at her earnestly and said:

"Remember, I look to you Katinka, to take care of mother and the little ones. You are strong and brave and good, and when I am far away I shall not think of you as a helpless girl, but my little man who takes Joost's place."

Katinka's heart swelled with pride. No comparison could be so dear, no incentive so strong to her. That Winter was the hardest that Holland had known for many years. Jan found it very difficult to send a sufficient sum of money for the actual necessities of the dear ones in the ice-locked boat so far away. Jeffrow Donka fell ill too, so that more than the usual amount was needed.

Every day Katinka would skate down to Dordrecht for medicines and food. Her skating was, even in her own land, almost unparalleled for swiftness. She had practised with Joost from their earliest years, and had often beaten him a race. As she

aped along, her basket on her arm, her cap with the stiff little frill like a band of bear frost under the tight-fitting red hood, she darted like a bird past the sleepy old windmills, which turned their wheel as if to ward off the fierce November blasts, and hurried like some spirit of the Winterwind along the icy path. Over and over again she would pick up some skater far ahead and set herself the task of passing him. This, in most cases she did with an ease that made her feel exultant.

One day returning from one of those expeditions, a heavy basket on her arm, and her little heart almost as heavy within her for the home cares seemed to be increasing every day, Katinka became aware of large, highly colored advertisement posters all along her way, which announced a skating match to be held on the Oude Maas the next day. There was to be a prize of fifty florins for the first race, and after the announcement were the words, "Contestants from ten to thirteen years." This was to be followed by races among the Leyden and Utrecht students. His Highness, the Count of Waspik, was to award the prizes.

"Oh!" thought Katinka, "if Joost were only here! He would show these heavy Southerners what real skating is. How our Mynheer Caef, the champion skater of Friesland, would have chuckled over his pipe if Joost were here and won the prize—as win he would! How much pains he took to teach Joost and me, and how he used to laugh and clap when I would beat Joost."

Katinka's brain reeled with a sudden thought. Oh, to win that fifty florins for the dear ones at home, in such sore need! Why should she not enter the race disguised as Joost? The posters did not say that the race was only open to boys, but she knew that was understood.

Her brain worked quickly. Had not her father called her his little man? As a little man she believed that she could win the prize!

When Katinka reached home Trudchen was waiting for her at the foot of the ladder which formed the entrance-stair to the house-boat. The child was apparent-

ly trying to kick a hole in the ice with her little wooden shoe, as she munched a piece of pumpernickle.

"Why do I never go to Dort," Katinka?" she asked peevishly. "It is very dull here with mother always in bed, and Flulin asleep."

Katinka put her arm around the little sister's neck and whispered mysteriously in her ear. Trudchen's face glowed with a delighted interest. Here was a chance for fun, even at home. To see Katinka dressed as Joost and entering a skating-match was as good as a story out of a book.

Later, when supper was over and the mother's medicine had been given, and all was quiet for the night Katinka took the nose lamp, a small brass object with a projection called a nose, and crept into the inner cabin. Here was kept the big painted chest which contained among many other things Joost's Sunday suit. The mother had not dared to trust him with it so far away from her watchful care.

They succeeded in turning the key in the stout lock, and then Katinka ordered Trudchen to turn her back until allowed to look.

Stooping behind the box like a bird on its nest, Katinka drew a pair of scissors from her pocket and cut off the two long plaits of her blonde hair. Then, one by one she carefully adjusted the garments of her twin brother on herself.

Standing on the little mat made of her yellow hair she called out in a soft imperious voice:

"Ready!"

"Oh, Katinka!" cried Trudchen, clapping her hands, "you look exactly like a boy. I could not tell it was Joost! But your hair! What will mother say?"

"Mother must not know yet. You must help me to hide it from her. Here, take the hair and put it in the chest and come to bed. I must have a good night's rest or I shall not win the race."

The next day was cold and clear. All the morning village-folk from the neighboring towns passed merrily along the ice on their way to Dordrecht. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen (who went so far as to

give little Flin the mother's large earrings to keep her quiet, as she sat upon the floor all unconscious) escaped notice as she ran down the ladder and paused to buckle on her skates.

It was a bitter sting to Trudchen to watch the vanishing form as it sped away towards Dordrecht. True, Katinka had promised if she won the race she would bring her more sweets than she could eat and a pair of ear-rings as big as her little ears, provided she would stay at home and take good care of the sick mother and Flin. But now a spirit of fierce rebellion stirred in the child's breast as she stood here, musing and agitated, in the keen air.

Katinka felt the chill of this air very sensibly as it stirred her close-cropped hair into a little sheaf of wind-tossed locks, beneath the edge of the tight boy's cap of red cloth that she wore. She missed the snug, warm hood and her comfortable little muff. She felt strange and shy in the short knee-breeches and double-breasted coat. But she whistled to herself and murmured softly "Little man. I am that now indeed—my father's little man."

On she started, curving in and out among the crowd which was making toward the huge flag-decked space upon the Oude Maas.

Men with noisy horns, the managers of the ceremonies, were moving officiously about, hustling the crowd who responded to their directions with laughing amiability. To one of these guardians of the fete Katinka whispered her desire to enter the race. To her immense relief, he showed no consciousness of anything strange as he directed her to a table on the quay where some men were sitting tying numbers on brilliant knots of ribbon. Katinka drew near, her heart fluttering with suppressed alarm. Would they make her give her name?

Just at this instant there was a blowing of horns on all sides and a wild buzz went up. It was a welcome for the Count of Waspik, whose sleigh was coming slowly along the ice, its occupant bowing to right and left with gracious smiles.

One of the men at the table rose hurriedly and asked Katinka if she wished to

join the race, and scarcely waiting for her confused assent, he tossed her a brilliant green ribbon, on which hung a disc of ivory marked with the number 9.

Katinka, with a sigh of relief, threw the green loop over her head and let the ivory pendant drop above her beating heart. Then with a sudden feeling of courage, now that the danger she most dreaded was past, she moved swiftly off to the blue flag flying from a pole in the ice, where she saw a number of other herbiboned racers awaiting their orders.

Katinka's self-consciousness was now completely gone. The emotions aroused by this brilliant scene put to flight all her former feelings. The enthusiastic welcome to the young Count, surging about her like an organ roll of praise and tribute stirred her senses with a pulsating rapture never felt before. The band was playing the national air and the people were laughing and shouting.

The little peasant's fealty to her prince was a complete self-abnegation in this moment, as she turned her eyes to the sleigh where the Count was standing, bareheaded, smiling on the crowd. The child's face lighted with the fire of loyal devotion as she lifted the little ivory number to her lips, as if consecrating herself to some high cause, and whispered to herself:

"I will win the race. I swear it! And I will win also a smile from the Count when he hands me the prize."

There was a little further delay. The Count of Waspik was drawn twice along the line of spectator, so that all might see his sumptuous sleigh piled with costly furs, and hear the jingling of the silver bells on the red harness of the four black horses.

The Count's sleigh now took position near the flag which was the goal of the race, and a trumpeter, in fantastic costume, stepped forward and sent a note of clearness out into the icy air. This was the signal for the beginning of the race. The guardians, as they are called, placed the little lads in a line. There were eleven of them. Katinka, being number 9, was third from the end. The spectators, recently so noisy, were as si-

lent as if some speechless fear had fallen upon them, their broad, frank faces grave and watchful.

The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and blew three rapid notes, and like a flock of doves startled from their cote, the eleven little figures shot out from under the fluttering blue banner and the race fairly began.

On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear. A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of this she did not notice when one lad fell down, his skate turning under him, nor had she perceived the quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of pink until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of "The pink! The pink!" and then she saw that the pink had passed her.

Katinka laughed and bent her body forward. Some one cried out "Green is going to fall and she laughed again. She thought of the instructions of old Mynbeer Caef. She was not falling, but following his rules.

One instant she flung apart her arms as if summoning the assistance of the wind. Then folding those strong little arms across her breast, she settled to the long, swooping flight which a swallow dares when it sails in perfect grace across the Summer sky.

There was a shout of admiration from the crowd. As she shot past the pink, leaving the other colors far behind, the young Count rose and doffed his hat. Katinka saw it, and her pulses beat with rapture. She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow hair stood out like a halo about the childish face. Shouts of "Hurrah for the green" heard on every side, filled her with ecstasy. All alone, the others vainly following, she reached the turning point, round which she swooped with such a graceful curve that the applause rose to a whirlwind of sound. She veered past the blue flag which marked the half distance of the race and came back toward the Count's sleigh with a movement easy and swift.

The Count himself had not received a

more enthusiastic greeting than was given to her as she came skimming along, the very incarnation of a swift spirit of the ice.

As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at the goal, she turned her face upward to receive the smile she had coveted.

The Count not only smiled: he beckoned to her with his hand and while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race. Then, with a gentle turn, and with no sign of breathlessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to where the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a little toddling girl ran unsteadily across the ice toward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried out:

"Katinka! Katinka's Sister Kat! Me knowed you. Trudechen said you was a boy but me saw you putting on Joo-t's clothes.

Katinka's brain went round. There were two guardians of the fete standing behind the Count's sleigh.

"Ach!" exclaimed one of the men, "the child is a girl!" Flulin's babbling chatter, as she hung about her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this fact. Katinka, completely awed by the situation said nothing. She held Flulin by the hand and allowed the guardians to draw them nearer to the Count, who signed them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we have discovered that this racer is a girl."

"A girl," ejaculated the Count. "Then, by St. Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is this?" he added, turning to Katinka.

Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her lids.

The crowd seeing her in colloquy with the Count, and not knowing what had happened, began again the shouts of "The green! Hurrah for the green!"

The Count, as he looked toward the spectators, caught sight of one of the posters placed on a house nearby. He raised his hand for silence, and read:

"The race is declared to be for contestants between the ages of ten and thirteen"

he announced. "The sex of the racer is not mentioned as you see I think I give the unanimous decision of the crowd when I say the purse is hers. Take it, my gallant girl," he added holding out the coveted trophy, "you have won it not only fair-ly, but gloriously. May you do as well in

every race that awaits you in life."

Katinka took the purse, her tears vanishing and a sweet smile taking their place.

The band struck up again triumphant air, and the voice of the people rose once more in enthusiastic cries of "The green! The green! Three cheers for the green!"



Still at it before Port Arthur.