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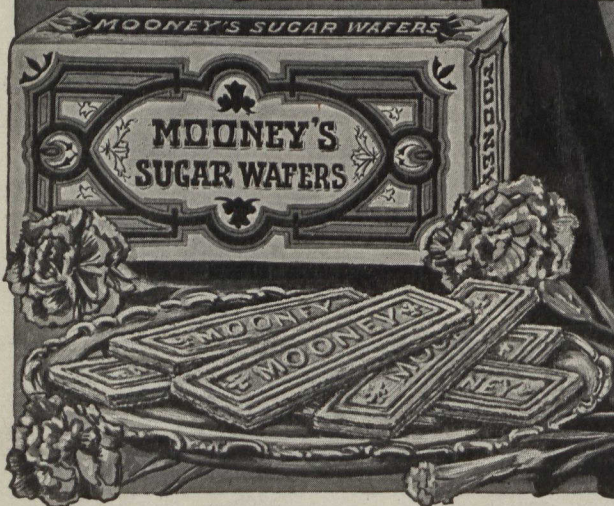


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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XXXIX. Contents, August, 1912

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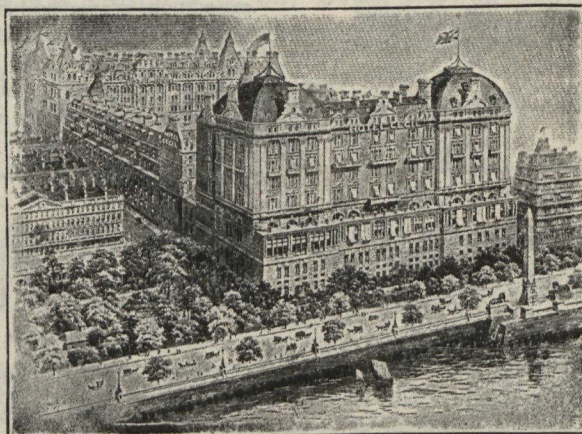
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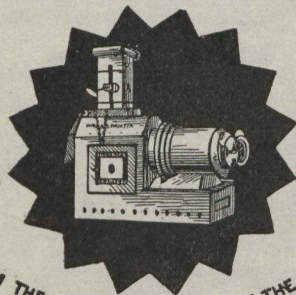
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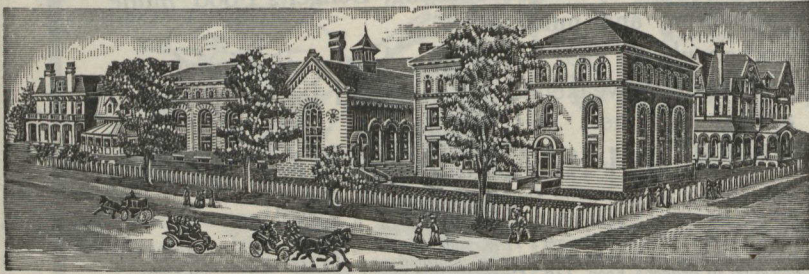
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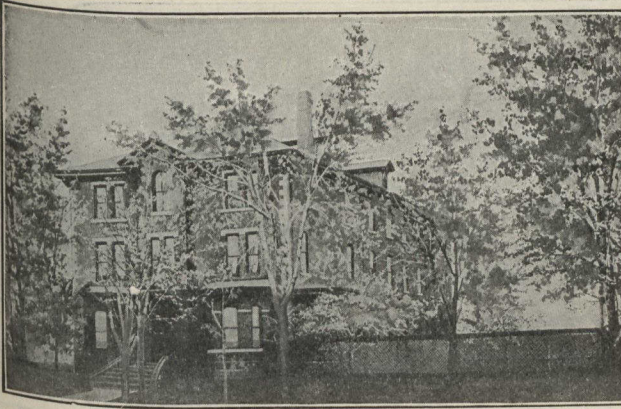
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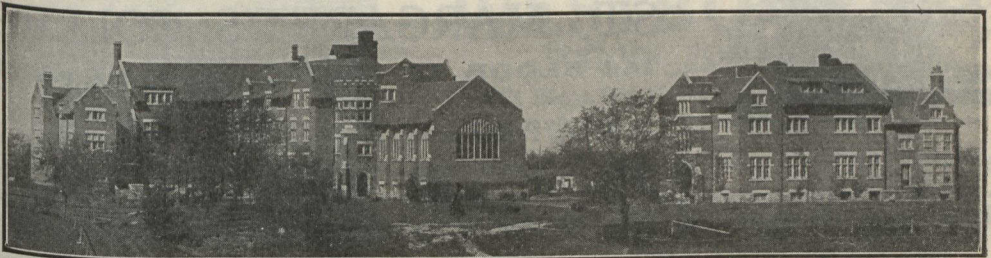
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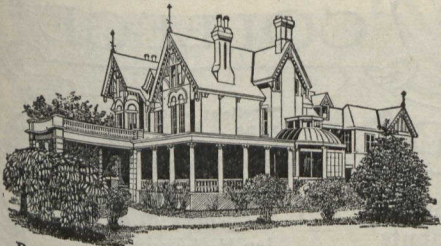
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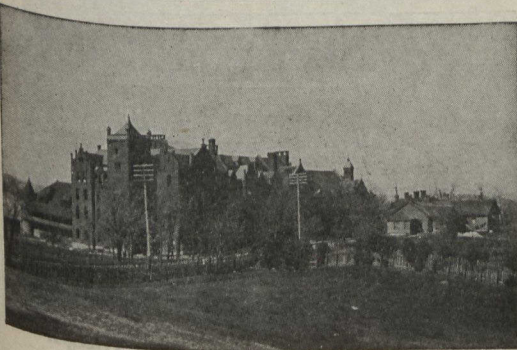
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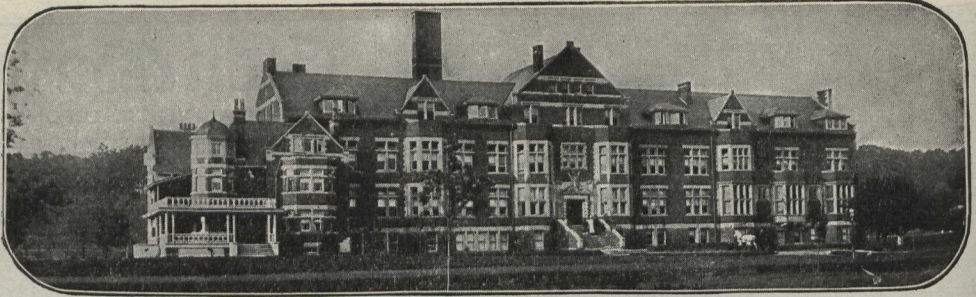
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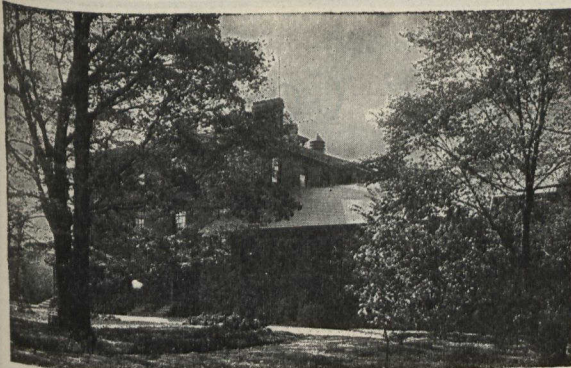
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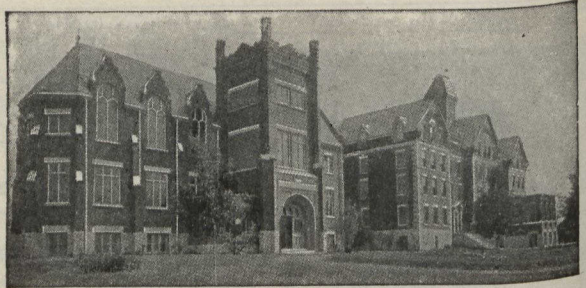
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300 students enrolled annually—half of whom are young ladies.

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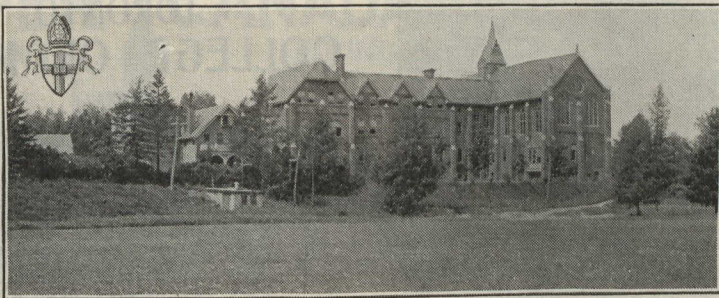
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Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A.
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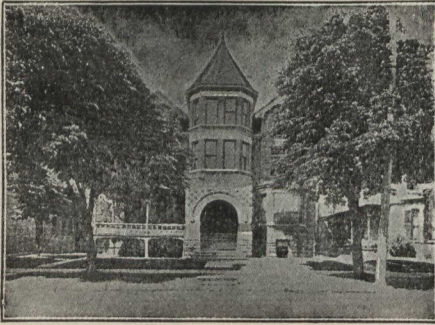
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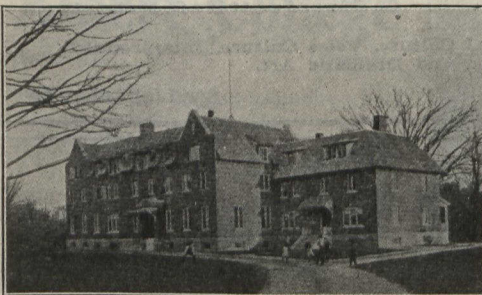
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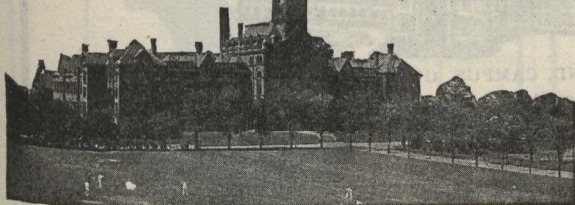
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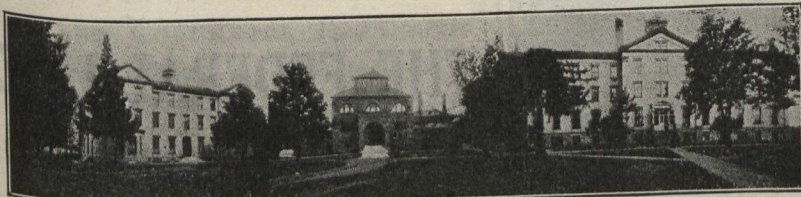
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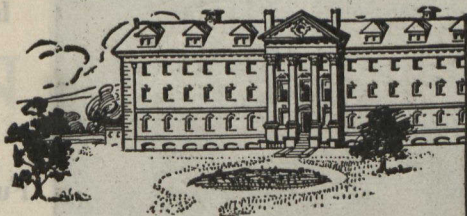
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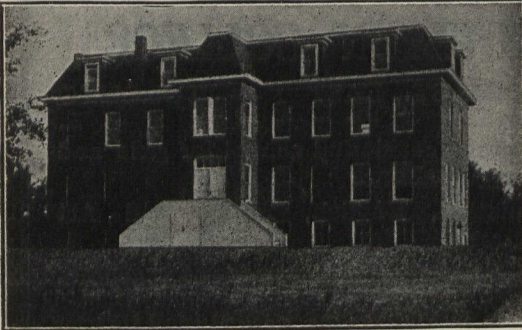
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Ladies'
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Conservatory of
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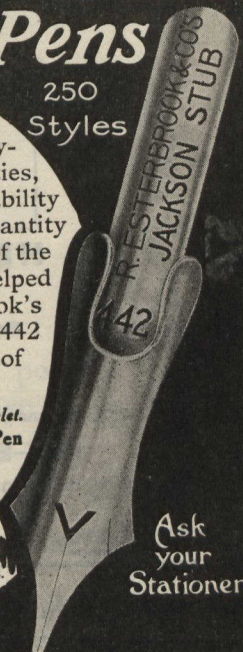
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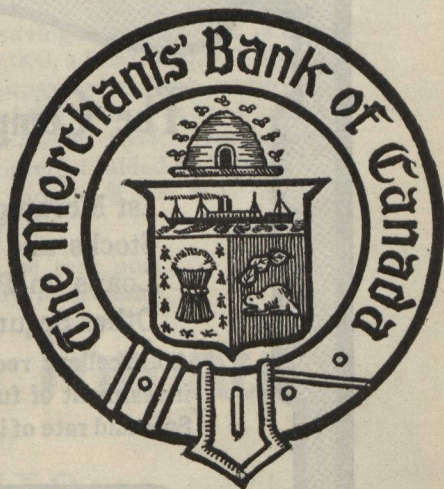
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY-HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
 \$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

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 W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
 W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital	-	\$6,000,000
Reserve Funds	-	5,458,878

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185—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—185

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands,

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

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Head Office: Toronto

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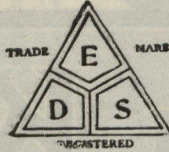
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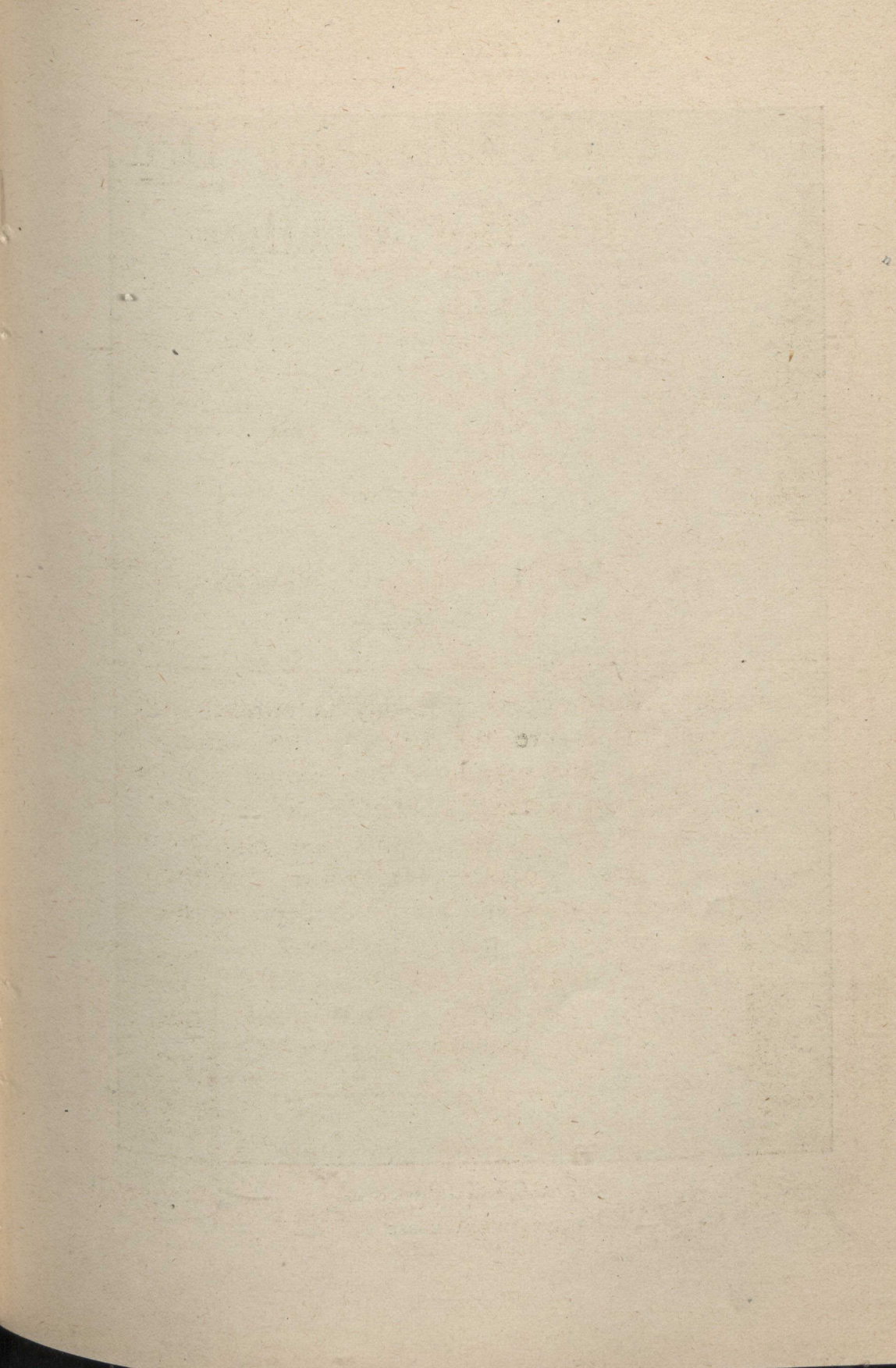


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STRATHCONA HORSE



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1912

No. 4

STAGE-COACHING IN ONTARIO

BY W. H. BELFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. JEFFERYS

IN the Province of Ontario there are many localities named after places in the old country which are more or less famous. There is Middlesex county, with a city of London, on the river Thames. There is a county of Kent, with a town of Chatham. There is an Essex, and there is a Sandwich.

One might go on at length with such names as Durham, Northumberland, York, Leeds, Oxford, Lincoln, Perth, and Lanark. In a German district of the Province there are the towns of Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg. Ontario has its town of Paris, although the French Province of Quebec has not done similar honour to the gayest of capitals. There is even a place called Zurich in Ontario, showing that the Swiss had gained a foothold in the formative days.

One bright summer day I found myself in a sleepy old town that rejoiced in the name of Brighton and reposed peacefully through the years on the shores of Lake Ontario. I strolled about the streets in the morn-

ing, unimpeded by any rush of traffic.

Apparently, I was the only person abroad. Shop-keepers lounged in their doorways and in the dark interiors of the shops clerks yawned while they dusted the fabrics of commerce.

The dining-room girl at the hotel had informed me, as I dallied with a late breakfast, that the place was "dreadfully slow," and I was not long in realising that she had been temperate in her criticism.

She was a pretty girl, with coils of brown hair and a pair of winsome, blue eyes. She wore a white linen blouse, a sailor collar and a blue tie. She also had small, white hands, with several rings on her fingers and she tripped about the room on little, high-heeled shoes. Fie upon me for an old, married man, to notice so many of the charms of a pretty waitress!

There was only one other person in the dining-room at the time, a demure but very pretty girl, with big, brown eyes, who apparently was travelling and not used to it. She looked

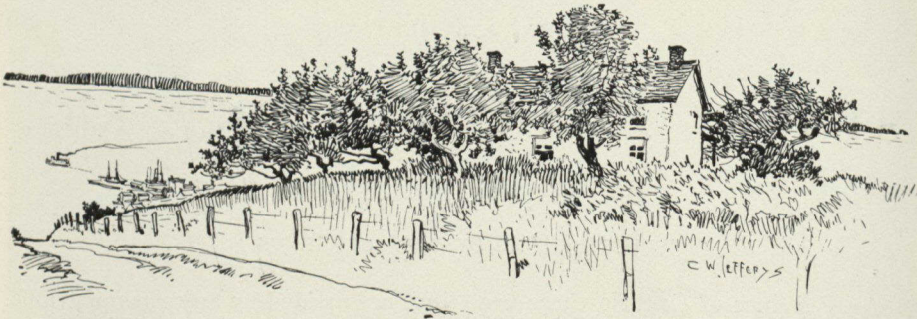
righteous disapproval of my conversation with the waitress. I could see from her expression that she knew I was married, being chock-full, so to speak, of that much-lauded feminine attribute known as intuition, which causes family men no end of trouble.

She knew that I was married just as easily and as certainly as she knew that I was getting bald, that I was already quite gray, and that I was inclined to be corpulent.

Well, to get back into the groove

at least bore an English name.

When at last the stage, all covered in, with side doors and windows, came lumbering up, drawn by a snappy team of grays, I felt as I imagined *Bob Sawyer* must have felt when he started out on that memorable journey to intercede with old man *Winkle*; but when I found myself inside the coach it became quite clear to me that I was *Tom Pinch* leaving Salisbury for London, and I startled the other passengers and



"Upward from the low-lying lake shore"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

in which I started out. I found that Brighton was in the county of Northumberland. Here, surely, was a slip on the part of the people who had scattered old country names over the map of Ontario; the English Brighton is not in the rugged county of the Percies on the wild shores of the North Sea.

It was my intention to go from Brighton to Campbellford, and I found that the only means of transportation was by stage-coach. Here, indeed, was one of the few passenger lines in Canada that had not been monopolised by the iron horse. I looked forward to the trip, because I had long dreamed of such things as excursions of joy. For I had always been an admirer of that period of English literature which deals so liberally with stage-coaching, and now I was to set out in a real stage-coach and through a county which

the stage-driver by ejaculating quite loudly,

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho!"

The horses, too, though they had started off at a merry clip, seemed to interpret the sound as a command to halt, for they stopped.

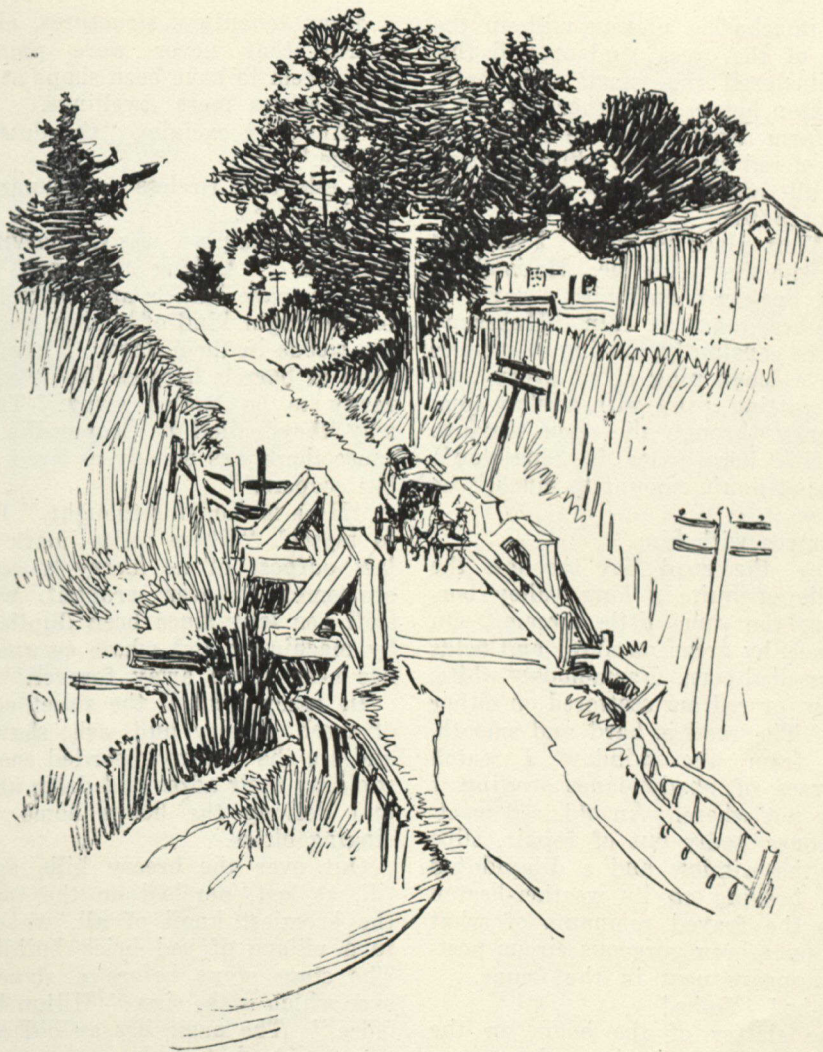
"What the Dickens is the matter?" said the driver, peering back at me from under his shaggy brows. "Hev you forgot anything?"

"No, no," I said. "Drive on."

I did not resent the brusqueness of his speech, for I recognised its aptness, perhaps better than he did.

And now to describe the trip in my poor imitation of *Tom Pinch*.

Up and away from the town we speed—steadily, steadily upward from the low-lying lake shore. Suddenly the incline of the road becomes steep, and the horses, making the small stones spin down the hill, haul the unwieldy coach to the top. To



"Rumbling across a wooden bridge"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

the right is an ancient-looking graveyard where Brighton's dead lie sleeping in sight of the quiet town and the blue expanse of lake, where ever and anon vagrant schooners come gliding in with, now and then, a puffing steamboat. Off again through a strip of woods and then swiftly down into a ravine and rumbling across a wooden bridge built over a brawling stream.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

There is no guard to wind his horn before coming to bends in the road, but the harness clinks right merrily. The driver chirps to his horses from time to time, and the animals respond to every modulation and inflection of the chirping with the alacrity due to daily training.

On and on rolls the coach, and turning sharply in the thicket at the bottom of the valley a little hamlet appears. The nucleus of the hamlet

is a ramshackle planing-mill on the bank of the creek, and around this are clustered some small and weather-beaten houses. Further out are a few farm dwellings, some white and some of red brick with white cornices, and all surrounded by shade trees and orchards.

"What place is this?" I ask the man who sits beside me. He is about sixty, one-eyed, and with a sprig of gray beard on his chin. He chews tobacco constantly, cutting off a piece from a black plug about every mile and spitting away with tireless complacency through the open window.

"This here place is Singleton's Mills; it don't amount to much," he replies.

I agree with him.

Now the road lies through the middle of quite a long valley bordering the same little stream. On we race, by green meadows and fields of tasselled corn. Farm-houses white, yellow, or red are scattered on either side. The road is hard and smooth, and from the window I catch glimpses of shady lanes leading I know not where. An old, red meeting-house, sadly out of repair, slips past the window and a dilapidated shed, bearing on its weather-beaten walls the frayed remnants of what have once been gorgeous circus posters, appears next in the frame.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

The clatter of the hoofs on the gravel ceases and gives place to a rapid succession of thuds. The road is sandy now. I look out of the window and in the midst of a pine grove I see an old red school-house. Some grinning boys and girls stand bashfully among the trees to see the stage go by, for it is recess time. The bell clangs, and they scamper inside.

On again! And once more the road is smooth and hard. We dash out of the woods and around a curve of the stream. To one side is a dam on the shores of which are the rotting remnants of what was once a saw-mill. On the other side are

a dozen tenantless structures, all of boards that never were painted. Some seem to have been shops at one time, others mere dwellings.

"Aha!" I exclaim, "the deserted village."

I ask the tireless consumer of black tobacco.

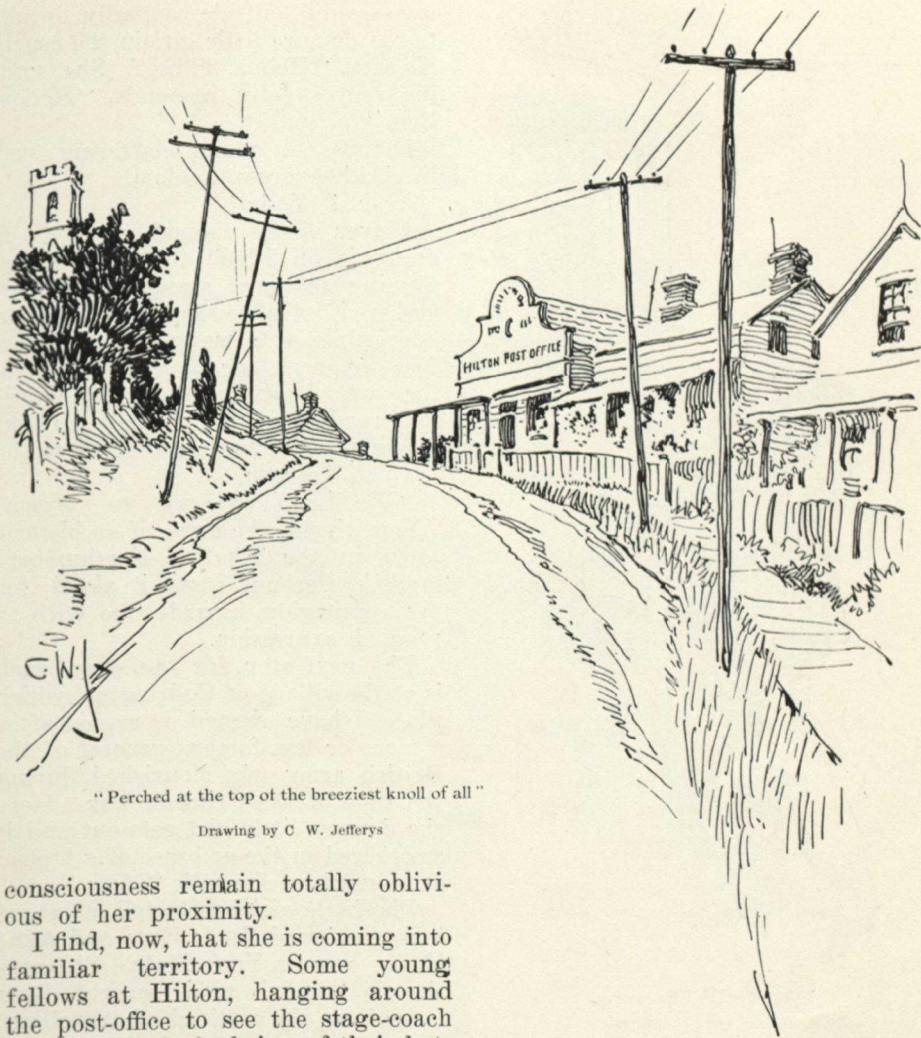
"This here place was Cooperville," he says. "A long time ago they used to make barrels and casks here, for the right kind of timber grew in the woods in them days. I hev seen piles of barrels here as big as a hill, ready to be hauled away. That's why they called it Cooperville, because there was nobody as lived here but coopers."

"Here is food for thought," I say to myself. "These relics mark the last outpost of as merry a set of craftsmen as ever wrought, whose skill has long since been duplicated by machinery and whose occupation has been taken away forever."

In fancy I smell the sweet odour of fresh hickory and ash shavings and see the brawny, bearded coopers wielding their adzes and draw knives and driving the hoops home with ringing blows.

Out over the breezy hills again, till, at last, perched on the top of the breeziest knoll of all, we come to a village of red brick buildings. The stage stops before a structure over which is the sign: "Hilton Post-office." The name has an old country smack, but I do not say that there is a Hilton in England. The tall spire of the chapel looks English, too; at least, so I imagine, for I have never been in "the tight little isle."

And now I begin to be actively aware of the fact that the demure little girl who regarded me so unfavourably in the breakfast-room of the hotel at Brighton is a passenger in the coach. Of course, I must have known it in a passive sort of way, for she could never have reposed so near to me for more than six miles of road by stage-coach and my



" Perched at the top of the breeziest knoll of all "

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

consciousness remain totally oblivious of her proximity.

I find, now, that she is coming into familiar territory. Some young fellows at Hilton, hanging around the post-office to see the stage-coach come in, touch the brims of their hats—ask her about her trip and welcome and smile to her. Apparently they would like to enter into conversation, but they cannot pluck up the courage. The stage dashes on again, leaving Hilton its dole of newspapers and letters.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Our road now stretches along the top of a long, high ridge, and on either side is a panorama of plains and knolls, valleys and plateaus, till suddenly we dash down into a deep and dreadful gorge. On either side is a scene of wild confusion. Trees,

old and dead, are lying everywhere, with roots in air, and only partially hidden by the growth of a new generation of forest.

"This is the 'break-away' we're goin' through now," proffers my seat mate, taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "Once," he continues, "a lake 'way up west broke loose and came tearin' down through here. It made an awful mess. Two fellers was caught near here. Bodies never would have been found only that one feller's foot stuck up out of the sand."

The horses seem to dread the



"He says, 'Helloa, Tillie'"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

ghastly place. They hurry through without crack of whip and with ears cocked as if on the alert. We gain the other side. We breast the hill and dash down a long decline to the village of Newcomb's Mills.

It is a village without beauty or interest of any kind. Paint seems to be an unfamiliar quantity, even the few little shops being of bare, weather-beaten boards. The most prominent structure is an old stone grist mill standing on the edge of a dam. There is a post-office here also, and one of the young fellows loiter-

ing around outside actually speaks to the demure little girl in the coach. He says, "Helloa, Tillie." She, smiling very sweetly, responds, "Helloa, Ben."

Off we go again, clattering over the bridge across the dam.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Clover fields abound, as well as orchards on which the fruit is beginning to show streaks of yellow and red. Up toward us comes an automobile at a merry clip, but, before we meet, the machine turns to the east. I ask my companion where that road leads to. He tells me that it runs to Wooller and then on to the town of Trenton.

"Wooller!" I say to myself. "Now, that is the name of an historic town in the English Northumberland." Perhaps I say it aloud, for my companion regards me with a puzzled expression.

The next stop for the stage-coach is at the village of Codrington, which place, I have learned, is named after a more or less famous general of the British army who flourished during the time of the Crimean war. Here the demure little girl gets out and is smothered in the embrace of a buxom matron whom she calls "Maw."

The little girl has to tell all about how she found Uncle Ezra and Aunt Emily over in York State. She says she is "awful glad to get back home," as she is tired of travelling. "You meet so many strange and wicked people," she says, giving a last disapproving glance in my direction.

"How did you like Rochester, Tillie?" says a little wiry man who puts a heavy emphasis on the middle syllable of the name of the city. "My brother Bill's wife's second cousin, Jimmy Griggs," he goes on, "was their oncet for two weeks. He was peelin' apples in a cannin' factory. He says that up here we don't know what life is. I guess he saw everything that was goin' on—he's thet kind of a feller."



"He is about sixty, one-eyed, and with a sprig of gray beard on his chin"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

Crack goes the whip and on we dash. Good-bye, demure little girl. Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

We are now getting into the heart of Northumberland, and the scenery becomes more rugged. After a couple of miles, another main road strikes out to the west, winding away among the sandy hills.

"Where does that road lead to?" I ask of the tobacco grinder.

"Oh, that goes to Warkworth,

and, if you want to go on, it will take you to Alnwick," he replies.

I fairly bound from my seat as he utters these magic words. What more famous names in the English Northumberland than Warkworth and Alnwick?

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" asks my companion. "Didn't you ever hear of them places? They don't amount to much, anyhow. Warkworth, though it has about a



“Our road now stretches along the top of a long, high ridge”

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

thousand people, a bank, a newspaper, opry house and all the rest of it, has never had a railroad, and all the stuff that gets there has to come by stage from Colborne. And, as for Alwrick, the most it can brag about is a reserve for some Chippewa Indians.”

“How long before the stage reaches Campbellford?” I ask.

“Well, we are in Percy now and it won’t be long before we get to Myersburg, where I get off,” he replies.

“Percy?” I cry.

“Yes, Percy township; why not?” he answers irascibly.

“This is getting pretty thick,” I say to myself. “A fellow might be excused for imagining that he was in England itself.”

Now we come to a river, broad and deep, which sweeps on its way with a majesty that I have seldom seen sur-

passed. My companion is getting down at the little hamlet where we halt, probably the most worn-out looking place which we have passed through on the entire trip, with the exception of Cooperville, which was wholly uninhabited. Desperately I hurl one more question at him. “What river is this?” I ask.

“The Trent,” he calls back, and then I hear him say to a lounger, “That’s the most all-fired curious man about names I ever did see.”

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Lights begin to twinkle, faster and faster, and more and more of them. I hear the whistle of a train. Streets now—the streets of a busy town.

We rattle over an iron bridge and draw up before a low, brick hotel—I almost said an inn—and *Tom Pinch*, quite stunned and giddy, is in, not London, but Campbellford.

NATHAN

BY DONALD MACDONALD

IT was, I think, on the 6th day of December, at my farm near Ladysmith, South Africa, that the letter arrived from Sir Arthur Meredith. Sir Arthur and I had been very close friends for many years, indeed, ever since early Oxford days, and a letter from him was always very welcome. But this letter contained little about himself. After a conventional line or two, he entered on the business which was evidently the main purpose of his letter:

"I wish to announce to you that I am sending you a present. You will be rather perplexed when you hear what it is. And yet I make bold to say beforehand that it is the most valuable present I have ever made you. It is nothing more than a servant—a black servant—I might say a slave, but I know how you dislike the term. His name is Nathan. He has been with me for some time as a very close body-servant. I picked him up in the interior, on one of my expeditions, about four years ago. My only recommendation of him is that I have never had nor seen any body-servant whose fidelity would bear a comparison with his. And this, too, is my only ground for asserting the superior value of this gift to you. I emphasise the only ground, because, to tell you the truth, this one gift—a golden one indeed—fidelity, begins and ends the list of our Nathan's accomplishments; since he is, first of all, deformed and furiously ugly; secondly, he is stone dumb, and is acquainted with only the most meagre sign-language; and, thirdly, he is endowed with positively nothing more than the merest animal wits (if the term isn't a contradiction) and I am convinced he was born this way.

"I pause for a moment while you gasp away your astonishment, and read these lines over again, and fret with impatience to ask me ten questions of explanation. I answer all those questions at once by repeating what I said about the

fidelity of Nathan. I have nothing but this to emphasise. I must add, too, that Nathan is becoming somewhat unfit to stay with me. He is growing old, and you know what a flying-camp life I and my "followers" live from year to year. I know that he will have a quiet, comfortable home at your place near Ladysmith. Let me repeat once more that I am sure Nathan will be of the greatest value to you. And, indeed, if experience should prove anything to the contrary, do not hesitate to send Nathan back to me at once."

After all this followed some instructions, detailed with care, about sending to Ladysmith to receive Nathan when he arrived and escort him home. Then Meredith's letter ended abruptly; but this was not *quite* the end, for a postscript was added, containing only a line or two, and reading as follows:

"By the way, if it should happen for any reason that you should grow so interested in Nathan that you would like to be informed about his birth and antecedents, write me, and, as soon as I can reach you by mail, I will let you have all the information you wish in that line—family history, lineage, pedigree, etc."

Such was his letter and it puzzled me quite a little. It was not the fact of his sending me one of his cast-off blacks. I knew he kept a perfect horde of these, who followed him on his long expeditions in the cause of his science, which was in the naturalist line—I might remark here that in the last few years, since the writing of his memoir, Sir Arthur's contributions have received very disintegrated notice—but, as I say, it was not the sending me one of his swarthy followers that made me wonder. It

was his making such a time over it. He might have settled it in a line and a half, and then gone on with a few scraps of news about himself—especially since his letters were such rare luxuries to me,—but to devote an entire letter to the purpose of telling me that he was sending me a withered, worn-out Ethiopian—that seemed rather strange. I thought I was through it all, however, after a little reflecting. The black had probably done him some remarkable service, saved his life perhaps—which was not at all unlikely in the midst of snake-jungles and with frequent brushes with inland tribes. And now the faithful old fellow was growing old, and toothless, and Sir Arthur had some delicacy about letting him fall into any chance hands, and wanted to find a place where he could turn him loose to graze out his last few years in peace and with kind treatment. So Sir Arthur settled on me at my farm near Ladysmith. I didn't feel at all offended at this liberty. I was willing to take the old fellow and feed him and treat him kindly. But what I couldn't see was why Meredith did not speak out honestly and say that all he wanted was to provide a quiet asylum for his old black, instead of regaling me with all this nonsense about sending me a present and so on.

Then when it came to that post-cript, the mystery deepened for a moment. How in the name of everything civilised could I ever grow so interested in a black servant as to inquire about his pedigree! Then the whole thing brightened into a joke. Meredith was making a little quiet game of me, from a safe distance in his solitary jungle camp. I tried to smile it off—but it did not entirely satisfy me, and I looked forward with some little curiosity to the arrival of this acquisition to my household.

I remember that I sent two of my fellows into Ladysmith next day, with full directions as to the taking charge of the invaluable Nathan.

Meredith was sending in that month a large party of his followers to the Natal metropolis, as he did two or three times a year, to purchase supplies of all kinds for him, after which they would, by making an overland journey of some hundred and fifty miles, join him again in the interior. With this party Nathan was to arrive. It was not until evening—for they rested during the mid-day hours to escape the sun—that the ox-cart returned from town. I was taking supper alone on the veranda when one of the servants announced that the new man had arrived. I answered that I would be ready presently, and, after leisurely finishing my supper, I strolled over to the "quarters" to have a look at the new arrival. There he was standing at the entrance of one of the cabins, leaning rather lazily against the door post. The first thing about him that impressed me was his appearance of extreme age. I had expected a man, not in the bloom of youth (for his usefulness was supposed to have gone), but here was even a trifle more than I had looked for. He seemed literally crushed with the weight of years. He was stooped so low that I think it would have been physically impossible for him to get down any lower and remain on the soles of his feet. Then his whole form gave me the strong impression of extreme shrunk-ness. His wrists protruding from his sleeves were fleshless sticks, while his trousers flapped in a peculiar way, which made me feel painfully the thinness of his legs.

I smiled a little grimly to myself as I took in these details. "The value of Meredith's gift does not precisely dawn on me yet," I muttered. "As far as I can see, this old chap will have to be treated with gruel and a soft bed at once—while we get a cedar box ready for him in the near future. Why, he hasn't strength enough to pull a long breath."

As I drew quite near to him the old fellow raised his head. His face

had been entirely hidden, partly by his broad-brimmed hat, which belongs to the outfit of a South African open-air negro, and partly by the inclination of his form which, as I said, was extreme,—but now I caught a fair look at it. And what a face! Meredith was certainly mild in merely calling him ugly. It was—well—the most hideous face I had ever seen. “Age has certainly used you up badly,” I thought. The face seemed to be made up of wrinkles, like a piece of loose shrunken leather. But that wasn’t the only disfigurement. Everything there was made in the worst possible way; the eyes were small and bearish; the nose was beaten flat; while the nostrils were large and for all the world like ugly bullet-holes. The mouth was very broad, with a protruding upper and lower jaw. But I can’t describe him. I can only say he was certainly furiously ugly—inhumanly ugly!

I stood looking at him for a few seconds without manifesting any surprise, as the matter of his personal looks was a rather indifferent one to me. Then I endeavoured to put on as cheerful a tone as I could, and said something about being glad to see him and that I hoped he would be satisfied here. At once I was reminded about his being dumb, and the possessor of the minimum of wits. He looked at me with the blankest possible stare, and merely gave me a kind of grunt—meaningless enough.

And then there happened what I could no more explain to myself at the time, than I could have flown with wings. As I stood, with my eyes fixed upon the old black, a feeling of intense revulsion and disgust for him took hold of me so strong that it almost shook me with its vehemence. I am the most phlegmatic man in the world, and yet that feeling for a moment seemed to control me absolutely—the shrinking as well as the loathing inspired by that poor old deformed creature. I felt for a second as if I should in duty wipe him off

the face of the earth. I remember distinctly how my hand reached towards the heavy revolver which I carry at my side, and then how, as my folly flashed upon me, I tightened my belt to cover up the gesture. I did not stand debating long; but turned sharp on my heel and walked back to the house. As I walked, I began to ask myself (for I was calmer now) what it was about the old fright that made my gorge rise so. I found it hard, indeed, to explain. It was not, I was sure, that I saw treachery or villainy of any kind in him. No, it was nothing like that! It was more like the feeling a man has when he is awakened in the jungle by having a slimy lizard crawl across his face and he stamps on the reptile to relieve his disgust. “Certainly you were never stirred up so before by mere bad looks,” I muttered to myself. My teeth were chattering with the shudder that was still on me.

That evening, as I sat in my study, my eye fell on Meredith’s letter, which lay on the table. Its connection with the day’s incident made me pick it up and read it over. When I came to the place where he emphasized the ugliness of his Nathan, I smiled and thought I saw rather far into his design. Meredith’s joke was to send me a black so ugly that I should be filled with the “creeps” at the sight of him, and then be forced to send him back after a siege of bad dreams. “And to think that he’s half succeeded already,—but I’ll play a little counter game,” I said.

Then I took up my pen and wrote a brief letter to Meredith, announcing the arrival of his gift, and remarking that he need not have spoken in so depreciatory a way of the old fellow’s looks, as I had often seen worse. I declared I was glad to have him, and would find some use for him. So this was the way in which Nathan began life on my South African farm. It was a tame beginning, but wait until you hear the end.

The next morning, as I sat at my late breakfast, I was rather surprised to hear Sam, who always stood behind my chair, mutter something about Nathan. I turned and asked him what he had to say about him.

"Oh, nuthin', sir," he answered, "only you thought that Nathan he fit for no work. He doin' first-class work. Uncle Abe (that was my overseer) set him goin' with the hoe early this morning. That Nathan he got some go in him yit."

This roused me a little, because I suspected that they had acted a little high-handedly with the aged new-comer; and not liking to have him do nothing to earn his bread, had forced some work on him in spite of his weakness. I said no more; but after my breakfast, I sauntered over to the garden, as we called it, where there was about an acre and a half which we kept under cultivation and in which we raised fresh vegetables to supply the house. It was separated from the farm, and I generally detailed a special man, when I could spare one, to take care of it.

It was in one corner of this garden acre that I recognised my Nathan busily engaged in turning up the loose turf with a hoe. I approached him quietly, and whether he saw me or not he gave no sign whatever, but went ahead silently and steadily. It was somewhat fascinating to watch him—the long, almost rhythmical swing with which he drew the hoe backwards and forwards, his body following the motion. But what made me almost start with surprise was the impression of strength which he conveyed—the ease with which the instrument passed through the heavy clods, cutting them or throwing them aside—the accompanying swing of his body from the waist, all made me exclaim to myself that there was some suppleness and force left in that old, withered body. "Sam was right," I muttered, "there is some go in him yet. I will let them keep him at work for a time to see how he stands it."

I did not remain there long watching. I had an all-morning business in the shape of a ride to a neighbouring farm and back again in time for lunch.

When I returned, about noon, and as I rode in past the garden patch on my way to the stable, I saw a familiar figure standing in the furrows using his hoe with long, steady sweeps. I could not believe it at first. I shaded my eyes with my hand and looked sharp at it. Yes, it was certainly Nathan. I whistled, and Sam ran out of the stable yard where he had been waiting for me. As he took my bridle I asked him, "Has Nathan been at that all the morning?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," answered Sam, "I declare I don't believe he has looked up once. I told you, sir, he got plenty of go left in him yet." This moved me considerably. I did not think about the endurance part of it. What struck me was the unselfish fidelity of the old fellow. All the hands used to stop at the end of two or three hours, take a drink, and wear away some time in chatting and lounging before going back to work; but for him to keep on steadily from early morning with not a pause, and on his first day, old and dried as he was!

Well, I just jumped down, let Sam take my horse while I walked straight over to Nathan, and laid my hand on the hoe, expressing as strongly as I could that he was to stop work for the present. He let go the tool like a child, and then stood there waiting for me to order him. He looked much more old and feeble again. His shoulders slouched forward, his back was bent—of course he was tired, too, after a whole morning's work without a pause. I plucked him by the sleeve, motioning him to come with me. We made our way to the kitchen, where I called the cook and told him to bring some of the meat and vegetable porridge he was making. He brought some in a deep dish,

which I set before Nathan. I then ran and got a loaf of wheat bread—the kind that was reserved for my use—and set that before him, too. He was still standing, so I forced him into a seat and pulled off his wide-brimmed straw hat, motioning him towards the eatables. He turned his ugly face up at me for a few moments, and then dropped down to the porridge.

And it was then—then, as the poor old hungry wretch bent over his food—that I felt the wave of that strong revulsion sweep over me again. It was awful. It seemed to reach down into the depths of me. I actually felt like seizing something heavy and coming down hard on the back of his neck—it was well exposed as he leaned over his bowl—and killing him like some unclean dog that you have found thieving in your house. I got out of the room as suddenly as I could, and almost shouted to myself in vexation, “What, in the name of reason, is the matter with you?” But I couldn’t begin to answer the question, or even state fairly to myself what I meant by it. I only knew that four times I looked convulsively back over my shoulder, and my forehead was damp with sweat, and a peculiar chill ran down my spine. I kept muttering through my clenched teeth, “fool! fool!” but it was no use.

The spell did not last long, however, and it had passed off completely when I had reached my study and was settled down to work at my accounts—a long, tedious job. In fact, I was so disgusted with myself at being worked up—a rare occurrence with me—over nothing, that the whole matter left my mind entirely; and when Uncle Abe, my overseer, entered my room that evening with a troubled face, I never guessed for a moment what he wanted. But he came to the point at once.

“I want to speak to you, sir, about that new man, Nathan, I think his name. I declare, sir, I can’t work

when he’s ’round. And the other men, they think the same way. They most determined, sir, and they all declare, sir, they leave at once if you ask ’em to work with him.” For once I was knocked completely out of countenance by a servant. I stammered, “But—but what’s the matter with him, Abe? Do you think he’s a bad man?” Here I noticed the slaty paleness of Abe’s face and the suppressed quaver in his tone.

“Tain’t that, sir; ’deed I can’t say what it is. But I never seed no signs o’ bad in him. He’s a very good steady worker—wonderful enduring for sich an ole man. But being that as it is, I can’t stay near him, so I don’t blame the others.”

I sat for a few minutes without a word; but then I became suddenly ashamed of my perplexity in Abe’s presence, and I dismissed him with a promise to do something the next day. When I was left alone with my own thought, my sense of the folly of it all came strongly back to me. And I think, too, that I shared in the folly of my ignorant black servants. How laughable it was!

I found a way out of the embarrassing part of the affair by determining to confine Nathan in his work to the garden acre, which was enough to keep him busy, and by assigning him to an isolated room in the quarters, where he could sleep. I assured myself that time and familiarity would make him more agreeable to his fellow-workers. “As to myself,” I thought, “I’ll always be kind to the old unfortunate. It seems bitterly hard to be isolated in that way on account of a face nature has given one.”

And I always did treat him kindly. It made me warm towards him still more when I rode by his field every morning and saw him diligently and stoically bending to the swing of his long hoe. I would sometimes shout a greeting as I passed, trusting that he would divine from my tone what my intention was. Sometimes I

brought some fruit back in my saddle-bags and I would toss him a ripe mango or two or a banana. But I never attempted any closer intercourse with him. The memory of my former experiences kept me at a distance;—and then there was something, *something*, about him which, though I constantly denied it to myself, made me breathe just a trifle freer when I was out of his sight and vicinity.

And so weeks passed. It is strange when I think of it now—how at the end of those six weeks that old black had so constant a place in my thoughts. One reason for this, probably, was the pronounced aversion of the men for him, which I thought might decrease, but which, on the contrary, only seemed to grow stronger. Another explanation was, undoubtedly, the peculiar character of my position. There I was, a solitary old settler, with little outside my farm to interest or occupy me.

At any rate, the fact was I sat in my study at the end of the six weeks turning over the problem in my mind, and sifting it and sounding it and turning it over again for a solution. What was there about this poor harmless black that inspired the most intense disgust and aversion even in the rough negro laborers, who, at least here in South Africa, are not particularly delicate of feeling? They were certainly not so very far his superiors in the line of looks. But *was* it merely ill-looks that repelled him? Here I was brought sharply to a standstill, and the problem took a personal form. *Was it only his ill looks that repelled me?* I avoided answering my own question, and my eyes wandered hopelessly about the room, finding their way to the table at last where the letter from Meredith was still lying. Mechanically I opened it and read it again—the third time now—and when I came to the postscript at the end I thought I saw a faint hope of solution for my diffi-

culty. I sat down and penned a second letter to Meredith, in which I frankly confessed my mystification and begged for any information he had concerning the past history, pedigree or anything connected with Nathan that might possibly lead me to a solution of my problem. I sent the letter off the same day, which proves, if I should doubt it now, my impatience in the matter.

Then I remember I dreamed that night that Nathan was discovered to be the son of an ancient king who had ruled over one of those cities in the heart of Africa, the magnificent remains of which are the wonder of the explorer and the archæologist. He belonged to a distinct, a superior race; no wonder ordinary men were out of sympathy with him, were repelled from him. Only his race must have been one in which the type of beauty was different, radically different, from any yet discovered. This I remarked to myself as I pondered seriously on my dream.

Here I ought to begin a new chapter because I have to talk now in so different a strain. You have heard of nothing so far but of peace, and the sleepest kind of peace it was, without a ripple to disturb its serenity, nor anything on the horizon in which one could read the indication of even a light blow. But now, of a sudden, there came rumours of war, dark ominous rumours, to disturb the evenness of our placid, lazy life.

The Government of South Africa was on the very verge of trouble with the Zulus. An outbreak was looked for at any time.

I wonder whether any one who has not lived in South Africa knows what Zulu means. You will say he is nothing more or less than a species of negro savage who wears very little clothes, carries a shield and an assegai, but you place him on a level with the best civilised troops that the world can show. Much has been said about the valour and efficiency of the Brit-

ish infantry man. Without questioning this, let me offer it as my opinion that a single Zulu, with his bare hands, is a match for three of these British infantry men armed with rifle and bayonet—let him but get within hand-grip of them. For he'll take their bullets into his body and still have strength and vitality enough left to dash their heads together and smash them like eggshells. And, as for cool, restrained courage, I have only to call up that memorable picture of the awful night at Isandhlwana, when up against those English lines advanced the crescent-shaped column of King Cettiwayo's warriors, dense, silent, each man (with the exception of a few inefficiently armed with muskets) bearing no other weapons than the long ox-hide shield on his arm, and in his right hand the fearful short-stabbing assegai. No way of striking at a distance, no way of silencing the enemy's deadly fire until they had him within arm's length of that dreadful spear. History tells, I say, how that brown, silent column advanced that day; how the English, in the fever of desperation, poured their withering volleys, mingled with charges of grape, into that line and tore great gaps in it; and how the warriors closed them with a calmness and steadiness that Europe's best infantry have often failed to show, and pressed forward slowly, silently, without a sound, up to the very muzzles of the guns and then—history tells, too, of the awful end of that gallant British regiment when the Zulu assegai had done its work and had its vengeance. But this is only a little amplification of what the term Zulu means to one who has lived in the South of Africa or has studied a little of its history.

Well, as I was saying, or started to say, it was about this time that rumours began to be current of trouble between the Cape Colony authorities and King Cettiwayo, and no one would have been surprised

any day to hear of an open collision, we knew so well the temper of the two parties. For myself, the rumours never bothered me much, first, because I was extremely lazy and my whole nature resisted being worked up over anything; and, secondly, because I did not feel that even in the event of war there was any grave danger to me or my dependents. It is true my place was within easy reach of any wandering band of marauders, but they would have little reason for harming us. There was little, too, here in the way of plunder. And then I had always kept on very good terms with the Undi, when they passed on their way to Cape Town with their guns and ivory and what not. I had even frequently fed them, and housed them over night in the quarters. All this reassured me, but, as I realised afterwards, I left out of my calculation Zulu hate and Zulu vengeance, which, when they are once roused, are—well, they're worth an epic to commemorate them. They stop at nothing this side of "profoundest hell."

For the next week rumours and reports were thick and menacing. People found very little else to talk about. We heard of the mustering of angry tribesmen in the North, then of a regiment being sent from Cape Town with orders to deal severely with anything rebellious. And then the scare took hold of the country people and most of them moved into the protection of the city, while I remained stolidly where I was. But I have only a confused recollection of all that happened at that time. It is always hard to remember what happens before a great event, when one lives through the event itself and is filled with the memory of it.

I never shall forget, however, as long as I live, that night of the 23rd of January, which we afterwards learned was the day following the terrible tragedy of Isandhlwana. I was sitting in the veranda reading quietly when I heard the sound of

footsteps in quick succession on the garden path. Some one was running hard. I looked up and saw a negro lad making his way towards the house at the very top of his speed. I never saw a face so convulsed with fear. His eyes were literally standing out of their sockets and his mouth was wide open. He reached my side in a moment, but he could not utter a single word for terror. He could only gasp and work his face in agony, and point furiously in the direction from which he had come. I know he must have meant the approach of the Zulus, but my first impulse was to take the news calmly. It was so easy to frighten a boy and there could really be very little to fear.

As I stood there some one stepped up and drew the trembling, paralysed lad into the house, and at that moment I heard a new sound—a dull, penetrating sound. It was the heavy, rhythmical tramp of feet. And following up the origin of the sound with my eyes I saw, just at the turn of the road where it came into view of the house, the gleam of bright head feathers and then a line of swarthy faces looking over the tops of great oblong yellow shields. They were Undi, and that loping trot would bring them close up in a minute or two.

Nevertheless I did not feel any fear; there was no reason. Even when they entered my gate and marched down the length of my garden in a broad column ten-abreast (there were not more than twenty or twenty-five in their party) and tramped rather ruthlessly on my flower-beds,—even then my only thought was impatience to reprimand these clowns spoiling my flowers with stupid marching tactics. I leaped to my feet and shouted in bad Zulu, but as emphatically as I could, that they should “mind where they marched,” and be more careful of my property if they wanted any favour of me. Just then one of my negroes ran in front of the column and shouted

something at them, waving his arms as if to wave them back. As he stood there in the path of the advancing line, one of the Zulus, a tremendous fellow, stepped forward, in advance of the rank, and like a flash, he struck my servant a blow with his assegai just between the shoulder and the breast. It was a fearful downward stroke, enough to rip the body open to the waist. Down went the poor man like a log and the columns passed over him without a sound. And now along that dark line of faces my eye seemed to see at last the hateful gleam of murder.

I was not dazed; I was not sickened. For the moment a frenzy seized me; all the dormant activity in my nature was roused into maddened life. I rushed to the corner behind the door where I kept my heavy martini rifle loaded and ready for “big game.” I caught up the gun and fired into the middle of the brown column, now close upon the house. I could see at once the hole punched in one of the yellow shields (a martini bullet makes nothing of ox-hide) and the shield was lowered and there was the red wound in the throat of the fiend behind the shield, who came on a few paces and then dropped down, first on his knees and then flat forward on his face, while the blood gushed out of his mouth at every gasp.

The big fellow who stood next to him—perhaps his brother—reached the top step of the veranda at two bounds. I clubbed my rifle and struck at him savagely—my blood on fire with frenzy—and he, with ease, it seemed to me, swept back the piece in my face with his heavy shield and beat me to the floor like a nine-pin, my head striking hard against the base of the door post.

I was stunned, but not senseless, and I held my breath to feel the brute bending over me and tearing out my heart with a stab of his assegai; when suddenly, out from the open door, a form flashed by me. It

was more like the nervous spring of a hound than the bound of a man; and the next instant I saw two withered hands close over the great, corded neck of the dusky giant above me. And he—he was six feet ten if he was an inch—he went back as if a thunder-bolt had struck him full in the face. Crash! he came down on the broad of his back—the whole porch trembled with the shock; and when I saw his face, over the shoulder of his assailant, it was purple, and the tongue was protruding full length; and I saw the assegai fall from his right hand as the hand opened and the fingers stiffened like chilled wax.

Now I was dazed; I scarcely knew whether I saw or felt. But those black scoundrels behind were on hand at once. They swarmed up the steps and two of them, with one motion, buried their short spears in that form that had its hands fixed in the throat of their companion. I gave a loud groan of agony, as if it was I that had been stabbed, but I caught my breath the next instant. For I saw my Nathan—yes, it was he; I knew him at once by his long arms and the stoop of his body—I saw him whom I thought to be a poor, withered, decrepit old man, turn and seize the rifle that I had dropped and strike with it—oh, heavens! the lightning speed of that blow!—strike and spring full at the crowd of dusky giants with his dreadful club. Then all was whirling and half confusion, but I saw Nathan strike, as it seemed, everywhere at once. I never would have believed that such strength and speed were ever given to a mortal arm. I saw one man throw up his shield and saw it beaten down—the iron arm of a Zulu beaten down like a child's—and his brains dashed out as if his skull were made of paper. Then all was a whirl once more, but I remember counting five distinct shocks of men falling, which made the floor shake under me.

Then I saw what few men in the

world have ever seen. I saw a band of Zulus retreating from battle, skulking away with terror written on their faces—many of them spattered with blood. They kept their faces turned towards the house as if they did not dare to turn their backs on that single enemy. While there on the top step of the porch, with the rifle now twisted out of all shape, grasped by the barrel in the right hand, stood Nathan. His back was turned to me; he was quivering from head to foot, as if with the violence of the passion that had taken hold of him—and out of the depths of him somewhere came a sound, a most peculiar sound which I can only liken to a deep, snarling growl.

And it was then at that moment—so help me, heaven—as I lay here stunned and wounded, that my whole being once more was fired with disgust and loathing for that poor black servant. There may have been some fear mingled with it now; as he stood there in his strange might; but it was mostly fierce, loathing hate. I am absolutely certain that if I had had my revolver in my belt, and energy and strength to draw it, I would have shot him in the back where he stood. Witness it! And yet his own blood that he had shed for me was still warm on the ground. I remember how the mad wish almost found expression in words—that the Zulus would turn back and overpower him and tear him to pieces before my eyes.

But I saw there was little chance of this as I looked beyond to the retreating remnants of my enemies. They were still backing away silently, as if they could not even bear the eye of this dreadful being who stood unmoved glaring at them. Farther and farther they went. They had passed out of the garden gate and reached the road beyond. Then I saw no more, for torpor, whether from exhaustion, or mere reaction, settled heavily upon me and my senses left me.

When I opened my eyes again I

became lazily conscious that I had not stirred from the place where I had fallen. I could look down the length of the garden. There was not a sign of a Zulu now—though lying stark and ghastly about the steps of the veranda were a number of huge forms with marks of fearful wounds upon them. And there on the top step of the porch I saw a form that I knew well. It was Nathan's form. He was no longer standing erect as when I saw him last, facing the cowering band of Zulus; he was lying on one side, not flat, but half supported by his arm. His eyes were only half closed, but as I looked they seemed to be closing still more, as though the same langour that held me were laying hold on him; and beneath him and around him. I could see a great pool of dark-coloured blood. The realisation of things seemed to come home to me, and yet I felt strangely indifferent. I realised that Nathan was badly wounded, that he was bleeding to death; and yet I felt no impulse to extend him aid. I am sure, of course, that the half-insensible state in which I lay took away my energy, and that I can lay much of the blame of my listlessness on that. But, but—well, let it pass!

I had not lain in this state for more than a moment, when, borne to my ears from the road, came once more the sound of the tramp of feet; but my ears could make out at once the difference from the Zulu tread. It had more ring and precision, and if one listened carefully one could catch the peculiar jingling made by a body of men marching with accoutrements.

I was about to cry out as loud as my wasted strength would let me, to notify the household that help was near, when my attention was attracted again to Nathan. He had heard the sound, for his eyes were open wide now and a strange gleam was in them which I had never seen before. I realised keenly the terrific effort that he made as he knelt upright; and then stooped and seized

one end of the twisted and battered rifle near him and then, with another great effort, staggered to his feet and faced away from me toward the path that led in from the garden gate. As he stood there I noticed that strange quivering seize his entire body, and I heard for a moment, though much fainter now, that same deep, muttering growl. But it was only a moment that he stood there. He began almost at once to sway from side to side and I did not reach a hand to hold him; then his legs seemed to give way under him and he sank, rather than fell, down to the floor of the veranda and lay quite still. And I knew, even from where I was from the awkward, rigid sprawl in which he lay, that life had gone out of him.

Redcoats now appeared at the garden gate, and the flash of the sunlight reached my eyes from bayonets and gun barrels. But it didn't affect me much. I had not even strength or energy to stand up and welcome them and thank them. I simply lay here half dozing, half awake; and soon I was conscious of the rumble of a multitude of heels on the porch around me. Two figures bent over me and half lifted me, and I could feel one passing his hands over me gently in examination. Then I heard a voice say, "You're pretty badly used up, though it might easily be worse—a nasty gash in the back of the head, and arm broken and dislocated at the shoulder. But you've certainly left your mark on these copper devils. How in the name of sense you ever managed to mash so many of them single-handed is more than I can possibly guess." Then I heard him mutter something to someone, and a flask was pressed to my lips. I drank some of the liquor, and while I was drinking I heard some one shout rather gruffly, "We can bury them all in one pit over by the fence." This roused me more than the brandy, but it seemed that it was not myself but my reason that took voice in me, and cried out,

as I pointed to one body that I knew by its position, "He is to be buried alone, and mark the place." Then while the surgeon—he whose voice I had heard—was working over me, as he began at once to do, the thought came to me that perhaps I had not made myself clear, so I spoke out once more. "He saved my life," pointing to the body of my old servant.

It brought a vigorous "hush" from the surgeon; then he added that they would understand, and that my duty now was to keep quiet. He worked over me quickly and deftly, bandaged my head, lifted my shoulder back into place with a few twinges, and set the broken arm in splints. Then he called for two men with a stretcher and ordered me to be taken to my room. "He'll be on his feet in a day or two, if I'm not mistaken," were his last words. They carried me there gently, two of my blacks, including Sam, and put me to bed. With another dose of something warming I was soon fast asleep.

The next morning I felt almost as good as new—for what is a broken arm and a mere flesh-wound in the head to a healthy outdoor man? I was even well enough to make them dress me and prop me up on my lounge. But if my bodily state was righting and mending, my mental condition was a sadly disordered one. I never was besieged—cruelly besieged—by such a confused array of mental questions, each one clamorous and persecuting.

My position was such a difficult one to define to myself. Surely, from the events lately transpired, I should be a grateful man. But did I feel any gratitude? Was I then basely ungrateful? Of what precisely *had* I to accuse myself? What had I done? What should I do? What should I feel? Had I been in a reliably sane state of mind for the last six weeks and suffering from no chronic hallucinations of any kind? And then, out of all the questions,

as if resolved out of them all uniting them like a great climax chorus, came the question:—What, in the name of all mystery, was the solution of that problem which that poor black fright carried about with him and which lay with him in the grave, but still unsolved? Then came the realisation—however I might grind my teeth and resist it—that it was a relief, a soothing relief, to think that he was dead—dead and under the ground with four feet of heavy clay soil on top of him.

The last voice, however, in my reflections was that of memory which calmly reminded me that he had saved my life. This was a simple fact. I spoke to Sam on the first opportunity and asked him whether the soldiers had obeyed my directions and marked the place where they had buried Nathan. He said that they had, and had made it very plain with a piece of whitened board. I then told him that I was going to make it much plainer with a slab of white stone—marble, if I could—to be set up at the head of the mound; and I gave him orders at once to see about having the stone procured in town by the next two men who went in with the ox-cart. What else, in reason, could I do?

Two days after that the stone that we awaited arrived, and I was sufficiently well to walk down and watch them set it up. The little yellow mound was in sight of my bedroom window. As I passed out my door, Sam met me and held out a letter to me. I knew the writing at a glance. It was Sir Arthur Meredith's. And it startled me, too, and made my hand shake a little with eagerness, for I remembered that my last letter had been to ask him for information about Nathan—mysterious Nathan—who was now lying over there under the clay mound.

But what was it that made me, as my eye glanced over the written page, start as if some one had struck me, and cry aloud—so loud that the

whole house must have heard me, and stamp furiously on the ground, in spite of the twinge it gave my shoulder, and then walk quickly up and down as an outlet for my excitement; then catch up the letter which I had dropped, and read it again as if I could not make sure that my eyes read aright? Never, never shall I forget the shock of that letter—never did a few lines of news so literally upset me.

But here is the letter. I give it in full. It is very short and does not need synopsising:—

“My dear Sherwood:

Your letter reached me on the 15th. It is by the merest chance that it caught me in civilisation, so that I am able to send you back an answer that will reach you promptly. I could not help smiling when I read the inquiry which makes up the body of your letter. So you really have not found out my secret, but have lived so long deceived? You ask about the connections, etc., of Nathan, who has evidently, in spite of bad looks, won a way into your particular favour. Did you not know that for eight weeks you have been housing and employing not a man but a Simian—nothing more nor less than a specimen of anthropoid (*Troglodytus Gorilla*)—indeed, one of the most remarkable ones I ever happened upon? It is rather a bold joke for a naturalist to play, but you have been uncommonly gullible. You will ask me a number of questions about the execution of the whole affair in detail and they will be more easily answered than explained. I can only say that, in addition to this unusually human appearance, for an ape, Nathan added a high degree of tractability, and this, together with a large expenditure of patience and some skill on my part, accounts for it all. I had to use some rather cruel measures, such as the administration of the searing iron, to remove tell-tale hair. Then Nathan had to be fitted with a skin-tight wig, to give the impression of a crop of approved Ethiopian wool. But it was all comparatively easy. The only real labour, which I made a pastime of, was the training, which took me about two years and a half; and you see what fruit it has borne. This is all. Excuse my deep-laid, practical joke, which you now can enjoy with me. You will find some use, I am sure, in that big country of yours, for poor, old, fallen Nathan, even if it be but to keep him for a curiosity. Good-bye to

you. We leave here to-morrow for the Upper Nile. I am always, etc.,

“Arthur Meredith.”

This was Meredith's letter. After I had read it over the third time I grew more calm and sank into a large arm-chair, and began to think of all manner of things. The thoughts crowded very thick, one after the other, so that I could hardly get a sight of one at a time.

I heard the noise of voices outside, and I remembered that some of my fellows were at work putting up the stone. This brought me to myself, and I realised, in a half-determined sort of way, that I should go out and put a stop to their work and make them carry the slab away. I even rose with this thought in my mind, and walked to the door. They could easily hear me if I called from the threshold. But as I stood there, with the orders just on my lips, a scene of a few days before came back to me.

I see right before me, on the top step of the porch, an old, withered form lying in a broad pool of blood, and scattered close about are the huge bodies of my would-be murderers. And then, at the sound of feet in the distance, which marked, as he thought, the approach of more of my enemies, I see that form drag itself to its feet, grasp a battered gun-barrel and, in the very act and effort of placing himself between me and the coming danger, fall down dead before my eyes.

I turned and walked back into the house. “They can leave the stone where it is,” I muttered, “I will never stir it.”

And I never have stirred it. Sometimes (quite often, indeed), I walk down and read the inscription on it. The inscription is this:

Here lies
NATHAN

Who died to save his Master

Surely there is no harm in that, and I have not done wrong in leaving it there.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS.

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

ARTICLE IV.—POLITICAL, JUDICIAL, AND CIVIC PRACTICES

IN British countries government is generally carried on by virtue of legislative, judicial and civic authority, the chief ideals of which are justice, liberty, responsibility and progress. In the organising of new territory the machinery of government seeks to keep pace with development and necessity. Each province or state also develops these adjuncts of civilisation according to special needs and prevailing opinions, in harmony with a general model. Starting at a given point, it is interesting to notice how each community finds a path for itself, differing in detail from other communities as times goes on. Each community will seek to meet its own needs in the best possible way, which, let us hope, is usually the case. Even if it is not, native patriotism generally blinds us to our governmental defects, which is much the same thing. An observation of this affords an interesting study and illustrates the genius of the Anglo-Saxon in the art of government. For examples, we may turn to every state of the American Union and every province of the Canadian Dominion.

Nowhere is this tendency to variation in detail to meet special needs more apparent than in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. These provinces represent the oldest organised parts of the Dominion under responsible government. Moreover, all were

at first and for many years, a part of the Province of Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island first sought and obtained the status of a separate colony or Province, soon to be followed by what is now the Province of New Brunswick. This ever closeness of position and intimacy of relationship with the early oneness of administrative machinery, would naturally be expected to result in legislative and judicial usages, as nearly identical as possible. But nothing could be further from the fact; for while each section has been true to the ideals of British democracy, all have hewn out a path for themselves in the details of which there are many contrasts.

First came the division of the country into counties, some of which have been subsequently sub-divided. These country boundaries, unlike those of the newer parts of Ontario and the West, present the appearance on the map of a crazy quilt, by virtue of their irregularity in size and form. In this respect we observe that the peculiarity of Nova Scotia is different from that of New Brunswick, and both are a result of peculiar physical features of these respective provinces. In Nova Scotia the county divisions are more regular than in New Brunswick. This is explained by the fact that early settlement consisted of a fringe of population around the shore. These early

settlements were divided into convenient blocks with a base line following more or less closely the general backbone of the country. In the case of New Brunswick it was different. The arrangement of the counties in New Brunswick are sometimes spoken of as having been made with a ruler and a map, rather than from actual surveys. This is very likely true, and despite the peculiar irregularities, a glance at the map will indicate the wisdom of the arrangement, especially as viewed from the standpoint of early settlement. New Brunswick being a province of numerous and heavy rivers, settlement followed these streams far into the interior of the country, while sections of considerable extent between the rivers separated the people by a wilderness barrier. These conditions made it necessary to make some principal river system the centre of a country division. Thus the rivers run through the counties but are never used as their boundaries.

After the counties come their subdivisions. To be true to the English model this would naturally result in an appropriate number of parishes, but this has only been followed with fidelity in the Province of New Brunswick. In that province, the parish idea has been adhered to, not only in name and for ecclesiastical purposes, but as it stands for a definite government unit.

In the early days, before the introduction of civic government, the local business was attended to through the medium of a parish meeting which had control of all parish officers, each parish also having representation in the county quarter sessions held in the shire town. This primitive system was thoroughly representative and was modelled somewhat after the old New England township, with its select-men and township meeting. Later, upon the introduction of a complete system of municipal government, the parish, both in name and fact, survived as the unit of represen-

tation in the county council.

In adopting the parish idea and giving it a place of real significance as well as a name in the administration of the country, New Brunswick presents a contrast to the other members of the Maritime group. In Nova Scotia, for instance, there seems to have been an early attempt to introduce the parish idea, as in New Brunswick, and most of the maps still indicate these old parish divisions. In Western Nova Scotia, however, the New Englander term "township" seems to have taken precedence over that of parish, and the early county government was not so uniformly operated through the parish divisions as in New Brunswick. Later, upon the introduction of municipal government in that province, the remaining vestiges of the parish idea were completely swept away so far as name and government were concerned. Municipal government now has its basis in certain units called electoral districts. In a few Nova Scotia counties the further anomaly exists in having two separate municipalities with their consequent separate sets of councillors. This occurs where French and English elements in the population are fairly evenly divided. This also presents a contrast with New Brunswick where, while the counties are larger and the French element more numerous, there has been no thought of dividing any county into two municipalities for race or any other reason, since both elements work together in perfect harmony.

In this respect Prince Edward Island is in contrast to both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Like Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the various counties were early divided into parishes with, it would seem, an idea of being consistent with the British model. But, like Nova Scotia, the parish in name and in fact never seemed to take root and long since it has ceased to exist, except on paper and in an ecclesiastical sense. And,

in contrast to both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island has no municipal government outside the capital and a few other towns. The business, which in the sister provinces is attended to by the county councils, occupies the attention of the Provincial Legislature in Charlottetown. It may be readily seen, therefore, that in nomenclature and machinery, so far as municipal government is concerned, these provinces present many striking differences.

In matters judicial also, while each province follows the general English procedure, all have some features peculiar to themselves. This is not so apparent in the courts of superior jurisdiction as in the lower tribunals. It may be that these various differences may each be best suited to the local conditions which they serve, though here also New Brunswick seems to have followed the more uniform, if not the more convenient, method. In Prince Edward Island, for example, while each county has its county town, court-house and jail, covering the county there are located at several points a number of other court-houses where regular sessions of court are held, presided over by a judge of the circuit court for the county. Each county has also a stipendiary magistrate, who presides over courts covering the same territory but of a lower jurisdiction. This has the advantage of convenience to those interested in petty litigation as the court travels around the country, thus obviating the necessity of the litigants and witnesses making long journeys to the country seat.

In New Brunswick, on the other hand, though the countries are larger, there is but one court-house in each county, which is always situated in the shire town. To this centre come all the cases under the jurisdiction of the court. This may be a little more inconvenient to the litigants, but it certainly tends to a more dignified court and much better buildings,

with probably less expense to the country. It can be seen readily that by this means a circuit judge, by having all cases under his jurisdiction tried in one place in each county, can cover in his circuit a number of counties. The Prince Edward Island system in New Brunswick would greatly multiply the number of judges since the counties are much more numerous. Thus, while the Prince Edward Island system works economically for the litigants, the New Brunswick system is more economical for the country at large.

In Nova Scotia the judicial system conforms more closely to that of New Brunswick than that of Prince Edward Island, though in some respects it seems to be a compromise between the two. For instance, while in Nova Scotia they have not multiplied court-houses as in Prince Edward Island in several counties there are at least two; and two centres rather than one seem to share the honours and fulfil the functions of a county seat. In these respects it will be observed that in judicial practices of the lower courts these different provinces differ in many details.

In one respect, however, there is complete uniformity, and this pertains to the administration of justice through the courts of the county magistrates. These fountains of justice that spring up by the wayside perform no mean part in the meting out of just judgments. If, sometimes, a little irregularity creeps in it is generally welcomed, even at the expense of the dignified justice. An instance may be cited. A justice of the peace, in passing sentence upon a litigant convicted of a small debt, after rising to his full height, most solemnly addressed the man, saying: "I find you guilty of four dollars and may God have mercy on your soul." Nevertheless, many conscientious and able men preside over these little courts.

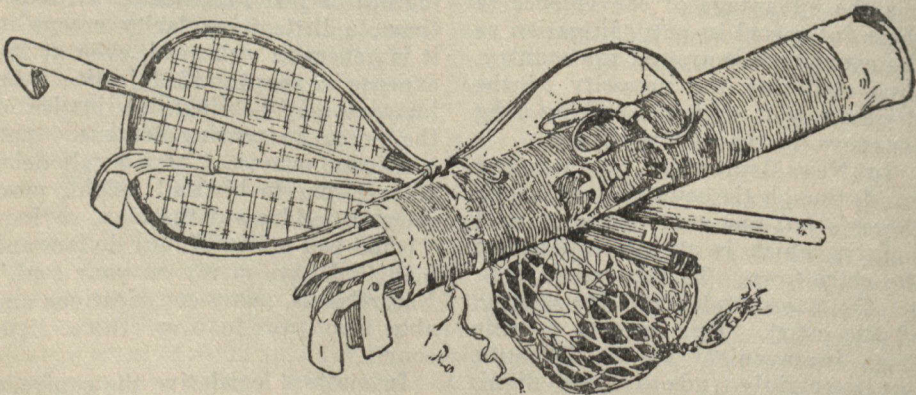
In matters legislative the contrasts are quite as apparent as in the fields

already referred to and indicate the divergent paths these provinces have pursued in the last hundred years. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the county is the unit of representation in the local legislature. In Prince Edward Island, however, this is not the case. Here the counties are cut up into "electoral districts," each of which returns two representatives to the local assembly, making thirty in all for the island. Thus, this little province, which is not as large as York county in New Brunswick, has nearly the same number of representatives from her three counties as the sister province has from her fifteen. Their functions, however, include, as already noted, the work done by the county councils on the mainland. Why these electoral districts were not in some way made to conform to the parishes or the lots already in existence we do not pretend to say.

In addition to the matter of representation, we notice another peculiar contrast in the character and number of the legislative chambers. In New Brunswick there is but a single chamber. The second chamber, or provincial senate, as it might be called, some years ago executed the unusual performance of legislating it-

self out of existence. This, of course, was in accordance with the will of the people and the popular chamber but quite out of harmony with the orthodox creed of politicians. The change has not wrought any ill to the land and it has saved a considerable sum of money. In Nova Scotia, on the other hand, they still retain the two legislative chambers, with no apparent desire for a change. Thus Nova Scotia, while strongly Liberal in politics, is ultra-conservative in political institutions. In Prince Edward Island the Legislature presents the conditions of a compromise between those of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Here, as in New Brunswick, the second chamber some years ago became extinct through self abolition. The principle, however, is in part retained still in the present single chamber. Half the thirty members are called Assemblymen and the other half Councillors. They are, moreover, elected on a different franchise; the former by universal suffrage, the latter by a property qualification. A Councillor and an Assemblyman are returned from each electoral district, and in some matters the Councillors only are qualified to vote in the legislature.

Next month the concluding article of this series will deal with the flora, fauna, and physical features of the Maritime Provinces.



THE MARITIME GROUP OF UNIVERSITIES

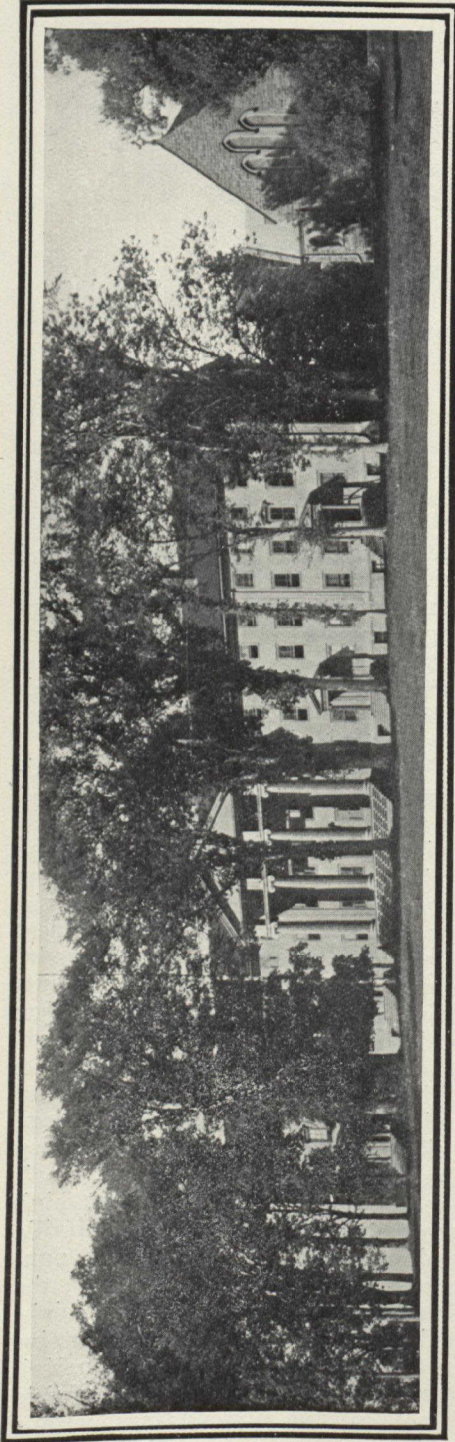
BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

NOWHERE else in Canada, with the possible exception of Lennoxville, does the traditional college spirit find so complete an expression as in the small group of universities set so unostentatiously away in quiet little college towns down by the sea. Almost without exception there is an inspiration in their location and natural environment, an exclusively academic atmosphere about their college halls and a suggestion, almost pathetic in its insistence, of the days of long ago in every nook and corner. This spirit seems to be completely lacking in the larger and more modern and cosmopolitan universities of the west. They are in a sense midway between the collegiate foundations of the old land and their prototypes in the newer parts of Canada.

A modern man of affairs, unblessed with sentiment, might fail to see anything particularly admirable or praiseworthy in the system of higher education provided for the young men and women of the Eastern Provinces. To his practical mind the spectacle of seven comparatively small universities, scattered here and there through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, several of them struggling for existence, would seem to be quite unnecessary and undesirable. Schemes for amalgamation and centralisation would immediately begin to flit through his mind, and one big inter-provincial university would present itself to his fancy as the great desideratum.

But it is certainly debatable whether such an achievement as the federation of the maritime universities, were it to mean the obliteration of the old institutions with all their sacred associations, would be a real advantage. Canadian life to-day stands sorely in need of the leavening influence of tradition, and unhappily this is not supplied by the larger and more unwieldy universities of the cities, beset on all sides by the utilitarian spirit of the age.

With the single exception of Dalhousie University, which is situated in the city of Halifax, all the eastern universities are untrammelled by those influences which are bound to flow from close association with city life. Ancient King's College, the oldest chartered university in Canada, stands on high ground on the outskirts of the little town of Windsor and commands a sweeping view of green fields and woods, forest clad hills and fruitful valleys—fit setting indeed for the impressive old college building. Acadia University, perhaps the most charmingly situated of all the colleges, has been built on high ground in the village of Wolfville and overlooks the magnificent panorama of the Cornwallis Valley, the Basin of Minas, with Blomidon height and the range of the North Mountains in the distance. Mount Allison University at Sackville, New Brunswick, is set in fine surroundings, with a wide view over a beautiful country-



THE UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

side. The University of New Brunswick looks down on the wooded streets of the provincial capital, Fredericton, from the crest of College Heights, while the eye is carried far up and down the valley of the St. John River and across to the hills that form its eastern watershed. The University of St. Joseph's College has its location in the Acadian village of Memramcook. And lastly the University of St. Francis Xavier is pleasantly situated in the little college town of Antigonish in Eastern Nova Scotia.

When one contrasts these seats of learning, so quiet, so dignified, with the rushing turbulent and insistent surroundings of city universities, one ceases to wonder why it is that the men of imagination in this country come for the most part from down by the sea. Small these colleges may be and crude in many respects, with inadequate equipment, but they possess one asset at least that is lacking in many colleges—an inspiring natural environment. It may be that this advantage is not appreciated as it should be. Probably very few people realise its significance. But none the less it is of great importance in the life of the student.

The condition which has brought about the establishment of half a dozen universities in place of but one has been the differences in religion. With the exception of the University of New Brunswick and possibly Dalhousie University, the others are all denominational institutions. Mount Allison belongs to the Methodists; King's to the Anglicans; Acadia to the Baptists; and St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph's to the Roman Catholics. Dalhousie was for a long time Presbyterian, and even yet, while it is nominally undenominational, it is largely attended by men and women of that faith. Only the University of New Brunswick is purely a State institution, receiving support from the Government of the Province. Attempts have been



DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX

made to federate the various colleges, but difficulties have invariably arisen, and the desired object has never been consummated. Whether some day it will be achieved remains to be seen, but meanwhile all the universities are going ahead raising endowments, adding to their equipment and otherwise making themselves permanencies.

In commencing any detailed description of the individual units comprising the maritime group of universities, it will always be fitting to deal first with King's College, the oldest, if to-day the smallest, of them all. No one can deny that the antiquity of King's, its traditions, its quaint old college buildings, its beautiful situation combine to render it a place of great charm and interest. Built among graceful elms, on the crest of a rolling hillside, with a wide view over valley and forest and stream, the time-worn facade of the College appeals alike to the heart and the eye. One can well imagine that with but minor changes in the landscape, the

scene is much the same as that which presented itself to the eye of a visitor to the College more than a hundred years ago. Time has wrought but few changes in this quiet corner of the Province.

“From its eminence King's College looks over the green King's Meadow and across rolling fields which the French settlers cleared and the thrifty New England farmers cultivated. Far away beyond stand the mountains, blue and misty, still now apparently as densely wooded as in the days when Indians held them as their stronghold and the hunted Acadians sought shelter in their recesses from alien foes. The dykes built by Acadian pioneers still stretch their endless lengths, protecting a vast expanse of meadow from the rushing tides which the Bay of Fundy thrusts with impetuous violence up the red channel of the Avon. The elms which the New Englanders brought and planted, now grown into majestic trees, the stateliest and most perfect



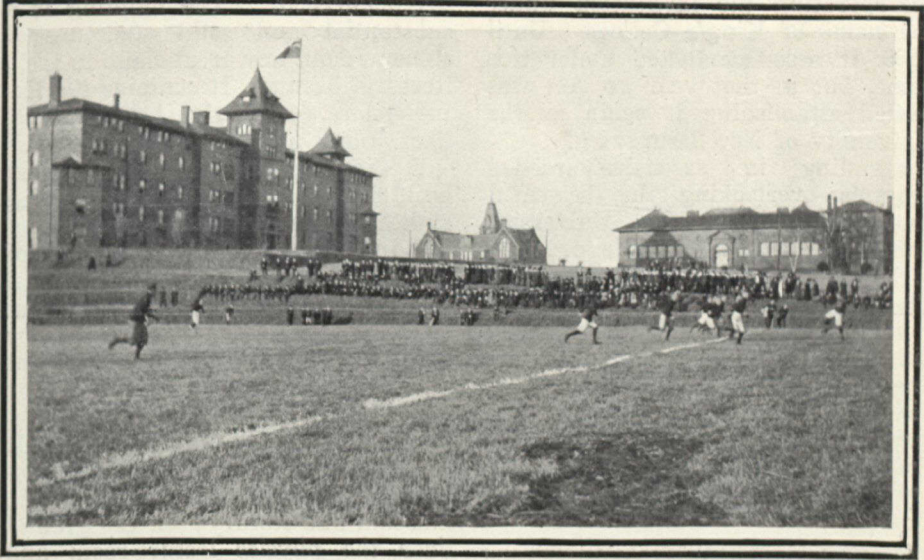
THE MAIN BUILDING OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY

of their kind, are seen in all directions. Here and there along the lanes, tall poplars from Lombardy display in their topmost branches a silent Ichabod in memory of the departed people which planted them, and on the meadows, groups of ancient willows, broad in girth and defiant of decay, stand here and there, as they do everywhere, where Acadians broke the soil. Through a beauty which is distinctly of to-day, the whole scene tells of its historic past."

The present College building dates back to 1791, though not in the form it at present assumes. There was little classic grace about the long wooden building with the unbroken front, of which Governor Parr had laid the corner-stone in that year. Later it was "nogged" with stone and brick, and in 1854 the present pitched roof and the Ionic porticoes were added. The building is divided into houses or bays, connected at the rear by a long covered passage-way. The west bay contains the President's apartments, while in the east bay is the commons hall, where the students assemble for their meals. Each house

contains one or two lecture-rooms, with a number of suites of rooms for the accommodation of the undergraduates in residence. As one glances into these quaint old studies and bedrooms, the brief abodes of generations of the sons of Nova Scotia, one cannot help but feel how hallowed must be the associations that linger about their walls, for noted names in the annals of the Provinces are to be found in the roll of the alumni.

Attached to the east end of the old building is Hensley Chapel, a fine stone edifice erected in 1877 as a memorial to Canon Hensley and built almost entirely through the liberality of Mr. Edward Dinney. At a short distance from the College stands Convocation Hall, also a stone building, which dates back to 1863, though on account of the soft nature of the material used in its construction it appears to be much older. The Hall, where all College functions take place, occupies the upper floor, while on the ground floor is located King's College Library, one of the most valuable and interesting collections of books in America.



INTER-UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL AT MOUNT ALLISON

The nucleus of this famous library was a gift of fifty pounds made in 1790 by Mr. Lambert, of Boston, followed by contributions of one hundred pounds each by Dr. Croke and Mr. Brymner, of Halifax. In 1799 the governors of the College commissioned John Inglis, later Bishop of Nova Scotia, but then a young man of twenty-two, to go to England to purchase books. He succeeded in interesting many influential persons, and the collection which he brought back, including gifts from the University of Oxford, the trustees of the British Museum, and several private individuals, was probably at that time, with the exception of the library at Laval, the most valuable in British North America. The library now numbers more than 15,000 volumes, among which are many rare titles.

The College grounds also contain the residences of a number of the professors and the Collegiate School, where boys are prepared for matriculation. Not far distant stands Edgehill, a church school for girls, the whole comprising a group of educational institutions, with their appur-

tenances, which afford opportunities of education of a high order. The College town of Windsor is far enough away to permit of these schools and colleges being a little world unto themselves.

Up to 1854 King's College was a State institution and was under Government control. Its history during this period was chequered, for it was made the subject of bitter controversy between those who wished to maintain it as a purely Church college and those who took broader grounds and would have thrown it open to all. But the Act of Assembly in 1854 severed it from State control and committed its future to the care of the alumni. At present it is struggling along with an inadequate endowment, and there is great need for enlargement and new equipment.

The second of the maritime universities in point of age is the State-owned University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. It was founded and incorporated as the College of New Brunswick in 1800. In 1828 its charter was surrendered and a new Royal Charter was granted by the Crown,

incorporating the institution under the name of King's College. Until 1859 it was conducted under this name, but in that year an Act was passed establishing it again as the University of New Brunswick.

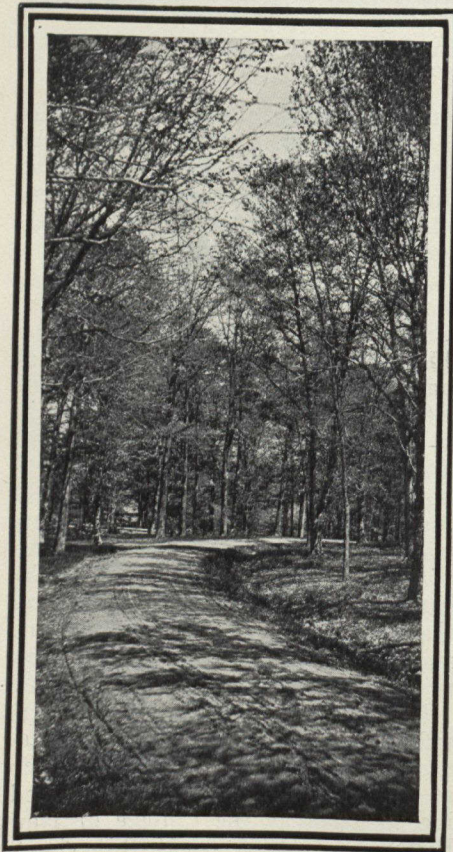
Standing in extensive wooded grounds overlooking the beautiful provincial capital, the University buildings command a wide prospect of hill and dale, river and mountain. The main building is approached by a winding driveway that climbs the hill beneath arching elms and other fine old trees, or else a short-cut, familiarly known as the "rocky road to learning," may be taken that leads the visitor up a woodland path of great natural beauty to its immediate

neighbourhood. The building is a substantial and solid structure of stone without any great claim to architectural beauty. It contains the lecture-rooms, convocation hall, museum, library and president's apartments.

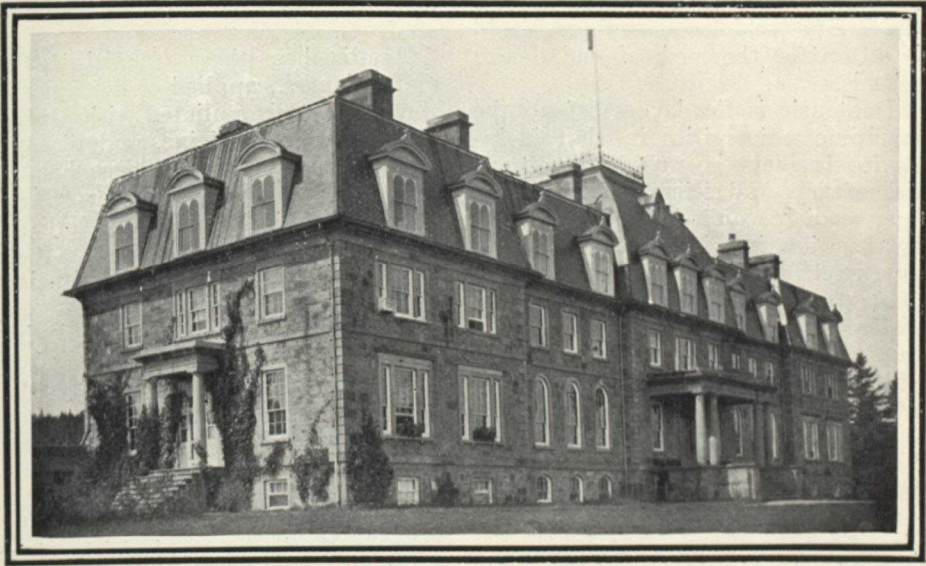
A short distance from the main building stands the Engineering Building, a serviceable structure of red brick, the foundation stone of which was laid during the centennial celebration of May, 1900. It was erected with money obtained by grants of the Provincial Government and the city of Fredericton and by subscriptions from friends and former students of the University. It contains on the first floor the engineering, lecture-room, drafting-room, museum and library; on the ground floor the physics lecture-room and laboratory, while in the basement are the electrical, cement and engineering laboratories, work shop, boiler and dynamo rooms. It is well equipped throughout for the purpose for which it was erected.

A third college building is the gymnasium, also a brick structure, standing near the engineering building. It too is well equipped. There is no college residence, and students must find board down in the town.

Dalhousie University, the third of the seven universities of the Provinces, occupies a somewhat anomalous position in that it is neither a State-endowed or State-supported institution nor a denominational foundation. It calls itself a provincial university and, in that it is non-denominational, it may lay some claim to the distinction. Its history has some points of interest. It was founded in 1818 by the Right Honourable George Ramsay, ninth Earl of Dalhousie, from whom it derives its name. The original endowment was obtained from funds collected at the port of Castine, Maine, during its occupation in 1814 by Sir John Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. In a letter to Lord Bathurst, dated De-



IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS,
UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK



THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

ember 14, 1817, Lord Dalhousie, with the unanimous consent of the Council, proposed that £9,750 of these funds be devoted to the "founding of a college or Academy on the same plan and principle as that in Edinburgh, open to all occupations and sects of religion. Lord Bathurst replied expressing the Prince Regent's approval, and the college building was begun in 1819. It was completed in 1821, and an Act was passed incorporating the governors, who consisted of the Governor-General of British North America, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Bishop, the Chief Justice, the President of the Council, the Treasurer of the Province, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and the President of the College. In 1822, 1824 and 1826 attempts were made both by the British Government and the Board of Governors to effect a union with King's College, while meanwhile no steps were taken to set the college going. In 1838, however, it at last went into operation. University powers were granted in 1841, but in 1845 the College was again closed, the governors deeming it advisable to allow the funds of the in-

stitution to accumulate. Not until 1863 did it once more become an active place of education. In that year it was reorganised under an Act which empowered the board of governors to grant to any body of Christians or any individual or number of individuals, the privilege of nominating a representative to the board and a professor for every chair in the College supported by them to the extent of twelve hundred dollars a year. In consequence of this provision, the Presbyterian Church came into a partial control of the College, which has since been discontinued, leaving Dalhousie to the support of private endowment.

The present building of Dalhousie College was erected in 1887, largely through the munificence of Sir William Young. It is a serviceable structure, but not nearly commodious enough for the growing needs of the College. Accordingly, new property, comprising an estate of forty acres beautifully situated on the North West Arm, has been acquired and plans are now ready for the erection there of a library and a physics and chemistry laboratory. These will be

followed by a new arts building and university residences, leaving the old building for the medical and dental schools.

Dalhousie is the largest of all the maritime universities in that it includes besides the customary faculties of arts and science, faculties of law, medicine and dentistry as well. Its location in Halifax gives it a greater field from which to draw students than the colleges in smaller places. City life, too, appeals to the young people, and, as it is untrammelled by the rules of any church, a greater liberty is accorded them.

Acadia, the Baptist University at Wolfville, comes next in order. Situated in the midst of a beautiful, sloping wooded park, it is ideally placed for the purpose. It dates back to 1838, when it was founded by the Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society. At first it was incorporated as Queen's College, but the name was soon changed to Acadia. In 1851 the power of appointing the governors was transferred to the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, which now contributes about \$4,000 annually to its support. A half-million endowment will soon be complete, which will place the institution on a self-supporting basis. No religious tests are required at Acadia, and over twenty-five per cent. of the students belong to other than the Baptist denomination.

Apart from the College Hall, completed in 1879, which contains the lecture-rooms, library, museum, chapel, assembly hall and executive offices, there is a fine science building in connection with Acadia. This building was erected and equipped through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, and it is known as the Carnegie Science Hall. It is admirably planned and provides one of the largest and best equipped laboratories in Eastern Canada. There is also a Manual Training Hall and a University Residence where about sixty of the male students can find accommodation, be-

sides a residence for the women students.

Acadia has three faculties—arts and sciences, applied science and theology. It is affiliated with McGill University in medicine, and like the other Nova Scotia colleges has an arrangement with the new Nova Scotia Technical College at Halifax, whereby it provides the first two years of the course at that institution. There are in association with it, collegiate schools for both boys and girls and during the college year the little town of Wolfville is alive with the young people who attend the various institutions, there being no fewer than six hundred students in all departments.

The fifth university, that of St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, is a Roman Catholic foundation dating back to 1855, when it was established as St. Francis Xavier's College. It was chartered in 1866 and endowed with full university powers in 1882. Of recent years it has shown marked expansion. A fine new science hall has just been completed, being one of the handsomest buildings of its kind in the Province. Designed in steel, its walls are of hard red brick with sandstone trimmings. The ornamentation of the building is limited to a simple treatment of brick panels and stone blocks, its general style of architecture being Anglo-Gothic. A handsome chapel has also just been completed, the gift of an old student, J. E. Somers, M.D., LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass. It too is Anglo-Gothic in style, 47 x 95 feet in size, and built of dark red brick and light-coloured Nova Scotia sandstone. It will accommodate five hundred students easily. The main building of the College consists of five wings which have been built at various times during the past thirty years, as the requirements of the institution demanded them.

The sixth of the maritime group, the University of Mount Allison College, is situated at Sackville, New Bruns-

wick, near the interprovincial boundary. Sackville is a genuine college town. The numerous buildings comprising the University and its allied colleges dominate the place and seem to form the centre of its activities. Mount Allison is not outside the town. It is in the midst of it, and while there may be a few industries in the place, it is the college that occupies the position of prominence. It is safe to say that to the tourist, the educational institutions grouped on the hillside above the main street of the town, will present many surprises.

The University itself was the third foundation of what are now a trio of institutions—the Academy for boys, established in 1843; the Ladies' College, started in 1854; and the University, founded in 1863. All three are closely allied and all three have had a like development. Launched as the Mount Allison Wesleyan College, its charter was amended in 1886 and the name changed to the University of Mount Allison College. Although the University is under the auspices of the Methodist Church, as a majority of the Board of Regents are appointed by the General Conference of that body, no denominational test or requirement is imposed on either teachers or taught.

As one proceeds up the hill, noting the size, number and solidity of the various college buildings, with the pretty homes of the professors in well-kept grounds, and the park-like surroundings of the entire group, one cannot fail to realise that Mount Allison plays an important part in the educational life of the Provinces by the sea. The men's residence built of red stone would do credit to the largest university. It has accommodation for over one hundred and thirty students and it has always a waiting list. Standing four stories high with a frontage of two hundred and twenty feet, it presents a commanding appearance as it overlooks the town. It is equipped with all the modern conveniences and has

rooms single or in suites. Close at hand are the athletic grounds. Memorial Hall, also a stone building in the Gothic style, contains the lecture-rooms, the college chapel and the library. Near by is the McClellan Hall of Science. Convocation ceremonies and other events in college life take place in the fine large Charles Fawcett Memorial Hall, erected in 1910 and presented to the University by Mrs. F. Ryan and Mr. Charles Fawcett. Another building of impressive appearance is the Owens Museum of Fine Arts, founded by the late John Owens of St. John, New Brunswick, for the purpose of establishing a gallery or school of art. Of the Ladies' College, which has grown into one of the largest institutions of its kind in Canada, it is not within the scope of the article to deal.

St. Joseph's College at Memramcook dates back to October, 1864, when it was established by Father Camille Lefebvre to provide higher education for the sons of Roman Catholics in New Brunswick. Until 1876 an old academy building was utilised but in that year a \$40,000 stone building was erected to accommodate the growing institution. Then in 1885 an ell, originally wooden but later faced with stone, was added. Other buildings have been erected on College Hill, chief of which is Lefebvre Hall, the alumni's memorial to the founder of the university. It was in 1888 that St. Joseph's first conferred degrees on her graduates and not until 1898 that she assumed her present distinctive title of university.

It is significant that the heads of the six maritime universities are all comparatively young men. The new president of Dalhousie, Professor McKenzie, who was appointed to succeed Dr. Forest last July; Dr. Borden, president of Mount Allison University, also a new appointment last year; Dr. C. C. Jones, chancellor of the University of New Brunswick,

who became head of the University in 1905; the Rev. Mr. Powell, who has been principal of King's College since 1910; Dr. G. B. Cutten, president of Acadia since 1910, and Dr. H. P. MacPherson, president of St. Francis Xavier, are all young men of ability and energy, under whose guidance these various institutions will make as much progress as is humanly possible.

Intercourse between the universities is confined to the debating platform. There is a debating league of which six are members, and each year witnesses three debates among them. In sports the University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison and Acadia have leagued together for football and hockey. Apart from this, each college has its own local interests, and as all of them except St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph's countenance co-education, there are plenty of opportunities for the students to indulge in social pursuits. Organisations both social and literary are numerous and keep up interest during the winter months.

The character and scope of the education to be obtained at any one of the maritime universities is pretty much the same as is to be had at the others. There are faculties of arts in all six. Theology is taught in the sectarian institutions. Law and medicine are confined to Halifax. It is significant that special attention is being paid to science everywhere and the science halls at St. Francis Xavier, Acadia and New Brunswick would do credit to much larger universities. New Brunswick alone so far has established a faculty of forestry. To enter any further into the curricula of the universities would involve the reader in a mass of

detail that would simply confuse the mind.

Some idea of the size of the maritime universities may be derived from a calculation of the number of students registered at each during 1910-1911 as recorded in the respective college calendars. Dalhousie leads with a total of 413 students, 263 of whom are in arts and science, sixty-eight in law, seventy-one in medicine and eleven in dentistry. Next comes the University of St. Francis Xavier with a total of 251, in all courses. The University of New Brunswick records 249, of whom 165 are in arts and science, seventy-four in engineering and sixteen in forestry. Mount Allison shows 243 in arts, engineering and theology. Acadia has 230, of whom 176 are in arts and science, twenty-two in theology, thirty-six in applied science and seventeen in special work, with twenty-three in two courses. Lastly, King's College has forty-four students in all courses. The total is 1,430, or an average of 238 for each college.

The maritime universities owe their continued existence largely to the munificence of their graduates and such church people as take a pride in advancing the interests of their own religious foundations. It needs but little research to find that in all departments of college life the purse of the benefactor has been opened liberally. Buildings preserve the names of their founders. Professorial chairs and undergraduate scholarships are endowed by zealous supporters. Laboratories, libraries, and museums are enriched by the gifts of well-wishers. And in this respect the maritime universities are very human, for they reflect the best life of the Provinces.

MADAME NANTEL

BY M. G. COOK

FÉLICIE DESCHAMPS, at seventeen, was as charmingly pretty a little French-Canadian girl as one could wish to see, with a pure and flower-like quality of beauty that is very much rarer among that race than gipsy-like colouring or sparkling vivacity and grace. Not that she lacked gaiety; far from it. But she was *dévoté*, and was almost sure she had a vocation to be a *religieuse*. From her earliest childhood she had visions of herself in the white robes of a missionary Franciscan, teaching and nursing the heathen and dying a heroic death in some far-away foreign land. She would work herself into an ecstasy of emotion as she knelt in the dimness of the little convent chapel, and she burnt a candle at the shrine of her patron saint.

Religion to the French-Canadian woman of the people is the foundation and meaning of life. Everything else is subordinate to it and is interpreted by its light. This does not necessarily mean interminable prayers, or meticulous observance of Church discipline; for these may be entirely lost sight of when a woman is bearing and bringing up her family and working hard to keep it, but it is an informing spirit, an unflinching support. The affectionate and familiar dependence on the sympathy of Mary the Mother of God the security of her interest in the smallest domestic affairs and of the power of her tender intercession with *le bon Dieu* gives strength to face with courage what would otherwise be intolerable aspects of life. The Church,

however poor, represents the source of purity and consolation; the priest, however common and shabby and eager to hurry through the office, is the elect of God, living in the presence of His mysteries; the altar, however crude and tawdry; the music, however harsh, supply the poetry and colour of life, as well as the food of the soul, and keep faith alive. And among no other class is faith so living a thing, or duty so inspiring a motive power, as among the French-Canadian working women.

Madame Robillard, a well-to-do florist, was the aunt of Félicie and had brought her up from infancy. She took no notice whatever of the visions, but spared no pains in teaching her niece all the practical virtues of the French-Canadian housewife, to sew, to buy, to cook, to clean and keep house with a wax-like perfection of neatness, thrift and economy. Apart from this Félicie had the usual convent education of girls of her station in life. She was sincerely religious, and beneath the emotionalism of her class and the quick and thrilling responsiveness of her nature to the outward ceremonies of her faith, were stability of character and a steadfast sense of duty that is seldom found in the woman without religion.

The coming of "P'tit Georges" Nantel, tall, well-set-up, good-looking, one day put the missionary visions to flight and justified Madame Robillard's theory of education. P'tit Georges, with his bright, sentimental eyes, his flashing smile and

his persuasive and caressing voice, quickly convinced Félicie that she had a vocation for love and marriage. Her aunt married her off handsomely, gave her her blessing and a variety of other things and turned her attention with some relief to her own growing up daughters.

Félicie went off to the big city where P'tit George carried on the excellent trade of a bricklayer, and emerging a little from the happy confusion of new clothes and her suddenly acquired dignity of matrimony, began the practice of household virtues instilled by her aunt, in a comfortable little tenement of four rooms. Her content was absolute. At the end of the first year, by industry and good management, the young couple found themselves *au-dessus de leurs affaires*, as Félicie wrote to her aunt, and were able to rent and furnish a house for themselves; and here, a few weeks later, their first child, Marie-Gabrielle-Annociation—called Anna for short—was born. They made a little festivity over the christening, and the days which followed were the supremely happy ones of Félicie's life.

Whether she neglected him for the child, or whether he had always inclined to it, Félicie never knew, it may have been only prosperity, or it may have been inherent weakness asserting itself, for he was a good-natured, easily led creature, but P'tit Georges began to drink a little. Sometimes he would go out in the evenings and would come in smelling of whiskey and a little inclined to be noisily demonstrative and would fling himself on the bed and fall heavily asleep, often without undressing. Félicie was a little anxious and frightened at these times, but her husband would be quite himself again for weeks and she would be reassured.

When their second child was born, P'tit Georges, owing to a strike, had been out of work for some weeks. Félicie struggled out of bed, gave over her children to the care of a

neighbour, and went out working by the day. By this, as some might say, she fixed her own doom, for P'tit Georges quickly realised that the support of his family need no longer fall upon him alone, and from that easily came to feel that occasional contributions from him were all that anyone could expect. They sold some of their furniture and moved into a much poorer and cheaper house, and the slipping down of P'tit Georges became swifter. He was no longer nice to look at, he was careless and haggard and irritable and he complained that the children cried and crowded. He worked at fitful intervals and spent most of his money in drink. Félicie still loved him and did her best for him and prayed that he might give up drink and be as he had been when she married him. She got the priest to make him sign the pledge once, but he broke it, and she took the sin upon her own soul and strove to expiate it for him. They sank down and down and moved from one poor place to another till it seemed as if nothing harder or poorer remained. Félicie supported the family entirely, working early and late, silently and doggedly. Each year brought her the agony of a child, but it never occurred to her to complain. If *le bon Dieu* sent them, well and good, and He took most of them away again with speed. Félicie looked upon these little flowers of angelhood as so many spiritual assets, pure, heavenly beings praying her soul out of purgatory and perhaps expressly sent to be the means of saving the soul of P'tit Georges. He for his part got used to taking the little coffin yearly out to the cemetery and holding it on his knee during the long drive, would wonder rather stupidly at the expensive dispositions of Providence. When he had deposited the little box in the earth he would have a good drink to forget his sorrow. He was known to the neighbours as *un bon pour rien*, but never because of a word dropped by *la*

pauvre Madame Nantel, and they moved so often that no one knew them intimately.

She endured her husband well and still had rare gleams of tenderness for him and would renew her efforts to give him some little comfort or distraction that might keep him from drink and the streets. He was her husband—in the inscrutable providence of *le bon Dieu* a bad one, but still by the divine right of marriage entitled to her faithfulness and care. The thought of divorce does not cross the mind of that class, and at no time occurs to the Catholic, of course—it is a costly luxury for the godless Protestant rich. If P'tit Georges had beaten and injured her so that she could no longer support him, or if he had cruelly ill-used the children, Félicie might, on the advice of a priest, have left him. But he refrained from physical violence, and the brutalities that merely fall on the heart and soul can be borne.

The slow, hardworking, emotionless years passed, and Madame Nantel worked as she breathed, without thinking of any other possible condition of life. All the fresh prettiness of Félicie Deschamps had vanished long ago. The bent and distorted figure was thread-like; her blue eyes were always rimmed with red, not from tears—a long-abandoned luxury—but from sheer exhaustion and years of insufficient sleep; and her scanty hair was combed back from a little lined, colourless face that bore a patient look of resignation to a life too overwhelming for her to understand. She was never ill, or rather she took no notice of any illness or fatigue. At one time she was able to take sewing in at night, or go out to do it, but the amount of other work she had constantly to do had so roughened and stiffened her hands that she could no longer ply a needle, except toilsomely for herself and the children. She went charing at a dollar a day, and was happy when she discovered that there were offices and public

buildings where she could get night employment and add to her earnings. Her husband seldom had any work and drank what little he made. When his drunken fits were on him and he was in a half-stupor for days, he grew cunning and would search everywhere for Félicie's savings laid aside for the rent and would pawn anything he could lay his hands on. Once he slipped her wedding ring off as she lay asleep and pawned it. He quailed before her when he came home that night and went with her without a word to redeem it—with her money. One day Anna, the pretty child who had been employed in a factory for a year or two, got "into trouble"; a common enough story, for there is no protection for the very poor and the shop-girls and factory children go to and from their work and run about the streets exposed to unspeakable danger and temptation. Her mother was filled with a horror of despair and self-reproach, though in her life of unending slavery she had no possible means of caring for the souls and guarding the bodies of her children. Anna, barely fifteen years old, the treasure of her one happy year to be brought to this!

The girl herself was bold, sulky and frightened by turns, well started on the path which seems to offer such compensations, but her mother would, by superhuman effort, have kept her and sheltered her, had not P'tit Georges, unexpectedly half-sober, come upon them together at an hour when both were usually working; and, cursing, he demanded an explanation. Their silence roused his brutality and seizing Anna by the arm he flung her into the street with a violence that called the neighbours to doors and windows to fall upon the tragedy with evil tongues. Félicie ran after her stumbling, blinded by an anguish that made her for once unconscious of the neighbours' eyes, and took her to the nuns to be cared for and kept in the reformatory of the convent.

She moved her family away from that neighbourhood at once.

Every vestige of feeling toward her husband had died, except a dull sensation that was really smouldering hatred, but which when she looked at him made her clasp her hands over her breast, believing that she suffered physical pain. She prayed that God would either take her or P'tit Georges from the world, explaining that it had better be P'tit Georges, however, "or who will work for the children."

This prayer was not answered.

She continued to work, chiefly at charring, for him and for the two children who yet remained to her.

One day P'tit Georges who had nearly forgotten his trade, got a job at bricklaying again and stuck to it, sober, for over a month. Félicie was almost beginning to know the sensation of hope again, when one day they brought him in to her on a stretcher, apparently dead. He had pitched on his head from a high scaffolding. She sat up with him night after night and nursed him as untiringly as if she loved him, all the time praying *le bon Dieu* to take him. P'tit Georges recovered partially; he was almost helpless, could not move without assistance, and was mentally like a child a year old, but physically well enough. He was young and might live a long time. The doctor and the neighbours, even the priest, urged Madame Nantel to put him in the home for incurables where he would be well looked after and where she could go and see him constantly, but she obstinately refused. He was her husband, who but she *should* take care of him? It was her duty. She was prevailed upon to put her two little girls into a home, however, and she settled down in one room to devote herself to the helpless invalid who bore the outward semblance of her husband. He was absolutely dependent upon her, and she had to do every office for him as one does for an infant. In the morning she got

him up, dressed and fed him and set the room in order before she went off to her day's work. She would put him in a chair near the window, with some odds and ends to play with, the coloured supplement of a Sunday paper, some shells and a string of empty spools, and a bowl of bread and milk to eat if he were hungry. Then she would say to him slowly and gently, "Sit here and watch for me to come back." And she would go to work. He would sit there contentedly all day and would make childish noises of pleasure when she returned.

She felt no emotion whatever towards him; the dull physical sensation of hate was gone, but except for an anxiety to do the best she could for him, she seemed incapable of any feeling. His helplessness did not appeal to any maternal instinct—motherhood itself had been crushed out of her. She was a dumb creature, caught in the great machinery of life from which there is no escape and in which, the first struggle of panic over, the victim becomes passive.

She kept very much to herself, and being away all day, had little occasion to know her neighbours. She did not encourage curious or friendly visits and was considered very proud. *Elle est fière, cette femme là*, they said.

One oppressive summer evening Félicie was tempted to go out on her doorstep for a few minutes to breathe the air which even in that narrow street was a relief from the heat of the poor room and a rest after the exhausting work of her day. P'tit Georges, like a fretful child, cried to go out too and she moved his chair to the door and helped him into it. A couple of women were quarrelling and disputing and their voices filled the street, but presently one withdrew and the other, a stout gossip with folded arms stood idly staring at P'tit Georges, hard-eyed and curious, on the lookout to give or take offence. As she eyed them a sudden

recognition took place and she burst into loud laughter.

"Ah, it's Madame Nantel," she cried coarsely. "How is your daughter in the reformatory, madame? And your little bastard grandchild?"

Félicie, to whom the memory of Anna was a hidden, incurable wound, always duly insistent, shrank against the door blindly, and fell without a word. Some neighbours carried her in and tried with rough kindness to revive her. She lay very still, her livid lips moving in a ghastly way that suggested horrible suffering. Presently she opened her eyes and struggled up. It was nothing, she said brusquely, the heat merely. She got rid of the neighbours, got P'tit Georges to bed, and late that night went off and found herself another room far removed from that neighbourhood. She engaged a man she knew with a cart to come and move all her belongings and her husband, and they vanished in the early morning before there were any curious eyes to see.

P'tit Georges lived for seven years, and then one morning Madame Nantel woke up and found that he had died in the night. He lay beside her with his head to one side, his mouth slightly open—the same as yesterday, merely not breathing. He was not moving to look at even, having attained the remote and unimagined dignity of death.

His wife flung up her arms in an effable gesture of freedom. "*Enfin!*" she cried. "*Il est mort. Grâce à Dieu!*"

Her voice was strange in her ears

and she was amazed and appalled at the violence of the emotion that swept like a great wave over her soul and body. She was free at last—thanks to God! Free from a hated burden, free to live for herself, free to find and keep and work for her children. Free! Oh, the good God!

It was as if she had suddenly begun to live after years of deadness, as if physical sensation, vigorous and keen, had newly come back to a paralytic. She wept in a passion of relief.

By and by she called in the neighbours, who looked at her emotion with approval and said how much she would miss him. Presently P'tit Georges was put into a pine box and "exposed" with a proper display of candles. People came in and out, discussed the look of the corpse and the behaviour of the widow—which was considered admirable—and prayed perfunctorily for the poor soul in purgatory. Félicie knelt with her beads in her hands and tears of pure joy running down her face devoutly thanking *le bon Dieu* for his goodness.

A few days later she took a place as cook at eight dollars a month. She was forty years old and she looked like an old woman. She very soon was worth more as she grew younger and stronger and got excellent wages. Now at the end of ten years she has saved enough to rent a house and take in boarders. She has even bought a piano, acme of French-Canadian prosperity, for her two daughters who live with her and help her. Anna is dead.



THE GORGON'S HEAD

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE soldier, the priest and the journalist dozed in the shadow of the big Armstrong that frowns over the King's Bastion. And Shamus, known from Esquimalt to Halifax, and wherever else the Royal Canadian Regiment has a few men posted, as a hardened old bachelor—Shamus, of all people, was talking of love.

Father Vaughan had told me that Shamus had once been rather famous for his heart-breakings, and he, on being pressed, pleaded guilty.

"But it was long ago," he said. "I was young and foolish then." He paused, and a peculiar smile played around the corners of his mouth, a smile reminiscent of long-forgotten joys, of conquests hardly won. But presently his mouth hardened again into straight lines as he continued: "I may have been a lady-killer, but I always played fair. As I found a girl, so I left her, and that's more than many can say."

And that was how he came to tell the story, which, for lack of a better name, I have called the "Gorgon's Head."

It was shortly before the war that Jack Rafferty joined the ranks of "K" company. Not that that was his real name, for he had tried to enlist as Smith, but the sergeant, who was old and new the world, suggested that a man whose very speech savoured of Cork should be an Irishman even if he wasn't; and so as Rafferty he made his debut in the R.C.R.

According to Shamus, under whose command he had been placed, he

stood six feet, four in his socks and was as handsome as the devil. Shamus, by the way, had gathered his idea of the devil chiefly from "Faust."

From the first it was evident that Rafferty had more education than was necessary for a private soldier, and, as he wore an air of being completely above his surroundings, it was small wonder he was left pretty much to his own devices. It was evident that he rankled under this treatment, for he became increasingly morose and irritable. Then one day the inevitable clash came.

Mike Donelly, of number three section, seeking for fresh worlds to conquer and egged on by the others, whose curiosity respecting Rafferty had now reached a stage bordering on the feminine, accused him in that suave, insinuating tone that hints at a fight, of being a cashiered officer, or else of having run away to avoid marrying a girl.

The last guess apparently struck home, for so did Rafferty, and when Donnelly came out of hospital a day or two later, there was a new champion in the room answering to the name of Gentleman Jack and taking no offence.

And so he won a standing in the R.C.R. and a reputation of being a man with a past and the ability to guard it.

The section was satisfied, and he was no longer left out when the boys went down for a time on "settlement night," and in time he was even invited to the non-coms ball. It was

there he met Kitty Cughan. She was the quartermaster-sergeant's daughter and quite easily the belle of the barracks.

Kitty was an old flame of Shamus's and he was wont to describe her as the "sweetest girl in the garrison," but at this time, owing to a little falling out, he was consoling himself by visiting the Brady girls. Meanwhile she was trying to win him back without his knowing it, for though Cughan was a widower and Kitty did pretty much as she pleased, he had let her know, in no uncertain terms, that Corporal O'Connor, otherwise known as Shamus, was the best match in the depot.

So she had guided Shamus through the maze of a set of Lancers and was standing beside him while he mopped his brow and fervently prayed for a chance to slip out for a drink.

Suddenly she caught his arm.

"For heaven's sake, Shamus," she said, "give me the next dance or find me a partner quick. Here comes that Service Corps corporal."

Shamus glanced across the room.

"Why, what's wrong with Jenkins?"

"Nothing, only he walks all over your feet. I've been saying nothing but Ave Marias all evening to avoid him. Hustle now."

So Kitty, being in imminent danger, and Rafferty, being handy, he introduced the tall blonde and slipped out to have his drink.

When he returned he repented bitterly. He was not jealous, but somehow when he saw the lanky Irishman smiling down at the little girl, whom he clasped in his arms as they circled in and out around the hall, he felt that he had not acted for Kitty's good.

"Did you ever see anything like the grip a bit av a girl can hold on a big man? 'Tis Nature's way of equalising things, I suppose. Now this chap used to parade up and down the promenade with half the girls in the garrison sighing out their

hearts after him, for 'twas divil a look he'd give them. And then this little slip av a child, as could hardly reach his waist, comes along—'twas a shame, and with none too clean a record as we knew him, and God knows what av a past."

So he watched the two, not from jealousy, for he was unaware of his standing with Cughan, but from an instinctive mistrust of Rafferty.

"There are two things will drive an educated man to enlist," was one of his proverbs; "drink and the devil." And Rafferty, strange to say, didn't drink.

But he was in no way soothed by certain gossip which from time to time reached his ears. For one thing, while all the other girls were content to be seen home at tattoo, Kitty would wait around till Last Post had sounded, when he would slip into barracks, leaving her to go home alone.

So Shamus consulted Father Vaughan.

Now, Father Vaughan was young and, moreover, human; so his first question was as to what chance Shamus would have if pitted against the big champion.

"'Twould be a hard fight," said Shamus, as he looked at his knuckles.

"Are you willing to take the chance?" asked the priest.

"Did I ever avoid one?" answered Shamus. "Besides, there's Kitty."

"You may be too late," and Shamus, clenching his fists, strode down to the married quarters.

"Kitty," he said, "you will be havin' nothing more to do with that Rafferty man, will you—for he's not worth the wink of your eye for all his fine airs."

"Indeed," she replied, "and when I'm needin' your advice, Father O'Connor, I will be askin' it."

He was taken rather aback at her self-control.

"But he has been goin' with you now the past three months."

"And what is that to you? Have

the Brady girls turned you down that you must come courtin' me in this way?"

Shamus winced, but stuck to his guns.

"It's not that, Kitty, even I'm not fit for the likes av you. But every old woman in the depot is talking of you now, and it makes my heart sick to think what 'twill be when the men that know him start."

But she wouldn't heed, and he strode away, leaving her sobbing her heart out over the gate, for, as he said, "'tis the nature av women to persuade themselves that what they see with their own eyes is not so."

So he spent the week in anxious waiting and praying that fate would lead Rafferty into his hands before it was too late.

Then, one day while the men were idling away on their cots, Rafferty entered the room in spotless walking-out order, his face as livid as his tunic. Walking right past his own cot to the far end of the room, he shook his fist under Shamus's nose.

"'Tis a good thing you have stripes to protect you, Corporal," he said, "but, don't forget, I will square things with you yet, you lying hound."

"There is no time like the present," answered Shamus, as he coolly stripped off jacket and shirt. "How did you screw up courage to speak to her?"

By this time the room was awake to the fact that a fight was brewing, and the men were crowding around. Rafferty in turn stripped to the waist, revealing on his right forearm a large blotch of tatooing. It stood out now on the flushed skin, a girl's head with loathsome, snaky curls—the Gorgon's head.

Shamus smiled confidently. Rafferty was uneasy. He was uncertain just how barrack-room etiquette stood with regard to combats of this sort. There is a vast difference between even a corporal and a private. But "man to man" was the word,

and Shamus nodded assent. If he was caught now it would mean the loss of his stripes at the very least; but, then, there was Kitty.

The fight that followed is famous in the history of the company. The first few rounds showed nothing. The two men were merely gauging each other's strength. The fifth round ended in a clinch.

"In a month or two she'll be glad enough to marry Hogan," hissed Rafferty, as they forced him back into his corner.

The insult was unmistakable, and after that Shamus fought no longer for himself, but for Kitty Cughan.

The rounds certainly did not lack interest now. Weight was beginning to tell in the corporal's favour, for though Rafferty had the advantage in reach his blows seemed to loose their strength before they thudded on the solid flesh of the little non-com.

Meanwhile the clink of spurs announced the approach of an officer, and before the two men could be forced apart the door was thrown open, revealing the Colonel and the Surgeon.

In another minute Rafferty was being marched off to the guard-room, pending an inquiry, while Shamus was reporting to the sergeant-major, who, knowing the cause of the trouble, wasted no sympathy upon him and administered a lecture on the evil of "bedevilling with women, anyway."

A general inspection diverted the Colonel's attention, and Rafferty availed himself of the opportunity to desert.

Then, the twenty-one days being up, he was posted as a deserter, and the company, excepting Shamus, promptly forgot him.

"Yes," said Shamus, "he disappeared as queer as he came, leavin' no one to miss him but Kitty. And she, poor girl, cried her heart out over him, for bad as he was she loved him."

"And—" I suggested.

"I was comin' to that. She entered the convent. Father Vaughan brings me word of her yet. As for him, I never wish to hear of him again unless 'tis that he's beyond all schemin'."

For a minute or two he gazed far away, past the distant hills across the river, and then, knocking his pipe on his heel, rose and turned toward the barracks. And as we retraced our way the brazen notes of a bugle came clamouring to our ears.

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It was some months later that Father Vaughan and I were walking down one of the side streets of old Quebec. The January sun was honeycombing the snowbanks, and from time to time large masses of ice and snow would crash down on the sidewalk from the neighbouring rooftops.

We tramped gaily through the slush on the road. Ahead of us strode a tramp just released from the nearby jail. The priest noted the straw hat and thin summer attire of the man and nodded towards him.

"There's civilisation for you! What else can the man do but rob someone and get sent up for the rest of the winter?"

I was about to reply, when our attention was arrested by the peculiar actions of the man we were watching. Looking uneasily from roof to roof he suddenly darted and seized a little child that was playing on the sidewalk. But too late. There was the clutching, tearing sound of rending ice and an avalanche of ice and snow struck man and child.

When we reached the spot the child was sitting up and sobbing, but the man lay horribly still. The priest shook his head anxiously as he pulled aside several large lumps of ice; and, hailing a passing sleigh, we hurried him to the Hospital of the Bleeding Heart.

A hurried examination told us he would probably live till morning, and leaving Father Vaughan with him, I hurried back to the office.

"This is a story for your paper," he said, as he met me at the door next morning, but something in his eyes told me it was not. The house surgeon accompanied us to the bedside and drew the screens around us.

Then the priest, bending, bared the right arm. I was prepared for a surprise, but hardly for what I saw then, for there on the skin, now so white from six months' confinement, was the Gorgon's Head, with its gruesome curls. The voice of the house surgeon called us back to the present.

"He's sinking rapidly," he said.

"Well," said Father Vaughan, "Call Sister Mary Theresa."

The nun entered noiselessly. He said nothing, but somehow I felt this must be Kitty Cughan.

Her eyes swept from one to the other of us and then fell on the bared arm lying so still on the counterpane. She recognised the blotch of tattooing instantly.

"Jack, Jack," she sobbed, and threw herself beside him.

The dying man opened his eyes and gazed in wonderment at the kneeling figure. Then some chord of memory was stirred and he saw, not the sombre habitted nun that knelt by his side, but the gay Kitty Cughan of bye-gone days.

"Kitty, Kitty," he breathed, "I've come back."

And when she raised her head, her face shone as with the happiness and peace that "passeth all understanding."

"Father," she asked, "have I done wrong?"

"No, my child," answered Father Vaughan.

And I closed the door softly and crept away to tell Shamus.

THE DREAM HERD

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

THE Empress Jane was dreaming. Thirty years as the chief performing elephant of the Continental Menagerie had not obliterated the memories of a century of freedom. Part of the tremendous energy of her majestic bulk she was dissipating innocuously by rhythmic swaying at her tether; part was seething beneath that hilly forehead of hers, and strange, wild dreams that lifted her out of the man era and carried her back into the Mastadonic Age were hers.

Quiet reigned in the menagerie. There had been two days of travel. There had been the shouting and hammering and struggling of men as the waggon-cages had been run into pace, and the great all-encompassing marquee had been erected. Then the animals had been fed and now, in the brief period that remained before the excitement of the evening performance, quiet settled down upon the menagerie.

Monkeys nodded upon their perches, lions lolled in stately ease, resting camels chewed their cuds. Nearly all the motley collection of denizens of swamp and mountain, jungle and plain, were dozing or sleeping.

But the subdued afternoon light that filtered through the roof of the marquee revealed some of the animals in wakeful moods. A hyena appeared at regular intervals at the bars of his cage. The restless click-click of his claws, as he trotted feverishly around his pen was the only disturbing sound in the stillness,

except for an occasional sigh from the camels.

The white head of a polar bear could be seen as it swung to and fro before the bars. Both hyena and bear, however, were preoccupied. One animal alone was on the alert. It was a large Russian wolf. When men were around this animal trotted incessantly about its cage, staring into vacancy. Now it stood perfectly still in its cage, scrutinising with a look of almost human intelligence in its eyes the scene in the menagerie.

While the wolf watched, the elephant dreamed. Her thoughts slipped easily away from her life in captivity. Some sight or sound that day had awakened long-silent memories. No more was she in spirit the docile citizen of a civilised country. Forgotten were the tricks she had learned—tricks the performance of which was like using a steam hammer for driving pins. Forgotten were the marquee, the caged animals, the crowds of gaping sightseers, her own leg shackles.

She lived again her life in a far-off age, amid the strange fauna and the tropical riot of life of the Congo jungles.

Men then were not like the white, masterful men she now knew. They were black and naked and puny and they appeared only occasionally, like troublesome insects, on the outskirts of the great elephant herd to which she belonged. For a hundred years before any man on this continent was born she had roamed the wilds. For a century she was a unit in a herd so

vast that when it travelled in the open it covered the landscape with a billowy sea of monstrous life: a sea whose movement in its swift travels was like the roar of muffled thunder.

Her dreams encompassed some of these great journeys, when the herd, after long periods of contented rest, would be marshalled by its leaders to sweep over plain and through forests in a vast, devastating host. They brought back to her, too, the loves and hates of the herd life; the damp earth smell and mysterious gloom of the jungle; the joy of bathing in the silent forest pools; the beaming sun of the plains; the terrific tropic storms, when the leaders of the herd, steaming in the hissing rain, threw back to the thunder the challenge of their trumpeting.

Thus, with her eyes closed, she swayed and dreamed. And the wolf, standing like a statue in its cage, watched her—watched the camels and tigers and lions, the polar bear and all the animals of the ill-assorted household. Not a movement escaped those watchful eyes.

Presently the wolf turned its head and looked intently at the door at the far end of the amphitheatre. The door opened. The manager and two negroes entered. Instantly there was a stir among the animals. The wolf began running backwards and forwards, gazing into vacancy. Monkeys chattered quietly. A sacred Brahmin cow lying next to the camels got up, twisted its tail on its back and stretched.

The negroes were trying to get an engagement at the menagerie.

"And I tell you, boss," said one of them, "when we finish up with a war dance the people nearly go crazy, they clap so much."

"Well, off with your clothes and lets see what you can do," said the manager. "Perhaps I'll try you out for a week. And any way I can't offer you more than five dollars a week each and your grub."

The negroes threw off every stitch of their clothing, stuck up a target and began to give an exhibition of assegai-throwing. Then they did a war-dance, indulging in gyrations, contortions and yelling that woke the whole menagerie to irritated life.

The Empress Jane stopped her swaying. She began to fret at her tether and to blow sharp blasts of air from her trunk. A lion roared, parrots screamed. A warmer and more acrid smell filled the marquee.

The manager, sitting on a box and smoking, calmly watched the excited negroes.

All at once the Empress Jane stopped her fretful tramp. With tail and trunk rigid, and her little eyes red and fiery, she stared at the yelling, gyrating negroes as though fascinated.

The manager did not see the strange behaviour of the great animal. If he had he would not have known that the sight of these naked, yelling negroes carried the memory of the beast back to a great elephant hunt that took place seventy years before in the Congo, when a horde of yelling, naked black men stampeded the herd, drove a portion into a corral, killed her baby and took her captive.

The veneer of civilisation and of discipline dropped from the Empress Jane. Once more she was a terrified and raging captive in the corral. Once more she saw the hosts of jabbering black men who were always too swift and too cunning for her.

But now two of them were near her. Two of them she might catch.

With a mighty lunge she tore the great iron peg to which she was leg-shackled from the ground. A couple of swift strides and she had seized one of the writhing black figures in her trunk, swung it on high and dashed it to the ground.

The manager ran up to her, yelling in the stern, compelling voice with which he had many times cowed refractory animals.

She seized him in her trunk and flung him with a crash against the bars of the polar bear's cage. He fell, a limp heap, to the ground.

Meanwhile the other black man had escaped under a cage and into the open.

The elephant turned to the insensible negro on the ground, trampled the last faint sparks of life out of him, then hurled him among the screaming camels.

Lifting her trunk on high she trumpeted her triumph to the herd of her dreams.

The whole menagerie was now in a fever of excitement. To the trumpeting of the elephant was added the roar of the lions, the terrifying howl of the wolves, the incessant, appalling scream of a jaguar, the ear-splitting screeches of the parrots and cockatoos, with the minor accompaniments of snarls and growls from scores of savage throats.

Some of the attendants came running in to see the cause of the uproar. One glance at the trumpeting elephant, running around the circle of the menagerie, her trunk in the air and the chain of her shackles dragging behind her, was enough. They rushed forth calling for Leopold, the elephant's keeper—the man under whose sway the great beast was as docile as a child.

Leopold came running across the ground.

"What's wrong?" he cried.

"It's the big elephant! She's gone crazy!"

Leopold hastened into the meangerie. At that moment the elephant, still raging around the circle of the cages, caught sight of the limp form of the manager, lying under the bear's cage. With trunk outstretched, she rushed forward to seize the body.

"Jane!"

The man's voice, pronouncing that single word, broke through the hubbub clear as a bugle note.

The elephant stopped dead and

turned. There was a moment's lull. "What's the matter, old girl?"

Ears and trunk dropped at once. She stood looking uncertainly at her keeper.

"What's the matter, old girl?"

The kindly voice of her keeper brought her back abruptly from the wild dream-world in which she had been raging. The old vision of the great herd fighting off the puny, naked black men faded away once more to a memory.

And with the fading of that memory the great beast poignantly realised her long-borne loneliness—realised somehow that she would never see the great herd, the tropical jungle or the vast plains any more.

She looked at her keeper, whom she really loved—the one friend she had had in all the long years of her solitary exile. Then she ran forward to him, put her trunk in his arms, and listened to soothing talk that none but he and she understood. He mopped tears from the great creature's eyes with his coat sleeve, led her back submissive as a lamb to her stall, and once more secured her to her tether.

Though the negro had been crushed out of life like an insect, his was the only death that the Empress Jane had caused. The manager of the menagerie, whom she had hurled with a crash against the polar bear's cage, was only stunned.

The manager limped into the menagerie the next morning. Down at the far end he saw the elephant quietly feeding on hay, while Leopold, her keeper, leaning back against one of her forelegs, was smoking his pipe.

"Come away from that she-devil," called the manager. "I don't want another dead mean on my hands."

"She's all right," said Leopold. "Guess she must have had some old score to pay off on that nigger. Elephants have got long memories, and how do we know what he might have done to her? She wouldn't hurt

anybody who didn't hurt her."

"Oh, she wouldn't, wouldn't she?" sneered the manager. "What did she do to me? She'd have smashed me to jelly if you hadn't come in and talked medicine-man talk to her. Half a dozen of the men here can witness to that, so its no good denying it. You might as well stop wasting that good hay on her. I'm going to have her killed."

"Killed!" ejaculated Leopold, aghast.

"Yes, killed," said the manager, "and what's more, I'm not going to waste any time about it either."

Leopold, with dull eyes, watched the Empress Jane as she neatly rolled up a whisp of hay in her trunk and tossed it into her mouth.

"You're joking," he said.

"Look here," said the manager, "don't waste any time arguing, or else there may be another murder done by that heap of wickedness."

"But man, she's worth a fortune in herself!" retorted Leopold.

"Yes, and suppose she went mad again when the menagerie was full of people. What about that?"

"She won't."

"That's true, for she won't have the chance. I don't like the idea of shooting her," continued the manager. "We might bungle the job. Which is the best way to kill her?"

"By all the saints," said Leopold, tears of rage in his eyes, "if any man touches that elephant I'll—I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned to the elephant and began to brush some imaginary specks of dirt from her hide with his coat sleeve.

Half an hour afterwards the manager returned with a veterinary surgeon.

"Sure you got enough stuff to do the job well?" he asked.

"Know anything about cyanide of potassium?" returned the veterinary.

"No."

"Well, one grain on the tip of a man's tongue and it's good-bye man.

I'll put enough in this one apple to kill three hundred men."

Leopold, who had been with the beast all the time, came forward.

"You still mean to kill her?" he asked.

"You bet I do," said the manager.

"Well," said Leopold with a sigh, "for the love of heaven get it over quickly. Don't let her suffer. Give her enough to kill her without a struggle."

"There's enough in this apple to kill three hundred men," repeated the veterinary.

"Put in enough to kill six hundred," said Leopold.

"But, man—" expostulated the veterinary.

Leopold rounded on him with something of the elephant's fury of the day before.

"Put it in!" he hissed between his teeth.

The veterinary did as he was bid.

"Now give me the apple," said Leopold. "There ain't going to be no bungling on this job."

The veterinary handed him the apple.

Leopold looked at it, fascinated. He turned it over and over in his hands.

"I'd almost as soon take it myself," he said. He put the apple in his pocket. "Come here, Jane," he said to the elephant. The animal ambled out to him.

The manager ran back into the doorway, dragging the veterinary after him. "Do you mean to say you haven't had that she-devil chained up?" he shouted at the keeper.

Leopold's lips curled with scorn as he looked at his employer.

"Here, Jane," he said, "come and show them what a man-eater you are."

Leopold flung himself full length into the embrace of the animal's trunk. She lifted him high in the air, then gently deposited him on the sawdust of the ring, and placed her

forefoot with womanly lightness on his chest.

It was a trick with which man and animal had thrilled crowds of spectators hundreds of times.

The manager and veterinary watched it now with something akin to horror.

Leopold got up. "That's the kind of a murderer she is," he said contemptuously.

"Chain her up and get it over," said the manager.

Without a word Leopold led her back into the stall. He tethered her by every foot. He passed chains around her forelegs and hind legs, locking the chains together, so that the animal, in her death agony, might not break loose and wreak havoc in the menagerie.

"Got any more apples?" asked Leopold.

"Yes."

"Give me two good ones, and put another dose in the third."

Leopold gave the two good apples to the Empress Jane. She took them quickly and tossed them into her cavernous mouth.

He fumbled in his pocket for the poisoned one. He took it out and looked at it. Then he looked at the elephant. She held out her trunk for the apple. Leopold held it out to her, then half pulled back. He braced himself and held it out again.

"Here, Jane, old girl!"

A swoop of her trunk and she had it. It was gone in a gulp. Leopold gave her the second poisoned apple. She took it as readily as the first.

Leopold drew back. The animal looked at him steadily. She looked carefully at the others, one by one.

Then she rattled her chains, and suddenly flinging her trunk into the air blew a blast.

The Empress Jane often did this, and neither man nor animal took any notice. But now, by some strange telepathy, every animal in the menagerie knew what it meant.

The bears growled deeply, the lions

roared, the monkeys chattered and shrieked, the leopards cried, the jaguar began its terrible screaming.

The elephant trumpeted, and every animal replied to whatever she said.

She half closed her eyes. For a moment she stood as still as a statue. Then her eyes opened widely, and she trumpeted again. There was a new note, unmistakably of pain.

Leopold rushed into a neighbouring stall and fiercely began to mix a bran mash.

"Hand over some more of that stuff!" he yelled to the veterinary. "Give me enough for a thousand men!"

A quantity was passed to him. He slammed it into the mash, mixed it furiously, and carried it out and laid it before the elephant.

The Empress Jane was sick. She knew that she got mash when she was sick. So with swift doublings of her trunk she swept in the mash.

And then she began to die. Her eyes began to glaze. She swayed in a dizzy way, then fell. She rose immediately, only to fall again.

She made the air quake with her terrific trumpeting. She jumped and pulled and shook her huge body with such tremendous energy that she smashed the chains which bound her, sending the links flying in all directions. Then she pitched forward on her head.

Once more she rose to her feet. Her huge bulk swayed on sagging knees—swayed with quick, half-conscious recoveries, like a man nodding to sleep. Then she went down. Her curving trunk was helplessly out-flung, and remained where it fell, motionless. Her half open eyes no longer sparkled. They were dull.

A deathly hush fell on the menagerie. For man and beast were awed by the majesty of Death, as Death laid an icy finger on the spirit that had animated the Empress Jane's huge bulk for over two centuries and caused it to vanish, evanescent as its dreams.

OXFORD FOR A DAY

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE traveller might have visited Oxford a hundred times and never met with such a combination of delights.

Imprimis, it was the sweet of the year. Spring is lovely anywhere, but spring in England—spring in the green and flowery meads of Oxford under a sun as bright as ever shines in Canada—is a theme for the painter and the musician. It demands Turners and Beethoven symphonies. Mere words cannot do it justice. In the second place, the stranger was taken into the inner sanctuary. He might have had a plate and a pillow at the historic "Mitre"; he might have lodged with sedate, coeval friends; he might, such virtue resides in a letter of introduction, have trained with the majestic dons and sat at the high table on the dais. Merely to find oneself in Oxford was a boon; any one of those three possibilities would have been sugar as a sauce to honey; but the kind fates had still a better gift in store for the Canadian errant. For twenty-four blessed hours he was to live as an undergraduate, sleep within the sacred precincts of a college, assist at an Oxford breakfast, and dine in hall, as did Mr. Verdant Green, Mr. Thomas Brown, and a host of less famous heroes. The shadow on the dial was to go backward many degrees. The visitor was to renew his youth amid as care-free a community as is known this side of Utopia. One must have passed the fortieth milestone to appreciate the compliment of being treated as an

equal by one-and-twenty. But such a programme of pleasure had been arranged for his preceptor by an old pupil, representing his province at this famous university as Rhodes Scholar.

Only a glimpse of "that sweet city with her dreaming towers" swimming in a tender haze above a sea of leafy green was vouchsafed by the train before it stopped at the station; and guest and host shook hands. Oxford had done marvels for our young Canadian. Eight months of hard labour at the oar had straightened his back and broadened his chest, and put a new look in his eyes and begotten a new confidence in his manner. Rowing is not only the most strenuous form of athletics; it ranks with the fine arts. In practice, it reaches out into the sphere of mind, of morals, of philosophy, of religion. Volumes of exposition and an acre of diagrams might not make this clear, but the results in the rowing man may be noted by the most casual observer. Our Canadian was justly proud of his place in the college boat, and of having helped to raise an ancient institution of learning some three athletic degrees, in the esteem of young Oxford.

One is hardly prepared for the first sight of an Oxford quadrangle. Descriptions and even pictures fail lamentably to give the right impression. In Canada the only cloistered communities are jails. At Oxford these learned communities, called colleges, present the same idea of defence. They are fortresses and they

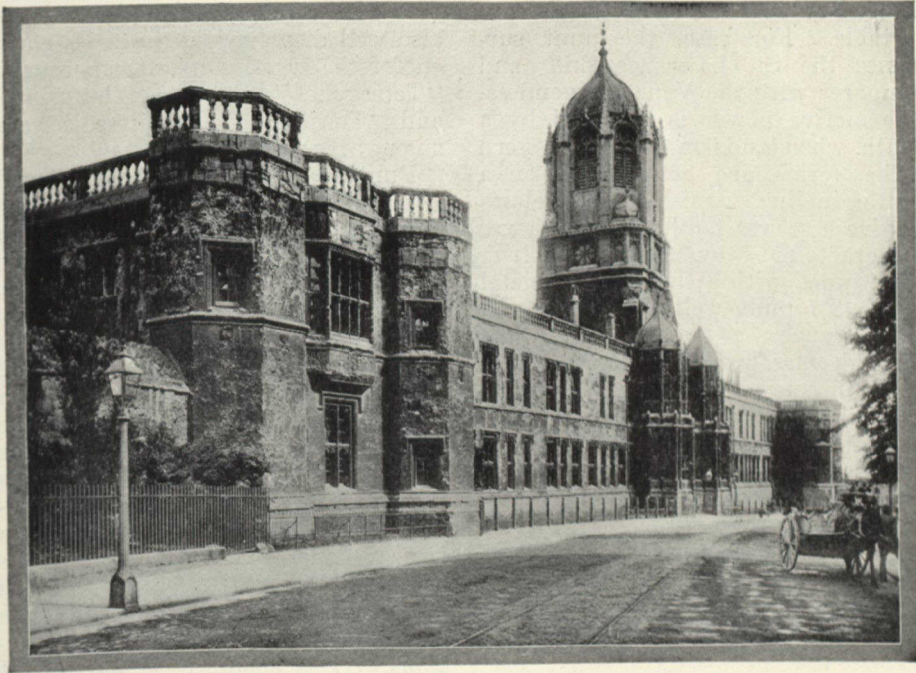


"THE BROAD," OXFORD

are palaces. The portal is massive and stately, fit to resist an angry mob better than the Bastille. From the noisy modern street, with its cabs and electric lights, one passes in a single stride into a strange spacious room of loveliness and peace. The ceiling is the sky; the facades of massive gray mansions are the walls: the floor is a green velvet lawn, rolled and shaven and watered for centuries to bring it to perfection. The tender harmonies of gray and green would be enough in themselves; but the whole colour-scheme was set aflame by the flower-broidered path which cut the square court into two equal halves. Crimson-lake geraniums were the incendiaries. Clamant against the emerald grass in the low westering light, their shrill, sweet, insistent fairy voices woo you to look and love them. Such is an ordinary quad. It is with beauty of such potency compassing them round that the favoured youth of Oxford eat

and sleep, and work and pray.

A meal in an Oxford Man's rooms is quite unlike any form of hospitality which a collegian in Canada can offer to a friend. The Oxonian's suite of rooms is as private as one's own house; and much more ample than many a city flat. In such surroundings, lunch or breakfast takes on a degree of intimacy and cosiness with which no meal in a union restaurant can for a moment compare. Then the "scout" is a wonderful Oxford institution, the mainstay of the whole system. This trusty henchman is a sort of father superior and general provider in ordinary to the student, and combines the virtues of a club waiter, a ship's steward, and a first-class housemaid. On him depends the Oxonian's whole scheme of domestic comfort. Besides a hundred other duties, he gets the meal ready on the student's own table, with the student's own linen and plate, fetching the eatables from hidden reser-



TYPICAL OF OXFORD

voirs, serves it and clears away with promptness and despatch. Luncheon was a delightful little feast. Lucullus would have approved the salmon cutlets, the cold chicken, the salad, the gooseberry tart. Though things of the past, "How sweet their memory still!" They live in the grateful recollections of the discriminating gastronome. Not only beauty, but modest luxury waits on the lucky footsteps of the Oxford man. But the best part of the banquet were the honest young faces round the board, the straight talk and the ready laughter.

After lunch came the visitor's introduction to the river and his first experience of punting, another Oxford institution. The way to the river led through the famous Christ Church meadows, which are simply a magnificent park rich in ancient trees and ample spaces. In one field an active crowd of small, white-flanelled boys were diligently practising

cricket. A broad road was thronged with young men and ladies in gala attire all tending riverwards. Every step of the way revealed some new and lovely combination of Oxford architecture and vernal greenery, which must be admired; but the river bank was reached at last. It was lined with the college barges. Now, a barge is Cleopatra's galley fitted as a modern gymnasium, dressing-room, or a house-boat with an awning over the deck. Each is decorated with the arms of the college to which it belongs. These feudal English are fond of heraldic decoration; they emblazon even locomotive engines and gas-lamps, and the result is distinctly pleasing.

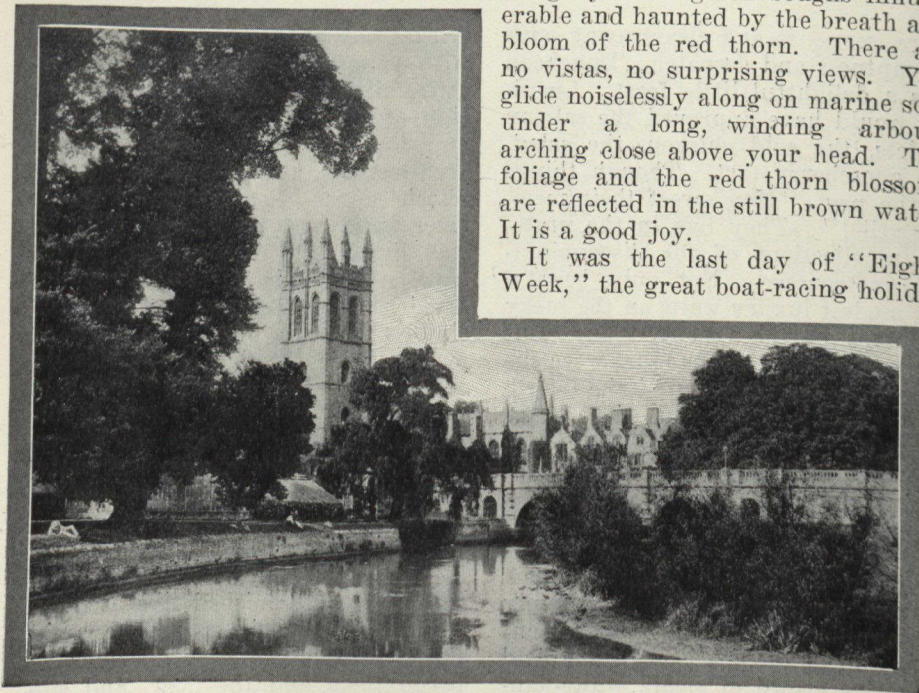
A punt may be defined as a very lady-like little scow, made of good materials, and finished like a violin. The passengers sit or recline amidships, with broad, easy cushions between them and the floor, and substantial back-boards against which to

lean. Few arm-chairs are more comfortable. For ease, the punt surpasses the St. Lawrence skiff and compares with the Venetian gondola. The motive power is supplied by a youth, who stands on the bow or stern—the terms are convertible—on a gentle incline furnished with cleats to give a secure foothold, and shoves the craft along by means of a long pole tipped with a short, blunt metal fork. To punt well, to propel and guide such a long-bodied boat through narrow, crowded waters with the minimum of collisions demands no slight skill and the exertion of all the muscles of the body. Our gondolier was a fair, slim straight-backed youth and a master of his craft; but the navigation was difficult, and his polite protests that the work was easy were contradicted by the heightening of his colour and the beads of moisture on his brow. Punting has the Oxford note of luxury (for the passenger) combined with strenuousity

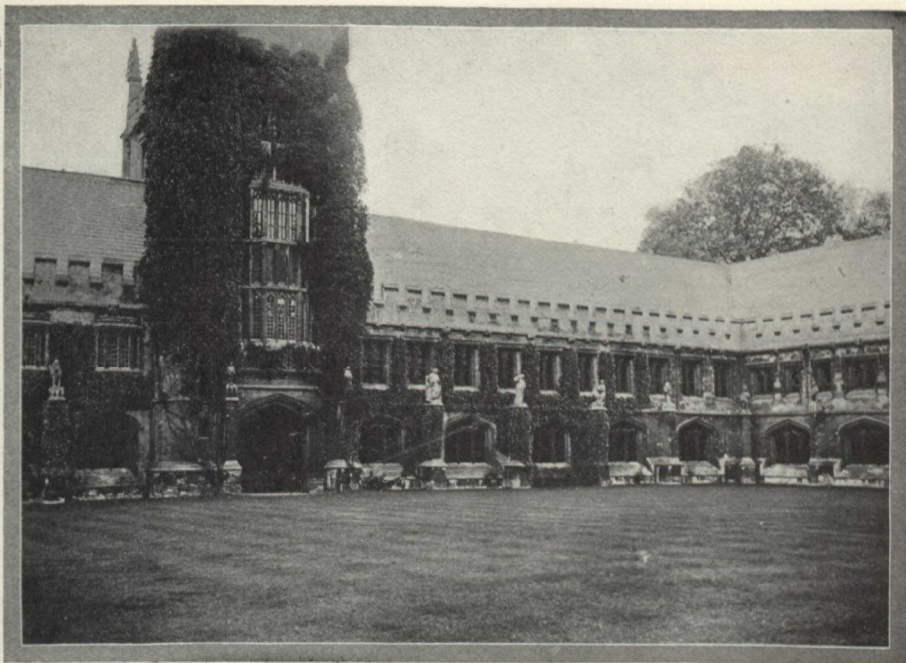
(for the punter). Oxonian wit is also well displayed in the titles chosen for the craft. "The Chaporone," "Tetragonos" (in Greek lettering) and "Toujours La Politesse" were among those noted.

Punting is a kind of boating well adapted to the shallow waters of the Isis and the Cherwell, about which so much poetry has been written. To the unprejudiced colonial eye these famous streams appear no more imposing than irrigation ditches. The Cher (pronounced Char) is walled all along one side with stone, like a canal. In the Thousand Islands, the Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, the Rideau, there are countless channels of water more romantic and charming. The enormous difference in scale is always at the back of the mind to dwarf the the English landscape. But the Cher, like England, has its special attractions. It is small, it is narrow, it soon comes to an end, but it is overhung by thick green boughs innumerable and haunted by the breath and bloom of the red thorn. There are no vistas, no surprising views. You glide noiselessly along on marine sofa under a long, winding arbour, arching close above your head. The foliage and the red thorn blossoms are reflected in the still brown water. It is a good joy.

It was the last day of "Eights Week," the great boat-racing holiday



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

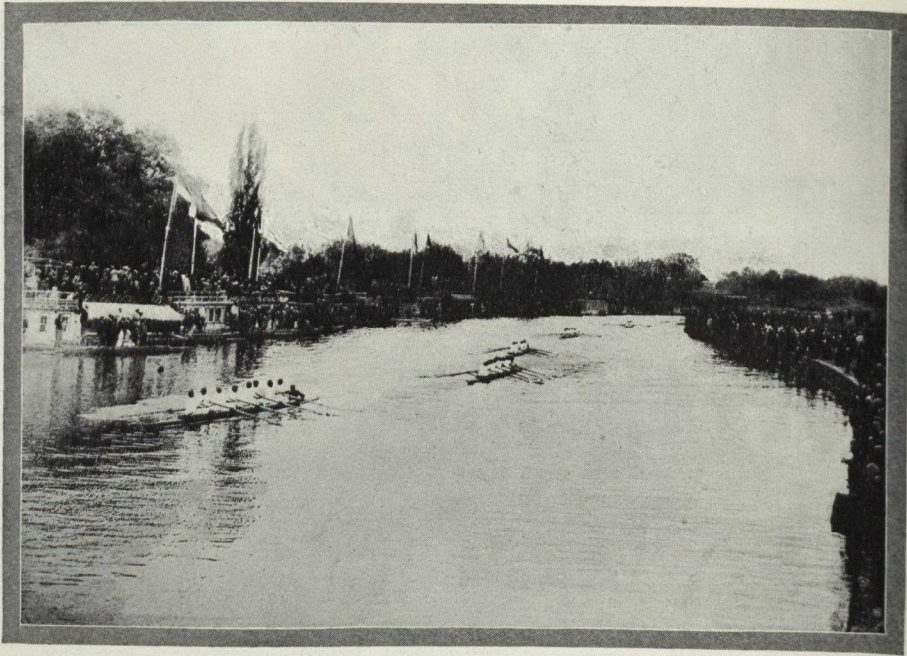


THE QUADRANGLE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

of Oxford, the culmination of long months of toil and keen competition. The final races were to be rowed that afternoon, at four, at five, and at six. The punt was moored beside the bank and the crew escorted the guest to the college barge, which had the prow of a trireme and the stem of an old three-decker. The college flag flew from a tall staff and the college cognizance, an eagle, gules displayed, decorated the boat. Over the roof was spread a broad awning for the convenience of the many ladies. To venture a hesitating criticism on their appearance must not be construed a breach of hospitality; for, as Falstaff demanded indignantly, "Is not the truth the truth?" It is mighty and must prevail. Our Canadian girls need not fear comparison with their English cousins either in looks or in the fashion of their raiment. A regatta on the North West Arm, at Lachine or Toronto, will show at least as decorative a feminine background as the

classic banks of Isis at Oxford.

"Bump" racing, like punting, has grown out of local conditions, the impossibility of many eight-oared shells competing in a narrow river. While two boats may race in a winding piece of water, a hundred yards in width, it is plain that ten or twenty cannot, at least, not in the old fashion of line abreast, to use the navy term; but they can be raced in the formation of line ahead, that is in one long string. For the start they are placed in line with equal intervals between each two. Though a goal is fixed, the object is not which boat shall reach it first. Any boat which can overtake the next ahead secures a "bump," and moves up a place in the grand procession towards the head of the river; the "bumped" boat drops out, and the "bumper" may, if wind and muscle do not fail, press on to overtake the next ahead. It must at all hazards avoid the disgrace of being overtaken by the boat behind. All boats



A RACING SCENE ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD

have, therefore, the same chance; honour and fame rise from precisely the same conditions. You must avoid a "bump" from the boat behind and you must "bump" the boat ahead. The crew are spurred on by the sight of the boat overtaking them and the coxswain by the sight of the boat they wish to overtake. Skill in steering is demanded, for the "bump" is an actual collision and may be evaded by a deft hand at the tiller-ropes at the critical moment. The severity of the exercise may be easily understood. As the rowing men will tell you, "You have to row as hard as you can, and then, row harder." Still, rowing is the king of Oxford sports; the ambition of every normal undergraduate is a place in the college boat, while a "Blue" receives almost divine honours. There is never any lack of recruits for the toils and privations of the long campaign, for the battles and the doubtful laurels at the end. Perhaps the

youthful instinct which puts athletics before scholarship is right, after all. We can live quite happily without learning, but not without strong bodies.

There was no long wait for the four o'clock race. Far up the river, out of sight of the eager spectators on the crowded barges and along the bank, the boats had started promptly, and soon the first appeared round the bend on the glimmering stretch of water. Eight manikins on a narrow pointed stick working eight matches madly to and fro is the appearance. The reality is eight tense youths straining every resource of muscle, nerve, will, courage, in a fever of excitement to drag an obstinate, leaden oar through mire. They labour in a nightmare that has no end; but they dare not relax for a single instant. If, at the end, they fall over their oars from sheer exhaustion, they get no sympathy. *Isis* coldly jeers at their "gallery faints." The boats sweep in a gorgeous procession



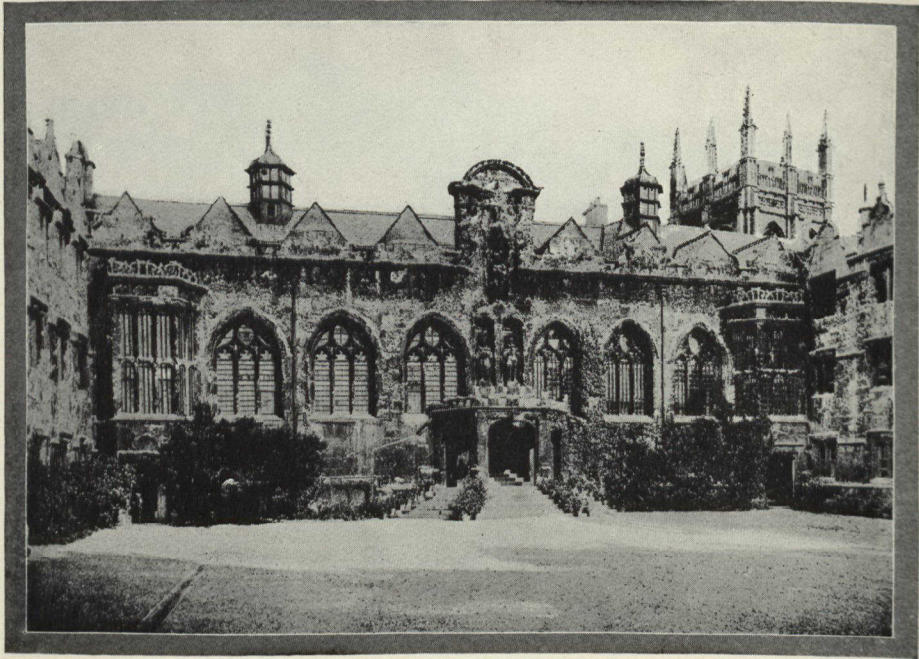
A COMMINGLING OF PUNTS ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD

The house-boats across the river belong to various colleges

past the barges. In "our boat," the Canadian is working manfully at "four," but all in vain. No "bump" is achieved, though, on the other hand, none has been sustained. "Our" place is better than it was, and it is secure for another year.

Tennyson tells how he heard the "measured pulse of racing oars," on revisiting his old university. It must have been at a practice and not at a race. Then he could hardly have heard himself think, much less the oars; for one of the unwritten laws that govern the undergraduate's life and are much more scrupulously observed than the statutes, decrees that if you do not row, it is your duty to afford your college boat aid and comfort by accompanying it with all the clamour you can possibly make. So parallel to each boat, a crowd of ingenuous youths in "shorts" and sweaters, race along the towing-path, shouting, cheering, blowing discordant tin horns, swinging great clack-

ing wooden rattles, firing blank from heavy revolvers. The net result, as Carlyle would say, is rather fine. As soon as the last shell passes, the river is covered thick with swarms of row-boats, punts, canoes in endless variety. In one punt two tall fellahin stood up and worked their poles together with the effect of an undiscovered carving in the temple of Karnak. In another, a well-dressed African negro squired three white women. Oxford is cosmopolitan and hospitable. The eights paddle back from the winning-post, each racing machine to its own floating garage, and the crews plunge into the river, clothes and all, and swim about like so many ducks. There is tea to be had in the college pavilion on the other bank of the river, and the passage is made in a rude, rough-hewn, antique tub like that in which Charon ferries the souls across the river of oblivion. Soon the Canadian joined the party to receive congratula-



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD

tions and condolences along with his tea. He had done his best and had no reason to be ashamed of the result.

For the five o'clock race, it was resolved to concentrate upon an important strategical point on the river bank known as the "Greener," near which bumps often took place. This was a sharp bend in the river involving fine steering and careful handling. It was at some distance away from the barge and required water transport to reach it. The party had barely arrived on the ground when the boats came tearing along, and there, under our very eyes, three bumps took place in as many minutes. It was all over before we realised what had happened, like a flight in a toboggan. All you saw was momentary confusion, a little splashing of oars, as one boat overhauled another; and the unlucky "bumpee" fell out of the race. The programme was being punctually performed; the visitor had been

invited to see bumps, and lo! he saw them—beyond doubt. The third race was also witnessed from the barge in a heavy shower. It was uneventful. Then, after a stroll home by a new way showing fresh delights, came the great ceremony of dinner in hall and breaking training.

The scene was a spacious, high-vaulted, dimly lighted room hung with portraits of departed academic worthies. It suggested a church devoted to the solemn ritual of dining. At the door was a small mob of busy scouts, mediating between the hall and the kitchen. There was a brief conference, and for a moment some doubt reigned in the visitor's breast as to his destination, and then—oh, joy!—he was given a place with the crew at their own special table. Round another, on the dais at the farther end of the hall, sat a congregation of solemn gentlemen in evening dress, the dons. One, at least, was a scholar of world-wide

reputation. By all the rules, the traveller should have had his place with them and dined in state, both dull and dignified, but Lady Fortune intervened graciously on his behalf and set him among these happy children on their high festival of breaking training. This evening they held their saturnalia.

Explanations are in order. Rowing is not only a fine art and a high science, but the most laborious form of athletics the wit of man ever devised. For months before these trials of skill, pluck and endurance on the river to-day, those youths had submitted of their own free-will to an iron discipline, unparalleled outside of a jail or a monastery. Rigid abstinence from the most humble luxuries, prescribed hours and food, were part of an unchanging routine. Their apprenticeship to the long art of rowing was painful, as they were exercised in one form of boat after another and slowly promoted from one difficulty to another more exacting. All winter, rain or shine, every afternoon saw these modern galley-slaves toiling terribly on the river. The rain soaked them and the snow chilled. Every evening saw them spent, stiff, sore with blisters not to be mentioned. It was not only in their bodies that they suffered. Their spirits had been seared and scarified by a merciless bully called a coxswain. The coxswain continues unimpaired the fearsome tradition of the flogging "rogue" captain in the ancient navy. He cannot have his hapless crew seized up at the gangway every morning and given the dozens he thinks they deserve; but he can lash them with his tongue. And he does. The coxswain's speciality is studied insult. He probes the soul of every member of the crew to discover just what nerve will react most energetically to what stimulus of personal affront. He proceeds on the assumption that men in the last stage of exhaustion can be goaded by personalities, imprecations and

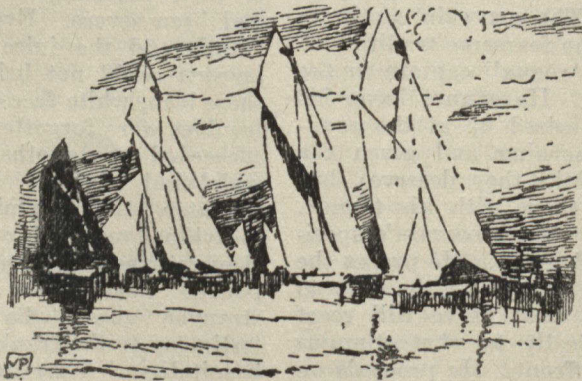
contempt to still further exertions, and he is justified by the results. He is a sort of Christian Scientist, believing firmly in the dominance of mind over matter, though his language is not always Christian. A typical remark of a coxswain is, "You're all rowing badly, but seven"—seven brightens up—"and he's rowing d—d badly." A coxswain is always feared; he may be respected. I doubt if he is ever loved. For eight months these boys had endured all these hardships. Now, their trials were over; they had moved the college boat up three places, so ancient custom accorded them a certain license. A better dinner was provided for them than for the others. For the first time in eight months they might wet their whistles with that mild, luxurious and artful beverage which Calverley so nobly celebrates in immortal verse. It was served, by the way, in massive silver beakers. If they were somewhat noisy and drank one another's healths with hearty emphasis, if bits of crust took to themselves wings and flew from table to table, it would be a very stern Puritan who would frown on such innocent manifestations of delight. As Mr. Pecksniff once feelingly remarked, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices."

That crew were certainly entitled to their rejoicing. Their training had been severe. Even the unusual viands and the juice of John Barleycorn could not bring colour into those lean, white faces. But all their troubles were forgotten. The courses succeeded one another in a perfect whirlwind of chaff and talk and laughter. The captain pledged the individual members of the crew and they returned the compliment. They poured libations in honour of the stranger guest, who bears willing testimony to the frank charm of their hospitality. That board was the merriest under which he ever put his legs. The smiling scouts attended to their wishes, and the other tables

shouted across at the heroes of the hour. Suddenly they were alone in the hall, even the dons had marched out in majestic procession, accompanied by not too respectful shouts, and the mirthful feast was over all too soon.

The celebration was continued in the coxswain's rooms, whither the traveller was specially invited and made welcome. One young man was busy at the piano and the big Rhodes scholar from Chicago was picking at his mandoline. The sound of music and dancing is always a filip to the spirits. Several couples were waltzing joyously; and, as the night was warm, they coost their duddies to the wark, like the witches in *Tam o' Shanter*; in other words, removed their coats, and linket at it in their decorous sarks. It is not to be denied that there were refreshments of a liquid nature, or that the general expansiveness might not have been so marked without them. The traveller was accommodated, as the saying is, with a glass of something good to take, and retired to a window seat, whence he could view at his ease the cheerful scene. One courteous youth after another sought out the visitor in his seclusion and chatted with him very agree-

ably. These care-free, happy children are all finished men of the world. Among other subjects of discussion was the West Coast of Africa and Mary Kingsley; the second part was borne by a prospective young missionary. The music and the dancing went on as before, and sometimes a group would gather round the piano to sing. They were tuneful, pleasant songs on the universal theme of undergraduates, the aberrations of their pastors and masters. It is depressing to reflect that the whole education of ingenuous youth should be always intrusted to the mentally afflicted. It was a very pleasant evening, and it came to an end all too soon. The visitor found himself once more in the great silent quadrangle, lovelier than ever in the clear floods of moonlight. All round the lights were out in the windows. Heavy shadows marked the southward walls, while the walls opposite stood out as clear as by day. The great portal was securely closed. The green turf and the vivid blossoms took on a softer beauty. The absolute quiet was as balm. It was very hard to say good-night and leave all that beauty for the sake of sleep. The morning and the evening were one day, complete and precious.



TO THE BITTER END

BY ASHBY FORD

IT was my first meeting with Professor Dallas that I expressed a wish to call on him at his laboratory.

"Come by all means, if you care about it," he said. "I am usually free after four o'clock, but don't expect too much. Remember a laboratory is generally the most uninteresting of places to anyone but an expert—it is just a workshop, where we slowly turn out results. Sometimes the results startle the general public, but the routine of work by which they are got is seldom sensational."

I had, however, a lively curiosity to see the "workshop" where research had been done which made Dallas the greatest living authority on obscure poisons and their detection. Thus it came about that I found myself, a few days later, in the little room which he used as his office.

The Professor rose from before his desk as I came in.

"Glad to see you, you came pat to the moment. I have just finished a troublesome bit of writing, and now I am at liberty.

"Oh," as I involuntarily glanced towards the papers, "a very interesting matter—report on a poisoning case. The usual stupid thing—as much white arsenic given to one man as would kill a regiment. A child could have detected the poison; but the work had to be turned over to me. Reputation of the expert witness counts with a jury, you know. I don't like the work, though it is well paid; it is never interesting. One

has to take these cases when they are offered. 'Assist the police in the performance of their duty,' you know."

"But surely," I said, "in a long experience like yours, you must have come across some interesting cases."

"Very few. The average poisoner is a fool, working with tools of which he knows nothing. It is generally easy enough to show that a certain poison has been administered. There the chemist's part ends. The police may be puzzled to know who administered it, and why; but that is a separate question. There was one case though"—he paused—"that was never found out. I know all about it now, but I was more puzzled than anyone at the time. The case attracted very little attention. There would have been trouble enough, had the whole story been known as I knew it later. It led to a very pretty little research for me, too. Look at this," he added, beckoning me into an adjoining room, and taking from one of the locked cupboards a sealed specimen bottle containing a small brown object.

"It looks like a piece of licorice root," I said.

"Precisely; but I should hardly recommend you to eat it on the strength of appearances. My story turns on that root. Have a smoke while I tell you."

"It is more than ten years ago that I was surprised by a young Chinese calling upon me here with a request that I admit him as a special student in one of my classes. I found him a bright young fellow, speaking excel-

lent English, and already possessing a knowledge of chemistry that fully qualified him to gain advantage from the course of study to which he was seeking admission. I was attracted by him at once, in spite of a prejudice against the Orientals, which is as strong amongst the people of the West, as is the distaste felt by those same Orientals for ourselves.

"His name, as he told me, was Liu Yu Chi. After watching him at work for a week or so, I found my first good impression confirmed. He was bright by nature, and painstaking as well. He was, as I afterwards learned, decidedly older than the students around him; but this showed much more in his manner and thoughtful habits than in his face.

"As my interest increased, so did my curiosity, and I indulged this so far as to take every opportunity of talking to him, with the intention of drawing him out. In this I was far from successful. On general subjects he could and sometimes would talk, and showed a very well balanced mind; but as soon as the conversation took a personal turn, or drifted towards Chinese affairs, he shut up like a clam.

"This was provoking, since I was not merely curious about his personal affairs. He was the first Chinese student, indeed the first educated Chinese of any kind, that I had ever met, and I was anxious to learn what I could of Far Eastern politics as seen through Orinetal eyes.

"He was not, however, destined to be my only Chinese acquaintance. Only two or three months after his arrival, another young Celestial appeared upon the scene, bringing a letter of introduction from an old friend of my college days, from whom I had not heard for years, and who, I now recollected, had disappeared into the interior of China as a medical missionary. The letter was dated from a town on the Yangtse river, and informed me that the bearer, Mr. Ma Ho Shan, was the son of

a prominent official, lately in charge of the district where the writer lived. He was being sent abroad to study, and had asked the writer to give him such foreign introductions as might be of service.

"Of course, I expressed my willingness to do anything for Mr. Ma that lay in my power, and I inquired as to his plans. These, he said, were far from being definite, except that he wished in the first instance to improve his knowledge of English. He also desired to become a student under me. I at first objected on the grounds of his insufficient preparation. He showed such keen disappointment, however, that I relented at last, and admitted him to an elementary class, in consideration of the special circumstances. I soon saw that his frankness and easy temper had won the good will of his fellow students, as indeed it won my own. He constantly wore his native costume, which formed at first the subject of many jokes, and even ill-natured remarks; but the latter he ignored, and as to the former, he joined in, and often originated them. Then, too, he evidently had money to spend, and spent it liberally.

"Only one of the students seemed to hold carefully aloof from him, and that the one whom I should have expected to become his closest friend—Liu Yu Chi. Being interested in both these young fellows, I watched them carefully, and soon felt satisfied that it was more than formal Chinese manners that kept them apart, and that Liu was steadily repelling every advance made to him by Ma. Like a meddling fool I must needs interfere, and did so, in the first place, by inviting both to a bachelor dinner at which I should have no other guests.

"They arrived almost simultaneously on the appointed evening. They vied in treating me with a deference which seemed so exaggerated as to be embarrassing; I could not even move from my chair with-

out both springing at once to their feet, and remaining respectfully erect till I was seated once more. They refused to smoke, and when I pressed (for I knew both to be habitual smokers) they explained that they could not, for it would be the height of ill manners, in Chinese etiquette, for a scholar to smoke in his teacher's presence. Against this elaborate show of politeness I protested, in vain at first, but with gradually increasing success, pointing out that we were not in China and that in this country our code of manners was less formal, though, do what I could, it seemed impossible to break down the bars which Liu had set up against Ma Ho Shan. During the meal, my conversational powers were taxed to the utmost, and no sooner had we risen from the table than both began to take their leave. Here again, it appeared, I was running contrary to Chinese custom in trying to detain them. I prevailed on them once more to copy our manners, explaining that I should be disappointed if they left so soon. Conversation had gradually become more easy, and at last I ventured to hint my surprise that these two fellow-countrymen were not on more intimate terms.

"'Mr. Liu does not trust me,' said Ma Ho Shan, 'I do not know why.'

"Liu Yu Chi was silent for a moment, then suddenly burst out: 'Trust, or not trust, is nothing; what does it matter to me? I shall never set foot in China again. But how can I, of all men, make friends with the son of a Chinese official? My parents would rise up to curse me.'

"Ma smiled: 'There you are wrong,' he said. 'You may be a Revolutionary, Mr. Liu, but perhaps you are not the only one in the room. Son of a Chinese official! What of that? Why, three in ten out of the official class are professed enemies of the Dynasty, when they dare to confess it, and the other seven are more serious enemies still; for their corruption makes the people hate the

Emperor whom they represent. They work into our hands daily—*Our* hands, understand—for I am —; and here followed several words in Chinese, which of course I did not understand. An instant change came over Liu's manner. 'It seems too good to be true,' he said. 'Then you are indeed my 'elder brother.'"

"'Excuse us, professor,' said Ma, 'for talking in this way, but you have done me a greater service than you know in thus bringing Mr. Liu and me together.'

"'Yes, indeed, that is so. It is my fault that I did not understand long ago,' said Liu.

"I felt naturally much gratified and turned the talk into other channels. When at last my guests departed, I saw that my little dinner, which had threatened to be such a failure, seemed instead to be a triumph, although I was still rather in the dark as to how the change had been brought about.

"The next day I noted that an epoch had been marked in the history of these two. They generally talked together in Chinese, but when speaking in English invariably addressed each other as 'brother.' To me they showed a most likely gratitude, at least as far as such feeling could peep through their habitual veil of utter deference.

"This happy state of affairs had lasted about a month, when I noticed that both Ma and Liu were absent the afternoon Ma Ho Shan presented himself before me, a picture of grief incarnate.

"'Why, Mr. Ma, what is the matter?' I asked.

"'Dreadful news! Dreadful!' he replied: 'Liu Chi died last night. *Ai Ya! Ai Ya!* My brother! They say he was poisoned. *Ai Ya!* and I was with him only a little while before. He cannot have done it! But my poor brother is dead. *Ai Ya! Ai Ya! Ai Ya!*'

I expressed my concern, and at the same time tried to hearten up Ma,

though with poor success; and indeed when he left me, I felt in need of some cheering myself, for I had looked forward to a really brilliant future for Liu Yu Chi. My connection with the matter was not, however, to end here.

"That night I was informed by telephone that an autopsy was to be held next day. I was asked to attend if possible, since my services might be afterwards required as analyst; in that case it would be advantageous that I should see the body at every stage of the examination.

"Poison was only vaguely suspected; but I felt myself bound to give every aid I could, so made a point of being present. The doctor who had been first called was also there. He told us that late at night the dead man's landlady had been awakened by noises in her lodger's room, and on going to inquire the cause had found that he was violently sick and apparently in great pain; he groaned loudly but could not speak. Much alarmed, she sent for the doctor, who on his arrival found the patient quiet, breathing heavily, the pupils of his eyes widely dilated and showing signs of narcotic poisoning. Before anything could be done, death had supervened. No poison was to be found in the room; in fact nothing that could be eaten or drunk, except water, and a half empty pot of tea. From the latter he had been drinking with his friend Ma Ho Shan.

"The appearance of the internal organs certainly pointed to death by poisoning; the only question was, what poison would produce these effects? The stomach, when opened, showed all the appearances that one would expect after an excessively large dose of arsenic, being not only in an inflamed state but even displaying the minutely whitish spots that often characterise that condition. The brain, on the contrary, showed signs the very reverse of what was expected on such a hypothesis; its

vessels were congested in the extreme, as if some narcotic like morphine had been administered.

"Clearly it was a case where my help was needed to settle the question, and on leaving I carried away the principal organs in sealed jars and deposited them in my private laboratory here. With them I also deposited the pot of tea found in Liu's room at the time of his death, which had been carefully preserved by the doctor who was first called to the case.

"All these things were locked in a cupboard, the windows were fastened with the patent fasteners you see, and the door locked with a lock of which I only have the key. These precautions are usually taken by me in such cases to prevent the possibility of anyone tampering with my material, either by accident or design.

"I confess that I approached my task with some degree of confidence. It seemed obvious that arsenic had been administered, whatever other poison, if any, might have been used in addition. With my experience, I felt pretty sure of solving that remaining question, even though it might be a difficult one.

"At the outset I found that I was wrong. Not a trace of arsenic was to be detected in any of the organs, not even a trace of morphine.

"Meanwhile, the inquest had commenced. The doctor's evidence was substantially what I have already told you. Ma Ho Shan stated that he had spent the evening with his friend, that after dinner they had sat smoking, talking, and drinking tea till they parted for the night. Both had drunk largely from the same pot (the one produced) refilling it from time to time, as is the Chinese habit, with hot water, which they boiled over an alcohol lamp.

"Liu Yu Chi was in good spirits. There seemed no motive either for suicide or murder. My evidence was not yet ready, and the inquest was adjourned.

"Meanwhile I examined the tea left in the pot—and found nothing. It was a medium quality of Chinese tea, mixed with dried jasmine flowers by way of flavouring, as is usual in China. Preparations made from it had not the least bad effect when administered to small animals. The most careful examination of the organs failed to show the presence of any poison, known or unknown.

"The problem seemed beyond my power to solve; but for a few days I felt more hopeful. I succeeded in getting from the liver a small quantity of a substance which was certainly new to my experience, and which should not, as I supposed, be present in a healthy organ. Tests, however, showed that whatever this substance might be, it was certainly not a poison.

"At last I had to acknowledge defeat, and reported that no poison could be found. Privately, I was highly dissatisfied. I was convinced that a poison had been administered, although it was one that had baffled me. My consolation was that any other toxicologist would have been equally puzzled. The inquest concluded by the jury returning a verdict of death from natural causes.

"All this time Ma Ho Shan had shown a marked natural interest in the case. He questioned me closely, and I confided to him my extreme chagrin at the outcome of the case.

"He, however, took a different view, declaring his belief that his friend had died from some obscure disease. He added that he had occasionally heard of such a one at home, though acknowledging that Chinese doctors were so incompetent and inexact in their statements and diagnoses that no great weight could attach to these accounts. Our common interest in this case had tended to draw us into more intimate relations than before.

"I was pleased to note that Ma's English was improving fast; and he took, I thought, a marked interest in

his chemical studies. It was a disappointment, therefore, when he came to me only a few days after the inquest and announced that it was necessary for him to leave for China at once. His father was seriously ill; therefore he must hasten to him. I said good-bye with regret, for I had formed a good opinion of the young man.

"Later on I received a short note from Shanghai announcing his arrival and intimating that his father had recovered, but that he would not return, as his relations had obtained for him a good official appointment. He also expressed a hope (to my great amusement) that his future career might be such that I should have no cause to be ashamed of my pupil, whilst he would endeavour by his success to make my name 'as celebrated in China as it is in your own country.'

"It was a whole year before I heard from him again, and that letter you can see, for I have it here.

'Respected Teacher:

'You know that in our Chinese custom we should give reverence to our teachers as to our parents. I have made a fault by deceiving you and causing you to be troubled. This was bad of me, and I want to do it no more. Instead I want to do something to give you pleasure.

'First, I must tell you the truth why I went to your Honourable Country.

'Liu Ki Hsiang was a rich merchant in Shanghai. He was a bad man—a member of the T'ien Ti Hui, which foreigners call the Triad Society. Some men had made a plot against our Emperor and his family. Liu Ki Hsiang helped them.

'He was found out and executed. In the Ta Ch'ing Li it is said that if a man plots against the Emperor nine generations of his family may be executed—himself, four generations before him, and four generations after him.

'The home of Liu Ki Hsiang was at Tong Tien in the magistracy of Tan Yang. The officer at Tan Yang sent all the Liu family to Peking, but Liu Yu Chi, the son of Liu Ki Hsiang escaped. Then the officer at Tan Yang was disgraced, and my father was put in his place, and told to catch Liu Yu Chi. If he did so he would be promoted.

'He found that Liu Yu Chi, who had been a student in your Honourable Country before, had gone back there. He

still had money, because his father had owned land and houses in Hong Kong, which our Government could not take.

'We knew that your Government would not send back Liu Yu Chi because he had perhaps not known about how bad a man his father was.

'I followed him so that I might kill him, for my father hoped to be promoted. At first Liu disliked me, for he knew that my father was an official, but he did not know that he was magistrate.

'I told him that I was a member of the T'ien Ti Hui. I could deceive him, because all that is secret about this society has been found out by the English police in Hong Kong and is published in a book. I killed Liu Yu Chi by putting poison in his tea. I put it in the night he died, and then I let him drink it.

'It was wrong of me to deceive my teacher; but if I had not done this thing, I could not have done the service to my father, who has now been promoted and is a Prefect.

'Now I gave you a great trouble to find what the poison was, and so I have got some, and am sending it to you. I learned about it from the barbarians in Yunan when I lived there. Only a few Chinese know of it.

'There is a tree in Yunan which the barbarians call in Chinese Tuh Shu. When a little of its root is put in hot water the water becomes a poison, but in a few hours it becomes different and will hurt no one.

'Now, my dear teacher, I know that you are always studying new things, so I send you some of this root, because I think it will give you a pleasure to see it and know about it. Perhaps, then you will forgive me for having done wrong to you.

'Your respectful scholar,

'H. S. Ma.'''

"Rather amazing letter," I said, after reading it through. "What did you do about it?"

"What could I do? To make the matter public might have led to international complications, and could certainly benefit nobody. I accepted my present with a good grace, and the last remains of it you have just now had in your hand. I investigated it, and found the poisonous properties to be due to an alkaloid which I named 'tuhrine.' Just as Ma writes, it is extracted from the root by hot water, but in the course of a few hours it is completely oxidised to a harmless substance, which is also formed when it is in contact with the body tissues. I worked out the chemical side of the question, and now we specialists know all that is worth knowing about it; for I also supplied material to Dr. Gordon, and between us we studied its action on the body also.

"I doubt if anyone could use tuh-rine for a criminal purpose and escape detection to-day.

"Did I ever hear of Ma again? No. He was evidently quite right from his own point of view, but he seemed hardly the sort of acquaintance that I wanted to cultivate, after all. Sometimes I have wondered what my friend the missionary would think if he knew the extraordinary use to which his letter of introduction had been put."



THE GREAT BASSANO DAM

BY ROBERT RANDOLPH JOHNSON

IT is not unfair to say that the dam made Bassano. And, as an offset to that, Bassano gave its name to the dam. What is Bassano? And where? It is the *pièce de résistance* of dealers in real estate—a mushroom town. For many years it reposed along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, untroubled and almost unknown. It had but little that would cause it to grow into a town, and the bare, rolling prairie, which surrounded it and which now grows excellent wheat and oats, had passed from the neglect of reservation Indians to the quickening elixir of irrigation. Irrigation, then, is the secret. The dam caused the town, but the need of irrigation caused the dam, a dam that is one of the greatest in the world.

Before we locate the dam we must locate Bassano. Bassano can be found easily enough about eighty miles east of Calgary, but it is hard to distinguish it, as you pass, from many another prairie town. For it exposes to first view all the earmarks common to towns of this class: the main street parallel with the railway, the inevitable livery stable, the land agent's office, a few bucks and squaws on the station platform and in the street, many chances for profitable investment, and all the buoyancy and precipitancy that are characteristic of the West.

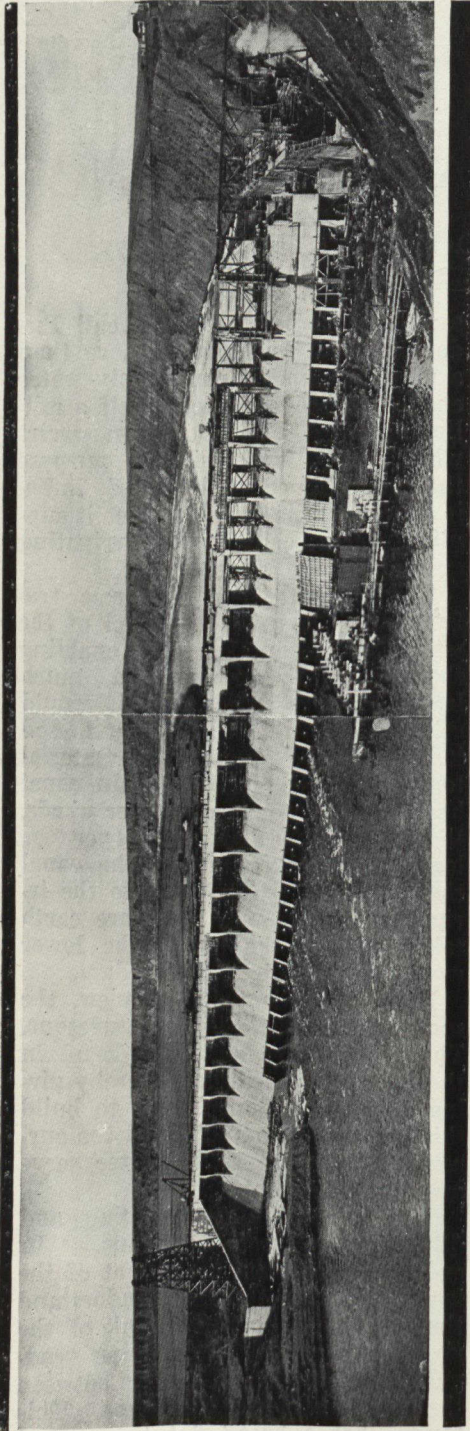
Three miles southwest of this prairie town, at a low pass through the rim of the Bow River Valley, at the Horseshoe Bend, the great Bas-

sano dam is located. We call this dam great, because it is more than a mile long and it can supply water enough to irrigate almost half a million acres. The Dukhwan weir, which dams for a similar purpose the Betwa River, near Jhanzi, India, is almost a mile long, and yet it supplies water capable of irrigating only about 38,000 acres.

The Bassano dam performs two functions. It raises the level of the water at the intake, thus enabling the system to command a much larger area of land than it would otherwise be able to command, and it reduces the quantity of material to be removed from the main canal heading at the dam. In other words, the higher the dam, the fewer the loads to be taken out of the canal that takes the water away to the irrigation ditches; or the more earth taken out of the canal, the lower would be the height of the dam.

From a scenic point of view, the spot is majestically picturesque. The river makes a sudden bend in the form of a horseshoe, thereby giving a splendid opportunity to build this immense dam and direct the current of water so as to better serve man's requirements.

The amount of excavating and filling-in has been enormous. In order to appreciate the extent of the work, it is necessary to understand that the south or right bank of the river has a gravel beach rising gradually until it forms a tongue between the two legs of the horseshoe. This tongue has a broad flat top several



CONCRETE SECTION OF THE DAM AT BASSANO

hundred feet in width and rises gradually to the general prairie elevation. The general elevation of the surface of this tongue near the river is about twenty-five feet above the bed of the stream.

On this tongue an earth dam has been constructed, to which the spillway structure (river-bed section) has been joined.

The earthen embankment has a maximum height of about forty-five feet, a total length of about 7,000 feet, and at its highest point is 350 feet in width at the base. It will contain about one million cubic yards of earth. The foundation consists of a deposit of river silt over coarse gravel and boulders, which in turn overlies dense blue clay. The structure itself contains more than 40,000 cubic yards of concrete and 2,500,000 pounds of reinforcing steel.

The spillway proper is a reinforced concrete structure of the so-called Ambursen type, consisting of a heavy floor built upon the bed of the river, with suitable cut-off walls at its upstream and downstream edges, and upon this floor parallel buttresses of substantially triangular outline, having a slope on the upstream edge of about forty-five degrees, have been erected. Upon brackets or haunches projecting from the faces of the buttresses and parallel to the upstream edges there are cast concrete slabs forming a deck, terminating at the top of the buttresses in a curvet crest and passing down over the downstream edge of the buttresses in the form of an apron suitably curved to correspond as nearly as possible to the path of the over-fall flood waters. In front of the dam the floor is carried downstream a distance of about ninety feet, forming a tumbling hearth.

In general, the cross section of the spillway is what is known as the Ogee section; it consists of the downstream face of the dam, be-



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL FROM THE DAM

tween the crest and the floor, being constructed in the form of a reverse curve, the lower edge of this curve being tangent to the floor of the structure, so that the overfalling nappe is led down the face of the dam and turned into a horizontal direction tangential to the river bed, with the least possible disturbance, while passing over the face of the structure. The spillway is founded on a deposit of sand, gravel and boulders, overlying a thick stratum of stiff blue clay. At the upper and downstream edges of the structure, as well as at the centre, heavy cut-off walls are being carried down into the clay and well bonded to the body of the carpet.

The spillway is 720 feet long between abutments, with a maximum height of forty feet to the overflow crest, above which eleven feet of water will be retained by emergency gates.

The canal headgates will form an integral part of the spillway structure at its northerly end. They will

consist of five openings each of twenty feet, controlled by "Stoney" sluices.

These gates will control the discharge through a main canal of seventy feet bed width, carrying eleven feet of water, and designed to discharge 3,000 cubic feet every second.

The material excavated from the first 13,000 feet of the canal, amounting to about one million yards, is now being transported across the river, over a double track pile trestle bridge, and placed in the earth embankment already described.

At a point about five miles from the canal's intake, an earth dam, 1,280 feet long, of thirty-five feet maximum height, and containing 80,000 cubic yards, is built across the valley, thus forming a tail pool into which the main canal will discharge and from which the branch canals will be fed. From this pool two canals head—the north branch and the east branch. The north branch is the smaller of the two, and it serves the country lying north and

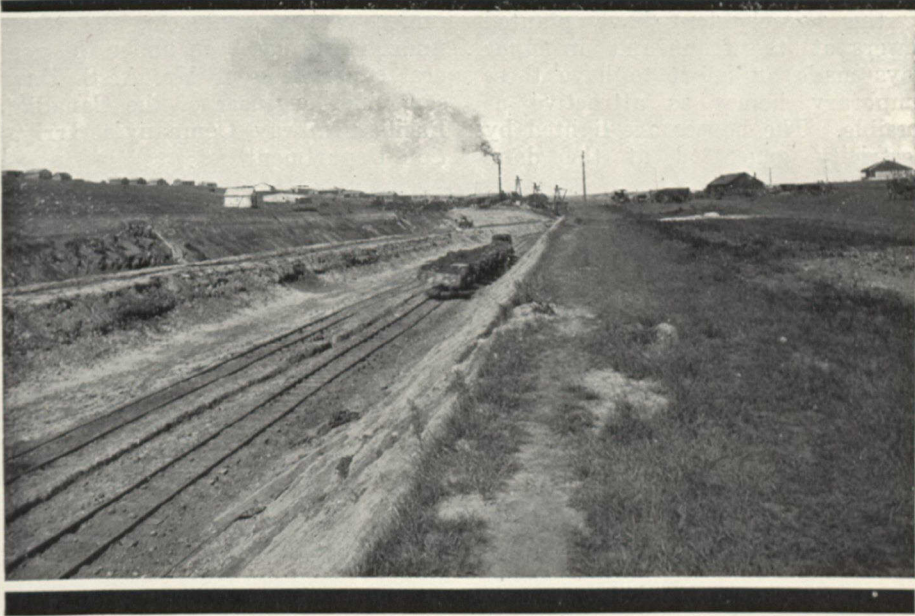


TRESTLE BRIDGE JUST ABOVE THE DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION



THE BASSANO DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Earth to the extent of millions of square yards was carried across the river from the excavations in the Irrigation Canal, and then dumped down to form the earthen extension of the dam



THE IRRIGATION CANAL ABOVE THE BASSANO DAM

Showing a trainload of earth heading for the river. The earth excavated in making the canal is used in building the dam

west of Mat-zi-win Creek, which is the name applied to this valley. This canal is about thirty feet bed width, carrying about six and a half feet of water. After crossing the railway line, the location of this canal follows the west flank of a deep depression known as Crawling Valley to a point about eight miles north of its intake, where it will cross the valley by a siphon or flume and then run northerly. It will have numerous branches, and will become smaller as the distributaries are thrown off, finally tailing out at the Red Deer River.

The east branch, like the north branch, heads out in the tail pool of the main canal. Its size at the outlet is about seventy feet bed width, carrying 9.3 feet of water. Its general course is south-east, and serves the rest of the country not served by the north branch.

Near Lathom the first branch will take off, crossing the railway and

watering a large area between the two forks of the Mat-zi-win Creek. This branch is known as the Spring Hill Canal, and is about thirty-five feet bed width, carrying seven feet of water. The east branch continues south-easterly, reaching the height of land at the head of Antelope Creek. At this point it again forks, the south-easterly branch being known as the Bow Slope Canal, which is about seventeen feet bed width, carrying five feet of water, and serves all the land on the Bow River slope.

There are various branch canals and ditches, making a total of 2,500 miles which can be supplied with water from the main canal at the dam.

The building of the dam has caused the establishment on the bank of the river, close by, of a self-contained community composed of the workmen and their families. Houses have been erected, and there are a

church and a schoolhouse. Many of the householders have planted flowers at the front and in other ways made an effort to have these temporary homes as attractive as possible. The houses are lighted by electricity generated at the dam.

While the work has been carried on under various contracts, the whole undertaking has been under the general supervision of Mr. A. S. Dawson, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Irrigation Department.

BEAUTY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

MOURN nevermore for Beauty. Sigh no more
 Above the tender rose that it must pass.
 Lament no more that flowery loveliness
 Seems but the prey of Time.

Fear not for this,

Since all these fragile things survive and live.
 The nightingale still through the hills of Thrace
 Makes music to the moon, though long ago
 Their temples and their tombs have passed away.
 On crumbling walls and ramparts, once the pride
 Of unremembered empires, still return
 Spring's asphodels as frail as flakes of snow.

Fear not for such as these, since they, in truth,
 Outlive the unguarded granite and its graves.
 All beauty has its worth. It is enshrined
 In armour stronger than cuirassing steel.
 It bears a majesty that makes Death meek.
 And robs him of his sting. We hate to bruise
 The slender bird, or trample on the rose,
 Or soil the snowy-winged anemone.
 We ne'er would kill one lightest Doric note
 That links us with the childhood of the world.
 Ay, loath we are to rend the quiet wings
 Of rainbow-coloured moths.

When fragile gifts

Are touched with loveliness we treasure them.
 The marble that in Milos once was made
 A dream of tender beauty has not died
 Through all the centuries; and lovely things
 No succour need, and nothing good or bad
 More obdurately battles through the dust
 Of Time and Death than earth's frail loveliness!

THE EVOLUTION OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

BY VINCENT BASEVI

PEOPLES in all parts of the civilised world are beginning to realise that cities consist of men and women, and that streets, watermains and sewers are necessary but secondary considerations. During the last half century, what may be termed municipal thought has undergone remarkable evolution. Fifty years ago local governments were occupied in giving more or less attention to roads and to the installation of waterworks. If the wealthier districts of a town were served with sewers, the administration was deemed satisfactory. Then came thoughts of health. Efforts were made, and are still being made, to supply pure, drinkable water in every house. Attention was given to the surfaces of roads as dust became recognised as a danger to health. In addition, efforts have been made in most large cities to connect all buildings with the drainage system. While still in the midst of this second phase of municipal thought, we are advancing one step further. All civilised communities now appreciate the effects of upbringing and surroundings on human beings. Attention is being turned to the housing problem, to the development of social centres, and to the provision of other means calculated to develop high ideals of citizenship.

This progress is a perfectly natural gradation commensurate with the enlargement of industrial

centres. Village government called for little more than the provision of a well and the preservation of order. Big cities required more complicated services. In the place of wells, extensive waterworks had to be established. Increased traffic called for better roads. To protect foot-passengers, sidewalks had to be made. Then drainage became necessary. But still village ideas prevailed. Each local authority attended to problems similar to those of a village, but on a larger scale. Then came a faint realisation of the importance of the human factor. Epidemics of typhoid were traced to polluted water. High death rate was attributed to unhealthful living conditions. Subconsciously local governments began to realise that they were, in a measure, responsible for the lives of citizens under their jurisdiction.

Then followed the phase through which we are now passing. Good drinking water is to be available for all, and not only for those who can afford to have ornamental carbon filters in their houses. Roads must be paved so as to reduce danger from dust. Garbage must be kept in covered receptacles and disposed of as rapidly as possible. Drainage must connect with every house. Public services are being constructed so as to stamp out, so far as possible, all breeding grounds of disease. This means that there is a vast

accumulation of arrears of work in all large towns. For such problems required attention when Babylon was built.

However, there is satisfaction in the thought that we have recognised the importance of the health of the community, that we are building cities with due regard for sanitation, and that now we are groping towards still greater problems. Now that drainage, pure water and good roads are admitted necessities, these can be left in the hands of competent staffs of engineers. Such questions should not occupy more time at the meetings of local governing bodies than is necessary to regulate the ordinary financial requirements of each.

In some respects civic administration is more important than national government. It matters little what are the foreign relations of a people or what are its trade conditions, if at the heart there is a cankerous growth nurtured on unhealthy living conditions, vicious surroundings and lack of high ideals. No nation can be really great unless it is raising citizens sound in body and mind; men and women fit to play their various parts in life. The main duty of municipal governments is to see that under their jurisdictions conditions obtain helpful to the best development of manhood and womanhood, and conducive to high ideals of citizenship.

First among the new problems is that of housing artisans and other small wage-earners. No man is immune from the effects of surroundings. Slum life produces men and women who are physically and mentally unfit for any sustained effort for their own support. They are unemployables and from the ranks of these are recruited criminals, law-breakers and persons of loose habits. These constitute a heavy burden on the state. Therefore, from the point of view of sound economy, as well as from that of developing good citi-

zenship, all slums should be cleaned up, and good accommodation at low rentals should be provided, even if this entails some apparent loss to the community. It is to the interest of the nation that every man shall have a chance to bring up his family under healthful and encouraging conditions. Garden suburbs and model tenements, built on healthful lines and kept under strict control, must replace all slums. For the slum is the breeding ground of half the troubles of a nation.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I will deal briefly with the rooming-house problem. This distastefully evil system is peculiar to the American continent. In all European countries, the young man or woman who goes to a city to earn a living takes lodgings at a house where bedroom and sitting-room are supplied. The landlady cooks for her lodger and waits on him. Here we have some attempt to supply a substitute for home life. But throughout the continent of North America, there is no such comfort for the worker who has no relatives in the city. A dismal bedroom is rented in a rooming-house. All meals have to be eaten in cheap restaurants. What chance has a worker living under these conditions to cultivate feelings of good citizenship or high ideals of life. Such conditions are absolutely soul-destroying. They inflict a maximum of loneliness on an appreciable number of office workers in every city in Canada. And loneliness is responsible for many failures and much misery. Those who now live in rooming-houses will be the fathers and mothers of the next generation. What is being ground into their minds now will be passed on to their children. The rooming-house system would seem to be specially devised to deteriorate the great class of office and store clerks which constitutes some of the best material in the country.

A room in which to sleep, a restaurant at which to feed and the public saloon or poolroom as the common meeting-ground; this is all that certain cities have to offer young men who are doing necessary work. The case of the girl is even harder and more dangerous. Hope added to the buoyancy of youth staves off many failures. But the custom is responsible for much needless suffering and misery, and is the cause of many a ruined life.

Residence clubs would seem to provide the natural solution to this problem. An annual fee of five dollars should give a member use of the public rooms. These would be a restaurant, library, writing-room, recreation room, gymnasium and visitors' room. Then, for a small weekly payment, the member could rent a bedroom on the premises. Meals would be supplied in the restaurant on contract—so many meals for a dollar—as is done in many public cafés. At such a place the stranger in the city would secure board and lodging, recreation and opportunities for social intercourse for the same amount as is now paid for discomfort and loneliness in a rooming-house. Such clubs are needed for girl workers more than for men, the additional protection given being of great value.

Man is naturally a gregarious animal. The isolation of life in a city is unnatural and is brought about by lack of suitable meeting grounds. America leads in the movement to make public schools into centres where the residents of each neighbourhood may meet in the evenings for instruction, social intercourse and recreation. But though American cities lead, they have not gone very far in this direction. Every public school represents a large amount of the people's capital and this outlay is being wasted when a school is used only for a few hours each day during term time. The schools belong to the people and

should be used in such a manner that the people may derive the maximum of benefit from them. For the cost of additional janitor services, every school of the continent could be made to serve a double purpose and both these purposes are of the utmost importance to the nations. Good citizenship cannot be acquired by sitting at home. A man must mix with his fellow creatures before he can claim to be a useful member of society. He must learn to appreciate the strength of some and to condone the weakness of others, to sympathise with the unfortunate and to help the needy. In other words, for some hours every day the mind of the nation should be turned from thoughts of dollars to more important subjects.

In every city there are thousands of men and women whose minds are being starved and their development stunted for want of social intercourse and for the opportunity to give and receive human sympathy. The social centre is not a new fad or a fanciful experiment. It is absolutely a national necessity. No one disputes the need for open air playgrounds. Yet the weather is not always fine and warm. Having conceded the playground, in order to be logical, we must establish the social centre.

This leads to the consideration of another aspect of city life which demands attention from governing bodies. To what extent is a council or commission responsible for the amusements provided? Up to the present, the Canadian city has been content to keep a more or less watchful eye on vaudeville theatres and moving picture shows. Little is being done by municipalities to provide clean, elevating entertainment for the public. In Germany this is regarded as one of the duties of a municipality. Quite small towns have their theatres where grand opera is given all the year round by stock companies, and where prices are not adjusted to reserve the house

for any particular class. Canadian cities would be ill-advised to follow slavishly the example of Germany. It would be useless to force on the public a perennial round of grand operas. German cities give the people what they desire and Canadian cities should do likewise. If municipalities were to provide clean, wholesome entertainments at low charges, undesirable performances would be driven out of business. The public likes good music and good acting. It patronises undesirable entertainments for want of alternatives at prices it can afford to pay.

Let us assume that public taste in a particular city favours ragtime music, vaudeville performances and moving pictures. A wise government would provide band performances with programmes arranged to supply ragtime music, with some airs from light operas introduced. Verdi, Gounod and Leoncavallo could be used to pave the way for the cultivation of better taste. Vaudeville performances under municipal control could be made cheap, entertaining and, at the same time, be kept free from all vulgarity. Perhaps the best of all work could be done by establishing moving picture shows under civic control. The amazing popularity of this form of entertainment would give governing bodies golden opportunities to effect good.

To make these purely educational would be to court failure. In the first place, the theatre should be comfortable and well-ventilated. Then films should be selected to amuse, to entertain and occasionally to instruct. Only suggestive pictures should be banned. By degrees the public would demand better class performances. It would lose taste for the cheaper kinds of buffoonery and would ask for more satisfying fare. Still the moving picture show ought to be retained as a vehicle for amusement. If it were turned into a

means for imparting instruction or were conducted with the avowed intention of educating public taste, patronage would be transferred to other and perhaps less desirable performances. Man requires more than food, sleep and shelter. He needs relaxation and entertainment. Therefore the wise municipality of the future will take care that wholesome amusement shall be more easily accessible than unmoral and debasing performances.

Wealthy people can surround themselves with all that makes life seem beautiful. Gardens, lawns, well cared for and carefully laid out, galleries of valuable pictures, libraries containing priceless collections of books and examples of graceful statuary; these can be acquired by the rich. But the advantages of such surroundings can be placed also at the service of the poor. Every city should strive to be lovely in order to be lovable. Tree-lined boulevards ornamented with statuary, fine open squares, beautiful parks and stately buildings will have their effect on the character of citizens. Public art galleries and libraries can be of the greatest value, though these seldom wield as much good influence as might be expected from them. An art gallery established for the public should be managed to suit the public taste. Good pictures of a character likely to give pleasure to the least cultivated should predominate. Then special rooms might be reserved for the works of particular schools which might tend to raise the artistic taste of the public. But it is of paramount importance that an art gallery established for the benefit of the public shall be conducted so that the ordinary man may feel welcome and so arranged that he may find beauty within his comprehension.

Most of the public libraries can show excellent collections of books and should prove equal to satisfying the requirements of all kinds and

conditions of men. But here again there is need for atmosphere which shall make the ordinary man feel welcome. The impudence of a supercilious clerk may keep many a man from taking advantage of his public library. The clerk who conducts himself as a civic official installed in the library to order the public about, to reprove, snub and discourage questioning, is the wrong man for the place. Men with tact, patience and sympathy will have to be found for clerkships in public libraries before these institutions can realise their full possibilities. We want to tempt all men to read and study and not only to provide facilities for those who are determined to learn.

With public parks, playgrounds, art galleries and libraries the ordinary citizen can enjoy good influences which in past years have been exclusive privileges of the wealthy. Every citizen can be made to feel that his home town is a place desirable; a city to work for and to be proud of, a real home which he will leave with regret and to which he will want to return when away. This is the spirit from which good citizenship is evolved.

All these new problems are crowding in on the other ones and helping to produce confusion in some cities. Experiments are being made with different forms of government in order to unravel the tangle. The latest of these is the commission. Until problems relating purely to public works have been solved and the lines of solution standardised as far as possible, commission government is not likely to be given trial. But so soon as we are ready to leave details of works to municipal engineers, commission government will have to give place to councils elected every two or three years, and it is doubtful if the members of these councils will be paid for their services. While questions relating to public services predominate, the need is for administrators with business acumen. But

the time is not far distant when all such problems will be left in the hands of permanent staffs. Then the human factor problems will come to the front, and to solve these, cities will need the services of men with imagination and sympathy. The real work of city building will begin, and with it will come a demand for the services of leading thinkers in every town. The problems of future municipal politics cannot be left in the hands of unimaginative ruminating animals from the lower ranks of ward politicians, nor are they of such a nature as to be treated to the best advantage by highly paid commissioners. The problems involve the training and development of individual character and thus of the character of cities and nations.

The men who can abolish slum life, beautify their cities and provide facilities for healthful recreation and wholesome amusement for all, will be eradicating crime and abolishing all the influences which tend to produce unemployables and persons of loose character. The ideal community will never be evolved, but there is no reason why, in a modern city, crime, vice and suffering should not be reduced almost to a negligible quantity. Poverty comes where there is no incentive to work. Crime flourishes where there are no examples of the benefits of decent living. Nearly all the troubles to which cities are heirs find their roots in the squalid slums and overcrowded districts.

The solution of these problems will require the services of great statesmen. There are no subjects now being discussed by the parliaments of the world half so important to each nation as the questions arising from living conditions in large cities. These are the chief economic troubles which will have to be settled. Those who undertake the task cannot hope to live to see its completion. Many years of patient toil will be needed to evolve character from the back

lanes and by-ways of great cities, to abolish entirely the slum, and to set up in its place the garden suburb, the model tenement and the co-partnership village. The men who undertake this work should be more honoured by their fellow citizens

than those who sit in parliaments to discuss, more or less amiably, the monotonous round of national business. And when such honour is accorded to local administrators, the leading thinkers in each town will be found in the councils.

A SONG OF POPPIES

BY VIRNA SHEARD

I LOVE red poppies! Imperial red poppies!
 Sun-worshippers are they;
 Gladly as trees live through a hundred summers
 They live one little day.

I love red poppies! Impassioned scarlet poppies!
 Ever their strange perfume
 Seems like an essence brewed by fairy people
 From an immortal bloom.

I love red poppies! Red, silken, swaying poppies!
 Deep in their hearts they keep
 A magic cure for woe—a draught of Lethe—
 A lotus-gift of sleep.

I love red poppies! Soft silver-stemmed, red poppies,
 That from the rain and sun
 Gather a balm to heal some earth-born sorrow,
 When their glad day is done.



THE END OF THE STORY

BY DONALD MACDONALD

THE fourth mate, the ship's cook and the yogi sat under an awning on a strip of sandy coast and talked of the sea which had been the cause of half their trouble. At their backs, supporting the awning, stood a meagerly furnished shack, their temporary home. A little to one side, beyond the water's farthest reach, ranged six graves, parallel to the sea and partly shaded by a row of scraggly palms.

Less than a week before a ship had gone down in a storm off the Bahama banks. The mate, the cook and the wise man had escaped in a boat, to be picked up later by a fishing schooner and landed at a Florida town. There had been a fourth sailor, but he had died of the dreaded blue plague soon after reaching port. So his companions had been hurried to the pest house, where they now were, with a hospital orderly who had volunteered to remain by them during the period of incubation and attend them in case they were stricken with the terrible disease.

The mate and the cook were men of only average intelligence, but the yogi had been a person of distinction in the tropical village from which he came. He was a man of intellectual attainments and had shipped in the humble capacity of captain's servant in order to see the world and add to his store of knowledge.

The sun had gone down in the stunted scrub oaks, and the air grew chill. The three men moved inside the shack and drew up to the table

where the orderly sat reading. He closed his book presently and questioned them concerning the world as they had seen it. As the evening wore on they began telling stories to relieve the tedium of their confinement. When it came the mate's turn he said:

"This is the story I heard in Mozambique in the drinking-house of Louis, the old Frenchman. It was told by a Dutch trader in pearls, and concerns the kingdom of Ecbahambra on the east coast of Africa. Perhaps it will interest you.

"The king of Ecbahambra is said to be a progressive and broad-minded man, whose highest aim in life is to lift his people out of their semi-barbarous condition. He has instituted many reforms, but perhaps his most worthy act was the suppression of the opium vice.

"Chinese merchants in great junks used to call at Ecbahambra to trade with the natives, and it was they who introduced the smoking of opium. The vice spread so rapidly that it threatened to demoralise the whole tribe, and the king saw that he must adopt drastic measures to crush it. So, after much thought, he decreed that every person found guilty of using the drug should die. After one or two exceptions the habit was checked, although many people still smoked in secret.

"Now the king had three wives, after the custom of his country, who were known as the great queen, the middle queen, and the little queen. The great queen was the favourite

with the monarch. She had been given to him by a neighbouring ruler and was the most beautiful and most hated woman in the country. The other queens hated her because of her beauty. The chief men of the kingdom hated her because of her influence with the king.

"So she lived a miserable life, tormented by her enemies and the victim of innumerable intrigues to overthrow her. The lesser queens set their maids to watch her and the chief men placed spies in the royal household to report everything which she did. They all hoped to detect her in some wrong-doing and thus accomplish her downfall.

"Unknown to the king the great queen became a victim of the opium habit. Even after he issued his edict of death she continued in the use of the drug. In time knowledge of her vice came to the middle and the little queen. They talked the matter over in private and resolved to tell the chief men what they had heard concerning their rival, because they dared not accuse her openly to their royal husband."

The fourth mate paused abruptly in his story and the other men looked up in wonder. They saw a blue pallor over his face, his eyes rolled in their sockets and he half fell across the table. When they raised his head he was already unconscious, and in half an hour he was dead. Thus quickly does the blue plague strike down its victim.

The orderly telephoned to the town officials, who directed him to dig a grave and bury the corpse at once. So the two remaining sailors and the attendant turned up the loose sand under the palms and when the body was cold covered it from sight.

The next day the two sailors hardly spoke a word. The sudden leaving of their comrade, and fears for their own safety, cast a terrible gloom over their minds. When the orderly could endure the silence no longer he remarked: "It's too bad

the mate didn't finish his story. It promised to be interesting. I wonder if the great queen was executed."

Whereupon the ship's cook said sadly: "I have heard the story, and will finish it for you. It was told in the little wine shop kept by the Irishman, Burke, at the Port of the Two Seas."

"Good," said the orderly. "To tell the truth, I became quite interested in the queen's fate."

"The chief men," began the cook, "after hearing of the great queen's disobedience, went to the ruler and asked, 'Has not the king decreed that every person who smokes opium shall be beheaded?'"

"'Even so,' replied the king.

"'Are the royal laws enforced against the poor and the weak alone?' they demanded.

"'They are to be executed against all alike, with favour to none,' answered the monarch.

"'Then why is it,' asked the chief men triumphantly, 'that the great queen is permitted to smoke and go unpunished?'"

"When the king heard this he was speechless with fear. He dismissed the chief men with a wave of his hand, sent for his beautiful wife and asked if it was true what the people said about her. She kissed his foot in token of submission to his will and said that she could not deny it.

"Of course, the king was anxious to save his favourite queen, because he loved her and because he knew that her death would cause strife with the neighbouring chieftain, whose daughter she was. But, being a just king, he could not set aside his law, even to spare the queen and save his country from war.

"Hoping to find a way out of the difficulty he called together his five councillors and asked them if it were possible to save the queen. He was willing to make any sacrifice if only she might live. The councillors considered the matter gravely for a whole day and then decided that the

law could not be revoked even to save the chief queen.

"But the king was a man of great resource. He called the two priests of the palace temple and asked them to extricate him from his position. It happened that one of the priests hated the great queen because she had such power over the monarch and he longed to see her removed even by death. The other loved the king and resolved that his favourite wife should not be executed.

"The priests arbitrated disputes and forefold future events by examining the entrails of a freshly slain bullock. So each killed a young bull in the light of the new moon and studied the entrails till the sun rose. The one who hated the queen reported that the signs read in the entrails pointed to her death. But the priest who loved the king said that the omens were favourable to the queen."

Unnoticed by the orderly, who was deeply interested in the story, the cook's voice had grown weaker and weaker till it finally died away in a groan. His arms fell to his knees, his pipe dropped from his lips, and the blue pallor crept over his face. The attendant sprang to his side and administered his most powerful medicines. But the cook never spoke again. In a few moments he ceased breathing, his features relaxed from their horrible grimace, and he was still.

The orderly immediately telephoned his death to the town and then took the yogi outside to scoop out the second grave. When the cook was buried beside the fourth mate under the palms the orderly and the remaining sailor returned to the shack and sat solemnly through the night.

After they had breakfasted and drunk a little wine to cheer them, the orderly said, "I'm sorry the cook didn't finish the story. Now I shall never know the end, and I am much interested in the fate of the queen."

The yogi looked up and answered quietly, "I, too, have heard the story

and will finish it for you. The first mate told it to the captain one night while we lay at anchor in Delagoa Bay."

"Good," said the orderly relieved. Then a great doubt suddenly filled his mind. "But you may die like the others before you reach the end, so make the story short."

"I promise to finish it," said the yogi seriously.

"Very well, then. Go ahead."

So the wise man began: "The king was now in a worse quandary than ever. Never before had the priests differed in their readings of the entrails. If he accepted the favourable omen, and discarded the other, the people would say that he had spared the queen because he loved her. Yet he could not bring himself to order the execution. Being a very determined man, however, he would not yield while one hope remained.

"On the Mount of the Moon, the highest peak in Ecbahambra, lives a hermit, a very holy man, who worships the Queen of Night. He eats no flesh and spends the hours between sunrise and sunset in prayer. In former years his word was greater than the king's, and even now it is held in reverence. The king, in his extremity, thought of the hermit and resolved to seek his help.

"The whole court made a three-days' journey to the summit of the mountain and the monarch begged the holy man to intervene in behalf of the beautiful queen. The hermit listened to the king's trouble, thought on the matter for two nights, and finally said, 'On the day following the full of the moon go to the temple gardens and watch the sacred white elephant. If he sneezes three times between sunrise and sunset, the great queen may live.'

"The sacred white elephant," explained the yogi, "is worshipped by the people of Ecbahambra as if he were a god. He is kept in the temple garden day and night, chained to a huge pillar of stone. Once a month,

when the moon is full, he decides great questions of state by the drooping of an eyelid or the swish of his tail.

"The king and his retinue journeyed back to the capital and waited till the time of the full moon. On the following day a great crowd of people had gathered in the gardens to witness the final test of the king.

"About an hour after the sun appeared the elephant rose from his knees, lifted his trunk high in the air, and sneezed so loudly that the children cried out in fear. The king, who was watching from a pavilion, was delighted, and sent word immediately to his favourite spouse that she was one-third saved.

"Then the people waited in silence. Noon passed and the white elephant had not sneezed again. The king, greatly worried, hastened to the palace to consult the chief queen. Now the queen was a person of even greater resource than her husband. When she heard that the sacred elephant had sneezed only once, and saw that the day was half spent, she said, 'Prepare some new hay from the sweet grass which grows in the river bottoms, sprinkle it full of snuff, and give it to the elephant.'

"So the king ordered his servants to cut a bundle of the sweet-smelling grass and they hastened to obey him. While it was still wet he sprinkled snuff on it unseen by the court officials, and offered it to the elephant. The great beast had scarcely begun to eat it when he suddenly lifted his trunk and before he could rise to his feet sneezed so terribly that his breath fell on the people like rain. The king laughed loudly and sent word to his waiting wife that she was two-thirds saved.

"But after that the elephant refused to eat the hay.

"They watched all that afternoon. Once the elephant rose from his knees, stretched out his trunk as if to sneeze, and sank down again without making a sound. Twice he did this

and the king was very angry. He would have ordered his soldiers to spear the beast, but he feared the people.

"At last the sun rested on the top of a low hill in the west and began to disappear. Only a few moments of the day remained. The elephant had sneezed twice and the king was beside himself with rage. He walked up and down before the elephant muttering savage threats—"

The orderly, who was now wholly engrossed in the story and watched every word as it came from the yogi's lips, saw the old man's mouth contorted in a hideous grin. An instant later the fatal blue pallor suffused his face and his whole body began to tremble. The attendant sprang up and treated him as he had treated the fourth mate and the ship's cook. While he forced stimulants between the rigid jaws he shrieked to the dying man, "Wait a minute, wait. You can't die till you finish the story. Remember your promise. Did the elephant sneeze again?" But his frantic appeals fell on unheeding ears. The last sailor was dead and the story was still unfinished.

The yogi buried, the orderly was compelled to remain in the pest house until the period of incubation for the disease had passed. As no symptoms of the plague developed, he was soon back at his work in the hospital. But he was greatly changed. Living alone in the shack that had witnessed the death of the three sailors he had brooded over the story left uncompleted by the fourth mate, the ship's cook and the yogi, and agonised over the fate of the great queen till his mind had become morbidly affected. His friends could not diagnose his malady, but thought that he was suffering from melancholia brought on by his horrible death watch.

During his absence from the hospital a new nurse had been received. It was her custom once a week to give amateur demonstrations in spiritualism for the entertainment of the

other nurses and the internes. One evening the orderly attended a seance out of curiosity. The nurse placed his hands on a slate and told him to think of a question. But the poor fellow, his thoughts ever brooding on the fate of the African queen, disregarded her instructions. After a while the nurse lifted his hands, turned over the slate, and said play-

fully, "Let's see what's written." This is what they read:

"The sun had sunk so low behind the hill that the eye could gaze on it without watering, when the elephant rose from his knees, stretched out his trunk to its full length, and sneezed for the third time."

And thus the yogi fulfilled his promise.

IN AN AUTUMN GARDEN

BY ISABEL ECLESTONE MACKAY

TO-NIGHT the air discloses
Souls of a million roses,
And ghosts of hyacinths that died too soon;
From Pan's safe-hidden altar
Dim wraiths of incense falter
In waving spiral, making sweet the moon!

Aroused from fragrant covers,
The vows of vanished lovers
Take voice in whisperings that rise and pass;
Where the crisped leaves are lying
A tremendous, low sighing
Breathes like a startled spirit o'er the grass.

Ah, Love! in some far garden,
In Arcady or Arden,
We two were lovers! Hush—remember not
The years in which I've missed you;
For, yesterday, I kissed you
Beneath this haunted moon! Have you forgot?



CHURCH AND STAGE

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps," and to a certain extent the old-fashioned London cabby became known according to the "fares" he carried. Cabs are used by all sorts and conditions of men, and cabmen in general come into contact with a pretty varied assortment of people. An old and experienced cabby has, perhaps, a wider knowledge and better judgment of human nature than any other being in the world. But, for all that, cabmen fall into a groove. Certain cabs and certain cabmen come to be used almost exclusively by certain classes of people, and the cabby's outlook on the world is influenced accordingly.

There was a certain member of the Green Lawn Club—the little cab-shelter on the Embankment—the driver of a four-wheeler, who was known by the title of 'Oly William. The reason for this name puzzled me not a little, for he was a gentleman with as florid a vocabulary as any in the Club, while he was inclined to be even more than ordinarily intemperate.

At first I thought the name a mere sarcastic paradox, until one morning about four o'clock, I found 'Oly William almost foaming at the mouth in a frenzied discussion of the doctrine of predestination with Juggins, who was an avowed agnostic.

Later, when I saw 'Oly William on the rank, light broke upon me. He and his horse were slumbering peacefully at that "stand for hackney carriages" adjacent to the Whitefield Tabernacle at the top of Tottenham Court Road. A little adroit follow-

ing up of this clue at the Club put me in possession of 'Oly William's history. He had used that "rank" from time immemorial and had carried practically every famous nonconformist preacher who had ever drawn crowds to the Tabernacle. He expressed to me his firm conviction that no clergyman of any creed could even see his cab without hailing it and being driven somewhere.

"'Course, me bein' up there right in a religious 'ot-bed, as you may say, it's only natural as I should git a good few parsons. But some 'ow it don't seem to matter what part of London I'm in, there's always a parson croppin' up to wave 'is humbrel-ler at me. 'Bout thirty year ago, when I fust started, I got sick and tired of it, but it wasn't no use. I 'ad to give in, and now I 'ardly like to take a fare 'oo 'asn't got a white tie and a black pancake 'at.

"When I ain't up at Whitefield's I uses the Strand by Exeter 'All, or takes a pitch by the City Temple. But it don't matter where I am. If I'm down Whitechapel way, I get a bloomin' chief Rabbi. If I'm up at 'Ammersith, I pick up a brace of Greek Patriarchs. Why, larst week, when I was goin' 'ome to the mews, I picked up a Chinaman in 'White'all 'oo, I 'eard afterwards, was some sort of priest at the Embassy in Portland Place. On'y becos I 'appened to be laid up at the time, I missed takin' Dowie from 'is place in Euston Road—time the crowd broke the winders of the keb and nearly 'ad the old boy out.

"I've drove Spurgeon and R. J. Campbell and Cardinal Newman and Torrey and Alexander, and as for bishops!—well, if you looks in the keb you'll see 'ow the front of the cushion's all wore out through rubbin' again the buttons on their gaiters. If I wos to go to Frawnce and drive a fiakker, the fust fare I'd get would be the Pope 'isself.

"So, you see, sir, 'ow I couldn't 'elp gittin' a sort of knowledge of religion and such matters, till it's become a sort of 'obby wiv me. Why, about ten years ago I even bought four vollums of sermons orf a barrer in Farrin'don Road, and I've pretty near finished readin' of them now. 'Fact, religion wiv me's a kind of 'abit. I even find it 'ard to get the old 'orse past a street corner preacher or a Salvation Army meetin' e's that interested."

The Bishop of London was not in favour with 'Oly William, owing to the fact that he patronised 'busses and the underground; indeed, he disapproved of modern ecclesiastics in general.

"I don't know wot things is comin' to wiv curicks and bishops travellin' in 'ansom kebs—it ain't respectable. Nothink under four wheels was considered dignified enough when I started." And he would shake his head mournfully over the decay of religious ideals.

William's connection with the "cloth" was never envied. Curates and old ladies are reputed to entertain the ridiculous idea that a man may get dangerously intoxicated on any sum over one penny, and certain bishops are credited with an almost uncanny knowledge of what is the exact legal fare between almost any points in London.

A good connection with the stage was looked upon in a very different light. Many members of the Club, especially those with a taste for night work, hardly carried any but actors and actresses and "bokes from the 'alls"—before the days when a sixty

h.p. car had become requisite and necessary to any self-respecting music-hall "artiste." The trade was profitable to a tactful man.

"There's Tree, f'r instance," said Curly, the debonair driver of a spick and span hansom. "'E 'ardly ever waits for change if you treat 'im proper. Say 'ome, sir?' when he gits in, and when 'e gits out try and say a bit about 'avin' seen the show from the gods and bein' sorry you won't be able to drive 'im to-morrer night 'cause you can't keep from goin' again. Then its, 'Ere's a suvrin, my man, bring your sweet-'eart wiv you.'"

This was before the great Beer-bohm became "Sir 'Erbert."

"There's 'ardly any of 'em but likes bein' reckernised. I mind the fust time as I ever drove Tree. I was noo to London and 'ardly knoo and faces, and when a bloke 'ailed me in the 'Aymarket and gets in sayin' 'Ome,' very dignified, I was that took aback that I just drove on up towards Piccadilly wonderin' what to do next."

"When we got to the Circus, I leant over and lifted up the trap. 'E was lollin' over in the corner lookin' 'arf asleep. 'Where did you say, sir?' I says. 'Ome,' 'e grunts out, very fierce at bein' disturbed; and there was I not knowin' wevver 'e lived in Park Lane or Tootin' Bee Common."

"Top of Regent Street I raised the trap again for I was gittin' desprit. 'Where is your 'ome, sir?' I says timid like. 'E didn't flare up and roar at me like what I expected; 'e was lookin' sort of quiet and dreamy and 'e just looks up wiv 'is eyes 'arf shut and 'e says, 'Why?' 'e says, 'Why should I tell a perfect stranger the whereabouts of my beautiful 'ome?' 'Strewth, I nearly fell orf of me dickey, and I've never rightly know wevver 'e was 'avin' a game wiv me all the time.

"Well, there's actors and there's actors," said Juggins reflectively,

“and you never know your luck. Sometimes its suvrins and ’arf suvrins and sometimes—well, larst night I took a party of six all the way to Bedford Park and all they could raise between ’em was one and thripence in coppers and a gun-metal matchbox wiv a nimitation turkwas in it. There ain’t such a lot in actors.”

Still, for all Juggins’s scorn of The Profession I shall never forget his behaviour one sad morning seven years ago.

The Club was nearly full. Nine or ten pipes contributed to the acrid blue fog in the little shelter, and Corkey was singing cheerfully in his little kitchen to a spluttering accompaniment of sausages. Ginger George was relating a scandal in high life on which he had obtained sidelights through the trap in the roof of his hansom while carrying a couple from Regent Street to Park Lane, and the members were punctuating his narrative with marks of appreciation by beating with cawfy mugs on the narrow table in front of them. I had seldom seen the little cluster of cabmen in better form.

Then, about three o’clock, Juggins entered. He said nothing, but there was that in his face which broke off Ginger George’s story in the middle of a sentence. Corkey in his kitchen noticed the sudden silence and his whistling ceased as Juggins raised the flapped table and squeezed into a seat.

“Sir ’Enery gorn at last,” he said simply, and Battersea Bob, whose hat was upon his head, removed it quickly. “Died in ’arness. ’E’d just finished doin’ Becket when ’e keeled over and croaked be’ind the scenes. I’d took a bloke dahn to Fleet Street, and the night gateman at the D’ily M’il give me the noos. We’ll never see ’is like, mates. If ever there was a actor ’oo was a gentleman it was sir ’Enery Irving, Gawd knows what the stage’ll do wivout ’im.”

There were no more stories that

morning and every man’s pipe was knocked out and put away. The older cabmen spoke of the dead actor almost with awe. Only two or three of them, it seemed, had seen him act, but nearly all had driven him and spoke of his kindness and generosity.

“Time my wife ’ad ’er fust twins,” said Battersea Bob, “’E bloomin’ well saved ’er life. Noticed I was lookin’ worried-like, and made me take ’im raand to our kip. Sent me orf to the ’ospital for a trained nuss and went aht and got port wine and saw ’er pulled through when the doctor ’ad given ’er up. . . . And nah ’e’s gorn.

“Many and many’s the times I’ve took ’im to the Lyceum in the old days. Always ’arf a suvrin no matter where I’d picked ’im up. Rahnd the corner in the Strand or up by ’is ’ouse at ’Ammersmith, it was always ’arf a suvrin just the same—or a suvrin if ’e ’adn’t ’arf a thick ’un on ’im. But I’d a drove ’im for nothink and prahd to do it—Gawd bless ’im.”

When I left, an hour later, a proposal was on foot to raise a monster subscription, and, I if I remember rightly, there was a very fine wreath from London cabmen at Sir Henry’s funeral.

There was one cabman who specialised in lawyers, but he, unfortunately, I never met, though I heard rumours of his choice anecdotes of various legal lights and Sir ’Enery ’Awkins in particular—since he was a popular favourite, regarded with a sort of fearful affection.

But these “classified clientele” arose chiefly by accident or fate. Salt Water Jim was the only member of the Club who, by his own confession, deliberately specialised in one class of fare.

“When I follered the sea I came in contract wiv a lot of foriners,” he explained, “so when I took to steerin’ a ’orse and keb I laid myself out to get forin’ fares what I knoo I

could please through knowin' their 'abits.

"I ain't a privileged kebmán"—a cabman, that is, with the name of a station blazoned on his cab and the privilege of standing in the courtyard of a station—"but I works round Euston and Waterloo and 'ere at Charing Cross and nearly always I picks up Americans and foriners or Colonials like you, sir. You see, I've brought my 'ead into the business. When I sees a Namerican I says, 'Want a 'ack, Colonel? Only twelve cents a mile!' or 'On'y fifty cents to the 'Otel Cecil!' and when I think a gent's a Australian I says 'My oath!' loud enough for 'im to 'ear, or if 'e's a Canadian I says, 'Oh, hell! Holy Mike!' to the 'orse. That fetches 'em nearly every time. There ain't nothink more attractive in a

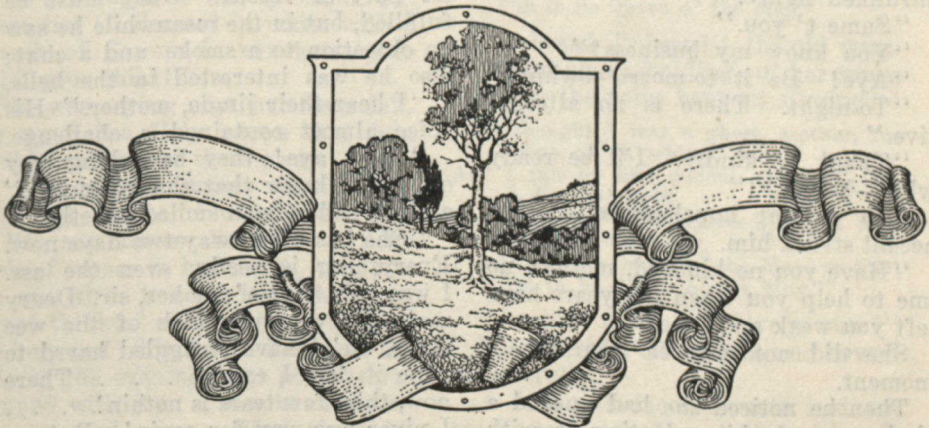
forin land than to 'ear someone usin' the 'omely expressions of your own country. . . . I know a bit of French and Spanish too, and when a Frenchy 'ears me call the 'orse a *sacre cochon d'enfer* its like a breath of 'ome to 'im and 'e 'ops into the kebmán as grateful for a friendly word as if I was 'is brother. . . ."

I glanced at my watch and turned to get my hat, but spun round again indignantly as a hoarse voice bel-
lowed in my ear:

"Twenty-three for youse. So you're goin' to beat it, you bone-headed mutt?"

Salt Water Jim was regarding me with a proud smile: "I thought that 'ud please you," he said amiably. "Regular 'omelike, ain't it?"

A faint "Oh, you kiddo!" followed me into the gray dawn.



QUEEN O' THE MAY

BY ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

THE sun was setting.

The Sheriff's officer paused before he entered the tiny cottage. He was unlike most officials in that he possessed a kindly heart.

The little, old woman, sitting in the semi-darkness, crooned audibly, her poor withered hands crossed upon her tattered shawl.

"Mabbe t' da', mabbe to-morro'. Oh, sad be the hour that sees the widda left without a home. . . . Thirty year since I staked the wee bit o' fence an' railed the pond at the end o' the field. . . . I mind the da' well. . . . Thirty—"

"Evening, mother."

Out of the darkness emerged the shrunken figure.

"Same t' you."

"You know my business?"

"Aye! Be it to-morro'—whin?"

"To-night. There is no alternative."

"Thank ye kindly. I'll be ready whin—hush!!!"

The patient hopelessness of her accent struck him.

"Have you no kindred, mother, no one to help you when the years have left you weak and lone?"

She did not answer him for a moment.

Then he noticed she had pushed a chair towards him, dusting it with her withered palm, and motioned him to sit down.

Outside a green country stretched for miles and miles beneath a pink-gray sky.

Not a human being could be seen. Lonely mountains faced the west;

lonely boglands spread to meet the east.

Down the vale the thatched roof of a cottage rose above the sloping pasture. Above, upon the hillside, a group of cattle rested.

"Hush!" said the old woman again, shading her eyes as she looked toward the horizon. "Hush, say no word—she is comin' home."

She leaned forward in a listening attitude and called clearly:

"Babeen! Babeen! Babeen! Acushla Babeen!!!" And as if in answer to her cry, far away the faint jingle of bells resounded.

The Sheriff's officer drew out his pipe. He saw discretion was the better part of valour. Duty must be fulfilled, but in the meanwhile he saw no objection to a smoke and a chat; also he was interested in the bells.

"I hear their jingle, mother." His voice almost contained a challenge.

"Aye! aye! they be a long way off, but I know that she is comin'," and the old woman smiled sweetly.

"She has been away two days now. Everything is ready, even the ass.

I was only waitin' for her, sir. Deary me! I love every inch of the wee place, an' I have struggled harrd to kape it, but I can't. . . . There

now, thim few tears is nothin'. . . . I niver was wan for cryin'. But me

little home. . . . Thirty year we come here, me auld man an' me, affther bein' marrit be Father Connellen. I was no slip of a colleen thin; but I was a tidy, honest woman, an' Jem was all that, an' gude an' kind as well. We worrked early an'

late. Glory be to God, thim was happy days. . . . Thin little Babeen came. . . . Quare name, sir. Jem heard it at the big house where he worrked yander. The poor Master! Sure his death, an' the break op af the family was our ruin. . . . Well, sir, she was a wee bonny bit o' beauty, with her fair hair an' big blue eyes, they luke sorriful like now, sir, but they was full of laugh-ter then.

"Jem an' me was clane daft about her, she was so terrble cute. One af th' ladies up yander taught her booke-larnin, an' she could read an' write beautiful. Poor Miss Molly! God rest her soul! She was very fond of Babeen. . . . I mind the da' well she came over and tauld me all about the grand fete they was goin' to have. There was to be a big tent full of children actin' and singin'. . . . We want Babeen most particular says she to me, to dress up, says she, as Queen o' the May. . . . Excuse the tears, sir. Poor little colleen! Poor little colleen!"

The old voice brake. The wrinkled hands were clenched with anguish.

"We thought it was splendid, sir, to see her all dressed in white with a wreath of flowers in ner hair, poor child, poor child!"

She was crying now, her tears fall- ing upon the dirty apron that fain would have wiped them away.

"Aye, aye, sir; surely this is a sor- riful life. . . . I watched her full af life run across the fields, a little book of verses in her hand. Ah, sir! she was niver to come back the same. I kept thinkin' af her all day, longin' for her, and whin I seen her cross the stile in the evening', me poor heartt jumped with joy. I saw her runnin' like one mad. . . . Mad, sir, did I say? Aye, whin our poor darlin' cum home she was quite, quite mad.

. . . . How did it happen? Well, I'll tell ye. At the end of the wood there's a small cottage. Old Mahony and his son lived there. The son was a wee bit daft, but no wan thought

he would ever do any harrm. Well, sir, Babeen, as far as we know, stopped to speak to him. There must have been a rid poker in the fire, for it seems out he run. . . . Our poor little lass got away; t'error or God, sir, kept her runnin'. Some min hearded a scrame and caught the poor daft man. But Babeen—hush! For here she be? 'Tis a rale sad sight; she thinks she's a colleen still an' Queen o' the May; an' she keeps on singin' the verses she learrnt wid Miss Molly. . . . The bells, sir? Ah! 'twor my own thought. Whin she wanders aff I can find her easy; they're fastened to her dress. . . . Babeen! Babeen! Babeen! Acushla Babeen!!!"

The Sheriff's officer drew in his feet (they reached almost to the door) and leaned forward. A figure was passing up the little path and a voice was singing:

"I'll sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If ye do not call me loud whin the da' begins to break;
But I must gather knots o' flowers, an' buds an' garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

"Babeen! Babeen!" the old wom- an called again, holding out her arms, but still the voice kept on singing:

"He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
An' I ran by him widout spakin', like a flash o' light.
They call me cruel-heartted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

"Auchla! Acushla! Have ye cum?" The Sheriff's officer rose and bowed respectfully.

A tall, pale-faced woman had en- tered and stood watching him, it seemed, with eyes filled with deep, calm scorn.

Nothing wild, nothing strange marked her except a tattered piece of white veiling about her head.

She carried a wreath of flowers in her hand, and when the old woman

asked her to shake hands with the gentleman she did so as artlessly as a little child.

"You were singing," he said; "'tis a pretty song."

"It be the Queen's song," she said, raising her head proudly, with all the dignity of a monarch.

The old woman rose slowly and, taking her daughter's hand led her towards a low chair.

"Sit down, Acushla," she said gently, "we are goin' out you an' me, an' mabbe ye be tired. . . . I'll jist go round for the ass, sir. Everything is in the cart. The wee sticks o' furniture, I guve to Patsy Hooligan. Me brother John will share what he has with us. He lives over yon hill. It won't take us long to get there. Hungry? No, I don't think so, sir. I put food in her

pocket, an' she ates berries as well Thank ye, thank ye, I mind only for *her*. . . . Whoa, Neddie! stop aten now an' cum along."

Long shadows stretched beneath the trees.

It was almost dark when the little cart and its occupants moved off.

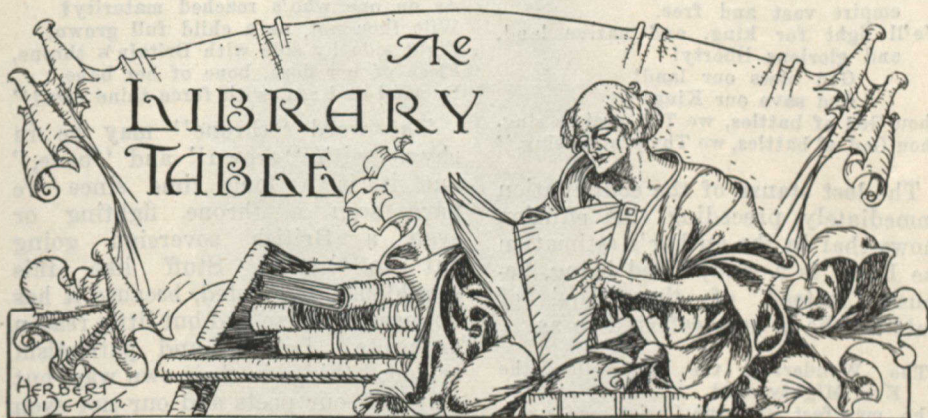
Above the stillness echoed the jumble of wheels. Once or twice the jingle of bells sounded.

The man stood and listened—

"The night winds cum an' go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
An' the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drrop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day,
An' I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be——"

He could hear no more. Only a distant jumbling sound.





ONE would think almost that Arcadia has been found at last in "The Happy Garden," which is the delightful production, in book form, of Mary Ansell, and apparently her work as well in the form of the real garden which she describes. This author gives one a new view of gardening, and one reads her book with a feeling that here after all is the great art. Of gardeners and gardening she observes:

"They can carry out without really grasping the significance of what they are doing, and often grumble until the scheme is carried out. If it succeeds, they forget the designer, as the actor forgets the dramatist and the musician the composer. If it fails, they do not conceal their rejoicing.

"Half a garden is almost worse than none. Really, to create a garden, it is necessary a fling ambition, social pleasures, to reduce natural responsibilities to a minimum, and, if you are a man, to retire on a certain income. If you are a woman, then marry an artist, an author, or a clergyman, and make it clear to him that your garden is to be the central idea of both your lives, stipulate for an adequate allowance to meet the temptations of the autumn catalogues, select your friends, discard your acquaintances, and set to work.

"Such a programme sounds monstrously selfish, but, indeed, gardening is a very serious business, as serious as literature, or stocks and shares, and much more

serious than most of the professions, and it has the blessing that no money can be made out of it. In other arts there is the dreadful necessity of pleasing the publisher or the picturedealer."

The book is splendidly illustrated. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

OF the making of doggerel there seems to be no end—in Canada. It is actually a lean month when we have no opportunity to remark the publication of some set of ball verses that pass amongst the author's friends and then fade into oblivion. But the most astounding collection of all, with one or two exceptions, is "Canadian Heart Songs," by Charles Wesley McCrossan. The introductory stanza sets the pace:

"God save our Empire King!
We his dominions sing,
God save our King!
Ever united we,
With England o'er the sea,
For his supremacy,
God save our King!"

There is no chance of the King being saved if we continue in serious form such pretence at poetry as this. But even that is far from the worst. We find in this book many small patriotic outbursts of which "Canada, our Native Land" is a good example:

"O Canada! Our native land thou art!
We sing of thee and gladness fills our
heart.

Thou art a child of Britain's throne, an
empire vast and free.

We'll fight for king, and native land,
and glorious liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing."

The last stanza of the contribution immediately preceding this effusion shows that in the author's estimation the Deity is a many-sided being, because, instead of the "God of Battles" he is here referred to as

"The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the
Ever-Mighty God
Who, manifest in Jesus Christ man's sin-
cursed road hath trod,
The Everlasting Father and the Prince of
peace divine,"

Many of our so-called poets pour out a regular deluge of this sort of irresponsible verbiage, and the only things they seem to study are the variations they play upon sentiments of reverence and patriotism that are, though conventional, ancient and lamentably commonplace. And, what is worse still, the book sells well, so we are told, and many persons buy it thinking they are getting literature of a high order. Doubtless the author means well, but apparently he has not waited to think about consistency. "We'll fight for King and native land and glorious liberty!" he shouts in one breath, and with the next he exclaims:

"I've studied England as she is; have
seen her with my eyes;
Had glimpses of her poverty—a terrible
surprise!

I've seen her working millions, paid but
scarce a living wage;
Seen greed and pride and hunger filling
men with hate and rage.

"'Tis not the German Emperor that Eng-
land needs to fear;

But foes within, like caste, and greed,
and poverty, and beer.

These caused the revolution that once
soaked poor France in blood.

They're rampant now in England, like
a surging, seething flood."

In another effort this author asks,
"O Canada, fair Canada!
Shall not thine Empire look on thee
As on one who's reached maturity?
Wilt thou not, as a child full grown,
Fight side by side with Britain's throne,
Flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone,
By land and sea, with force thine own?"

The word "throne" may be in rhyme with "grown" and "bone," but it is a long time since we have seen a throne fighting or even a British sovereign going out to battle. Stuff like this should not be printed, because it has no merit as verse and but little reason as prose. Loyalty and patriotism are good things in their own way, but why will our poets and our not even "near" poets keep on harping on the old, played-out strains of war and fighting and the God of Battles? Theirs is a decadent sentiment, but it dies hard. Why do they keep it alive? Why do the publishers help them? (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

NO writer whose work we have encountered of late seems to equal Leonard Merrick in giving the impression that he writes about himself. We find this to be so in many of his short stories—"The Man Who Understood Women," for instance—but it is "Cynthia" especially that we have in mind. Undoubtedly Mr. Merrick, in this book at least, has let in some of his own personal experience; for it is the story of a young novelist, or rather the wife of a young novelist—*Cynthia*. *Cynthia*, one would infer at the outset, is a light-headed creature, while the young husband, the author, is a clever writer who has been fascinated by the girl's freshness and naïveté. *Cynthia* is "a daughter of the Philistines," and as such, at the outset at least, one is induced to pity her. But as the story develops the pity goes over to the young author, who after all for downright unselfishness and elevation of character is put to shame by the young



MR. LEONARD MERRICK

An English writer whose books are now being widely read in America

wife whom he has inwardly deplored as a burden upon his opportunities. Many wives have passed lives of absolute devotion to their husbands and their homes, while the husbands in the full bloom of egotism have considered themselves martyrs. "Cynthia" exposes such a situation. The book is written in Mr. Merrick's clever style and characteristic humour and is withal a serious consideration of a phase of domestic infelicity that is only too common nowadays. The tale entitled "The Man Who Understood Women" gives title to a volume of short stories by Mr. Merrick. As readers of this author know, Mr. Merrick himself is regarded as one who understands women, and reviewers acknowledge that he does. They give him a higher place in this branch of knowledge than Solomon was willing to take, but the inaptness of the application of this story may, after all, apply to Mr. Merrick. At any rate, in the story the young author who is credited with so profound a knowl-

edge of women shows in the end that there was one woman whom he did not understand at all—the very one of all others whom he should have understood. But this story is very different from the one entitled "The Suicides in the Rue Sombre," a title that smacks of Poe. However, the story itself might have been written by Daudet. Left to the mercy of many writers, its amusing situations would become grotesque. Even at its worst there is a comic side to the picture of two men coming to the same deserted house to hang themselves—one because he could no longer bear to live with his wife, the other because the woman he loved was married—to his companion of the rope. This is an extremely amusing story. (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.)

*

WOMEN'S Position in the Laws of the Nations" is a book that has appeared at the instance of the

International Council of Women. It has sprung from a desire to furnish a real and convincing foundation for the advancement of woman suffrage. Women have again and again based their demand for the right to vote upon the fact that their special interests in legislation will receive proper consideration only when they themselves are in a position to take part in the framing of the laws which influence their lives and fates. The book of the International Council will give emphasis to this claim. It contains sections which treat of the legal position of women in comparison with that of man in twenty countries. The work has been edited by the President of the Committee of the International Council of Women on the Legal Position of Women, Madame D'Abbadie d'Arrast. Complete sections have been written by people who were entrusted with the work by their respective national councils. Numerous women lawyers have collaborated and have furnished interesting treatises. The individual sections are written in German, French, and English. They treat of law with regard to the family, property and the state. The contents of these sections show in fact that the hypothesis under which the work was begun was entirely correct. Laws are quoted from all lands where women are treated worse than men, and where there are in many cases too evident injustices, which are only to be explained on the supposition that the men who framed these laws could not understand the interests of women or the effects of these laws upon the female portion of the people. Only in a few countries, such as Norway, has the woman as mother equal authority with the father. In most countries the married woman is prejudiced in the property rights and is limited in the disposal of her property. In many countries the penal laws contain clauses which treat women much more harshly than men. For ex-

ample, Frau Jellinck, in the German section, shows very conclusively that besides laws which expressly provide a worse treatment for women there are many laws which, while not expressly directed against women, are interpreted against her. There are also laws which, although according to their wording they treat man and woman alike, or even seem to favour woman, yet often prejudice her cause in their operation. This state of affairs is illustrated by a wealth of examples. Only in a few countries is the equality of man and woman recognised by public law.

Fortunately we learn through this book that in many places the woman's movement has been able to accomplish so much that important changes have been brought about. The efforts of women in this direction and the results of their efforts are treated by most of the authors. This part of the work in particular will be an encouragement and support to the women in making their claims, for it will show them that the laws which one often looks upon as necessary and unalterable are already elsewhere overcome, and the book will certainly be useful to the modern women's movements in more than one direction. It will arouse women to work for the betterment of their position in all departments of the law, but it must above all convince the women themselves, as also other intelligent people, that only when the women collaborate in the framing of the laws and can themselves vote upon them can the female sex be freed from an unworthy and unjust position. The clear statement and the positive and reliable treatment of the points of law is the best argument for the ability of women to treat points of law and decree with intelligence and skill. (Toronto: The National Council of Women.)

*

MR. SAMUEL G. BLYTHE is the author of two little books of humour—"Cutting it out," which is an

account of his taking to the "water-waggon," and "The Fun of Getting Thin." In the latter he says:

"A fat man is a joke; and a fat woman is two jokes—one on herself and the other on her husband. Half the comedy in the world is predicated on the paunch. At that, the human race is divided into but two classes—fat people who are trying to get thin and thin people who are trying to get fat. Fat, the doctor says is fatal. I move to amend by striking out the last two letters of the indictment."

(Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

*

APART from the ornamentation on the front cover, the volume of verse entitled "The Light of Genius," by Leslie Grant Scott, is an admirable example of printing, arranging and binding. Unfortunately the verses themselves do not give out much of the light of genius. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

FIRES and fire insurance make an unusual background for a novel, and yet that is what we find in "White Ashes," a study in modern progress which must be regarded as one of the strongest essays in fiction of the season. The book is the result of the joint authorship of two writers, Sidney R. Kennedy and Alden C. Noble. It has to do with two rival fire insurance companies and succeeds in being a fine exposition of present-day methods in business that must be "got." There are many dramatic moments, especially towards the end, when a great conflagration sweeps Boston and burns away some of the entangled threads of the story. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

THE second volume of "Canada To-day," the annual publication of the "Canada" Newspaper Com-

pany, contains a great amount of pictorial interest and general information about the Dominion, especially of events that took place during 1911. There are upwards of 400 illustrations, some of them double-page in size. (London: Stanley Paul and Company.)

*

ON the one side Italian skies, music and dancing, on the other the black forests of Germany, with boar hunting and flashing of spears and, throughout, the struggle of heredity against environment, with heredity to the fore—such is the setting and theme of William Stearns Davis's new novel, "The Friar of Wittenberg." Mr. Davis has chosen the warlike times of Martin Luther, and the book rings with historical incidents. It gives the reader glimpses of that part of the world formerly ruled by the Pope, and its astonishment, anger and final uprising when Luther threw down the gauntlet against Papal sway. The Count of Palaestro, in Italy, is the Lord of Regenstein in Germany. He is banished from his luxury and boon companions of the Papal court, from his beloved Marianna Forli and the Bohemianism of his Venetian palace, having been wrongly accused of endeavouring to murder the Archbishop of Barri. He goes to his German estates. This brings about the struggle of his northern nature against his southern, his meeting of Martin Luther and the Lady Isla, who, naturally enough, becomes the heroine of the story. He joins forces with Luther, and the rest of the book gives the struggle against circumstances and the Pope, with plenty of adventure and romance. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)



BAITING HER

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*Boston Transcript.*

A DEEP ONE

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed the first farmer; "ain't yer struck water yet? How deep hev ye gone?"

"'Bout a hundred feet," replied the other placidly.

"An' ain't ye discouraged?"

"O! I dunno. I can't say I ain't gittin' a long well."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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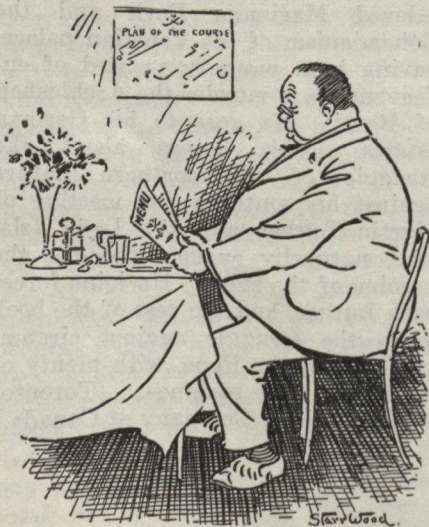
THE PRODIGAL'S SIN

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for \$3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine?"

"Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

"Y-you dīd," gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear at home.—*Argonaut.*



GOLFING TERM

"A Round before Lunch."—*The Snark's Summer Annual*



ANNIE (after the ceremony). "I mustn't call you 'Miss' now, Ma'am, 'cos you're 'Ma'am now, Miss."—*Punch*

DIFFERENT

Daughter—"Since it is your wish, dear parents, that I should marry the rich old brewer, I consent, although he is seventy years old."

Mother—"But he is only sixty."

Daughter—"Sixty! Tell him to ask me in ten years."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

*

WONDERFUL

Dubbleigh—"Your little dog barked at me but stopped when I looked him in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind?"

Miss Keen—"Possibly. They say animals often see things that human beings cannot."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

ANOTHER MATTER

Mother—"There now, don't whip Johnny. You know the Bible says: 'Let not the sun descend upon your wrath.'"

Father—"That's all right; but it doesn't say not to let your wrath descend upon the son."—*Boston Transcript*.

NEVER AGAIN

"This portrait doesn't resemble me at all!"

"Pardon me, madam, but I once made a portrait of a lady that resembled her."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

*

NOT WHAT HE MEANT

Suitor—"I hope by nomination to the curatorship of the museum of antiquities will induce you to trust your daughter to my care."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

*

HER OPPORTUNITY

Young Husband—"What a glorious day! I could dare anything, face anything, on a day like this!"

Wife—"Come on down to the milliner's!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

*

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Poet (raising his glass)—"A glorious fluid! A whole poem is contained in it."

Skeptical Friend—"Then in heaven's name swallow it down quick."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

A READY GIVER

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise \$100,000—a prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad, hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"—*Housekeeper.*

*

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in the public schools of Chicago is what led Bobby's teacher to address this note to the boy's mother:

Dear Madam: I regret very much to have to tell you that your son, Robert, idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping, and I strongly recommend that you give him one.

Yours truly,

Miss Blank.

To this Bobby's mother responded as follows:

Dear Miss Blank: Lick him yourself. I ain't mad at him.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Dash.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

AFFECTIONATE

Scads—"Blinks is a lucky old dog; his wife fairly worships him!"

Stacks—"Yes; but she carries it too far sometimes. I was out there to dinner unexpectedly the other day, and she served up a burnt offering."

—*Judge.*

*

THANKS TO THE TRUNK

Billy Maclean owns *The Toronto World* and a seat in the Canadian Parliament. Mr. Maclean has a reputation for attacking the railroads for their shortcomings.

A couple of switchmen came out of the yard in Toronto and walked toward a neighbouring quenchery. Outside the bar sat a man with a wooden leg, half an arm and part of an ear.

The switchmen looked him over and knew he belonged or had belonged to their guild.

"Have a beer?" asked one.

"Sure!" replied the mutilated man.

"Where'd you get them?" asked the second switchman, indicating the man's various amputations.

"I got them the same way Billy Maclean got his seat in Parliament—jumping on the Grand Trunk."—*The Saturday Evening Post.*



PROUD OWNER. "I got him from Jimmy Casey. He gave him to me for nothin'."

FRIEND. Oh! he did, did he? Well, ye got stung."—*Harper's Magazine*

A SUMMER DRINK WHICH STRENGTHENS

A delicious summer drink is iced Bovril. Mix a spoonful in a cold split soda water. This is both cooling and strengthening. Cold bouillon served alone or with toast or crackers is an exquisite afternoon refreshment. Make a quantity of Bovril with boiling water in the usual manner and cool it in the ice box. Many hostesses are serving this bouillon, which is always excellent.

The best way to buy Bovril is in the 1 lb. bottles. These are by far the most economical, being retailed usually at \$1.75, and contain eight times as much as the bottle usually sold at 35c.

We will gladly send on application a very useful leaflet on invalid and general dietetics, which explains why Bovril aids digestion and enables you to absorb the full nourishment from your ordinary diet.

Address : Bovril Limited, 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



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Don't forget that Box of

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Unsurpassed **CANDIES**.

FOR YOUR FAMILY or FRIENDS
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CALL-MAIL or PHONE YOUR ORDERS

WE WILL ALSO PROMPTLY Ship
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HOW ABOUT YOUR VACATION?
YOU KNOW WHAT PLEASURE A BOX OF

Kayler's brings.

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You do not know the difference between original letter and copy when

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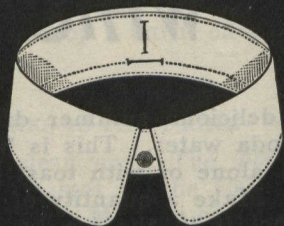
Sold everywhere in Canada, also abroad.

Write to-day for samples.

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A Summer Collar for Stout Men
Very popular in U.S. and will be equally popular in Canada this year. This collar has the distinctive style that differentiates Red-Man Collars from all others.

Sold in Best Stores in Canada

EARL & WILSON, NEW YORK



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Yes, thanks,
I'm quite well.

"Wouldn't I know me? Well, I hardly know myself when I realize the superb comfort of well-balanced nerves and perfect health."



"The change began when I quit coffee and tea, and started drinking

POSTUM

"I don't give a rap about the theories; the comfortable, healthy facts are sufficient."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
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Your grandfathers and their grandfathers were familiar with the two stars on "Rodgers" Knives and in their day, as now, these were looked upon as a safe guide in buying.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty
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Well made ! Durable !

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Clean
Sweet
Sanitary

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Many other uses &
full directions on large
sifter can 10¢





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Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Eradicates dandruff-Promotes hair growth
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For Summer Appetites

A wise mother realizes the importance of selecting food best adapted to summer needs.

Appetizing flavour, wholesome nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in

Post Toasties

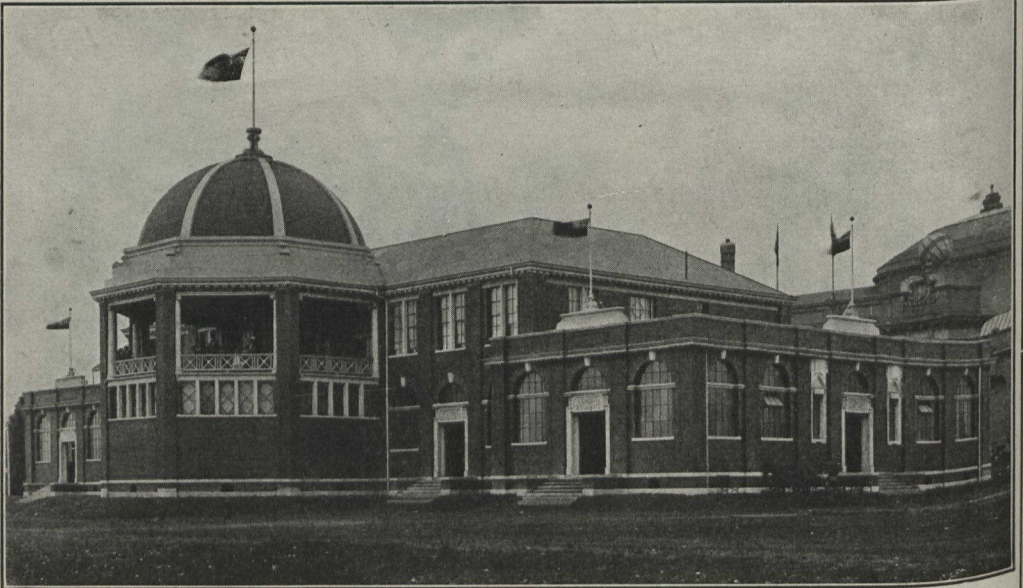
No wonder the little folks are on tiptoe with anticipation when they see a package of this crisp, delicious food.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package with cream, and sugar if desired.

“The Memory Lingers”

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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Architect.

Women's Building.

A. B. Ormsby & Co., Ltd.
Roofers.

Bestoslate SHINGLES

were used on the pitched roof and the dome of the building illustrated above, which was erected for the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto in 1911. "Bestoslate" Shingles have just been adopted this year for the roofing of the new Manufacturers' Building, which will be the largest structure on the ground. "Repeat orders such as this, coming from a purchasing power which is of necessity in close touch with every possible source of supply, speaks well for "Bestoslate," Shingles.

The Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Eastern Townships Bank Building, MONTREAL.

Factory at Lachine, Que.



The Night Dish

For Supper or at Bedtime,
Puffed Wheat or Rice in Milk

Don't serve these Puffed Grains just for breakfast—just with cream or fruit.

They are whole-grain wafers, airy, crisp. Try serving them like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Four Times as Porous as Bread

These curious grains—puffed to eight times normal size—are composed of a myriad cells. Each cell is surrounded by thin, toasted walls, which melt at the touch of moisture.

So each grain is a wafer that's crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Steam-Exploded to Easily Digest

The grains are steam-exploded. All the food granules are literally blasted to pieces. So digestion acts instantly. That's the scientific reason for these foods. Serve them any hour—at mealtime, between meals or bedtime. They do not tax the stomach. And never was anything more enticing made to serve in milk.

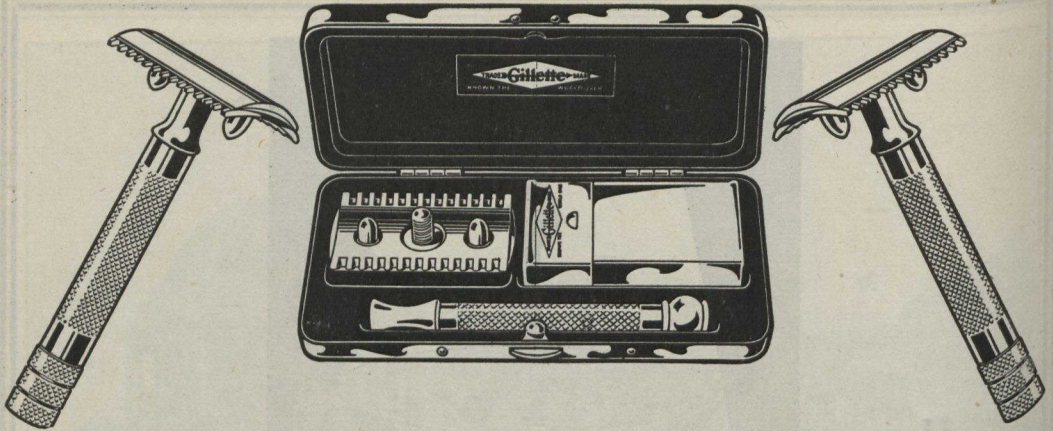
Serve with sugar and cream in the mornings, or mix them with fruit. Use for crisps in soup. Garnish ice cream with them to give them a nut-like blend. Use them in candy making. Eat them like peanuts.

They are made for your enjoyment. Use them in all the ways you can.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in*
Puffed Rice, 15c *Extreme*
West

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The GILLETTE is the keenest, quickest, handiest razor the world has ever seen. The thin GILLETTE blade, perfectly tempered, honed with diamond dust, held rigid between guard and cap, glides through the stiffest beard with

never a pull, never a gash.

Moreover, the GILLETTE is adjustable, by a slight turn of the screw handle, for a light or close shave. It is the *only* razor which thus adapts itself to every beard and every face.

At your Hardware Dealer's, Druggist's or Jeweler's, buy a Gillette—you'll enjoy it. Standard Sets, \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets, \$6.50 up.



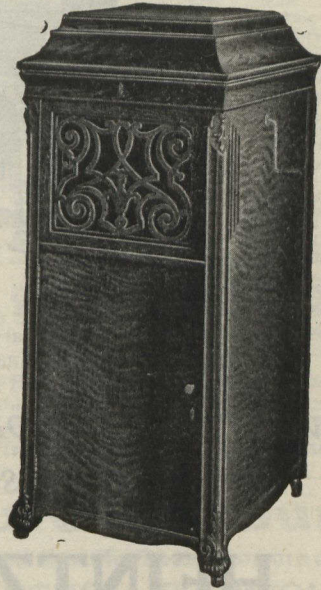
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It has everything in its favor. It gives permanent satisfaction. This marvellous player-piano --- so different to any other---will complete your pleasures ---either at home or in the country, on board your yacht, or in your club. At any time or anywhere, you may hear your favorite music on this delightful instrument. Call to-day and let us show you its charms. If out of town, if you mention Canadian Magazine, a beautiful illustrated booklet will be sent free.

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REMOVES an, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them, I

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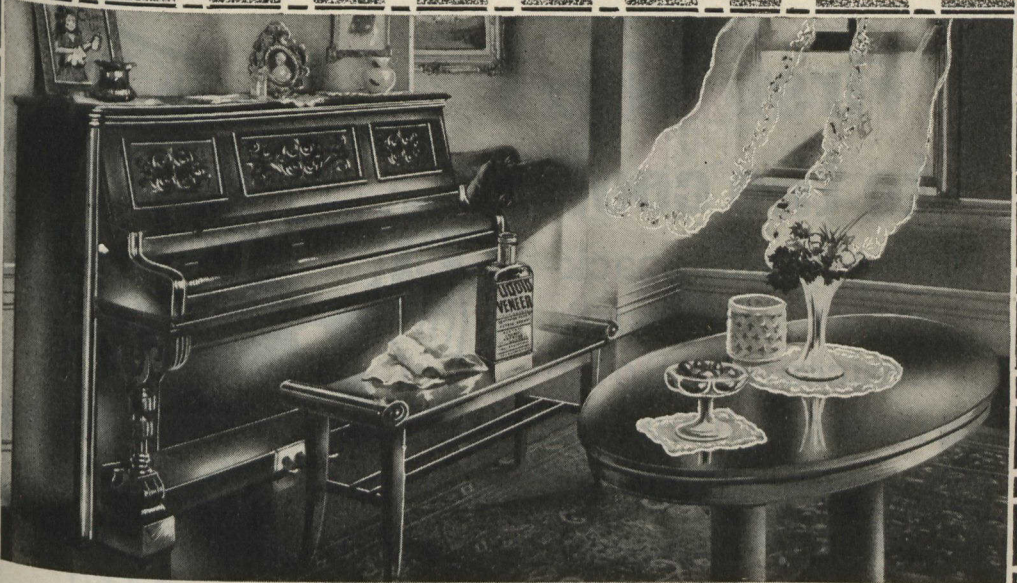
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Please send me free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

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Accept no substitute; insist on the yellow package with the black tilted letters—LIQUID VENEER.

HOME OIL, our new product, is splendid for lawn mowers.

First aid to the cook

The handy packet of Edward's desiccated Soup

is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

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It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare, It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

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Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

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Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass producing a beautiful lawn. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

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☐ The HECLA Furnace is absolutely gas and dust proof. The Joints, which in other Furnaces are made with bolts and cement, are fused in the HECLA. This process welds the cast-iron and steel into a solid one-piece construction.

☐ Expansion and contraction cannot spread the fused joint. Even after 20 years of service, the joints in the Hecla will be found perfectly tight. The fumes from the fire cannot find an opening. The air in the living rooms is always pure and healthful.

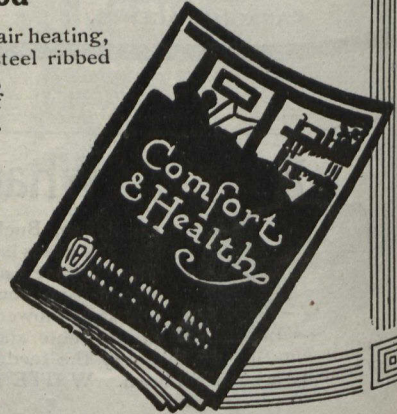
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For Coal and Wood

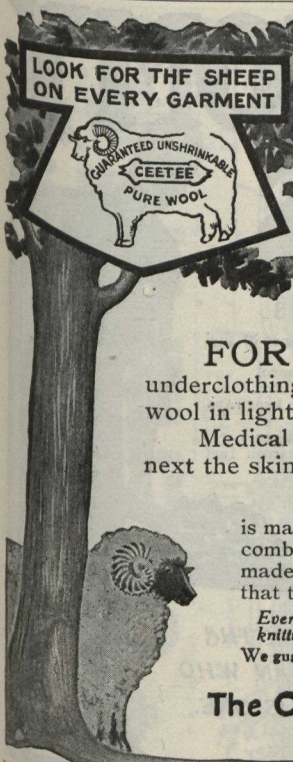
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one ton
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Seven

Do you want to give more thought to the heating of your home? "Comfort & Health" will interest you. It is a book on sane heating. Your address on a post card will bring it. Write Dept. C.M.



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FOR REAL COMFORT IN SUMMER
underclothing you cannot do better than wear all pure wool or silk and wool in light weights.

Medical men all advise pure clean wool as the best material to wear next the skin. It is cool and comfortable.

"CEETEE" UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool only, which is combed and combed until not a particle of dirt or foreign matter is left. "CEETEE" is made especially for those who appreciate quality. It is so soft and clean that the most tender skin can wear it with comfort and enjoyment.

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Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable. Always ask for "CEETEE."

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MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick has the Name 'MILTON' on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

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is to give the fullest degree of comfort and warmth with the least expense of fuel and labor, together with freedom from repairs, and everlasting life. **ECONOMY BOILERS** fill all these requirements exactly—and more. The waterways are correctly proportioned for free rapid circulation. Fire and flue surfaces are backed by water and so arranged that heat rays will touch upon every inch of their area. They have deep corrugated fire-pots with overhanging fire surfaces. The fire and ashpit doors are large, simplifying the adding of fresh fuel and the removal of ashes.

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ITSELF BY
THE COAL
IT SAVES.

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Absorbed into the **system** while you rest or sleep.
Re-vitalizing the **human** organism by Nature's own process.
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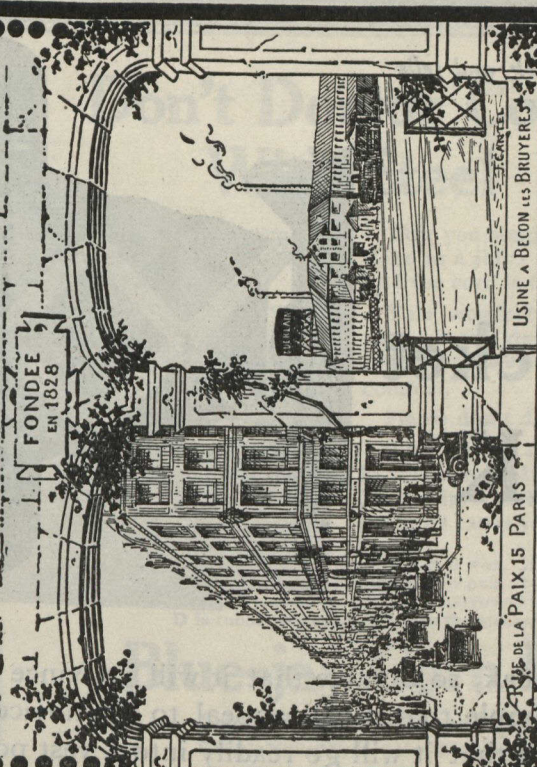
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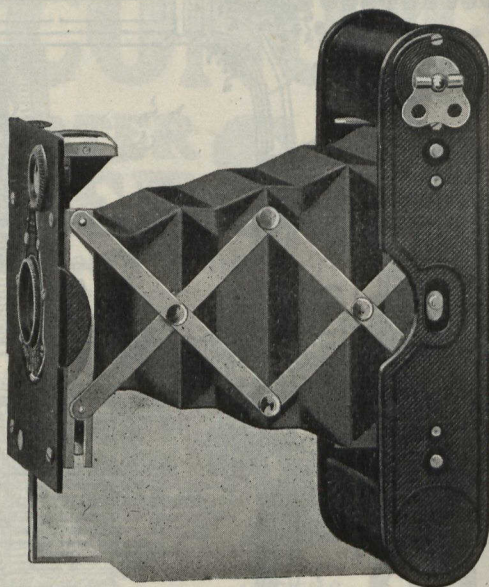
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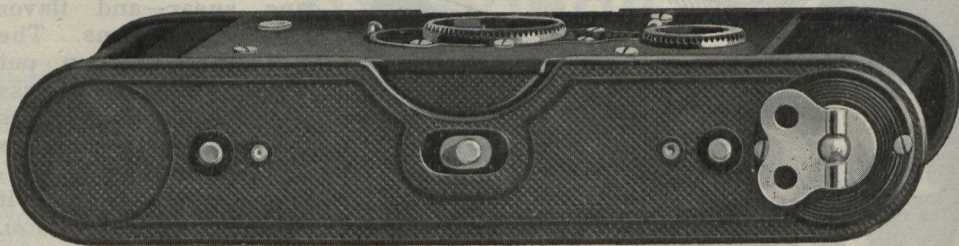
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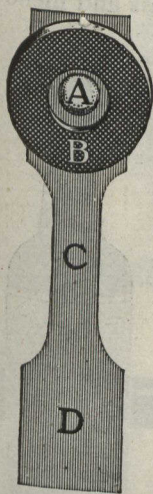
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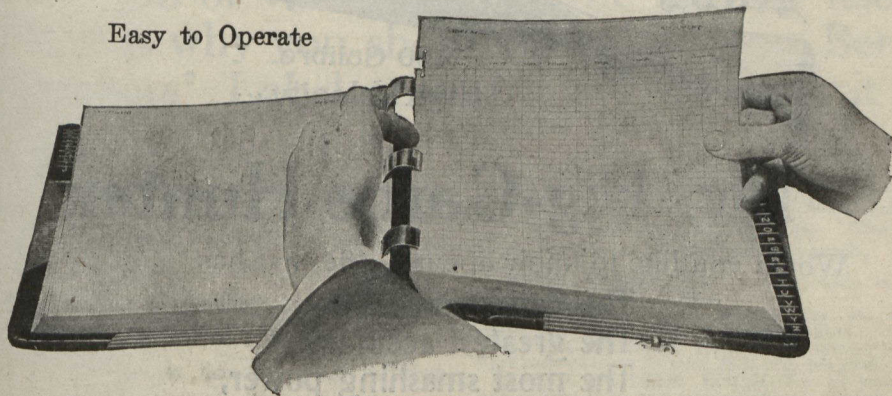
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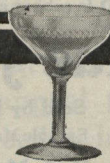
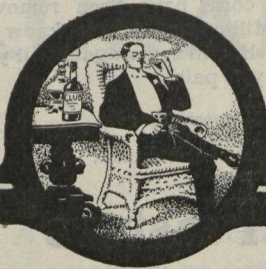
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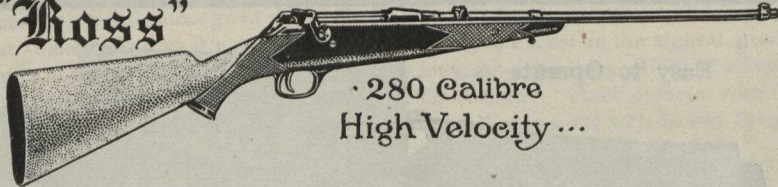
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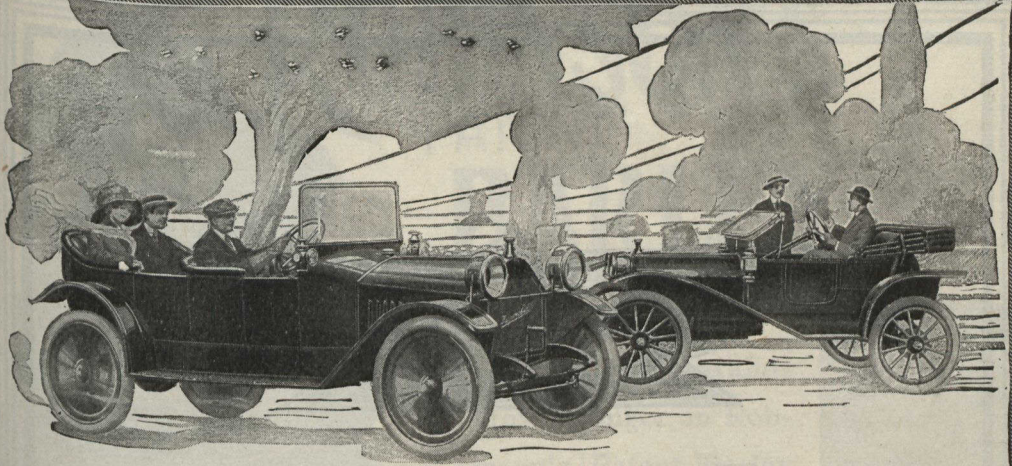
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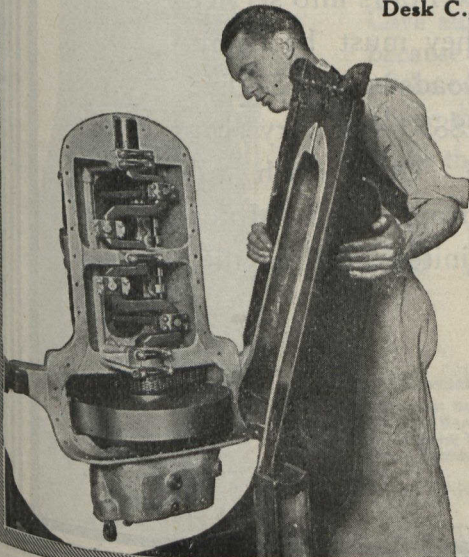
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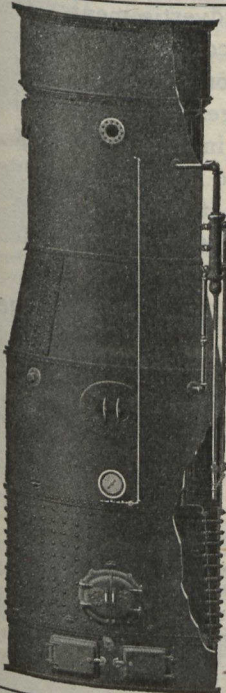
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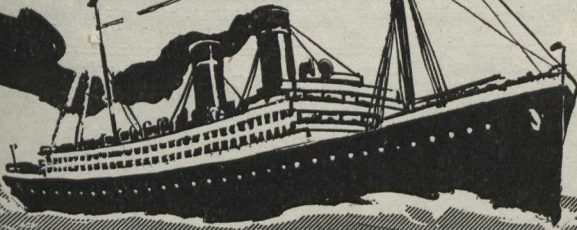
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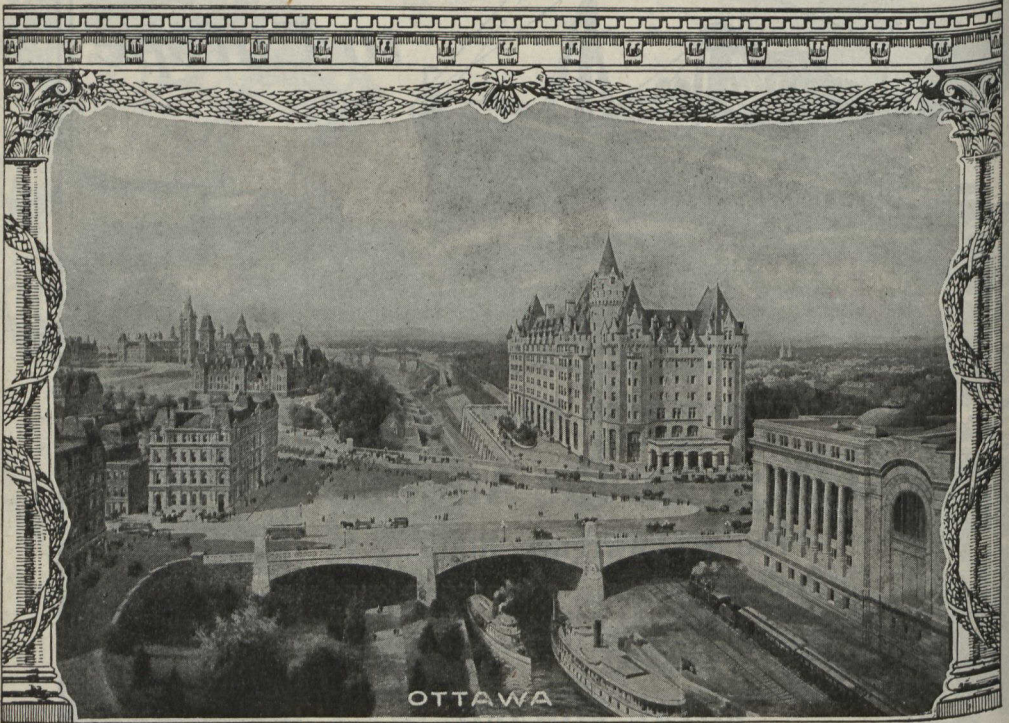
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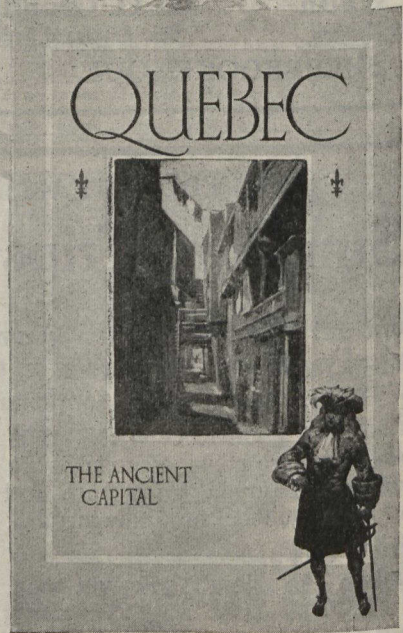
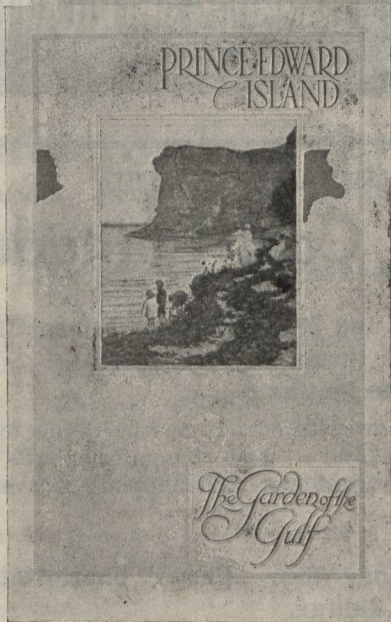
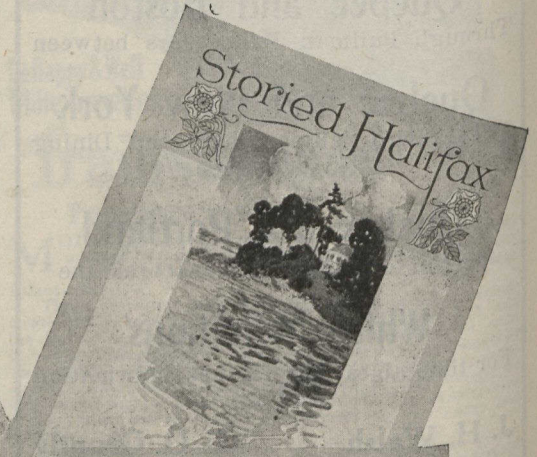
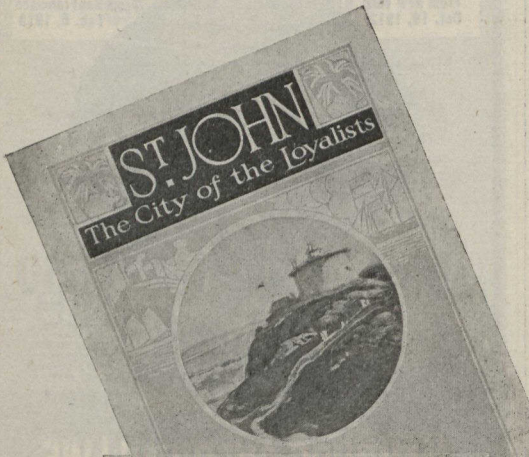
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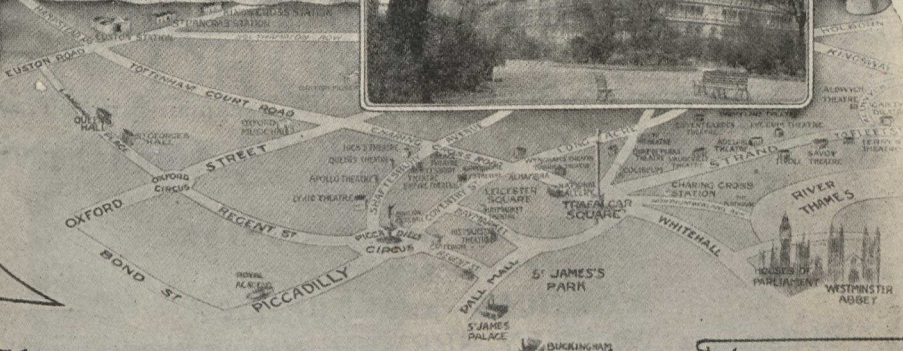
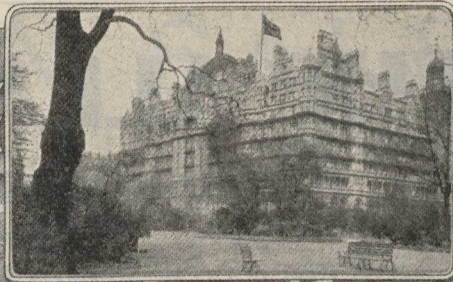
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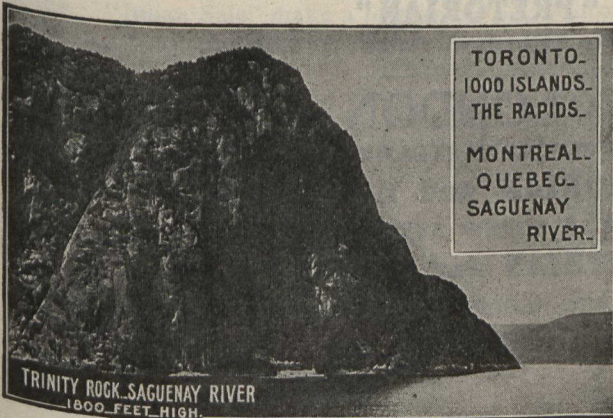
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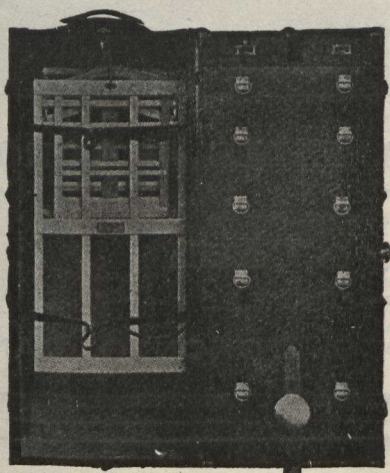
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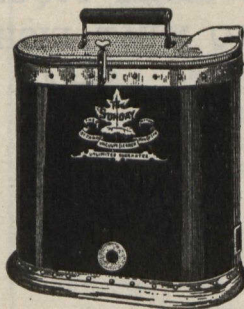
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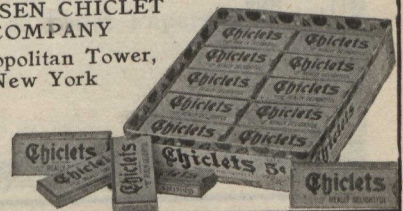
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CORSET

For Short or Medium Figures

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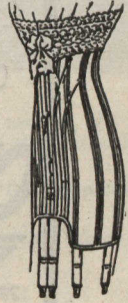
It is ideal for the short or medium figure. This model, when combined with the straight loose fit of the tailored garment, gives the wearer the fashionable effect which is so much sought after by stylishly-dressed women.

This corset is made of French coutil, daintly trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six suspenders, hook and draw string. It is boned entirely with duplex steel and stopped with silk.

La Diva No. 718 is sold by the best retailers at \$3.00 and it will be found fully equal to any imported corset at \$4.50. Like every other La Diva, this model is fully guaranteed. Other models are sold at from \$3.00 to \$7.00.

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Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corset



718

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The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

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"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"
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The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder

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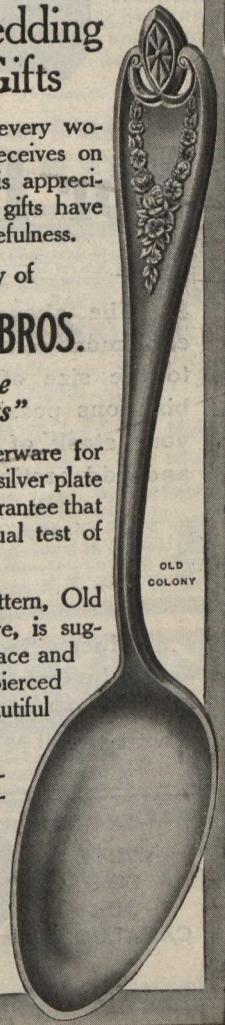
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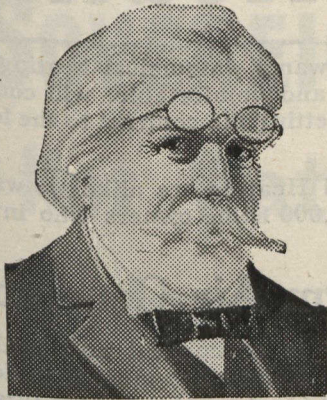
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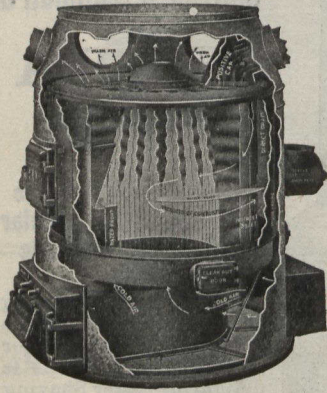
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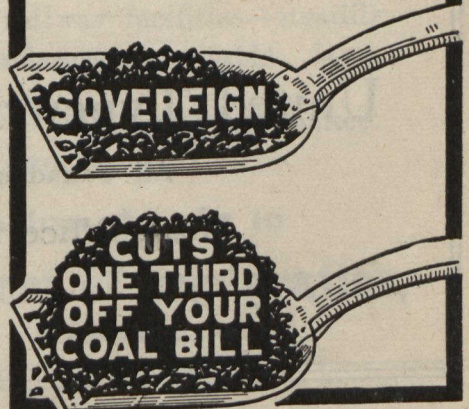
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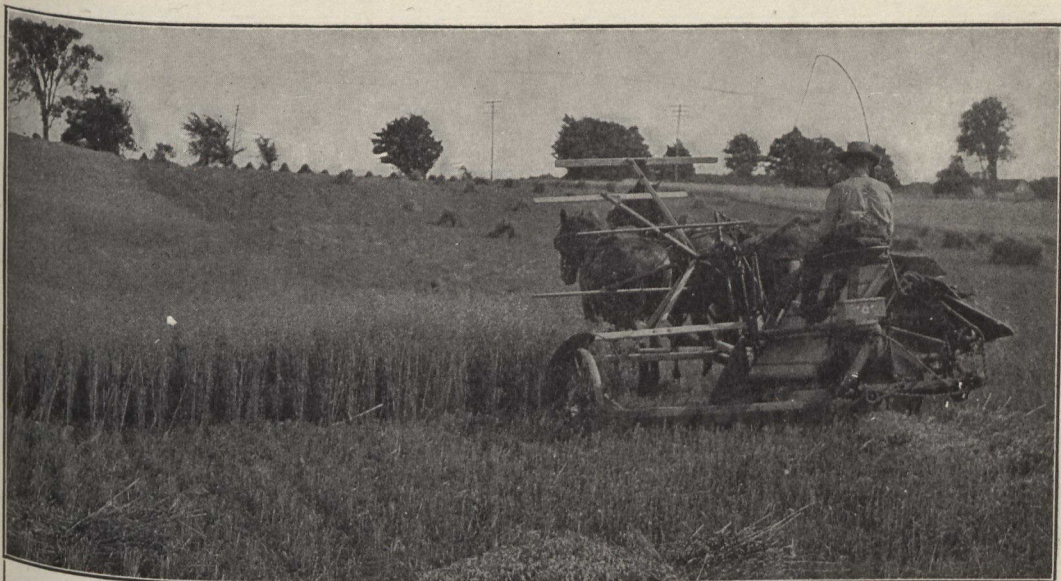
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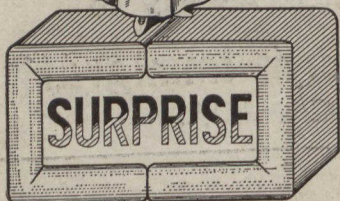


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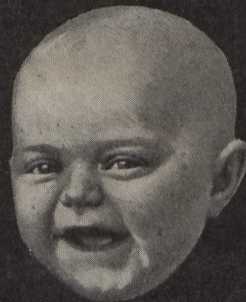


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