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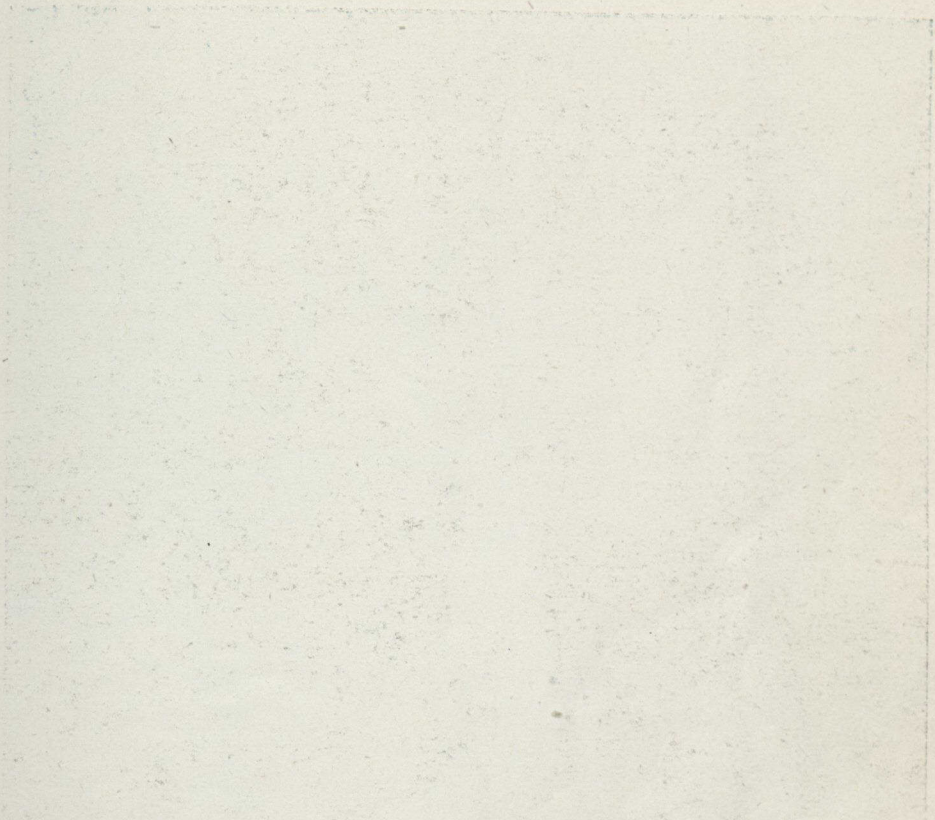

"ELI, ELI, LAMA, SABACHTHANI?"

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

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THE WAYFARER

BY FREDERICK WHELAN

DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ LAPINE

A CLEAR sky and an open road; a road that led to anywhere; a sky that made the Wayfarer open out his arms and cry.

"Sky! I am the god Man—your sun blisters me—summon your clouds and breezes, for I am hot and thirsty, and instinct tells me that I may not find an inn this day."

He was a ragged man, huge-limbed, snub-nosed, freckled, with tawny-gray beard and big blue eyes, jaunty of step, and had a voice like a cataract. He swung a heavy ashplant to the meter of his moods, and demanded of everything, dead or living, the whereabouts of an inn. Every now and again, he stopped and jingled the money in his pockets.

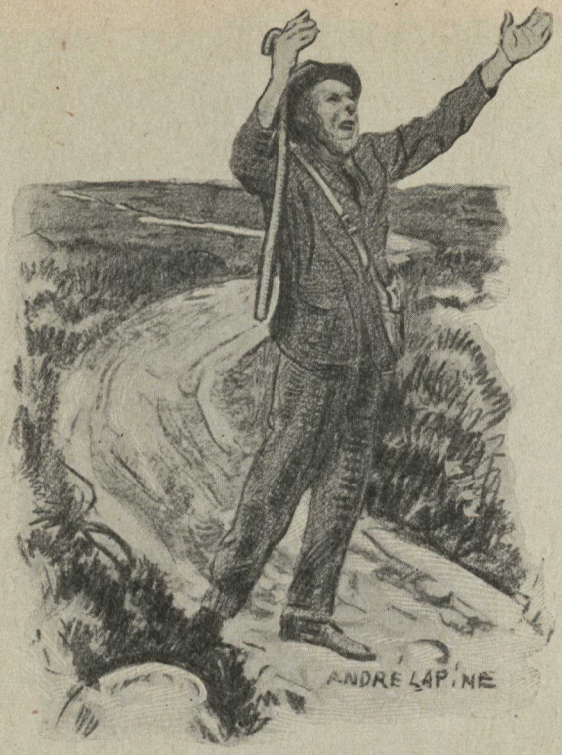
"Money to spend—money to burn—but, forsooth! likely to burn a hole in my accursed pockets. By the hoary head of Moses, I will split the skull of the first knave I meet, if he cannot send me to an inn! What, in the name of Bacchus, are roads for but to build inns on them that I may drink?"

But there were neither skulls to split, nor inns wherein to drink, so he strode along, cursing and singing.

"The Lord he made me a thirsty man,
And a terrible thirst he gave.
I've been dry as a hide on the desert wide,
And parched on the salty wave.
And if ever I find me an inn again,
I swear by the torrid sun,
I'll sit in the bar where the pewters are
And stay till the last drop's done."

This conceit tickled his humour, and he repeated it several times, varying it by rising from a murmur to crescendo on alternate lines.

There seemed but little prospect of finding an inn in such a country; indeed, there seemed little prospect of finding anything belonging to the haunts of man. Over the crest of a mighty hill the road went, curved like a scimitar. It was a mere shadow of a road, grass-grown, and perceptible only by the parallel depressions, which, at some time, had been made by wagons. When he reached the top of the hill, the Wayfarer paused and looked around, moved by the beauty of the silent vista.



"Sky! I am the God man"

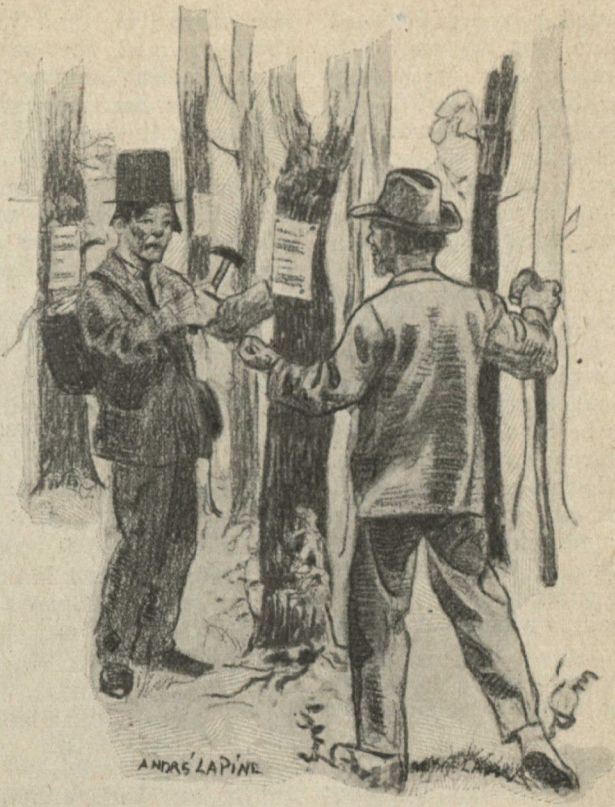
The scene was lonely, but not desolate. On all sides were towering hills crested with rocks and trees. Some were all aflame with golden gorse, splashed with purple patches of blooming heather, vivid against the gray-green grass; others stood in rocky grandeur, bare of any growth save the meanest scrub, or, here and there, a gaunt fir, dark against the limestone walls; in the distance rose the tallest of them all, a noble peak with graceful, grassy slopes, where chestnut trees stood formally in lines, like giant sentries marshalled in review before a court of slender, haughty poplars. Wanton, ascetic and aristocratic.

"Paradise is surely not more fair," he cried, then added, with a growl, "nor hell more dry. One little human touch—a swinging sign before an inn—and Elysium would wither up in envy. The simplest desires are the hardest to achieve. Here am I, without a single ambition but to drink—if I had Aladdin's lamp this moment, I would merely ask my genie for a draught of ale!"

Surely a pathetic confession for a man who had but recently claimed himself a god!

For a few minutes he scanned the hills around, but they appeared to hold out little hope; none of them sent forth the welcoming call of cattle, nor the beckoning finger of chimney smoke. His road descended steadily for three-quarters of a mile, then seemed to turn abruptly to the right, losing itself behind a limestone tor which rose to a sheer height, almost on a level with where he stood. He growled an oath, and swung down the slope with angry speed.

Now, at the foot of the hill, the road actually split itself into two paths, one which skirted round the



"Sir, where can I find an inn?"

tor, and another which slipped suddenly down a hillock's side, continuing along a valley. In the early year this valley was threaded by a lazy stream fed by the snows and rains from the hills; but summer suns had greedily sucked it dry, so that nothing but scorching rocks remained. Along this torrid bed the rough road ran.

When the Wayfarer reached the fork in the road, he grew thoughtful. He sat down and said:

"This is a case for the family doctor, Fate. Come hither, old leech, and decide this turn for me!"

Then he croaked, in a doleful voice:

"The road to the right should always be left,
The road to the left is right;
And if you turn three times where the road be cleft,
You'll sup ere the droop of night."

He sprang to his feet and shouted with glee:

"Bravo! old quack — I'd turn a thousand and three for such a promise—the road to the left be it!"

He whirled round on his heel three times, then, with a new expression of satisfied confidence on his face, he went down the hillock at a bound, and followed the trail, cursing its roughness.

After he had travelled ten minutes or so; he stopped quickly, ears pricked. A new sound reached him. From directly ahead of him came a gentle tap—tap, tap—tap. At first he thought it might be a woodpecker, but, thinking again, he found the slow tapping, which had now ceased, not at all like the rapid rivetting of the bird. Then came a single tap, and, after a slight pause, two more.

Vividly interested, he peered forward, an intent statue, but was moved to life by a distinct cough. With a cry of delight (for three days he had seen no human) he sprang forward.

In a little clearing, which, at some time, had been a camping-place, he saw a little man who might have lived some two-score years or more.

Dressed in dusty black, a satchel on his back, with a dull stovepipe hat over a warty face and a head of long, matted black hair, this queer being was busily engaged in nailing notices on the trees. About a dozen were up already, when he turned a dour face as the Wayfarer stepped into the clearing. He looked at him a second, as one looks at an intruder, then deliberately resumed his work. The Wayfarer walked to him with an air of exultant assurance.

"Sir," he said, "where can I find an inn?"

The little man took no heed, but drove the last nail through another of his notices.

The Wayfarer grew fierce.

"Damnation!" he roared, grasping him by the shoulders, "I ask a civil question, sir, and, by glory, I'll have a civil answer "

The little man cringed, so that his satchel fell from his back, and, pointing first to his ears, then to his mouth, tried to convey the circumstance that he was deaf and dumb.

The Wayfarer released him.

"An avalanche of pardons!" he exclaimed, and, apparently not realising that he was wasting words, continued. "If you had a thirst such as has possessed me these past twelve hours, you would understand and forgive my roughness. For three days I have not wet my throat with ale, and the Lord gave me a thirst that water will not quench. An infinite capacity for sonsuming ale is a blessing and a curse—a blessing when there are full hogsheads, a curse when there is nothing else save water. But, what the devil! Here am I gabbing away to a knave who can neither hear nor answer me, and who, probably, thinks me mad. Let us deal with him in the ancient language of signs!"

All this time he had ignored the notices on the trees. He put out his tongue, rolled it like a thirsty dog, and simulated drinking a mighty draught. Suddenly, wide-eyed and open mouthed, he saw and read the signs:

WOE UNTO HIM THAT DRINKETH STRONG LIQUORS.

*

WATER IS THE WINE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

*

DRUNKEN ON EARTH: THIRSTY IN HELL.

*

STRONG DRINK MAKETH MAN A BEAST.

*

WHO DRINKETH THE BREWS OF INIQUITY SHALL LAP UP LIQUID FIRE.

*

"By all that's unholy!" cried the Wayfarer, "an itinerant prig. This is the supreme joke of my existence."

The "itinerant prig" must have sensed something of the Wayfarer's feeling, for a suspicion of satire flickered on his lips.

"Ironical old dog! you shall serve me yet. You must have come from somewhere, unless you are a child of fungus spawn—and, egad! you look it".

The Wayfarer laughed so boisterously that the little man quaked. He began to think that he was really dealing with a madman. Taking a charcoal crayon from his pocket, the Wayfarer stripped a notice from a tree, and scribbled vigorously on the back of it. The little man read, growing red, purple and white by turns.

The scrawl ran:

"Fungus-spawn—itinerant prig—preacher of false doctrines—hearken to me. If you do not tell me whence you come and where I can find an inn, I will cleave your head from

your body and use your skull for a flagon. Therefore, old toadstool, write quickly and the truth."

The Wayfarer offered him the crayon. The "preacher of false doctrines" trembled and shook his head, and his blue lips moved inarticulately. The Wayfarer took this for a refusal and became a mountain of wrath. He was going to grab the preacher, when the little man explained by nervous signs that he could not write, pointing excitedly ahead as the best information he could offer. This setback was the boiling point of the Wayfarer's rage. He grasped his ashplant, twirled it in the air and roared:

"Fly!"

Deaf or not deaf, the little man understood that word, and, with surprising alacrity, sped. He did not, in fact, stay his course for half-an-hour, and then offered up a mute prayer to God for delivering him.

A mood of ill-natured melancholy settled on the Wayfarer. He began to think it would have been better if he had forced the preacher to lead the road to the nearest village, and he had a momentary idea of going after him with that intent. The sun was setting, however, so he decided to push on. He stripped the trees of their taunting tracts, and savagely tore them into shreds. He was about to go when he noticed that the preacher had left his satchel behind.

"By the soul of Falstaff!" he said, "no more of those foul jests shall bring the blush to these fair virgin trees," and he took bundles of the notices from the bag.

"Aha! a fitting sacrifice to my most faithless Bacchus."

With his tinder-box and a strip of birch bark he fired his offering, and, sitting down, watched the flames, a half-smile on his mouth. His hand wandered, involuntarily, in the satchel; then it stopped, as a hand does stop when it meets the unexpected. He turned his eyes and his hand drew out a leathern flask. He looked at it with a disdainful sneer.

"I had never thought to foul my lips with water—what did that old prig call it? Ha! the wine of the righteous. Well, for a few moments I will be righteous, for my throat is a chimney-stack."

He raised the bottle to his lips. At the first taste he started, then took away the flask from his mouth, sniffed at it, eagerly replaced it, and swallowed the entire quart without pausing for breath.

It was old ale; ale so old that it was strong as wine. The Wayfarer tossed the flask away.

"O most perfect prig!" he shouted with delight.

Then he lay upon his back, and the valley echoed with his laughter.

The sun had gone, and the vale began to grow dusky. He changed his mind about going farther on, and decided to camp for the night. Some flickers remained in the sacrifice, so he gathered dry twigs and leaves, then searched around for larger sticks. Soon he had a brisk blaze, and, finding a dry, hollow log, he made a fire that would outlast the night. He wrapped his coat tightly about him, and threw himself down beside the fire.

Somewhere in the distance an owl laughed. The Wayfarer mocked the bird, and went to sleep with a smile on his lips.

II

Who lives a life so free and fine
As the roving devil-dodger who delights
in cursing wine?
He walks the hills and dainty dales,
With a sanctimonious hammer and a bag
of pious nails;

He tacks his warnings on the trees
And they prick the gulity consciences of
butterflies and bees:
And when he's feeling faint and pale,
He restores his flagging spirits with a
flask of nut-brown ale.

So topers take a hearty swig,
To revenge the crafty cunning of the old
itin'rant prig.
He does not work for Hope or pelf,
But he thinks the less that others drink,
the more's left for himself.

It was so early that some birds were yet asleep. In the middle of the clearing, a robin was having a delicious salad of slugs on clover leaves with pearl-dew dressing.

The Wayfarer had already risen, and, munching a piece of stale bread, with occasional nibbles at a lump of equally stale cheese, he smilingly contemplated the verses he had just written.

"Now for a tune to set them to," he said.

He borrowed an old sailor's air that had stuck in his memory, and, by dwelling on certain notes for some syllables of his second lines, found it tuneful enough for his fancy.

"How you like that, Madame Robin?" he mocked. "Does not your dainty breakfast slide down that delicate gullet with greater gusto to the meter of my mellifluous ditty?"

Madame Robin continued to devote all her attention to her succulent breakfast.

"Philistine!" he growled, wrapping up the remainder of his bread and cheese. Then he looked ruefully at the empty flask.

"A provident man," he said, "would have saved a sup for the morrow. But I have the philosophy of the savage in affairs of the thirst, and *carpe diem* is my creed".

Day awakened quickly. The air was full of songs. The mists had curled themselves from the valley, and hung like pillows on the tops of the hills, and the sun came and lustred them like golden fleece. A rabbit skipped almost across his feet.

But the Wayfarer heard nor saw not any of these things. He was wrapped in retrospect; no orderly review, but a turbid fancy that flew from youth to manhood, from middle-age to childhood, like a bewildered kaleidoscope.

A swinging gate—a raft on a tossing sea—bloody swords—a honeysuckle hedge—two dark eyes peeping through an Arabian veil—a dead white face, and a dead white hand with a golden wedding ring—a little laughing girl, snub-nosed, blue-eyed and fair—a slippery deck—a cold, fierce wind and a driving sleet—a tap-room hung around with blue-ringed mugs—a sword hilt-deep in a velvet-broidered vest—a caravan and a moonlit Sphynx—a gypsy dance—a grinning face, skinny and pale—an iceberg gliding like a ghost—a tall old clock at the foot of an oaken stair—a flying kite—a woman who smiled like a gargoyle—a field of daisies—a wounded man crawling in the mire—a broad white sail and a silver moon—a tinkling sleigh scudding across the snow—a valley of vineyards and olives—a row of grinning teeth—a pewter of foaming ale—a little man nailing notices on trees.

He shook himself.

"Lord, that was a quick journey—fifty years in a few minutes. I must be declining to a sentimental dotage. However, to proceed. The day dawns fair and portends well. I think I shall find a haven ere sunset, and then—

I'll sit in the bar where the pewters are
And stay till the last drop's done."

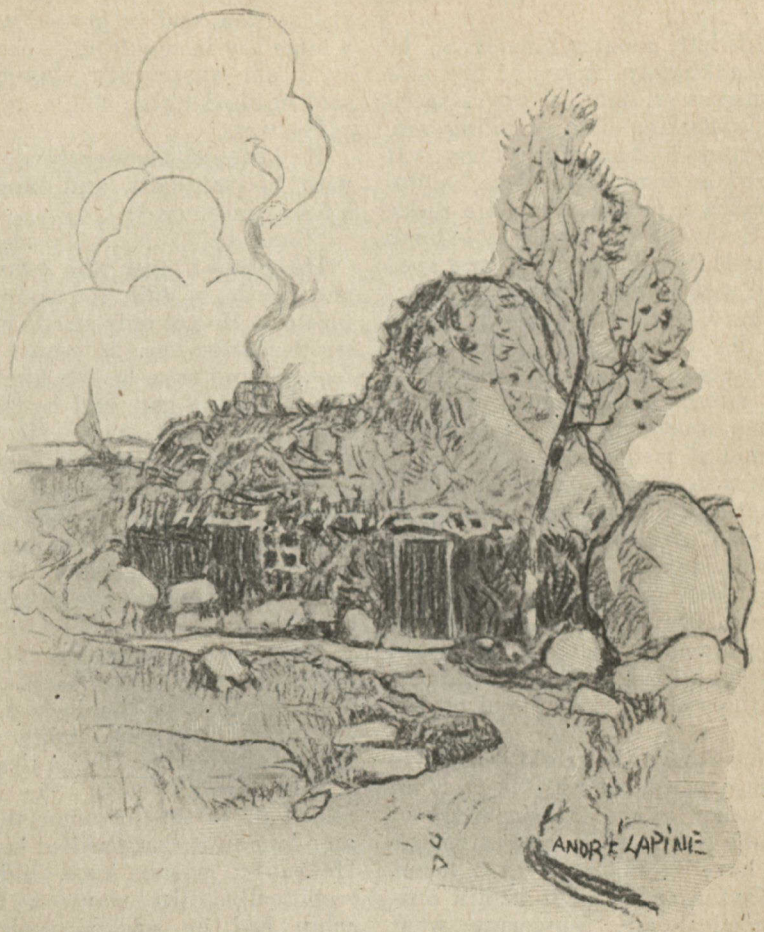
He started off along the trail, but, after a few yards stopped.

"It may be useful," he said.

He turned back, picked up the flask and then resumed his way.

He had not walked very far, when the road again divided. To his left a broad, well-beaten trail went across the valley, and rose in a straight line to the top of a high hill, on whose crest loomed rugged crags, gray and desolate. The valley trail went on, rough and seeming endless, so without any further appeals to the family doctor, he turned to his lucky left, glad of a smoother road for his feet. The road was precipitous, long and dusty. A breeze from the hill tops blew the fine sand into his eyes, and he made for the summit with all speed.

"Curse the wind!" he said. "The valley was as still as death".



"'Rude' is not the right adjective for this queer building"

When he reached the crags, whatever sweet thoughts he had nurtured of a promising perspective were doomed to a sour disappointment. Before his eyes stretched a wide, undulating plateau, covered with long grass and bilberry bush, which rolled like a billowy ocean. He gazed at this dull prospect for a few minutes, and black despair took hold of his soul. He followed the sinuous trail half-mechanically. He was now so high that no other hills were visible, and he might have been walking over a prairie.

For two hours he plodded steadily on, until he stopped, fatigued, and sat down on the ground, chewing bilberries to slake his thirst. All at once, he sat motionless, and listened intently. What he heard was a faint "swish—swish" borne on the wind like a fading echo.

It was the unmistakable sound of surf.

"Canario!" he cried, "the sea!" and he rose to his feet and ran along with the exuberance of a holidaying schoolboy.

The whole aspect of existsence was suddenly changed. Where the sea is there are ships and boats, and where there are ships and boats there are men, and where there are men there is ale. Now, on the distant sky-line, his

keen, bright eyes saw the tossing water.

On his left, about a mile ahead, he could see the gray smoke of a fire, now mounting as straight as Abel's sacrifice, now floating like a trailing veil, now scattered like a snow flurry. It appeared to come from some habitation among a group of granite rocks, evidently at the end of the table-land.

"A sail! A sail!" he sang, and sped onward with increased might.

Within a quarter-of-a-mile from the rocks, he thought he discerned a hut. The lash of the water was music to his mind, and, mingled with the smacking waves, he fancied he heard the sound of men.

He was so excited, as he neared the hut, that he did not notice a tall, hard-faced man, dressed in rough corduroy, who stepped quickly behind a huge boulder. If the Wayfarer could have seen this watcher's face, as the dark eyes peered wickedly, he would have seen a rock smiling. But his entire thoughts were centered on the hut.

Rude is not the right adjective for this queer building; "hut" is an euphemism. It had the symmetry of an idiot's achitecture, and a savage would have disdained it as a home. The Wayfarer studied it with a puzzled, comical air, wondering what strange sort of creature would live in such a place. It was built of pieces of wood of all shapes and sizes, mud, stones and barrel staves. Soil was the mortar cementing this motley material, and weeds and grasses covered it like a moulting beard. One end was rounded like a horse's rump; the other rose to twice the height, giving one side the appearance of a giant's chair. On the roof were many jagged rocks, as big as a strong man might hurl. The door was the most consistent part. This was of knotted oak.

If the Wayfarer had lived in a later age, he would, probably, have instantly recognized in this crazy *tout ensemble* the art of *camouflage;* but gladness left no room in his brain for speculation, and he glowed as he saw a huge key in the door.

"I am apaprently expected," he said in his delight.

He was.

He knocked confidently at the door with his ashplant, and immediately a deep voice cried:

"Come in!"

He pushed open the heavy door, and strode in with the air of a proprietor. He not only strode in, but he strode down; for, no sooner had his foot entered than he felt himself falling through a gap, and he hit with a thud on a hard floor. He heard a swift movement on the floor above, daylight was shut out from him by a massive trap-door which dropped above his head, and the same deep voice cried down to him:

"Now, yer swine, we've got yer at last!"

Many and strange were the dark places in which the Wayfarer had been, but this was the darkest of them all. The blackness smothered him. He groped warily; it was like feeling a way through soot. The air was vile, but, to the prisoner, there was an odour in it that thrilled his pulses. He rubbed a sore knee, and sniffed ecstatically. In many a lurching cabin had he smelled such fumes. Somewhere about him there was rum, and rum in plenty. So powerful were the fumes that they almost satisfied his thirst.

"By all the sunken sailors!" he laughed, "what a jest! Providence, you are a humourist". He pinched his nose. "But, friend nose, though I have an infinite regard for you, you are taking an unfair advantage of your brother mouth. Deny yourself like a true Christian, till I get my breath, or your greediness will make you drunk."

He closed his nostrils, and breathed deeply of the heavy air.

"'Tis not the same. For once the sense of smell imparts the more enjoyment."

He stopped his soliloquy as he heard the man of the deep voice call loudly, like a foghorn,

"Hi! Hi! Jacko! Hi!"

Then followed several sharp screeches, as of someone whistling with his fingers in his mouth.

The Wayfarer listened a moment, and, hearing nothing further, started to explore his cell. Groping about, he could feel nothing but casks, piled tier upon tier. The ceiling was about nine feet high and he hurt his knuckles as he leaped to test its height. There was, apparently, no other exit but the trap-door. He was walled on three sides by casks, and on the other by rocks, all unhealthily moist. He lifted down a cask to the floor—it held, probably four gallons—and, with a mighty stamp of his heel, smashed in the head. The liquor drenched him, and he laughed noisily.

"Great Bacchus!" he cried, "a few short minutes ago I was as dry as a wooden god, and now—faith, I'll have to revise my song:

> I'll lie in the pit where the rum casks sit
> And stay till the last drop's done.

"Hallo! Voices."

The man with the deep voice had evidently found Jacko, for the Wayfarer heard a new tongue calling him to attention.

"Well, Mr. Excise, what think ye of us surrendering our liquor to ye? Didn't think ye could find it so easy did ye? Nice little haul for one man to capture, ain't it? I said one man, ye swine, an' I should 'a' said one swine, 'cause we've got yer four men, Excise, all tied up in an open boat an' floatin' on the Scarther Rocks. Nice little bit of poetic revenge, ain't it, Excise? Payin' ye back in yer own filthy coin, eh? Pretty little gen'lemanly trick ye played on the captain's brother, wasn't it? To cast him in a open boat, trussed like a fowl, an' shootin' him from the shore till ye got him in the back an' he fell in the boat. But we got him, ye bloody swine of hell, an' we saved his life, an' we're goin' to fetch him, an' my God this is yer last day on this earth, Mr. Excise—bloody swine!"

The Wayfarer listened to this tirade with intense interest. When it was over, he laughed and shouted:

"You smuggling idiots!—you've got the wrong swine. I'm no exciseman, but a true worshipper at the shrine. Let me out!"

He was answered by loud jeering laughter, and the deep-voiced man called back:

"We'll let yer out, Excise—out in a open boat. Yer've got an hour to wash yer dirty soul."

He heard them go, and ruminated on his position with mixed feelings. Firstly, he was under no misapprehension. They would recognize their error as soon as they saw him, and his ship's discharge would prove his identity as a person not interested in the impeachment of smugglers.

"But," he mused, "in an hour I shall probably be as drunk as Roger, and that means insensibility."

Again, he was by no means impressed by his quarters, the air of which was increasingly heavy since the cask was broken. He scooped up a drink in his two hands, then remembered the flask.

"I knew you'd be useful," he said, and filled it.

After a few seconds more of bewildered cogitation, he heard footsteps on the floor above. Then, with cautious delight, he heard the bolt drawn and the trap-door was slowly raised.

"Would you like to come up?" asked a hard, suave voice.

The Wayfarer laughed. He hadn't heard such cultured tones, despite their harshness, for many days. He could not see the man, though he peered eagerly about.

"Nothing," he answered, "would give me greater satisfaction, my preserver—that is unless you are the captain with a vendetta on his mind, in which case, I would much prefer you to come down here."

"Give me an answer, sir!" The words came like a pistol shot.

"Hearken!" the reply cracked back. "My unexpected lifter of trap-doors, my bolt from the blue—my—my *deus ex machina*—if I choose to stay here, I stay, if I desire to go, then I obey my desire."

"Be quick, man, there is no time for chatter. Promise to help me and you shall escape."

"I make no promises in the dark, but I will come up, and we'll see if we cannot arrive at an agreeable arrangement."

He overturned the broken cask, stood upon it, then raised himself through the opening. The stranger made no offer to help him. The Wayfarer stood and looked at him, with the air of one judging a horse, and found him a tall, stone-faced man, with eyes as hard as diamonds. His frame was athletic, and the close-fitting corduroy suit gave an impression of hardy litheness. His face was bronzed by weather, and wore a close-trimmed beard. He had a pistol in his hand and another in his belt.

"To whom do I owe—and so forth?" glibly queried the Wayfarer.

The stranger answered by showing an exciseman's license.

"Ah!" said the Wayfarer, "I must apologize for trespassing in your private sanctum. It was you, then, whom I had the brief honour of impersonating?"

"Come, no banter," snapped the exciseman. "Who are you?"

"My name is Caprice—I am the King of—but no—I fear your sense of humour is not large enough to relish it. However, you spoke of a service. What is it? I presume you heard the gentle threats those merry fellows showered upon me—I beg your pardon, you!"

They were both standing in the doorway.

"Yes, I heard, and know everything. Take this gun. In half-an-hour they will be back. We will post behind those rocks and get them just as they are going from the landing into the hut."

"Get them?"

"Shoot them—we cannot miss at that range."

"Tell me—do you think they were sincere—I mean about that open boat?"

The exciseman smiled grimly.

"Two more questions—Lieutenant, isn't it?—then I'm ready for you. Did you know the trap I was walking into?"

The exciseman nodded, with a hellish smile.

"And did you really, my dear Lieutenant—did you actually shoot the captain's brother, as he lay tied there in the boat?"

"Why not?"

"I see you are a brave gentleman who deserves to gain his end. Close the trap-door and we will take our ambush."

The exciseman leaned down to lower the door, and the Wayfarer pushed him into the pit. There was one hoarse scream, as the trap-door fell with a slam, then silence.

"Yes," said the Wayfarer, "you are certainly a gentleman who deserves to gain his end."

Then he walked to the table, pocketed a handful of biscuits, closed the door of the hut, and strode back swiftly across the plateau.

III.

"Was I biased against that fellow because he was an exciseman?" mused the Wayfarer. "No, I think not. I believe I would have done the same for a fellow-worshipper. By blazes! I am sure a fellow-worshipper could not earn a fate like that. Perhaps he broke his neck, when I pushed—when he fell into the cellar. I hope—come, come, no sentiment—gad! I was almost sorry for him then. 'T would be a waste of pity. Poetic justice is the justest of all ends. And I almost told him I was the King of Fate! What a reminiscent air this plateau has! And that dulcet Jacko spoke

about the Scarther Rocks. When I was a boy—no—it cannot be—that coast must be twenty miles from here. However, here we are back at the other edge of the table—let us drink to the soul of the exciseman. Hell!"

He had left his flask in the pit. He raised his hands above his head and cried aloud:

"All the gods unite and smite me a blow that will scatter me into particles of dust! May I freeze and burn and thirst for a million years! If any knave had told me such a thing was possible I would have cleft him. Faugh! Fool—idiot—dotard!"

He spoke the last word with intense derision, and smote his head with his fists.

"I will put you into a song that will make you the laughing-stock of all good drinkers."

Considerably strengthened by the rum he had imbibed and inhaled in the pit, he had made his way back across the table-land in less than two hours. It was with no sense of fear that he had made such haste. Though toughened by many adventures on land and sea, the drama which was to be played in that rocky bay chilled him. Combat he revelled in; murder he abhorred. He held himself no party to this murder, but looked upon himself as a dispenser of justice. In the first case, the exciseman had brazenly admitted the atrocity in the boat, and, in the second case, had deliberately allowed him to walk into the trap, where anything, even a dagger or a bullet, might have been awaiting him. The exciseman was quite aware of such contingencies, and the smile with which he answered the Wayfarer's inquiry betrayed a diabolical indifference. So the Wayfarer had clenched his teeth and decided that he was just. Such thoughts had been his companions on his journey back.

He sat down on a stone, the picture of misery; but his emotions rose from earth to heaven, as airily as a swallow. He considered the leaving of the flask a judgment upon him, and cried quits with Fate. So, much brightened, he arose, and, spying a raspberry bush crimson with berries, produced his stale biscuits and dined with the gusto of a gourmand.

He took his crayon from his pocket, and jotted on the back of his ship's discharge. Anon he smiled, wagged his forefinger, as though beating time, frowned, with a flash of the eyes got the inspiration he wanted, and, in fact, went through all the attitudes of poetical composition according to popular conception. His knack of extemporization did not seem to work with its wonted facility. He finished, however, at last, saying with a sigh:

"What I lack is ale. When the ale flows, the words flow also. When a man—a beer-loving man—is thirsty his brain is as dry as his tongue. I think I have a tune to fit this ditty," and he started to hum a rattling measure:

"What it is makes a sad man glad?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is it cheers when news is bad?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is the greatest joy to be had?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
Drown all sorrows and soothes all pain,
Banishes care, turns loss to gain,
Gives to laughter freest of rein,
Fo-oaming—foaming ale!

What is sunshine to cloudy life?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is sweeter than sweetest wife!
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is the peace to end all strife?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
Heartens the weak, strengthens the brave,
Snap the chains of the bonded slave,
Makes meanest hut enchanted cave,
Fo-oaming—foaming ale!

He sang it over again, with a voice like a tombstone that had a cornet's sparkle.

"When I reach my inn," he said, "I'll shake the rafters and the landlord shall ply me till I can sing no more. Then, when I awake, I will write a roundelay upon his blue-ringed mugs, and the worthy man shall frame it in his bar and show it

to all true-drinking men. Meanwhile, the day goes on, and I am still no nearer to my haven. Bacchus! Faugh! I make no more appeals to you—you have deserted me—or, peradventure, he is in the sleep of wine. Aha! therein lies the explanation. Selfish god, awake! Convert me into a rubber ball that I may descend this hillside in a trice—then change me into a thistle-down, ask your old friend Boreas for a breeze, and puff me over the hills and through the open window of Paradise Inn. Then, good Bacchus, when you have brought me back again unto my thirsty self, I'll quaff you in a bumper. I wonder where that accursed valley trail leads to?"

The steep hill sent him down at a half-run, and, when he reached the foot, he threw himself on the grass and panted. After he had regained his breath, he picked up the valley trail where he had left it, and, after an hour's painful travel, struck a cart-road which skirted the edge of a huge, basin-like moor. The dried-up bed of the stream turned abruptly to the left, running, companion-like, alongside the cart-road for a while; though the latter rose a little, and gradually left it.

Glad to be on an even surface again, the Wayfarer resumed his jauntiness. The wild hills on his left grew more distant; the country began to wear a more hospitable aspect, and he had a premonition that rest was near at hand; a premonition purely, for there was nothing that the eye could see to give him hope.

Once he stopped, and scored a white, sandy blot between the wheel-tracks with the description, "Patience Road". At another place, he drew an arrow pointing to "Paradise Inn". On a smooth, yellow rock, whereon he rested, he inscribed "Hope Stone". Thus he beguiled the toilsome road.

Time was passing quickly, too. He observed, almost with a shock of surprise, that the sun had already begun to dip behind the hills. He hurried on, not relishing the idea of another roofless night, and peered into the west, where the sun had swathed the moorlands with gold. The purple scarves of heather seemed to be reflected in the sky, but with infinitely more delicate tints. The east now wore the sapphire cloak of even, dotted with faint, fiery beads. He imagined he could make out the steeple of a church, and his heart glowed, for experience had taught him that where the church was also was the inn.

The sun sank down, and left his crimson train trailing across the sky. Birds were twittering, as though they said staccato prayers, or, like uneasy people, could not settle in their beds. Two meadow-larks, somewhere about him, were quarrelling with a sweet shrillness, as if madame were upbraiding her master for a tardy homecoming. Then the night came, and, like a skilled painter, daubed the sky with a splash of wondrous blue. There was no moon, but starry millions illumined the hot, moist, breathless darkness, as with the very ghost of light, and silence seemed to muffle all the earth.

The Wayfarer might have been the only man.

He heard the sweet pealing of a not-far-distant bell. Ah! sweet bell! —it echoed through his frame and he ran gladly on over a rise which had blotted out the obscure view.

He stopped sharply. A furlong distant danced a yellow light. Hope surged to his head like a sea, and he bounded forward, yelling joy. The church bell rang louder, as if sharing his exultation.

The light, now but a hundred yards away, moved with alternate rhythmic swings and nervous jerks. Something odd in this movement halted him. A figure ran past him, obliquely from the moor behind, startling him so that he jumped aside.

Suddenly, the light disappeared—so abruptly that the Wayfarer knew that somebody had feared and been discovered. A sad, soft wail broke on

the air, and the Wayfarer, peering into the gloom ahead, saw a kneeling something on the road. Incautiously, he approached it and beheld a youthful face, white with despair, belonging to a stripling just grown man.

"What in the—" the Wayfarer stopped.

The Youth looked up.

"Who are you?" he said, "and what do you want?"

The Wayfarer laughed.

"My name is Caprice," he cried. "I am the King of Fate. Tell me your sorrows, boy—I will sing them all away."

He sat down on the road beside the Youth, and placed a hand upon his shoulder. There was a vivid sympathy in his presence which impelled the Youth to tell his tale. When he had finished, the Wayfarer rose immediately.

"A wooden gate—a privet-hedge—a tottering old uncle—O boy, effeminate, weakling boy! Why in the name of freedom don't you hurl him into eternity? If *my* love were prisoned in a castle of steel, I'd drag down stars and cast them at its gates."

They both sprang to their feet. The light had shone again, then, in a moment, disappeared. From the house came a scream, suppressed, but intense in the stillness.

"Margaret!" wailed the Youth.

The Wayfarer snapped his stick in twain. Something, too, seemed to snap within his brain.

"What is this uncle's name?" he asked.

The Youth told him, and the Wayfarer roared an oath.

"Wait there," he said and rushed towards the house.

He returned in an incredibly short time, and with him a slip of a girl with frightened face, snub-nosed, blue-eyed and fair.

The Youth's eyes glistened with amazed delight, and his lips trembled so that he could not speak.

"Here, boy," said the Wayfarer, "you don't deserve her—but maybe you'll make her happy. After all, that is the main thing. Remember this—you two—Happiness is the only thing in life." Then he added, sententiously, "Happiness and ale—and ale is the quintessence."

The Youth found a tongue. With a tremulous arm around the girl, he whispered:

"What have you done?"

The Wayfarer laughed, and in his laugh there were joy and tears.

"Did I not tell you I am the King of Fate?"

"O what can I do to repay you?" asked the Youth.

To the Youth the answer was grotesque; it was merely inevitable.

"Direct me to the nearest inn!"

As the Youth and his love walked over the moor, they heard the voice of the Wayfarer singing a roystering song, and they listened in silence until it ended like a dying spark.

Half-an-hour later, the Wayfarer raised on high a blue-ringed mug.

"To my daughter's happiness!" he said.

THE HISTORY OF A PICTURE

BY E. ALFRED JONES

AMONG the exhibits in the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at the Royal Academy in the Spring of 1918, none of the older pictures created greater interest than Benjamin West's work, "The Death of Wolfe," presented to the Dominion of Canada by the Duke of Westminster in appreciation of the noble part taken by the Canadians in the great war, an appreciation which is shared by Britons everywhere.

The history of this picture begins with its exhibition by the artist at the Royal Academy in the year 1771, when it was bought by the present donor's ancestor, Lord Grosvenor, for £400. It is of interest from the fact that West—the first American member and second President of the Royal Academy—daringly departed from past traditions of painting warriors in classical dress in military pictures by showing the various personages in the uniforms and dress of his own time. Strict historical accuracy is not expected in trifling details in a picture, but in this instance Benjamin West has dared to reconstruct history by including the portraits of officers who were certainly not present at the death of Wolfe, or for that matter were not even at the memorable battle of Quebec.

The evidence for this statement is forthcoming not only from published material, but also from a document in the Public Record Office, now, it is believed, published for the first time. Before referring to this document in detail, a list of the names of some of the officers included in this picture, from the catalogue of the pictures at Grosvenor House, may now be conveniently given.* In this catalogue are the following names: Lieutenant-General Robert Monckton, who was wounded in leading Lascelles's regiment; Mr. Adair, the surgeon, who is supporting Wolfe on the left; and Captain Hervey Smith,† in the act of supporting the dying hero on the right. The other officers named in the catalogue are Colonels Isaac Barré and Adam Williamson, Captain Debbieg and Sir William Howe, the latter being in Indian dress. Wolfe's faithful Highlander and his orderly sergeant are also included. The other four figures in the picture are not mentioned by name in the catalogue.‡

An engraving by Wale after Grignion, engraved for Sydney's History of England in 1775, is entitled "General Wolfe expiring in the arms of a Grenadier and Volunteer at the Siege of Quebec". In this engraving only these two figures support Wolfe, while a third in uniform is running towards them.

*The catalogue was done by John Young, mezzotint engraver, and etchings of the pictures are included.

†Captain Hervey Smiths' profile sketch of Wolfe is in the Royal United Service Institution.

‡The picture is reproduced in "The Life and eLtters of Wolfe," by Beckles Willson, 1909 as is also another picture of the same subject, showing three figures.

The celebrated monument to Wolfe by Wilton, in Westminster Abbey (which has aroused greater interest than ever because of the Canadian flags deposited on it during the great war), is more modest in its attempt to portray the last moments of the victor of Quebec. Here no officer is included. All the glory is bestowed on the Grenadier who supports the body of Wolfe and on the Highland sergeant who looks sorrowfully down. It may perhaps be mentioned in passing that a contemporary protest was made against the damage done to the monument of Sir Francis Vere by the workmen in erecting the Wolfe memorial.*

The name of the faithful Highland sergeant had remained in obscurity until an examination of the Compassionate Fund disclosed it. The name was John McPherson, who is described in the documents in question as "orderly sergeant to General Wolfe when he fell", and who was clearly a man of valour and general merit to have earned a commission as an ensign in the 78th Regiment of Foot (Seaforth Highlanders) on 5th October, 1760, at a time when class distinctions were sharply drawn and commissions in the army were obtained by purchase for the most part. The 78th was disbanded at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War in 1763 and John McPherson was placed on half-pay. He died in September, 1815, in his native Scotland, leaving a widow, Jean, and five daughters, in much distress, which was relieved by grants of money from the Compassionate Fund, on the recommendations of the ministers of Laggan and Kingussie.

According to a statement of one Captain Knox there was considerable if not unseemly competition among certain officers to announce to the world their presence at the death of the immortal Wolfe. This officer alleges that "various accounts have been circulated of General Wolfe's manner of dying, his last words, and the officers into whose hands he fell; and many, from a vanity of talking, claimed the honour of being his supporters, after he was wounded". Captain Knox is very emphatic in his assertion that only four persons were present at the death of Wolfe, namely, Lieutenant Henry Brown, of the Grenadiers of Louisburg and of the 22nd Foot, who with a volunteer (Mr. Henderson) of the same company and a private carried him to the rear. The fourth was an artillery officer not named, who rushed to their assistance. Lieutenant Brown, writing to his father, says that Wolfe died in his arms.

Benjamin West, if contemporary evidence is reliable, was guilty of a base attempt to extort money from the seeker after unmerited honour by offering to represent in this picture the portraits of officers who were in nowise connected with this mournful occasion. For example, the daughter of Colonel (afterwards General) John Hale, in command of the 47th Foot (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment), alleges that the artist offered to include her father's portrait in this picture for a consideration of £100, a substantial sum in the currency of that time. But the worthy colonel refused to yield to the temptation to be immortalized in the picture of an historical event in which he had not been an actor.†

Another version of the story has been told by Colonel Lewis Butler in his history of the 60th, or King's Royal Rifles, formerly the Royal American Regiment. The author accepts the statement of Mr. Henry J. Morgan in his "Biographies of Celebrated Canadians" that Wolfe fell into the arms of Lieutenant J. F. W. Des Barres, military engineer and aide-de-camp to Wolfe.

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*"Gentleman's Magazine", Vol. 42, pp. 517-8.

†A. G. Doughty and G. W. Parmalee "The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham", 1901, Vol. III., Chapter XI.

The name of one more claimant for the honour of being represented in West's picture must be added to this list, namely, that of Colonel William Stark, of Londonderry, New Hampshire, the commander of the New England troops in the capture of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Louisburg and Quebec, who, stung by the refusal of the Assembly of the Province to give him the command of a regiment early in the American war of Independence, transferred his allegiance to the British and died from the effects of a fall from his horse at the battle of Long Island, a colonel in the provincial service.* This American officer is said to be represented in the picture in the act of holding Wolfe in his arms.†

Major Robert Bayard, a member of a prominent New York family, who was then a captain in the Royal American Regiment — a regiment which shared with the Highlanders and the 15th and 58th Regiments the brunt of the sharpshooting on the left flank—and was near Wolfe when he fell, deserved inclusion in the picture more than some of the illustrious persons shown. At his death in 1819, Major Bayard is supposed to have been the last surviving officer who fought under Wolfe at Quebec.‡

The document mentioned early in this article as containing a criticism of the inclusion of portraits of certain officers who were not present on the Heights of Abraham at the moment of Wolfe's death was written by Major Samuel Holland and is as follows: " . . . . lost his protector whilst holding his wounded arm at the time he [Wolfe] expired, though for reasons (best known to Mr. West the painter) your memorialist was not admitted amongst the groups presented by that artist as being attendant on the general in his glorious exit, but others are exhibited in that painting who never were in battle."

Sabine in his "Biographies of American Loyalists" mentions that Major Holland was near Wolfe when he fell.

The career of this officer may be briefly stated. In 1756 he went out to America as lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Royal American Regiment. In 1758 at Louisburg, Wolfe "did him the honour to admit him as one of the family and entrusted him with carrying on his attack from the north-east harbour to the west gate when the town capitulated". In the campaign of the following year, after the attack on Montmorency Heights, Holland was recommended by Wolfe for promotion on 31st July.§ He acted as chief engineer in the defence of Quebec after Major McKellar was wounded on the 28th April, 1760.

Captain Samuel Holland left Canada in September, 1762, with the object of obtaining leave to serve in a military capacity in Portugal, but on his arrival in London the praises of Wolfe for his services at Louisburg, as well as the good reports of the Duke of Richmond and General James Murray (Governor of Canada, 1762-66), on Holland's achievement in making maps of the settled parts of Canada, induced the King to dissuade him from his projected voyage to Portugal and he accepted the appointment of Surveyor of the Province of Quebec and afterwards Surveyor General of the Northern district of America.

Settling in 1773 in New Hampshire on a grant of about 3,000 acres of land "in the township of Rumney and Campton, called Hollandville", Captain Holland sold his commission in the army for the sum of £1,500, which he devoted to the improvement

*Appleton "Cyclopædia of American Biography", Vol. I, p. 653.
†J. H. Stark, "The Loyalists of Massachusetts", p. 293.
‡"Gentleman's Magazine", Vol. 89, p. 48.
§The commission is dated 24 August, 1759.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

From the Painting by Benjamin West. Presented to Canada by the Duke of Westminster

of his property by clearing and cultivating the land and erecting necessary dwellings and other buildings. Hardly had he got settled in his new home than the Revolution broke out. In their endeavours to wean him from his loyalty to Great Britain, the Americans offered him a commission as Chief Engineer or Master of Artillery, but the loyal captain rejected with indignation and contempt all the attempts to seduce him from his loyalty.

In November, 1775, Captain Holland was sent to England with despatches for Lord George Germain, and returned to America in the following year as aide-de-camp to General Heister, in command of the Hessians. Holland was now a general field officer with the local rank of major in America, his commission being dated 4th March, 1776. From this position as aide-de-camp to Heister he resigned in 1777 for reasons not at present known. Holland's opinion of the "arch plunderers", as the Hessian general was called by the American loyalists, and of the fighting qualities of the Hessian troops, would be both valuable and diverting, and would doubtless confirm the British Commander-in-chief's desire for his recall and Howe's caustic comment that he trembled to think what may happen if Heister remained another campaign, so exceedingly unsteady was he and so entirely averse from taking the Hessians into action.* Major Samuel Holland was also in a position to divulge some such episodes in Heister's career of plunder in America as his effrontery in offering for sale a loyalist's house in New York which had been granted for his temporary use there.

After his resignation as aide-de-camp to Heister, Major Holland raised the Royal Guides and Pioneers, composed mainly of loyalists, and accompanied this corps to Danbury, Connecticut, under Tyron. He was also present at the capture of Fort Montgomery on the 16th October, 1777, when the New York Volunteers distinguished themselves.

General Haldimand now demanded the services of Major Holland in Canada, where he served for the remainder of the war.

Holland makes a grave charge against Wolfe's military engineer, Joseph F. W. Barres (one of the figures in West's picture), of cheating him of the benefits arising from the publication of his maps and plans of North America, which he had made during a period of ten years. Des Barres is remembered for his adaptation of the maps, plans and charts of North America, not only of those of Major Holland, but also those of that interesting figure, John Gerard W. de Brahem and others.

The New Hampshire property of Major Samuel Holland was confiscated and in part sold by the State during the American war of Independence. Portions of it were granted by the State of New Hampshire as rewards for services in the war to one Captain Edward Everett (taken prisoner at the Cedars), who was given a tavern on the Holland estate, and to one Peter Mayhew, who received a farm. Among others who were in possession of the Holland landed property in 1787 were Colonel Stephen Peabody and Major Samuel Atkinson, whether by gift or purchase is not clear from the documents. Major Holland suffered the further mortification of losing all his private papers, deeds and bonds through the dishonesty of John Hurd, a well-known lawyer of New Hampshire, to whom he had entrusted them by power of attorney in 1774. Hurd was secretary to John Wentworth, the loyalist Governor of New Hampshire, as well as the holder of other public offices, and is described by his victim as a

*Hist. Mss. Commission. "Report on the Stafford Sackville Mss". Vol. II., pp. 54, 72.

"grievous rebel, a traitor to his King and an ungrateful villain to his benefactor, Governor Wentworth", and as one who was so dishonest as not to have repaid Holland a loan of £50.*

For the loss of his New Hampshire property, Major Samuel Holland was awarded by the British Government the sum of £1,500 as compensation from his claim of £2,381.12s.†

Holland died in Canada in 1801, a member of the executive and legislative councils. His only surviving son, John Frederick Holland, was barrackmaster and ordnance storekeeper in Prince Edward Island, where he died in 1845. Another son, Henry, had predeceased him. His nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel Bouchette, was employed as a draughtsman in his office and at length succeeded him as Surveyor General of Lower Canada.

A forgotten episode in the life of General Wolfe deserves mention here. Doctor Sylvester Gardiner, the well-known loyalist, of Boston, Massachusetts, states in his memorial ‡ that on one occasion in the stirring times of the war against the French in North America an express coming by way of Boston with despatches from Amherst for Wolfe, then near Quebec, applied to Thomas Pownall, the Governor of Massachusetts; but the express refused to crave for help from that source, giving as a reason that an unhappyy division subsisisted between Amherst and Pownall. Realizing the urgency of the matter, Dr. Gardiner took the express down to his own vessel in the harbour and sailed with him to Kennebec, disembarking him after a passage of sixteen hours. By performing this service, Dr. Gardiner enabled the express—the only one of three who had started by different routes—to reach Quebec in time to enable Wolfe to win his memorable victory of Quebec. Unhappily, the contents of this despatch are not disclosed.

*Public Record Office: A. O. 12/26, fos. 243-256; A. O. 13/13; A. O. 13/96 A. O. Account Various, 396.
†Ibid. A.O. 12/109.
‡Ibid. A.O. 13/45.

THE ONLOOKERS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

THE Gratton House used to stand for all that was fine, dignified and decent. The pathos in this statement lies in the tense. When a hotel begins to slip, then slide, it is only a little while, such a very little while, until the downhill movement becomes a veritable tumble into unspeakable depths. People used to say with a bit of an uplift of the head: "I am stopping at the Gratton House." Again the past tense. That was twelve years ago—even ten or nine; it takes some little time for the credulous to lose faith. Four or five years ago people said: "I've a room over at the Gratton—couldn't get in anywhere else." A trifle apologetic, you see. At the time this story opens nobody admitted that they patronized the old house—nobody except Mr. Burlingame, that is.

Mr. Burlingame had occupied two pleasant rooms on the south side of the house ever since he came to the city some twelve years ago. He was connected with the Parker-Huitt people—something to do with figures. Not that he had ever told anyone that he was an accountant—he was an extremely reticent man—but there was something about his neat mouse-gray clothes, his thick-lensed glasses and the slight stoop to his thin shoulders that cried "figures" at one.

The Gratton House had been a pleasant place when Mr. Burlingame unpacked his cases, arranged his books to his liking in the two rooms and called them his home. The house had been full of agreeable, pleasant people—men on important business missions with a little time in the evenings to visit and chat and make friends. There were also tourists visiting the rapidly-growing city. These were people of consequence, men who had made theirs and were now taking it easy. Their wives were charming-mannered and well-groomed. Most of these people took to Mr. Burlingame and asked him to drop in during the evening for a game of whist or just to talk. Mr. Burlingame didn't talk much nor well, but he enjoyed listening and was therefore welcome.

Truly it was a pleasant place to live during the last two years that old Mr. Gratton managed his property. Mr. Burlingame often congratulated himself. The smoothness of his existence made up for much that he lost by being a bachelor. Sometimes he felt that he was perhaps missing more than he knew, but some keen traveller would arrive the next day who was a chess enthusiast and then he would be entirely happy again for a week or ten days until his new-found antagonist moved on.

There were a great many partings in Mr. Burlingame's life. It was borne in upon him time and time again that he had no friends; his acquaintanceships were all transient, fleeting. There came a day when it seemed to him that the pain of losing a new friend more than made up for the pleasure of taking a stranger into his life and going part way with him along the road of intimacy.

This thought came shortly after Mr Gratton's death. One Jones, from nowhere in particular, took over the management of the house. During

the succeeding months Mr. Burlingame found it increasingly difficult to find amongst the guests one who could play chess. The women who accompanied the new-comers wore clothes that were not quite to his taste. Some of them were elegant enough, but it was not exactly the quiet elegance to which the Gratton House, and incidentally Mr. Burlingame, had become accustomed. Styles were changing he decided after a while.

One of the chief charms of the Gratton House had been its unostentatiousness; everything about it had been in excellent taste, a bit heavy perhaps we would consider it to-day, but solid and fine. The dining-room was a trifle sombre; there was an entire absence of gilt. The furnishings were dark but rich. It had been the guests themselves who had made the room splendid in the old days. There was now a continual popping of corks during the dinner hour. Mr. Burlingame did not quite approve. He himself was an abstainer; but he was tolerant, quite tolerant of other people's foibles. It was growing too pronounced, however, this hilariousness. Customs were changing he thought with a little feeling of sadness. Evidently our best people were becoming more self-indulgent than of yore. Yes, that must be it. Of course, these guests were the "best people"; that was the class to which the house had catered these many years.

Jones, from nowhere in particular, seemed not to be able to make both ends meet. He dropped the reins and returned whence he had come, namely, nowhere in particular. He was succeeded by Gus Schneider, who announced that he had had metropolitan experience. He spoke only vaguely of his past activities. Some of the habitués of the old house said he had been connected with a small brewery and had looked after a chain of cafés. This, however, never happened to reach Mr. Burlingame's ears. Gus spent most of his time oscillating between the bar and the rotunda. He was usually in his shirtsleeves.

Speaking of the rotunda, it had been Mr. Burlingame's habit to sit for a while after dinner each evening in this spacious, pleasant room watching the people. It was here that he had made innumerable charming acquaintances. He sighed sometimes when he thought how transitory had been these blossoming friendships. These men had all gone back to their own or with their own, leaving him behind always. He wished that he himself had some of his own to go to. It was in the rotunda that he had issued and accepted challenges for the thrilling chess matches in the old days. It was strange he thought that no one played chess nowadays.

One evening he sat on his favourite divan in the rotunda; it had been his particular coign of vantage for longer than he cared to think about. He looked about him. There were no charming ladies eagerly making engagements for theatre parties or whist. In fact there were no ladies at all. Here and there in the deep chairs sat furtive-eyed men, silent for the most part. In one corner was a small group speaking in whispers with their heads close together.

A stranger entered the room. He looked to right and left — a swift, piercing glance. He was conservatively dressed, a very gentlemanly appearing man thought Mr. Burlingame. The stranger crossed the room with an all-compelling sort of manner and sat down on the other end of the divan.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Burlingame diffidently after a few moments of silent appraisal; "do you play chess?"

The stranger sat very still for a long moment. It seemed as though he hadn't heard. His quick eyes turned suddenly toward Mr. Burlingame.

"Chess?" he said out of one corner of his mouth. "Hell, no! If you want to sit into a little draw or stud, though, I'm your man!"

"Sorry!" murmured Mr. Burlingame. He seemed to shrink into himself. He was careful after that not to address strange gentlemen no matter how conservative their apparel.

Mounting the stairs slowly later in the evening he became conscious for the first time of the all-pervading mustiness in the atmosphere. The corridors fairly reeked of neglect and decay. The thick-piled carpets on the stairs and in the hallways were worn and shabby. He was reminded of that fact very painfully as his foot caught in a hole in the carpet near his rooms and he fell sprawling. A guffaw and a giggle sounded simultaneously from both ends of the long corridor. He rose rather shakily and cast a shamed glance to right and left. The shame that he felt was not for himself. The rest of the evening he spent alone in his rooms trying to read. He did not turn over the page for an hour, however. The sounds of the old house were too insistent; he had become too acutely conscious of them.

These sounds seeped in through door and wall, over transom; there was no escaping them. The vulgar laugh of vulgar men penetrated the quiet, studious room. Sometimes Mr. Burlingame fancied that he could catch a word, a phrase, which left him shuddering. Sleep was out of the question on this night of his first awakening. As the night merged into the new day the sounds became more sinister. The rumble of bass voices mingled with the higher note of women's laughter, sometimes recklessly gay, again shrilling with the hysteria of over-stimulation.

Toward dawn Mr. Burlingame fell asleep with an aching pity in his breast. If the truth be told there was a great deal of self-pity mixed up with his other emotions. This was his home! He knew no other; for years he had not contemplated having another. And now it was invaded by the Hun!

In the morning he awoke to a miserable sense of impending disaster. Strange to say the thought of moving away had not entered his head. He had taken root in this soil; his life was bound up in these two rooms that so perfectly expressed him. It seemed an impossibility for him to divorce himself from these surroundings, this home. That is to say, it would have seemed impossible had the thought of moving entered his head; but it hadn't—as yet. He merely agonized over the invasion.

He bathed, dressed and shaved with his usual care, and at half-past eight left his room to go down to breakfast. The Gratton House at this hour was like a tomb; it was the middle of the sleeping-period for most of its present guests. Mr. Burlingame had noticed recently that the chambermaids made up the rooms later and later in the day. He had wondered at it innocently. The week before he had come upon a maid in his corridor tidying up a room late in the afternoon. She came out of the unoccupied, littered chamber carrying a huge tray of empty bottles and glasses. Mr. Burlingame had noticed with a distinctly unpleasant shock the array of tall whiskey bottles, squat square faces and rotund magnums.

Mr. Burlingame came down the stairs into the lobby that reeked with stale tobacco smoke. A bell-boy sprawled on his bench fast asleep. There was no one behind the desk; the day did not begin at the Gratton House until afternoon. With a troubled frown Mr. Burlingame walked across the mosaic floor, down a vaulted passage and reached the dining-room. As he crossed the threshold he experienced the first pleasant sensation of the day. Etta Hanson, the head waitress, smiled at him and ushered him in state to his usual seat.

Etta Hanson had had much to do with the building up of the Gratton House prestige in the old days. She had come shortly before Mr. Burlingame's advent, young, fresh and dainty. The management had quickly realized her possibilities and she had been made the official welcomer to the dining-room. She had been one of the pleasant features of the old house. Her wining smile, exquisite daintiness and intelligent solicitude for the comfort of her guests had endeared her to Gratton House patrons from all parts

of the continent. Fine ladies had been wont to whisper to each other: "My dear, I always feel as though Etta were my hostess. What a charming manner that girl has!"

Etta was still just as dainty, her smile still held its winning quality, but tired little lines were creeping in, creeping in, about her eyes. Latterly her presence in the Gratton dining-room was almost in the nature of casting pearls—almost, not quite, because of one guest who appreciated her; Mr. Burlingame was the saving grace. Incidentally, Etta was a lady. There are persons who will say that this is impossible in the case of a head waitress. Let those persons take note of the exception; for if decency of living, high loyalty, immaculateness of soul and body and that elusive quality called charm make the female of the species into a lady then Etta qualified most indubitably.

Mr. Burlingame was enjoying his ascetic breakfast—the dining-room had not as yet succumbed to the Hun invasion—when he was disturbed by a loud voice at the door. Looking up, he saw a young man in an ornate, expensive suit and a slouch hat on the back of his head leaning against the door beside Etta.

"Say, Etta, have a hear-rt!" he husked in maudlin tones, his voice breaking strangely. "Gimme a li'l goo' mornin'. kiss, girlie!"

Etta drew away with a shudder, regarding the young rake with an impersonal, frozen stare. Mr. Burlingame pushed back his chair and walked quickly toward the door. The stoop in his shoulders was barely perceptible. As he neared the disturber he noticed with disgust his general appearance of unkemptness and his disreputably soiled linen. He clasped the boy's arm with a grip that made the youngster look at him in pained surprise.

"Young man," he said in his low voice, "in your condition you should not force yourself into a lady's presence."

"La-ady?" mocked the boy.

"That will do!" said Mr. Burlingame very gently. His grip increased slightly, and the young man found himself staggering off in the direction of the bar.

"Thank you, Mr. Burlingame," said Etta. She raised her eyes to his and then dropped them quickly as a wave of colour flowed upward to her brow.

"I hope you will always call on me at any time if—if there should be any unpleasantness," he said, a look of mingled distress and resolution sharpening his benign glance.

"Thank you," she said again under her breath.

Mr. Burlingame walked slowly back to his interrupted breakfast. He was quite unconscious of the expression in the tired eyes that watched him as he took his seat—an expression that, had he seen it, would have more than repaid him for his act of chivalry.

Later, in his office, he tried to concentrate on an analysis of costs for one of the departments. For once in his life figures meant nothing to him. He could not wrench his mind away from the distressing problem of the Gratton House. He was not consciously planning; he was still merely worrying about conditions that he was powerless to change. Suddenly the thought came to him: If he was unable to check the unpleasant course of events in his present surroundings, why not move away? The thought came as a distinct shock. After debating it for a few moments he shook his head decidedly. Moving away was out of the question because his visiting cards were engraved with his address: "Gratton House". For the time being that fact appealed to the simple, unworldly recluse as holding a conclusive reason for staying where he was. True, he only used two of these cards a year, one for his call on his minister, the other on the occasion of his annual visit to Mr. Parker, the president of the firm. Perhaps for that very reason they acquired a special sanctity in his eyes.

Still another reason for staying where he was forced itself upon him.

He had told Etta that she could always rely upon his help; if he left it would be like running away. He suddenly realized that he owed a heavy debt of gratitude to this woman who for years had started the day right for him by her invariably cheerful greeting. It was borne in upon him as he sat pondering that Etta was a considerable factor in his drab life. He would miss the little two-minute conversations that he held with her three times every day. The Gratton House had become no place for her, he decided. He would speak to her about it that evening. With a sigh he turned to his cost sheets and bent his mind upon marshalling the figures into plain statements of facts.

That evening Mr. Burlingame went to dinner late. When he entered the dining-room there were only a handful of people there. The Gratton House was not depending on its cuisine any more; its revenue came from an enormous bar business and from the sub rosa activities of the shifty-eyed gambling fraternity who plied their trade in various strategically situated rooms. When he had finished his meal the room was quite empty. He walked over to where Etta was standing beside the door, alert and watchful.

"Etta," he said gravely, "I have been thinking about you all day."

She looked up, a quick smile lighting her eyes.

"Yes?" she said with a sudden, sharp intake of breath.

"This house has become no place for you," he continued. "You are too fine for it! Why don't you—er—go somewhere else?"

"And leave you here alone!" she flashed. "Why, Mr. Burlingame, I—I— — —" she checked herself suddenly and turned her burning face away. "Why don't *you* leave? You are out of place here!"

"Well, you see, my—er—my—" he stopped short, realizing suddenly, as he attempted to give it utterance, the ridiculousness of his reason. He had been on the point of mentioning his calling cards. He made a little motion of rejection and started again. "I told you that you could always call on me if there was trouble. I can't run away from that."

"You are staying, then, on my account?" asked Etta wonderingly.

He nodded.

"Why, Mr. Burlingame," she said earnestly, "I can't tell you how much I appreciate that!"

"We'll let matters stand as they are for a while," he said hastily and with an evident feeling of relief.

He went straight to his room, locked the door and threw himself into a deep arm chair, where he sat a long time staring into space with finger tips pressed together. Something new had come into his life to-night—something wholly foreign to figures. It confused him, left him dazed. He knew that he was happier than he had been for years, and that somehow Etta was responsible for this feeling. He realized suddenly the cause of this new happiness—he had found a friend. Etta was willing to endure the irksome conditions for his sake; to guard her from the ruffianly hangers-on he was determined to remain where he was. This denoted mutual sacrifice—a very firm foundation for true friendship.

Out of his happiness grew a vague feeling of discontent, which proved that Mr. Burlingame was entirely human. He had suddenly gained a friend and now he found that friendship did not quite satisfy him. Come to think of it, there was no real novelty in his friendship for Etta. It had existed for a long time; merely his acceptance of the fact was recent. He knew a lot about her, and what he knew was all on the credit side. His knowledge had accumulated bit by bit through the years. Mr. Graton had told him somehow the girl had been left alone in the world and had bravely taken the first opportunity that presented itself. Her life was an open book to him, thanks to what he had heard from others combined with the occasional hints that she her-

self had let fall during their brief conversations. The year before she had bashfully asked his help in the matter of a tiny investment.

Mr. Burlingame got up from his arm chair and walked deliberately over to a mirror. He looked at his reflection whimsically. The glass held the image of a thin, delicately-featured face that showed the refining effect of ascetic living and high thinking. His hair was still thick and as fine as a woman's; the sprinkling of gray on the temples was an attraction rather than otherwise. He took off the disfiguring thick-lensed glasses and by that act cut ten years from his age. He smiled, and naturally his reflection smiled back at him. He flung out his arms in sudden exultation. No, he would not content himself with friendship! He would possess Etta! He wanted her fineness, her daintiness—and her mature beauty appealed to him. In a riot of unwonted emotions he went to bed.

Very early in the morning, or very late in the evening—depending entirely upon whether one speaks from the standpoint of respectable or disrespectable folk—Mr. Burlingame awoke to a sense of something unusual going on about him. He raised his head and became conscious of a drink-roughened young voice somewhere along his corridor raised in lurid cursing. Then came the unmistakable bark of a revolver. For the brief fraction of time that Mr. Burlingame took to leap into slippers and dressing-gown absolute silence held —then pandemonium broke loose.

He rushed into the hall in time to see the door across the way flung open and a man fall sprawling across the threshold. He knelt down beside him and recognized the well-dressed gentleman who had refused to play chess. The gambler lay writhing with the pain from a bullet wound through the shoulder. He wore no coat or vest; his shirt was already drenched with blood.

Over in one corner of the big room cowered the boy who had insulted Etta the previous morning. In his nerveless hand he held a revolver; his index finger flirted with the trigger. Mr. Burlingame rose quickly and walked across the room toward the cringing youngster. With one hand he grasped his wrist and with the other possessed himself of the pistol which he slipped into the pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I caught him cheating!" sobbed the boy, pointing to the fallen man. "He cleaned me out! He got what was comin' to him!"

Without a word Mr. Burlingame dragged him to the bathroom, forced him inside, shut the door and locked it. Then he turned his attention to the wounded man, on his face a serene, happy smile. Pulling a sheet off the bed he tore it into strips. He cut away the blood-soaked shirt and bound up the wound, awkwardly it is true, but nevertheless quite adequately.

This task completed, he took the time to look about him. He became conscious of the note of hysteria in the voices drifting in from the hallways; the semi-circle of faces crowded about the door became distinct. The hint of tragedy had smoked out the secrets of the Gratton House. There they stood—cringed rather—these secrets! Victims of the lack of self-control—cowards all! Afraid to face life as it should be lived—cleanly, sanely! There were rat-faced men nervously biting their knuckles—poor, contemptible creatures without the aid of their usual cheap sartorial splendours. There were painted women who were grotesquely horrible, their ashen faces daubed and streaked with yesterday's complexions. It was a motley crew whose nerves, tortured by the stress of loose, poisonous living, were snapping under the threat of danger.

Mr. Burlingame rose to his feet an folded his arms. He turned his head slowly, glancing at one after another of the abject creatures revealed by the dawn. He shuddered, but the smile on his thin lips widened.

"I do not quite understand why you are all so mortally afraid," he said in his gentle voice. "The would-be assassin is locked up in there; and this poor chap is in no condition to hurt you!"

There was an uneasy stir and a murmuring in the corridor.

Mr. Burlingame turned to the telephone beside the bed and called police headquarters. At the dreaded word the stir in the corridor increased. There came a sibilant rustle and the shuffling of many feet. The rats were scattering.

He filled a glass from an ice-water pitcher and bent over the wounded man.

"Are you feeling more comfortable?" he asked kindly.

The gambler merely groaned as he drank eagerly. The next moment a police sergeant and two officers walked into the room.

Mr. Burlingame told his story so blithely, with such a happy, genial smile, that the policemen looked at each other questioningly for a moment. It was a perfectly straight story, however, with not a detail of importance omitted. He then unlocked the bathroom door and discovered the boy lying on the floor, his head on his folded arms, sobbing his heart out.

"We'll take care of this young feller," said one of the officers, as they raised him to his feet and marched him down the corridor.

The sergeant stayed behind. He bent over the gambler, who lay with his eyes closed.

"The ambulance will be here in just a minute, Brady. I guess you're not so very bad hurt, eh?"

The gambler made no reply, except to groan again.

The sergeant turned toward Mr. Burlingame, who was standing with hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown staring out of the window and smiling at the rising sun.

"This little unpleasantness seems to have tickled you most to death, sir," commented the sergeant.

"This is the dawn of the happiest day of my life!" said Mr. Burlingame enigmatically, as his smile widened.

"Nutty!" murmured the policeman, turning to the ambulance men who were coming in.

They lifted the wounded man carefully on a stretcher and went slowly out with their burden. The sergeant took another look around the room and followed.

Mr. Burlingame was alone at last. He turned again toward the window through which the clean sunlight came streaming and flung his arms wide as though in greeting to the new day. Then he dashed across to his own room and dressed in frantic haste.

He ran downstairs and came to the dining-room as Etta was opening the doors.

"I don't think there will be any need of your services to-day," he said, still smiling broadly. "Have you heard?"

Etta nodded, a bewildered, frightened look coming into her eyes.

"Go right up to your room, put on your hat and jacket and come back here," ordered Mr. Burlingame.

Etta looked at him in dumb amazement. Although his lips were smiling there was a very resolute expression in his eyes. She had never seen him like this. She was going to remonstrate, but something in his glance checked her and instead she found herself running along through the hall to do his bidding. In a remarkably short time she came back, very alluring in her jaunty hat and trim suit.

"And where are we going now?" she asked timidly.

"First of all to my minister!" said Mr. Burlingame with prompt resolution. "After that the whole world lies before us, dear!"

Etta gasped and turned trusting eyes to his—eyes that were suddenly tear-filled.

"J-just as you say!" she stammered in happy confusion as she slipped her hand through his arm.

They walked slowly through the semi-obscurity of the musty hallway. Mr. Burlingame stopped and glanced

about him as though bidding farewell to the old house. Then drawing Etta closer he bent to kiss her lips. Her slender arms crept about his neck confidingly.

"Why," she said wonderingly—"why, you haven't got on your glasses!"

"I think, my dear, that for to-day I can see my happiness more clearly without them," he said, as he smiled down at her.

The next moment they had emerged into the sunlit glory of the early morning.

And so these two onlookers, innocent and unsmirched, came forth from the sink of iniquity to meet what life held in store for them—love, decency, happiness, the worth-while things.

TWO MEETINGS

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

WE met when all the air was blossom-sweet,
And Love was singing;
From every spot that touched his vagrant feet,
Were lilies springing.

"What gift hast thou for me, O Love?" I cried,
Of joy, what measure?
"No dole bring I," the lyric sprite replied,
"For thee no treasure"!

We met again beside the ripening grain,
And dream-flowers crowned him;
Leaves of the vintage, red with summer slain,
Were twined around him.

"What offering wilt thou make to me?" he cried,
"What homage, tender?"
"Here at thy feet, my heart and life," I sighed,
"In full surrender"!

WHEN GRANNIE SLEPT

BY LAURA A. RIDLEY

IT was a gloomy afternoon in November. The schools had closed for the day and most of the children were hastening home, anxious to escape the cold dampness of out-of-doors.

"Do hurry, Margery!" exclaimed a little girl to her companion, a small, wistful looking child of about eleven. "To see you walking one would think you liked to be out in this horrid cold!"

"I wish school kept open till supper time!" was the rather startling reply.

"Why, Margery Stiles, how can you say such a thing! As if school wasn't long enough! Why, I'd just die if I had to stay in that dreary old place all day."

Margery sighed. "It's different for you," she said." You have lots of company at home and don't have to sit still and be quiet like I do, with no one to talk to but Gran."

"Does your gran make you sit still? Well, I think that's mean!"

"Yes, till it's time to get supper, and then, you see, I have to help with that."

"Poor Margery!" Della Gibson glanced at her companion and noted the sad little pucker in Margery's mouth. "Come home with me," she suggested, " and we'll have some fun. It's my birthday to-day, you know, and I want to show you my new doll."

"Thanks, Della, I would love to, but Gran says I leave her alone too much. She told mother last night that I was always running over to the neighbours, and mother said I mustn't make a nuisance of myself."

Della put her arm round Margery. "Now, see here, Margery," she said, "I am going to tell you something. Mother was only saying last night how much she liked you and this morning she told me to be sure to bring you over to see my doll, so you see how much of a nuisance *she* thinks you."

Margery's face brightened. "Did she really say that, Della? How good she is!"

"Yes, she did. And, if you like, I will get her to write your mother a note, asking if you may come over as often as you want to."

"Oh, Della, you darling! But there's Gran: she wants me to stay with her."

"Well, she can't have you all the time. Come, Margery! It's my birthday and mother expects you."

A pleasant picture arose in Margery's mind of the bright sitting-room in the Gibson home, with the open grate and the comfortable chairs drawn up before it. The brief hours she had spent in her school friend's home were treasured memories which she kept stored up in her mind, to be reviewed in minutest detail when left alone with her grandmother. To Margery, Della's life seemed to be one prolonged paradise, of which she was allowed to have only an occasional glimpse.

"I should love to," she sighed, "but perhaps I had better go home first and ask Gran. Maybe she will let me come."

They were standing at the street corner where their ways parted.

"All right then, Margery. We'll expect you at about four. Now, don't

disappoint us. And, Margery," she called back with a smile, "there's a delicious chocolate cake that Mary made for my birthday. You must taste that."

Margery's mouth watered, for well she knew the palatability of the Gibson cook's cakes. It was rarely she tasted anything so good, as the Stiles lived in such a way that they had to depend largely on bakers' confectionery.

"I guess she will let me," called Margery, as she continued her way homeward with more alacrity than usual.

Margery lived with her mother and grandmother in the rear of a large frame house, which had seen better days, and which was badly in need of paint. Margery's mother who had been left a widow when the child was but two years old, had been glad enough to take refuge once more in her mother's humble home. She secured a position in a downtown cloak store where she worked from eight in the morning until six at night, leaving Margery with her mother. And this was the only home which Margery could remember. It was no wonder, then, that she preferred the school room where she could meet companions of her own age, to the dingy rooms at home, where she had spent so many dull hours with her grandmother.

This afternoon Margery found the old lady seated as usual beside the window in the low-ceilinged parlour, her hands busily engaged with her crochet work.

"Well, child!" she began querulously, "How late you are! I am glad, though, that you didn't go visiting today, as I don't feel up to getting supper to-night. This damp, raw air seems to get into my bones and make them ache, and I've scarcely stirred out of this chair since I did up the work this morning."

Margery's heart sank, for she realized now how useless it would be to ask any favour of her grandmother.

"Go, get your wraps off, child, and then come in here and tell me what you've been doing all day. I declare I feel as though I want some company, even if it's only a child!"

A few moments later Margery was seated beside her grandmother, her small hands listlessly folded in her lap.

"Now talk, child," commanded the old lady.

Margery was not unwilling to tell that which was uppermost in her mind.

"It's Della Gibson's birthday to-day," she began, "and she has a new doll. She wants me to go over and see it, and—oh, Gran! may I?"

Her grandmother ceased her work for a moment and looked severely at the child.

"You want to go and leave me when you've only just come in, and me not feeling well, either? Well, you're a nice kind of a child! You don't care how ill your old grandmother feels, do you, so long as you can go gadding round to the neighbours? But this sort of thing will have to stop. You heard what your mother said last night?"

"Yes, Gran, but it's a special occasion to-day, because it's Della's birthday, and I do so want to see her new doll."

"Well, the doll will keep, I daresay, if it's any kind of a doll. Now, mind, I don't want to hear any more about it. But I guess you won't be any company for me, after all, with nothing but that doll in your head, so you'd better get the Bible and read aloud a bit."

Silently Margery complied, bringing the heavy Bible from its place on the side table, and opening it on her small lap. She found the place where she had left off and began reading aloud in her singsong, childish voice.

The portion she read was from the First Book of Samuel, and she found it more interesting to read about the friendship of David and Jonathan than to be catechized about her work at school. It was after she had been reading for some time that she became aware of the fact that her grandmother had ceased crocheting. Look-

ing at her, she discovered that the old lady had fallen asleep.

Margery watched her grandmother tentatively. How long would she remain thus asleep, she wondered. She glanced at the clock, the hands of which pointed to a quarter past four. Although it was already getting dark, Margery did not light the lamp, for fear of disturbing the sleeper.

But how she hated to sit still in that dreary room!

Her eyes fell on the work in her grandmother's lap. It was a wrap she was making as a Christmas present for Margery's mother—a jacket to wear under her coat. Margery wondered why she had not chosen to make it in pretty colours—pink or light blue would be so much nicer for Christmas than the dull drab which her grandmother had selected. Then she began to wonder what her own present might be. Last Christmas her grannie had presented her with three pairs of knitted stockings, which, although warm, had been very discomforting to her tender skin. She was still wearing them and found that they improved with age. How she hoped that she would not be made to undergo further torture this Christmas!

Again she glanced at the clock. It was now half-past four and her grandmother still slept. She had known her to sleep on like this for over an hour, and she shuddered as she remembered the solitary times she had spent thus alone. She thought of Della, who would probably hase given her up by now. But there was still time. She could reach the house in five minutes if she ran all the way.

And the cake! Would the cake survive, as her grandmother had said the doll would? Margery thought of Della's two hungry brothers, and hesitated no longer. Softly tiptoeing out of the room and carefully closing the door behind her she left her grandmother peacefully asleep in her chair. Ten minutes later she was in the Gibson pretty sitting-room, seated before the open fire, with Della's new doll in her arms, and Della beside her, both children talking fast. Presently Mrs. Gibson asked Margery if she had had any refreshment since she returned from school.

"No, ma'am. I carry my lunch to school and Gran never gives me anything more to eat until it's supper time."

Mrs. Gibson looked shocked. Her own children had a warm lunch in the middle of the day, and there was always something ready for them when they returned from school, in case they should feel hungry.

"Well then, I am sure you would like some of Della's birthday cake. And perhaps a little currant wine would go well with it. Della dear, get your little friend some refreshment."

Della complied readily enough, and soon Margery was regaling herself with the most delicious cake and wine she had ever tasted.

But somehow she was uneasy in her mind, and could not enjoy herself as much as she usually did on these occasions. Suppose her grandmother should wake up and find her gone! She felt sure that she would never again be allowed to visit at the Gibsons' home. Suddenly she remembered that her grandmother had wanted her to get supper that evening. It was dreadful of her to have forgotten that.

"Will you please tell me the time, Della?" she asked in a troubled voice. "It must be getting late and I forgot that Gran wanted me to get supper tonight."

"Why, you won't have time to get supper now, child," declared Mrs. Gibson. "It's nearly six o'clock. Your grandmother will be getting it herself. She knew you were coming over here, didn't she?

For reply Margery burst into tears, while Della and her mother looked on in dismay. When at last Mrs. Gibson discovered the cause of her distress she hastened to console her.

"Now, dear child, don't cry any more! There is nothing to fear. I will write a little note to your mother

and explain that it is Della's birthday and that I want you to stay all night, Then, to-morrow, you can go to school with Della, and by the evening your grannie will be so glad to see you again that she will forget to scold you."

Margery felt a little dubious about this last point, but the suggestion sounded so delightful to her that she could not resist it, and she threw her arms round Mrs. Gibson's neck in an ecstasy of gratitude. To-morrow and its troubles seemed a long way off, and, childlike, she forgot the future in the pleasure of the moment.

After supper Mrs. Gibson sent one of the boys out with the promised note to Margery's mother. He had just left the house when the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Gibson went to answer it.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Gibson. Oh, is this Mrs. Stiles? Yes, she's here with us, perfectly safe. I have just sent you a note to ask if . . . Why, you don't say, Mrs. Stiles! How perfectly dreadful!"

What was it that was so dreadful? Margery listened apprehensively, her little face taking on its old anxious expression, and even Della stopped playing with her doll at her mother's last words. Then Mrs. Gibson's voice continued.

"Is there anything I can do? Yes, indeed, I shall be very glad to do so. She can stay all night. Certainly. Only too glad to be of service. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Stiles. I'm very, very sorry."

Mrs. Gibson's face was very grave as she returned to the children. She came and sat beside Margery, putting her arm around her.

"My dear child," she began, drawing her close, "I am so sorry to have to tell you such bad news. You need have no more fear of your poor old grandmother. She passed away in her sleep, while you were over here. Your mother has just returned home and found her."

Margery was overwhelmed. Her grandmother suddenly became very dear to her, and she herself appeared like a wicked, ungrateful child, who had left the poor old lady in her greatest need. For the second time that afternoon Margery burst into tears.

"Oh, I've been so wicked!" she sobbed. "She wanted me to stay with her, because she said she didn't feel well, and I left her while she was asleep. Perhaps she was dead when I left her. Oh, dear Mrs. Gibson, do you think God will ever forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dear," comforted Mrs. Gibson. "It would only have frightened you if you had discovered she was dead. You wouldn't have known what to do. Who knows but that it was God's hand that led you over here, so that you should not be frightened."

"But I disobeyed her—that wasn't God!" wailed Margery. "And what will mother say?"

This last reflection led to a fresh burst of grief, and Mrs. Gibson made a determined effort to console the child.

"Now Margery, you mustn't cry like that. You're making Della look quite sad and, you know, it's her birthday. Come, dry your tears! Your grandmother is quite happy, and perhaps she realizes that she didn't let you have enough pleasure in your life. And you are going to stay all night, and all to-morrow with Della. Won't that be nice?"

Again Margery was comforted. She stopped crying and looked at Della, who smiled encouragingly at her. In a little while she, too, began to smile, and it was not long before she had recovered sufficiently to listen with some interest to a fairy story which Mrs. Gibson told the children before they went to bed. But it was the going to bed which really quite consoled Margery. Della's pretty pink and white bedroom, with its snowy curtains, and the bright rug on the floor, fascinated her. And when she finally found herself in bed with Della, and Mrs. Gibson came in and kissed them both a motherly good-night, Margery sighed with contentment.

"I wish I could wake up in Fairyland to-morrow," she whispered to Della. But Della did not answer, for she was already half way to the Land of Nod, and it was not long before Margery joined her there.

The following morning she and Della attended school as usual, and Margery saw nothing of her home that day. The next day, however, her mother came for her. She was to accompany her to the funeral and Mrs. Stiles was already suitably dressed in black.

Margery suffered herself to be led away from her kind friends, her heart sinking with every step she took. What would her mother say to her about her disobedience? And what kind of life would she be expected to lead now.

But her mother seemed disinclined to talk much.

"I suppose you'd like to see your Gran?" she flung out suddenly. "She looks lovely. I had her laid out in her best black alpaca, and she looks as natural as can be—just as though she had fallen asleep."

Secretly, Margery was afraid to look at her dead relative, but she did not like to say so. So she let herself be led up to the casket, and there she took her last look at the poor old lady.

"She looks just as she did when I left her asleep in her chair," she whispered. "Do you think, mother, that she was dead then?

"Most likely," assented her mother. "She was dead when I got home, and the doctor said she had been like that for over an hour."

Margery shuddered and turned away. She did not want to look at her grandmother again. The rest of the day seemed to drag. The long drive to the cemetery, the interment, and the final drive home, were all like an evil dream, from which she would have liked to awaken once more in Della's pretty room. But it was in her old place in bed by her mother's side that she finally sought rest that night, and it was there that Mrs. Stiles began to speak of plans for the future.

"I've been thinking things over, Margery," she began, "and I've come to the conclusion that we may as well give up trying to keep a home together for the present. I've got to be away all day, anyhow, and it's precious little home life that I ever get. And now that there's no one to look after you, I'm kind of afraid to leave you alone."

Margery's heart beat fast. So they were going to give up this dreary home at last. Well, she was glad of that, at any rate.

"Do you remember your Aunt Hetty, Margery?"

Of course Margery remembered her Aunt Hetty. That summer holiday, two years ago, was still fresh in her memory, when she had visited her aunt in the country, and had run wild with her young cousins for two weeks of untold bliss. And then had come the time to go back to the city, and Aunt Hetty, her kind, brown eyes noting the change that two weeks had wrought in her little niece, had proposed keeping Margery with her. But Margery's mother had demurred. Grandmother had to be thought of. She was too old to be left entirely alone all day, and the child was just beginning to be handy round the house. Thus Margery had had to return to the city.

Now, however, conditions were changed. Could it be possible that her mother was reconsidering Aunt Hetty's offer? Margery scarcely dared to hope so, as she assured her mother that she remembered her Aunt Hetty—oh, very well!

Mrs. Stiles did not appear to notice the tremor in the child's voice.

"Well, Margery," she continued, "I am going to write to your aunt to-morrow, and tell her she can have you whenever she wants you to come. You may as well go there as anywhere else; you need someone to look after you, and I am sure I haven't the time."

"Oh, mother!" breathed Margery. "But where will you go?"

"Me? Oh, I'll stop at the 'Guild'. It'll be mighty handy for my work and will save carfare. We'll just stay

here till the end of the month, then there'll be a sale of the furniture, and off we go. And I guess the country air will do you good, child," she added kindly, "for I've noticed you look kind of peaked lately."

Margery clutched her mother's arm. "I shall hate to leave you, mother," she said, "but oh, how I love the country!"

"Well then, that's settled," said her mother, somewhat abruptly. "It's late now and I've got to go to work as usual to-morrow. I hope they don't dock me for the two days I took off."

Mrs. Stiles was soon fast asleep, but not so Margery. Her mother's words had banished all thought of sleep for some hours, but she was content to lie thus awake, her mind dwelling with rapture upon the joys of her future life. When she did finally fall asleep it was to dream of green meadows and country lanes where she wandered with her happy cousins, and through all her dreams she seemed to feel the kindly eyes of her Aunt Hetty upon her, and to see her ample arms held out to welcome the little city girl into the glad, new life.

YOUNG DAWN

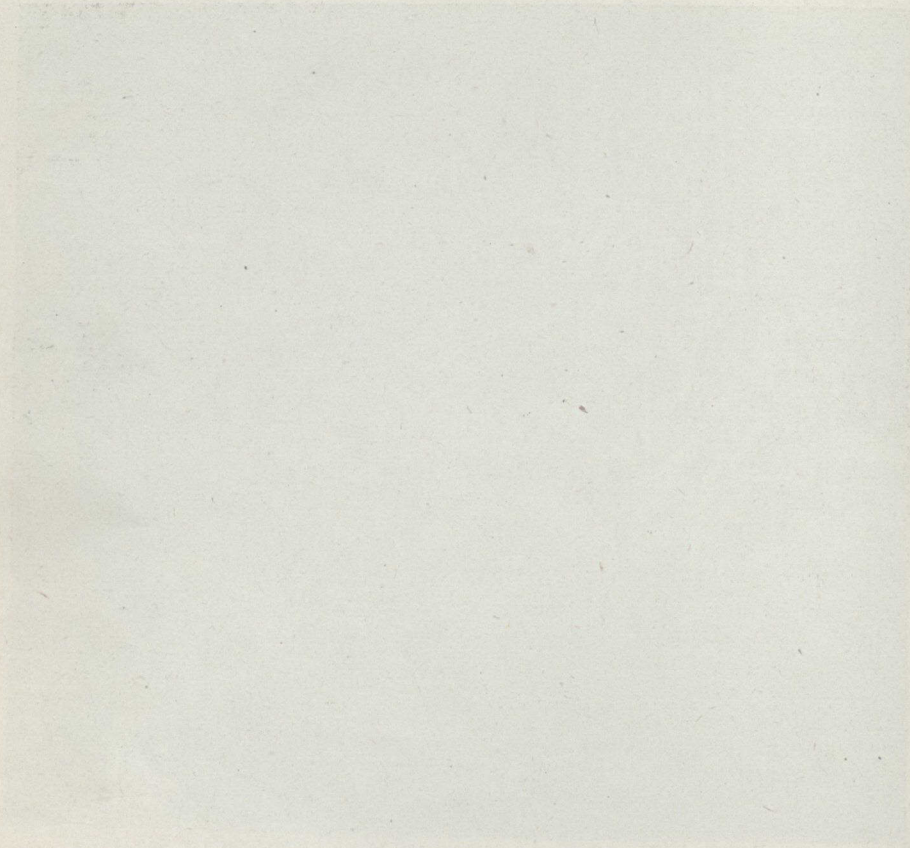
By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

DAWN fills the valley with a clean, cold mist,
And bathes her slender limbs and lifts her hair
To heaven, while her frank young bosom, bare
As carven marble, gleams with marble glist,—
Each beautiful breast by kindred beauty kist;
Perfect and pure, her form without compare
Steals into sudden contours, and her fair
Face swims and glimmers with her maidenwist.

She smiles, blushes a little, waves her hand,
And twinklingly they vanish, one by one,—
The drowsy lights dotting the dewy land:
Now is the miracle of morn begun,—
She waits him, worships him, nor would withstand
Her burning lover, the imperious Sun.

A WINTER TAPESTRY

From the Painting by
Lawren Harris.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



Sifting Millet

The first of eight photographs by Edith S. Watson illustrating homely industries of Doukhobors settled in British Columbia

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Plastering

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Twisting Flax

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Mangling

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

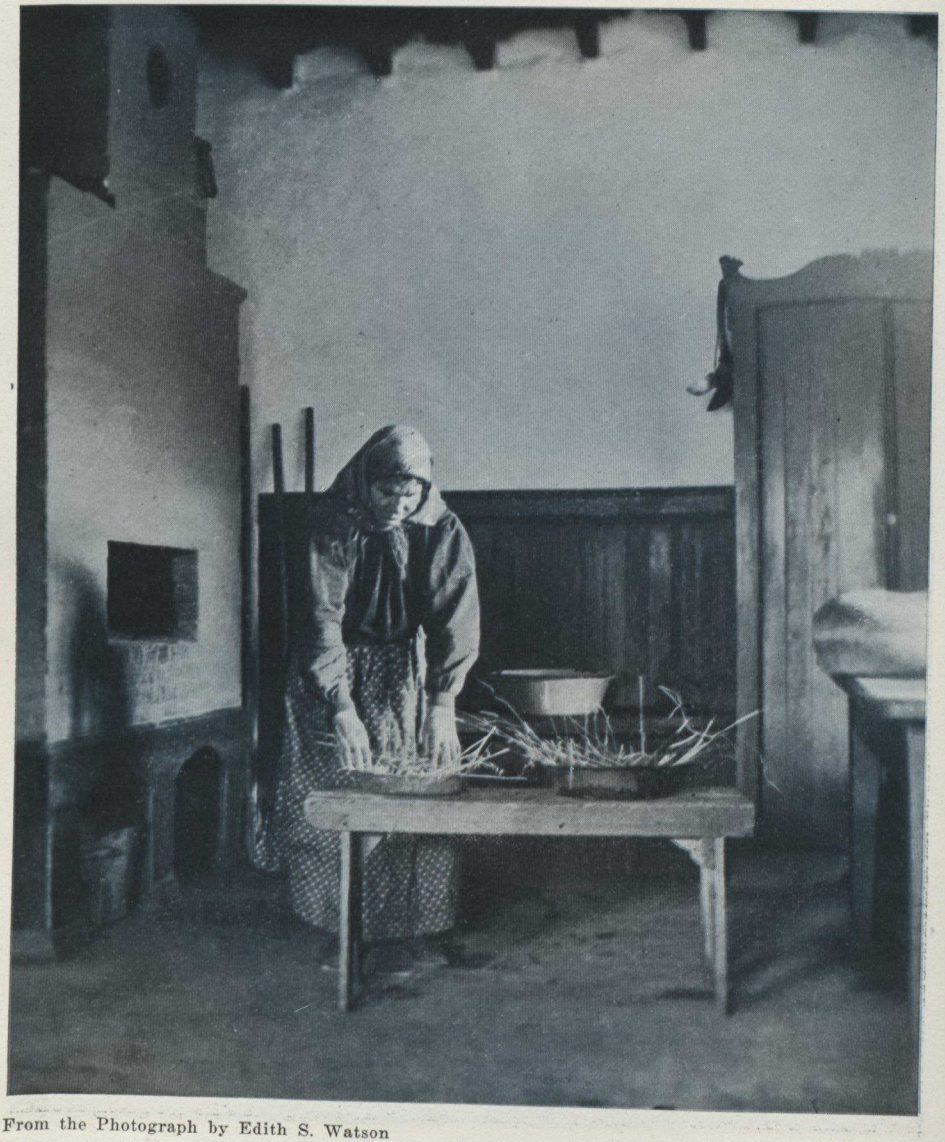
Cutting Bread

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Drying Apples

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

A Community Bake-oven



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

The Straw Lining

WAYSIDE CROSSES AND GARDEN SHRINES

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

VANISHING roads", no less than "the broad highway" of rural Quebec, are all more or less edged by wayside crosses and tiny garden shrines. From east to west and north to south the Quebecquois travels *a la rue Calvaire.*

But this *via crucis* is by no means a *via dolorosa.* Far from it. For the habitant does not set up his handmade, roadside cross, abounding with handmade symbols of the crucifixion, in a spirit of sadness, but rather as an expression of a happy life full of rich traditions of such crosses in Old France, brought over by his forefathers, and reproduced here in old Quebec since Cartier's time.

The wayside cross is now part of the landscape, in the habitant's eye, and to his mind, a happy calendar by which to notch events. It is in this spirit that the habitant landholders and heads-of-families in old Quebec set out to carve "the cross" that is the age-old milestone of the roads—the cross by which they will be remembered long ages after they have taken the hill-road to the *cimetière.*

It is winter—evening work begun after the day's work is over, when the *grande famille* have all had *super. C'est bon.* All the family is interested in *le père's* intention to make a new cross. The wood in hand is carefully gone over and the best pieces selected. Measurements are made "according to the cloth" and the sawing and planning begun. *Mon Père's* ideas are rounded out by suggestions from *la mère et les enfants.* Not one evening but many are consumed, till the winter runs away. And when in the spring all is ready and the new cross is set up, what wonder if it has an individuality all its own. This being the way these roadside crosses grow, there is good reason why not any two are alike.

One sometimes notes these crosses, shrines and chapels in the heart of towns but usually they stand beside country roads in coastal, agricultural and mountain sections.

It is country-folk who set up these rich milestones of the highway, in old Quebec. And whenever they appear in the heart of town or village it means either that some old-timer caused them to be so placed or that they were there before the town, and that the latter encroached.

Such a case as this is to be seen in two little wayside chapels to *bonne* Sainte Anne in Lévis.

Modern town life has encroached upon them to such an extent it is extremely difficult to get even a picture of them clear of telegraph poles, wires, etc., yet these little chapels, built one in 1789, the other in 1822, before electricity was heard of for power and

On a Manitoba Farm
with sheaf of wheat hanging above the sacred figure

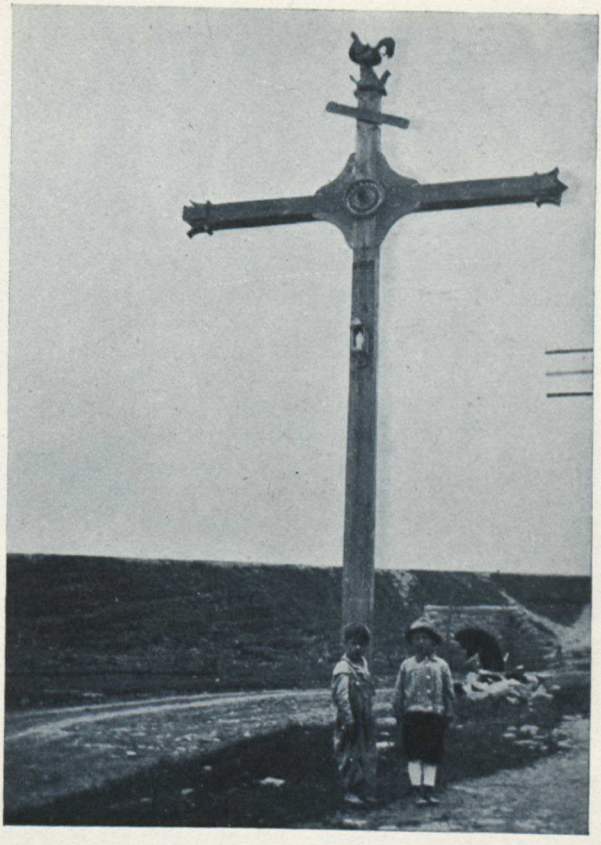
light, are still in use for the feast of good Sainte Anne.

What a cyclorama of Canadian history these little chapels could sketch for the pilgrims of to-day looking out from their doorways upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence.

How many a vivid chapter of the olden days was read of these little wayside shrines before it happened. Through what stirring times has the little red light before the altar not pointed the way of hope to men along the road of life? We hope that Levis will never grow so big but she will have a place for these wayside chapels that belong by right of the years and the things they have seen, to all Canada.

But to the highwaymen of to-day it is their size that points a revelation. How few, he thinks, must have been the people of this parish at the time these chapels were built, if all went to mass at the same hour.

It is a tradition in Quebec that "at first wayside crosses were set up at points where mass was said in the open air and later these little chapels were built". If this be so, here on this spot missionary priests of pioneer times caused "a wayside cross" to be set up long years before the foundation stone of these chapels was laid or Lévis as a town thought of. Another reason why the sacred land should never be absorbed by the town.



A wayside cross, Quebec Province

One reads much and hears much in Quebec of the landing of the great sea-adventurers of the French discovery who invariably brought with them missionary priests. No tale in history appeals more to the imagination than the landing of the Recollect Fathers at Percé and the setting up of the cross on the bluff headland opposite Percé Rock.

If you go to Percé to-day—like "the weathered skeleton of time", the cross with its extended arms silhouetted against the sky, still stands on the same spot chosen in 1535. A similar wealth of tradition gathers about the head of the little wayside chapel at Tadousac. To the visitor much of the charm of Tadousac centres in this chapel, dedicated to *"la patronice du Canada"—bonne Sainte Anne*—and out of use these fifty years except on special occasions, chief of which is naturaly the fête day of good Saint Anne. By the way Sainte Anne holds not only an esteemed but an adventurous enshrinement in the heart of French Canada. It was she who protected the early navigators, she who encouraged, sheltered, finally havened the Breton sea-adventurers in the bays and coves of the Lower St. Lawrence. And the farther seaward reach the highways of this part of Canada today, the more popular appears Sainte Anne for wayside shrines. She is a *personality* with a very human and approachable heart to all fishermen; and every little boat dancing in and out of Baie de Chaleur feels the eye of Ste. Anne upon her. *La Protectrice de Pecheurs!* Every fisher-

Near Saint Féréol, P. Q.

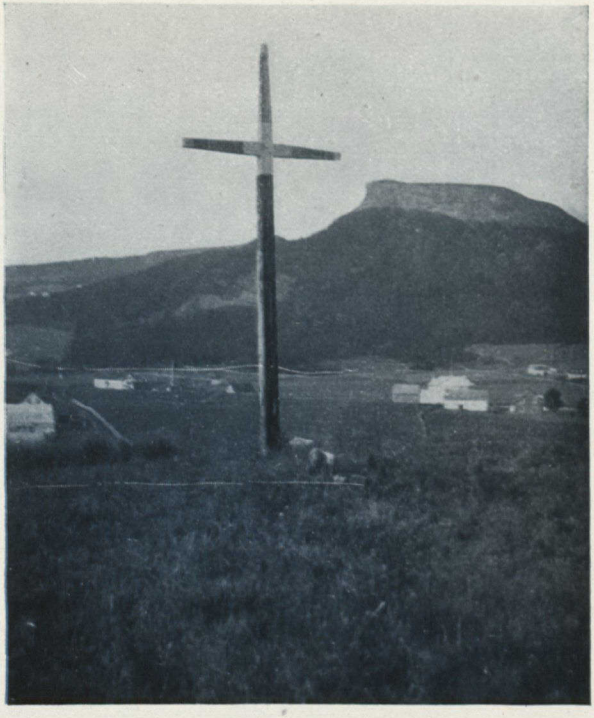
man carries a little figure of the saintly woman whose specialty is navigation, fishing, storms, boats, *la morue,* and a thousand-and-one angles of his life, and then, as if fearing something might be overlooked, clinches all with *"du Canada"*.

Therefore, where the abrupt Laurentians fling their beetling brows to the wild gales and dun sea-fog, there on *la montagne,* at the very top, as if to see well, the little boats balance in calm majesty on the quarter-deck of the continent, is a life-size figure of the Saint.

Many a time lingering, after the long steep climb, under the shadow of this figure-of-the-ages looking down upon the weathered arms of the cross upon the headland, I have been struck by the force of allegory brought into being by these two figures in juxtaposition. Out of the heart of the one, protective, evolves the protecting arms of the other. Yet there was no motif or thought of this behind the erection of these two figures. The cross is simply the cross of the Recollet Fathers and pioneer missionaries renewed continually through the centuries whenever age and decay or some sudden storm made a new one necessary. *Bonne Sainte Anne sur la Montagne* was set up by the local fishermen of a generation ago.

All these things are written on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and as we take the shore-road west many a shrine and high-way cross continues the tale of rural piety and peace. But it is possibly the north shore of the St. Lawrence including Ile d' Orleans where the shrine takes on clear-cut historic importance.

The most famous shrine in all America is situated at Sainte Anne de Beaupré. Here Ste. Anne comes in close touch laying her healing power yearly upon the spirits and ill-bodies of thousands of pilgrims hailing from widely separated regions of Canada and the United States, with a sprink-



Recollet Cross at Percé

ling from every other quarter of the globe.

One would think that a region overshadowed, as it were, by so dominant a force as Ste. Anne de Beaupré might easily show poverty in the matter of the simple farmers' crosses and wayside and garden shrines of which we write, but along the Montmorenci and the Beaupré road quite the contrary is to be observed.

Remarking on this and the surprising frequency of the wayside crosses in this region, to a prominent Quebecquois, he assured us, to his thinking, there were not so many now as of old. "Why," said he, "when I was a boy every house had one." However, their popularity may have decreased in the eye of the old-timer, backed by a memory reaching back more than three score years, they still recur frequently enough to-day to notch every mile of the twenty-one between Quebec City and Sainte Anne de Beaupré village. So that to the visitor, without such perspective, it is evident the habitant of these parts has no intention of relinquishing his personal and intimate belief in the mascot of the Cross, Sacre Coeur, and bonne Ste. Anne for his farm, garden, mill, meadows or bit of roadway, because the world has a shrine at Beaupré that rivals Lourdes.

Nor do these milestones cease at the church. Rather they are to be happened on all along the road east to Saint Joachim, and peep out at intervals along the Cap Tourment road into the heart of the Laurentides at 'tite de Cap, St. Féréol, St. Têtes, etc., as far as the road and the habitant home pushes back into the heart of North-eastern Quebec.

In the wayside crosses of this north shore, however, we have fancied finer work in execution, though perhaps not

A Garden Shrine at Ste. Anne de Baupré

so strong and bold a concept, as a rule, as in the sea-coast cross. This finer handiwork is no doubt traceable to the influence of the art in the basilica of Sainte Anne with which the people hereabout are in almost constant contact. At least the church gets the credit till one remembers that these wayside crosses are the handiwork of a long line of carvers dating into Normandy and Brittany, and that to the Tremblays, Gigueres, Couchons, Desbarats, Gagnons, as well as other families. The Beaupré wood-carving of sacred figures and symbols "runs in the blood' 'and is an inherited talent handed down from generation to generation.

Whether the inspiration comes from written or at the suggestion of the beauty in *The Great Shrine,* it is certain these wayside crosses, crucifixes and chapels and shrines of this Laurentian highway stand out among Canada's finest landmarks. Seldom one of the crosses but has simple wood-carved symbols of the Crucifixion attached—cup, ladder, hammer, hands, nails, the crown of thorns. Not all are present on the very old-timers, but an absent cup, a wind-blown hammer, a broken nail gives them a greater grip. Especially when about the weather-worn "foot" a wild rose has sprung up and been spared by the scythe of the mower. This same St. Lawrence section is also the rambling playground of the tiny garden shrine. It is as if the hand of an aviator had scattered from the clouds these miniature niches of the saints; so that one or more dropped into every garden far and near.

These little garden shrines, many no larger than the bread-box, are the pride of every habitant home-garden-

A wayside Shrine at Varennes, P. Q.

er. The entire household takes an interest — especially *grandmère et grandpère*. It is the old man's fancy that every spring mixes the paint and guides the brush that freshens into new life the old colours.

And are they dun colours that he mixes?

Most assuredly not!

White and light blue—the colours of the heavens.

The touches of life—the blood, the flesh, the hope—are given with *real* flowers, picked fresh every morning from the surrounding garden and set —a tiny bouquet votive-offering before the holy figure of "Mary", "The Son of Mary" or maybe "Bonne Ste. Anne".

The private gardens fringing the main street of Ste. Anne de Beaupré rival each other in these happy little shrines. All stand on elevations of stone or willow-wood post and a clinging vine or tall peonies or ambitious poppies or nestling mignonette tone down the newness of the sky-colours and touch with effective life the tiny figure in plaster or bisque that symbolizes the faith of M'sieu and Madame.

In the garden of the summer home of two American ladies, adjoining the highway of Beaupré toward St. Joachim, is a specially attractive little shrine with a collaret of St. Joseph lillies. Lillies which, appropriately enough, are always in full bloom, for the fête day of bonne Sainte Anne.

Some of the Quebec cross-makers often cut a niche in the cross in which is set the Christ-figure, the statue being protected from the weather by glass as in the case of the garden

shrines. A good example of this is seen in the cross from the Indian village of Caughnawaga across the river from Montreal.

This particular cross is further distinguished by the figure of a cock surmounting it.

On the highways of Quebec one likes the way trade salutes the cross. Men and boys passing in their two-wheeled carts find time to lift their hats and busy pedestians often stop to murmur a prayer at the foot of the cross by the edge of the road. These things are matter of course in picturesque, thrifty Quebec. They belong as naturally as the St. Lawrence or the Laurentians, but one is surprised on running into Sudbury in Ontario to see there, on the bare rocks high above the tracks, a large grotto, found on closer investigation to contain a life-size figure of "the Virgin" as Regina Gallorain.

Local men say it was erected by an old French Count who had been coming to Sudbury for many years prior to 1914, but who failed to come over during the war. They say the Count sat daily in the grotto at the feet of Mary.

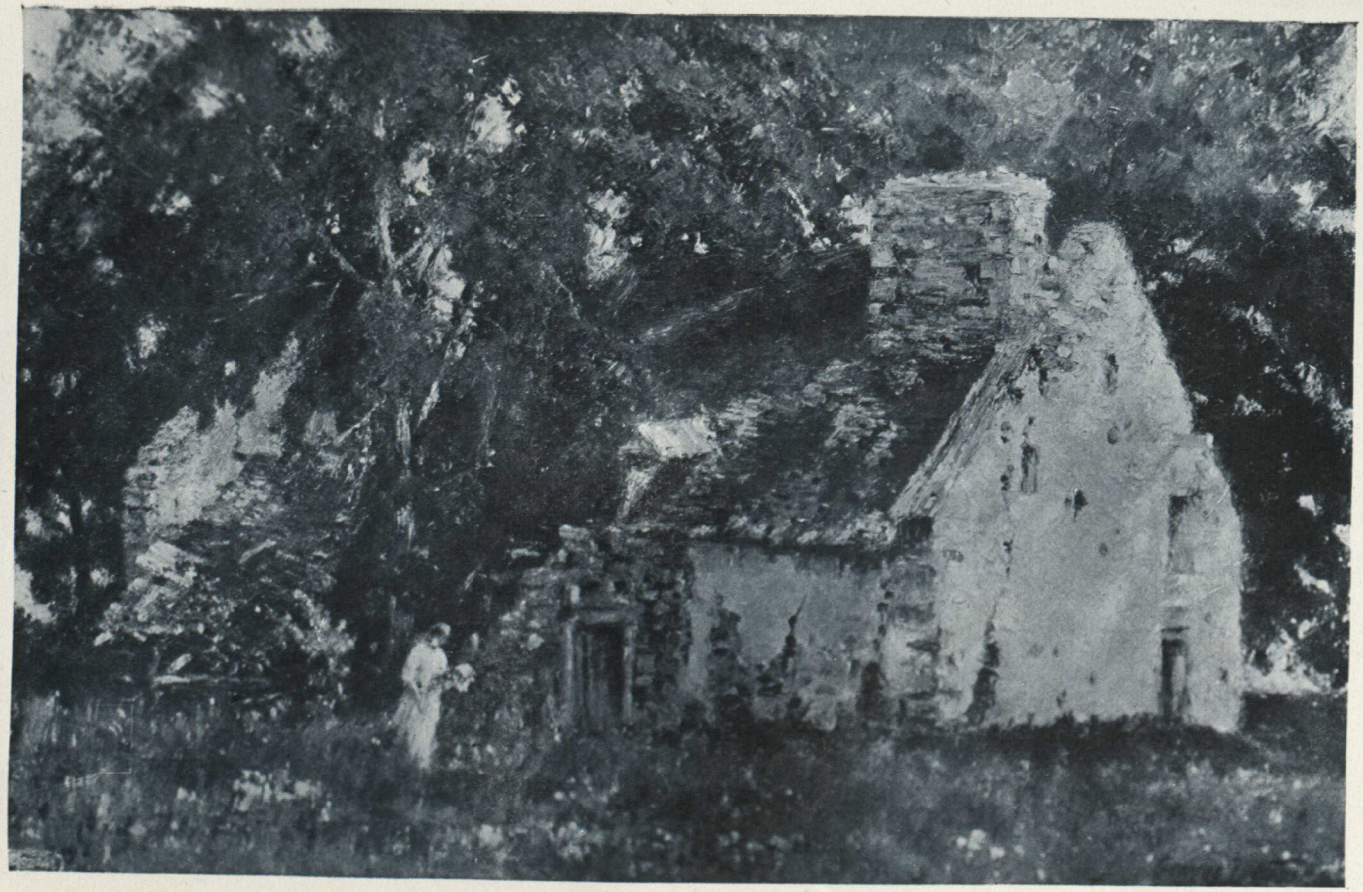
Then came the war.

And the only word of him since has been the receipt by a townsman of a paper edged in black as big as the page of a ledger covered with the names of relatives killed in action. Ontario may be proud of its wayside shrine.

At least two other widely separated wayside crosses are to be seen in Western Canada. One, a large crucifix in the Roman Catholic Hospital at the Pas. The other, a crucifix with figures on a platform in the cemetery at St. Norbert, near Winnipeg. There is also a shrine in a little wood at St. Norbert to which it is said small pilgrimages are made. However, it is undoubtedly rural Quebec which carries off the palm for wayside shrines and crosses. Somehow her "milestones" are an historic "part of the landscape", belonging both to yesterday and to-day.

It is worthy of note, too, that the Quebec farm which has set up a shrine or cross somewhere along the road, invariably appears prosperous. And those localities most particular in the observance of this old custom brought from France by the first settlers are never down-at-heels. It is evident it is the industrious, thrifty landowners who have inherited their demesnes from industrious, thrifty and religious forefathers who look most carefully to the old cross. The milestone of the years as well as of the road.

Straight back without a break these old weather-beaten shrines of the seacoast and the narrow farms trace their lineage to that first Cross, where all roads meet.



OLD LA SALLE HOUSE

From the Painting by Georges Delfosse. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

III.

I COME now to deal with a question which caused great interest and profound feeling in Canada, which has died out entirely in the public mind, yet which needs some person who was behind the scenes to treat it exactly as it existed and make its features prominent as they should be.

When the Liberals were defeated in the election of 1887, one of the difficulties they were faced with was the fact that Mr. Blake had retired from the leadership of the Opposition. Furthermore, the failure to break down the National Policy of Canada in two general elections, even by means of a divided vote on Quebec on the Riel question, led the Liberals to seek for another and important issue upon which they thought the country could be carried. Times were not especially good in 1888-89 and besides that quite a number of leading men in the United States and Congress had spoken on the subject and uttered sentiments that were considerably appreciated here in Canada. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was known to be a writer of marvellous skill and ability, had advocated a policy of reciprocity, unrestricted in its character, between the United States and Canada, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, who was still a Canadian citizen, although a resident in New York, had caught the sentiment in the air and was devoting all his great energies to the promotion of such a question among the people of Canada, and therefore it was that in the session of 1889-90 the Liberal party was steadily favouring by resolution and otherwise a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. By "unrestricted" is meant that there should be no limit to the extent to which they should go. They would adopt a policy of trade with the United States as liberal as the United States would grant. Reciprocity had always been advocated and supported by Canadians. We had the advantage of a Reciprocity treaty which lasted from 1854 to 1866 and great prosperity had existed during that time. It was terminated in 1866 and it was thought by men who had an interest in terminating it for the purpose of getting even with Canada for the manifestation of sympathy with the rebels, which had been exhibited in many parts of Canada. After 1866 both parties made great efforts to get the question of reciprocity brought to a successful issue. It was tried by Galt and several others. A representative was sent to Washington in 1875, in the person of Mr. George Brown, and a reasonable treaty was framed, but it did not get the assent of the American Congress. Therefore, there was no reason for the Liberals to suppose that this question of unrestricted reciprocity would be otherwise than

favourable to Canada and that people would be disposed to welcome it with joy.

I had an interview with Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who was leading the Opposition in 1888, in which he rather apologized on account of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons not having clearly put on record its attitude on this question. I, however, was not necessarily in favour of the Opposition adopting that as a policy because it was opposed to the general principle which an opposition had of proposing a question which is definite in its character and has to be sustained on all points alike.

I considered it sufficient if the Liberal party had rather favoured the policy without having committed themselves to it as a policy and received the support from Mr. Wiman and Mr. Goldwin Smith and many others who were advocating it, and gone to the country without such a clear issue as Unrestricted Reciprocity and carried the elections on it; but that is a question which is scarcely here or there because it was adopted as a policy by the Liberal party, and when the elections were to be held in 1891 it was fairly flung to the people as an inevitable issue upon which the party would stand or fall.

It must be understood that the Government were apparently afraid of the issue because they announced, on going to the country in February, 1891, that they were about to send a delegation to Washington to arrange for the subject of reciprocity and that they could not go until after the 4th March, and they desired to have the support of the people of Canada in sending such a delegation. It turned out that there was nothing at all in the statement of such a deputation being received. They had received a letter from the Secretary of State stating that the Government were not prepared to discuss the matter, but would be prepared to hear it some time after the 4th March and no delegation was sent for that purpose until long after the 4th March, and it was then purely purposeless and received no consideration from the American authorities. This is evidence that the Government felt the necessity of placating the people on the subject of reciprocity with the United States at that time.

Those who were in favour of the policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States had in the back of their minds a fear that it would be regarded as having too little regard for British interests and place Canada in the position of asking and receiving favours from the United States rather than from Great Britain, but it required some special circumstance to create the impression in regard to this question which would make it inimicable to the loyal interests of Canada. It was not undertaken by the Liberal party with any such aim in view. This may be gathered from the men who were supporting it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier strongly supported it, and he was known to be thoroughly British in sentiment. Sir Louis Davies strongly supported it and he is known to be intensely loyal, and it was advocated and supported by Sir Oliver Mowat in the Quebec conference held in 1887. It was maintained and supported throughout by men who would sacrifice anything rather than the loyal attitude of Canada toward the British Empire. No thought of carrying the matter to an extent which would jeopardize the thoroughly cordial relations between us and the Empire occurred to one of the supporters and furtherers of this scheme. It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith was quite prepared to advocate annexation with the United States and some others had that idea in view, but that represented but a mere fraction of those who gave their adherence to the principle of Unrestricted Reciprocity.

It was, however, as the election was approaching, necesary to get some method of fastening the taint of disloyalty of the advocates of Unre-

stricted Reciprocity, and Sir John Macdonald, by a singular circumstance, managed to get access to a pamphlet that was prepared by Mr. Edward Farrar for use in the United States, in which the whole question of the relations, political and otherwise, between Canada and the United States was left entirely open for free discussion and Mr. Farrar occupied at that time a conspicuous position in the Liberal party. Sir John Macdonald went to a great public meeting held in Toronto and in great excitement referred at length to this pamphlet and declared that a motion was on foot to deprive Canada of her rights in the British Empire and those who would seek unrestricted reciprocity with the United States were bending their energies towards weakening the ties which bound us to the Motherland and strengthen the tie which would bind us to Washington, and soon after Sir John Macdonald issued an address to the Canadian people in which he used these words:

"As for myself, my course is clear. A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the 'veiled treason' which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance."

This was taken up by the press and public men of the Conservative party all over the country and the matter was propagated to such a degree that a great feeling of distrust was created in regard to the attitude of the Liberal party on this question, and the result was that the Liberal party was beaten at the polls in March, 1891, and the question from that time died out of the public mind entirely.

I may state that I had a leading part in working up the feeling between the two countries on this subject. At the instance of Mr. Erastus Wiman I was invited to participate in a banquet at Boston at which more than two hundred gathered at the Hotel Vendome, representing two hundred millions of money. Some of the foremost men of the country were there. Senator Macdonald and myself were present on behalf of Canada, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, Hon. Mr. Dingley and Hon. R. R. Hitt were the chief speakers for Canada, although Senator Hoare was present on the occasion. The speeches were all of a high order and commanded the close attention of all. My speech on that occasion, by accident or whatever else you may choose, was perhaps the most successful of the lot. I had always born in mind the great speech that Howe had delivered in Detroit, which led the audience in the midst of it to rise to their feet and give him prolonged cheers. I never supposed another Nova Scotian could succeed to the same degree, but I am happy to say that when I closed my remarks the audience rose as one body and for a period of a minute or two cheered in an uproarious manner.

Another occasion was at a banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, when there was an equal number present, and the speakers were Hon. George Graham, Hon. T. B. Bayard, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and myself. The most unfortunate incident occurred at this meeting. The first speaker called upon was the Hon. C. G. Gresham and he spoke with wonderful power and force. I had never heard him before and I could not express the feelings which I had on hearing him declaim in that brilliant and successful manner. As he took his seat, he reached for a glass of water in front of him and raised the glass, but before he could drink of it he fell dead. His seat was only the second from mine and he fell so that his head came opposite the rear of my chair. He was dead in an instant and the effect of his death prevented the other speeches from being made.

In Louisville, Kentucky, in January, 1891, I accompanied Mr. Wiman to a great banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in favour of this system, when Henry Watterson was present

at the meeting and took part in it, together with Wiman and myself. While the banquet was being held, a telegram was placed in my hands from Mr. Fielding, the Provincial Secretary, and Premier of Nova Scotia, announcing that the elections would be held on the 5th March, which made it necessary for me to go home immediately after the banquet. We were taken there in a private car owned by President Norton of the Louisville National Railway, who accompanied us on the occasion. It was but thirty-six hours before I arrived in Halifax and prepared to take part in the contest.

The contest which followed on February 5th, was a memorable struggle in Canada. It may be stated emphatically that the mass of Canadian Liberals supported Unrestricted Reciprocity with no thought of doing anything against the best interests of the Empire. Occasionally some leading citizen got away from them, but that was but a rare exception. It was a tremendous struggle. In addition to the fact that the question was a commercial one that was being fought, the Liberals were reinforced by the changed attitude of Quebec. In the first place, Wilfrid Laurier had become leader in that Province and his name was a great name throughout the country, besides, the execution of Riel, had created a revulsion of feeling among great numbers, which led to the division of Quebec, and as many members were elected in Quebec to oppose the Government as there were to support it, whereas the result of the previous elections had been that the Conservatives commanded fifty seats and the Liberals only fifteen. The general result was pretty decisive—Ontario and Quebec came out even, but all the western provinces gave a majority for the Government and all the eastern or Maritime Provinces, gave a large majority for the Government, and they were sustained by a trifle more than thirty majority.

It was considered at first that I should give up my office of Attorney-General and contest the county of Annapolis in the Liberal interests on Unrestricted Reciprocity, but, after fully consulting with Mr. Fielding and other friends, I reached the conclusion that the circumstances would hardly justify it at the time, and I arranged for a convention and selected Mr. William A. Chipman as the candidate and ran the election as vigorously as it could be run (and put all the merits of Unrestricted Reciprocity as well as they could be put, but we failed by about a hundred majority, and I went back to Halifax from that contest feeling sore at heart. The simple fact was that so much stress had been placed on Unrestricted Reciprocity all over the country, and I had myself so completely thrust myself in the very foremost of the fight, that I felt the defeating of that question was an annihilation of any hopes or expectations I had in Dominion politics.

The effect of this question was to create a strong feeling in Canada of moving this country along on lines that were favourable to our connection with Great Britain, and to create a distrust of anything that savoured of making our relations with the old Mother Country dependent in any way upon the United States. At that time it must be understood that the feeling toward the United States in Canada was quite different from what it is to-day. The effect of the war and the uniting of military forces with the British and French in carrying on this vast undertaking has created a strong sympathy between us and the United States to-day, which was not in existence in former times. For myself, I have no hesitation in stating that at that time I was not opposed to considering the question of Canada forming a nation by herself independent of Great Britain but in close alliance with that country. Such a sentiment avowed to-day would not meet with any degree of sympathy or

support in this country, where we have been for four years associated with Great Britain in a great war and sending four or five hundred thousand of our troops and incurring enormous public debt for maintaining the honour and independence of the Empire against the military forces of Germany. A feeling of intense loyalty and devotion has sprung up, and, at the present moment, is at its zenith in this country, and no one would pretend to advocate the views which I announced as my own twenty years ago. What will come of it all, it is impossible now to foresee. We have achieved victory and it is not unlikely that the present sentiment in favour of union with the interests of the Empire at large may become so part and parcel of the Canadian thought that any idea contrary to that would be received with repugnance. The part which Erastus Wiman took in the matter and his unfortunate career will be remembered by those who are older in politics, but such matters pass along into history and leave scarcely any trace on the times to come. The Government was sustained and business went on as usual, although all attempts at Reciprocity with the United States were a mere farce and were intended to be a farce. The session of 1892 became a somewhat important session because of certain scandals which were brought up, touching members and prominent supporters of the Government. An investigation had scarcely been more than started before an event occurred of very great importance.

Sir John Macdonald was exhausted and his health impaired by the result of the midwinter campaign of 1891. He was taken seriously ill, and, as the result of his long connection with the Conservative party and his success as leader, the news of his illness was received with the greatest concern in all parts of the Dominion, and finally, on June 6th, he died. The Conservative party were in considerable difficulty to know what to do for a leader. Their choice fell upon Mr. J. J. C. Abbott, who was then in the Senate, as leader, and he continued in that position for fully a year. Mr. Abbott was a gentleman of some considerable power, but he did not rise to the strength and dignity of a leader, and after a time, his health failing, he being an old man, he retired, and then by general consent, Sir John Thompson became the leader. The party was in fairly good shape under Sir John Thompson's leadership with all the opposition that could be brought against him, but he went on to England at the close of 1894, and being about to be received in Her Majesty's Privy Council, he went out to Windsor with a certain number of his colleagues, and at a luncheon there he was suddenly seized with a fit and died. His remains were brought home in one of Her Majesty's ships and he was given a public funeral in Halifax, and so we have to write the last of Sir John Thompson. His body lies buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Halifax.

The Conservative party now had considerable difficulty in determining the leadership, and it was finally arranged that Mr. MacKenzie Bowell should go to the Governor-General and talk over certain matters, and on the strength of this it should be determined what course should be pursued. It appears, however, that he consented to be leader himself, and came back and informed his colleagues that he had been entrusted with the formation of a Government. It is no disrespect to Sir MacKenzie Bowell to say that he was in no respect fitted for the discharge of duties which rested upon a Premier of Canada. At that time it was requisite that there should be a man of considerable force of character at the head of affairs because Canada was at that moment grappling with the Manitoba School question. A judgment in the Privy Council had recently been given which, in effect, rendered it possible for the Government of Canada to pass

a remedial bill in regard to Manitoba. Mr. Foster became the leader of the Government in the Lower House, and Mr. MacKenzie Bowell, who was in the Senate, became the leader in that body.

The session of 1895 was passed without any very great effect, but it was agreed that if Manitoba should determine to do nothing, that a remedial bill should be introduced into the House of Parliament and carried. There was also some considerable difficulty in the appointment of vacant seats in the Government for Quebec, which were vacated owing to the refusal of the Government to pass remedail legislation in the session of 1895. One would have thought that MacKenzie would have been conscious of how much depended on getting this bill prepared, but, as a matter of fact, matters were allowed to drift without doing anything at all until the day of the next session had dawned. The mover and seconder of the answer to the address had made their speeches in the House and then, all of a sudden, a certain portion, all the portion who had any particular strength or weight, resigned in a body. They consisted of Foster, Dickie, Haggart, Tupper, Ives, Montague, and Wood, and this led to a tremendous climax in the history of the party. By a singular providential circumstance, Sir Charles Tupper had been summoned from England to Canada in order to discuss and give them positive knowledge as to how far he had succeeded in getting some arrangements made in England for a fast line of steamships, which was at that time a burning question, and Sir Charles Tupper left England and arrived in Canada just after these resignations had taken place, and both parties at once went to him as the proper person to take the management of the matter into his own hands and secure a method of going on with business and saving the Government for the elections of 1896, which would have to come off not later than June of that year. Sir Charles addressed himself to this task. He saw Mr. Foster and he saw Mr. MacKenzie Bowell and at last it was compromised that he should take a seat in the Government, that the remaining members who had resigned should come back and fill their places and that he should carry on the Government as leader of the House of Commons during the session of 1896, and that when that session closed Mr. Bowell should resign his leadership and retire from active participation in public affairs and Sir Charles Tupper become the Premier of the Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper had to run his election somewhere, and Mr. David McKeen, one of the members for Cape Breton, resigned his seat in order that Sir Charles Tupper should run in that county, and which was considered then a very safe one for the Conservative party. Mr. George Murray, who was then a member of the Provincial Government, resigned on account of insistent demands of all parties, to run against him, and the greatest furore existed in connection with this election. Mr. Charles Devlin came down, and I also devoted myself from beginning to end to that county, but the result of it all was that Tupper was returned by a majority of eight hundred, and we were left in disappointment. He went to Ottawa and at once arranged for the Remedial Bill, which he proceeded to carry into the House of Commons, and was met by an overwhelming system of obstruction from Dalton McCarthy and by members of the Liberal party as well, and they pursued this system of opposition to such an extent that time drew near when it would be impossible to carry it and still provide the necessary arrangements for other matters, and Sir Charles Tupper was compelled to admit that the Opposition had been successful and that the Remedial measure should be dropped for the present session, and that voting of supplies be gone on with; and finally the session adjourned and

Sir Charles Tupper formed his Government and the elections of 1896 were held.

Then came the great event—the election of 1896, which was fought with all the vigour and resource which can be brought to bear upon anything in the way of a political contest for Canada.

The great question at issue was the Manitoba School question, on which it is not necessary to dwell at any great length at this stage. It was a great question and involved very important interests, but I may be permitted to state my opinion that it was not the determining factor in the elections of 1896. The real was that the Conservatives had been in power then eighteen years; that Sir John Macdonald in 1892 had died, that there was not the same controlling force in the Conservative machine as when he was alive; that they had had frequent changes in the head of the administration; that under MacKenzie Bowell there had been great differences; there had been considerable scandals brought out against them, and Sir Hector Langevin had been compelled to resign, and beyond that Wilfrid Laurier was exerting an enormous influence in Quebec which would give the Liberals of that Province a tremendous majority, as everything combined to point inexorably to the defeat of the Government, no matter how fully and completely the situation was handled by Sir Charles Tupper.

I was induced myself to resign and run in Annapolis county. The Manitoba School question had scarcely anything to do with the result of the election there. They had endeavoured to induce Mr. Fielding to resign and run for the Dominion also, but he considered it wiser to wait and see the result. I ran without any definite assurances of a position in the new Government, in case one should be formed, but I had very strong assurances from the Liberal leaders of such a position, in case it should be formed and I had been elected. If I had been elected in 1896, I should, no doubt, have had the position in the Cabinet which Mr. Fielding occupied for fifteen years. I had a communication from Mr. Laurier, written only the day after the elections, in which he urged me to hold myself in readiness for a position in the course of a few days, and I did hold myself free, but it appears now that the powers that be in the other provinces exerted an influence on Mr. Laurier to induce Mr. Fielding to come in. Although I had run an election with all the chances and risks and he had not, I had not the slightest occasion to find fault with my friends for so determining nor in forming the opinion that Mr. Fielding was better adapted than myself for such a position. I make no complaints and offer no objections, suffice it to say that Mr. Fielding did get a place and I did not. I took the office of Attorney-General, which had been vacant since my resignation, in less than a month from the election. It was offered to me by Mr. Murray, whom Mr. Fielding had selected as his successor, and I held the office until June, 1905, when I was appointed to the Supreme Court.

So ended my dream in connection with Dominion politics. Whether it was better for myself or worse is of no consequence whatever. The chance came and it passed me by, and I accept the inevitable without uttering a word of complaint.

The result at all events of the election was that the Liberals carried about thirty or forty majority and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was called upon to form a Government, and thereby we had fifteen years of Liberal rule, in which no episode in the forming of the Government was of special interest to me except that on the 23rd June, 1905, I was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court.

(To be continued)

THE JUNGLE CAT

BY F. ST. MARS

FREDERICK CHAUS, (otherwise Baby-Face Chaus, or the Jungle Cat, according to whether you were his friend or his enemy) stood staring mildly—this was as near gloominess as he ever permitted himself to show—with his big, innocent, child-like blue eyes down upon the silent street.

Now, as a type of intrepid big-game hunter and trapper of fierce beasts, Baby-Face Chaus—half English, half Welsh, by birth—could not do other than strike the most casual observer with anything but a smile of incredulity.

Baby-Face Chaus was still wondering—and mentally wandering—at the window, when one of those discreet-looking, dark, clean-shaven men, with bowler hat and black tail-coat and umbrella all complete, who have special Government messenger written all over them, came up the street, stopped, and then knocked at the front-door.

Baby-Face watched him; then, crossing the room, took down the little grinning bronze devil who lived atop of the mounted elephant's foot on the mantelpiece, and turned him round three times for luck. "An answer to my application for special service," quoth he, and next instant his housekeeper entered the room with a letter.

Chaus broke the seal, took out a sheet of paper, stared at it, turned it over, stared at it again, shook out from the envelope a visiting-card and a Government railway pass, regarded the paper again, and, "Mrs. Sangstone," quoth he, "my fishing-kit, please. I shall be away for a day or two."

Then he took one of his own visiting-cards, wrote on it the one word, "Right", put it in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to his housekeeper, a tiny, gray mouse of a woman. "The answer," said he, and the woman left the room.

Baby-Face picked up the paper, and slowly squeezed his chin with his left hand; it was a habit he had.

"Tigers. Harantsworth. Go and kill them. Report result as per enclosed card," he read, and that was all. No signature, no address, nothing. And it must be admitted, I think, that no man ever started upon a stranger commission with stranger instructions.

Baby-Face looked up Harantsworth on the map, and found that it lay up at the top of one of those lost harbours on the coast of Southshire that shall be nameless. Then he put on a pair of rubber top-boots which strapped round the calf, slipped his trousers neatly down over them so that they looked more like a pair of ordinary patent-leather boots, put on a Burberry coat and hat, and, going to a locked cupboard, took out a rifle-case.

At this moment Mrs. Langstone entered the room, carrying a partly filled fishing-bag and an empty fishing-rod case, and a cup of coffee and Plasmon biscuits. Baby-Face took from the rifle-case the stock of a magazine rifle and slipped it into the fish-

ing-bag, and next the lean barrel of a magazine rifle, which he slid into the empty fishing-rod cover, and strapped all up snug. From the cupboard he then fetched a belt already filled with rifle-cartridges, and strapped it on under his waistcoat. Then he consumed his refreshment and counted out for Mrs. Langstone—silent as a mouse, too, but I take it she had got beyond surprises years ago—some money to go on with, and ten minutes from the receipt of his mysterious instructions left the house. And that was Baby-Face Chaus all over.

*

Harantsworth appeared to be a small town with red-tiled roofs and its feet in the water. It was owned, apparently, entirely by children and starlings, and three dogs that slept in the sun on the pavement and wouldn't get out of the way. An old man lurking in the dark behind the counter of a boot-repairing shop said that the Army and Territorials and Navy between them had taken the rest.

This much Baby-Face Chaus noted before he entered one of the fourteen inns, and invited the proprietor to drink with him while he fed.

"Fish?" grunted the landlord. "Lor' bless ye! there ain't none. Nor won't be till this war's over. All the fishin' fleet's laid up, so they says."

"Not that sort," Baby-Face smiled. "Fish here—to be caught—in the harbour. I'm sent down here to recruit—"

"Ho, you hare, hare you? Then it's no good your a-comin' 'ere, 'cause there ain't none left to recruit."

"Not men. (Won't you take another with me, landlord?) To recruit my strength; and I reckon, after the roar of guns, fishing is about the most peaceful."

"So 'twould be if there was any to take ye out in a boat, but I doubt if there be."

"How about along shore?"

"Oh, you might get one or two that way when tide's up, but 'tain't fishin'. But, as you've come for rest like, that don't matter."

"No," said Baby-Face pensively. "That, as you say, doesn't matter. How about working along eastward?"

"'Um! Well, yes; but there's Tarling Manor 'bout a mile along would stop ye."

"How stop me?"

"There's a great 'igh wall there runs down to the beach, 'cause Mr. Oving, what rents th' place, goes in for what they calls 'climatizing' animals."

"Oh!" murmured Baby-Face Chaus, and stared with wide blue eyes. "What sort of animals? Tigers?"

"Gawd an' Mr. Oving, they knows. I don't," protested the landlord. "Nobody ain't never been in there. They daren't. Mad game I calls it."

The round pink-and-ivory outlines of Freddie Chaus's face stood out like the painting of the face of a child against the old oak of the door as he bent low over his bread and cheese. His long eyelashes flickered ever so slightly, while he quietly answered, "They do, you know. There are one or two landed proprietors about England who acclimatize foreign creatures, or try to—ostriches, zebras, beavers, kangaroos, European bison, American wapiti deer, and the like; and I believe there is, or was, one chap who kept a lion or two walking about loose. How long has your Mr. Oving been at this ga—hobby, may I ask?"

"Since about ten months afore this 'ere war begun."

"Ah! Foreigners?"

"Dunno. None o' us 'as seen 'im much. Scientific sort o' gent 'oo keeps 'isself much to 'isself; though they do say as 'e 'as a lot o' gen'lemen friends —professors, they looks like—down to see 'im at times. Very genrous 'e is to the people like—very generous indeed, I'm sure. There'd be many as 'u'd miss 'im if 'e ever left."

"Really?" Baby-Face Chaus was finishing his meal at speed. He was thinking about his orders, and was

sorry for the poor people of Harantsworth who would miss the studious, retiring Mr. Oving and his "climatized" beasts.

Down an old, old lane—Puck's Lane, they called it—flanked with towering cliffs of elm-trees where the rooks cawed, and, for a little space, by the wall of a garden as old as Old England; by forgetting cow-yards awash in high grass; by hawthorns, where the mistle-thrushes quarrelled gratingly among the berries, and a great, gaunt, brown rat foraged in the ditch; past caves under branches through which shone glimpses of sun and of fields; along a tunnel of hedges that had not seen a chopper for many years, went Baby-Face Chaus to where the lane folded down on the pebbles of the shore of the harbour, and the shallow tide spoke at his feet in whispers.

But Baby-Face Chaus, though he was—strange thing—gifted with something of the artistic temperament, had no illusions. His gentle gaze wandered over the church spires, the tall chimneys, the gasometers, the giant cranes of the great dockyard town, visible dimly in blue-gray haze far to the east; over the bald, bold hills, fort-capped and frowning, to the north; over the still waters to the surf-fringed harbour-bar to the south; and over all the mixture of white-sided sea-wall, whale-backed mud-bank, green-yellow marshes, and smudged lone waters to the west. His powerful prism glasses revealed, at the mouth of the harbour, khaki dots that doved and were Territorial guards, but near him for miles was nothing human alive at all. He might have been on the west coast of Ireland, instead of within eight miles of a big Royal Naval dockyard town, by the loneliness of the place.

"Yes," said Baby-Face to himself, "guarded to the south, guarded to the north, and guarded all round; but never a pair of eyes to look here. It'd be hard to get in, but once in, a—Yes, and I'm here for tigers."

His glasses took within their range a spiked wall running down to the beach and well but into the water, but Baby-Face Chaus removed himself to that wall quietly, keeping as much as possible in the shelter of the tamarisks, and treading with care. He found it a high wall, too high to climb, too far out into the water to wade round, spiked atop, running away back over the long, bent, whispering, coarse grasses, away behind the hedges, and broken only by one door close at hand—one little iron door sunk deep in the wall, that showed no signs of opening to anything short of dynamite.

Baby-Face pursed his lips with the pout of an unpleased child, and sat down on the seaside of the seabank, the tamarisk-hedge behind, and behind the tamarisks the door in the wall, and stared out at the wheeling silver gulls far over the diamond-spangled water. He lit a cigarette, and seemed to have forgotten time completely.

Even the ghostly swish of boots in long dry grass is plainly audible at a little distance in that silent, flat, marshy land, but Baby-Face had needed no grass hint to tell him that someone was coming. Before ever the sound was audible he had vanished, quick and silent as a cat. And he lay flat and motionless as any average stone, hidden past all finding.

The human proved to be a man, a big one, in a lounge suit, with a flat, smooth face, tow hair, and the eyes of a fish. He was a fine specimen to look at as regards size. And Baby-Face was kicking himself with irritation that he could not remember for the moment where he had seen that man before. Then he did. The man had shaved Chaus at the Great Southern Railway Company's terminus in London four hours before.

The man went straight to the little iron door, opened it with a key, passed in, and banged it to vigorously after him with a deep and heavy clang that startled a hare that had been crouched

all the time in the grass watching, no doubt, first Baby-Face Chaus, then the man, so that it fled like a fawn streak into the sun-bathed landscape.

As for Baby-Face Chaus, he stared at the uncompromising door with lips pouting more than ever; and then, in a second, he was on his feet, crouching, tense, motionless—no longer Baby-Face, but quite obviously Jungle Cat—watching the door with alert eyes.

Then he crept forward. He examined the door. He listened outside of it, one hand in his jacket-pocket—in case.

Then he pushed the door, and it gave—gave to his touch. It was open. It was not locked. Being one of those doors that lock automatically on being shut, it had—as you may have noticed they will do sometimes if slammed to with great force—jarred open, or rebounded if you like, too quickly for the lock to catch, by reason of the force with which it was swung shut. And Baby-Face Chaus peered in.

I am sure I don't pretend to know what he expected to see—fields and sun, most likely, on the other side of the wall, the same as on his side. So he did; but he could not have had much time to note it, for he nearly fell into a deep concrete ditch which ran along the inside base of the wall as far as he could see, to where it disappeared among some distant trees. And crowning the top of the other side of the concrete ditch for its whole length was a row of bars that looked as if they were strong enough to keep in anything.

At Chaus's feet dangled a rope-ladder down into the ditch—it was still moving slightly—and about twenty yards along the ditch to his right, but on the other side, he discerned a door, a little door, of iron also, let into the solid concrete, and leading apparently into the bowels of the earth.

The innocent wide orbs of Baby-Face noted all these things in one instant, comprehensive glance, before he let himself down the rope-ladder—verily spider never negotiated web more silently—into the ditch, and, creeping up to the door (how he blessed those rubber boots of his that made no sound) gave it a quick, gentle push.

Whatever might be said about the mechanism of the lock of the other door, rusted probably from lack of use, there could be no doubt about this one. It had forked perfectly, and the door was fast shut.

You picture to yourself this slim, gentle-seeming enigma, Chaus, standing there in the two inches or so of water that had collected at the bottom of the ditch, pouting like a naughty kid at the door that would let him see what was inside, but you may find some difficulty in realizing at first the risk he knew by then he must be running in being there at all.

Next he retraced his steps, and carefully placed the first door precisely as he had found it. Then, starting to run as far up as he could on the slope of the ditch, he raced across the bottom, up the far side as high as his momentum carried him, and sprang upward, just managing to clutch at the bottom of one bar with his extended left hand in the leap. To fling up the other hand, get a hold, pull himself up, and straighten with his toes between the bars on the top of the concrete was the work of a moment.

The rest was not so easy. But Baby-Face Chaus the resourceful had expected bars and spikes, and had taken the precaution to relieve his friend the landlord of a few corks for fishing-floats. Pulling himself up to the top of the bars—really this slim man was as deceptive about strength as in all else, for he worked with apparent ease—he stuck a cork on the top of each of four spiked bars, cast his coat on top of the corks, and climbed over. Thence to behind the cover of the nearest bush he slid, snake-fashion, and paused to see whether anything happened.

He quietly and swiftly put his rifle together and charged the magazine. Then he stole to the tamarisk-hedge bordering the shore, and crept along on the sea side, where he could not be seen except from the water. He was just prospecting—looking, if you like, everywhere for hint or sign of tigers, which his orders had told him he would find at Harantsworth, and his instinct told him he would find here.

Here, by Jove! Baby-Face had not gone two hundred yards, when, with uplifted foot, literally 'twixt stride and stride, he stopped dead, and stood like a bull at gaze. His big blue eyes, wide open and surprised, were staring down at the muddy, narrow strip of sand left at the bottom of the beach by the tide, which had turned and was beginning to fall. And well might he stare, for there, bang in the glare of the westering sun, deep in the mud, were the footprints of a large and heavy beast, and they had been so recently made that the water was still oozing into them.

So motionless did Chaus "freeze" that a big, spotless old ruffian of a herring gull, beating up along the shore on the hunt for stranded loot, did not see him. The bird came straight toward him, high up over the tamarisks, its long, thin wings beating their shallow half-beat steadily. Frederick Chaus's eyes never left it. He knew his game, this sphinx of a man. And quite suddenly the bird swerved. At fifty yards it flung up and round, with a quickly uttered *Check! check! check-check!* and started to fly and beat and swerve and curve rapidly above that one spot, and—

"Thanks, old chap!" muttered Baby-Face Chaus. "You make a very passable scout"; and he moved—as a man might move who is walking on the glass roof of a conservatory—along the muddy sand, till he was level with the spot where the bird had checked and was now wheeling with its querulous alarm note, scolding something.

From the water's edge up to the pebble beach Chaus crept in wonderful silence, only to be appreciated by those who have tried to do the same, to the top of the seabank, and, on hands and knees, peered through the tamarisks.

A less expericed man would have scanned the grassy waste ahead, and looked too high; but that was not Chaus. He glanced down first to the marshy ditch at the bottom of the seabank, and stiffened from head to heel. He was looking straight into the inscrutable, unblinking, indescribably fierce yellow eyes of a full-grown male tiger. Wide-whiskered, frilled, heavy-jowled, loose-bellied, bow-legged, with great head thrown up, the massive brute stood there in the wet, staring up at him with firce, insolent, malevolent intensity, motionless as a statue in red sandstone.

For perhaps as long as it takes a man to inhale a long breath and let it out again slowly, those two, man and beast, remained thus motionless as the chalk-clumps around, eye meeting eye; but it was the beast who lowered his gaze first.

And Baby-Face Chaus's rifle was at his shoulder. Goodness knows how he managed it. He certainly never appeared to have moved an inch. Probably, though he had been moving all the time, lifting his weapon slowly, slowly, incalculably cautiously, so slowly as even to deceive the beast; and you can take my word for it that wants some doing.

Slowly he aimed, it seemed, but very quickly really. The trigger was squeezed, not pressed, and —Heaven help the man! There was the click of the released striker, and *no report*. The snap of the striker, and just a gentle little smoke-like hiss; nothing more. Ye gods—a misfire!

Up went the rifle again, snap went the striker, a second time devoid of the report that should have been one with it—oh, help! another misfire!—and, quick as light, Baby-Face leapt aside, came a crash and splintering of riven tamarisk-boughs,, a shower of the fleshy-leaved sprays, a stench

of hot, carrion-scented breath, and Baby-Face Chaus was standing up, ejecting the empty catridge case, and coolly looking down over his shoulder to where the tiger, in the last wild, awful flurry of death, was threshing and rolling on the muddy sand below.

In a few seconds the big striped body was still, the massive head dropped with a choked, tremendous growl, the long banded tail gave two or three terrific whacks on the mud, and all was still.

"Let me see," chuckled Baby-Face Chaus, bending over the beautiful tawny body, and staring with wondering, gentle eyes of innocent amazement. "Lungs. Heart. Spine. Um! Not so rotten for a quick snap-shot. Now we will proceed." And he did.

But unless you happen to be up in these matters you may not be aware that there is such a thing as a report-silencer on the market, a little light metal cylinder which you screw on the muzzle of your rifle, and which smothers the report, turning it into a harmless hiss. One of those Chaus had on his rifle. It explained the apparent misfire. Under certain conditions—conditions like the present, for instance—he found that the contrivance came in useful.

Baby-Face Chaus, however, was not a man to lose time in gloating over victories. He took them as mistakes, not gifts, of fate, and was suspicious that they might be a trap. Thus you never caught him napping, or anything else than, as it were, under arms. Never was there a man so constantly prepared for trouble, so ever-expectant of attack.

In seven minutes, moving always from cover to cover—be it no more than a fold in the ground—he was far out across the rough lands of Tarling Manor, and it would have taken a very sharp eye indeed to detect him or follow his movements when detected.

The tracks of another tiger—the right third claw missing, had this one —he found behind a bush under a little tree loaded well with red berries among which the thrushes and blackbirds feasted riotously. The beast had evidently made a regular basking-ground of this place, for the grass was all beaten down and worn off, and there were bones; and the tiger itself he sighted almost immediately after, as he rounded the bush.

The beast was standing right out in the open with its back to him, watching, with extreme intentness, something invisible that moved in the short grass ahead of it. The impression was as if the brute was observing a ghost, for the grass was very short just here, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to be seen, even through Chaus's powerful prismatic binoculars.

Nor was that all, however, for another tiger, just ahead of the first, was trotting up and down a line also invisible, watching, like the first, the same something that you couldn't see, but whose movements it followed, at times growing so excited that it broke into a trot. It was exactly as if the animal were in a cage, and was pacing up and down against the bars, watching the keeper moving about with its meat; only there were no bars, and nothing at all that one could see to check it or for it to watch.

Baby-Face Chaus stepped back to cover, aimed swiftly, and squeezed the trigger. There was no report, only that odd, uncanny little hiss as before; but the nearest tiger to him turned a complete somersault, and lay where it fell on its back, paws stuck out stiffly at all angles to heaven, as rigid as if it had been dead a whole day.

"Brain," snapped Baby-Face mechanically, as if he were used to making beautiful "bull's eyes" like that every day, while he jerked another cartridge up from the magazine.

The second tiger had whipped round quick as a snake, and was standing erect, glaring first at its dead companion, then at the bush which sheltered the shooter, and Baby-Face's bullet got it fair in the neck, and it

fell as if the life had been snapped off from it as one snaps out an electric light. As a matter of fact it was not dead, though. Chaus knew that, but it only needed the second bullet—which came almost at once—right through the head to slay the fine beast before ever it came round from the effects of the first shot. And from first to last neither tigers nor rifle uttered a sound.

He crept forward with a ready rifle. His tread made no sound, and his shadow, long in the grass behind him, frightened only field-mice.

Past the first tiger he went—lying as if it held the weight of all heaven on its rigid out-stretched paws—and on to the second—superb in its strength even in death—and on, one stride. Then he stopped, swayed forward with almost overbalanced momentum, recovered with difficulty, and opened his eyes very wide indeed. He was on the brink of another concrete trench, deeper than that he had crossed before, and covered—"blinded" would be correct—as to its top with wire, on which light twigs and grass were laid. It was too wide for a tiger to jump over, and if he did he could be stopped by the wire fence on the other side, and if he jumped down he could be held prisoner by the strong wire fence which guarded, as has been said, that side. Evidently, thought Chaus, this was a hint taken from the New York Zoo. But he did jump down, or slid rather, and then—and then—he stopped short, half-sitting, with a gasp of sheer stupefaction.

He found himself looking at a big sunken chamber, as it were the concrete basin of an empty artificial lake, roofed as to its top with wire, on which grass and stuff lay to mask its identity from above, and surmounted with a strong wire fence close to its wall. At the far end, away from Chaus, the outer wall, swinging inwards, crossed it. There were wide iron rolling doors there, and the concrete floor was continued under them. To his right, about twenty yards off, was a little iron door, now half-open, which evidently communicated with an underground passage, leading to the door in the wall by the shore through which the German had entered.

But it was none of these things that astounded Baby-Face Chaus. It was the things which occupied the floor of the space itself that fetched him up all standing, so to speak. "One, two, three, four, five—*five* aeroplanes, and—and I was sent to kill tigers, too," whispered Baby-Face Chaus. And he was right there. Five aeroplanes there were in that place—army aeroplanes, not B.E.'s, but such as they use in—Germany, shall we say? Five very fine and powerful aeroplanes, monoplanes—not British—there in that place, where you couldn't see them if you flew over them, and where the tigers would have taken jolly good care you shouldn't see them any other way.

Then Baby-Face Chaus climbed over the wire. This was the most risky part of the whole proceedings perhaps, because to do so he had to show himself very openely, and ran the chance of getting caught like a cat up a clothes-prop. He accomplished it, however, and crouched among the wheels and the "tails"—listening.

The place was as still and echoing in its hollow silence as an empty church. But still Baby-Face Chaus waited "frozen", listening. "Where," he was wondering, "is that blamed German hairdresser?"

But there was only the twitter of a meadow-lark on the parapet without, and the hum of the southwest breeze which nearly always blows in that land, through the wire above. Only that, and nothing else. And—

"Ach, my tear vriend! und 'ow vill you have your hair out, eh?"

Baby-Face Chaus had straightened a little, and was moving to examine the sliding doors by which the machines could be taken outside, free of

the tiger-guard, when the voice fetched him round as if some one had stuck a knife between his ribs. He found himself staring almost point-blank into the neat ring of a Browning automatic pistol-muzzle, with half the face of the German hairdress-man staring overtop.

"Ho," said Baby-Face coolly, his eyebrows crawling nearly up to the top of his forehead, above his amazingly big, baby-blue eyes, "it's you, is it?" And he regarded the man wonderingly, half-reproachfully, altogether innocently as a child would say "Oh uncle! how *could* you?"

"You're a dead man if you moof," replied the face above the pistol-muzzle hardshly.

"And you're another, anyhow," snapped Chaus—every inch the Jungle Cat in a flash—falling flat with such amazing suddenness that the bullet from the German's pistol, fired as he moved, passed clean over him.

He never had time to fire another, that spy man, nor ever another shot from an automatic. He was dead before he could release and press the trigger a second time, hit nearly through the heart with a .75 grain bullet from the Jungle Cat's Webly-Scott .32 automatic pistol, which had simply gone off from a mysterious somewhere about his person, almost as he reached the ground. It was a wonderful exhibition of quick thought, instant action, and fine shooting.

"Aeroplanes, aeroplanes, aeroplanes, and every one of 'em with her bombs in all ready. That bounder seems to have been putting 'em in now. And petrol-tanks all full. Evidently the merry little picnic was timed to take place very shortly," mumbled Baby-Face, popping from body to body of the big, silent flying machines, after having relieved the corpse of the late hairdresser of his weapon. "What a game, eh! What a game!"

Baby-Face knew that the sound of these shots might be calculated to bring some one upon the scene mighty quick, and he was faced with the responsible alternative of putting the machines at once out of action with bullets for them intact. He chose the latter course, because he conceived that five extra aeroplanes, with bombs, petrol, and hangar complete, would be a very welcome acquisition to our army.

Wherefore, when the sound of running shod feet sounded on the concrete without, he promptly flattened himself against the great iron sliding-doors. And this, you will admit, was a strategic position, since any one looking through them would have to come in and show himself at a disadvantage before he could see Baby-Face.

Very slowly the doors rolled back about six inches, and in the tense, aching silence that followed he was aware—rather by intuition than any other form of knowledge—that some one was peeping in and scanning the situation.

For perhaps three minutes nothing more happened, and the suspense became like a taut wire in his head that must snap. It was awful!

Then a nose, a black moustache, and a chin appeared. A head followed very, very cautiously. The head looked straight in front of itself first, then turned and looked along the inside of the doors to the right, where Baby-Face was *not*; then turned again quickly, and looked along the inside of the big doors to the left, where Baby-Face *was*. And at the instant the head gave a start, and made to draw back, but stopped.

This was natural, because it had felt the cold impression of the Webly automatic's muzzle against its temple, and heard a voice whisper in its ear, very softly, almost lovingly, "Keep still."

And it was still—very still.

Then—well, nothing further happened. The head just kept where it was, and the pistol-muzzle just kept where it was (and that was all; while the silence grew, and grew, and the

strain with it, till you could have seen great beads of cold sweat breaking out upon the head's forehead and running down to its nose. It was only a question of time and waiting. And the sound came at last.

There was a shuffle without; then an impatient whisper through the narrow opening between the big doors, "Vat is wrong, Max?"

"Silence, or this'll blow your head off!" The words were barely breathed by Baby-Face into the ear of the head, but it heard them.

"Mein Gott!" it muttered, and then again, *"Mein Gott!"* and you could hear the rasp of dry lips being moistened with a dry tongue.

The Webly-Scott automatic's muzzle screwed itself a little more against the temple of the head, and "if your friends try to open the doors any farther, say your prayers," whispered Baby-Face again.

And the head shivered visibly.

Came then more whispering without, and a new voice joined in. Evidently there were at least two of them outside, and by the same token Baby-Face's position began to look precarious.

Meanwhile the seconds ticked on—you would hear them doing it plainly from the watch in Chaus's waistcoat-pocket, so still everything was—and the face began to turn a clammy gray.

"Max," came the whisper from the outside again, "we will open de door—es. Somedings is wrong gone. We know id."

The .32 automatic gave a nudge, and—

"No, no!" gasped the head aloud. "Everydings is all right. For the luf of Gott do not moof now!"

Followed silence, broken only by the impatient shuffling of feet. Once Chaus caught a glimpse of a nose trying to peer in over the head, but it could see nothing.

As for Baby-Face, the sweat was beginning to trickle and trickle all down his back, and he felt his hair sit up and creep all under his soft tweed hat. He knew this mad position could not endure much longer.

Then suddenly it was all over. Without warning, or preparation of any kind, there came from outside a short, sharp challenge, "Hands up, there!"

Followed a volley of German curses, a scuffle, the bark of a Browning pistol-shot, the butting crack of a rifle, a ghastly yell, and—silence.

Then the orderly tread of shod feet rang on the concrete without, the doors rolled back, and, "Good perishin' 'eavens above! Look at 'ere, sir!" gasped the amazed voice of a corporal, at the head of half-a-dozen khaki figures, with rifles and fixed bayonets, who dashed in, and halted, with mouths and eyes wide open, staring at the scene, with Baby-Face Chaus, his weapon still glued to the head of his bowed and livid prisoner, in the foreground.

An officer pushed through, stared, choked, and was dumb.

"If," begged Baby-Face Chaus, wearily, "you'll have the goodness to take over this prisoner I shall be much obliged." Then he stepped forward and saluted, handing his orders and the card to the officer. "I've carried out my orders, sir," said he, "and should like to report to name on card, *as* requested."

"And that's me," laughed the officer. "We heard the firing, and I received telephonic instructions to give you support if necessary. But what about the tigers?"

"I've got them too, sir."

"How many?"

"Only three."

"Only three! Good Lord, man, you speak as if you shot wild beasts every day before breakfast for a pastime!"

"Not for a pastime, sir," corrected Baby-Face quietly. "For a living."

"Yus," echoed the corporal in a stage whisper, "an' give 'im little white wings, an' a bow an' arrer, an' strip 'im, an' 'e'd fly away as a bloomin' Cupid. 'Eaven 'elp us judge our fellow-men, says I."

CANADIANS ON THE RHINE (BIVOUAC)

From the Painting by Inglis Sheldon-Williams in the Canadian War Memorial Records

WHEN A TEACHER PLAYED SCHOOL

BY ROY R. TARVIS

IT happened one evening during the week of Christmas holidays. My father, mother and sister were seated round the dining-room table reading the newspaper and magazines; the three little grandsons were spending their holidays with us, but they with my young brother had gone sleigh-riding on a nearby hill. I had never known home to be so quiet. Restlessly I strayed into the library, and half-unconsciously I selected my favourite book of childhood, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and began looking at the pictures or reading short paragraphs selected at random.

But my promiscuous ramblings over the pages eventually brought me to a place of interest. Do you remember Tom's journey, seated in the back of that little cart, when he was taken from home to be sold 'way down south, by that unscrupulous slave-dealer Hailey? And do you recall when they unhitched the horse to take it into the blacksmith shop, as Tom sat there with feet and hands bound, how the young lad, George, came up at full speed to give the old darkey the last dollar he had?

When I was a boy, I marvelled at the unadulterated qualities of that friendship; now I was being held again just as strongly as in days of childhood. I recalled how, sometimes, I wished that I were George so as to have a friend like poor old Tom, or othertimes, wished that I were even Tom so as to have a friend like that boy, George.

Absorbed as I was in this thought, I had not become aware of the prolonged shouting of "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah," from the boys without, until my father, laying down the paper and removing his glasses, reflectively remarked:

"Well, well, what's wrong now? What brings our prodigals home so early? Why it isn't eight o'clock yet."

Reluctantly, my attention was torn away from the story, as the noisy feet came over the kitchen floor and the door leading to the dining-room opened with a bang. Truly the "prodigals" had returned, and they brought with them some six or eight more of their kind.

"Say, Roy," several at the same time shouted, as they approached me. "We want you to do us a favour—will you?"

I wasn't in the mood for granting favours, but I asked them to name it.

"Well, will you, first?"

Then I tried to guess, but every time the re-enforced answer came:

"Not right, yet."

It was then they told me that they wanted to "play" school; that they had it all planned in fact, and that I was to be their teacher.

"Of course, I answered, 'No.'"

I pictured seeing them when on the hill, endorsing the plan, when it was suggested to play school with one that was really a teacher.

At once they began to coax, and finally I found it necessary to give them my reason for refusing.

"You see, boys, it's this way," I began. "You do not really want to play school—the trouble is you do not know what you do want. You took half an hour coaxing to be allowed to stay until nine o'clock on the hill; finally consent was given, but you are at home before eight. If I consent, we should no more than get started, when you would be talking of starting something else. No, I refuse, and that's reason enough."

Ronald, the oldest of the crowd, a boy of fourteen, and a particularly good chum of my brother, ventured to establish a rule.

"I'll tell you, Roy, what we're willin' to do. You tell us how long you'll play and we'll stick to what you say. But—Murray, and Ken, and myself—we want to get trimmed good."

Just then, Murray came and stood beside their prospective teacher of the evening, and in the way that only brothers can, began.

"Say, Roy, do you—or, when you trim the youngsters, do you take your glasses off first?"

And then Kenneth, my nephew, not to be out-done, took his stand.

"And, Roy, when some big fellow as big as me shoots a spit-ball square at you, and you see he's big, what do you do—do you pretend you didn't see him?"

Again I pictured how they had planned for such a fine time.

"All right, I'll take you on Ronald's offer, if you are all willing to play for one hour."

They all agreed.

In five minutes school was to be called, and in the meantime they were to get everything in readiness. They selected one corner of the parlour for the school; instead of having chairs, they were to sit on the rug. Out in the middle of the room, they placed a chair and in front of it a small table for the teacher's desk; then they made the dunce's cap.

Right on the minute, I rang the bell, and everything, as if by magic, assumed a school appearance.

"Good-evening, everybody," I began.

"Good morning, sir," they heartily responded.

"Now it's the usual custom when a new teacher comes to a school, to first learn the pupils' names, assign the lessons for the coming day, and then dismiss. But that is not my style; I believe in work, and work hard from the word go."

Then I bethought myself, "That's not want they want, this was to be 'playing' school."

"However, to-day," I resumed, "I shall of necessity need to follow another plan. It has been circulated far and wide what a rough school this is; you have the reputation for being the most daring lads of the country; it has been prophesied that I'll have a hard time to hold my position here, so I'm going to use a different method. But I am ready for you."

"This morning I stopped over at the undertaker's to order seventeen coffins to be sent up to this——

"Here, here, here, what kind of talk is that," broke in my father who had apparently been listening from the other room. "That'll do of that." So I didn't finish that familiar scare-story.

I went on again.

"To-day, I am not anxious to do any book work." (Even yet, I see the well-known smile that stole across their faces.) "In fact, we shall not so much as open a book, but I am going to teach you how to behave yourselves."

Then I gave the orders.

"Fold your arms. Sit with your feet close together. Eyes front.

Now that is being in position. The first one who gets out of position will get the strap."

I saw that my method was pleasing them. It seemed to be just what they had been wishing.

Kenneth was the first to get smart.

"Please, sir, while I was up sleigh-riding some snow got stuck in the ribs of my stocking and now it's melted and it makes my leg itchy. If I have to sit with my hands folded who's going to do the scratching? Will you?"

This was serious, so he got the promised punishment.

Clifford, the little boy, not quite six years old, was the last to get the strap in the first round, but he was the first to take the punishment to heart. He was going to tell his grandfather right at once.

"I won't play any more," he said.

"Look here, my boy," said the teacher, "you do as I say. Come right back here, you bad bad boy," and taking hold of him I sat down rather substantially on the stool by my desk, telling him at the same time that he was no good, and that if he dared to move off that chair, right to bed he must go.

He sat there, but every time I looked at him, up would go his little nose, and then he would turn the other way. It was quite evident that the fear of having to go to bed was all that kept him in his place.

Thus it went until as the punishments became more severe, less frequent were the offenses. They had all taken about as much as they could stand. They were as sick of their bargain as anyone could be. If only someone would suggest to quit, how relieved they would be. But each waited for someone else.

Just then a rap came at the door. It was my mother.

"Say, Mr. Grizzly Bear," she began, "would you be so kind as to let me address your school?"

Before I had time to consent or refuse she began:

"Pupils of this school, it is a long time since I addressed such meek and patient little angels as I see before me now."

Then with great deliberation she continued:

"When I was going to school, if we had had for a teacher such a crank as that fellow there, we would have very soon taken him out and ducked him under the pump."

"Meek little angels" . . . . . With one accord they made a bound toward me. I raised my hand and shouted:

"Who'll fight for the teacher?"

Very soon I was being trailed along the floor. Then I shouted once again:

"Who'll fight for the teacher?"

In the tumult that followed I could distinctly hear one little baby voice make answer. "I will, I will, I WILL."

I realized that if it were possible to conquer such a crowd it would be a "big feather in my cap" so to speak, but I must candidly admit it was not in my power; yet I made the task as hard as I could for them. I think there were twelve in all, ranging anywhere from nine to fourteen years of age, and all the help I had was Clifford, and he not quite six years old.

But didn't he fight! Many a time he pulled the very biggest to the floor, when his little hands once got into their hair, and every time his reward was a good kick or knock. Soon they had me to the door. When the little fellow realized that it was not in his power to save me from the ducking, he then turned to his grandfather and pleaded with him to give assistance. In broken sobs, he pleaded:

"Oh, granddaddy, please don't let them, please, don't," followed with "Oh, granddaddy, Roy has such a cold and he'll get worse."

But his pleadings were of no use. Then back again he went to fight. It took two of them to hold him while the others tugged me, bumpty, bump, down the steps.

It was not until right beside the pump that they began to break down on their resolution.

"Maybe we'd better not," someone said, just as the water was about to flow from the spout.

After the least splash, I was quickly pulled away, and allowed to stand free.

"Who's to pay for this?" I shouted, "school isn't over yet.

I reminded them of their agreement to stay one hour.

"But I can't stay another minute," said Ronald. "Mother said I was to be home early."

"And I've got to go, too," another said.

"Now look a' here, Roy," retorted Ken, his home being ten miles away and knowing he had no choice from staying. "You shouldn't ought to hit so hard; I'll tell you, will you use a folded-up newspaper this time?"

I agreed to use nothing other than the folded paper for a strap; and then Ronald looking again at his watch was surprised that it was much earlier than he thought it was, so decided to go back into the house and finish the game.

"I'll go upstairs and hunt up an old cane," I suggested, "and I'll come back to school in three minutes—that'll be called to-morrow—and I'll be, as you fellows like to call it, 'very much the worse of wear'."

The suggestion suited them, and they decided to eat apples until I came back.

Passing through the kitchen, I rubbed my hand across the bottom of the kettle and when I arrived at the top of the stairs blackened one eye and tied a red handkerchief across it. Finding a bottle of red ink nearby, I put a few drops across the back of my hand and then wound it up with a bangage. One of the boys started upstairs, but I hurried him down by telling him to ring the school bell and get in their places. I stuffed the folded newspaper in an old valise, and also the big Union Jack, and taking the cane went down the stairs and limped into the school-room.

My appearance did cause a sensation. After allowing time for a hearty laugh, I gave a very gentle rap on the desk.

"Position, everybody," I called. "Clifford, you are out of your seat."

Without a word he took his place on the little stool in front of my table. I noticed a long deep scratch down his little red cheek.

"You young gaffers, you're a rough pack," I continued.

That tickled them through and through.

"But don't you think for a minute that you hurt me yesterday. If it hadn't been for my rheumatism and lumbago, I would have trimmed every last one of you. And don't you think for a minute that you hurt me. I say, for this sore eye and lame wrist, I got myself, last night, by slipping on the ice when I took the cow down to water.

My excuses amused them greatly. I never heard children laugh more heartily in my life.

"Yes, and you may laugh; I guess you think I can't hurt you, and that's just when you get fooled—because to-day—to-day, I'm not going to try. I'm going to wait until I get better, and then woe betide every last boy that's here. As for to-day, I am going to teach my first lesson.

Now, I really did have order. After introducing my subject and getting their curiosity well aroused, I took the old flag from the valise and proceeded to tell its story. Judging from effect, (and where is there a better test than the twinkle of the eye?) I can say that it was a splendid lesson. Then carelessly I let the bandages fall off.

I could not say who the first was to notice my black eye and blood-red hand, but Clifford was the first to speak. Tears started down the little fellow's cheeks as he sobbed out:

"Oh, Oh, I knowed they'd hurt you; I told them to quit but they wouldn't listen to me."

On I went with my story, apparently taking no notice until I had finished; then I told them school was dismissed, apologizing at the same time for having kept them more than half an hour past the time.

I regretfully learned, from their silence, that there was not one but looked upon that black eye and wounded hand as a reality. Big tears stood in their eyes—yes, even in Ronald's—as they came forward in a very timid but brotherly fashion to express their sorrow; and did I not mournfully regret that I was not deserving of those tears? Could I tell boys with such big hearts that their shedding of tears was only a great big joke? Could I show them that in the game of "play" school that they had really been conquered by my "playing" that the teacher was hurt? On my life I could not; instead, I took the first opportunity and literally sneaked to bed.

My mother and sister prepared a lunch for the boys and not long afterwards I heard their parting goodnights.

Presently, the hall-door opened and a little voice called. It was Clifford.

"Roy, I'se comin' up."

All alone in the dark, muttering to himself, he mounted step by step. Soon he was in my room. His little hands felt around for mine and then, that big, big sigh.

"Say, Roy, when you said I ain't no good and you don't like me, was we playing then or did you mean that I ain't no good and you don't like me?"

"Clifford, you're a brave little lad. You did fight hard for me, and I'll never forget it."

He sighed again.

"I thought you's just playin', but I don't know what the others thought. You didn't tell them you didn't mean I ain't no good, did you, Roy?"

Just then his grandmother came with the light to take him off to his bed, and no one has made mention since of the night we played school.

I often wonder if, in everyday life, we give children all they deserve. It is not enough to merely refrain from condemnation, but we must practise commendation. Oh, that common, ordinary, everyday boy, with Heaven shining right out of his eyes, and that great big heart, do we often sadly disappoint him?

We hear of those who follow teaching as a profession. Pause one moment. Would it not be far better to pursue it as a golden opportunity?

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

XII.—SIR GEORGE ROSS

SIR GEORGE ROSS, for many years Minister of Education in Ontario, and later, during a short and inauspicious epoch, Premier of the same Province, was born near the City of London in the County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of September, 1841. He was of Scotch ancestry, a fact which, in later life, he never forgot, and indeed often turned to uncommon political advantage. He received a common school education, at the close of which he became a public school teacher, and taught for some years in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. Public school teaching such as that to which rural Ontario was accustomed half a century ago was an occupation which did not call for the exertion of the highest mental powers. Mr. Ross no doubt discovered this to be true before he had spent many months at teaching, consequently he early forsook that calling, and assumed the editorship of a weekly country newspaper. In the different departments of the newspaper office he laboured industriously for several years. From newspaper life he advanced to the position of a County School Inspector, thus assuming a post of considerable responsibility and no little importance and influence in the community. Being always of a studious nature, and of a genial disposition, he easily made a large number of friends, and also an extensive circle of admirers. He had natural gifts of speech, which his position readily enabled him to cultivate and develop. On occasions, too, when the opportunity was presented, he participated in local debates and discussions, in connection with literary, debating and other societies. While yet in early manhood he thus grew to be recognized as a speaker of promise and ability, and a debater of whom much might be expected in the future.

It was natural, therefore, for him to go into politics, and in the general elections of 1872, by defeating a strong opponent, he became a member of the Dominion Parliament and thus achieved the first of the many successes which followed him through much of the remainder of his career.

Mr. Ross retained his seat for West Middlesex in Parliament on the occasion of the overthrow of the Mackenzie Administration in 1878, and again at the general elections of 1882 he was once more returned to the House of Commons. On this occasion, however, a protest was filed against him, and his seat was declared vacant by the court which tried the bribery charges. He did not again contest the riding, but a fortunate opening occurring at the same juncture in that constituency for its representation in the Provincial Legislature, Mr. Ross was at once appointed by Premier Mowat to the position of Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, and was forthwith elected to the vacant seat in the Provincial Legislature. That was in the year 1883.

The new position he held for the ensuing sixteen years. They were important years in legislation as well as in education, and the political battles which were waged during that time were over vital issues, and were fought with uncompromising energy and masterly ability. Contests with the Conservative Opposition, contests with the Governments of other Provinces, contests with the Government of the Dominion, contests in the Courts to give authority to Provincial legislation, were of exasperating and continuous occurrence. Men of intellectual powers, and of oratorical gifts were needed constantly, for there was but little quarter either asked or given in the strenuous encounters of those memorable years. In the legislature and upon countless platforms throughout the country Mr. Ross was an oratorical power on behalf of the Government. He was never apologetic. He was never timid. He never sought a truce with his opponents. Shouldering the gigantic part of the political burden, he voluntarily assumed the greater part of the defence of the acts of the administration, whenever defence was necessary, and entered into the attack with the same undaunted intrepidity whenever the necessity was apparent for aggressiveness.

Throughout Ontario Mr. Ross was in ceaseless demand at general election campaigns, and by-election contests. On these occasions, with simple, but illuminating, oratory, flaming with intensity and burning with conviction, he impressed thousands of people dwelling in that broad territory from Lake Erie to the Ottawa River, and from the silvery St. Lawrence westward to the golden harvest fields which flung their splendour out along the Manitoba boundary, that the priceless destinies of a Province which contains all the elements of national greatness were secure while committed to the care of the Mowat Administration.

During these years Mr. Ross was achieving a reputation as an orator which was being gained by few in Ontario. His methodical habit of preparing with scrupulous industry everything which he said, and thereby preserving that accuracy which is so frequently absent from much of extemporaneous speaking, made him effective upon the platform, both in expounding the measures which had been undertaken by the Government and in repelling attacks which were made upon it by powerful and eloquent opponents. He, too, was possessed of an abundance of irony and could be as satirical as the occasion demanded. Perhaps one of the most fitting illustrations of his occasional thrusts is to be found in his reply to his opponent, a Mr. Currie who contested West Middlesex against Mr. Ross in 1878. Mr. Currie had referred to himself as a farmer, and proudly boasted that farmers were the "bone and sinew" of the country. Mr. Ross, exasperated by an invidious comparison which had been instituted disadvantageously against himself, retorted: "If the farmers want to be represented by bone and sinew only, then I know of no person better fitted to be their choice than Mr. Currie". A brilliant flash from his lips on one occasion in his later years, when age was imposing its marks upon him, is found in these words, which I have often thought to be worthy of preservation: "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown, and many a head without any crown, and many a head without any hair on top of the crown, lies very uneasy too." Almost equally brilliant was his allusion to an applicant for the charter to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, whom he contemptuously described as having been a "brewer of beer in British Columbia and a brewer of trouble at Ottawa".

In 1896 Sir Wilfrid Laurier achieved his memorable victory at the polls, and became Premier of Canada. He called to his cabinet a number of Provincial administrators, and later on also Sir Oliver Mowat, for many

years at the head of the Government of Ontario. Mowat was succeeded by Arthur S. Hardy, a brilliant lawyer and an able politician, whom circumstances a little later compelled to abdicate the high office to which he had succeeded. There is tragedy at this juncture. The pen has not yet placed on paper the reason for Mr. Hardy's resignation, although ill-health was the convenient reason vouchsafed to the public. Perhaps, however, it masked the true situation as well as any other word could have done. At all events it seemed to suffice, for it silenced further inquiry for any additional reason. Mr. Ross became Mr. Hardy's successor. That was in the year 1899. In 1898 there had been a general election in Ontario. Corruption on a gigantic scale, extensive and systematic, organized and diabolical, and chiefly on the side of the Government, prevailed throughout much of the Province during that campaign. By a narrow majority the administration had been sustained. Election trials, and the scandals which are the customary companions of electoral dishonesty, marked the history of the earlier years of the Ross premiership. Language seldom previously used in public was resorted to by both Government and Opposition, both in attack and in defence. Intellects fitted for something nobler and needier were constantly employed in these continuously recurrent and ignominiously degrading discussions. Then came the beginning of the end. Then appeared the darkest blot which ever stained the political annals of the hitherto spotless Province of Ontario. At length the Government was openly accused of bribery, and following these accusations, especially one by Mr. R. R. Gamey, the floodgates of public indignation were opened and the Government was compelled to resign.

Cast into opposition Sir George Ross was a different man from the resourceful minister he had been during a long tenure of high office. He was possessed of eminent administrative gifts, and these languished when he was denied the opportunity of their use. It is perhaps verging too closely upon current politics to discuss here the events which marked the powerful inauguration of the Whitney Government, and the lasting and beneficial effect which many of his deeds left upon the Province. It is enough to say that for a short time Sir George Ross, after his party's defeat, led the Opposition, giving it all the inspiration of which his ability and oratorical powers were capable. He did not flourish on the opposition benches of a provincial leader, however, and in January, 1907, two years after he ceased to be Premier, he was appointed a member of the Senate of Canada. There he advanced immediately to a first position. His oratorical and legislative gifts at once furnished him with eminent qualifications for a foremost place in the nation's highest counsels. He soon became leader of the Senate. But not for long was his service to continue. The end came suddenly, while yet a pall was resting over the world. At the age of three score and ten years this brilliant man, whose oratorical renown spread over a generation and over a Dominion, passed away. He occupied a large space in the eyes of men during the last thirty years of his career, and History is not done with him yet.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The United States is developing social and industrial tendencies in direct conflict with those that prevail in Great Britain. American employers are organizing against the "closed shop" and against recognition of labour leaders in adjustment of industrial disputes. Whitley Councils are opposed because they involve organization of workers and negotiation with unions. It will be remembered that in his speech in Toronto a few weeks ago Mr. Hoover argued that such councils were inapplicable to conditions in the United States where workers are not so thoroughly organized as in Great Britain. But there is among American employers a disposition to favour plant councils and to bargain with committees of their own workmen.

So Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, opposes a political Labour party. He finds support for this position in the results of the November election. According to his reading of the returns fifty Congressmen hostile to Labour were defeated and between fifty-five and sixty friends of Labour elected. But Mr. Gompers and other official leaders of organized Labour spoke for Mr. Cox from many platforms and there seems to be ground for the contention of Republican leaders that there will be a predominant majority of members in the new Congress who were opposed by Labour and that the Labour lobby will be less powerful than it has been under the Wilson Administration.

In the election the American people manifested little toleration for extremists. The "Red" element of Labour and even the Western agrarians made no headway. Governor Allen of Kansas had a majority of votes in all but three counties of the State although he was opposed by Labour because of his action in breaking a strike of miners by organizing an army of volunteers to dig coal and because of the legislation which he fathered to compel adjustment of disputes by arbitration. The Non-Partisan Farmers' League which has dominated North Dakota failed completely to extend its control over Minnesota, South Dakota, Colorado and Idaho. Not only has the Republic no Labour party such as commands the allegiance of millions of workers in Great Britain but the farmers apparently are not favourable to a political party such as has been organized in Canada. The United States has had many new parties but they never get far from the cradle. Even the Progressive party was on its deathbed before Roosevelt disappeared. In sixty years only the Republican party of all new political organizations born in the United States has survived.

The United States has prohibition but Great Britain has not and the voting in Scotland indicates that there is a long hard march ahead of the restrictionists. It is conceivable that before prohibition prevails in Great Britain the United States may have become weary of "bone dry" legislation.

All the facts suggest how powerfully we in Canada are affected by American example or at least indicate that socially and industrially we have the outlook of our neighbours while politically we cherish with ever-increasing ardour the connection with the Mother Country.

II

It is a pity that a few professed champions of the soldiers should use such extreme language on public platforms and pour out so much denunciation upon governments. The truth is that Canada is anxious to treat the soldiers not only with justice but with generosity. There may be claims which have not had full recognition. There may be grievances to be redressed. If so it is certain that Parliament will not be unresponsive or neglectful. But much has been done and one feels that ministers and members of Parliament should not be denounced as though they were unconscious of the country's obligation to the army and determined to be shabby and unjust. There is nothing that its financial resources will permit that Canada will not do for the soldiers and no Government would be allowed to forget their losses and sacrifices. But there is danger that continuous attack and denunciation will lessen the great and universal sympathy for the veterans which prevails and that the masses of the army will be held responsible for the actions and utterances of some of their self-elected spokesmen. Nothing can be gained by disturbances at public meetings or by demands made in the spirit of detraction and menace. It may be that the time has come for responsible leaders among the veterans to remonstrate with the few turbulent agitators who are misrepresenting the temper of the great body of returned men and taxing the patience of the public which knows that governments and parliaments in Canada are not only anxious but determined that no reasonable appeal which can be made in behalf of the soldiers shall go unanswered.

III

Mr. Drury declares that he would drive out of the country all those who make trouble between Ontario and Quebec and between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. This may not be bad advice, although it may be difficult to give effect to such aggressive teaching. Unfortunately the Premier leaves the impression that only English-speaking people offend. The intolerance of Ontario was supposed to be represented by Regulation Seventeen which prescribes the conditions under which French may be taught in the schools of the Province. But we have no intimation that Mr. Drury means to abolish or amend this regulation. If it is as oppressive as it has been said to be by many of those who applaud his appeal for a good understanding between French and English-speaking people in Canada, it should be repealed and his language on the platform has no very definite meaning unless he demands action by the Legislature. If Mr. Drury thinks the regulation should stand, his attitude towards French teaching is exactly that of Sir James Whitney and Sir William Hearst and he is open to all the denunciation which fell across their shoulders.

According to the judgment of the Imperial Privy Council, which Quebec regards as the citadel of French rights and privileges, the French language has absolutely no constitutional position in Ontario. Any recognition of French in the schools, therefore, is a concession to the French element and a proof of goodwill which is not required by the constitution. Even under Regulation Seventeen there is an extension of privileges and not a denial of rights. One does not suggest that the sheer letter of the constitution should

govern all the relations between French and English in Canada but it is certain that majorities will respond to an appeal when they will resist a demand. If there was less of menace and attack in the writing of those who agitate for greater recognition of French in the English Provinces it would be less difficult for the Governments to make concessions in legislation and far more easy to interpret the school regulations with complete sympathy and toleration. But only trouble arises when actual concessions are denounced as oppression and aggression.

IV

This is a two-language country and will remain so throughout the centuries. Anyone who thinks that a common language can be established by legislative suppression of French or preference for English is blind to the teaching of the past, the facts of the present and the certainties of the future. As *The Regina Leader* bluntly declared a few months ago this is a bilingual nation. We have not one but two official languages and three millions of French people. There is very little prospect that the French minority will decrease in proportion to the total population. Nor is it conceivable that they will abandon their language or learn English by compulsion. For many reasons it is desirable if not necessary that all nationalities who are represented on this continent should have knowledge of English. For those who cannot speak and write English are thereby excluded from many of the best places in the commercial and industrial activities of the continent. But as *The Regina Leader* contends it is also of high importance that English Canadians should learn French, for as long as the population is divided into two distinct sections there is bound to be "a condition of things certain to result in misunderstanding and friction."

The Leader therefore suggests that it would be in the national interest to make both English and French compulsory in all the schools of the country. It asks if fifty years hence the French-Canadians of Quebec could all speak English and the English Canadians all speak French would we not all be better off, would we not have put an end to many misunderstandings and would we not occupy a stronger position both at home and abroad and be able to maintain that position with greater assurance. "Individually," asks *The Leader,* "would any citizen be in a worse position, indeed would not all be in a better postion?" No doubt other languages would also demand consideration, but French and English have an official recognition in the constitution which other languages do not possess and for which no equal claim can be established. French, too, is the pioneer language of Canada and for generations has been peculiarly the language of diplomacy and of literature. If the two languages were common in this country we would have advantages which few people possess and a real distinction among other nations. The French newspapers of Quebec would circulate throughout the Dominion and those of the English provinces be widely read among the French people. We would have a national press which we cannot have so long as the nation is divided by language and we would have as no other country has had or is likely to have the common treasure of two literatures. We may be far from any realization of *The Regina Leader's* ideal but surely supreme national considerations require that the French language shall not be subjected to hostile and repressive legislative regulations in any of the Provinces of Canada.

V

For some weeks in Quebec there has been a vigorous controversy over the position of English in the schools of the Province. Monsignor F. X. Ross, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Rimouski, has been writing a series of

letters in which among other changes in the system of primary education he urges less attention to English or at least delay in giving any special attention to the language. But from the French press he is not getting much support. *Le Pays* says that the Abbé "does not want our children to become familiar with a language which is absolutely indispensable". *L'Evénment* declares that: "A whole Anglophobe school is systematically working to combat the teaching of English in the elementary schools of the province. Here is a new object of spite which a certain press is seeking to exercise. We must watch that campaign. From it may come another racial quarrel that will revive the bitter spirit of the enemies of British institutions in Canada." *La Presse*, the most widely circulated of all Canadian newspapers, of which it is understood Sir Lomer Gouin has become political director, discusses the question with singular insight and a far and broad outlook. "We submit," it says, "that an adequate knowledge of English constitutes for each and every French-Canadian in this bilingual country a fundamental idea that is essentially necessary, and one that cannot be acquired too early, since upon it reposes the edifice of the individual's future prosperity and the influence he or she will exercise amongst their fellow citizens in the political sphere as well as in business affairs."

What could be better than this further statement by this influential French journal: "We maintain that the profound and practical knowledge of English obtained by French-Canadians will allow them to play in Canada a role that they could not fill otherwise. We maintain that this knowledge of English, begun in the first school years, will contribute in the formation of a purer patriotism and a better one than if French had been the only and exclusive medium of teaching in the primary grades. Why? Because our children will not become slaves of the English language after they have learned it but will rather be its masters. They will have cultivated and enlarged their own national genius while assimilating that of their fellow citizens, with whom they must constantly live. Let us learn, therefore, how to look at the question as it presents itself in reality. Those people who consciously or unconsciously push our race into a group separate and apart, appear to us to ignore the importance of the influence which French Canada can exert on this Dominion. If we wish to fulfil our mission, our whole mission, we must be greater, stronger, better equipped mentally, than others, because it is by this development of our personality and not by our numerical strength that we will find the force that will give us victory."

Although in Manitoba the French language receives less consideration than in any other Province of Canada, *The Winnipeg Telegram* takes a position very like that of *La Presse* and not so different from that of its Liberal contemporary at Regina. "Can we feel," asks *The Telegram*, "that we have received that education which enlightens when we do not know and speak the French language? A delicacy in this connection has been forced out of a political misconception into which the beauteous and expressive French language has been waylaid. So long as we may claim to be Provincials we may have little use for any language but English. But are we not to travel? Are we not to enjoy any discourse with the other half of our Canadian population? Are we not to imbibe the literature of the brightest thinking people? Are we to be outclassed in diplomacy, unintelligible in foreign intercourse, and deprived of an educational equipment which ought almost to be obligatory upon election to Parliament? To be taught French is not to be seduced into any political or religious laneway down which we should not wander. To comprehend it is a part of the sign manual of a liberal education. To be cultivated in it is to remove much ignorant prejudice. To know it is almost as much a

patriotic duty in our dual-language land as it is commercially necessary for French-speaking citizens to acquire a knowledge of English."

VI

Many educationists contend that it is difficult if not impossible to have two languages upon an absolute parity in the primary schools. If so the object of legislation and school practice in the English Provinces should be to give French as much attention as is compatible with adequate teaching of English. This is not and will not be made a one-language country. French and English for many generations will be the two dominant elements in the Canadian population. English Canadians cannot be satisfied to have only one language while French-Canadians more and more will have two languages. Since it is impossible by any system of legislative coercion to abolish the use of French among those to whom it is the native tongue, why should we not consider more seriously and anxiously how best to extend knowledge of French in the English communities without detriment to English as the natural language of the people. We would hear no more of the political isolation of Quebec and demagogues would lose their power to misrepresent English writers and speakers in the French Province if those who were the victims of misrepresentation and misunderstanding could go into Quebec and into the French communities of the other Provinces and speak to the people in their own language. It is not true that French in Canada is denied any right which may fairly be claimed for the language under the letter or even under the spirit of the Constitution, but it is highly desirable in the common interest that French should have greater recognition in all the secondary educational institutions of the English Provinces and should be recognized also to the utmost degree that may be practicable in the system of elementary teaching.

VII

The Prairie Provinces are united in the demand for the restoration of their natural resources. All three Provinces are under Liberal Governments and one does not forget that the situation against which they protest with so much vigour was created by a Liberal Government at Ottawa with the support of many of the politicians and newspapers now leading the agitation for release from federal control. It is even suggested that if the federal Government resists the demand of the aggrieved Provinces there will be a direct appeal to Imperial authority. This would not be altogether consistent with the agitation for abolition of appeals to the Imperial Privy Council and general protest against Imperial meddling in the affairs of Canada.

But no such appeal should be necessary to secure for the Western Provinces control over resources of which they should never have been deprived. It is fair to remember also that if a Liberal Government gave emasculated constitutions to Saskatchewan and Alberta the Conservative party in Parliament opposed the Autonomy Acts and insisted that the new Provinces should have full control over education subject to the provisions of the British North America Act and such complete control over their natural resources as the older Provinces possess. No one in Eastern Canada can desire to revive the educational controversy or to discover grievances for the Western people. They are handling the problems of education with vision and vigour. Difficult as their situation is in some of its phases—for they have to deal with many racial elements—they seem to avoid either weak compromise or intolerant action and despite a dual school system in Saskatchewan and Alberta, public control over teaching and textbooks seems to be exercised with firmness and discretion.

The West perhaps was slow to discover the value of its natural resources. These are greater than any of us believed and in that very fact is the strength of the Western demand. In these resources lie great potential sources of revenue. But so long as they are held by the Dominion the West cannot enjoy the full advantages of its natural heritage. Nor is it conceivable that they will be as energetically or wisely developed by the federal Government as they would be if they were restored to the Provinces. As was contended when the Western Autonomy Bills were before Parliament fifteen years ago retention of the natural resources of the Prairie Provinces by the Dominion means that we have inferior and superior Provinces in Canada. All the Eastern Provinces and British Columbia control their lands, timber, and minerals. That was the condition of the compact of Confederation. Upon no other basis could the Provinces have been united under a central Government. By holding the resources of the Western country the central Government violated the spirit of the constitution and required those communities to accept a lower status in Confederation.

It is true that the money subsidies to the Western Provinces were adjusted so as to give compensation for the resources of which they were deprived. But it was manifestly impossible to have the element of finality in such a contract since the true value of Western resources could not be established, while new discoveries from time to time would alter the whole balance of the agreement. For example, Northern Manitoba is found to have natural wealth of unexpected richness and variety, which in older Canada would be controlled and developed by Provincial Governments. In the East all such resources inure to the direct benefit of the Provinces; in the West the Dominion possesses and controls. There is something in the contention of *The Manitoba Free Press* that the federal compensation for resources which have been alienated is not a subsidy, but an equity due to Manitoba from federal usurpations of fifty years ago. This applies also to Saskatchewan and Alberta although when those Provinces were created there was a deliberate acceptance of money subsidies for surrender of natural resources.

No doubt the older Provinces have contributed heavily to open the West to settlement, provide railways and organize the general machinery of government. But the West gave land subsidies of great value and when all is said the expenditures for settlement and transportation have been of general advantage to Canada. In voting cash subsidies and guarantees to railways we were thinking of the national interest and not of any sectional interest, as the original purchase of the Western Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company was a national and not a sectional investment. One is not impressed by the argument that the other Provinces should have some "proportionate allowance" if the Western communities have their natural resources restored. What of the revenues enjoyed by the other Provinces of which the West has been deprived? It will be admitted that the West should not have its land, timber, and minerals and also a higher cash subsidy from the federal Treasury, but against general federal subsidies determined by population and like control of their natural resources by all the Provinces there seems to be no convincing argument.

The whole question lies between the Dominion Government and the Western Legislatures and not between the Western Legislatures and those of the other Provinces. By the Western Governments there will be more active development of natural resources than can be had through a Government at Ottawa. There will be greater incentive to discovery and more direct and practical effort to attract capital and ensure production. As it is Provincial expenditures necessary to discover and develop enhance the value of resources

which the Dominion controls and bring no adequate return to the Provincial Treasuries. But primarily and chiefly equity requires that the Prairie Provinces shall have just such control over their resources as the older Provinces exercise, and shall be raised from the status of colonies to equal partners in the Confederation, and subject to contracts into which the Crown has entered and an equitable readjustment of cash subsidies the Federal Government should concede the Western demand without further evasion or delay.

VIII

THE KING'S PRISONERS

The King hath a frowning Castle,
And the children have been told
Behind its walls are captive thralls,
Whom he doth guard and hold.

They look through the gates of the Castle
With eager rounded eyes,
But they hear only happy laughter
And a woman's lullabies.

For the King hath a wife and a baby,
A woman all his own,
The child pulls at his silken robes,
They lean his knees upon.

And his arms go round about them
As they lie upon his breast,
And he whispers low they shall not go
To North or East or West.

For the North is cold and the wind is bold,
The East hath a hard wind too,
While the West is far where the mountains are
And the stars shine coldly through.

So they whisper low as the South winds blow,
And the birds their nest-mates find
While the sun rides high in an open sky,
And the trees and the flowers are kind.

Still the children wait at the Castle gate
And hear neither cry nor fret,
But God is kind and hath in mind
They shall know the secret yet.

For never was such a gaoler
Nor captives such as these;
He fears so much to lose their touch
That he keeps them at his knees.

And know you that Love is the Castle,
Where they with the King would be,
For a Man, a Woman and a Child or two
Are God's own Company.

FROM THE JAPANESE

By BEATRICE REDPATH

Illusion

IN my garden to-night
The trees are heavy with snow,
And tiny candles are alight
On every bough;
But I smell apple blossoms,
And the wings of a firefly
Touched my hand.

Before the Storm

Heat . . . . tenseness and heat,
The sky seems stretched too tight,
While massed gray clouds
Are as packed feathers holding back the air.

Early Snow

The leaves hung black,
Limp blosoms without scent
Drooped pitifully;
But in the night the earth has laid
White sheets above its dead.

A PASTORAL

From the Painting by Homer Watson, P.R.C.A. In the collection of the late Glenholme Falconbridge.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF ODETTE

BY MARY LOVETT CAMERON

IT was under the bella-combra tree that Odette stepped into life, a dainty, coquettish little figure, quite out of keeping with the ancient mauresque building, whose high walls and shadowy arcades surrounded us.

Detained at the Spanish seaport of La Puerta by circumstances which have nothing to do with this story, I sought the common refuge of unprotected females in that country, and transferred myself from the racket of the casual hotel to the calm shelter of a convent. I was directed to one where the inmates kept a girls' school, and possessed a spare room or two which they were ready to let to ladies in need of temporary shelter. The building, like many others in Southern Spain, had once been the dwelling of a wealthy Moor, and the signs of past magnificence contrasted strangely with the simple requirements of its simple inhabitants. I passed from the street, under a deep vaulted gateway, into a large courtyard surrounded by a colonnade of slender marble figures supporting horse-shoe arches outlined by delicate tracery. Giving on this court or *patio* were spacious halls, now used as class-rooms and dormitories, and in the place of swarthy and turbanned Moors, slight girlish figures and white-capped nuns flitted to and fro over the pavement of many-coloured tiles. To reach my room I went through a second archway leading to an inner court, at the end of which was a secluded pavillion, in which, of old, the ladies of the Moorish household were confined. Here the relics of bygone luxury were even more apparent than in the outer *patio*. The cage in which the old Moor kept his woman-kind was at least well guilded. Cedar-wood ceilings, elaborately carved, still bore traces of delicate colour and rich gilding, iridescent tiles lined the walls, and the windows looked on a garden planted with caruba and bellacondra trees, whose deep shade made a cool retreat, even at noon-day. Masses of the scarlet cactus and geranium glowed from the dark-green background, and the high encircling walls were clothed with clusters of flowering creepers. On one side, under a sculptured canopy, a flight of shallow steps led to the marble baths, into which water trickled from a carved spout with a cool, refreshing sound. Reclining in a rocking-chair amidst these surroundings, I felt as if transported to another age, and could hardly believe that an hour or two previously I had been in the commonplace *salon* of a seaport hotel, with advertisements of Transatlantic liners and circular tours staring at me from the walls.

The day after my arrival, the Sister who waited on me volunteered the information that among their boarders was a young lady who spoke French, and who would be very happy to make

my acquaintance. As my knowledge of Spanish was limited, and as I was feeling somewhat lonely and bored, I hailed the proposal with satisfaction, and thereupon Odette appeared. Odette came to me framed in the twisted arms of the great tree, and thus abruptly, and without the slightest intention on my part, I became an actor in a drama, which, for being brief and episodic, was none the less stirring and eventful while it lasted.

My interest was excited from the moment that my eyes fell on her. She was a little person I should have expected to meet on a Parisian boulevard rather than in an old Spanish convent. Possibly my imagination was stimulated by the unusual surroundings in which I found myself, and prepared me to find romance in my path. Certain it is, that I became immediately possessed with a vehement desire to find out what caprice of Fate had fixed her in so incongruous a setting. Her vivacious manner had none of the languor of the Andalusians of La Puerta, and the natty touches by which she made her plain black frock give the impression of careful toilette could only have been given by a Frenchwoman's fingers. My curiosity was not destined to remain unsatisfied. I experienced little difficulty in giving the conversation a personal turn.

Odette was enchanted to find a patient listener to her prattle, and I was soon made aware of how tired she was of the convent, how the other girls were little girls, while she, Odette, was past eighteen, how *maman* always promised to come and take her away, but never came.

"And where is your mother?" I asked.

"In France. *Maman* is French. My father was a Spaniard, but he is dead. *Maman* put me in the convent two years ago, and went to France to see her friends, and has remained ever since in Paris or Nice, or sailing in the Mediterranean in the yacht of one of *ses messieurs*. It is very dull for me, is it not, madame, to be shut up here, when I might be having such a lively, amusing life with *Maman?*"

I admitted that it was so.

"I cried very much and *m'ennuvais horriblement* at first, but now something has happened which will make things different. Perhaps the Sister has told you." Odette smiled a knowing and mysterious little smile.

"Indeed, she has told me nothing."

"Well, I will, then; it is no secret. I have had a proposal of marriage. A young man of this town, Don Ramon de la Vega, loves me."

"Do tell me about it," I cried; I am absurdly romantic, and a love affair rouses my sympathy at once. "*How* could you manage to annex a lover in a convent?"

"I am sometimes invited out, and I met him at the home of some friends. We met there several times, and then —" Odette hesitated, but encouraged, I presume, by my benevolent aspect, in a burst of confidence; "There is a little grated window in the tool-house, away yonder in the far corner of the garden, it is only about a foot square, but it is large enough." And Odette laughed a childish laugh of mischief and triumph.

"Ah! I have heard of the Spanish custom. *Peleando la pava* they call it. So even in a convent love finds a way, and you and Don Ramon made love through the grating of the tool-house window."

"*C'est ca.*"

"But you say it is no secret. Did the nuns discover your rendezvous, and were they shocked?"

"No, it was Ramon who, a week or two ago, plucked up courage to tell the Superior he wished to marry me."

"And she?"

"Oh! *la* Madre Angela is very kind. She called me to her and questioned me, and then told me that as I had no religious vocation—ah! no *bien aûr*, I have not—it would be a good marriage, for she had made inquiries through Don Gregorie, the confessor of the convent, and found that Ramon

is a good, respectable young man, and though not rich, he is in a position to marry."

Odette pursed her pretty red lips, and looked very prim as she repeated the Superior's words.

"She wrote to *maman*," she continued, "and *maman* wrote giving her consent, but excusing herself from coming to arrange the marriage, as the Superior had desired, because she has very pressing business at Monte Carlo just now."

I agreed with the Superior that a speedy marriage was most desirable for the daughter of this very frisky widow. Suddenly, with a little imploring air, which, no doubt, Don Ramon had found irresistible, Odette cried; "There is music on the Alemeda this evening. Could we not go together? The Superior will let me go, I know, if you ask her." I agreed and an hour or two later we left the convent, and wended our way to the promenade, or Alameda, beside the sea, where the citizens took the air in the evening. Between the branches of the great acacia and palm trees, the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean stretched, meeting the arching sky far away in a mist of golden haze. As we emerged from the narrow streets, Odette grasped my arm with a sudden movement.

"Look, oh, look! A yacht."

It was so, amidst the feluchas, the Spanish tugs and fishing boats at anchor in the bay, the tall masts and graceful hull of a yacht stood out.

"Monsieur Maxime's yacht." The words escaped her in a murmur.

"And who is Monsieur Maxime?"

"A friend of *maman*. Monsieur Maxime de la Roche. He used to come here on his yacht before *maman* went away.

I felt vaguely that the plot was thickening.

We walked on.

Then, moved by the same impulse of confidence which had inspired her throughout our short acquaintance, Odette said, half in a whisper but very distinctly: "The day before *maman* sent me to the convent, Monsieur Maxime found me alone crying, for I did not want to be left behind, and he—he comforted me, and he said that he would come one day when I was grown up, to carry me away—and he has come."

And all at once I realized that I was just at the very knot and crisis of the love affairs of Odette.

We reached the spot where the band was in the habit of playing. Under the trees here, thickly planted round a square open space, groups of chairs were scattered. Odette and I seated ourselves a little apart from the throng, on the edge of the deep shadow cast by the spreading branches of a great tree. Lamps were lit around the band-stand, and they shot rays of yellow light athwart the fading twilight. It was soon evident that our arrival was not unobserved. A young man approached us, and, stopping a few paces away, seemed to await our notice. In the stream of lamplight, his figure stood out clearly, while, perhaps, only a lover's quick eye would have recognized us in our shady nook. This must be Don Ramon, and swiftly I divined that Odette had drawn a prize in the great lottery. He was not only handsome, there was also force and character in his firm lips and broad brow, and honesty in his clear earnest gaze,

I turned to Odette: "If that is Don Ramon, you can sign to him to join us. With me as a chaperon, there can be no objection."

She started. One would have said she had not recognized her lover. Her eyes were fixed far away beyond the crowd of shadowy figures moving round the band. However, she made a little gesture with her hand, and Don Ramon drew near and was presented to me. Soon we were chatting friendily, and my first impression deepend. His manner was charming, his remarks witty without flippancy, and there was a boyish frankness in the open way he showed his devotion

to Odette which won my heart. She was strangely silent, his eyes sought hers inquiringly; and, suddenly rousing herself, she asked him to find out the name of a waltz the band was playing. He left us for a minute. Leaning towards her, I was about to tell her how well Don Ramon pleased me, when I became aware of someone standing in the deep shadow a few paces behind our chairs. He moved away, and, passing into the lamplight, I saw a tall man, dressed with the scrupulous care of a French dandy, his pale, determined face worn with the life of the Boulevards and Casinos, a mocking smile on his thin lips. I needed no one to tell me his name. This, then, was Monsieur Maxime. And now began one of the most trying hours of my life. Don Ramon returned and took his place beside us again, and the Frenchman drew back into the shadow. Ramon's eyes were fixed on his little *fiancée*, he seemed a little puzzled by her manner, and strove, with a mixture of tenderness and gaiety, to rouse her from the silent abstraction in which she was plunged.

And all the time, close to us, wrapped in the dark shadow, stood the figure with the sneering smile, motionless, biding his time. With a sudden effort, Odette roused herself, and began to chatter with feverish animation, but the little hand grasping her fan trembled as if an ague had seized her, and presently, turning her face away from Ramon towards me, I saw her eyes were brimming over with tears, and two great drops escaped and ran down her cheeks as I looked. She dashed them away with the back of her hand, and began to fan herself vigorously, but I felt the situation becoming intolerable. I got up.

"We must go back to he convent. It is late."

Ramon pulled out his watch and begged for another half-hour. But Odette objected. She was tired, she said, and the Superior would not let her come again if we were late.

We walked towards home, Ramon beside us—and the other following a few paces behind.

Now a fresh terror seized me. Suppose Ramon perceived the stranger—I knew what a Spaniard would do. While with us he would give no sign, but once we were within the convent gates he would pick a quarrel on no matter what subject, and the drama might end in a tragedy.

Ramon was leaning over Odette, speaking earnestly in her ear; they were absorbed for the moment in each other. I let my purse slip from my hand, stopped, suddenly turned back, and was face to face with Monsieur Maxime. I looked full in his cold blue eyes. "If you are a gentleman and a man of honour, leave us. You compromise this young girl. Will you risk a public scandal?"

He was so surprised, so taken aback, at my sudden attack, that, with a muttered apology, he turned away. I caught up the others who had stopped, surprised at not finding me beside them.

"I dropped my purse. Let us hurry on." I took Odette's arm and almost dragged her forward. She seemed to understand, and soon we were before the heavy covernous gateway of the convent.

Ramon's good-nights were mingled with requests to me to bring Odette out the following evening. Hastily, I promised anything—everything, and at last the great gates closed behind us.

Never before had I felt so glad that men were excluded from the precincts of convents.

"Will you come to my room and let us have a little talk?" I felt the girl wanted a firm hand to support her at this critical moment.

"I think not," she said softly. "Madame will excuse me, I have much to think about to-night."

I had no right to insist, and I watched the fragile little figure flit away down the long vaulted corridor with a foreboding of disaster.

What malicious fate had brought this cynical world-hardened man here, just at this crisis? Why not stay his hand, or did it enter his ideas of egotistic pleasure to entrap the poor little butterfly, break its wings, and then cast it away to flutter crushed and maimed to earth? I resolved to use all my efforts to foil his designs, if such they were.

But when the Sister came to call me next morning, she brought me a letter. It was from Odette, and only said, "You have been very kind, read this."

The enclosure was a long letter beginning, *"Ma petite fée bien aimée,"* and signed "Maxime". As I read, I learnt that it was the discovery that he was making love to the then sixteen-year-old girl that led *maman* to decide hastily to leave her in the convent. The writer enlarged on the distress the separation had caused him, and declared he could never bear to see her married to another. Then came a witty and cruel picture of life in a dull little Spanish town with a jealous, narrow-minded husband, its limitations and its absurdities; and, on the other hand, a glowing picture of the existence of fêtes and toilettes, balls and theatres, which he could offer her. Paris and the Riviera, contrasted with La Puerta. The fashionable world against a jog-trot provincial seaport. He ended by assuring her of his life-long devotion, and stating that a boat would lie by the jetty all day on the look-out for her, and pull off at once to the yacht at whatever moment she could escape.

I rang for the Sister, and begged her to send Odette to me at once.

"She has gone out."

"Out! How? With whom?"

"When Sister Teresa goes out to market, she often takes Odette with her. It amuses her, and is a little change for the child," was the calm reply.

While she was speaking, I turned to the window, and as I looked the yacht set sail, and, courtseying to the waves, flew forward, shaking out its plumage to the breeze, swifter and swifter out of the bay, towards the blue line of the horizon.

I leaned my head on my hand, crushed by the sense of my impotence to control the course which Odette's love affair had taken. Short as was our acquaintance, the lonely child had drawn me to her, and it was with real anguish that I reflected on the shipwreck of her young life.

An hour passed, and I began to wonder that no one came to inform me of her disappearance. It was impossible that she should not be missed, when Sister Teresa returned from market. I still held Monsieur Maxime's letter in my hand; would it be my duty to make it public? A knock at my door. I hastily concealed the tell-tale paper, resolving to be guided by circumstances.

The door opened, and instead of the veiled head and quiet face of Sister Monica, Odette, flushed and bright-eyed, walked in!

I seized her in my arms and kissed her.

"You naughty child! What a fright you have given me!"

"Ah! You saw the yacht sail away Dear Madame, I did not go in her, for I love Ramon. Last night, as we sat under the trees, it came to me, and I knew that I loved him, and not all the pleasures that Monsieur Maxime offers me could make up for losing him."

"But, Odette, you rash and foolish child, why risk so much? Why bring that man here; why endanger all your happiness for a caprice?"

Then, with a wicked little shrug and a toss of the saucy head: "I was not *quite* sure until I had seen Maxime again; and, besides, to marry Ramon just because he was the only one, to have no emotions, no excitement over by marriage, that seemed flat and dull. I wanted, just for once, to feel my heart beat as it did under the trees on the Alameda last night. Now I am content."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CONQUERING HERO

By John Murray Gibbon. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the first novel with an exclusive Canadian setting by the author of "Hearts and Faces" and "Drums Afar". It does not suffer because of this setting; and, indeed, it disproves the opinion, sometimes expressed, that no novel could be interesting if its action took the reader to such a city, for instance, as Toronto or Montreal. But the setting for this novel is at the beginning in the wilds of New Brunswick and at the end in a new settlement in British Columbia. The scheme is at once bold and captivating. Donald MacDonald, a returned soldier, who is acting as guide to sportsmen in New Brunswick, meets in the wilds, very unnervingly, even romantically, a Polish princess, a movie star, who has come to Canada, accompanied by her manager and press agent, to relax and perhaps discover the setting for a film production. The princess is an unusually buoyant creature, and when she complains of the cook attached to her party and readily accepts the hospitality offered by the other party, there is considerable consternation in camp, especially when it is revealed that she has had a chequered career, with at least one auspicious *amour*. Nevertheless she and Donald became friends, and after she returns to New York, Donald, through the machinations of her press agent, who has stolen his medal in order to use it in connection with an advertising "stunt" he is planning unknown to the princess, is induced to go to New York. Donald's chief purpose is to recover the medal, which he believes was stolen by the princess. He visits the lady in her apartments, and while he is there the press agent comes in, and is offensively pleased with a newspaper story he has concocted about the famous Polish "vamp", the princess, who has unconsciously "vamped" a New Brunswick guide, and also unconsciously lured him into following her to New York. But the princess, who really is a very admirable person, is so shocked at the press agent's audacity that she actually horsewhips him, and then Donald assists him to depart in haste. Having recovered his medal, Donald returns to his ranch in British Columbia. Some amusing incidents are related of his experiences, especially with a neighbour, an Old Country colonel, and his wife and daughter. It all reveals in a light vein the common experiences of some settlers in British Columbia, and at the same time paves the way for the permanent attachment of Kate, the colonel's daughter, and Donald. But not, of course, without some setbacks. One in particular is the publication in a Calgary newspaper of the press agent's story about Donald MacDonald being "vamped" by the princess. It so happens that the princess, who has married her manager in the meantime, comes to Banff on the honeymoon; and as both she and her husband are fond of Donald, they insist on his meeting them at Banff. As a result of this meeting, the princess meets Kate, and succeeds in bringing

about a reconciliation. The book is engagingly written by one who has an intimate knowledge of everything that he describes, from fly fishing in New Brunswick to the building of a mushroom bungalow in British Columbia. It is a relief in this respect from some recent novels that pretend to give a Canadian setting, but that are only flights of imagination. Mr. Gibbon has succeeded in producing a perfectly natural story, and he tells it naturally, without affectation and withal a fine literary discrimination. "The Conquering Hero" should have a big sale.

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LETTERS OF TRAVEL

By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FROM this interesting little book of typical sketches by a master hand we quote the following on Canada:

Have you ever noticed that Canada has to deal in the lump with most of the problems that afflict us others severally? For example, she has the double-language, double-law, double-politics drawback in a worse form than South Africa, because, unlike our Dutch, her French cannot well marry outside their religion, and they take their orders from Italy—less central, sometimes, than Pretoria or Stellenbosch. She has, too, something of Australia's labour fuss, minus Australia's isolation, but plus the open and secret influence of "Labour" entrenched, with arms, and high explosives on neighbouring soil. To complete the parallel, she keeps, tucked away behind mountains, a trifle of land called British Columbia, which resembles New Zealand; and New Zealanders who do not find much scope for young enterprise in their own country are drifting up to British Columbia already.

Canada has in her time known calamity more serious than floods, frosts, drought, and fire—and has macadamized some stretches of her road toward nationhood with the broken hearts of two generations. That is why one can discuss with Canadians of the old stock matters which an Australian or New Zealander could no more understand than a healthy child understands death. Truly we are an odd Family! Australia and New Zealand (the Maori War not counted) got everything for nothing. South Africa gave everything and got less than nothing. Canada has given and taken all along the line for nigh on three hundred years, and in some respects is the wisest, as she should be the happiest, of us all. She seems to be curiously unconscious of her position in the Empire, perhaps because she has lately been talked at, or down to, by her neighbours. You know how at any gathering of our men from all quarters it is tacitly conceded that Canada takes the lead in the Imperial game. To put it roughly, she saw the goal more than ten years ago, and has been working the ball toward it ever since. That is why her inaction at the last Imperial Conference made people who were interested in the play, wonder why she, of all of us, chose to brigade herself with General Botha and to block the forward rush. I, too, asked that question of many. The answer was something like this: "We saw that England wasn't taking anything just then." Quite reasonable—almost too convincing. There was really no need that Canada should have done other than she did—except that she was Eldest Sister, and more was expected of her. She is a little too modest.

*

THE AFFABLE STRANGER

By Peter McArthur. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

HERE is a book dealing with international relations that is highly entertaining, and, having read it, one is convinced that it contains, apart from entertainment, some sound common sense. Mr. McArthur is somewhat of a philosopher, at least he makes some philosophic observations, and he is as well a genial onlooker. This book is the result of a desire he had to learn the cause of the many expressions of ill-feeling between Canada and the United States. He took a trip to the States to see and hear for himself, and the book is his account of what he saw and heard. We should like to quote at length from it, but we are limited to this paragraph:

"During the last years of the war there was a wonderfully friendly feeling among the Allied countries. Since the signing of the armistice the friendship has been vanishing and a growing cleavage becoming evident. For over a year I have been watching the matter closely, and now that I have

had a chance to investigate on both sides of the line I feel safe in making a few definite statements. To begin with, I found in Canada that dislike of the United States is confined very largely to the press and platform. The plain people—the farmers and all classes of people—have very little feeling in the matter. They simply want a chance to put their affairs in order after the war. What I have been able to learn while visiting the United States has convinced me that the attitude of the farmers and workers of that country is either friendly or indifferent to the people of Canada."

WESTWARD HO!

By Charles Kingsley. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT would seem that at last this delightful book of the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, of Devon, has been illustrated not only with charm and interest, but also with sympathy. As everyone should know, it is a tale of adventure in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the great British sea rovers and explorers penetrated into the new world, but not everyone knows the splendid artistic embellishment of Mr. N. C. Wyeth, and in this instance it is the decorations and sumptuous setting that make the volume especially attractive.

*

SIXTEEN NEW POEMS

By Contemporary Poets. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THE October issue of *The Chapbook,* a most interesting monthly miscellany, is devoted entirely to poems by nine authors: Camilla Doyle, Margugerite Few, Fredegond Shove, E. G. Twitchett, R. Howard Spring, 7dward Davison, Mary Morison Webster, N. M. Hardy, and H. Stewart. We like the swing of Camilla Doyle's poems and quote three stanzas of "A Barge Girl in Cashiobury":

To see you walk as yesterday,
  Down such a path in spring,
In such brave colours, in such haste,
  It seems an unreal thing.

With blue beads twisted up your neck
  In tight unnumbered strands—
A skirt of red and dark blue stripes
  With two great scarlet bands—

With a curtained, flapping hood of black—
  A crimson shirt washed pink—
With an apron blue and a shawl of plaid,
  You dyed the mirroring brink.

*

OUR ABSENT HERO

By Mrs. Durie. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THERE is the dignity of grief, the beauty of sadness and the majesty of devotion in this book by Mrs. Durie, written in memory of her son Captain William Arthur Peel Durie. We quote one of the poems:

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN FRANCE

Here lies a widowed mother's only son,
O gentle winds! temper the airs of heav'n
That they blow softly where his young head rests
In friendly soil, rich-carpeted with bloom:
Scarlet and gentian blue and butter-gold,
Flecked with an English daisy here and there.

He was no dreamer, though he soundly sleeps,
Rather a man in whom the joy of life
Foamed sparking to the brim; and when great France
Sent forth her bitter, wailing cry for help,
(That France which holds him here enclasped in earth]
Eastward he turned his face and crossed the seas,
Laid youth and glorious manhood in the dust,
And so stepped into immortality.

*

CHANSONS OF OLD FRENCH CANADA

A Collections of Folk Songs. Quebec: The Chateau Frontenac.

HERE are put together in most attractive form eleven of the most popular chansons of old French Canada. The accompaniments are by Margaret Gascoigne, the script by James Kennedy, and the illustrations by Ethel Seath. There is a very interesting and informative preface by

C. Marius Barbeau. Most of the songs are selected from "Chansons Populaire du Canada", by Ernest Gagnon (1865). There are examples of cradle songs, songs for dancing, ballads for festive occasions, sacred songs, and songs of the open: "A la Claire Fontaine","D' où viens-tu, Bergère", "Dans les Prisons de Nantes", "En Roulant ma Boule", "Hier, sur le Pont d'Avignon", "Isabeau s'y Promène", "La Fille du Roi d' Espagne", "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin", "Sainte Marguerite", and "Sur le Pont de Nantes".

The illustrations are unusually attractive, and they, with the type and arrangement are sufficiently quaint to be in keeping with the spirit of the text.

*

OVER THE BRAZIER

By Robert Graves. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THIS book is attractive just as a thing to look at, like all the output of its publishers. It is a collection of more or less whimsical, light verse, slight in form and in quantity, and is all the time readable. We quote three stanzas of the title poem:

What life to lead and where to go
After the war, after the war?
We'd often talked this way before
But I still see the brazier glow
That April night, still feel the smoke
And stifling pungency of burning coke.

I'd thought: "A cottage in the hills,
North Wales, a cottage full of books,
Pictures and brass and cosy nooks
And comfortable broad window-sills,
Flowers in the garden, walls all white,
I'd live there peacefully, and dream and write."

But Willy said: "No, Home's no good.
Old England's quite a hopeless place;
I've lost all feeling for my race:
But France has given me heart and blood
Enough to last me all my life—
I'm off to Canada with my wee wife."

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"What Religion Is," by Bernard Bosanquet. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Social Idolatry," by George W. Pacaud. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"The Lady Latour" (Verse), by W. Inglis Morse. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

—"Son of Power," by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"In Chancery," by Johns Galsworthy. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

—"The Prairie Mother," by Arthur Stringer. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—"The Romantic," by May Sinclair. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Elfin Artist" (Verse), by Alfred Noyes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

—"Neighbours" (Verse), by Wilfred Wilson Gibson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Enslaved" (Verse), by John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Girls of Miss Clevelands'," by Beatrice Embree. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"Stronger than His Sea," by Robert Watson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—"The Turnstile of Night," by William Allison. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"Dennison Grant," by Robert Stead. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"The Limits of Socialism," by O. Fred Boucke. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE CHOIR

Effect of Early Training

BEING young and therefore enthusiastic, I always arrived early at church, and oftentimes I was the first member to take his place in the choir. I mention this merely to show that we had no high-toned notions as to wearing surplices or entering in a body. Some of us came early and some late, taking our places as we came, but each one was imbued with the determination to sing his *possible*. I was the only juvenile member. Perhaps that is not a noteworthy distinction, but it is not every man who can boast that he was a boy soprano and sang in a village choir at the age of ten. As to myself, if I had any quality at all as a singer I attribute it to ancestry and early training. For my grandfather used to sing the baritone part of "Larboard Watch" with me on his knee, and my mother taught me the scale before I could read. Consequently my attainments were discussed at apple-paring and quilting bees, for there was some local pride in the fact that I could go up to high C until I reached the age of fourteen, when my voice cracked; that Henry Perkins, our well-known basso, could go down to low C if in form, and that when we struck these two notes, these two extremities, together, as frequently we succeeded in doing, especially at tea-meetings and socials, the sound produced, as Maria Smith confided to my mother, could be likened only to the hosannas of the blest. So that whatever honour there might have been, it was divided equally between Henry and me.

Henry, like an astute politician, always arrived a few minutes late, but always in time for the first hymn. I can see him now coming through the door, patting his hair into shape and feeling to make sure that his dicky is inside his waistcoat. He is slightly bow-legged, and his toes turn outwards as he walks up the aisle.

Hosannas of the Blest

The minister is announcing Hymn 146, to be sung to the tune of "Balerma". Henry steps on to the dais erected in

one corner as an elevation for the choir and takes his chair, which is just across from mine. Then he makes a peculiar noise in his throat, clearing it for action, and his Adam's apple, which is much larger than Abraham Lincoln's, responds with evident relish. The organ sounds the opening bar, and we rise. The congregation rises also, a moment later. We are fortunate in having with us all the members of the choir. The most prominent, if one could sufficiently detach oneself, would be Lizzie Lavery, perched upon the organ stool. Lizzie is the organist. As we see her, she is an accomplished musician. She has taken ten quarters, and still is taking. In describing her appearance, as she sits on the stool, the word "round" should be used freely. For she is the very antithesis of thinness. To say that she is plump is merely to beat about the bush. But I do say it, and at that I leave something for the imagination. Imagine, therefore, Lizzie sitting upon the stool with an air of authority, and, during the brief pause that follows our rising, contemplating the minister and the congregation with every appearance of compassion. For, short and plump as she is, she can look over the top of the organ, which is of the low, square variety, and, be it remarked, is almost new. I have to confess that it is not a pipe organ, nor is it heavily stopped. But by being one octave narrower than some organs we have heard of, it does not occupy much space. It is so simple also that Lizzie, short as she is and plump, by sitting forward on the stool, can pump it with the tips of her toes. Perhaps you have heard of organs that are pumped by hand. Ours is pumped by foot, and we are pleased. Because it has a sweet, although not sonorous, tone, and it is admirably constructed for droning a paraphrase or playing an anthem. To its lead we can sing with gusto "Old Hundredth", "Cole's Hill", or Psalm CXIX, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that it cost only eighty dollars and that the whole amount was raised at the Thanksgiving Awakening, except the twenty dollars given by old Mr. Johnston.

Lizzie is the Organist

Mr. Johnston is with us this morning. As to voice, he is, if anything, neutral. He thinks he sings tenor, but if we had our way he would be singing on a higher plane, where it is to be hoped the greater volume of sound would dulcify the great falsity of his notes. Still, twenty dollars is next to nineteen, and at the best organs cost money. You will sympathize with us, we hope, and understand, should a discord reach you, that it is not to be charged against any other member of the choir, not even against Miss Pringle.

Mr. Johnston is Neutral

Miss Pringle is with us

For Miss Pringle also is with us this morning. And although I do not wish to besmirch her with an aspersion, it must be confessed that on one or two important occasions—the Ladies' Aid concert and the Harvest Home Festival, to be precise—she fell flat on some of the high notes. It was for me a valuable lesson. But we have forgiven Miss Pringle. We cannot forget her many estimable qualities. And, quite apart from that, she is now up in years, years that have been devoted to the choir, the church and the community. She lives alone, in the little house with the silver maple at the gate. She had a lover once, if any faith can be placed in long-forgotten gossip, and—can you believe it?—that lover was Henry Perkins.

You already have observed with us, strange as it may seem, that Henry is with us this morning. Happily he is in good form, and if you listen with discrimination you may hear him go down to low C. See now how he is affecting ease, standing rather slouchily, with his toes pointing outwards and his ears hanging away, like plantain leaves. But if he is like the rest of us he is bracing himself to do the best he can, because we are conscious that all eyes are on us and all ears open. For we are about to sing "Balerma". But, before we begin, it is my privilege to tell you that the comely young woman from whom you have scarcely taken your gaze ever since she walked proudly to her place is Susie Taylor.

Susie is our only contralto, and even if for a personal reason, a reason that should concern nobody but Susie and myself, I have mentioned her last, she is by no stretch of imagination the least. I am proud that she is with us this morning. She completes our number, and as we stand, ready to take the first notes, a wave of confidence comes over us, over us individually, but perhaps over the organist more than anyone else. For Lizzie has great faith in her own ability, and she never appears to be discomfitted with the thought that she is about to perform in a triple capacity, playing the organ, pumping, and singing. Indeed, she sings with a fervour that would do justice to any camp-meeting. Perhaps it is due to the fact that she imagines herself the leader, which is not at all singular, because every one of us, deep down in heart, looks upon himself as leader, if not nominally at least actually. Young as you see me, you see me old enough to imagine myself in that capacity, and anyone who has sung in a church choir will sympathize with me in this confession. Because a choir never inflates as a whole. It inflates its individual members, so that whenever a soprano solo part is sung the ones who do not sing

Choirs Inflate Individuals

it could do it much better than the one who does. Likewise as to the other solo parts. Nevertheless, as I look at it now, I can see that the palm surely goes to the organist. For in her triple capacity, Lizzie must be the leader. At any rating, you will be delighted to see the vim with which she will attack "The Waters of Babylon", which is to be our anthem this morning, and you must not miss the rapture of her expression, should it be our good fortune to burst into "Antioch". For she has a soul that moves to any concord of sweet sounds, and she actually becomes enthralled whenever the concord is sonorous, uplifting or profound. Witness with what evident relish she now plays the preluding bar. The minister has read the first stanza. Then, as the organ begins again, the choir leads the singing, and the congregation falls in, always a note or two behind. Miss Pringle is not singing with as clear ennunciation as usual, because she still retains, between cheek and gum, part of a peppermint lozenge which she slyly slipped into her mouth the moment she sat down. The practice is not without precedent.

Lizzie must be the Leader

Peppermint, you will remark, is here as incense is elsewhere. We all are more or less addicted to it. Its aroma, which perhaps is rather bucolic than elegant, can be detected the moment you enter the church, and it will remain with you long after you have departed. For here and there in every row of seats you can see lips pursed in the act of extracting its flavour. Some use it to clear the throat, and all agree that it sweetens the breath, alleviates heartburn and prevents drowsiness.

Drowsiness is our common enemy. Old Mr. Johnston is its worst victim. He has tried extra strong Scotch mints, sassafras, and licorice, and lately he has been chewing coffee. As we sit down, having finished "Balerma", he surreptitiously takes a bean from a waistcoat pocket and begins to munch it. The noise distresses Lizzie until she turns in her seat and scowls at the old man. By this time the minister is rising to announce the anthem, "The Waters of Babylon", and the congregation is assuming its most appreciative posture. Old Mrs. Pigeon has her hands, encased in black lace mitts, folded on her lap, and her face, with eyes closed, presents an expression of supreme resignation. Her daughter, Mary, who, joining the carpenter in wedlock, became Mrs. Butler, is obliged to leave because her baby, only three months old next Tuesday, has started to cry. All eyes except the grandmother's turn round and watch her to the door.

The Baby Starts to cry

The Waters of Babylon

During these few moments Lizzie has played the introduction to "The Waters of Babylon", and we have risen as one man. We practised this anthem pretty thoroughly on Thursday night, and Miss Pringle and Susie tried the duet part over again on Saturday, with Mrs. Ted Smale playing the accompaniment on her melodeon. So that we embrace with equanimity this opportunity to produce it. Miss Pringle and I support the soprano part, and it is just a question whether our volume in the fortissimo passages, supplemented by Lizzie, who, as I have observed, sings at least with animation, is not too great for Henry's bass and Susie's 'alto, not of course overlooking Mr. Johnston's neutral interjection. I may be too critical, but it always has seemed to me that Henry's tone is raucous and that, therefore, the more we can submerge it the better. Naturally, in doing so, the tendency is to submerge also Susie's sweet, mellow tones, which is a pity. But in any case you will hear her at her best in the duet, for Miss Pringle has the goodness to modify her volume so that the blending of the two voices may be gratifying.

The duet, naturally enough, is the *pièce de resistance.* I have a secret ambition to sing it—some day—with Susie. For our voices blend perfectly, and the occasion, I feel sure, would supply a topic of conversation important enough to last a fortnight. Important enough, in any case, it is for our present consideration, but we must set it aside and finish the anthem, for Josiah Wilson and Ed. Bake are reaching down for the plates, ready to make the collection, a serious business, especially in these times, when money is tight and prices low. Therefore our voices come together again in the *tout ensemble,* and we finish with what I am bound to believe is a very effective climax.

And as we sit down, the two collectors rise. The plates pass down the side seats and up the middle. The smallest offering is a cent and the largest a quarter. Most of the well-to-do give five cents. Joe Martin fumbles for his usual amount, and, finding only a ten-cent piece, he places it on the plate and takes five cents off. The quarter is given by Hugh Holden, a prosperous bachelor farmer, who makes but little pretension in a religious way, but who lives, nevertheless, a godly life. In all the collection amounts to four dollars and thirty-one cents, and the two plates that contain it are placed very solemnly on the table beneath the pulpit.

The Minister in Distress

The pulpit receives now its full measure of attention. As we fix our eyes upon it, we notice the minister in distress:

He engages in Prayer

he has forgotten the manuscript of his sermon. From a seat near the front he summons his only son, a lad of twelve years, and we can divine that he is telling the boy to run to the study, which is only a short distance away, and get the precious document. Meantime he himself engages in prayer. Miss Pringle, old Mr. Johnston, Henry Perkins and perhaps half of the congregation turn round and kneel with bowed heads. Lizzie and Susie and I, who maybe are not quite so devout as the others, merely lean forward, looking at the floor. We have gathered, however, from motions that have been made, that it is the minister's purpose to pray until the boy arrives with the manuscript. Already he has gone through the usual routine and is fairly wallowing in pleas. He has called for blessings on the Queen, her ministers, plenipotentiaries, ambassadors, and all the Royal Family. He has included the Parliament at Ottawa, the Legislature at Toronto, and now he is coming nearer home. From where we sit, at our elevation, looking through our fingers, we can see the boy peeping in at the side door, afraid to enter while his father, who is intolerant of interruption, is still praying; while the father, thinking the son will come in with the document the moment he arrives, is afraid to stop, fearing he will not have any sermon to deliver. Thus we see the minister, waiting for the boy's return, praying away for anything and everything, and the boy waiting for his dad to stop, peeping in at the door. Miss Pringle, who never has been known to move during prayer, now actually turns her head to see whether there is any visible cause for this unusual outburst. Others, in the congregation, look around slyly, wondering what is the matter. At length the minister, obviously perturbed, ends the prayer with the plea that our pilgrimage here below may lead us all at the last to a better land up above. And as he sits down, wiping his brow, the boy enters and places the precious document in his hand. Apparently much relieved, he rises and announces the text of his sermon, which he reads from the thirty-third verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke: "Sell that ye have, and give alms".

A Sermon on Giving

Giving alms never has been practised by us to excess, but nevertheless we are pretty fair listeners, even if the effect on us of such exhortations is, as the blacksmith has expressed it, "Like water off a duck's back, in one ear and out the other". I have to confess that I never enjoy sermons on giving, and on this occasion I fear my interest is wandering to the names of the tunes Lizzie is considering as she turns over the leaves of the book in front of her: "Ajalon", "Winchester", "Dennis",

All Good Old Tunes

"Happy Day", "Coronation", "Sawley", "French", "Martyrdom", "Dunfermline", "St. Bernard", "Consolation"—all good old tunes sung by us from time to time with becoming fervour and devotion.

Devoted as I am to a proper appreciation of the service, especially the sermon, my attention is distracted by exterior things. For it is early autumn, and the window in front of me is open. Through it, from our elevation, I can see the village lying in Sabbath quietness, even somnolent, with apples mellowing on the ground and tomatoes ripening on garden fence and window sill. Presently old Charlie, the agnostic, rises from his accustomed snooze under the apple-trees and walks slowly into the house. Geordie McLaughlin is leaning over the sty, estimating the growth of his hog since last Sunday. He is not given to churchgoing; he prefers to read *The Huron Expositor* or the latest almanac. Now he is talking over the fence to Mrs. Butler, who was Mary Pigeon, and whose baby cried her out of church this morning. Their kitchen gardens adjoin each other, and it is interesting for them, as it should be interesting for everybody, to see the cucumbers forming, the citrons growing, the onions seeding, and the lettuce, all of it that hasn't yet gone to seed, still sending out crisp, curling leaves that make a wonderful background for slices of spring-cooled tomatoes and pickled beets. Sparrows chirp in the trees, and in the beaver meadow great flocks of blackbirds alight and whistle. In one of the back lanes Miss Pringle's Jersey, Mrs. Johnston's brindle, and the miller's red heifer are cropping grass where it grows most succulent in the fence corners, and the doctor's bay mare is renewing its hoofs in the pasture lot down by the mill. A scene of homely quality. And as I behold it, framed by the open window and stretched out before me in the autumn sunlight, I turn perhaps with reluctance to the singing of the closing hymn, which after all must reveal an uncertain measure of artificiality. But I forgot these things in the arch naïveté of Susie's smile, and I am reminded of life's belated beneficence as I see Henry Perkins, when all heads are supposed to be bowed during the pronouncement of the benediction, covertly squeezing Miss Pringle's hand, when, later on, I come suddenly upon these two erstwhile lovers talking confidentially, after long years of estrangement, yet rapt and unsuspecting, down by the garden gate, under the silver maple.

Under the Silver Maple