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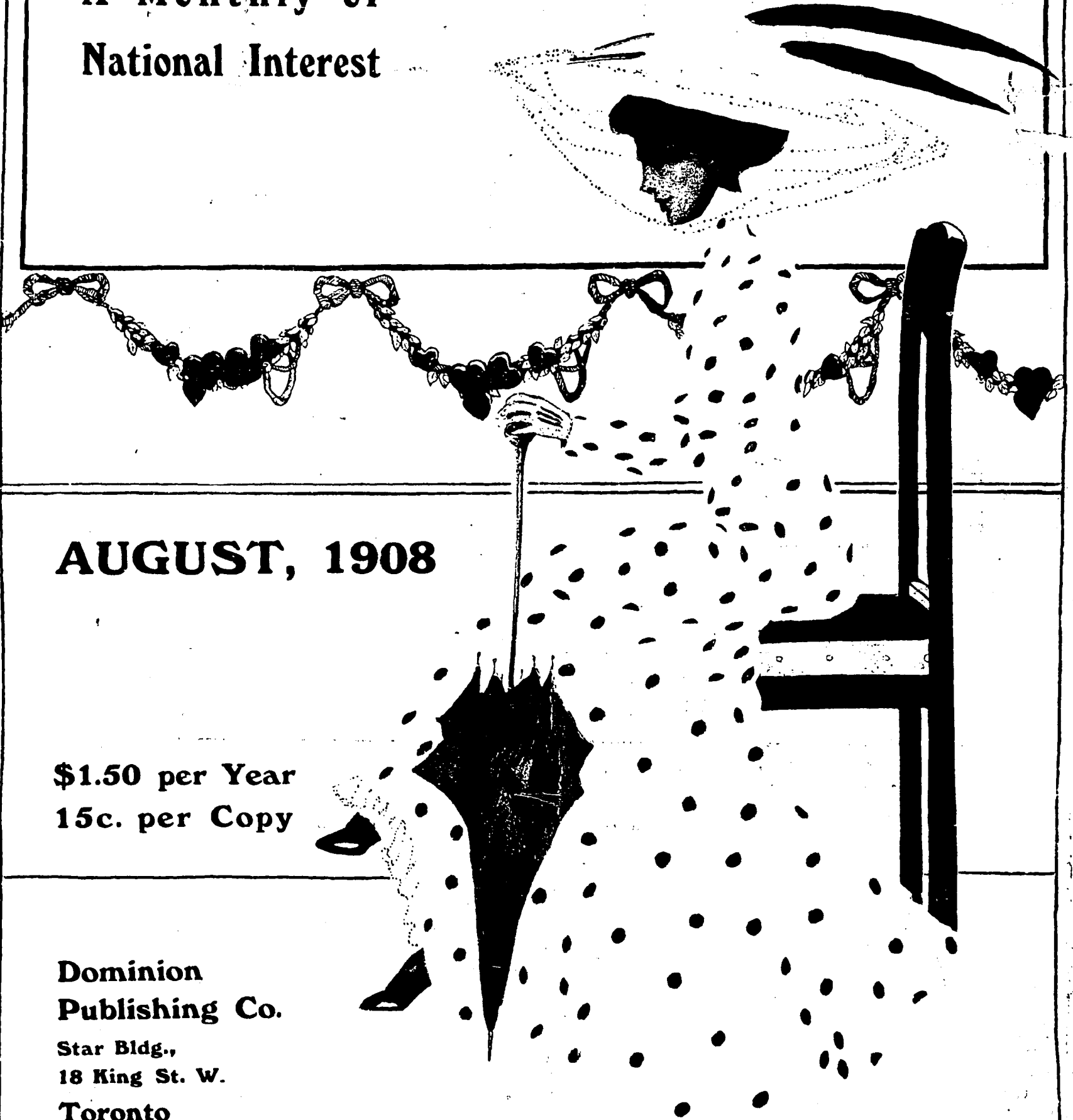
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DOMINION
Magazine

A Monthly of
National Interest



AUGUST, 1908

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15c. per Copy

Dominion
Publishing Co.

Star Bldg.,
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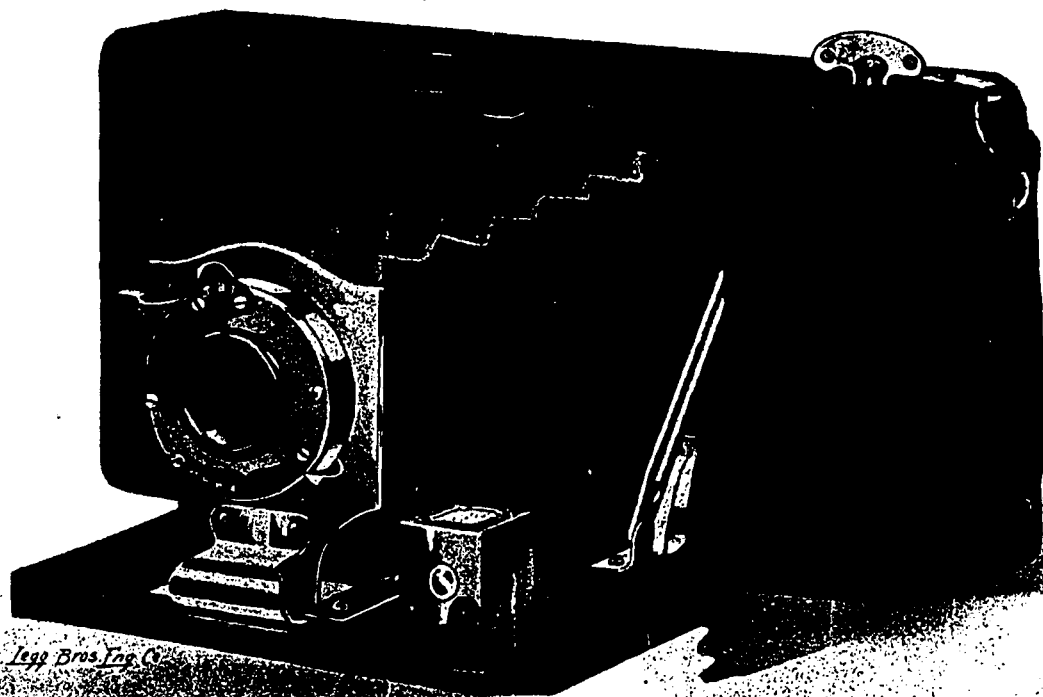
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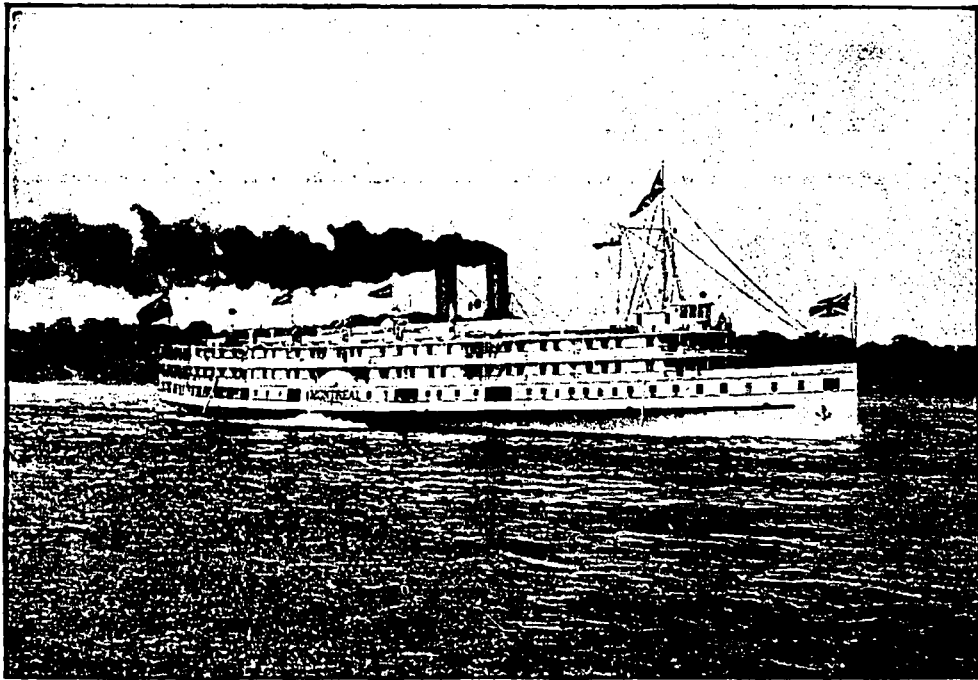
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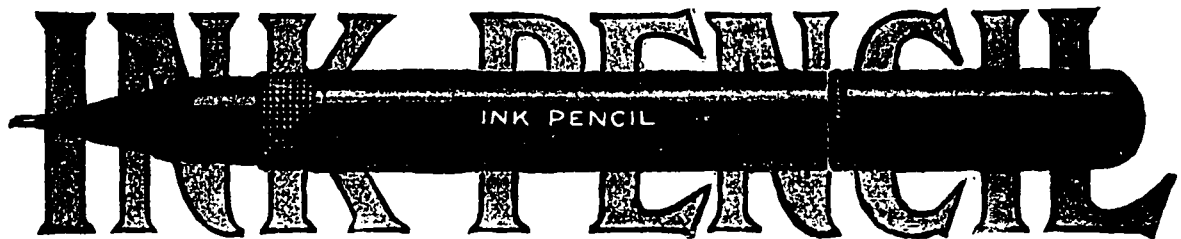
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MR. BRAM THOMPSON, M.A., B.L.

A regular contributor to the Dominion Magazine, and a well-known writer in Canadian Constitutionalism, Empire Confederation, and Political Philosophy.



"The followin' night I dined, by special request, with the Roy'l Chancellor."

Drawn by C. H. Duncan

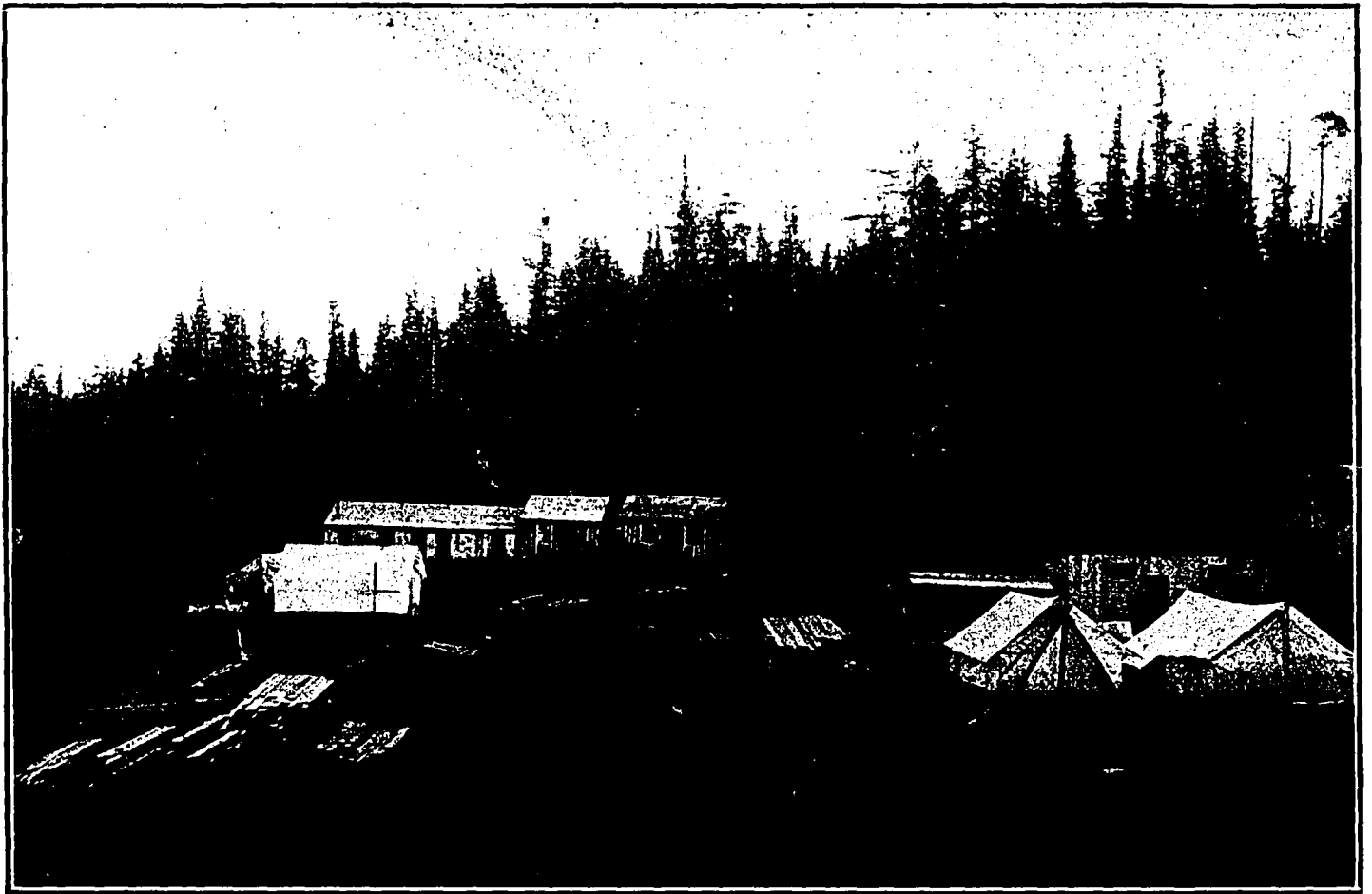
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THE DOMINION MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1908

No. 6



PRINCE RUPERT IN THE EARLY DAYS OF DEVELOPMENT. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Our New Pacific Port

By TALBOT MAJOR

AWAY up the British Columbia coast, only forty miles from the southern boundary of the tongue of territory that Lord Alverstone assisted in handing over to the Americans, there is a land-locked bay, on the shores of which a city is being built to order. Here is to be Prince Rupert, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Here a corps of Boston engineers have put in months in laying out the townsite. The rectangular city block, beloved of the Eastern Canadian and the American who laid out the cities which had their birth early last century, will be wanting in Prince Rupert. In the place of right angles the Prince Rupertians will have circles and crescents and undulating curves. And parks and plazas will be

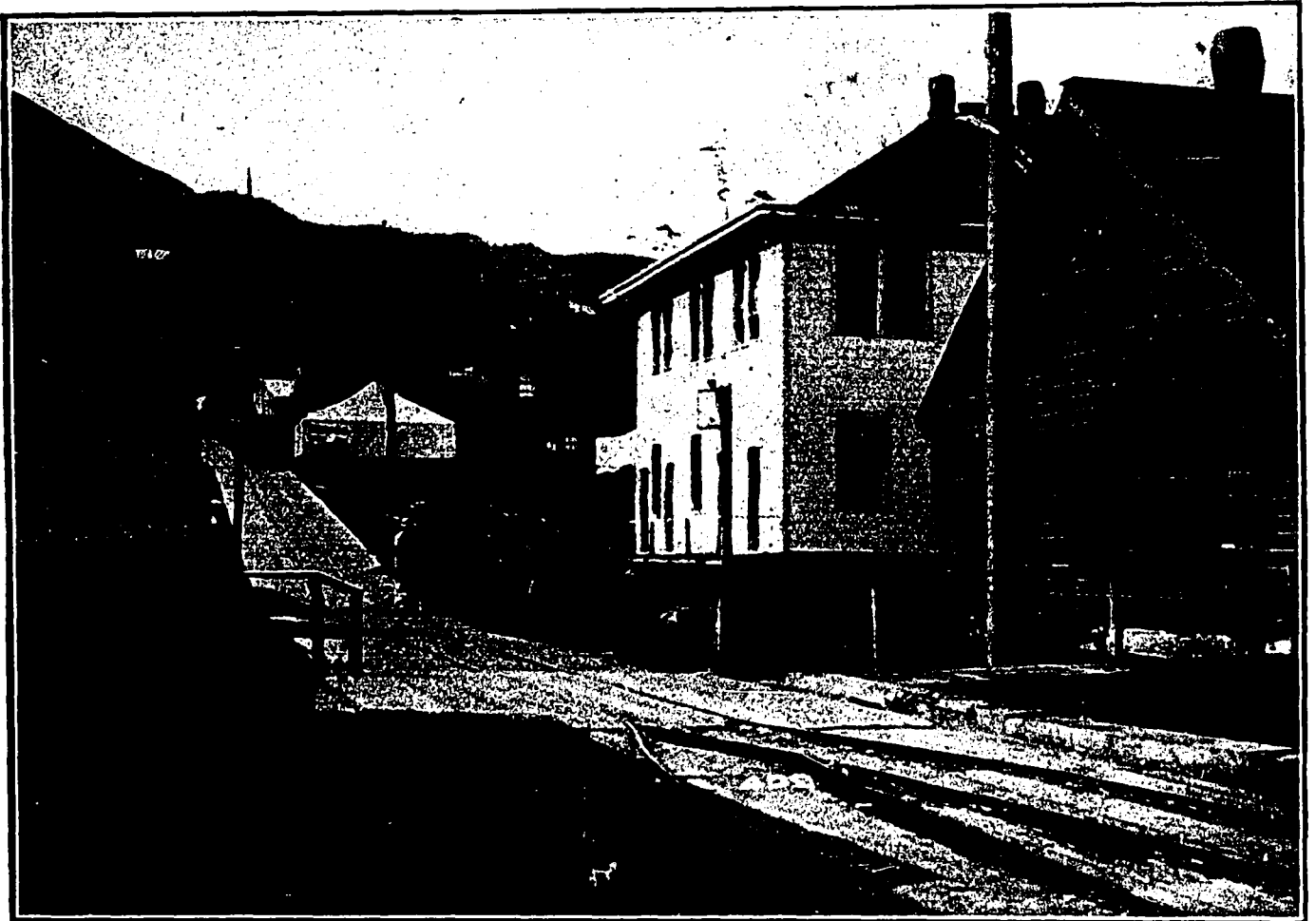
scattered throughout the place. They are ornamental and they are useful, for a fire cannot leap across a park, and a good-sized plaza may bring it to bay.

For many a month up and down the coast went the railway's explorers in their search for a suitable harbor. It must have lying beside it an area of land on which the terminal city could be built. Good harbors were found, but encircling them were rocks and gullies and miniature precipices. Capital situations for settlement were found, but the harbor was wanting. At last the searchers hit upon a steel-bright arm of the sea biting inland around the level Kailn Island, and protected from the Pacific's surging sweep by Digby Island. The channel makes the harbor. It is sixteen

miles long, a mile wide, and has an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet. Moreover, it has the rare advantage of a straight entrance, and the great liner can steam up to her moorings without the aid of a bevy of tugs.

Liners there will be in abundance, and freighters, too, for Prince Rupert will be the nearest port to Japan and the East. It will be on the most direct line between Yokohama and Liverpool, the shortest route around the world. The townsite is in the same latitude as London.

Prince Rupert lies in the centre of the salmon fishing industry of British Columbia, and in the immediate vicinity of a large number of canneries which ship their product throughout the world. Here is also to be found, off the banks of Queen Charlotte Islands, the finest halibut fishing that is known to exist, tons of which are being taken annually to supply Eastern markets, and this traffic will be greatly augmented upon the completion of transportation facilities right at hand.



PRINCE RUPERT LOOKING FROM WHARF. PACIFIC COAST TERMINUS, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The site is picturesque. The land slopes back gently for distances ranging from half a mile to two or three miles. Here and there the ground rises abruptly, providing the necessary fall for drainage and sewerage, while a shore line five or six miles in extent sweeps around the front of the city. The view from these elevated stations and from back of the townsite is a charming one. On the opposite shore mountains slope down to the water. To the northwest, through a channel studded with islands, is situated the famous Indian village of Metlakatla, known on the coast as the "Holy City."

Prince Rupert is also on the route of the celebrated "Sail up the Sound," which, for wild grandeur, excels almost anything to be found in the world from the deck of a sea-going ship, while the trains of this new railway will traverse some of the finest scenery to be found on the American continent. From the wooded lake-lands of Quebec and Ontario, across the wide and fertile fields of the Prairie Provinces, by the banks of the mighty rivers of the north, through Yellowhead Pass, through deep, dark canyons, where in midsummer from beneath the north windows of a west-bound train will come the sweet

fragrance of wild roses, while from the south windows the traveller can look out upon a glinting glacier, whose cold shroud trails to the margin of the mountain stream, along the banks of which the trains will travel over this short-cut across Canada. And this same train will take the traveller by the base of "Old Smoky"—said to be the highest mountain in the Dominion.

And over these rails, and down to Prince Rupert, will flow the commerce of all that new West bound for the East

Prince Rupert is surrounded by a country whose natural resources are more rich and varied than those of any other country known to the present generation. And her sphere is ever widening, her natural trade zone is daily being extended north, and still further north.

It is but a little over half a century since a Congressional Commission, sitting in Chicago, declared that the State of Illinois marked the northern limit of the profitable wheat-growing area of this continent. In spite of this the little pink



VIEW OF PRINCE RUPERT FROM BLUFF POINT.

by the Western way, as surely as the waters of the Pacific slope flow into the Pacific Ocean; but this commercial water-shed will extend hundreds of miles further East than the natural water-shed extends. The mineral wealth of all that vast mountain region, the forest products, the coal, the copper and iron ore of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon, as well as the food products of the Prairie Provinces, and the fish and fur of the far North—in short, all the export wealth of that resourceful region, west-bound, must find its outlet to the sea at Prince Rupert.

bread-berry spread north and west to Minnesota, the Dakotas, crawled up the Red River of the north, up to Portage Plains, spread over Saskatchewan to Alberta, where the miller came into competition with the flour of the Peace River, where, not having heard of the Chicago Commission, men had been sowing and reaping for a generation or more.

Fifty years ago, when the United States was staking a possible rail route to the Pacific, the Northern Pacific route was put aside with scant consideration as being impracticable, owing to its northerly location. The same argument

delayed for years the construction of Canada's first trans-continental line, but now we know more of the north country.

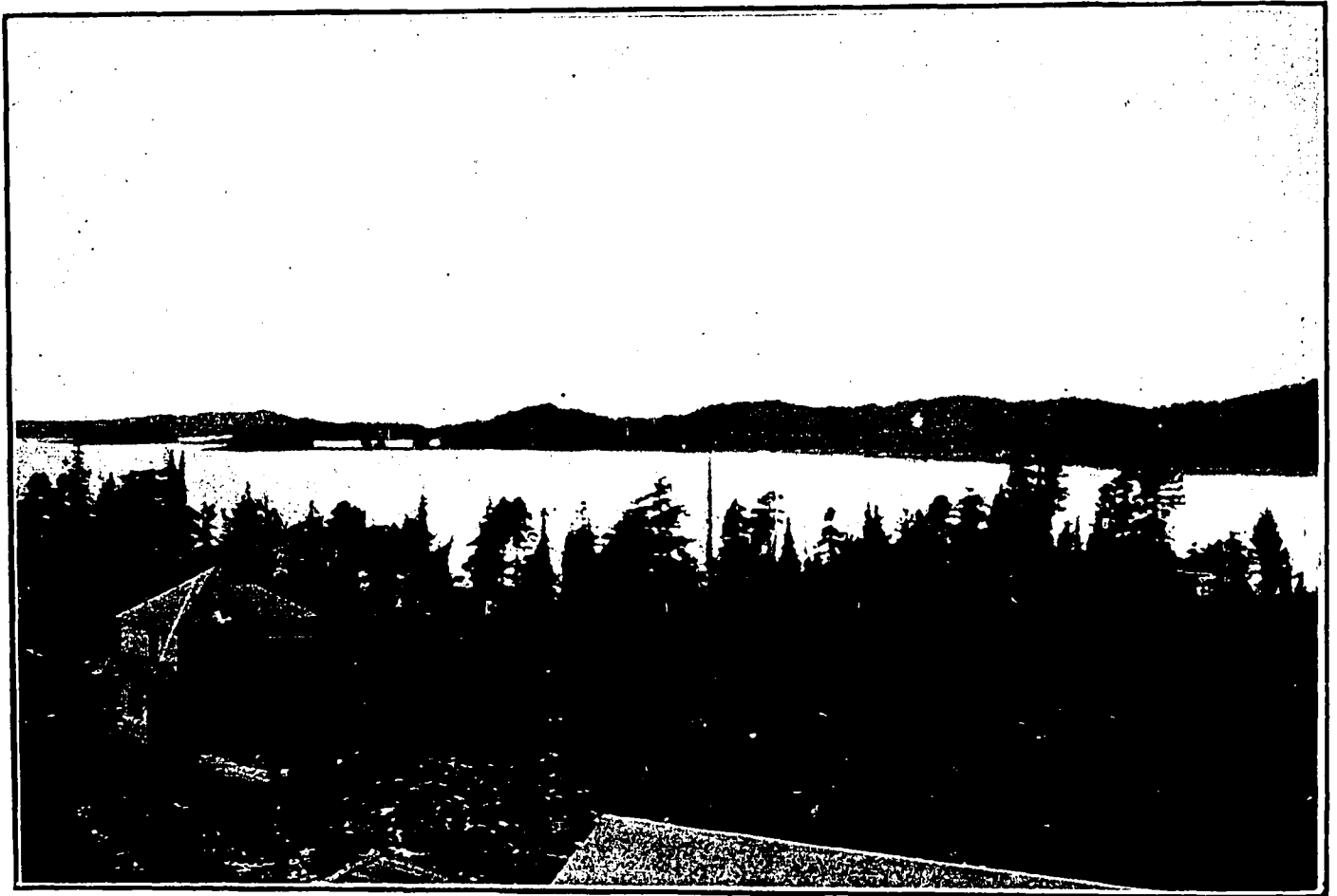
Every traveller and explorer who goes into the far north comes out with new stories of that much-maligned land, until their song of praise swells into a sublime chorus, compelling us by the mere preponderance of evidence to listen and to learn.

Only the other day, before the Royal Geographical Society in London, Mr. A. Harrison told some startling stories of

which would open a waterway 600 miles to Great Slave Lake.

From Port Providence to the (Arctic) Red River (Lat. 67 deg. 26 min., long. 14 deg. 4 min.), a distance of 900 miles, Mr. Harrison found the navigation exceedingly simple, and the whole stretch of country thus irrigated, he found "full of vegetation." "It will, in my opinion," he said, "one day be settled."

There are mountain cliffs of copper in the Atlin District, in the northwest corner of British Columbia, so nearly pure



PRINCE RUPERT VICINITY. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

the Northwest. He had been in search of an Arctic continent, but had travelled for the most part through a land of green fields and running brooks. The fields were unfenced and "far flung," to be sure, but wherever he found a Hudson's Bay Post, a massion, or the habitation of man, there he found vegetables "such as are grown in one's garden at home," wheat and barley, marsh grass on the moorlands, and bunch grass on the plateaus. He found much valuable timber, and endless indication of coal and oil. He suggests a railway from Edmonton north to the Athabasca, another from Prince Albert to Fort McMurray, and a third to the Peace River,

copper that it must be taken out by dynamite. Here also are gold, silver, wood and coal, all of which will come in over the Yukon extension, pass out by this new Pacific gateway, and go down to the seas in ships, eventually, belonging to the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Another feature in favor of Prince Rupert is the great saving of time effected by the northerly route. Ships sailing from Prince Rupert pass with a few strokes from the land-locked harbor to the high seas, and begin their journey across the Pacific 500 miles nearer the East than a ship would be sailing at the same time from another Pacific port.

Because it has been held back; because

settlers were not suffered to rush in before there was need of a settlement, to scuffle and scramble and squat in picturesque confusion, Prince Rupert is likely to build up rapidly. Unlike an oil-town or a mining-camp, its stability, its future, is, by reason of the railway and the richness of the surrounding country, already assured.

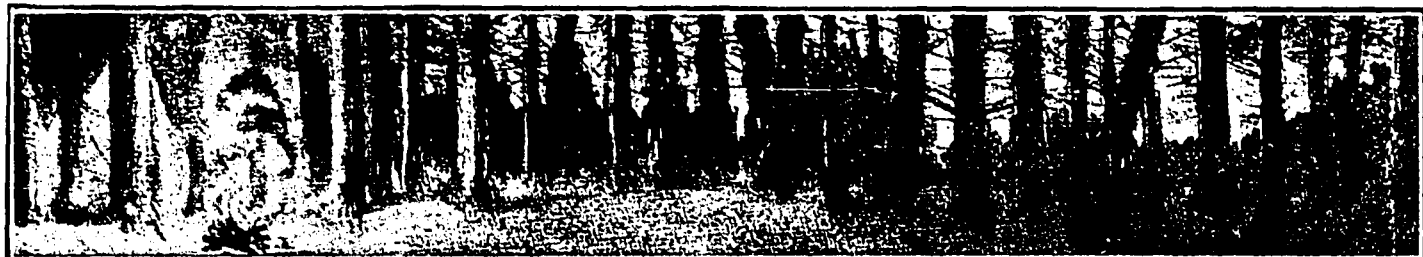
Prince Rupert has many advantages. It has a mild climate. It is new and attractive. It is to be a model city in every sense of the word. It guards what is said to be the finest natural harbor on the coast, if not in the world. It is the terminal town of a trans-continental railway which bids fair to surpass anything ever attempted in the way of railway construction on this continent, crossing from ocean to ocean without a single mile of mountain grade, or grade that can, by any stretch of imagination, be considered an obstacle to the economical operation of the road.

The city will be at the end of the long portage on the shortest route around the

world. Any scheme which has for its ultimate object the swift circling of the sphere must reckon Prince Rupert on its right-of-way.

To this new port will come the ships of the Seven Seas, ships of the East laden with silk and rice, will soon be riding at anchor in this splendid harbor, to sail away laden with lumber; ships from the West, with the wares of the West; ships from the shores of far-off continents, trading through the new and picturesque port of Prince Rupert.

Those who are acquainted with the West are aware that the isothermal line trends north as we go west, and finally loops down the Mackenzie River to Great Slave Lake and beyond. Consequently, the new city, as the returns of the Canadian Meteorological Service show, has an average temperature closely corresponding to that of Hamilton, Ont. If anything, Hamilton is a little colder in winter and slightly warmer in summer.



PEACE

By H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES

“Peace I leave”; in gentlest tremble of the quivering blade,
Stirred by the softly breathing whisper of the trees;
Stillness round, and only heard the rustle through the glade
Of needles falling from the firs, and hum of bees.

Nature’s peace when opal rays of purple, green and gold,
Tint all the west with hues, the setting sun’s farewell;
Nature’s peace in twilight shadows as the day grows old,
That flit across our path, the coming night to tell.

From East to West

By RODEN KINGSMILL

"That Our Days May Be Long."

EVEN though the doctors invent a new disease every month or so, we Canadians are entitled to the pleasant reflection that while we have ten times as many pathological methods of shuffling off the mortal coil, we are living longer than we did thirty years ago. Census Commissioner Blue tells us so in one of his frequent statistical bulletins, and if you don't want to believe the words, he has the figures ready for you. Taking the several decennial census enumerations since 1871, Mr. Blue finds the average age of those who died in 1871 to have been 23.5 years; during 1881 it was 24.62; during 1891 it had risen to 25.72, and during 1901 to 26.78 years. So we find that in thirty years the mean average duration of human life in Canada has been lengthened by something more than three years and three months.

Why shouldn't there have been an increase in our years as a consequence of the investigations of the pathologists and the therapists and the etiologists? What are health inspectors and antiseptics and medical congresses for? The longer a man stays alive, the longer he will need physicians. Thus the investigators have moral uplift in the knowledge that a nice ethical point in their undertakings has not been neglected. They are making us live longer, and also are widening their clientele. Commissioner Blue, who perhaps looks upon things in an ultramarine aspect, mournfully remarks that "the living are not so easily missed as the dead." Assuredly not. But probably Mr. Blue is not referring to certain folk whose loss would be a distinct gain to society at large. What he means is that he finds in the census records of the living better ground for forming conclusions than are afforded by the mortality statistics of the various provinces. It is undeniable that it is more possible

to ascertain the age of a living person—with the exception, perhaps, of some unmarried ladies—than it is to find out the exact number of years passed in this vale of woe by some person whose burial certificate has been filled out in a hurry by an undertaker from information often furnished by an inexact relative.

Let us all hope that Mr. Blue's next table will give us another couple of years as a result of his investigation of the census figures of 1911. Despite bad times, poor crops, falling real estate values and increased cost of living, most of us hope that our days may be long in the land. We have—some of us—an ever-increasing joy in kicking about the conditions which surround us. That is one of the glorious rights of a Canadian citizen. We desire to exercise that right, and it is clear that we can exercise it only while we are alive. Thus we insist upon being given our full time to lodge our protests against everything that we object to, and it is the hope of the pessimist, as well as the optimist, that Mr. Blue three years hence will allow us at least twelve months more in which to prove that we could manage the world a good deal better than those who at present have that easy task.

Fighting For Our Forests.

Only a few years ago Canadians were told that they owned eight hundred million acres of forest. Now Dean Fernow of the Faculty of Forestry in the University of Toronto says the figure must be cut to 535 million acres. The country has lost the difference mainly through rank improvidence. But yet, says Professor Fernow, there is hope. He quotes Professor Melard, a great French authority, who has made a careful study of the world's timber supply. Only three countries, Canada, Sweden, and Finland, says M. Melard,

can be depended upon as exporting countries after ten years from to-day.

If Canada is to maintain her position as a timber-producing country, her forests must be protected from fire and so managed as to ensure the greatest results from this portion of the national estate. The demand for wood is bound to increase. Conditions will never recur in the history of the world such as those in the Central Asia of a thousand years ago, when the brick and the tile had to take the place of the lost wood. To-day wood is wanted, and must be had, not only for building, but for tools, for furniture, and for a multitude of other uses. Canada must learn to save her wood or else there will be actual discomfort as well as financial loss. It is a case of preserving what we have and of refraining from wilful waste. The President of the United States and the State Governors are so interested in the problem, as applying to their own country, that they have taken steps to impress upon their people the necessity of spending millions on forest preservation. In Canada there is just as great a need for husbanding our resources and making of our forests a permanent asset. Forestry is a science, and the forestry movement throughout the country is directed in the right direction. The people will have to fight selfishness, wastefulness, and private interests great and small. But the people must win, and they can win only through the politicians. Let the politicians become convinced that the people want extravagance to be replaced by common sense, and the politicians will be falling over one another to advance the forestry propaganda. Your politician knows that the first thing to do in his business is to follow public opinion. Let him find that public opinion strong enough, and he will soon enrol himself in the front rank of those who fight the timber butcher and the timber burner.

The Song of the Gay Shirt.

Esteemed reader of the male persuasion, will you pardon a slightly personal inquiry? Do you wear colored shirts? The London *Lancet* remarks that if you do, you are a sloven. Of course, it is really none of *The Lan-*

cet's business. Why should a medical journal leave the unimportant field of medicine and attempt to pose as an authority on matters sartorial? Cannot a man be a good citizen, an amiable father, a prompt payer, and a considerate creditor without being denounced as a sloven? What is there inimical to neatness and life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in wearing a light blue shirt with pink stripes? Why should the wearer be pilloried by *The Lancet* as a very imperfect ablutioner? *The Lancet*, as its article shows, takes it for granted that the colored shirtwearer eschews the white article purely to save laundry bills. This is absurd. The colored shirt is worn in order that some brightness may be injected into the dull grey of the average life. Moreover, the colored shirt betokens individuality. Wearing a sufficiently clamorous colored shirt, the mildest-mannered man may have the good fortune to be taken for an owner of a racing stable—or, at least, a bookmaker. The colored shirt is calculated to make a man think. A red-headed man, when he is pawing over a pile of samples from which the colored shirt of the made-to-order variety is manufactured, is given an object lesson in chromatic schemes. He finds that a purple material contrasted with his auburn locks would scare horses into a gallop. Thus he learns something, and Solon, no less, was the authority for the statement that this is what the truly wise man will do every day.

Again, it may fairly be asserted that *The Lancet* bewrays a provincial ignorance, unbecoming a London journal, when it charges that the colored shirt is the enemy of the laundry. If *The Lancet* had any judgment, it would know that the colored shirt wearer in sheer self-defence, will have to pay bigger laundry bills than the follower of the plain white article. If he wears the same tinted garment three consecutive days he should—and will—feel ashamed of himself. His friends become acquainted with the pattern, and, the chances are, the franker of them will announce that he had better make a change. They insinuate that the whole town is on speaking terms, as it were, with the shirt. Consider, on the other hand, that the white-shirt man may—as

was the habit of a Cabinet Minister now dead—put on a clean one on Sunday, sleep in it, and wear it throughout the week without fear of detection. The white shirt has no individuality. It may suit lawyers, judges, and persons of no originality. But as against the colored shirt, it has no standing. It is jejune, frequently ready-made, front-bulging and shoulder-binding. The colored shirt has none of these drawbacks. It is a twentieth-century garment, and its chiefest recommendation is that it antagonizes a back-number journalist like the editor of *The Lancet*.

Bad Men With Guns.

Sir William Mulock, who tried and sentenced to death an Italian murderer of Hamilton, Ont., was asked by a number of the condemned man's compatriots to endorse a petition for a commutation. The Chief Justice promised to forward a report to the Minister of Justice, and he gave the petitioners a bit of advice. He counselled them to endeavor to induce their Italian fellow-citizens to abandon the habit of carrying knives. The petitioners have taken steps to that end.

Knife-carrying is bad enough, but it will never appeal to the Canadian of Anglo-Saxon extraction. What about the revolver habit, though? Revolver carrying is not one of our weaknesses, but many a Canadian murder has been done with the revolver as a weapon. When the police of any of our cities find a revolver on a prisoner the weapon is confiscated and the owner is fined twenty-five or fifty dollars. And yet the revolver was bought by a perfectly legal transaction. In Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, or any other of our large towns, the wayfarer can see the "guns" by dozens exhibited in the windows of second-hand stores. He can buy a wagon-load of them in an afternoon at anything from a dollar to three dollars a piece. He needs only the money to equip a regiment. He performs no illegal action in buying them. He is within the law when he pays a couple of dollars for a shooting-iron and a box of cartridges, but he is liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment for carrying concealed weapons when he shoves the

revolver into his pocket and steps on the pavement.

This seems to be absurd enough to please even the most dry-as-dust lawyer. Here in shop windows are displayed deadly weapons. The shopkeeper is guilty of no offence when he hands one of them over the counter to a thug who within two hours may load up with whiskey and shoot up a neighborhood, assassinate an enemy, or use the gun as part of his working plant in a burglary.

It is impossible to obtain many poisons without going through certain forms which make it almost impossible to get prussic acid, for instance. Other poisons can be more easily obtained, but in all cases the druggist has to observe the law. In the revolver case there is no law; and nobody seems to care whether there is any law or not. In the case of poisons, the victim is usually the purchaser. In the case of the revolver, the victim, actual or possible, is rarely the purchaser. Leaving out of the question the fact that no honest man needs to carry a revolver in Canada, the lawmakers might take into consideration the fact that the honest man would prefer to see the thug or the crook kept separated from the revolver. If the shopkeepers had to refer all such purchases to the nearest policeman, for instance, the average crook would think twice before buying. The revolver-selling interest cannot be so large or so important as to stampede any Board of Aldermen away from a civic ordinance calling for a thousand-dollar license fee for the privilege of selling the weapons. The second-hand men are the chief offenders. In the big shops where the new article is sold the buyer is usually the citizen who wants to protect his household. It may be too much to expect the average alderman to take any steps along the line indicated. Anyway, the police are usually on hand shortly after a murder and usually get the murderer. Of course, any plan to make murder more difficult is utopian and unworthy of the consideration of gentlemen who want votes more than anything else.

Uncivilized Canadians.

There seems to be a conviction existing that Canadians lose several

million hours of sleep annually on account of worry over the fact that certain folk persist in calling them "Colonials." Immediately such high-minded publications as the London Standard gallop to the rescue with loud cries to Englishmen that never, never must they refer to us as Colonials; that we speedily become victims of blood-boiling when the hated word is heard, and that the solidarity of the Empire can be promoted only by referring to us as Canadians.

The able and amiable gentlemen of the English press will be surprised to hear that the average Canadian does not know that in England he is referred to as a Colonial. The Canadian reads the Canadian newspapers and he is too much wrapped up in the affairs of his own country to read any others. He does not find anything about Colonials in his own newspapers and he is in lofty ignorance of the awful remarks that are being dealt the Empire in England by the folk who apply the term to him. If he does hear about it he will probably feel that if it suits anybody, three thousand miles away, to call him a Senegambian it will neither do him any particular harm nor make of him a Senegambian. In a word, the Canadian finds that his own and his country's affairs take up most of his time.

It is the enthusiastic Empire builder and the equally enthusiastic Little Englander who are responsible for the writing of a lot of rot in England about what are far from being live issues in Canada. The Canadian cannot be stampeded in any direction. The Imperial Federation League tried to do it. The Imperial Federation League is dead. Most Canadians have a tolerably clear conception of the ultimate destiny of this country. They do not propound their views on public platforms. They do not write articles in reviews. The gentlemen who do this are mainly English journalists and a few Canadians of a certain stamp. They do not represent Canadian sentiment any more than the salaried Canadian correspondent of the violently imperialistic and English Tory London Morning Post represents Canadian views. The Post wants opinions that suit it, and

it gets them.

In the same way the *Empire Review* of London is doing a great work. In the latest issue a writer helps on goodwill by discussing Canada as a field for the 'gentleman immigrant'—a gentleman evidently being a person with an income of \$2,500 a year. The gentleman immigrant has looked us over with a critical eye, and he doesn't seem to think we'll do. He remarks:

Canada may be an earthly paradise but how will my children grow up? I do not want them to become Colonials. I do not want a commercial, dollar-fied, Yankee shopkeeper success for them. I do not want them 'guessing' and 'reckoning' about the world with all their gentlemanly instincts killed by dollar worship. There is little danger of this if the children are well and carefully looked after at home. If they find there English speech and gentlemanly traditions it will more than counteract anything inferior they may come in contact with outside.

Thus, the esteemed reader will observe, the sacrosanct children of the gentleman immigrant will be all to the good if they are kept away from the unutterable little Canadians. They will be lovely little snobs and will demonstrate the principles of heredity. The *Empire Review* and the gentleman immigrant are doing a work that will suit in its results some people whom they do not consider.

Our Own Garden Truck.

Premier Roblin, himself a farmer—and a mighty knowledgable one at that—has been telling Manitobans that it is nonsensical and extravagant for them to buy their garden truck from the Americans while Manitoba's fat, black loam will grow the finest vegetables on earth. Hundreds of tons of Wisconsin cabbages are eaten in Winnipeg every winter, and the importer pays a cent a pound duty on them. The same thing may be said of carrots, cauliflowers, beets and other vegetables. The trouble seems to have been that every farmer in Manitoba has wanted to grow wheat. The remark, "This is a wheat country," seems to him to settle the question for good and all. Winnipeg has a few market gardens run by white

men, but the bulk of the local business is in the hands of the cheerful Chinese—who grows rich speedily. The Wisconsin farmer can't be hard up either.

There is no town in North America where the people are readier than are Winnipeggers, to pay good prices for what the market affords. They will buy Canadian goods if they can get them. The trouble has been that they hitherto have not been able to get them. There are hundreds of acres within easy drive of the prairie capital which should be devoted to market gardening. There is money in it. It is not so easy as wheat growing, but it is surer. Last year's crop failure may have convinced some Manitoba farmers that wheat will not be king every year. If it has, so much the better for themselves. The Wisconsin men can get out of their surplus in Milwaukee. Cabbages and beer seem to have some kind of mystic connexion.

Kill the Opium Traffic.

Canada, on the high road of prosperity, surely can do without the revenue accruing from a debasing traffic like that in opium. Mackenzie King, in his report to the Government, says that in Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster there are seven factories doing a gross business of \$650,000 a year in the manufacture of the drug. The net results in the manufacture of wrecked bodies and souls are not stated. They, perhaps, are not worth stating, the supposition being that only Chinamen are affected and that the Chinaman's soul and body are above the consideration of any right minded Canadian. The Government collects a duty of four dollars a pound on this clotted damnation. Canadian Governments have been doing it for many years.

But the presumption that the almond-eyed Oriental is the only victim seems to be put out of court by Mackenzie King. "The Chinese with whom I conversed," says he, "assured me that almost as much opium was sold to white people as to Chinese, and that the habit of smoking opium was making headway, not only among white men and boys, but also among white women and girls."

As buttermilk is to whisky, so is whisky to opium. King is a responsible

investigator and he tells us plainly that our people are being besotted and rotted by this horrible habit. The earnest workers for the prohibition of the alcohol trade have worked earnestly and manfully and with some success. If they would detach a squadron of their doughtiest fighters to make war on the opium trade they would never feel the loss, and the country would feel the gain.

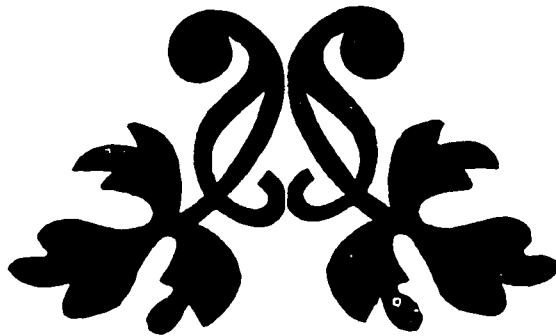
Surely Canada can get along without a licensed opium trade. The raw material imported last year was worth \$262,000. The finished product turned out of the seven British Columbia factories was \$650,000. So that, roughly, the wages and profits to the owners—Chinamen—were \$400,000. It would pay the country better to hand over this amount in lawful money of Canada to these Celestial merchant princes and be rid of the whole filthy business for good and all. There is a clause in the tariff prohibiting the importation of lewd publications. These debase the mind. Opium debases the mind and rots the body. The pernicious stuff should be added to the prohibited list.

Gov. Johnson and Canada.

Former Governor Johnson of Minnesota was Bryan's most serious opponent at the Denver convention. This man Johnson is the individual who had the nerve and bad taste to preach the annexation of Canada to the United States to an audience of Sarnia business men. How he escaped with a whole skin from that sturdy Canadian town is hard to understand. The day went by thirty years ago when any American of any weight believed that Canada would consent to annexation. The destiny of Canada is in the hands of Canadians, and it will not have the capstone placed on it in the city of Washington, D.C. Years ago Goldwin Smith had a small coterie of followers who were annexationists of the academic type. Most of them are dead. The others have become good Canadians. It is not probable that any Minnesota Swede can induce the Canadian people to alter their point of view. His speech, of course, was made for campaign purposes—which shows how exceedingly poor a politician he is. In the United States there are at

least three quarters of a million of voters who were Canadian or English by birth. These men would be mighty likely to follow the Democratic preacher of an annexation propaganda, wouldn't they? They are good American citizens, but they would have had the greatest pleasure in dropping a ticket in the slot against the progressive and somewhat mouthy Mr. Johnson. It is a secret, known to a number of Democratic politicians in the Western States, that in Bryan's record campaign the silver-

tongued intended to come out flat-footed for the annexation of Canada, following up afar off the Cleveland Venezuela message. But the eastern friends of the party put a stopper on this. They knew that votes would be alienated all over the country, and they did not see how any votes could be made. Johnson is a third-rate politician of the Populist type. He is lamentably short on information. Recent events have shown him to be equally long on bad judgment.



CANDLE-TIME

I saw them all at Candle-Time—
The Halfway Folk go creeping by:
The Mouse-Man with his nibbly Wand,
And his hat as high as high;
And the Cranny-Wife with heels tip-tap,
And bits of moonbeams in her lap.

I heard the passing Goblin-Men,
And the Witchy-Ladies white as white;
I heard those clocks, as plain as plain,
That only tick at Candle-Light:
And while I listened, peek-a-chin,
I heard the Night-time-Man turn in.

I saw Grey Gaffer with his Cart,
I saw the Big Wide Wheels go round;
And the Eerie-Wights go glinting by
Without a sign or sound;
I saw the Murk-Men with their brooms
Sweeping the shadows from the rooms.

There was a Window stiff and straight:
I peeked right through between the bars:
I saw a Prince, and Cinder-Wench,
And a Cat with eyes like stars,
Go walking round and round and round,
Till their shadows faded on the ground.

—*Agnes Crozier Herbertson.*

Canada Wants Nationhood

By BRAM THOMPSON

THE Nation is now in a state of joy and jubilation and her heart thrills with pride. Peace has thrown her mantle o'er the cuirass of war; racial rancour has ceased; and commingled gratitude for the past and hope for the future engender in all the noblest sentiments of devotion and love for a mutual *Patria*.

Nevertheless the people must not be deluded, nor should the fact be concealed from them, that there is a rapid convergence of external forces and internal conditions to a crisis in our history transcending by far the events which the tercentenary commemorates.

The celebration of the Nation's birth and of the heroes' death is most opportune for revealing the truth, for moulding the national opinion, and for fortifying the courage of the people; for in the impending crisis the Canadian Nationhood is intimately involved and its preservation will demand, if not on the field of courage, at least in patriotic devotion, the lives of the best and wisest of Canadian citizens.

It is a momentous thought that supposing King Edward VII lives to the age of the good Queen Victoria and that the Prince of Wales succeeds to the Throne of his illustrious Father and reigns until he is 70 years old, then in the lifetime of the very Prince who now comes to the Canadian celebrations as the representative of the Sovereignty and Government of the United Kingdom, the British Empire will either have coalesced and risen to splendour, or have disintegrated and fallen into *disjecta membra*.

The fact is no less true, and no less menacing, because it is in some respects prophetic. After all that has been said to the contrary the spirit of prophecy is not extinct. The prophet himself as an individuality—quintessence of religion and patriotism—has gone from the earth; but at least part of his duplex

faculties has been transmuted into the Philosophic Statesman who now in lieu of oracular declarations, forms anticipatory opinions that if certain conditions *in praesenti* are continued certain results *in futuro* will ensue. And on those opinions, formed by analyzing historical data, by contrasting the present with the past, and by gauging the trend of National affairs, he anticipates and forefends calamities, and guides the Ship of State so that she will neither run upon rocks or shoals, nor be wrecked by contesting elements of adverse fury, nor be engulfed in waters which

“With vortiginous and hideous whirl
Suck down their prey.”

This is Statesmanship. This is what Canada wants for the immediate future, and this the Canadian people must proceed to supply and produce, for at present it seems to be a *quantitas obscuritas* in our Ottawa Parliament.

Canada, though she may not know it—I think the people have not considered it, but in view of the impending national crisis they must consider it—is in the leading-strings of time-serving politicians who take no note of the future. They retire day after day in perspiration and exhaustion which they think are evidences of devotion to duty. Devotion to mad infatuation!

They seem determined—and we speak not of a party but of men of all parties—to expend their utmost strength to drag the people farther and farther into the shloUGH and rut in an antiquated Colonial Machine joggng on the wheels of Pioneer notions; and the plaudit of the multitude for their vigour and vim has altogether deadened the elements of rationale in the performers.

Neither the strength of the obedient horse nor his willing strenuosity is symptomatic of wisdom or foresight. A gentle deflection might quickly and

easily bring him to the summit of a hill up whose steep ascent he bends every muscle to advance in a straight line; and from the quag and rut in which he pulls and plods till the wheels behind him fall in pieces, he might be diverted over a safe and easy path by the slightest bit of discretion. So it is in Statecraft.

Treaty-rights, Treaty-wrongs, Arbitration betrayals, Diplomatic perfidies, animadversions on British stupidity and slowness, menaces of a changing attitude, and threats of the withdrawal of the Preference-Tariff overtures. What are these but political quago and ruts, senseless strenuities, and impossible achievements for the effete waggon and convoy of Colonialistic Government?

Canada wants Nationhood. Let the fact be faced, the truth revealed, and no effort relaxed until she has fully attained its full status.

The way to Nationhood is safe and easy through the consolidation of the Empire; but let another truth be stated—as yet the Empire is in an inchoate condition.

A confederated Empire, a veritable House of many Mansions, would give to Canada the right to speak in the ephemistic language of diplomacy, and thus brains would achieve what animal vim could never accomplish.

What are we doing to promote this Empire and attain our National Status? Absolutely nothing.

The Tariff-Reform Party in Great Britain having penetrated the sophistries of applied, as distinguished from theoretic, Free Trade have solved in their own minds at least the national issue and are now fighting the cause of "a confederated Empire." They perceive the identity of National and Imperial cause, and that Germany is undermining the core and centre of the Empire by a commercial invasion which is more certain eventually than is any naval equipment at present to secure the forts and harbors of Great Britain.

German philosophy has not been in vain, for it has evolved a new science of war through the peaceful art of commercially undermining the power to resist militant and aggrandizing schemes.

doctrine; but Canada sits tranquil in the midst of the maelstrom. Our purbling parliamentarians exclaim, "All tariff reform is a question for Great Britain; and Canada must not interfere!" But Canada's tariff reform, we assert, concerns the Nationhood, the Freedom, and the Commerce of Canada; and we must if we are true to ourselves interpose in the contest regarding it and bring to the Reformers our active support; for through their efforts Great Britain must be fiscally fortified so that she can sustain her commercial prestige and by a revenue thus derived maintain an Imperial Navy; or through their failure to convince the people of the needs for Tariff Reform the Imperial idea must be abandoned, and one by one the possessions which now exult in the fictive name of Empire and long for the actuality which it signifies must fight for their own individual existence.

Fancy Canada being forced out of the Imperial folds, through Britain's de-Germany's commerce is advancing; her navy is increasing; while Britain's commerce is declining, and retrenchments in her military and naval expenditure prenote a reduction of her naval forces. The transverse trend of German and British naval power and commercial position, is now approximating to an equality, and the continuance of the trend for another few years means undoubtedly German preeminence in both. Large parts of her public revenue are devoted to promoting her commerce through the technical Government School, the construction of gigantic water-ways, and the subsidizing of transport agencies.

From philosophy Germany has educed the fact that the welfare and progress of the nation and empire are identical, and that both revolve round the same point. Great Britain's reformers have slowly accepted the truth of the declining commercial power and being projected upon seas of blood for her independence! Yet that is the inevitable result of the failure of British Fiscal Reform; and can Canada be pusillanimous and mean enough when her destiny is thus at stake to sit and watch, as she has been urged by her Parliamentary leaders to do, and if happy vic-

tory should crown the Imperial cause, then to blatantly advance with a congratulatory smile for the victory and demand the greatest heritage of a free people—Nationhood, and an equality in a Confederated Empire?

But consider the other possible position. If the Tariff Reformers—the Imperialists—should fail to convince the people of Great Britain at the next general election of the justice and necessity of their purposes, the failure means the triumph of the “Little Englanders,” the men who mistake parsimony for economy, the men who think that much of the naval expenditure should be devoted to domestic ameliorations, and it means above all the virtual abandonment of the Imperial idea.

Canada must, in that case, *volens volens*, face the questions: How to attain her Nationhood; and how to maintain her freedom.

This is the CRISIS; and certainly it is a crisis momentous and near enough to call for the highest faculty of pre-scient Statesmanship.

Let us follow the thought. Even if on the surface relationships should continue as they are between Canada and Great Britain, we never know when one of these vaunted Canadian treaties may provoke a strife with a foreign power; and we never know, until the Empire is really confederated, when a Government of anti-Imperialists may put into force their insular nationalism by telling Canada, in the event of a treaty dispute, to get out of the difficulty by her own effort as she had got into it by an assumption of authority which was wholly unwarranted. We might respond that we are a part of the Empire of which Great Britain is the head, and that she is bound to aid us. The position is humiliating beyond description. Our appeal would not bear analysis from any point of view—logical, constitutional or economical; but it admirably serves to bring into prominence again the necessity to Canada for the triumph of the Imperial cause under the forces of the Tariff Reformers in Great Britain, and the immediate necessity and urgent duty of Canada to go to their assistance.

This statement of our position should,

of itself, drive out of existence the lacedaisical poltroons of Ottawa who assert that we in Canada have done all we can be expected to do for the Imperial cause by giving to Great Britain a discount on our Tariff charges about equal to what the manufacturer gives to his largest wholesale customer over the smallest huckstering trader. And be it noted these men calling themselves statesmen, are not content with stating this position, but they further threaten couped will be withdrawn. What blatant the discount, if not promptly retant inanity! They do not see the effect of their own words; for this blood is itself an interference in Great Britain's Tariff Policy against active interference with which they solemnly abjure us; and if put into force it might result in a summary retaliation. Great Britain could divert her custom from Canada, as readily as Canada could put British imports on the same footing as those of other nations, and if such a retaliatory act were provoked would Canada or Great Britain be the greater loser?

What is hidden from the wise and prudent is often revealed to the babe, and so is the truth of this proposition obscured from the Ottawa *Patres* who indulge in the rhapsodies of specious declamation.

And still there is more than the commercial truth to be apprehended both by us and them.

The enforcement of the threat and the resulting retaliatory attitude would cut Canada adrift from her anchorage, and dispel the idea of Empire so far as she is concerned; and again she would be forced to face the question of her Nationality and Independence.

She could then, no doubt, freely assert her Treaty-making power; but how would she enforce it? She could resent Japanese immigration, but how would she prevent it? If she threatened force, she would be met by an invitation to put her threat into execution. Could she do so? Would this then become a brown, a yellow, or a white man's country?

Plato taught philosophy by interrogation, and we may be pardoned for inculcating the elements of common pru-

dence, in the same way, upon those who scorn constitutional treaties and sport with our national destiny according to the vagaries of their daily temperament.

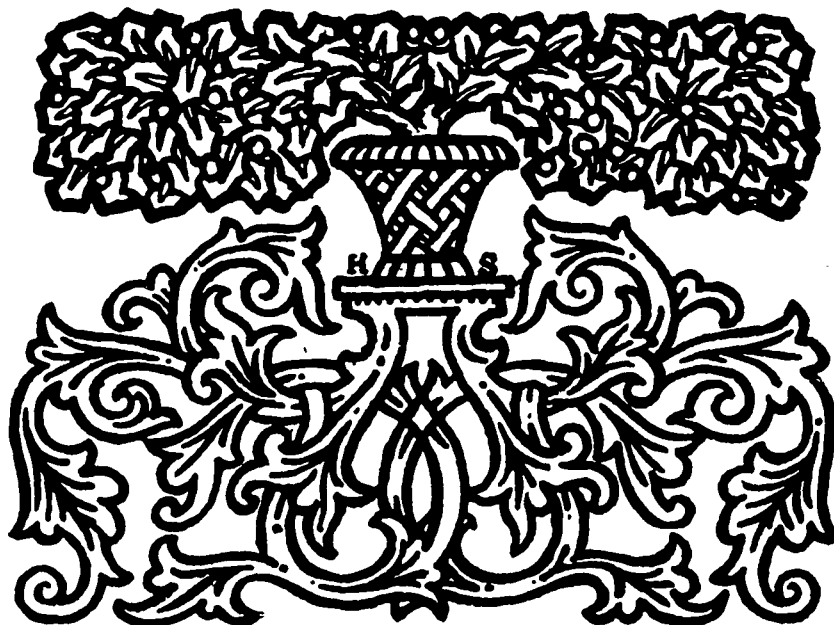
The consolidation of the Empire then is of the utmost vital importance to the Canadian people, politically, nationally and commercially, and who can deny them the right to present their case to the British people from a Canadian stand-point? Is it a few diletanti faddist on political etiquette, or is it a few poltroons who devise this pretext as the most plausible way of shirking a national duty?

It is clearly open to Canadians to declare the National opinion in favor of Nationhood, Empire Consolidation, and Intra-Empire Tariffs. They can best do this by resolutions of their Parliament and Legislative Assemblies, and it is a duty incumbent upon them to send men armed with these resolutions to Great Britain to convince the people there from the platforms of the Tariff Reformers that the proposals involve no SACRIFICE upon them, that mutual and reciprocal advantage must result

from them, that Canada by their aid would expand and strengthen the Empire, and that the trade and industry of Great Britain itself would be augmented and the wages and general condition of the people elevated by their operations.

This implies no entrenchment upon the British people's right of deciding in the last resort, any more than the address of counsel in a Civil or Criminal cause, is an interference with the freedom of the jury.

Let a few men, eloquent, ready of argument and able to adjust themselves to the varied aspects of the problem be sent to the Tariff Reformers as a Canadian contingent, and we predict another dispersal of the Empire's foes more speedy than that which the veldts of the Transvaal witnessed. These men, too, would return with laurels of victory, and, carrying in their hands the full CHARTER OF CANADIAN NATIONHOOD, their names would simultaneously be enshrined in the hearts of the people and inscribed on the walls of the new Imperial Edifice.



The Palace of the King

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

CAPTAIN Thimble plied his seine-needle industriously until he heard the gate click; then he sighed deeply and looked up. The portly form of Mrs. Thimble was vanishing round a distant corner.

"If I was a single widd'rer again," said the captain, addressing the old, one-eyed cat dozing on the bench beside him, "ef I was a single widd'rer agin, I'd think a whole lot afore—"

Here he ceased speaking, and gazed reproachfully at the cat.

"Went to sleep while I was talkin' to her. Jest about all the attention anybody pays to me. Her jest an ornery old cat with only one eye, too! Everythin' thinks themselves a whole lot better'n me. Everythin' does."

He gripped his hickory twine needle and gave the seine reel a violent turn.

For ten minutes he labored patiently, putting bright new meshes in the seine where sunken logs had torn ragged rents; then, his needle being empty, he sat down once more upon the bench, and let his mild blue eyes dwell upon the cat.

"Scat, you old beggar!" he exclaimed at last, giving pussy a shove that sent her headlong. "I'm danged ef I have to stan' insults from her cat, even ef I do stan' 'em from her. Go to sleep when I'm tellin' you about it, eh? Well, don't you do it agin."

Cap Thimble reached under the bench and produced a ball of twine. He wound his needle, keeping one eye shut the while and whistling a gentle accompaniment to his thoughts.

An old water spaniel came up the walk, and, sitting down in front of the captain, eyed him gravely. The man put his needle aside and returned the dog's gaze.

"Did you fetch him with you, Tommy?" he queried after a while.

The old dog dusted the walk with a shaggy tail.

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, look you here, Tommy, I jest wanter say right now t'et the worm has turned an' I'm

goin' to stan' nary an insult from any of her people agin. Her brother Amos, your master, thinks 'cause I've only one leg t'et he can walk all over me an' I can't do no walkin' back. He's done it afore now an' I haven't walked back. A man with only one good leg, he thinks, is handicapped in walkin' back, Tommy. He can't tramp on people jest as he'd like to. An' a man with a wood leg can't kick none fer fear of bein' tripped up—see? But this here hick-ry leg of mine, I know, maybe a little better'n the folks as looks down on it does. I'm goin' to use it on your master this day of Our Lord unless he watches his P's and Q's, Tommy."

The dog came over and laid his shaggy nose on Cap Thimble's hand. The Cap lifted one of the long, silky ears.

"You're the only one I give a dang for among all her relations, anyway, Tommy," he murmured softly. "Now, get away, you fleacy old good-fer-nuthin', an' let me unscrew ol' Peg here."

Having unscrewed the wooden leg so far that a single turn would unloose it, Capt. Thimble resumed his task, humming a tune as he worked.

As a tall man in a long, frayed coat and dirty collar turned up the path, the tune grew in volume, and the hum gave place to words.

"Says our gallant cap-tain, Lads, says he,

We'll hie us far away,
And out upon the boundin' sea
We'll——"

"Where's Martha?" asked the tall man, striding forward.

"Ah, Amos, you here! Your sister, you mean?"

"My sister—your wife. My once happy sister—your now abused, unhappy wife. Yes. Where is she?"

"Where is she? Why, let me see. I believe she forgot to leave word where she was goin' to call this arternoon, Amos."

"You don't say!"

"An' I will not be able to send her carriage arter her, not knowin' where she be at. Isn't it too bad?"

"Thimble," said the other, sitting down on the bench and taking a cheap cigar from his vest pocket, "it's too bad you're so illiterate."

"Am I that too, Amos? She must have forgot if I am. She called me everythin' else she thort I was afore she left."

"Too bad for you. Much worse for your poor wife. She is an educated lady, Thimble. Why she married beneath her, none of us can say. She cannot say herself. What she saw in a one-legged, mild-eyed fisherman like you we are equally at a loss to say, as is she—"

"And out upon the boundin' sea," hummed Captain Thimble.

"I say we can't understand it at all," resumed Amos, his temper rising at the other's unconcern. "We are all sorry for Martha. There should be a law against such things as good for nothing sailors and fishermen marrying those above them in station. When a widower tries it, they should hang him. I say, they should *hang* him. Do you hear?"

"Maybe you're right. You're allars right, Amos. If you say as they should hang him, why, hang him they should, of course."

Amos mopped his greasy face on a sleeve just as greasy.

"I can't conceive of anything more humiliating to a woman of breeding than to be forced to live with and bear with a one-legged nonentity that looks like a wad of spruce gum and smells like a cast off slab of codfish."

"Says our gallant captain," hummed Thimble, his needle flying more and more quickly. "Says our gallant captain, Lads says he, we'll hie us far away—"

"When is my sister to return to her—to her hovel, may I ask?" inquired the tall, thin man, rising.

"To her which, Amos?"

"To her hovel—her domicile—her palace, if that suits you better."

"The queen will return to her palace when her gracious majesty is through tellin' the neighbors her domestic troubles, which same she is even now doin' the while the king is preparin' his weepens of ware-fare, whereby he may

conquer and take prisoners the army of the finny tribes that she, the queen, an' her princely relatives may not suffer fer want of nourishment durin' the comin' siege."

The other took his cigar from his mouth and attempted to speak. At last he hurled forth the one word,

"Ingrate!"

"Was you wantin' ter borrow some more money er sunthin', Amos?" asked Captain Thimble, gently.

"For two cents I would make you eat—"

"No? Don't wanter borrow any, eh? Want another suit of ol' clothes, maybe? No? Well, Amos, you jest tell the king yer wants an' maybe he'll give you what you really stan' most in need of."

"Do you, you poor, poverty stricken cripple, really think that you could supply me with anything I stand in need of? Ha-ha! You are crazy as well as being everything else a man should not be."

"But you have took my money an' clothes afore now, Amos. An' as fer supplyin' you with sunthin' you stan' in need of, well, as yer brother-in-law why shouldn't I give you what I think would help you?"

"I will not condescend to accept anything more from your dirty hands, Thimble. I want you to understand that, once and for all. Another thing, I never have accepted a gift from you. If money or clothes came from you, it was merely in the form of accepting my just rights. You owe me and my family more than money can ever repay. Thankless wretch!"

"But I insist on giving you this one thing more, Amos. I insist upon it," said Captain Thimble, coming around the seine reel. "I've allars wanted ter give you this one thing, dear brother-in-law—allars. Sez I, Amos should have it. Amos is needin' of it. It would do Amos all kinds of good. Amos shall have it."

"Well, if I accept it, understand I accept it only as something justly due me in consideration of all the humiliation you have placed upon myself and family," said Amos expectantly, scratching his stubby beard with his dirty finger nails.

"Jest as you like, jest as you like, Amos," replied Captain Thimble, unscrewing his leg. "I s'pose you might as

well take it now, so's you kin be wearin' of it when the queen arrives. It's a black eye I'm goin' ter give you, an' here goes fer it, Amos, my princely brother-in-law."

Captain Thimble delivered a straight left hander true to the mark. Amos sat down with violence, and from his recumbent position blinked up at the little man standing on one leg before him. He attempted to rise. The captain flourished the peg.

"Lay quiet, please, O prince Amos, until I ask you some questions. What's yer name?"

"Amos Dasher."

"Who was most honored when your regal sister married, me er her?"

"Her."

"Quite right, Amos. Now, answer me this. Did she ever do any work an' do it right that you know of?"

"No."

"Did you yerself?"

"No."

"Was you ever in jail fer stealin' turkeys?"

"I was."

"Who went yer bail when you was charged with shootin' Jim Webster?"

"You did."

"Who jumped it?"

"I did."

"Who—let me see—who is yer superior in every way, Amos?"

"You are."

"And yer sister's superior?"

"You are."

"Who's goin' ter take an' pack up all his belongin's an' get out of this country right this afternoon, an' never come back ter stir up strife?"

"I am."

"Get up, then, an' let's see you do it."

That evening Captain Thimble sat on the bench caressing his peg leg. Beside him purred a one-eyed cat. At his feet dozed an old, mangy spaniel. In the kitchen a meek and docile wife was humming softly.

"He couldn't take my frien's away, anyway," chuckled the Captain. "Tried it, but they wouldn't go. Thar now rests a supreme peace in the palace of the king."

DAFFODIL'S RETURN

What matter if the sun be lost?
 What matter though the sky be grey?
 There's joy enough about the house,
 For Daffodil comes home to-day.

There's news of swallows on the wing,
 There's word of April on the way,
 They're calling flowers within the street,
 And Daffodil comes home to-day.

Oh, who would care what fate may bring,
 Or what the years may take away!
 There's life enough within the hour,
 For Daffodil comes home to-day.

—Bliss Carman.



THE ROADS OF THE OPEN SEA

Oh! who would be a sea-bird bold,
And who would be a stay-at-home?
Oh! who would skim with glee the blue and billowed sea,
And who would build a nest at home?

I must mount the winging height
High over the level lea,
Then away thro' the Harbor of Delight
To the roads of the open sea.

I will float twixt the sea and sky,
Then down thro' the mist I'll sweep,
And the skirling waves will blend my cry
With the cry of the vasty deep.

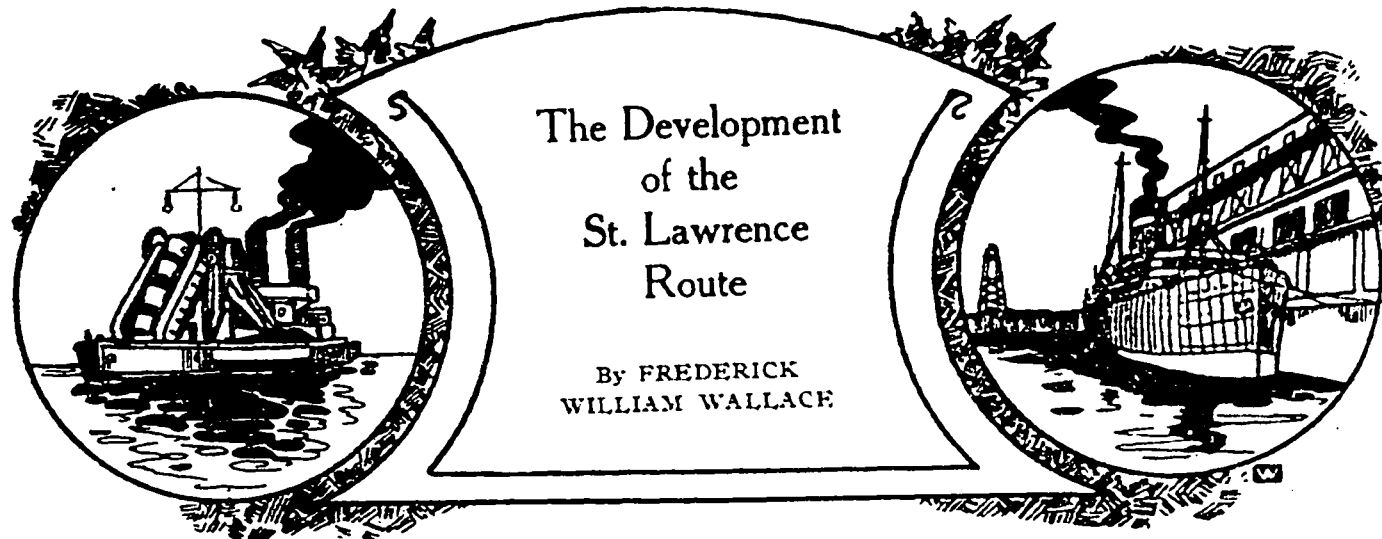
Then I'll mount and plunge and whirl,
With the thrill of the wild and free,
In the dash of spray and the surf's mad swirl,
In the roads of the open sea.

The great Four Winds will fold
My wings in their strong embrace;
And the ocean's billowy breast will hold
A quiet resting place.

Oh, who would be a sea-bird bold,
And who would be a stay-at-home?
Oh, who would swing wing-free o'er the wild and tossing sea
Or who would build a nest at home?

—*Louise C. Glasgow.*





A GREAT change is observable around the modern waterfronts of Quebec and Montreal, and also the wonderful waterway of the River St. Lawrence, as compared with them forty and fifty years ago.

Nobody but a keen observer, and one who is very much interested in the welfare and progress of Canada's great road to the sea, can fully appreciate the great work that has been done to make the mighty St. Lawrence River the safest and finest channel on the American continent.

The magnitude of the work of dredging, buoying and lighting the channel from Quebec to Montreal, a short distance only compared with the rest of the river, can only be properly realized by those who have occasion to make use of the means placed to safeguard their interests.

Nowadays the ship channel from Montreal to the sea can be safely navigated by the largest ships, drawing from 26 to 29 feet of water, without danger of stranding, and only the other day the big Allan Line steamer "Virginian" made the record passage from Quebec to Montreal in 8 1-2 hours, drawing 29 feet of water. This, in itself, speaks volumes for the efficiency of the labor that has been spent on the St. Lawrence ship channel.

A few years ago few, if any, steamers came through Lake St. Peter at night, but now it is no uncommon thing for large steamers to come right through the tortuous channel of the lake and into Montreal at night.

A splendid system of gas buoys and range lights has been established there, so that the ticklish operation of navigat-

ing the lake and the channels through the Ile aux Raisins Traverse, and the islands blocking the river at this point, and at Contrecoeur, Verchers and Varennes, present little or no difficulty to the pilots.

A large fleet of dredges, lightships, supply ships, tenders, tugs, and ice-breakers are employed all the summer season on the river.

Taking the trip from Montreal to the sea, one is struck by these things and by the numerous aids to navigation.

The channel is plainly marked by gas buoys, spar buoys, can buoys, and wood and steel light towers on all high and projecting points—the lighthouses are painted in distinguishing colors, so as to be easily seen during the day, and have either occulting, steady or colored lights to distinguish them at night.

There is not a high point, shoal, bar or rock on the river but what has its buoy or light, and when one considers the length and irregularity of the waterway he can understand what a task it is to keep them all in operation.

In the Lake St. Peter, a shallow, sandy-bottomed place, the famous dredge "Israel Tarte" can be seen working in the channel, sucking up the sand by a powerful suction process, and depositing it, a mile inshore, through an enormous pipe line afloat on the surface.

Steaming through the lake, we pass three light vessels, and also numerous dredges and floating workshops engaged in the work of sinking foundations and erecting permanent lighthouses.

A special steamer, the "Shamrock," is engaged all the time in laying down and repairing spar and can buoys, and she may be passed on the river with a

deck load of spars ready for laying down.

At other parts of the channel there are special dredges for dredging stony and gravel bottoms, also for blasting and drilling solid rock.

Then, again, there are the tenders for supplying the lighthouses and gas buoys with oil and acetylene.

On every side, as the ship opens up the bends and windings of the river, stand the range towers.

At St. Nicholas, a few miles before we reach Quebec, stands a semaphore, which tells the depth of the water on the Ste. Croix Bar.

A special steamer, the "Gulnare," is kept down the Gulf, doing nothing but hydrographic work and investigating the set and directions of currents, and sounding and charting the shoals and dangers to navigation.

Fog horns, whistles and bells are established at all dangerous places, so that a ship, after sighting the first light at Cape Race or Gaspe, has every safeguard in fog or dirty weather that man has devised.

There are dozens of signal stations in telegraphic communication with Quebec and Montreal, both by wireless and ordinary systems.

A system of marine telephone established on the river from Quebec to Montreal will report a steamer at any point between these places to the owners and agents in a few minutes.

A submarine bell invention is installed on several of the lightships in the Gulf, and ships fitted with the apparatus can tell their whereabouts in fog without the aid of soundings—a receiver is fitted on the ship's bottom and with wires leading up to the telephone on the navigating bridge.

Another innovation that has proved a great success was the work of the ice-breaker "Lady Grey" this spring. Through her good work on the ice jam at Three Rivers the season for navigation was opened a few days earlier than it might have been had she not been at hand.

Coming back again to the terminal port of Montreal, the scheme of laying out what is to be, when completed, the best-equipped port on the American con-

continent is well under way. Several of the fine steel sheds are finished and in operation.

Roomy, and with concrete floors, they are practically perfection. Fitted with conveyors, chutes and derricks, and connected with the Harbor Commissioner's big elevators, it is possible to discharge and load cargo, and load or discharge grain, in any of the basins at the same time, without the steamer having the trouble and expense of shifting from one berth to another in order to load grain.

Usually the steamers have to shift over from the unloading berth to the elevator to load, then shift back again and finish loading cargo; or the grain is pumped from barges into the ship's hold from the basin.

By the new system the ship may lay at her berth, a long way from the elevator, and have the grain loaded by the conveyor, without any shifting.

This year 1908 sees great developments in Canada's trade through the port of Montreal.

There is now the finest fleet of liners coming into the port that have ever been seen here, no fewer than ten steamers of ten thousand tons and over are sailing from the St. Lawrence, while a fleet of about twenty of over eight thousand tonners are scheduled to sail from Quebec and Montreal.

In the passenger service great strides have been made. At no time in the history of Canada's progress have such a fine fleet brought settlers and others to this country.

The Allans have the turbiners "Virginian" and "Victorian," and the "Corsican" and "Tunisian" in their Liverpool service; the new steamers, "Hesperian" and "Grampian," the "Pretorian" and "Ionian," in the Glasgow trade, and the "Sicilian," "Corinthian," "Parisian," and "Sardinian" in the London and Havre service.

The C. P. R. have the two "Empresses" from Liverpool to Quebec; the Dominion Line have the "Canada" and the flyer "Ottawa" in their Liverpool service, while the Donaldsons have the "Cassandra" and "Athenia" in the Glasgow service. All the ships named are first-class passenger steamers, fitted with every modern convenience.

In addition, the several lines have many fine cargo vessels of large carrying capacity running to the port.

To show the cosmopolitanness of the trade with Montreal, the Allans, C. P. R., Dominion, and Donaldson Lines have Liverpool, London and Glasgow services; the Thompson Line run from Leith, Dundee, Newcastle and London here, besides having a Mediterranean service; Allans and C. P. R. have a Continental service from Havre and Antwerp to Montreal; the Manchester Line run from Manchester to Montreal; the Leyland and C. P. R. have Bristol services, while the Head Line have a service from Belfast to this port; the Elder Dempster maintain a service from Canada to Mexico, and also to South Africa, while several ships run to Montreal regularly with sugar from the West Indies and Demerara.

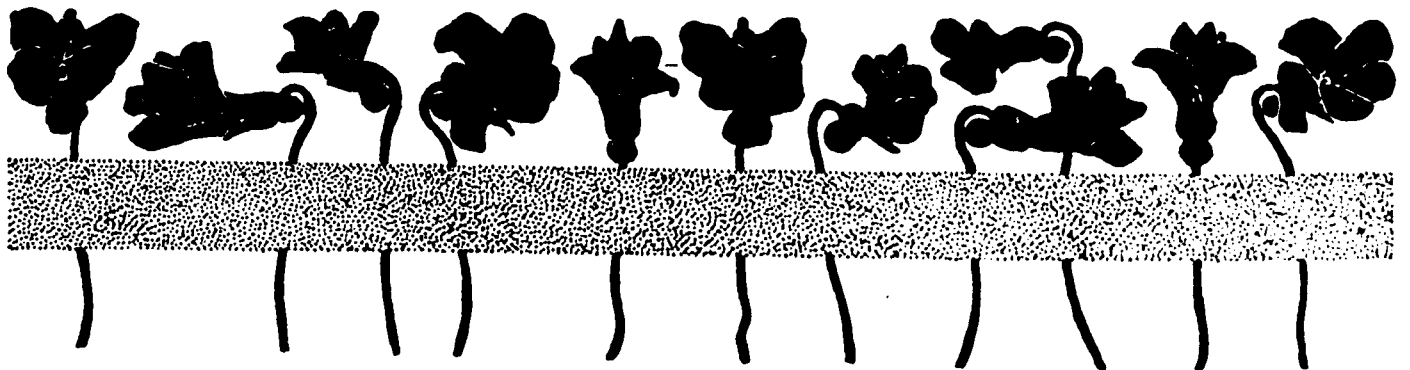
With regard to Ireland and coastal trades, the Dominion Coal Company employ an immense fleet of steamers carrying coal from Sydney, C.B., to Montreal,

and several Great Lake steamship companies have fine lake steamers in the grain trade between the West and the St. Lawrence.

To conclude: for a comparatively new country like Canada the trade done through the St. Lawrence route, and with the obstacles that have had to be contended with, is nothing short of marvellous, and speaks well for the progress of the Dominion.

In a few years the port of Montreal will hold the palm as the best-equipped on the American continent, and the St. Lawrence route the safest and most direct route from North America to the East.

The shipping coming into the port compares favorably with that of the larger American seaports, and the people of the United States are now beginning to realize that they can be served better by the St. Lawrence route than by their own, both in the passenger and freight transportation.



IN COVERT

A density of shade among the spruces—
Where fallen twigs e'er crackle 'neath our tread;
Where aromatic odors greet the senses,
And straying sunbeams filter overhead.

A busy scratching on the smooth, brown needles,—
A muffled drumming on some prostrate log;
Loud snaps a branch!—the wild alarm is sounded!
And whirring wings set all the woods agog.

—Sarah A. Burleigh

The Decoy

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

HIGH above the flat-spread earth, their strong wings driving them at tremendous speed through the thin, cold air of dawn, the wild goose flock journeyed north. In the shape of an irregular V they journeyed, an old gander, wise and powerful, at the apex of the aerial array. As they flew, their long necks stretched straight out, the living air thrilled like a string beneath their wing-beats. From their throats came a throbbing chorus, resonant, far-carrying, mysterious,—*honka, honka, honk, honka, honk*,—and seemed to be the proper utterance of altitude and space.

The flight was as true as if set by a compass; but the longer limb of the V would curve and swerve sinuously from time to time as the weaker or less experienced members of the flock wavered in their alignment. Flat, low-lying forests, and lonely meres, and rough, isolated farms sped past below the rushing voyagers—then a black headland, and then a wide, shallow arm of the sea. For a few minutes the glimmer of pale, crawling tides was everywhere beneath them,—then league on league of grey-green, sedgy marsh, interlaced with little pools and lanes of bright water, and criss-crossed with ranks of bulrush. The leader of the flock now stretched his dark head downward, slowing the beat of his wings, and the disciplined array started on a long decline toward earth. From its great height the flock covered nearly a mile of advance before coming within a hundred yards of the pale green levels; and all through the gradual descent the confusion of marsh and pool and winding creek seemed to float up gently to meet the long absent wanderers. At length, just over a shallow, spacious, grassy mere, and some thirty feet above its surface, the leader decided to alight. It was an old and favored feeding ground, where the mud was full of tend-

er shoots and tiny creatures of the ooze. The wings of the flock, as if on signal, turned out and upward, showing a flash of paler color as they checked the still considerable speed of the flight.

In that pause, just before the splash of alighting, from a thick cover of sedge across the pool, came two sharp spurts of flame, one after the other, followed by two thunderous reports, so close together as to seem almost like one. Turning straight over, he fell upon the water with a heavy splash; and immediately after him dropped his second in leadership, the strong young gander, who flew next him on the longer limb of the V. The flock, altogether demoralized, huddled together for a few seconds with loud cries; then rose and flapped off seaward. Before the hunter in the sedge could get fresh cartridges into his gun the diminished flock was out of range, making desperate haste to safer feeding grounds.

Of the two birds suddenly smitten by fate, the younger, shot through the heart, lay motionless where he had dropped, a sprawl of black and white and ashen feathers tumbled by the ripples of the pool. But the older bird was merely winged. Recovering himself almost instantly from the shock of the wound and the fall, he made one pathetically futile effort to rise again, then started swimming down the pond, trailing his shattered wing behind him and straining his gaze after the departing flock.

Immediately after the two shots, out from the shelter of the rushes had sprung a large, curly-coated, brown retriever. With a yelp of excitement he had dashed into the water and dragged ashore the body of the dead bird. Now the hunter, standing up stretching his legs as if cramped from a long lying-in-wait, started on a sharp run down the wet shore of the pond, whistling the retriever after him. He had noted the splendid stature of the wounded bird, and wanted to capture him alive.

Not without cause had the great gander achieved the leadership of the flock, for he possessed not only strength but intelligence. When he saw that his trailing wing so hampered his swimming that he would presently be overtaken, he turned and darted into the sedges of the opposite shore, trusting to the difficulties of the swamp to protect him. He did not know that the big brown retriever was almost amphibious, and more cunning than himself.

The hunter stopped and pointed to the spot of waving reeds where the bird had disappeared.

"Fetch him, Pete!" he commanded—"But gently, boy, *ge-e-ently!*" And the wise old dog understood, either from the words or from the tone in which they were uttered, that this was to be a bloodless capture. Barking joyously, he tore around the pond to the place where the gander had vanished, and dashed splashing into the reeds. A few seconds later a great tumult arose, the reeds were beaten down, and the dog reappeared, dragging his prize by the uninjured wing.

The great bird, powerful and dauntless, made a gallant fight; but he was hopelessly handicapped. His most formidable weapons were the bony elbows of his strong, untiring wings; and of both these he was now deprived, one wing being shattered, and the other in the grip of the enemy's jaws. He struck and bit and worried with his hard bill; but the dog, half shutting his eyes, took the mauling grimly and dragged his troublesome captive into the water.

Here, however, he made a mistake. The great bird was a mighty swimmer, and indomitable; and in half a minute his captor was glad to drag him to land again. Then the hunter arrived on the scene; and the dog, gladly relinquishing so unmanageable a prisoner, sat back on his haunches with tongue hanging out, to see what his master would do. The dauntless gander bit furiously, and pounded with his one undamaged wing, and earned his adversary's unstinted commendation; but in a minute or two he found himself helpless, swathed like a cocoon in a stout woolen hunting coat, and his head ingominously bagged in one of the sleeves. In this fashion, his

heart bursting with fear and wrath, his broken wing one hot throb of anguish, he was carried under the hunter's arm for what seemed to him a whole night long. Then he was set free in a little open pen in a garden, beside a green-shuttered, wide-eaved, white cottage on the uplands.

The hunter was so kind to his captive, so assiduous in his care, that the wild bird presently grew almost indifferent to his approach, and ceased to strike at him savagely with his free wing whenever he entered the pen. The other wing, well cleaned and salved and bound in cunning splints, healed rapidly, and caused no pain save when its owner strove to flap it,—which he did, with long, desolate, appealing cries, whenever a wild-goose flock went *honking* musically across the evening or morning sky.

At length, while the injured wing was still in bandage, the hunter took the bird in spite of all protest, tucked the long neck and troublesome head under his arm, and attached to one leg a little leather wrapping and a long, strong cord. Then he opened the pen. The big gander strode forth, with more haste than quite comported with his dignity. Straight down the slope he started, seeking the wide marshes where he expected to find his flock. Then suddenly he came to the end of his cord with a jerk, and fell forward on his breast and bill with a *honk* of surprise. He was not free, after all, and two or three violent struggles convinced him of the fact. As soon as he realized himself still a prisoner his keen, dark eyes turned a look of reproach upon his jailer, who was holding the other end of the cord and watching him intently. Then he slackened on the tether, and fell to cropping the short grass of the lawn as if being tied by the leg was an ancient experience. It was a great thing, after all, to be out of the pen.

"He'll do!" said the man to himself, with satisfaction, as he fixed the tether to a young apple-tree. When he had gone into the house the bird stopped feeding, turned first one eye and then the other toward the empty sky, stretched his long, black neck and clean, white throat, and sent out across the green spaces his appealing and lonely cry,—*honka, honka, honka, ho-onka!*

Very early the following morning, before the stars had begun to pale at the approach of dawn, the captive was once more wrapped up securely and taken on a blind journey. When he was uncovered, and anxiously stretched out his head, he found himself again on the edge of that shallow pool in the marshes where fate had overtaken him. The brown retriever was sitting on his haunches close by, regarding him amicably. The man was fastening one end of his tether to a stake at the water's edge. And from the east a greyness touched with chill pink was spreading over the sky.

A moment later the surprised bird found himself standing among the wet sedge, close to the water. With a nervous glance at the dog, whom he shrank from with more dread than from the man, he launched himself into the water and swam straight out from the shore.

This time, surely, he was free. Next to the spacious solitudes of the air, this was his proper element. How exquisite to the thin web of his feet felt the coolness of it, as he pushed against it with strong strokes! How it curled away luxuriously from his grey, firm-feathered breast! This was to live again, after the pain and humiliation of his captivity! And yonder, far down the mere and past those tall reeds standing shadowy in the pallor, surely he would find the flock which had moved on without him! Then, all at once, it was as if something had clutched him by the leg. With a startled cry and a splash he tipped forward, and his glad journey came to an end. He had reached the limit of his tether.

Remembering his experience of the day before, he made no vain struggle, but floated quietly for a minute or two, stricken with his disappointment. The man and the big brown dog had disappeared; but presently his keen and sagacious eyes detected them both, lying motionless in a thicket of reeds. Having stared at them indignantly for a few moments, swimming slowly to and fro and transfixing them with first one eye and then the other, he ducked his head and began biting savagely at the leathern wrapping on his leg. But the uselessness of this soon appearing to him, he

gave it up, and sought to ease his despair by diving and guttering with his bill among the roots of the oozy bottom. In this absorbing occupation he so far forgot his miseries that all at once he tried to lift himself on the water, flap his wings, and sound his trumpet call. One wing did give a frantic flap. The other surged fiercely against its bandages, sending a throb of anguish through his frame. And the trumpet call broke in a single hoarse *honk*. After this he floated for a long time in dejection, while the level rays of sunrise stole mysteriously across the pale marshes.

The hunter, tired of his long stillness in the sedge, was just about to stand up and stretch himself, when from far down the sky to southward came a hollow and confused clamor. The hunter heard it, and the brown retriever heard it; and both crouched low behind their shelter, as motionless as stones. The wild captive, floating at the end of his tether out on the pink-and-gold mirror of the pond, also heard it, and stretched his fine black head aloft, rigid with expectancy. Nearer and nearer came the thrilling voices. Blacker and larger against the sky grew the journeying V as it approached the marshes. The heart of the captive swelled with hope and longing. Not his own flock, indeed, but his own kin, these free and tireless voyagers coming confidently to safe feeding-grounds! Forgetting everything but his great loneliness, he raised himself as high as he could upon the water, one wing partly outspread and called, and called again, summoning the travelers to alight.

Hearing this kindly summons, the flock dipped at once and came slanting steeply toward earth. In their haste they broke rank, descending more abruptly than usual, their customary caution quite laid aside when they saw one of their own kind waiting to receive them. The joyous captive ducked and bowed his head in greeting. In another moment the whole flock would have settled clamorously about him, and he would have been happy—but before that moment came, there came instead two bursts of flame and thunder from the covert of sedge. And instead of the descending flock, there fell beside the captive two heavy, fluttering grey-

and-black shapes, which beat the water feebly and then lay still.

As the betrayed and panic-stricken captive tugged frantically at his tether crying shrilly and struggling to follow them. In his desperation he paid no heed whatever as the big brown dog dashed out and triumphantly dragged the bodies of the two victims to land. He was horrified by the terrible noise, and the killing; but his attention was chiefly engrossed by the fact that the flock had been frightened away, leaving him to his loneliness. For several minutes he continued his cries, till the flock was far out of sight. Then silence fell again on the marshes.

A quarter of an hour later much the same thing happened again. Another flock, passing overhead, came clamoring fearlessly down in response to the captive's calls, met the doom that blazed from the reed-covert, and left two of its members gasping on the surface of the pond. This time, however, the despair of the captive was less loud and less prolonged. As leader, he had necessarily learned certain simple processes of deduction. These pitiful tragedies through which he had just passed were quite sufficient to convince him that this particular shallow pond, though so good a feeding-ground, was a fatal place for the voyaging geese to visit. Further, in a dim way his shocked and shuddering brain began to realize that his own calling was the cause of the horrors. If he called, the flocks came fearlessly, content with his pledge that all was well. Upon their coming, the fire, and dreadful thunders, and inexplicable death burst forth from the sedge; and then the great brown dog appeared to drag his prey to shore. The whole mischief, as it seemed to him, was the work of the dog; and it did not occur to him that the man, who seemed fairly well disposed and all-powerful, had anything whatever to do with it. This idea gradually grew clear in the captive's brain, as he swam, very slowly, to and fro upon the brightening water. In a vague way his heart determined that he would lure no more of his kindred to their doom. And when, a little later, a third flock came trumpeting up the sky, the captive eyed their approach in despairing silence.

As the beating wings drew near, stooping toward the silvery pools, and pale green levels, the captive swam back and forward in wild excitement, aching to give the call and ease his loneliness. The flock, perceiving him, drew near; but in his excited movements and his silence its leader discerned a peril. There was something sinister and incomprehensible in this splendidly marked bird, who refused to summon them to his feeding-ground, and kept swimming wildly back and forth. Keeping well beyond gunshot, they circled around this smiling but too mysterious water, to alight with great clamor and splashing in a little, sheltered mere some two or three hundred yards further inland. The hunter, crouching moveless and expectant in his ambush, muttered an exclamation of surprise, and wondered if able decoy had reached an understanding of the treacherous game and refused to play it.

"There's no smarter bird that flies than a wild gander!" he mused, watching the great bird curiously and with a certain sympathy. "We'll see what happens when another flock comes by!" it could be possible that his incompar-

Meanwhile the new arrivals, over in the unseen pond behind the rushes, were feeding and bathing with a happy clamor. They little dreamed that a pot-hunting rustic from the village on the hills, flat on his belly in the cozy grass, was noiselessly worming his way towards them. Armed with an old, single-barrel duck gun, the height of his ambition was to get a safe and easy shot at the feeding birds. No delicate wing shooting for him. What he wanted was the most he could get for his powder and lead. Big and clumsy though he was, his progress through the grass was as stealthy as that of a mink.

It chanced that the path of the pot-hunter took him close past the further shore of the pond where the captive was straining at his tether and eating his heart out in determined silence. The homesick, desolate bird would swim around and around for a few minutes, as a caged panther circles his bounds, then stop and listen longingly to the happy noise from over beyond the reed-fringes. At last, goaded into a

moment of forgetfulness by the urge of his desire, he lifted up his voice in a sudden, abrupt *honk, honk!*

The pot-hunter stopped his crawling and peered delightedly through the sedgy stems. Here was a prize ready to his hand. The flock was still far off, and might easily take alarm before he could get within range. But this stray bird, a beauty, too, was so near that he could not miss. Stealthily he brought his heavy weapon to his shoulder; and slowly, carefully, he took aim.

The report of the big duck gun was like thunder, and roused the marshes. In a fury the hunter sprang from his ambush across the mere, and ran down to the water's edge, threatening vengeance on the lout who would fire on a

decoy. The brown retriever, wild with excitement, dashed barking up and down the shore, not knowing just what he ought to do. Sandpipers went whistling in every direction. And the foraging flock, startled from their security, screamed wildly and flapped off unhurt to remoter regions of the marsh. But the lonely captive, the wise old gander, who had piloted his clan through so many hundred leagues of trackless air, lay limp and mangled on the stained water, torn by the heavy charge of the duck-gun. The whimsical fate that seems to play with the destinies of the wild kindreds had chosen to let him save one flock from the slaughter, and expiate his blameless treason.

MY PRAYER

The moon has a silver path on the wave,
 The clouds are hurrying on,
 With myriad murmurs the night doth pave
 The way for the coming dawn.
 The dying embers gleam red on the sand,
 Stray sparks are carried above,
 While the hand of Darkness reigns o'er the land,
 God keep the one that I love.

The loons are calling far out on the bay,
 But everything else is still,
 Save an undertone of the red pine's sway,
 In night winds soft on the hill.
 Oh, long was the paddle and rough the trail!
 And sweet is the evening rest;
 But, God, hear my prayer, ere I don sleep's veil—
 Keep her whom I love the best!

Weary and hot are the miles we have gone,
 While the sun burned overhead,
 But cool is the land till the morrow's dawn,
 And soft is my balsam bed.
 But ere I must grapple to-morrow's task,
 So kindly ordained by Thee,
 This one thing alone I dare to ask—
 O God, keep my love for me.

—Will A. Deacon.

Saved by Compressed Air

A Boiler Episode

SOME years ago I was employed at a large brush works in the north of England as a boiler attendant.

At the time, I was in love with a bright young nurse at the local hospital, and, quite unconsciously, I had displaced someone else in her affections. My rival worked in another department. He was generally credited with being a "wee bit simple," and was the butt of his mates.

We were engaged in repairing two of the boilers. I left one night with instructions to come at five o'clock next morning and clean out one of them.

On the morrow I and an apprentice commenced work, and, letting the water out, we undid the manhole cover, and, with the aid of a lantern, entered and were soon at work chipping, scratching, and scraping away the scale inside the boiler.

We had just knocked off for breakfast when I noticed the automatic low water gear was defective.

Telling the apprentice to go home and have his meal, I again entered with my tools, and was soon alone in the shed.

I had just finished and was about to leave, when, to my surprise, the small beam of light which shone through the opening through which I had entered was obscured, and I heard the clanking of a spanner on the nut outside.

And then the horror of the thing broke in all its force upon me.

Here was I alone in this hot, stifling atmosphere. In ten minutes' time men would have started filling and firing up the boiler.

I should be boiled to death!

Presently I knew from the now faint noise outside that work again begun, and I started shouting, and banging about with the spanners, but no assistance came.

After a moment or two I felt that the tube against which I was leaning was beginning to get warm.

It became unbearably hot, until the water, which was rising steadily, covered it and cooled it as it rose.

I felt a pressure on my ears and chest, and I knew that the air was slowly and surely getting more and more compressed around my head.

Eventually a happy thought saved me.

The air was compressed into a quarter its usual space. If I could but lift the safety valve from inside, at the same time shouting, someone would be sure to hear me.

With all my force I pushed the valve off its seat and yelled loudly. The valve was lifted right out of its seat and someone looked down.

Shortly afterwards I felt the water recede until the tube on which I stood was uncovered, and then I fainted for the first time in my life.

* * * *

On recovering in the hospital the first face I saw was that of Alice, my *fiancee*.

My skin was like a boiled lobster in color for many days.

I am thankful to say my rival, who I have strong suspicions shut me in, did not succeed with my adored one, for I am now happily married to Alice.

The Housekeeper at Scrub Oak

By JEAN BLEWETT

MRS. KELLEY did not often take the trip from Scrub Oak Ranch to Calgary, but when she did she created a sensation.

Mrs. Kelley in her good clothes was a sight to behold. This was not her fault. There was not an atom of vanity about Mrs. Kelley. She looked on herself as quite middle-aged, and hopelessly plain. So she was, but a big, warm heart beat in her bosom, and her eyes had a way of inviting every hurt thing to come to her.

The eyes were really at the bottom of Mrs. Kelley's unsuitable way of decking herself out.

When Nathan Williams had a leg smashed in the round-up, and there was talk of a hospital, he remarked in his own expressive way that he wasn't going to any condemned hospital as long as he kept his senses; that Mother Kelley was good enough nurse for him. And Mrs. Kelley did nobly by him—made him broths and gruels, refused to be cajoled or threatened into giving him liquor, poulticed, bandaged, smoothed the ache from his head with her cool hands, and the wickedness from his heart with a combination of nursing and praying and singing old-fashioned hymns.

He grew so good that for a whole twenty-four hours nobody heard him swear; but when the others—Nichols, the drawling Englishman; Antoine, the black-eyed Frenchman; Jessop, the rough-rider; Matthews, and the boy who was new to life on a ranch, and stood in as much awe of these rough fellow-creatures he had to live with as he did of the bucking bronchos he had to ride—fearing he was getting too good for earth, came to ask at what hour devotional exercises began, he fell from grace with a heartiness which set their minds at rest.

He got well. It was against all rules of etiquette to speak a word of thanks, but there was no embargo on deeds. The first time he went to Calgary he brought

a new gown of pale blue cloth, with gold strappings, and his delight in it, his pride in it, moved the good lady greatly.

A new dress was the very thing she needed, she told him; "but this was too fine —"

"There is nothing too good for the Irish," he broke in, with a hearty gallantry which disarmed her. She would wear that gown, no matter what came of it.

The coat, which had a military style to it very taking, was a golden brown, and boasted a great many brass buttons, and a metal girdle meant to encircle a far slighter waist than Mrs. Kelley's. It was a peace offering from the Englishman. "That coat meant, 'You were right and I was wrong.' You said it was a fool who ran into temptation, and I said it was a coward who ran away from it. But you didn't throw 'I told you so' at me when the debauch was all over—save the headache—you only looked a little red about the eyes, as though you'd been crying over a ne'er-do-well, whose own mother was too far away, thank heaven, to know what he was up to. You're a brick, Mrs. Kelley, from your bob of grey hair to your No. 6 shoes, you're a brick."

The coat meant all this, and, knowing it did, Mrs. Kelley smiled gratefully, set one row of brass buttons over to the very edge—which had the effect of making it look more rakish than ever—pieced out the metal girdle, and wore it whenever opportunity offered.

One cold day Antoine went for the mail. A blizzard caught him on the way home, he got off the highway, went on and on till cold and exhaustion pulled him down into a white drift. They found him later. Both feet were badly frozen. As he struggled back to consciousness he had a vision of a fat face lighted by eyes brimming full of kindness and affection. He spoke his mind freely. "W'at's dat? Mos' dead, you

say? Not mooch. You tak' me home to Madame Kelley. You fellows have beeg fuss made over you one, two, tree times. Antoine not at all. It is hees turn."

Antoine made good resolves while lying on the kitchen cot—he would be a son to madam, the staff of her declining years; he—he would begin to save money. The outcome of all this was a "cloud," a long cloud of vivid red, which wound itself twice about madam's short neck and hung gracefully to her knees. Each time Antoine saw her thus arrayed his heart overflowed with pride and filial affection. The hat was Matthews'. He had long felt that the black bonnet did not fit in with Mrs. Kelley's other articles of dress, and one fine day might have been seen coming up the trail with the boy ahead bearing an immense band-box. Twice between Plover Creek and the front door did he cuff that poor boy for daring, first to drop the box, then carry it upside down. It was a picture hat, silver grey in color, and measured two yards around. Standing straight up among cascades of lace and pompoms of ribbon, was a dazzling bunch of peacock feathers. "The only pet I ever had was a peacock," he explained: "it screeched so we had to kill it—the hat put me in mind of it."

"But, but," pleaded Mrs. Kelley, "it is too gay and giddy for me."

He shook his stupid head. "Peacock feathers is awful onlucky," he said, as if that settled the whole question of giddiness.

A snickering arose from the group lounging around the open door, and someone remarked that Matthews was a fool, a nice old fool. That settled it. The very first time the housekeeper drove her vicious broncho down the wide business thoroughfare of which Calgary is so proud, the hat sat as securely on her head as pins, elastic and a long black shoelace could make it.

People looked at the plump old lady in the blue dress, military jacket, red scarf and a hat fearfully and wonderfully made, and laughed. They also made uncomplimentary remarks. She knew this, but it did not cause her to make any changes in her apparel. Her "boys," the big rough fellows, who broke in bronchos, rounded up cattle,

herded, branded, lived in the saddle for weeks at a time, her boys had feelings, and she was not the one to hurt them—bless her loyal heart! It takes a strong affection to rise superior to appearances. Opposition fans love, ridicule quenches it, as a rule.

"I'd like to ask you something," drawled the Englishman one Sunday evening, breaking in on the reading aloud of a chapter from the New Testament, "What makes you so good to us? I know you like us, and also feel that it's part of your duty as a Christian to look after our bodies and souls, but there's something more. What is it?"

He was her favorite, this slim young fellow; with the proud mouth and melancholy eyes. She was not cultured, but she realized that he was, and that some mystery attached itself to his presence among them. She smiled, then sighed.

"I've a boy of my own," she said, "a great big boy of my own."

"I didn't know it," he returned. "Where is he?"

"I—I don't know just now. You see," apologetically, "he went away to the Klondike that time everyone got the fever. He said he'd come back rich or not come at all. It was pretty hard on me to let him go, made me sick for a spell. One gets used to waiting and looking, and I—I, excuse me breaking down," raising a pitiably drawn face, "but I've been thinking of him all day. He's in my mind the year round, but along about this season the memories of his looks, his ways, his sayings and doings seem to get bigger, swell and swell like—like dried apples when the hot water hits 'em, 'til there's no room in my heart for anything else. And not a word, not one little word, from him! Oh, Mr. Nicholls, if so be you have a ma, don't you go hurting her with silence and suspense. They say no news is good news. 'Tisn't so, 'tisn't so. Whether the world goes well with you or not, write to your ma. The harder your luck the more her love will reach out, and reach out, and try to get hold of you. And when you're tired of the far country and the husks, she is ready with the robe of love, and the feast of welcome, and the 'rejoice—rejoice with me.'"

"Mrs. Kelley," a trifle unsteadily, "I want to thank you. I heard Archdeacon Sinclair preach on the Prodigal Son in St. Paul's Cathedral once, but his sermon couldn't touch yours. I suppose he wasn't as human as you, or I wasn't in the mood to get the good of it. There is a lot in a mood, eh?"

"It's a homesick time of year; sets you hankering for old scenes and old faces. I've always promised myself a Christmas back in Ontario, but, land!" rising briskly to fill the kettle, "it's out of the question. What would become of you boys and my old man if I left you to look after yourselves? I expect you'd boil the turkey, and eat the cranberries raw," and she laughed.

Mr. Kelley came in with a surly demand for his supper. He was not a pleasant person to introduce, being a shambling, selfish, good-for-nothing. Those who cared for Mrs. Kelley said as little about him, saw as little of him, as possible. They resented her unvarying affection for him, the way she worked for him. He was mean, he was lazy, and, worst of all, ungrateful. He was tolerated at the ranch on account of his wife, the wife he was secretly ashamed of. She had no education, no "manners," he was thrown away on her, so he told himself many times and oft. You see now why he was left out as long as possible.

The boys planned a glorious surprise for Mrs. Kelley. "She must be sick of living here with a batch of cowboys; must want a change," argued Matthews. "Let's send her back East for Christmas. Think what it will mean to her to swap experiences with the sisters, and the cousins, and the neighbors!" and he slapped his fur-trimmed pant leg with an enthusiasm which was contagious.

"What about Kelley? Will he go, too?" asked Nathan Williams, hopefully.

"Was there ever such a fool?" growled the Englishman. "Why, man, we are sending her away on his account. She wouldn't own it for the world, but she must be sick to death of hearing and seeing Kelley—selfish beast!"

So it was settled, and Antoine was sent into town for a valise, a five-pound box of sweets, some comic papers, and a

railway ticket—Calgary to Toronto and return. They were particular about the return. They did not want to have Mrs. Kelley thanking them and bidding them moist good-byes, so laid their purchases on the kitchen table, pinned an explanatory letter to the oilcloth cover, and rode off in a body.

It was Christmas Day when they returned. There was but little snow on the ground, and the air was still and keen. A stranger rode with them, a bronzed young fellow, with a beard on his chin fully three inches long.

"There won't be a blooming thing to eat," said Nicholls, as they dismounted at the stables. "Kelley! Hi, you, Kelley!"

No Kelley on hand. They attended to their horses, then made for the house. A smell met them half way up the path, an appetizing smell of onions and gravy and browning fowl, mingled with burnt sugar and nutmeg, an unmistakable Christmas smell. Who in creation was installed in Mrs. Kelley's place?

They kept the door open so long out of sheer amazement at discovering Mrs. Kelley, with a smudge on her nose and a basting-spoon in her hand, that the frost began to gather on the pane.

"Why didn't I go east, eh? I came pretty near going. But Kelley took bad with sciatica, and, well"—cheerfully—"seeing I couldn't leave him, I let him have the ticket—and, and the candy, but,"—with a crafty air—"I kept the joke book and the papers full of funny pictures to help pass the time away." Silence. "You see, boys, he wasn't half well, and, as he said, the folks back home wouldn't know me, I'd changed so, while he's as young and good-looking as ever. I hope you don't mind—was kind of glad to be getting the Christmas dinner for you—and—and"—helplessly—"why don't you say something?"

"You're an angel, Mrs. Kelley," the Englishman had dropped his drawl altogether; "there's only one thing to say, and we say it, individually and collectively. You're an angel. We are glad you are here, and glad Kelley is away."

"An' he tak' ticket, bon-bons, port-mante-a-w, ever't'ing!" Antoine swore softly under his breath.

"Put another plate to warm, Mrs. Kelley," cried Williams, standing on one foot and waving the other wildly; "another plate, I say. We've a guest. Here, you,"—in a voice which could be heard half a mile away, "come in and meet the missus."

"He's welcome as the sun," beamed Mrs. Kelley. "Wherever did you come acrost him?"

"He's a lady that's weary of the far country, and the husks"—the Englishman had a hand on her shoulder, and spoke very softly—"and he has come home to the robe of love, and the feast of welcome, and the 'rejoice, rejoice with me,' you remember?"

The basting-spoon fell to the floor with a clang. "Not Sammy," she gasped. "Not Sammy! I dreamt last night——"
"Never you mind your dreams,"

laughed Williams, "here's a bloomin' reality."

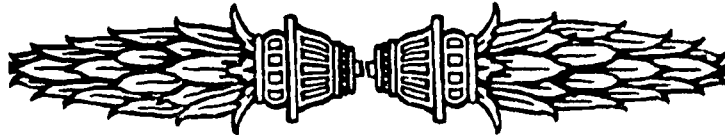
Two arms were about Mrs. Kelley's neck, a bearded face was pressed to hers, and a voice—the voice she had hungered to hear—was saying over and over the sweetest name in the world—"Mother."

"I didn't want to come till I'd made my pile, but I couldn't stay away," he went on; "something kept drawing me—your love, I think."

* * * * *

"What's troubling you?" demanded Matthews, coming on Antoine late in the afternoon. "you've a face on you as long as my arm."

"I was t'inkin' 'bout dat teekat. What for we get heem return, eh? It was one meestak'," said the astute Antoine.



A DELICATE SITUATION

We stiffly sat in corner seats.
I gazed at her; she stared at me.
Our faces, grimly set, appeared
As doleful as they well could be.

The sun shone brightly, and 'twas hot
Within that small compartment's space,
But still I wore my overcoat;
She wound a boa round her face.

The train was full. Our attitude
Did not escape the idle throng.
They thought we'd quarrelled, or were mad,
Or strangers, p'raps—but they were wrong!

For we were on our honeymoon,
And thus to move we did not dare
For fear of shaking into sight
Confetti which we knew was there!

—Leslie Thomas.

Had Wolfe Lost?

By WILLIAM J. PITTS

THE military pomp, the historical pageantry and lavish festivities which have drawn so many thousands this summer to the old Fortress City, towering superbly at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, awake widely different thoughts in the minds of French and British Canadians, each race regarding it as a celebration which is particularly its own. The year 1608 and Champlain is indissolubly connected with it in the brain of the Gallic citizen of our Dominion; Wolfe and 1759 in that of the Anglo-Celt.

It is inevitable that it should be so, and probably the whole world at present, with the exception of the sturdy habitant, is thinking more of Montcalm and Wolfe than they are of Cartier or Champlain or La Salle or of the indomitable Frontenac. It would be useless to deny that many British subjects and quite a number of Americans regard the whole affair as a huge jubilation over Wolfe's victory, which was, without a doubt—although some might mention Gettysburg—the most decisive battle ever fought upon the North American continent. In comparison with Leipsic or Wagram it seems little more than a skirmish, but, oh, the tremendous consequences which followed it. Two decades had but elapsed when the English colonies along the Atlantic Coast, needless of the Mother Country's support, as France no longer faced them with her savage allies, confederated and were born anew as the United States of America. But Britain had already been compensated for this violent breaking off of a limb from the parent oak. In 763 the scratch of a pen had transferred half a continent into her hands—a territory not only larger than Europe, but naturally richer, and destined to support cities which vie with Liverpool and Manchester. All these wonderful political changes became possible by the comparatively insignificant victory of a

consumptive young officer. Had Wolfe been defeated in his enterprise, had Montcalm been possessed of a few more field pieces, had he hurled back his red-coated opponents over the cliffs in irretrievable disorder, what would have been the result?—the mind trembles at the question.

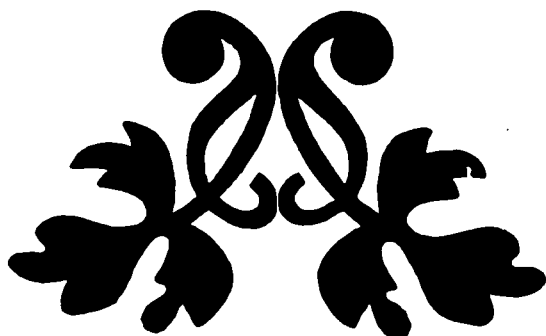
In the first place, it is not very probable that England, exhausted as was her treasury, would have continued the conflict, save as a defensive war along the borders of her Atlantic colonies. These offshoots of her civilization would still need her help, and George Washington would very possibly have ended his days on the other side of the ocean, attired in the gold and scarlet of a British general.

And what of Quebec? Would France have profited by her victory? Would she have given to the people of New France a constitution, which her own sons did not possess? Would she have replaced the indolent, vacillating Vaudreuil by a French Burke or Chatham? the rapacious Bigot by a French Hampden? Emphatically, no! She could not give that which she knew not. A few more troops and settlers would probably have been sent out and governed in the same old despotic, short-sighted way. But the ground was already beginning to shake beneath her own feet. Nemesis confronted the Bourbons and their advisers ominously. The vengeance of centuries would soon be taken, nipping off deftly the heads of many Madame de Pompadours and other better souls. And the coming catastrophe in old France would undoubtedly have produced a like outbreak in her huge American possession. The cause would not have been specifically the same, for the lot of the Canadian habitant was a happier one than that of the French peasant. It would rather have been a fierce rebellion of the grand seignors and their satellites against the oppres-

sive ruling Cabal, which dictated arrogantly to them from the Chateau St. Louis. It is unlikely that they would have obtained redress against such mendacious scoundrels as Bigot was; then their only resource would have been to resort to arms, as their Anglo-Saxon neighbors did a few years later with comparatively little reason, and expel the corrupt representatives of Versailles with the few hundreds that guarded them from Canada. And it is indeed doubtful whether the white-coated battalions of Old France would have resisted them, in spite of their military rivalry, for a great many of these veterans had married Canadian girls, with the intention of becoming settlers in their country. It is to Ancient rather than Modern History we must go to find a parallel to the grossly corrupt Cabal which ruled New France. The Roman Republic in its decline perhaps is the best example. From the landing of Champlain in 1608 to the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, in 1759, two hundred and fifty-one years, the record of French Government in Quebec is one of incompetency, avarice and duplicity. The Governor continually bullied the Council into submission to his high-handed acts and unscrupulous trading; the Intendant hoodwinked the Governor and grew richer than his master. Such a despotism could not have gone on forever; the spirit of the French Revolution would not only have demolished the Bastille of corruption in Quebec, but would have very probably struck down the fleur-de-lis as well. Such an asser-

tion may seem incompatible with the sentiments of a few of the people of Modern Quebec who flaunt the tricolor upon certain inauspicious occasions.

Upon what effect the establishment of a vigorous French republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence in the eighteenth century would have had on the destinies of the North American continent one hesitates to speculate. The English colonies would have been confronted by the growing power of Louisiana in the South and by the rugged strength of Canada in the North. Nor would there long have been peace between the Priest and the Puritan; as well would it have been to expect a pairing of the lion with some domestic brute. A struggle would have come—a fierce, bitter, savage struggle, only with the complete domination of one over the other. Would the ardent Gaul of the North have mastered the sturdy Saxon of the South, or would the latter have fallen, quietened but unconquered, cautiously awaiting the time when he could strike back mightily at the power of his assailant? It is rash to speculate upon this possible outcome, as it might have been upon the weightier question. New France and New England were mere pawns in the game of nations. France and England played it long and well, and the latter won. Nevertheless, a consideration of what might have been brings more forcibly before us the tremendous significance of Wolfe's triumph upon that September day one hundred and forty-nine years ago. Our Dominion was the final result, and we believe it to be good that it was so.



Thomas B. Flint, Resurrectionist

By HENRY A. HERING

Frontispiece drawn by C. H. Duncan

THERE were only forty saloon passengers on board the boat, so we more or less hung together. My neighbor at meals was a clean-shaven, keen-eyed New Yorker. His name was Thomas B. Flint. For a citizen of the United States he was reticent, and we discussed general topics till the third day. Then in a corner of the smoke-room, over coffee and cigars, Mr. Flint grew communicative.

"You are right, sir," he remarked. "There are some queer things always goin' on in trade. No one knows that better than me, as I happen to be a business resurrectionist."

"Indeed!" I replied. "I've not heard of the profession before."

"May be not, as it is a comparatively new one, but you are likely to hear of it again. It is destined to play a large part in the affairs of the world, sir, particularly in the European section. There's more need of resurrectin' in Europe than with us."

"But what on earth is a business resurrectionist?" I asked.

"A resurrectionist, sir, is called in to a declinin' business just as you'd call in a doctor to a declinin' body. The doctor feels your pulse, notes the symptoms an' prescribes his remedies. The resurrectionist examines the day-books an' ledgers, studies the balance sheets, an' overhauls the figures gen'rally. He sees where the waste is goin' on, finds out which departments want bracin' up, puts his fingers on antiquated methods, an' locates the weak spots. Then he gives his prescription. I've been called in to prescribe for 425 businesses in the course of the last ten years—312 took my advice, an' they got well again. Some of them are boomin' as they never boomed before. The rest called me in too late, or were too pig-headed to follow my instructions. They vamped out, sir.

You don't happen to be connected with a business yourself that's sufferin' from a gen'ral decline?"

"I am not, Mr. Flint. Unfortunately I'm not connected with any business at all. I make my living by writing some of the up-to-date tales you read in the magazine."

"An' you opine that your callin' don't want resurrectin'," said Mr. Flint pityingly. "Why, I never read a magazine without groanin' over the opportunities lost by printer an' author. What's your line, sir? Are you strong on funerals in your tales, or is it marriage bells?"

"I flatter myself I'm an all-round man, Mr. Flint," I replied. "I can either make your flesh creep, or make you laugh, or give you a nice little love story for Sunday afternoons."

"That's the weak spot in your business, sir," said Thomas B. Flint earnestly. "You're too blamed diffuse. Why not concentrate? You work on three lines. Make a specialty of one of them, an' run it for all it's worth—a little more if you like. When a reader starts one of your tales he doesn't know what to expect. He may want his flesh to creep, an' then he'll be riled if you dose him up with funniments. An' if he's lookin' out for love-makin' he won't thank you for one of your blood-curdlers. My advice, free gratis, is stick to one of your lines, sir, an' run it three times as strong as you do now. If you follow my tip, you'll be wantin' to send me an honorarium in twelve months. Here's my card, so that you know my address. You'll then have sufficient confidence in my methods," continued Mr. Flint, "to adopt my advertisin' advice. I could sketch you out a plan which would make your blood-curdlers as requisite at every breakfast-table as any patent shredded wheat or wholemeal bun is now."

"I'll consider the matter," I replied.

"You'll not regret it, sir. I could refer you to a pile of firms who are grateful they took my advice. Just now I've been called in to resurrect one of your European kingdoms. Keep your eyes on the newspapers, an' if I don't make a flamin' success of it you needn't think of discussin' any advertisin' plan for your pertic'ler work with Thomas B. Flint."

"I presume it's Turkey you're going to resurrect," I said. "You've got a big thing on. I wish you success."

"No, sir, it is not Turkey. I reckon you'll locate the spot when I tell you that Theo S. Parker's daughter married the heir apparent to the throne, an' is now queen of the country."

I mentally ran over the list of European sovereigns—the Kaiser, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria. None of these had a father-in-law called Parker. The name appeared unfamiliar in association with the rulers of Italy or Spain. Was it Holland or Belgium? I thought not.

Mr. Flint noticed my difficulty. "To think that a leadin' British writer don't know that a Pittsburg girl is Queen of San Fragilo," he said scornfully.

I had forgotten this little kingdom of the Apennines—the smallest in Europe—but now I remembered to have seen its sovereign in the Diamond Jubilee procession. It was said at the time that he had been overlooked in the first issue of invitations, and that he had sent a reminder to Buckingham Palace.

"Yes, sir, Mary Parker is now Queen of San Fragilo," said Mr. Flint. "In the pride of his heart at his daughter having established a record in American marriages, Theo gave her a million dollars for a weddin' present five years ago, an' he was particularly annoyed when she applied for a further advance this fall. Nat'rally he wished to know where the million had gone to. He got a reply that the San Fragilo army had been put on a war footin' with it, mainly for Mary's protection; that the palace had been extended for her accommodation, and that a high-class sceptre an' crown had been bought for her, besides other oddments befitin' the position of a European sovereign. Now Theo S. Parker didn't object to the palace improvements nor to the sceptre an' crown,

but he wasn't at all anxious to run a European army, so before he made any further advances he wanted to know if the state finances were on a sound basis. He sent me over to investigate gen'rally, an' I sailed across thisyer herring-pond six weeks ago to do so.

"I took half a dozen of my smartest clerks with me, a brace of motor-cars, two chauffeurs, a mechanic an' a valet, an' in due course we motored into San Fragilo. It's a one city kingdom of light-colored houses, chiefly populated by cigarette smokin' loafers an' idlers. I made straight for the palace, an' reported myself to the King, who wasn't what you'd call gushin' in his manner. His wife came in while we were talkin', an' from her gen'ral style I should never have guessed she'd been reared at Pittsburg, Pa. She semed to have assimilated the loftiness of a line of first-class European sovereigns. There's no doubt about it, sir, the air of a European palace is enervatin' to an American girl. From their Majesties' conversation I gathered that they considered Theo S. Parker oughter have advanced as much as they wanted in the dollar line without any inquiries.

"'I've assigned a couple of rooms in the Roy'l Treasury for your altogether unnecessary labors,' said the King stiffly, 'an' I've instructed that all the Roy'l accounts should be placed at your disposal. If there's any hitch I refer you to my Chancellor.'

"'I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance,' I replied, an' the interview terminated.

"Well, sir, in a couple of hours my clerks were workin' away at a cartload of books, kept in what appeared to be a cross between Greek characters an' Assyrian cuneiform. The system of book-keepin' might have passed muster when Noah stocked his ark, but I reckon even old man Noah posted up his ledgers sometimes, an' balanced his cash, which is more than they do at San Fragilo. It didn't take me long to find out that the whole finances were in a rotten state, an' that the Roy'l Government was a nest of thieves who had been livin' on Pittsburg greenbacks ever since Mary Parker came into the country.

“The followin’ night I dined, by special request, with the Roy’l Chancellor, who was Prime Minister, Finance Secretary an’ Congress rolled into one. He was a dark man with a fierce moustache an’ a strikin’ eye.

“I could see he’d somethin’ on his mind, an’ when his fancy-dress flunkeys had retired he unloaded.

“‘Well, Signor Flint,’ he said, ‘I hope you are makin’ progress in your investigations.’

“‘It’s a big job,’ I replied, ‘but if your Excellency will give us all the information we want we may worry through. At present there appears to be a powerful lot of gaps to fill in.’

“‘Of course, Signore,’ he said, sawin’ at his moustache, ‘you will quite understand that the business of a kingdom is not conducted on the lines of an American commercial house.’

“‘I don’t see why it shouldn’t be run like any other first-class goin’ concern,’ I answered.

“‘If you’d spent your days in state affairs you’d know,’ he answered, heavin’ a sigh. ‘I started with the same idea as you, but I’ve been disillusioned—disillusioned,’ he repeated. ‘There’s vested interests, an’ ancient customs an’ anachronisms to be considered.’

“‘I suppose you can index ’em in the ledger,’ I observed.

“‘He didn’t seem to cotton to my meanin’.’ ‘As to the—er gaps, I shall be glad if you will apply to me personally for any explanation,’ he went on. ‘We shall, no doubt, be able to arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction.’

“‘He half closed his eyes as he said this. I believe it was the San Fragilo notion of a wink.

“‘Your Excellency,’ I said, ‘I’ll take you at your word. I can’t make your balance sheets tally with the books. In last year’s account you state that the army cost 130,000 liras, which appears to be quite enough for the twelve officers and ten men that compose it. But I find in the army books they’ve only been credited with 100,000. Now, where have I to look for the other 30,000?’

“‘The Roy’l Chancellor smiled sorter pityingly. ‘Signore,’ he said, ‘we must approach this matter, not as mere accountants, but as men of the world. If

you will refer to the Roy’l accounts you will see that my salary is 20,000 liras. You will quite understand the impossibility of the Chancellor of San Fragilo livin’ on that beggarly sum. It is, therefore, a time-honoured custom here that the Chancellor should exercise a discretion’ry influence on the treasury.’

“‘It needs a first-class European education, sir, to talk of thievin’ as if was poetry.

“‘Your Excellency,’ I replied, ‘I’ve been sent here by Theo S. Parker of Pittsburg, Pa., to make a business report, an’ I reckon he won’t be satisfied with acrostics. He’ll want to know where the money’s gone.’

“‘Every European state has a Secret Service fund,’ said the Chancellor, ‘an’ no inquiries are ever made how it’s spent. I suggest that any omissions are included under that headin’. If the figures are too large you might put some under ‘sanitation.’ I believe you run strong on sanitation in your country. Of course,’ he added, ‘any little suggestion of mine that you carry out will not leave you the loser. I am not a rich man, as the saints know, but I am able to reward my friends.’

“‘Look here, Chancellor,’ I said. ‘I want you to understand that you’re dealin’ with a straightforward American resurrectionist. My business stands or falls on integrity. I’ve got to tell Theo S. Parker where his money’s gone, an’ I shall not give him any bogus headin’s. I shall state plainly ‘no account’, an’ I’ll leave you to tell him it’s gone on drainage.’

“‘For a moment the Chancellor’s eye gleamed, an’ he sat there strokin’ his moustache. ‘Very well, Signor Flint,’ he said at last. ‘If you choose to apply your crude American methods I suppose we shall all have to stand by the consequences.’ Then he seemed to smother a yawn.

“‘I wasn’t sarry to take the hint. ‘It’s gettin’ late, your Excellency,’ I said, ‘an’ I start work on those figures at seven in the mornin’. If you’ll excuse me I’ll be goin’.’

“‘So early?’ he said. ‘Well I’ll not keep you from your well-earned repose, but you must have another glass of wine?’

"I was obliged to take one. Then he came with me to his front door. 'I should like to show you the way to your hotel, Signore,' he said, 'but my doctor don't let me out these cool evenin's.'

" 'I can find my way quite well, thank you,' I replied, glad to leave him behind.

" 'We stood at the top of the steps, an' somehow I felt inclined to talk. This was surprisin', as I did not like the man, an' wanted to see the last of him. 'Wonderful view you have here,' I said, al-ludin' to the moonlight streamin' down on the whitewashed houses which stood there silent an' grim with their closed shutters. It was like a scene from a theatre.

" 'Yes, we get strikin' effects in our streets sometimes,' he answered. I remembered his words afterwards.

" 'Good night, your Excellency, an' thank you for entertainin' me. I shall not forget the honor I've enjoyed.'

" 'Good night, Signore,' he said, bowin' low. 'You do me proud,' or words to that effect. Then I walked off to my hotel.

" 'It seemed to me that the Chancellor's wine was stronger than I'd expected. I felt inclined to sing, an' I wasn't sure of my steps. There was no one stirrin'. The street grew narrower an' narrower, an' I kept in the middle of it.

" 'Then I heard a slinkin' step behind me. I half turned round. There was the gleam of steel, a thunderin' blow in the middle of my back, an' I fell to the ground.

" 'Now, sir, when Theo S. Parker instructed me to go to San Fragilo he warned me I was goin' into dangerous society, an' he sent me a vest of fine steel mesh for the occasion, warranted to turn any knife, an' he recommended me to take a pair of Pinkerton detectives with me in disguise, an' never to go out at night without them followin'. As I lay on those cobble stones an' heard a curse from the owner of the damaged dagger, an' saw two ruffians bendin' over me with knives in their hands an' murder in their eyes, I thanked Theo S. Parker for his mesh suitin', but I wondered where my Pinkerton men were. It seemed to me they'd have to hurry if they intended to be in at the game.

" 'But they were there right enough, an' they saw that time was pressin'. As the second scoundrel lifted his knife, Bang! went one six-shooter, Bang! an' another shot came, an' then two more. I don't know whether they hit, but they scared the ruffians. They sprang over me like gazelles, an' when Pinkerton's men came up they'd vanished.

" 'We should have been here before,' said the detectives as they helped me to rise, 'but our attention was distracted by the Chancellor follerin' you to see what happened.'

" 'That, sir, was my first introduction into the high finance of Europe, an' as I limped back to my hotel supported by my Pinkerton valet, followed by my Pinkerton chauffeur, with his six-shooter ready for further action, I allowed that it was excitin'.

" 'I was at work at seven in the mornin', an' at eleven I had a visit from the Chancellor.

" 'I'm terribly grieved to hear of that dastardly attempt on your life last night, Signor Flint,' he said, overflowin' with sympathy.

" 'It's a good thing your doctor won't let you out these cool evenin's,' I replied. 'I shouldn't like your Excellency to have been mixed up in any knifin' business.'

" 'I blame myself now that I did not accompany you, Signore,' said the Chancellor.

" 'Never mind,' I said. 'You got another of your strikin' street effects, but it seems to me if you spent more money on police an' less on sanitation it'd be better for your departin' guests.' I left it at that.

" 'As a result of this adventure I kept to my hotel in the evenin's, my Pinkerton valet slept in the same room, an' I had a loaded revolver under my pillow. Owin' to these precautions I had nothin' further to complain of personally, barrin' a bad attack of indigestion resultin' from eatin' a poisoned bird.

" 'A few days later we got another of the Chancellor's stage effects. The rooms in the Roy'l Treasury in which we worked started burnin'—apparently by spontaneous combustion. The Roy'l Fire-Brigade didn't seem to worry about it much, an' the whole of the books an' all

my figurin' would have been burnt if it hadn't been for the prompt action of my men, who smothered the flames with water from the Roy'l Pump while the firemen were gettin' their hose uncoiled. But half the books were done for.

"After that two of my clerks slept in the Treasury every night, with one eye open an' their six-shooters handy, an' our mechanic took it in turns with the Pinkerton chauffeur to guard our motor-cars. In fact, sir, we lived in a state of siege.

"After three weeks workin' at what figures I could get hold of I cabled Theo S. Parker that my report would be ready in another fortnight. As he wished to discuss it on the spot he sailed by next boat, an' came straight on to San Fragilo.

"It was arranged that I should make my report to him an' the King together. The Chancellor was requested to be present for consultation purposes, but when the time came he did not turn up. A messenger was despatched to his house to bring him, but he returned with the news that the Chancellor had left the night before, sayin' he was goin' fly-fishin' in the lakes.

"The King was surprised at this, as he wasn't accustomed to havin' the Roy'l command disobeyed, but Theo. S. Parker said 'I guess we'll have the report without him. I've known men go fly-fishin' before now when they were wanted pertic'ler. Steam ahead, Flint.'

"'Here is my report,' I said, pointin' to a thick batch of folios. 'I'll now summarise my conclusions, an' give you details on any point you want.

"'No proper system of book-keepin' seems to have been followed in the affairs of this historic kingdom,' I went on, plungin' right into the thing. 'The ledgers of the various departments have not been posted up, the day-books are incomplete, an' the cash-books don't appear to have been balanced within' livin' memory. I've had the greatest difficulty in ferretin' out reliable figures, but I can prove to the hilt that the official balance sheets have been cooked!'

"'Who's the cook?' asked Theo. S. Parker.

"'At the present moment the head cook seems to be fly-fishin', but I've no

doubt he's left some of his bottle-washers behind,' I replied.

"The King looked black as thunder at me. 'When my Chancellor returns he will be able to confute Signor Flint's scandalous insinuations,' he said. 'I have every confidence in him.'

"As it isn't etiquette to contradict a European king I merely bowed. His Majesty's belief in his Chancellor was remarkable. All the same I respected him for standin' up for the fly-fisher.

"'The resources of the country on the old basis of taxation have long since been exhausted,' I continued. 'The revenue is derived from a window tax, a chimney tax, a piano tax an' a salt tax, but the chief results seem to be that the windows of San Fragilo are gradually bein' wall-ed up, an' the chimneys cut down. The total register of pianos in the city is 32, an' the consumption of salt would hardly float a mermaid. The only method adopted by the Chancellor for increasin' the revenue has been to issue new sets of San Fragilo postage stamps every two years.

"'San Fragilo adhesives are now a drug on the market, an' I understand that the leadin' collectors of Europe have petitioned for breathin' time before another issue.

"'Taxation an' postage stamps bein' inadequate to meet the state expenditure, the Chancellor has sought outside assistance. From one source an' another, principally from the private purse of the sovereign, he has obtained three million liras durin' the past five years. I have only been able to trace an apparent expenditure of two millions, an' the Chancellor has not been able to give me any particulars as to how the other million was spent, though he suggested sanitation was responsible for some.'

"'Send your sheriffs after the scoundrel, an' have him arrested, King,' said Theo. 'I didn't give Mary her dollars to support fly-fishers. I could have done that at home.'

"'I assure you there is some mistake, my excellent father-in-law,' said the King. 'My Chancellor will return.'

"'I hope he will,' Theo replied. 'In the meantime how do you propose to deal with the situation?'

“ ‘In the absence of my Chancellor, I cannot say,’ said his Majesty. ‘Perhaps Signor Flint has some suggestions to make,’ he added scornfully.

“ ‘I have,’ I replied. ‘There are endless possibilities in this little kingdom of yours. You are fixed half way up the Apennines, an’ have wonderful natural advantages. San Fragilo would go at a canter as a health resort. The Air Cure of San Fragilo should be advertised in every leadin’ paper of Europe an’ the States. You oughter have a hundred thousand visitors every year throwin’ their money away here.’

“ ‘Sapristi!’ exclaimed the King. ‘Where should we put them?’

“ ‘I was comin’ to that. You’ve got to build a couple of palatial hotels for a start. Then you must have a theatre an’ a casino. You must have a Season. Get people to come here for the San Fragilo week after leavin’ the Riviera. Make them enjoy themselves, an’ they’ll stay for a month. Balloonin’s just started as a fashionable craze. Offer prizes, an’ make the San Fragilo balloonin’ a thing to be remembered. You’re half way up to the sky before you start.’

“ ‘Sapristi!’ again exclaimed the King. ‘But that is an idea.’

“ ‘It is, an’ you’ll find others in my report, but the future of your kingdom depends upon your Majesty gettin’ a Chancellor who doesn’t go fly-fishin’ when he’s wanted to explain his figures. Sack the whole staff of your officials, an’ replace them with honest men, an’ in five years your Majesty will be at the

head of an opulent an’ prosperous kingdom.’

“Then we went into details, an’ it took Theo S. Parker an’ me the best part of the day to ram it into the King’s head that his Chancellor had robbed him, but that night the Roy’l army was dispersed over the adjoinin’ district to find the fly-fisher, an’ the police of every country were asked to look out for him an’ forward to San Fragilo with care. In the meantime two generals, three colonels, a brace of chamberlains, a postmaster, an’ a batch of minor officials were placed under arrest for falsifying their accounts.

“ ‘Theo S. Parker paid me a handsome fee last week, an’ I left my staff of clerks behind to help him to put the affairs of the kingdom on a proper commercial basis. Theo is goin’ to foller out my buildin’ an’ advertisin’ notions, an’ you may take my word for it that San Fragilo is on the point of resurrection. In another five years it’ll be goin’ strong as one of the leadin’ health an’ pleasure resorts of Europe.’”

This conversation took place three years ago. The Chancellor appears still to be fly-fishing, but San Fragilo is already fulfilling Mr. Flint’s anticipations. The development is generally ascribed to the up-to-date methods of an enlightened monarch backed by the dollars of his father-in-law, but it is only right that the world should know how much is owing to the fertile brain of Thomas B. Flint, Business Resurrectionist.





The Spotted Pup

By EDWIN SABIN

TO the discordant staccato of his new ebony clappers, Toddles Brown ambled through boyhood's favorite highway—the alley. It is fine to be a boy, and possess ebony clappers; especially when other boys have only bone ones. Not a little proud of his skill as a performer was Toddles, fondly believing that at the moment he was rendering "Yankee Doodle." Tiddles, his twin, now elsewhere, also had new ebony clappers; but he was a poor player, unable, it seemed, to master the intricacies of the double shake. His clapping was shamefully monotonous. Clapper-performers are born, not made.

A scrawny, half-grown dog, blotched with yellow and white, nosing busily amid the alley debris, heard Toddles' rattling approach, and, raising his head, stared. Toddles, observing, boldly rattled the more, to impress his visible audience. The dog shrank, as though to slink away, doubtless having memory of other boys. Toddles ceased his clapping, and pipingly whistled.

The dog pricked his ears—one being white, the other yellow—and paused, uncertain but wistful.

Toddles sucked with his lips, encouraging and reassuring.

"Here, old boy! Come on, old boy! Nice Sport!" he wooed.

He advanced, hand outstretched, in token of amity; and the dog, abject, writhing, came crawling to meet him. Only a few pats were required to lift

him to the seventh dog-heaven, and he proceeded to fawn all over Toddles, who received the adulation with treatment in kind.

Paw-marked and bedrabbled, Toddles started on; the grateful dog gamboled beside him. Toddles was delighted, taking it as a tribute to his character, and glad of the company.

"Come on, puppy! Come on, old Sport!" he laughed, patting and romping.

Such a bony, wabbly, forlorn specimen of a dog was this that, moved by friendship and compassion together, at the outlet of the alley Toddles halted, and, extracting from his pocket a piece of rope, fastened it about the animal's neck. The operation was somewhat impeded by his protegee's restless, indiscriminate tongue; but, having finished, Toddles continued homeward; now, by virtue of the rope, proclaiming his proprietorship.

Amiably following the lead, the dog trotted at his heels, occasionally overrunning and bumping against them. He was not a thing of grace, his backbone being humpy, his flanks like two ax-heads, and his legs far from unanimous in action. His general contour—his ensemble, so to speak—was such that the average beholder would wonder why he did not fall over sideways. Nevertheless, the progress of Toddles and the dog presently waxed to a march of triumph.

"Hello, Tod! Is he yours?"

"Uh, huh!"

"Where'd you get him?"

"Found him."

"Goin' to keep him?"

"Course I am."

"What kind is he, Tod?"

"Huntin'-dog. I'm goin' to train him to hunt."

"Gee! ain't he a dandy? Lemme lead him, will you?"

"Naw. Uh, huh! He might get away."

"What's his name?"

"Sport."

"Can he fight?"

"Can, when he wants to, you bet."

feet, and, emerging, tried to climb upon her shoulder.

Mother repulsed him.

"Call him away!" she ordered.

"Whose dog is it?"

"Here, Sport!" bade Toddles.

"Mine," he answered bravely.

Anticipating a family division, his envious escort sniggered. They could see that a mother *might* find something in such a dog, lovely as he was, of his kind, at which to cavil.

"Oh, Toddles! No! Not yours!"

Mother's voice was agonized.

"Yes," faltered Toddles, less bravely.



Toddles, observing, boldly rattled the more to impress his invisible audience.

The focus of such comment, the dog began to think that he *was* a "dandy"; and, with tail up, in appreciation of his own worth, and, with open mouth, distributing caresses right and left, regardless, he willingly obeyed his dignified master's rope.

Escorted by an admiring little retinue, Toddles and his canine entered by the front gate the Brown premises.

Mother heard the commotion; and, desecring the gathering and the cause thereof, horrified, issued forth. Visions of holes dug in her flower-beds urged her onward and outward. The happy dog met her more than half-way; released from the rope, he squirmed between her

He patted Sport, who responded rapturously.

"Dear me! Not *that* dog!" expostulated mother frantically. "Where did you get him?"

"I found him."

"Well, you let some of these other boys have him, and we'll get you a much better dog."

"Naw, sir. I want him."

"But, Toddles! He's nothing more than skin and bone."

"He'll get fat if we feed him. Haven't we got any bones for him?"

Mother sighed. She could not have a scene, before these spectators.

"Well, you tie him up in the wood-

shed," she directed. "And I think these other boys had best go away now. It's nearly dinner-time."

"Yes; you kids skip off," said Toddles, conducting his charge to the woodshed. "You'll get him to barkin'."

Regretfully, reluctantly, his escort dissolved, trickling away in divers directions, with sundry backward glances. Mother waited. Toddles secured the animal to a woodshed post, and, standing off, surveyed him.

"Can't I feed him?" he implored.

"Go in and see if Hannah has anything for him," assented mother helplessly. "But you mustn't keep him."

Toddles sped into the kitchen. Hannah was bountiful, and, furthermore, obliging. Toddles reappeared with a platter, and upon it the remains of the breakfast hash. He clapped down the offering before the dog, who promptly gobbled it.

"Poor thing!" commented mother, but still standing off.

"If we do decide that you may keep him"—she spoke with an indication of softening—"you must let Tiddles share him with you."

"No," objected Toddles earnestly. "He's my dog. I want him myself."

Mother withdrew into the house, pending consultation with her colleague—father.

"Remember," she called from the door-step, "he's Tiddles' dog, too."

Toddles rebelliously shook his head.

"Uh, huh!" he protested.

The door closed behind mother. In attitude of adoration, Toddles watched his canine's mighty gulps. Under no diminution of voracity to be noted with the naked eye, the platter was just being polished, when arrived upon the scene Tiddles, breathless, by certain tidings hastened from afar.

"Where'd you get him?" he demanded.

"Found him."

"He's half mine, then."

This annoying inclination to trespass must be resolutely nipped. Toddles sprang in defence.

"He ain't, either. He's all mine—aren't you, Sport? You go an' get your own dog."

"Aw' wouldn't have your old dog, anyhow!" retorted Tiddles, changing mien. "Nothin' but a skeleton! An' I know where you found him, too, an' I'm goin' to tell."

"You don't, either. Where now?"

Twin glared at twin, while the dog sat expectant, licking hungry chops and waiting for opportune "more."



"Call him away!" she ordered. "Whose dog is it?"

"In the alley."

"Didn't, either," denied Toddles, but weakly.

"You did, too. I've seen him there. Bet you he lives round there, some place."

"'Tain't the same dog, anyhow," ventured Toddles, eyeing the animal appealingly; but said animal only looked

upon him lovingly, and, with wagging tail and lolling tongue, blandly signified a readiness for the next course.

"But it is, it is!" shrilled Tiddles, excited. "With one white ear an' one yellow. An' I'll tell papa on you. He'll make you take it back."

Toddles wavered.

"All right; I don't care. You can have half of him, if you want to," he said diplomatically.

"Well," accepted his brother, mollified. "We'll teach him to do things."

While without, their boys and the gaunt, spotted pup affirmed and re-affirmed a reciprocal protectorate; within, mother and father sat in star-chamber session.

"But I'm so afraid he'll bite them," declared mother anxiously, confronted by hydrophobia.

"No, no," assured father, who, having viewed, returned to his chair. "It's only a puppy, understand, my dear."

"I shan't be able to grow a *thing!*" deplored mother.

"Oh, yes, you will," comforted father. "The boys must teach him not to dig."

"Puppies are so destructive," faltered mother.

"Well, well," soothed father. "But your boys should have a dog. Every boy should have a dog. Why, of course! When I look back upon my own boyhood, my dog is one of the dearest of all my recollections. Let a boy and a dog grow up together. That's the proper way. So if this dog will stay, let them keep him, by all means. A boy isn't half a boy without a dog. What do you say?"

"Well," assented mother doubtfully, "if he'll stay."

She fervently hoped that he wouldn't.

"And if the boys don't quarrel over him," she added.

"Oh, they won't do that," asserted father confidently. "It must be share and share alike between brothers."

"But Toddles seemed to think that the dog was all his, because he found him," ventured mother.

"That will arrange itself," assured father. "You will see. Toddles only spoke on the spur of the moment, without considering."

And then father proceeded to discuss with mother an unexpected but flattering prospective increase in his legal business, based upon certain advances made by one Jonas Moore, who was at the head of the new bank. To get the business of the new bank would be quite a feather in the Brown cap.

Toddles and Tiddles entered.

"He's asleep, all curled up," vouchsafed Tiddles eagerly. "An' Toddles gave half of him to me—didn't you, Tod?"

"Uh, huh!" indicated Toddles.

"Didn't I tell you?" reminded father, aside, to mother.

"That was very generous of Toddles; but only right," declared mother.

"Yes; brothers should always share," concurred father.

Toddles accepted the praise with becoming docility; and with Tiddles retired, to wash.

The spotted pup thrived amazingly. His chief growth was lateral, for, induced by the liberal ministrations, in rivalry, of the twins, abetted by mother and Hannah, the girl, he took on flesh at a prodigious rate.

He easily became domesticated, and manifested a disposition to regard the premises as his own, ruthlessly displacing mother's geraniums and verbenas with bones. A flower-bed was one of his pet aversions, he having his peculiar ideas as to landscape gardening; as also was a laden clothes-line, which struck him as an eyesore amid back-yard scenery. But mother and Hannah bore up bravely, sustained by father, who assured them that boys and dogs must have their heyday, and that Sport eventually would prove less violent in his reforms.

He was a dear dog, was the spotted pup; and when, now having had him, jointly with Toddles, for three days, Tiddles conducted him forth upon a companionable stroll, you scarcely would have known him for the original canine; so sleek was he, so spirited.

Tiddles, wending guileless way, had turned the corner and had gone another block—when a man, walking along the opposite side of the street, halted, stared, and, abruptly crossing, intercepted.

He was a burly, red-faced man, of vi-

brations pugnacious. But Sport greeted him lavishly.

"Is that your dog?" the red-faced man demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Tiddles.

"Oh, it is! Are you sure it is?"

"Yes, sir."

Tiddles wished that the intruder would go on about other business. The attitude of him was alarming.

"What's his name?"

"Sport."

"Where did you get him?"

"I found him," quavered Tiddles.

"Found him, eh? Where did you find him, then?"

peared to regard the byplay with enthusiasm.

"You little liar; I've a notion to thrash you within an inch of your life!" growled the man, shaking him.

"You quit," howled Tiddles angrily. "There comes my father, too. He'll make you quit!"

"That your father, is it? He's the person I want to see," announced the man promptly. "You trot along with me, my young friend. But if your father don't thrash you, I *will!*"

So speaking, he violently transferred Tiddles to the other side of the street, and planted him, with a jerk, before



In an attitude of adoration, Toddles watched his canine's mighty gulps.

"Just found him," insisted Tiddles.

"Humph! His name is Sport, is it? And you found him, did you? And he's yours, is he?"

"Y-yes, sir; mine an' my brother's."

"And you didn't come across him back of my house, the other morning, and coax him off, and tie a rope to him and take him away? You didn't do that—say?"

The man gripped Tiddles roughly by the shoulder, and shook him.

"No-o-o-o-o!" wept Tiddles, injured in spirit and flesh.

Only the spotted pup maintained equanimity, and, frisking about, ap-

his astonished father—this gentleman advancing to the curb to meet them.

"This your son?" snapped the man.

"That's my son," acknowledged father gravely.

"He's stolen my dog. That's my dog, sir; that dog there," pointing to the spotted pup, now resting upon his haunches, with lolling tongue and general vacuous expression. "Your boy stole him; came and —"

"But, Mr. Moore —" interrupted father mildly.

"Came and coaxed him from behind the house—right under our noses, sir—"

and led him away with a rope. It's the identical boy. I know —"

"But, Mr. Moore —" attempted father, conciliatorily.

Mr. Moore overruled him.

"I know him, sir; I know him. It's the same boy—cap and size and face and all. A neighbor saw him in the act; saw it all, from beginning to end. She described him to us, and last evening she pointed him out to me as he passed. He got away before I could collar him, then;

fat hunting-dog? Did you ever see a fat hunting-dog that was any good for birds? That dog was kept lean on purpose. Now he's useless till he's lean again. And I wanted to take him out on a trial to-morrow. To-morrow, sir! What tricks have you been teaching him. I wonder?" he accused fiercely, addressing Tiddles. "Bad ones, I'll wager. That dog's ruined!" He groaned. The spotted pup yawned, and stretched in repose. "Are you going to thrash this



"Is that your dog?" the red-faced man demanded.

but *now* I have him, sir, red-handed." Tiddles glanced at his hands, affrighted. They were the usual brown. "Look —"

"Wait, Mr. Moore," besought father.

"Look at that dog, sir! Look at the shape of him! That dog —"

"He certainly is fatter than when he was found," admitted Mr. Brown quizzically.

"Fatter, sir! He's spoiled! Spoiled!" Mr. Moore, in exuberance of wrath, raised himself on tiptoe and flung wide impotent arms. "Do you think I want a

young rascal, this—this scalawag, sir, or shall I?" demanded the speaker, now addressing Mr. Brown again.

Tiddles, holding breath, bided, with a feeling of mingled hope and despair, the sentence. He opened his mouth in defence, but father prevented.

"I'll attend to him, you may be sure. Mr. Moore, as necessary," replied father, with a little stiffening. "Tiddles, did you coax this dog away?"

"I ain't Toddles; I'm Tiddles," informed that individual, taking heart.

"But Toddles brought him home, I understand?"

"Yes, sir. And —"

"This is the boy," denounced Mr. Moore firmly. "This is the very boy. He was seen. And not a moment ago he stated plainly that it was his dog."

"Toddles gave him to me—part of him," defended Tiddles, rallying.

"You see, we have twin boys, Mr. Moore," proffered father awkwardly.

"An' I told Toddles about the dog belongin' somewhere," asserted Tiddles, ready to turn State's evidence.

"There!" snapped Mr. Moore triumphantly. "You hear? The boy knew! Thrash him, sir; thrash him and send him to bed. That's what he deserves. A-a-a-ah!" While father looked mournfully upon Tiddles, Mr. Moore continued, lapsing into sarcasm: "Twins, is it? Very well. We will let that busi-

ness matter which we have been discussing go by default, Mr. Brown. A man with twins certainly has no time to do justice to the affairs of a bank. Good day, sir. If my dog runs away—as undoubtedly he will, having been taught—I shall know where to look for him. Good day, sir. Dick, come here!"

And, with Dick—one-time Sport—the spotted pup, trotting soberly at his heels, Mr. Jonas Moore, still irate, implacable, departed down the street.

Wasting no time in gazing after, father gathered Tiddles by the hand, and resolutely turned homeward.

"Where is Toddles?" was all he said.

Tiddles did not know. However, he hoped that Toddles would be found soon: for he had been shaken, his shoulder ached, worse was to come he feared, and misery loves company.



FROM OVER THE SEA

Foreman (at the door): Did yer husband hov a new suit av clo'es on this mor-rnin', Mrs. O'Malley?

Mrs. O'Malley: He did.

Foreman: They're rooined entirely.

Mrs. O'Malley: How did ut happen?

Foreman: He was blown up be a charge av dinnymite.—*Exchange.*

The American Tourist: I suppose I speak broken French, eh, Henri?

The Waiter: Not eegsaetly, M'sieur. You haf a word deescribes it bettaire—let me see—ah! yes—it is pulverized!—*Grit.*

"Pat, for a woman of her figure, your wife has remarkable poise."

"Yis, sor. They're th' hist Oi iver tasted."

Old Grabbenheimer (tearfully): Bromise, bromise me, mein dear boy, dat you vill make mein daughter happy.

Young Nickelbaum (briskly): I guarantees berfect sadisfaction, Meester Grabbenheimer, or I returns der goots.—*Clipped.*

When Maggie, a recent arrival from over the sea, had finished cleaning the windows her mistress was amazed to discover that they had been washed upon the inside only. She inquired the reason for this half-completed task, thinking that, perhaps, the girl was afraid to sit outside thhe windows. Maggie's reply was delivered with fine concern:

"I elaned 'em inside so's we could look out, mum, but I lift the dirt on the outside so the people couldn't look in.—*Exchange.*

THE OPTIMIST

By J. A. EDGERTON

All things are sweet when Love has made them so.
 All things are fair, when seen with open vision.
 The fields of earth, when we awake to know
 Their inmost life, are bright as fields Elysian.
 There is naught common, naught to be despised.
 Each grass blade has a truth for our divining.
 Each human soul, when it is recognized,
 Reveals the life of God within it shining.
 A beauty, ever strange and ever new,
 Lies open for us in a drop of dew.

The vagabond, rejected by the race.
 I look within his soul and find my brother;
 I see the Master's features in his face,
 And know him as divine as any other.
 The man, for trespass banished from his kind,
 I go to visit him within his prison,
 And, looking on the mind within his mind,
 I find an angel at my summons risen.
 Within the Magdalen I see the good,
 The majesty and grace of womanhood.

Dear earth, each spot of thine is bright to me.
 Each mood of thine is woven through my dream
 At times within thy very soul I see
 A consciousness that lies beneath the seeming.
 I know that we are one, that all is one;
 That naught my life from any life can sever;
 That atom, mind and essence, soul and sun
 Are all in God forever and forever.
 There is no being alien unto me,
 When I have found the universal key.

And this is heaven. Naught can I desire
 That holds for me more gladness and more glory.
 The Cosmic Soul is burning like a fire
 In mine. I hear Life's new and old sweet story.
 I touch the mind and heart of all that is
 And I am conscious of the thought that fills it.
 How can my soul hold any more of bliss,
 When all the joy of being ever thrills it?
 I lose my life, to merge it in the whole,
 And find it in the Universal Soul.

A Way to Make Money—Fine Laundry Work

By MARY LESLIE

CONSIDER how many women make a living by rough, imperfect laundry work, and listen to me—first admitting the fact that all honest work is honorable and praiseworthy.

The greatest opening for an *untrained worker* to make money is good laundry work, and that without any competition with Chinamen, who cannot do fine laundry work for ladies, but only excel in men's shirts and collars. Such a business requires very little capital, and is not overcrowded, for it is a fact that without paying a *great* price, you cannot get a fine dress of any delicate washable fabric, *well* laundered, in New York City or any large city in Canada. You cannot get beautiful washable lace done up nicely to look new, or the finest lawn or embroidery, without paying as much as the fabric cost. Yet this business is such simple handiwork after all that any bright, light-fingered young girl could learn to do it *well* by practicing daily for a fortnight under good instruction.

I hope that I need not remind any intelligent reader of THE DOMINION MAGAZINE that she cannot buy knowledge of any kind, and carry it off in a packet as you do a pound of tea, by simply paying down so much money for it. She must call to mind the old school proverb, "Practice makes perfect," and "experience makes fools wise," and exercise her judgment and common sense in laundry as in other things; give her whole mind to the matter, and not come to it with half a heart. The desire to take pains and do the thing well is everything, practice will quickly make you skilful, when once shown how to do it. You must have good tools; two ironing-boards, one large and one small; a firm, strong table, not one that wiggles; a sufficient supply of flatirons, large and small, round and pointed; some old-fashioned Italian irons, two sets, a large

and small set for frills of different widths; gophering irons of two sizes, for pleats; two clothes horses, and a good place to dry in, where the wind blows freely. The country with well-kept green grass for bleaching is, of course, the best place for a laundry. Ivory soap, common borax, and common white starch are the best for fine and expensive fabrics. Colored goods must be washed, dried, and ironed as quickly as possible, always in *one* day, never leaving them folded or damp. Everything must be spotlessly clean about your laundry; your irons must be very clean. Rub them on fine sandpaper, then with common newspaper, then a final dust with a soft cloth, and a last polish with chamois leather; and this *every day*.

Iron on the inside of the fabric. You who have very little capital begin *at once* in a small way for practice on small and plain things, which are easier to handle. Bits of lace, net, and embroidery, fine handkerchiefs, a child's frock or bib. You must nick out every little point, or loop of lace carefully with your fingers, before you press it; then when half done, and yet a little damp, pick it out again, till *quite* perfect, before the final press. Lay embroidery *face down*, then pressing will strike out the pattern in relief; the same with lace. Use very little starch for such things. When you have pulled into shape and pressed tating sit down and pick out each loop carefully with a darning needle.

You must not be distracted with other things when at work; you cannot do fine laundry work on the rush as so many things are done in America; but when the hand is in, you *can* do things very quickly, and difficult work, too; and certainly could get three or four dollars daily, well-earned and giving satisfaction to those who paid you.

I once saw a small shawl of white Limerick lace returned from a New York laundry with a hole in it, and ironed on the *face* side. Two dollars had been paid for this bad work. A lady in the house took pity on the owner of the beautiful little shawl—hand embroidered and very elaborate—and in *fifteen minutes*, she darned, washed, patted, and pressed it, and presented it to the joyful owner in its pristine beauty.

I am sure that a person of small capital, who started a laundry within easy distance of any large city in Canada, or a popular summer resort, on the right principle of doing everything well, would succeed; but first she would have to educate her laundry girls for a few weeks before opening for the public.

I have known ladies of many nations do beautiful laundry work, and who regarded fine ironing as one of the fine

arts. If a number of ladies in poor circumstances would club their small means, and not be afraid of working themselves and personally superintending, and divide the profits, I am sure they could make money enough for a *good* living, and teach many young girls to add to the comfort and beauty of the world.

There is an astonishing difference in the manner of washing and ironing. If you sent a real lace cap and a fine muslin gown, puffed, lace trimmed, flounced and frilled, to an ordinary laundress in the United States or Canada, they would be returned to you in such a condition that you would look like a mad woman if you wore them; but send them to a skilful French laundress in old Paris and they would come back to you a dream of beauty, as dainty as apple blossoms or new fallen snow.



Few of the Bonapartes Left

THE Graeco-Bonaparte marriage, which took place late last year, and concerning which rumors of unhappiness have been printed, brought the Bonaparte family rather to the fore. Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and of Spain, has no male descendant living nor has Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, father of Napoleon III., and grandfather of the ill-fated Prince Imperial. Two branches of the family still are represented on the spear side. The great Emperor's younger brother Lucien was the father of Pierre Bonaparte, whose son, Prince

Roland, is the father of the bride. The Princess Marie Bonaparte is thus the great-grandniece of Napoleon I., and the cousin of Napoleon II., of Napoleon III., and of the Empress Eugenie. The imperial branch proper is represented by Prince Victor and Prince Louis Napoleon, grandsons of Jerome, King of Westphalia. Of Jerome Bonaparte's first marriage with Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, there remain Charles Bonaparte, Attorney-General of the United States, and Jerome Napoleon Charles, his nephew.

—Exchange



IT would be impossible to understand Phyllis without her sun-bonnet. Because it had strings. When she teases them into a little inconsequent knot and then pulls them apart again, and bunches and crushes them a second time and does not quite know what to do with them, then I know that she is not really angry. But when she ties them with deliberate precision into an unexceptionable bow, giving it the formal sanction of finger and chin, then I know that there is nothing further to be said. At present she was plucking at them and aimlessly ill-treating them with a great show of vexation.

"You've spoilt my dress," she said, severely. I had been clumsy with the oar.

"I am very humbly sorry," I said.

"You're not. You're glad. You know you're glad. Say you're glad."

I said I was eestatic.

"And you tried to kiss me."

I smiled comfortably at my pipe (who is a sympathetic soul), and commended the justice of the remark. She grew angry with the pipe.

"Do put that thing away. I hate men that smoke."

Ten minutes before she had told me to smoke to keep the mosquitoes away. This fact I did not mention.

"You tried to kiss me," she repeated, challenging defence.

I said I was very sorry, but I'd done my best.

"I suppose you know what you are going to do next?" she asked, with great decision.

"Oh, quite well. Going to try again."

"You are going to turn right round and row right home—and *fast*."

"Don't you admire the droop of that elematis?"



"And if you take longer than half an hour I will never speak a word to you again."

"But a little inclined to sprawl, don't you think?"

"Nor ever look at you."

"It's a pity that it's turning brown, too."



Considering the deliciousness of her
"Jack—thanks."

Her effort to possess herself of the oars would have ended ruinously if I had not caught her and tried again. With very considerable success.

She became interested in a water-duck. I became interested in her.

What the water-duck did I don't know, but she turned from it, with sudden fright in her eyes.

"Jack!" she gasped.

"Phyllis!"

"The Courtenays!"

"Exactly. The Courtenays!"

"Jack. Please listen. (*This with tragic restraint.*) They're passing through on their way home—only half an hour before their train—getting out specially to see me —"

"Capital!"

—"And to be at the house at five o'clock. It's a quarter to five now. Jack. I simply *can't* say I forgot."

"All right—I'll do the lying for you."

"Jack, can't you row home in a quarter of an hour?" The tone is known as "agonized appeal."

I turned away to damn the Courtenays to the third generation. Here was the end of the afternoon. When I was just—still, she was in plain distress. And, anyway, I could play the gallant rescuer. An objection, with her watching me like that, would mean everlasting disgrace.

It was a frantic pull. An arm I had just finished repairing gave me exquisite torture, and she was so sympathetic that I pulled like a madman, until I had hardly enough breath left to damn the Courtenays. But I enjoyed it. It was a battle I was fighting for her, and I won it.

Considering the deliciousness of her "Jack—thanks," I was puzzled to know why, as she left me, the ribbons were in such a correct bow.

* * *

Old Sir Thomas Browne, on a fine summer's afternoon under the willows, and surrounded by the halo of tobacco, is the anodyne of human unrest. So soothing, so tranquil, did I find him that I was fain to fall asleep over him.

I dreamt about Phyllis. When I awoke at the summons of an importunate locust, and heard her voice quite close to me, I put down to an overflow of my dream. As the impression did not grow fainter with returning consciousness I parted the branches—and shut them again very, very quickly. She was in a boat with the Other Fellow, not ten yards from me, and on the very spot where we had been two days before.

I was perfectly screened by the willows. My readers had better believe

that I could not move without betraying my presence. I do not believe it myself. They had better believe, also, that I did not want to hear; but since I did hear, I may express the hope that I had not said anything quite so foolish as the more grace in kissing than he had; and that some far-off, divine event may give me the opportunity of falling out with him.

Phyllis was looking away over the water. I believe she was staring at the same disreputable old duck which had engaged her attention once before. At any rate, she turned from it with the

neatly snapped off the blade. It was perfectly deliberate. I made a mental note of this as the action of a cad.

"There," he said, calmly, "I've broken the oar."

She was very emphatic that they should reach the river side and walk.

One good push would have sent the boat clear of the bank. He spent ten minutes in busy futility, and then asked if it wasn't too late to make an attempt. She answered, coldly, that it was.

They drifted home, and took two hours to do it. Again my readers must believe that it was by pure accident that



She went from him in indignation.

same sudden alarm as on that occasion; and then she said something that made me writhe in shame for the sex. It was the Courtenays again! Still, I was not altogether displeased, it was a test, and here was the O.F. coming out of it singularly badly. I saw his lips moving in curses not loud, but deep. He protested against the Courtenays, and belittled their importance. Only when he saw her scorn did he take the oars with ostentatious reluctance.

The current had settled them lightly on a bank. He stood up to push off, drove the oar into the cleft of a sunken stump, and, as he wrenched it away,

I saw them land and heard her say, in scornful accusation, "You broke the oar on purpose."

He had the decency to admit it.

"And you didn't really try to get off the bank."

This too he admitted.

She went from him in indignation. (I rejoiced at his discomfiture the while.) But why, as she scolded him, was she fingering the ribbons so uncertainly? And why, as I watched her going, did I see them streaming out behind her?

* * *

I refused to be best man.



An Outside Chance

By F. MORTON HOWARD

Illustration by Harry Lane

THE Honourable Anthony Farncourt, balanced on the extreme edge of his chair, gazed at the General with a smile which was meant to be propitiatory. The General, legs well apart on the hearth-rug, stared back at his visitor with no great show of friendliness.

"Well, sir," demanded the General, "you wished to see me, I believe?"

"Er—yes," replied Farncourt, nervously. "Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Tut! You didn't come here to discuss the weather with me, did you? My time is valuable, if your's isn't. Why do you wish to see me?"

"Well," said Farncourt, "the fact is, General——"

"Yes, sir, go on! The fact is——?"

"The—er—the fact is"—Farncourt I—I want to—to marry Dorothy."

The General, without replying, glared

at his caller. In after days Farncourt was wont to declare that the General's moustache positively bristled. The silence became intense, unendurable.

"If you please," added Farncourt, politely.

"If I please?" cried the General, the flood-gates of his wrath swinging wide. "If I please? But I don't please! I never shall please! Of all the confounded, insolent, presuming young— young popinjays I ever met. . . ! 'Pon my soul, I don't know what to say! Idle young spendthrifts, coming round here all hours of the day asking to marry my daughter. . . Of all the——"

"You don't seem to approve," remarked Farncourt, apprehensively.

"Approve, sir, approve? I strongly disapprove!"

"Oh, I say, General!"

"Don't you argue with me, sir! When

I want a son-in-law I'll choose one for myself. And I'll choose one that'll be a credit to me, not an overdressed—overdressed human jellyfish, sir—a Bond Street tailor's dummy! Gad! you've no single thing to recommend you—you've no pluck, no manliness, no energies, no ambitions—nothing!"

"Oh, I have," protested Farncourt.

"I say you haven't, sir, and I know better than you! I admit that you've got far more money than you ought to have, but that was left to you. You've never earned a penny-piece since the day you were born!"

"I didn't earn one then," murmured Farncourt.

"And now that you have descended to flippancy," said the General in his best court-martial manner, "let me wish you good-day."

"But, I say, General, look here. You haven't given me much of a show, you know. I mean, you haven't given me a chance, what?"

"Chance? What use would you make of a chance, except to mull it? But I *will* give you one. You go away and think yourself over for a few months and if you can see a way to prove yourself something more of a man and something less of a fashion plate—well, then you may call again. And if you can find any way of showing that you've sufficient sense in that stagnant brain of yours to earn money—well, then I shall be ready to——"

"Yes?" asked Farncourt, eagerly.

"To admit," said the General handsomely, "that you're not such a fool as you look."

"Don't see much chance there," mused Farncourt. "And what do you call 'earn money,' General?"

"Oh, a thousand pounds," said the General, offhandedly.

Farncourt whistled dismally.

"Not exactly a brilliant chance, is it?" he protested.

"It's the best I can do for you," said the General. "You see, I've other views for Dorothy."

"Then this is how it stands, General—I'm to get hold of a thousand pounds by my own work, somehow, from someone, and I'm to grow a bit more robustious and rowdy and manly, and that sort

of thing, and then you'll let me marry Dorothy?"

"I never said so. Still, I'll agree to that. You can have Dorothy when you fulfil those conditions. And not before, that I solemnly vow, sir—solemnly vow! But, of course, it is extremely probable that Dorothy will be married long before you're ready to claim her—if you ever do get anywhere near the conditions. And now, good-day, sir!"

"Good-day, General," said Farncourt ruefully. "And thanks awfully, don't you know what?"

"Idiot!" cried the General explosively.

"Well, Tony?" asked an eager little voice outside in the shadows of the hall.

"I don't think he quite likes me. If only he were not your father——"

"Oh, Tony!"

"But I've got a chance. It's an outside chance, but still it's a chance. And ——"

"Dorothy!" roared the General's voice, and the front door shut very, very softly.

Next morning Farncourt found a note lying on his breakfast-table. It ran:

"Dearest Tony,—Such awful news! We are starting in a week's time for a long cruise on the yacht. I think father thinks I shall forget you there, but I shan't! The yacht is at Southampton. Do be brave and come and see us off. I will let you know the day and time—Yours ever, DOROTHY."

"If he thinks I'm going to let her go like that," said the Honourable Anthony Farncourt, "he's jolly well mistaken. What rot!"

II.

The steam yacht *Alyssa* slipped from her moorings and, picking her way slowly down Southampton Water, steamed eastward past the warships lying off Portsmouth, and so out into the open sea.

The General was on deck, sniffing the fresh breeze with relish. Dorothy, her eyes suspiciously red, was in her cabin. She had not seen Tony Farncourt since that direful day, a week ago, when he had asked the General for her hand. Since that afternoon she had been zealously guarded by her father, and Tony

had not dared to approach her. Moreover, a letter he had written in reply to her note had been ruthlessly torn up, unread, by the vigilant General.

For a while Dorothy busied herself below. When she returned to the deck, the yacht was well out at sea, and the Hampshire coast was but a misty line on the verge of the shimmering waters.

She looked about her listlessly, and then, to her intense surprise, she saw Tony—Tony, in a tight blue jersey, carrying a pail of water to the cook's galley.

"Don't scream," he whispered as he passed her. "Back in a minute—explain to you then."

In a few moments he returned, and walked boldly up to her.

"Expect you're surprised. What?" he drawled. "Told you to look out for surprises in my letter, didn't I? First-class notion, this—I can keep near you. This was the only way I could do it

"Splendid. Tony! But——"

"I've signed on as an ordinary seaman. Did think of being a little stow-away, but didn't quite know how the General would treat stowaways—"yard-arms and things, what? But he——"

"Jackson!" someone called.

"Can't clap me in irons just for being one of his crew, can he? I was signed on by——"

"Jackson!"

"The mate—he didn't know, of course, and——"

"Jackson!"

"Good Lor', I'd forgotten—I'm Jackson!" And Tony hurried away.

The skipper had much to say to ordinary seaman Jackson on the subject of dilatoriness, and he said it all in a simple, sailorly fashion which set seaman Jackson's ears tingling. But he kept his head, and was dismissed at length with a curt order to take a message to the General.

"I—I'd rather not," said ordinary seaman Jackson.

"You'd rather not?" exclaimed the skipper, in pained tones. "You'd rather——? My lad, you're begging for trouble. You jump lively with that message, or I'll get my hands to work on you quick!"

"I'm going," replied Jackson, with dignity. "But, I say, I really must protest against these threats of personal violence. They're degrading, and——"

"Jump!" roared the incensed skipper, taking a step forward. And the ordinary seaman jumped!

Tony found the General puffing his cigar in the shade of the chart-house.

"I say, General," he said, smiling nervously on his employer, "that fellow Harford—the brass-buttons chap on the bridge—wants to speak to you."

The general glanced up at the messenger.

"Well——!" gasped the General, helplessly. "Well——!"

"Nice boat you've got her, General," said Tony with anxious rapidity. "Good weather, too. Expect you'll enjoy yourself, what?"

"And how the deuce did you come here?" demanded the General thickly.

"Signed on as ordinary seaman," explained Tony.

"Oh, I see," bantered the General: "you're going to earn your thousand pounds that way?"

"Hardly. I did it to be near Dorothy, really—er—Miss Dorothy, that is," he added hastily, remembering his subordinate position.

The General's visage became empurpled with rage, but, to Tony's relief, a grim smile at length flickered to the General's lips when he realized how completely Tony had bound and delivered himself into his hands.

"Well, Mister Farncourt," began the General rather grimly, "let me——"

"I'm Jackson now," vouchsafed Tony. "Ordinary seaman Jackson."

"Then let me tell you, Mister Ordinary Seaman Jackson, that I fancy you're not going to enjoy this trip. Let me tell you, Mister Ordinary Seaman Jackson, that, now you belong to my crew, I shall see that you get plenty of work. And let me tell you, Mister Ordinary Seaman Jackson, that if you're caught anywhere within three yards of my daughter I shall have you clapped in irons at once. Now, go away!"

The General rose, and made his way to the bridge to take part in a conversation with Captain Harford, in which the name of Jackson figured largely.

"It seems to me, remarked Tony to no one in particular, "that I've made a ghastly mess of this business, what?"

Thenceforward he saw no reason to alter this opinion. The lot of ordinary seaman Jackson became unenviable in the extreme. When the rest of the crew were sprawling idly on the warm deck, the captain could usually find work, and plenty of it, for Jackson. If the captain proved uninventive, then the mate, acting on discreet hints, discovered any number of profitless tasks which could only safely be entrusted to Jackson. If the captain forgot Jackson, and the mate overlooked Jackson—why, then the General usually discovered some job, previously performed by Jackson, to be so disgracefully done that it was necessary that that long-suffering ordinary seaman should do it over again. The engineer, the other members of the crew down to the very ship's boy—all, somehow, became amusedly contemptuous of ordinary seaman Jackson, and his life on deck and below was far from being an easy one.

He had no opportunity for another conversation with Dorothy. Indeed, it was a noticeable fact that the advent of the General's daughter in his sight invariably provided the signal for Jackson to be awarded jobs of the most menial description, involving his appearance in various undignified attitudes. Moreover, on those occasions, the mate—who labored happily under the false impression that he was a wag—had much to say of the facial shortcomings and moral blemishes which seemed to be the exclusive characteristics of ordinary seaman Jackson.

And so the weeks dragged by, with Tony the sport of the crew and butt of the officers; with no word of consolation possible from Dorothy, and nothing to cheer him beyond the reflection that, fortunately, no state of affairs can last for ever.

The *Alyssa*, under leisurely steam, had beaten up the English coastline, with an occasional day or two at anchor, as far as Yarmouth. Then, standing across the North Sea, she had steered for the Danish shore.

It was at this time that the yacht ran into a change of weather. The hitherto

placid sea became turbid, the wind freshened into a strong breeze. And then, one night, the *Alyssa* ran her nose into a thick fog.

The engines were slowed down, the watches doubled, while the syren screeched almost incessantly into the opaque night. Tony, who naturally was among the first to be picked for the extra watch, could scarce see three feet before him.

At midnight the General and his daughter went below to their cabins.

And then, not ten minutes later, a tramp steamer, hurrying slap-slop-wallow through the night, came looming high out of the fog, and crashed into the bows of the *Alyssa*.

Shouts—wild shouts, with a trampling of feet and a rending of boards. Then the yacht floated off, and the tramp steamer drifted away into the engulfing fog. And, below, the water poured green into the hold of the *Alyssa*.

III.

Tony, at the first shock of the impact, had rushed below to Dorothy's cabin. White and trembling, she came out to him, and he helped her to the deck.

The General came staggering up the companion behind them.

"Five minutes will see the end!" Tony shouted at him through the scurrying confusion. "I'm looking after Dorothy. Get back to your state-room and save anything you've a particular fancy for. But hurry!"

"The Paulton necklace!" exclaimed the General dazedly. "I thought . . . safer with me . . . my cabin. I wish——"

He turned and went below again.

On deck panic had seized the crew. Davits were screaming as the boats were launched, and into each boat there scrambled frenzied men, fighting for their birthright of life.

The General came stumbling back to Tony and his daughter. Already the yacht was settling deeper into the water. Her propellers, balanced high out of the sea, raced madly; great waves broke over the nose of her.

"Now!" cried Tony, and it was in a different voice to any he had ever spoken in before.

He dashed at the surging, clamouring men surrounding the next boat to be launched, and beat them back wildly with his fists.

The frail cockleship dropped from the davits on to the heaving sea. The General scrambled clumsily enough into the boat, then aided Dorothy to it, while Tony kept back the others. Then Tony let himself down, and then two seamen and a stoker followed.

"Full!" cried Tony. "Cast off!"

The boat pushed away, and the foundering *Alyssa* was hidden from their sight by the fog. Tony seized the tiller, and the two seamen strained madly at the oars. Scarce a hundred strokes had they taken when a dull roar told them that the yacht's boilers had burst as the *Alyssa* had sunk into the sea.

The men rested on their oars.

"May as well stop now," panted one. "What's the use of it? I reckon we've got to drown."

"You keep way on her, Nutkirk," ordered Tony. "How am I to keep her head to the waves if you don't?"

"Oh, come off that roof!" sneered the seaman. "You ain't captain, nor mate, nor even bo'sun."

"That's just where you're wrong, my lad. I am captain here! I'm going to get this boat to land. And I'm going to be boss till we're safe."

"Boss?" echoed Nutkirk in scorn.

"Oh, come on, Bill," said the other seaman; "you can break him up if we get ashore. Let's get on with the oars again—there ain't no real sense in getting drowned."

In sulky silence the oars were again plied, and so, striving only to keep afloat, the little boat cruised about till morning's grey light broke in the east. The fog had lifted, but the sea was desolate and empty. Far away, the coast-line showed pearl-grey, but of ships there were none, and the closest lookout revealed no traces of the other castaways.

"Expect they were picked up," vouchsafed the stoker. "Picked up by the swine that ran us down."

"Well, there's the shore," said Tony almost cheerily. "And now we've got to get there."

The mast was stepped, and the little

main sail filled before the breeze. In silence the weary-eyed little crew watched the land advance to meet them, till finally they grounded on the flat, deserted coast; and Tony, leaping into the breakers, carried Dorothy to safety.

The men pulled the little boat up the strand. Then, now that danger was past, nature asserted itself. Below the floorboards was a small stock of provisions, and on these the men fastened ravenously.

"Guess we can finish these at once," said Nutkirk.

"Guess again, old man," said Tony quietly.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Nutkirk sourly. "The new boss! Come on—we'll see who's boss here—you or me!"

"Right-o!" agreed Tony cheerily.

Dorothy cowered behind the boat, hiding her face in her hands, but the other men looked dully on as the seaman made a rush at Tony. There came the smack of a clean, hard blow, and the seaman rose from the beach and rushed again at his adversary. They closed and grappled, swaying this way and that. Then Tony wore his man to the ground and got his hands to his throat.

"Enough!" gurgled the seaman presently, and Tony rose.

"Anyone else want to be boss?" asked Tony pleasantly. "No? Well, then, I think we'll share out that grub so's it'll last a few days. See?"

"I think," said the General quietly. "I have a right to be master here."

"Certainly," said Tony. "But—you'll pardon me, General?—although I should accept your claim, I hardly think you'd be able to enforce it on the others. They seem to think it's a case of everyone for himself now—and you and I have Dorothy to think of."

The stoker was detailed to search for aid, while the other men busied themselves in fashioning a shelter from the wind out of the driftwood lying along the shore and the stunted bushes which grew close by.

The day passed slowly on, but the stoker did not return. There were whisperings and mutterings between the two seamen.

"Let's make a move," said one. "What's the use of stopping here?"

"We're going to give Miss Dorothy a day's rest," replied Tony. "To-morrow we'll move on. If there'd been any houses near the stoker would have come back by now. And," he added, his lately acquired temper rising, "if either of you two blackguards want me to sail in and break you up, you've only got to say another word, and I'll do it—by the living Jingo, I will!"

Night had fallen, and still the stoker did not return. A rough partition was made across the shelter, and Dorothy retired to sleep in one part; the General, Tony and the seamen in the other.

An hour after dawn the General was awakened by voices. The stoker had returned with some of the folk of the country. He had come across no habitation till he had tramped many weary miles. Moreover, he had forgotten the route by which he had come, so that the relief party had had to search for many hours for the castaways.

"Yes," said the General, after hearing the explanation of the delay, "but what has become of Nutkirk and Chambers? They were here when I went to sleep."

"Quite so," said Tony. "You see, they thought they'd like to leave us in the night, and so I let them go."

The General, with a sudden exclamation, plunged his hand into his breast pocket.

"The Paulton necklace!" he cried. "The Paulton necklace! They've taken it, you fool!"

IV.

Rescuers and rescued made their way by easy stages to the nearest village. It was noticeable that ordinary seaman Jackson received no punishment for walking by the side of Miss Dorothy.

Nightfall saw them comfortably ensconced in an inn. Telegraph instruments were set a-tapping, and officials, made aware of the General's importance, called to make matters easy for him and his party to return to England.

"My boy," said the General that night, after the delights of a warm and expansive dinner, "I apologize. You're a man all through. And I'd willingly let you marry my daughter. But you remember my vow, my idiotic vow—not

till you've earned a thousand pounds? But—but I hope you'll do that soon, because I want you to be my son. I'm proud of you—proud, sir?"

"Y-e-s; but a thousand pounds takes a lot of making."

"I fear so."

"And *you've* lost a lot over this trip, haven't you? I know the *Alyssa* was insured, but the Paulton necklace —"

"Do you know, I hope to get that back. In the morning I'm going to offer a reward. You see, Nutkirk and Chambers can't possibly be far off. If we advertise, well, they're bound to be noticed."

"What reward are you going to offer, General?"

"I thought about twenty pounds."

"And the Paulton necklace is worth thirty thousand, I believe?"

"It does seem rather a small reward," said the General. "I'll make it a hundred pounds, I think."

"If I were you, General, I should make it more."

"You don't trust to the honesty of anyone who might collar Nutkirk and his friend?"

"Well, I don't know about that; but you've got to be jolly honest when you'll hand back thirty thousand pounds' worth of jewels for one hundred measly sovereigns."

"Um, that's so. Five hundred ought to get it back though. I'll offer five hundred."

"Why not make it a thousand? Anybody will be virtuous and honest—when they're going to get a thousand pounds for it."

"Yes, perhaps you're right. I should get it back without fail for a reward of a thousand pounds. I shall offer a thousand."

"Very well, General, under those circumstances, may I ask you to let me have your cheque for a thousand pounds as soon as possible? I want to earn a thousand pounds very badly."

"Eh?"

"Here is the Paulton necklace!"

"Gad, it is! Now, how on earth —?"

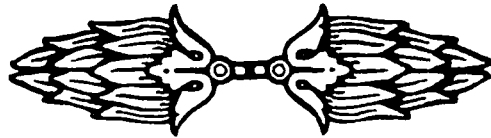
"You remember you rather incautiously took the necklace out of your pocket and opened the case to see if it was safe before you went to sleep last

night? Well, Nutkirk rather liked the look of those jewels—don't blame him, either, what?—and so, as soon as you were soundly off, he took them very quietly from you, nudged his friend Chambers, and the pair of 'em stole away. Luckily, I was awake—and—and—well, I found a bit of driftwood in my hands when I ran after them, and—well, I clumped them over the heads with it till they gave back the necklace. And then I thought it safer to make

them leave the camp. And—and that's all."

"My boy," beamed the General, "you shall have your cheque the moment I can lay hands on my cheque-book. I don't want to delay matters by a single instant."

"As it turned out," said Tony, leaning back happily in his chair, "it seems that outside chance wasn't such a rotten chance after all. What?"



HER COLOUR

I think I like you best
When dressed
In palest heliotrope;
That this is gracefully expressed
Indeed I hope.

I like you best, I think,
I think,
Of softly blushing rose,
Or clouds that watch the sun to sink
As home he goes.

You're also charming quite
In white,
Or black, or red;
In fact, all colors suit you, day or night,
If truth be said.

But of them all, most true
Is blue,
The colour of the sea,
Or the still lake we watched, when you
Sat there with me.

So wear them all, but be,
For me,
Nor more nor less
Than just yourself, for this will ever be
Your fairest dress.

A Shoddy Wife

By A. C.

AS I tripped up the hall stairs to my bed chamber, I heard giggling, girlish voices in consternation:

"Oh, he's coming up. That's Tom, now! Here he comes, girls!"

I saw fluttering night dresses, scampering pink heels—then slamming doors shut out the vision. But behind the doors I still heard the half-smothered exclamations of my sister's house guests.

I passed into my own room. The radiance of a full white moon was shining through the window. I began to undress without turning on the light. In the mirror of my dresser a strange reflection caught my ear. I turned sharply—and there, sleeping peacefully in my bed, was a woman!

A long wavy tress of black hair, breaking out from under her frilled cap, fell gracefully over the pillow. Although her face was turned from me and from the splendor of the moon, the something in her repose—her abandon to the grace of sleep was so natural that I stood, mouth agape for a second.

I took one short step—the radiance of the deception was shattered forever! I sank down upon the bed, weak at the knees from the overpowering chuckles I could not restrain.

I examined the dummy partner in life given me without so much as a proposal. The face I had pictured as so beautiful—that face cleverly turned from the moonlight—was a spongy bundle of carpet rags. Over it was drawn the girlish night-cap of frills and dainty linen. The only real thing about my pseudo-wife was her hair—a long tress of soft brown, clipped from the head of my younger sister when she was tossing on a fever-pillow two years before. I suppose some podgy bolster was tucked between the sheets to complete the footless fairy, come like a dream to my bed chamber. One arm, the stuffed

sleeve of the nightdress, lay on the white spread. Feeling the stuffed arm, my hand touched a taut string, then another, and another, till I had discovered four black cords, each passing around the neck of the dummy. Following them, I learned that each passed through a decorative ring in the bottom of my brass bed, thence to the floor, near the door leading into the bathroom. Accidentally I stepped upon one of these strings—bolt upright in the bed bounced the dummy wife!

"Oho! Awake so soon, my bonny bride!" I murmured, though I confess the sudden resurrection startled me.

I was puzzled no more about the trick. My sister's guests, no doubt prompted by her mischievous self, had planned to frighten me. It was my habit to come in at night up a rear stairway, through the bathroom, and into my room. Before I could have turned on the light, they calculated that I would tramp upon one of the different strings, and suffer a sudden fright.

"Well, if they think there's going to be any outcry over a woman in my bed," I said, half aloud, "they're mistaken."

Silently and in the dark I retired without so much as disturbing the ghostly figure beside me. Worry over the rather compromising attitude did not prevent me from falling fast asleep.

It seemed that I had been asleep only a few moments, when I awoke with a start! A stealthy step I heard out in the bathroom. It flashed through my mind that I had not come through the bathroom, and locked the outer door, as was my wont. Had a burglar found it open, and walked in?

My fears were confirmed the next instant. The knob on the door leading to the bath turned easily, and slowly. I thrust my hand under my pillow for the pistol I always slept upon! I gripped it hard under one sheet, taking care to turn down the other bedding.

Clouds now obscured the moon; the room was dim.

My impulse was to rise hastily, secrete myself behind the door, and so let the burglar into the trap. The door opened before I could carry out my plan. I lay still, feigning sleep, but watching intently through my eyelashes, with my pistol in position to shoot through the sheet if the burglar should bend over the bed!

Bending low, like a hump-backed man, the burglar crept into the room. his revolver level with his breast. He paused a moment, listening intently. I breathed long and deeply, like a man in heavy sleep. Then he took one cautious step forward—

Beside me in the bed, one arm raised in a threatening posture, bolt upright bounced my dummy wife!

Bang! bang!—bang! bang! bang! bang! crashed the burglar's pistol, two shots in quick opening fire, then a curious halt—then four more in bewildering succession!

Bang! bang! echoed my pistol, as I leaped from the bed, firing point-blank at the burglar as he turned to flee from the room.

He dropped to the floor, and sprawled out with a single sharp groan.

"You're all out!" I said, gripping the pistol he had emptied at the dummy.

"That's right, pard," he said, bravely; "they don't shoot more'n six times."

He was endeavoring to slip his left hand around into his hip pocket. His right arm seemed limp and helpless. "And I'll take care of that other one, too," I snapped, roughly jerking his second pistol from the pocket. "I'll rely on my own," I said, tossing his on to the bed.

"And a little more light," I said, turning it on; "I don't work in the dark."

"No," he replied, with haughty composure, "that's my part of the business."

All the while I kept one pistol leveled at him, not sure that he was not feigning. "Are you hurt," I asked approaching.

"Look here, pard, I'm not the bird to drop without a winging."

Then I understood from the whiteness

of his face that he was injured. I was stooping over him, when the door leading into the hall opened softly and cautiously, and a timid voice, weak with fright, squeaked: "Oh, Tom, what's the matter?"

"Come in! I guess he won't hurt you," I answered.

Four frightened, girlish faces peered into the half-opened door. Behind them were my mother and father.

I put my hand on the door leading into the bath, closed it, turned the key in the lock, and tossed the key on to the bed also.

The crook smiled. "Pal's not in the game to-night," he said, significantly.

"Well, you know you found the door open, and bolted right in without sending in your card—we're not keeping open house for the next visitor of your set."

"Just a little precaution of yours to keep the vulgar from mixing with the four hundred," he added, cynically.

I was fumbling about under his shirt for the wound, when my fingers slipped into the ooze of the bullet-hole, just below the right hip.

"That's why I couldn't get my left hand around into that pocket, pard," he explained. "Couldn't get twisted around with that bone splintered there—the right fin's clipped clean through!"

All the while the girls were dancing about; my mother was stowing away the two pistols and the key; father was telephoning for the police and the hospital ambulance. Many times the burglar looked askance at the bed, and craned his neck up to see into it from his lowly place on the floor. Then he would turn to the girls, crowding curiously about the threshold.

"It's not so bad after all, pard, is it?" said the crook, finally.

"Bad enough for you," I said, cheerily; "good enough for me."

"That's what I mean; you'll still have a few left," glancing at the girls.

He turned suddenly to me, as I kept a cold, wet cloth to the little round hole in his hip where the blood was oozing out.

"Say, young man, what sort of a harem do you keep, anyway?"

"Oh, don't blame it on the women,"

I said. "Give me the credit for this." I tapped the tiny spring of blood.

He squeezed the wound fretfully, like a child, as if to determine its depth. "Is a surgeon coming with the police?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And a coroner?"

"Why, you're not dead yet, man!"

"But that one!" He pointed to the bed.

I was silent. The girls' eyes opened wider, but they, too, said nothing.

He looked at me quizzically; then he blurted out, impatiently:

"My God, young man! Don't you know I killed your wife a minute ago?"

"I think not."

"Heavens! She never moved or uttered a sound—since—"

"I never had a wife to kill," I interrupted.

"Well, then—you—"

I raised my hand in protest. "Don't dare to blight my good name!"

He made an effort to raise himself, that he might look into the bed. The strain was too much for him, and he sank back low on the carpet, wrenched with pain. "I'm sorry, pard; you bear up like a man. I wish you'd been my pal. If you had this'd never happened. Mine got weak knees to-night, and pleaded sick—the baby!" He lifted his head a little higher, that he might look me in the face, and his eyes softened. "I never wanted to kill a woman; didn't know it was a woman till the cap fell from her at the last shot, and I saw her hair—and then—"

Three officers stalked up the stairs and into the room. A surgeon was with them. One of them unfolded a stretcher on the floor.

"This is the first swing," said the burglar, as they picked him up between two of them, "sort of practice for the one to follow!"

They placed the injured man on the stretcher. The surgeon made a hasty examination. I drew one of the covers from the bed and threw it over him, because he seemed cold. This laid bare the deception of the lay figure on the bed. The burglar was placed with his back to it, but he made an effort to turn over.

"Lie still, now!" snarled one of the officers.

"Don't be rough with my prisoner, please, gentlemen," I protested. "Turn him around that he may have a last look at his victim—my dead wife!"

The stretcher was turned about. The crook stole one horrified glance at the bed. I stepped upon one of the strings, and for the third time the dummy bounced up!

"And that's—what I—pumped my good—six shots into—while you lay there waitin' me to go empty!"

A sorry sight was the dummy. One bullet ploughed through its head, carrying a great wad of rags out of a hole above the right ear. The hair had been knocked awry, and fallen loose; the night cap clung to one side; three holes were bored into the bolster breast.

Turning to me with pride in his marksmanship, the crook said, saucily: "Aren't you glad you weren't your wife?"

"Aren't you sorry you didn't know the difference between man and wife?" I retorted.

They carried him down stairs. I followed. Once I heard him groan—twice I heard him snicker!



The Advantage of a Safeguard

By THEODORE J. GRAYSON

The day after we organized I called upon Suzanne.

She came through the dark red portieres of the drawing room a fascinating figure gowned in old rose.

I advanced to meet her.

Somehow the touch of her delicate hand gave me a more than usually pleasurable sensation. Well, I was glad of that; I had nothing to fear now.

"You are late, Mr. Illwell," pouted Suzanne.

"It does seem a long time since I last saw you," I replied.

Suzanne dimpled. "Yesterday at five."

"So much has happened since then," I mused.

"Oh, Mr. Illwell, what?" Suzanne's question marks are worth traveling leagues to hear.

"Guess," said I.

"Can't," said she.

"Try!" pleaded.

"If you intend being irritating I am going away," and Suzanne sat down daintily by the tea table.

"Did you and your mother win your foursome to-day?" I inquired pleasantly.

"I'll wager it's Lucille Netherton!" The answer seemed irrelevant; I pondered.

"Is it?"

"It can't be."

"Provoking man; who then?"

"Under the articles of our association never anyone, now, or in the glimmering future."

"What are you talking about?"

"I have been trying to tell you, but you——"

"Oh! Mr. Illwell," Suzanne's blonde head nodded vigorous reproach.

I marshaled my forces for the announcement. "Briefly, Miss Kirby," I said, with dignity, "I have joined a Perpetual Bachelor's Club!"

Suzanne, busy tea making, looked up

and laughed joyously. "Why, how perfectly delicious!" said she.

I smoothed my hat a little sulkily; frankly, I was surprised. "If I could see——" I muttered.

"Yes?" bubbled Suzanne.

"Your point of view," I concluded.

"Why, it's perfectly obvious."

"When pointed out?"

"No, stupid; shall I drive it in?"

"A little forcing," I suggested, "might do no harm."

"Well, I've been afraid——"

"Really!"

"That you would fall in love with me."

"No danger," I hastened to assure Suzanne's big blue eyes opened wide.

"Lemon, isn't it?" was what she said.

"Thanks, yes."

We sipped our tea.

"Mr. Illwell——"

"Miss Kirby?"

"Why is there—no danger?"

"I've done it already—my chronic state—sort of disease."

"Silly! it's never become virulent, and I thought——"

"Yes."

"That it might."

I began to see Suzanne's point of view. "Doubtless you are relieved," I said, somewhat stiffly.

"Of course," she replied, frankly extending her hand, "for we can be such friends, now that there is no danger of sentimental complications."

I took that hand a trifle gingerly; it suggested an analogy. Concerning cocktails I know my limit.

"Yes," I said, warmly, "our friendship will be ideal."

"And we shall be so much freer," continued Suzanne. "You may come to see me every day."

I brightened visibly.

"And when I really don't want to see anyone, which happens oftentimes, I'll send you away."

"The privilege of friendship?" I queried, trying to conceal my feelings.

"Exactly."

"But don't you think," said I, "that as a friend you will want to see me more than as a possible lover?"

Suzanne paused, tea cup in air. "Won't it be fun finding out?" she responded.

"Perhaps—for you," I said, but Suzanne didn't hear "for you."

"And then," she went on, munching pound-cake as she spoke, "I may talk to you as a sister and help you. For instance, to begin now, your tie gives me the creeps every time I look at it."

Involuntarily I stiffened; that tie was a special favorite of mine.

"Thanks," I said, dryly; "and if I might be permitted a brotherly remark, it doesn't improve your appearance to talk when your mouth is full."

Suzanne swallowed hurriedly.

"Don't choke yourself," I begged of her.

"Mr. Illwell, you are rude!"

"Merely brotherly."

"Well, you're a very rude brother."

"Not at all."

"You are!"

"Don't let us quarrel," said I, "we are to be such friends."

"Yes," said Suzanne, appeased, "and I shall confide in you."

"I am honored."

"I've been wanting to for a long time; you know Freddy Langdon?"

"I have that misfortune," I said coldly.

"Oh! but you mustn't say that. You see—for a long time—it was last summer—in a canoe—it was moonlight—and I—and he—we—"

Suzanne had not spoken lucidly, and it took her quite a while. I had arisen and was pacing the room. "Well," I interjected, with an impatience which I fear was ill-bred, "what about you, and he, and we? What did he do, what did he say; can't you tell me?"

"I never will, if you speak to me like that." Suzanne's lip trembled and the blue eyes filled.

"I ask your pardon," I said, with studied politeness. I picked up my stick and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" questioned Suzanne.

"I don't know," I rejoined, gloomily.

"But I want to tell you all about Freddy!"

My jaw squared and I spoke precisely. "I never wish to hear his name again."

"I thought you were my friend," said Suzanne, reproachfully.

At this point I exploded. "I'm not!" I cried and stalked through the portieres.

"Mr. Illwell!"

I paid no attention.

"Tom!"

I returned in a very provisional manner.

"Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Of course; come here!"

In a moment I was beside her looking down into the most tantalizing eyes in the world. I held myself on the curb. Suzanne smiled innocently upward.

"Whisper!" she said, catching my lapel. I bent stiffly, feeling in every nerve her nearness, her charm.

"I told Freddy," she murmured, her perfect lips close to my ear, "that—that I couldn't—you know."

I was pretty dizzy for a second, but I stopped further conversation on Suzanne's part, and my arms didn't allow her much motion.

"Oh! Tom," she cried, struggling daintily, "you awful traitor!"

"Darling, do you really care!" I was overcome with wonder.

"But your association?" she evaded, making a long face.

"Oh! that," I exclaimed, kissing her joyously, "that doesn't signify."

"I never thought it did," replied Suzanne.

Polly's Mail

By EUNICE WARD

THERE is no use in denying the fact any longer—I am hopelessly in love with Polly; I, who have been so resolutely a bachelor that the epithet “confirmed” is applied to me on all occasions, am at last a victim of Cupid, and consequently of his inseparable companion, the Green-Eyed Monster. I acknowledge that it would seem to the casual observer that in my case the Monster had nothing to do.

We are at Flat Springs—Polly for her mother's rheumatism and I—I may as well confess it—for my own. You don't necessarily have to be ancient to have rheumatism. There are seven people in the place beside ourselves, all elderly and married, none of them fit candidates for my jealous hatred; but in love, as in other things, it is the unseen foe that inspires the most terror; and there is such a foe that writes to Polly numberless times a week—at least, so it seems to me. When she isn't receiving his epistles she is anxiously waiting for them, which is worse.

“He” writes a rather good hand, and envelopes are all shapes and sizes; sometimes he seems to enclose things, for I see more than one red stamp in the corner. If I could catch a glimpse of the postmark I would be glad, but Polly usually slips these letters under her mother's or hurriedly turns them face down, which I consider a bad sign; and I have often caught her glancing sideways at me as if to see whether I noticed her. Added to this, she never reads them in the office, as the rest of us do and as she does her other mail, but scuttles off to her room as soon as the clerk hands them out. All of which is most trying for me.

At times I am tempted to ask her point blank who “he” is, taking an elderly friendly tone, of course; but I know I couldn't keep up the pose, and, besides, on non-letter days, or when Polly and I go walking together (walk-

ing does my rheumatism good), or sitting on the verandah in the twilight, I take the greatest pleasure in deliberately forgetting his existence.

When Polly is not available, I often take her mother for a little stroll. She is a charming woman, wrapped up in Polly, and always willing to talk about her. One day our stroll had been more prolonged than usual, when I realized that she must be getting tired and gently steered her toward home. The mail had just been distributed, and as we entered the door Polly rushed toward us waving a letter in the air.

“Oh, mother!” she exclaimed, in a tone unmistakably joyful. “I've just heard from—” Seeing me, she stopped and blushed furiously. Her hand fell to her side and the letter was hidden in the fold of her gown, but instinct told me it was from “him.” I walked (if I were writing of any one else I should say I stalked) off to get my mail, and Polly and her mother disappeared. When I met them again her mother, who was beaming all over, said with a meaning glance:

“Polly is very happy to-day. Shall I not tell our friend the cause, daughter?”

But Polly, with the very deepest blush I have ever seen, exclaimed hurriedly:

“Oh, no, mother! Not just yet—not to-day.”

“I only thought he might like to congratulate you,” said her mother.

It seems from the “not yet” that I am to know it some day and am expected to be prepared with felicitations. Now, although I hardly think my modesty would permit me to congratulate Polly if she were engaged to me. I am quite sure that nothing in the world would allow me to appear overjoyed if she were engaged to any one else.

* * * *

I wonder if she is beginning to be disappointed in him? Two letters in his handwriting came to-day; she took them to her room as usual, and when she came back, after a long time, her eyelids looked rather red. Polly looks as I feel—dejected.

To-day she is ill. Confound that ape; if I could lay my hands on him I'd—!

I sent her some flowers. In the moth-eaten jungle known as the garden there were three blossoms—two roses and a cinnamon pink. I picked them all and sent them to Polly, unmindful of the wrath of the proprietor, who accused me of devastating the premises. Polly returned a little note of thanks and appreciation of what she called my "unparalleled audacity in robbing the greenhouses." I chuckled over the note until I came to the signature; then I felt my eyes bulge out, for the signature was in "his" handwriting—Polly's name, written just as I had so often seen it upon those confounded letters. Of course, the handwriting of the note was like the signature. I rubbed my eyes and looked at it again; there is no mistake. Then, who is he, or who is she, or what am I?

• • • •

I have since been able to answer that

query in a manner anything but flattering to my intelligence, but I am glad to say that Polly does not agree with me. She calls it "a most natural mistake." It seems that she had aspired to literary fame, her aspirations being periodically fanned by the numerous "Prize Story Contests" in the magazines. In compliance with editorial suggestions she always enclosed a stamped and self-directed envelope (she cultivated rather a masculine hand), which were invariably returned to her plus the manuscript. Once she received the announcement of one of her contribution's safe arrival at the editorial rooms, at which she permitted her hopes to soar high, only to be dashed to earth by the subsequent re-appearance of the familiar pages. It was this final discouragement that caused the reddened eyelids that I had noticed. She had about decided to give the whole thing up, the rejection habit being too prevalent among editors. Of course, I thereupon gave her the opportunity to practice a little of it on her own account, but the dear girl was magnanimous and preferred to do as she would be done by. She said that, knowing what a rejection felt like, she could not bear to inflict it upon any one she cared for.

HAPPINESS

My eyes are level with the grass,
And up and down each slender steep
I watch its tiny people pass,
The sun has lulled me half asleep.

And all beneath my breath I sing,
This joy of mine is sweet to hold,
Such treasure had the miser king
Whose touch could turn the earth to gold.

Deep in the sunny grass I lie,
And breathe the garden-scents, wind-driven—
So happy, that if I should die
They could not comfort me with Heaven.

—Nora May French.

Into My Kingdom

By AMELIA McALLISTER

I WAS what might be termed conspicuously rich, even in this age of many multi-millions. "Indecently rich!" a decently poor dowager had exclaimed, with the venom of a social asp.

My money was not "new" enough to be a source of endless pleasure. It had encompassed me ever since I had come into the gorgeous cradle and the golden spoon of my fathers, and I had come to regard the fellow on a decent salary and some-anxiety-a-year as a creature to be envied. He, lucky chap, might enjoy his suburban villa, his little garden plot, and his chosen friends in a sweet obscurity, while I—well, my suburban villa was a monster of marble with Italian gardens which I detested: they had been built by my father, and perhaps a sentiment withheld my devastating hand.

What I lived in was a noonday of notoriety; the newspapers were in the habit of quoting me one of the "Money-eyed-Monsters of Commerce," and my rising up and sitting down were chronicled and distorted beyond all hope of personal recognition.

The tailor who built my clothes offered to dress me for the advertisement; the fellow who made my boots implored me to start the fashion in some freak footwear; and my hatmaker tried to impose various monstrosities upon me for the sake of starting an innovation. I had had an automobile, a tooth-brush, cigar, hygienic biscuit, and a dozen infants named for me. The modest name of Ackers became the synonym for these several excellent articles—and my humble self; in short, I was living, moving, and having my being under a social incandescent light which I found extremely irksome.

As for my friends! I turned on my revolving chair; it was the latest, shiniest patent, and it had been presented to me by the hopeful manufacturer, delicately conveying the suggestion that a little social canvassing on its behalf,

from one in my exalted position, would be gratefully esteemed. I stuffed a budget of advertisements into the wastebasket and took possession of a leather chair by the fireplace. The fire was a genuine, red-hearted thing that had never failed me, though they had tried to impress a patent drift-wood upon me, warranted to burn the seven primary colors, and a few more. The old chair, the fire, and an ancient velveteen jacket, reminiscent of many a good smoke, were my most satisfactory possessions. I donned the jacket, dropped into the chair, and gave the fire a preliminary poke.

The latest improved patent clock on the wall struck five times, incidentally showing the date of the month, year, day, state of moon, and what particular stars were in the ascendant. I hated that clock! I longed for an old sundial; I should have done admirably in the days of the stage-coach and the weekly newspaper; whirling through space on an express put a ban on my imagination, and made me feel like a species of rocket lighted at London: at Manchester, fireworks and falling stars!

Well, my friends! I made an inventory of them, checking them off on my fingers; it took the whole array ten times over. Then I narrowed down until I had eliminated all but two: Stanley and Brixton! Was I quite sure of Stanley? I eliminated Stanley; there was only Brixton.

A man with the multi-million title has to accept his friends on a great wave of faith. I had never been a cynic, but I felt cynicism creeping upon me.

The sound of the door-bell interrupted me at this point in my reflections. I was sorry I had let Merritt off for the afternoon. Merritt held the post of secretary, and fairly earned the salary I allowed him. He was a man of good birth, average ability, and a temper somewhat embittered by unsuccessful financial en-

counters with certainly eminently reputable fleecers.

There was a tap at the door, the discreet padded tap of the humble retainer on royalty.

"Yes, Hodges!"

Hodges opened the door on an elongated crack, presenting one-half of his sombre livery and the whole of his ponderous visage. Hodges posed as the orthodox English butler, conscientiously dropping his h's, and generally comporting himself along the accepted lines, but a certain rich burr on his tongue and a nose of undoubted origin gave his assumption the lie direct.

"Beg pardon, sor, a lady to see Mr. Merritt." He presented me with a card done in old English, on which was engraved "Miss Veronica Illsworth," and he proceeded to open the door with his usual effective flourish, by which I surmised that Merritt's visitor was about to enter.

My first hasty impression of the girl I rose to greet was the consciousness of a pervading womanliness which hovered about her like a perfume: she was infinitely removed from the patent improved model that society is turning out by the hundred; from the womanly athlete to the feminine Hercules, who bestrides her horse with such a sturdy independence.

I was not given to eulogy, nor was I of a flowery turn of mind, but it seemed to me that in the face and figure of this girl with the mediæval name the dreams of all the poets stood revealed. I had time to realize several other facts: that she was not beautiful in the critical analysis, that her bearing was a trifle imperious, and that her lips and eyes were unusually grave.

"Mr. Merritt is away," I explained, abandoning my weed. "Perhaps I may be of some service?"

I saw her glance slightly at the shabby coat I was hearing. "You are the under-secretary, are you not? I have heard Mr. Merritt speak of Mr. Preston."

I pulled the leather chair nearer the fire, suggesting by the gesture that she test its comfort. Clearly she took me for one of my men, and a certain satisfaction came with the supposition. I

was weary of sailing into acquaintance with my spectacular millions in tow. "If there is anything I can do?" I hazarded.

"Thank you," she said quietly, with a delicately blended touch of hauteur and graciousness, as she seated herself in the leathern armchair. She was quite devoid of meaningless mannerisms, which gave her a strongly individual note, and her quiet ease of manner was not that social veneer, *savoir faire*, but a certain quality which can only be described as a sort of mental grace.

"I have really come," she was saying gravely. "on a traitorous mission; I want to induce Mr. Merritt to leave Mr. Ackers."

I was slightly disconcerted; the announcement so coolly delivered was in the nature of a bomb. "I doubt if Ackers would consent to exist without Mr. Merritt: he is eyes, hands, feet to him, figuratively speaking."

"Exactly," remarked Miss Illsworth, "and his salary is a pittance."

"A pittance?" I interrogated; "it is the usual salary for a secretaryship, I believe."

"Speaking from experience, Mr. Preston, do you consider it munificent?"

"Hardly munificent," I agreed, "but it is the usual thing, you know."

"That scarcely compensates, I should think, for the energy that is spent; to make a machine of one's self for so many pounds a month." She spoke warmly, and the bright color fired her cheek. "Perhaps you do not know what it is to make two terribly frayed ends meet, Mr. Preston?"

"I cannot claim that I do," I answered, with reluctant honesty.

"Or to put your whole strength toward the attaining of an end, to have the lack of a few paltry shillings come between you and the thing you want most in life. Mr. Merritt belongs to a large family: they are very poor, he is not strong, and—and he has been waiting to marry the woman he loves for eight long empty years! Don't you think Mr. Ackers might have cared enough to find out what this man needed—and to have put it within his reach?"

"He might, indeed!" I answered, with a suddenly acquired conviction.

"It would have meant nothing to the one, and to the other —" She paused, and I seemed to see her looking down the avenues of Merritt's impossible bliss.

That there was a beautiful impracticability in her view of the situation merely emphasized her womanhood, but there was also a fine humanity in it, which came to my manhood with a strong sense of its justice.

"Before you advise Merritt to break with us," I said abruptly, "will you let me see what I can do first? I—I—have a sort of influence with Ackers."

The girl studied my face seriously in the half-light, while the firelight danced and shimmered in her hair. "I should think you might have," she said earnestly; "you look like the sort of man who could help him if you would."

"I would," I answered. "Will you trust me to speak for Mr. Merritt?"

She gave me her hand for a brief moment, with a grateful, "Thank you, Mr. Preston."

"And where—how," I began lamely, "shall I let you know of the result?"

"I am staying at the boarding-house you spoke of to Mr. Merritt. Mr. Merritt is my cousin," she explained, "and since I came here he has been doing everything for my comfort, though one can't expect luxury in a dingy boarding-house."

"If you will be so good as to write the address," I suggested. "I have a wretched memory—you must excuse my having forgotten it."

The address she gave me was in an unfashionable part of town, but I felt an infinite satisfaction as I slipped it into my note-book.

"You have been very good, Mr. Preston!" She extended her hand, and I made the conventional response as I took it in mine; the next moment the door had closed upon her and I was alone.

* * * *

The following morning I studied my secretary with a newly-awakened interest. I found his dark, high-bred face a trifle too delicate, and a certain worn look about the mouth and eyes emphasized this. It was not so much a physical delicacy as a delicacy of character; he was a man unable to cope with the

life he lived; had our positions been reversed he would undoubtedly have floated with the current, making his wealth the vehicle for his pleasure and well-being. He could no more have grappled with the problems of wealth than with those of poverty.

"Merritt," I said suddenly, as I finished the letter I was dictating, "I'm thinking of raising your salary." I scrawled some figures on a bit of paper and pushed it towards him. "Would that suit you?"

His face flushed a dull red, and the paper shook a little in his hand. I felt thoroughly dissatisfied with myself when the man tried to express his appreciation of what I rightly considered the action of another. "Don't thank me, man," I said shortly as I turned toward my under-secretary.

Preston took the suggestion of a rise more stoically. Ideas travelled by freight with Preston, and when it was finally borne in upon him that he not only had a rise given him, but a good vacation and expenses paid, he presented me with a stare of sceptical blankness.

"Ill, Mr. Ackers?" he inquired, as if unable to account for his luck on other conditions.

"Very fit, thanks," I laughed, "but it's something in the nature of an investment; you chaps will grind like the deuce, so who knows but I double my money?"

Three days after I had despatched my two factotums and the newspapers had duly canonized my deed, encircling my name with a halo of philanthropy, I betook myself in the direction of the address Miss Illsworth had given me. The house was one of a sombre brown stone row glooming on the street like a horrid company of hired mourners; the doorbell of the one I pulled gave forth a melancholy jangled note which had to be repeated several times before anyone appeared to answer its summons.

The man who finally presented himself was not immaculate; moreover, he was not polite; whether he took me for an agent or a thief I could not determine, but certain it was that he did not recognize the walking gold-mine that most people of his class bowed down to

and worshipped in the lawful desire for a fee.

Grudgingly he confessed that Miss Illsworth was at home, and sullenly he demanded, "What name?"

"Mr. Preston," was my dogged response.

The parlor was three distinctly uncomfortable things: chilly, dusty and dingy; a damp, unaired feeling hung in the atmosphere, a week's dust decorated the black marble mantel, with the addition of a china poodle and a stuffed bird of fierce aspect under glass. There were pictures on the walls in gilt frames: two landscapes and a bewildering chromo. An easel with a green scarf supported the portrait of the landlady's daughter; the latter, seated on a thunderbolt, smiled blandly into space as she dangled a befeathered bonnet from a pair of inflammatory-looking hands. In one corner of the room stood an ancient piano, a high-stomached sofa filled up another and dared me to come on! I dared, and from that vantage I surveyed the door.

What could Preston have been thinking of to recommend such an abode to Merritt for the temporary lodging of his cousin? Evidently the girl was not rich in this world's goods; I felt a vague sensation of selfish pleasure in the thought, which, at the time, I did not analyze.

At this juncture Veronica Illsworth entered the room, and, as I went forward to greet her, I felt again the consciousness of her pervading womanhood. We sat us down on the deformed article of furniture satirically called a lounge, and she turned her blue eyes on me with a smile in them.

"You have been very good, and—successful with Mr. Ackers!"

"Ackers took to the idea like a duck to water," I responded. "He has promised to further Merritt's interest to the best of his ability."

"Thanks to you."

"On the contrary, to you."

"Whoever it was," said the girl, happily, "the fact remains that Mr. Merritt has gone off very happy; I saw him before he left. But I hear you, too, Mr. Preston —" She left the question suspended.

"Yes, I also have had a rise. Ackers will be starting a home for Poor—

Young—Men—Matrimonially—Inclined. He's getting munificent!" There was a note of sarcasm in my words that made my companion glance at me interrogatively.

"Mr. Merritt said that you, too, were given a vacation.

"Yes," I said casually, "but I shan't go.

to employ a newspaper staff."

Miss Illsworth studied my face critically for a moment. "Do you think I could be of any use?" she suggested, quietly. "I write a good hand and a rapid one; should you think Mr. Ackers would care to try me as a substitute for Mr. Merritt?"

"I'm sure he would," I replied, with indecent haste. "We may settle it at once."

"I should rather you put the question to Mr. Ackers," she objected.

"It is awfully good of you, Miss Illsworth; I know Ackers will appreciate it tremendously."

"I am not doing this for Mr. Ackers," responded the girl, with the imperious look strong in her eyes. "I should not like him to misunderstand it; I am doing it entirely for Mr. Merritt—and—I should be glad to help you," she appended graciously.

As I stood up to take my leave I became suddenly enlightened as to my state of mind: it was not admiration, it was not attraction, but it was something more earnest and more true that I felt for the girl before me. As I looked into her smiling eyes I told myself quietly that I loved her; and it seemed neither new nor sudden—it seemed a something which I had been waiting for out of long empty years of half-credited anticipation. I think, however, that I kept all this out of my face as I left her there in her incongruous environment, and for many an after day I seemed to see her face and figure outlined against the dingy room with the china poodle and the stuffed bird, fiercely staring.

Three mornings later, after I had descended to the subterfuge of sending Miss Illsworth a note, informing her that Mr. Ackers would very gladly accept her offer, I stood in my office, arrayed in my oldest suit—I had not forgotten that Preston was poor—and as much of my

right mind as I could bring to bear on the occasion.

I picked up a silver-mounted calendar, a contrivance run by clockwork, which told the day of the month, number of days past and to come, feasts of Romish saints, and a lot of other useless information. To-day was a red-letter day, the feast of St. Veronica! I smiled as I dropped the calendar; it was something of a coincidence!

At this juncture Miss Illsworth entered, and I went forward to meet her. "This is most good of you," I said. She disclaimed the assertion and quickly divested herself of her wraps.

I pulled out one of the desk chairs for her. "If you will sit here," I began, "things will be convenient for you; there are pens, ink and paper! Merritt is a very systematic chap; this is Merritt's desk."

She bent her dark head over the desk with what looked like a suddenly awakened interest, and picked up a pencil with an indulgent smile. "He always bites his pencils," she said laughingly.

"You have been friends for a long time?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, a long time." Then she looked up with a quick change of expression. "But Mr. Ackers —"

"Oh, Ackers won't bother you," I said carelessly. "I will initiate you into the mysteries, if you will allow me."

She drew a sigh of apparent relief. "That will be so much nicer; I rather dreaded meeting Mr. Ackers under these circumstances."

"You think you would dislike him?"

"How can I tell?" she answered carelessly. "Rich men have always seemed to me a set of superb slaves, bound to their own splendor! Very intent upon getting through the eye of the needle, and a great way off from the kingdom of heaven."

"What is the eye of the needle?" I asked, smiling at the sweet gravity of her eyes.

"It is the gate to ambition, power, the gate to wealth and more wealth, I think," she said gravely. "These things must be full of temptations to a man! Of course," her voice changed to a lighter tone, "I am not condemning Mr. Ackers!"

"I don't feel as if I knew Ackers well enough to defend or accuse," I answered with perfect verity. "Isn't every man something of an enigma, even to himself? I do know, however, that he doesn't care for his splendor; it wearies him; at times it is a millstone round his neck which he would willingly shake off; always it seems to him a responsibility that he must account for."

As she was looking at me with some surprise, I turned to the bundle of letters before me and placed them in front of her: "If you will read these through, Miss Illsworth, and then give me the gist of them, it will be a great assistance."

I took myself to the other end of the room, where I tried to give my undivided attention to the work in hand. Two hours later I was standing above the desk at which she was sitting.

"Poor Mr. Ackers!" she said softly.

"Have they created a sympathy for Ackers?" I inquired, indicating the heap of opened letters.

"Indeed they have."

"Will you kindly run through them for me?"

Miss Illsworth took up the letters, one by one. "Here is a letter from the Protoplastic Porous Plaster Company inviting Mr. Ackers' attention to the finest porous plaster on the market."

"Waste-basket, please!"

"The *Social Scandalmonger Weekly* calls Mr. Ackers' attention to their new book, "Facts and Fantasies," full of clever and piquant reading. An agent of the *Scandalmonger Weekly* will call upon Mr. Ackers to solicit his valued patronage and subscription."

"Mr. Acton Norris," read Miss Illsworth, "is conducting a Newsboys' Home in the East End, and would be glad of a subscription toward his summer outing fund."

"I'll attend to that, Miss Illsworth. Mr. Ackers may possibly —"

"The Summer Home for Crippled Children thanks Mr. Ackers for his generous donation —"

"Poor little shavers!" I exclaimed.

"Does Mr. Ackers do that sort of thing from a feeling of personal interest, do you think, Mr. Preston, or is it only to meet the necessary demands, a sort of investment for his self-respect?"

"Well, Ackers may care—a little," I responded absently. I had forgotten the crippled youngsters as I looked into the eyes she raised to mine. I was feeling the truth of the revelation which had come to me in the dingy boarding-house with the attentive china poodle and the stuffed bird standing by.

When we had sifted the literary matter before us it was time for Miss Illsworth to take her departure, and it was I, in my Prestonesque capacity, who walked with her back to her gloomy boarding-house; those four blocks became as familiar to me as my own front stairs.

Sometimes we would stop at a little low-browed fruit store, where a small man with Italian eyes sold Tokay grapes on beds of dark-green leaves, or golden nectarines nestling close to warm-cheeked peaches. At her door I would put these in her hands. Or, sometimes it would be a cluster of fragile roses, but always I remembered the supposed state of my finances, and my offerings were consistently small. I often thought that there was more meaning in my handful of roses than if I had stripped my greenhouses on her behalf.

* * * *

For four weeks things went on satisfactorily at the office, but at last a morning dawned which brought a letter from Merritt, announcing his return for the following day. Miss Illsworth and I had been reading a score of documents when she suddenly came upon the one in Merritt's handwriting, and she handed me the letter with a tinge of embarrassment in her manner.

"Merritt's coming back!" I announced gloomily, feeling a great desolation descending upon me. "He's a lot better, feeling very fit, and ready to go to work!"

"Yes, I know." She turned a smiling face upon me. "Mr. Ackers will be so glad."

"Yes, Ackers will be so—glad!" I repeated dully, in a gloomy phonographic reproduction of the human voice. Suddenly it came to me as a surprise that she knew. "You knew Merritt was coming back?" I questioned jealously.

"Yes, he wrote to me. He can be married soon," she said softly, and I fore-

bore to look in her face. "You have made him very happy."

"Have I?" I asked, with gloomy indifference. I realized that I should have rejoiced in Merritt's happiness, but it somehow struck me that I didn't care. At that moment an altruistic attitude was possible. Suddenly the slight surmise which had come to me with her last few words grew into painful conviction. She cared for Merritt! What a fool I had been not to see it from the first! I, as Preston, was supposed to be Merritt's friend; she had been kind to me in consequence! Her offer of substituting, her deep interest in Merritt's prospects, everything pointed one way, and I stood mentally confounded.

I had nothing to accuse her of; there had been no shadow of coquetry in her manner toward me; on the contrary, I acknowledged myself her debtor. She had led me to see myself, Ackers, as a possibility for tremendous good. Through her grave blue eyes I saw that, though I could be nothing to her, I must still be something to myself and something to the world around me.

I looked about the room with its patches of yellow sunlight here and there, the desolate, bereaved thing it was going to be—this room, and I was abandoned to all the hideous commonplace of it.

The clock chimed slowly as a reminder of the chain of dragging hours the future held. In my mental vision I could see Preston—stolid, stoical Preston—bending over his desk like the useful automaton he was; and Merritt—but it would be another Merritt. There would be a new energy about him, a new light in the man's face, a new life in his smile. And there would be myself, Ackers! Ackers submerged in his millions! Ackers with a hundred friends waiting upon him, a hundred bounties at his door. Ackers, with the power to buy every desirable thing in life but the one thing he had come to want with all the accumulated force of a man who reaches the desire of his heart too late.

With a sudden resolution I went over to where she was sitting, and she raised her eyes in quick surprise as I bent above her. "Are you going to marry your cousin?" I asked huskily, conscious that my voice was unsteady, and that I

had put the question with brute directness.

"No, I am not going to marry my cousin; he is almost a brother to me."

"Will you marry me?"

There was a long pause. I took her hands in mine, and drew them toward me: "Tell me, Veronica," I whispered.

The color flooded her cheeks in a warm tide, and she turned and met my eyes.

"Yes," she said softly.

A star had broken its moorings, and dropped into my keeping. So, sudden and unaware, I had come into my kingdom.



MY DREAMS

I dug a grave, 'twas long, and deep, and wide,
 For it must hold the errors of my past;
 Men marvelled that I digged a pit so vast,
 And, turning from their ways, gaped open-eyed,
 Then kindly, when its meaning they descried,
 Aid me by gathering my misdeeds so fast
 That mountain-like uprose the heap they massed;
 Appalled, I waited for the morning-tide.

At dead of night I ventured forth with what
 Were sepulchred deep down within my heart;
 These would I bury—hold that other part!
 Ten thousand graves such as I digged would not—
 I fling them in, unwept, for they are fraught
 With bitterest memories. O, that I might start
 An avalanche that would careen and dart,
 O'erwhelm and plot from sight the hated lot!

—*J. Hugh McKenney*

The Angel Child

THAT is what his fond mamma and his two fond maiden aunts called him—what the neighbors called is another matter. He had arrived at that critical period of existence when the choice of a future occupation becomes of paramount interest and importance. There were so many attractive avenues of enterprise from which to choose that he could not but remain in a pleasurable state of indecision.

For a time he had felt strongly inclined toward the profession of piracy, as offering alluring inducements to a youth of courage and daring—even going so far as to confiscate his elder fond maiden aunt's black shoulder-cape, and fashioning therefrom a rakish banner that would have lent distinction to any pirate craft.

But when he reflected upon the horrible internal commotion attendant upon his only maritime experience he reluctantly abandoned the idea in favor of the less adventuresome, and to that extent less pleasurable calling of a street-car conductor. Not that he cherished any ulterior design of unlawful dalliance with the fare register. Far be it from me to attribute mercenary motives to the Angel Child. He was, in truth, actuated solely by a spirit of lofty emprise that would have scorned such sordid considerations as mere personal aggrandizement.

The comparative tameness of a conductor's existence ceasing to allure him upon more mature reflection, the Angel Child turned his attention elsewhere. Almost he decided to become an explorer, but the few tentative journeys that he made into the wilderness of the immediate neighborhood were discouragingly barren of adventure. Also the man who lived in the white house on the next corner displayed quite unreasonable temper over the loss of a trio of choice game fowls that the embryo Livingstone had unfortunately mistaken for ostriches, and slaughtered with his trusty air gun.

The subsequent interview with his father in the privacy of the library was of such a painful nature that he definitely relinquished all thoughts of further enterprise in that direction.

For a time he curbed his restless spirit and brooded in moody silence upon his wrongs—dissembling his true feelings under such a mask of outward cheerfulness as quite deceived all with whom he came in contact.

It was during this period of mental stress that he decided to become a bandit. To have a cave high up amid the lofty crags of some bald mountain peak, from whence he might descend at will to levy tribute upon unwary travelers, or—if the fancy seized him—to scatter largess in princely fashion among the poor, appealed alike to his adventurous spirit and his latent impulse of generosity.

As he revolved the project in his mind he remembered having heard that bandits sometimes captured persons of consequence, and bearing them away to their stronghold, held them for ransom. This, it seemed to him, was an excellent idea. It would be much less lonely, he reflected, if one had a few captives with whom one might converse. He decided to embark upon the enterprise at the first favorable opportunity.

The garret, unused save for the storage of a few articles of furniture that had passed their prime, would, he decided, answer admirably the purposes of a bandit's stronghold, and thither he conveyed with great secrecy a store of provisions—a slice of bread and jam cajoled from the cook, two sticks of lemon candy and an apple. As an afterthought he added the carafe, half filled with water, from the sideboard in the dining-room.

These preliminaries concluded to his satisfaction, with stealthy step he stole down the stairs, pausing at intervals to glance suspiciously about him—on guard against surprise by lurking foes.

Arrived safely in the front hall at

last, the sound of voices fell upon his startled ear. The nearest concealment that offered was his father's raincoat, hanging upon the hat rack. Shrouded in its folds, he listened with every sense alert to danger. A grim smile of satisfaction overspread his face as he gathered the import of the conversation. His fond mamma and his elder fond maiden aunt were to take the nine-twenty train to the city for an all-day shopping tour, returning with his father on the five o'clock train in the afternoon. The cook had been granted leave for the day to visit her sister at the other end of the down, and was even then preparing to depart. Save for the presence of his younger fond maiden aunt he would have the house to himself for nearly an entire day. Fate, it seemed, was playing into his hands. Visions of wild adventure thrilled his imagination.

Meanwhile he judged it expedient to allow his presence to become known. His concealment, he realized, if too prolonged, would arouse suspicion—and suspicion was to be avoided at any cost.

Seated upon the front steps, the Angel Child watched with deep satisfaction the departure of his fond relatives. He had borne with what patience he could muster their parting caresses and repeated injunctions regarding the things he was not to do in their absence.

When they had safely turned the corner the Angel Child's cherubic expression changed to a grim scowl. With hat pulled well down over his eyes and his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he considered plans of desperate deeds. His younger fond maiden aunt, ensconced in a hammock on the piazza, engrossed with a book, was apparently oblivious to his presence. For a time he debated the expediency of allowing her, in some subordinate capacity, to participate in his enterprise. But as he revolved the project in his mind he suddenly conceived an idea of such boldness that for a moment even he—fearless as he was—was startled by the contemplation of its possible consequences. However, the Angel Child was not one to hesitate long over the consummation of a cherished scheme for fear of consequences.

Therefore, "Auntie," said a small voice presently, "can't I have my box of tools from the garret?"

"Why, yes, dear, of course you may," said she, laying down her book. "I will help you to get them."

The desired box stood in the middle of the garret floor, where the Angel Child had amused himself with its contents on a recent rainy afternoon. As she stooped to raise it a sudden sound behind her caused her to turn quickly. The garret door had closed with a bang, and even as she sprang toward it in alarm she heard the key grate in the lock. There came a quick patter of footsteps descending the stairs, a peal of mocking laughter and then silence.

For a few moments she stood quietly by the door, hoping that the Angel Child would return and release her. To call out she knew was useless—to open the door herself, impossible. But the Angel Child did not return, and presently a mouse that had earlier discovered the bandit's store of bread and jam, and had been scared away by her entrance, scampered part-way across the floor, and stopped to eye her inquisitively.

A sturdy oak center table, banished to ignoble seclusion at the advent of a more pretentious successor, being the only refuge at hand, the Angel Child's younger fond maiden aunt with a suppressed scream promptly scrambled to the top thereof, where she crouched with wildly palpitating heart.

The mouse, deciding that the intruder was not dangerous, resumed its interrupted feast, while the unbidden guest, who would have faced a Bengal tiger with as much equanimity, watched it with a fearful fascination.

It was a warm day, the attic was close and stuffy, the spider's web just over her head was horribly suggestive of creepy monsters, and presently her lower lip began to tremble and a tear-drop coursed slowly down her cheek and splashed upon her hand.

Meanwhile the Angel Child, his bosom swelling with a fearful joy, strode up and down the length of the piazza in his character of a bandit, vigilantly watching for some one to appear and ransom the captive.

An hour had passed, when the Rev. Archibald Winters, striding down the street, espied the youthful Fra Diavolo seated upon the front steps, the picture of cherubic innocence.

They being friends of long standing, what more natural than that the Rev. Archibald should pause for a few moments' chat? It is just possible, also, that he might have hoped that the Angel Child's younger fond maiden aunt might by chance appear. Indeed, he was on the point of venturing a discreet inquiry regarding the health of the ladies of the family when his host in a burst of confidence announced the fact of the absence of his mamma and his elder fond maiden aunt, together with the startling intelligence of his assumption of the profession of brigandage. "And," he continued, "I've got a captive, too, and she's locked up in my cave, and she's got to stay there and live on bread and water till she's ransomed."

"Ah!" said the Rev. Archibald, "really—you astonish me. I should not have expected to find you engaged in such an—er—such an unusual enterprise. But if I should suggest a ride in my new auto as a consideration, would it be a sufficient inducement to procure the release of your captive?"

"Can I toot the horn?" temporized the Angel Child.

"You may toot the horn as much as ever you like," assented the Rev. Archibald, gravely.

The Angel Child smiled cherubically and led the way into the house and up the stairs, enjoining silence by placing his finger mysteriously upon his lips. Before the garret door they paused—the Angel Child softly turned the key in the lock, the door swung open, and—behold the tableau!

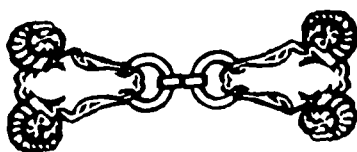
The Angel Child's younger fond maiden aunt's surcharged feelings found vent in a sob in which was mingled relief, vexation, surprise at the presence of the Rev. Archibald, and shame at being discovered in such an unconventional position.

"There was a—a—m-o-u-s-e—" she wailed in explanation, and dabbed futilely at her crimsoning cheeks with a very moist and crumpled bit of cambric.

The Rev. Archibald was a man of rare tact, likewise of much decision; also he had long cherished a strong, yet, he had feared, unrequited fondness for the Angel Child's younger fond maiden aunt. He rose nobly to the occasion. With a stride he crossed the garret floor, gathered the disconsolate, shamed figure on the table into his strong arms, turned, descended the stairs with careful step, deposited her tenderly on a settee in the hall, and with his own spotless handkerchief solicitously removed the traces of the recent conflict of her feeling from her face.

Had he allowed himself to smile at the ridiculous aspect of the occasion—had he inaptly essayed a jest—the lady would probably have detested him for ever and a day. But he did neither. Apparently he considered the situation quite the most natural in the world, and his own opportune appearance a special providence.

What feminine heart could resist such a man? Certainly not that of the Angel Child's younger fond maiden aunt, for not the suspicion of a protest did she utter when the Rev. Archibald, to the great astonishment of the Angel Child, tenderly drew her head to a resting place upon his broad shoulder and brushed his lips across her blushing cheek.



First Aid for Daughters-in-Law

By LADY D'ALBERTA

TIS in truth a threadbare topic yet one that is perennially new at Junetide because of the large crop of freshly-made daughters-in-law. It is an important topic, too, in consideration of the frequency in which in divorce cases the husband's mother figures as "the party of the third part." A man may be king in his own house; his wife may be queen, but one thing is certain, the mother-in-law is ace.

She has been defined as the finest specimen extant of the "genus feminis stirup troulibus." She is the by-word of all ages. Even the saintly man who wrote "Holy Living" knew it. He tells how a man threw a stone at a dog but hit the mother-in-law. "Thus," says the pious author, "the stone was not wholly in vain."

It is passing strange that when the officiating priest says, "Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" the bride's mother interprets it one way and the bridegroom's mother another, whereas one might hazard the assertion that marriage is a game in which both sides lose. It has been argued on the other side that it was a mother-in-law who opined

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth."

Of course, it must be remembered that Elizabeth was dead and this undoubtedly made a difference. To parody "Macbeth," in her mother-in-law's eyes, nothing in life became Elizabeth like the leaving of it.

The strained "in-law" relations probably arise from jealousy. The mother resents another taking the first place in her son's affections and pocket-book and so suffers from a mental astigmatism which causes her views to become singularly distorted. The results are criticism, aversion, malice, and remarks more palpably personal than complimentary.

But how to manage one's mother-in-

law? "Aye! there's the rub." It is important that our bride, newly returned from honeymooning at Niagara, Banff, the Thousand Islands or Muskoka should think on this thing far apart from all worldly or domestic considerations, life has no greater satisfaction than to lead your mother-in-law in tow. Your mother-in-law holds the same relation to matrimony that Capital does to Unionism. The Union may "strike" and swagger and even swear, but in the long run, although it makes concessions, Capital holds the reins. Now, the wise daughter-in-law will stand in with Capital.

The following up-to-date methods have never been known to fail:—

You must flatter your mother-in-law.

This is not a mere supererogatory matter of taste or discrimination. It is a matter of deepest concern to your security and well-being.

Tell her you used to think mothers-in-law were dreadful beings, just created to nag and browbeat their daughters-in-law, and that they were always sure to take their son's side. You thus set an ideal for her, and she will die rather than go back on you.

Always take her part against your husband, and, whenever possible, pit them against each other. It won't be long till your husband hints to the old lady that the climate thereabout is trying for elderly people.

Never contradict her.

If she says your trousseau is meagre, your hair is dyed, or hints that you are lazy and extravagant, keep quiet, my dear, keep quiet! This is where the adage applies, "Who keeps her tongue doth keep her soul." It was for this purpose Nature set about your tongue, as a double guard, your teeth and lips.

Don't attempt to give her a "piece of your mind" unless it is a mind of peace. It is wiser in these domestic storms to consider yourself a mere lightning-rod

to attract and run off the electrical bolts of Madam, your husband's mother.

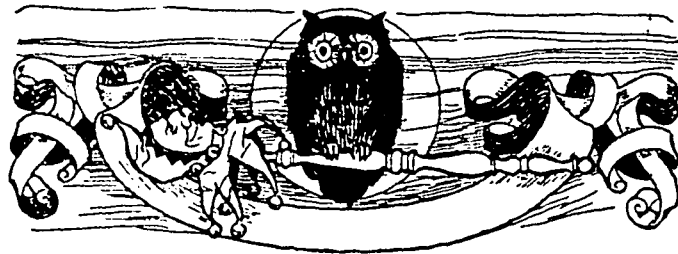
Besides, controversy is wholly useless. Her tongue has had longer practice than yours. A Western editor tells that his mother-in-law bit her tongue off while abusing him. He buried the piece with military honors in the back yard. Ten years later, while spading around, he accidentally dug it up and it called him a liar.

Never talk about the good qualities of your own people.

Don't forget this if you want to "fit

in" with your mother-in-law. If she hints that your father is an old rascal and ought to be in jail, tell her you are glad she shows so much discrimination, and express the hope that her son takes after her in this respect.

You must be absolutely without backbone where your people are concerned. For that matter, you must have no kind of bones, not even a wishbone. The result will be that Madam may mention you in her will, in which case you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have richly earned it.



IN THE GARDEN

The roses blushed a deeper red,
The lilies looked more saintly,
The sweet-alyssum hung its head
And smiled and frowned most quaintly,
The daisies even at my feet
Were strangely knowing, strangely sweet.

The holly-hocks against the wall,
So serious and old-fashioned,
Were all astir, the larkspur tall
Seemed really quite impassioned.
I watched them all, but could not guess
What made their sudden consciousness.

Where e'er I looked their little eyes
Were eager, wise and tender,
As if they had some new surprise
Or sympathy to render—
But turning round, all unaware,
I saw that *She* was standing there!

—Helen A. Saxon



The Art of Silhouette

By J. S. ALLEN

THE word "silhouette" came into use in the first half of the eighteenth century—(1) obliquely, as a satirical term applied to anything that was meagre, limited, or cheap, in derision of the cheese-paring Minister of Louis XV. (M. Silhouette); and (2) directly, as applied to the black profile portraits which came into vogue soon after. This latter application remains, broadly speaking, as the general meaning of the word to-day.

A true silhouette is a figure cut out of black paper with a pair of scissors, and pasted upon white cardboard. To the uninitiated this seems a simple enough matter, though to the trained artist it is of the nature of a marvel. On an occasion in London, many years ago, an exhibition of silhouette-cutting was given to half a dozen figure painters of first rank. Their own attempts were hopeless. They could not cut "clean," though the subject was simple—a head of Psyche. Yet these men fully recognized what went to the production of a work which they could neither originate nor imitate, and it remained to them a mystery.

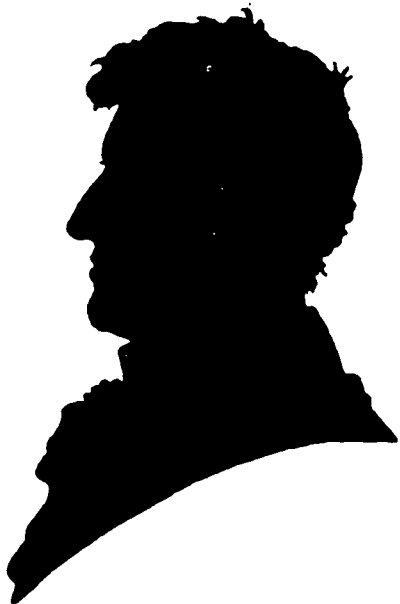
Silhouette, I maintain, is a true form of Art expression, bounded only by its

own limitations, just as modelling and drawing are bounded by theirs. The Art is entitled to respect also on the ground of antiquity, for there are many indications of its application by the Egyptians in their wall paintings, and later by the Greeks in their fine pottery designs. In more recent times it has been used variously in the arts and crafts. Profile portraits have been produced since the closing half of the eighteenth century, and there are men in Europe to-day who still practice it with accurate results, while a rather awkward knife-produced use is made of it in modern process design. It would seem as if this form of representation was "a gift," like others in the imaginative arts, and, like others, when aided by training and long practice, enables a very great deal to be accomplished.

One all-important point must be emphasized. Since a silhouette figure rests solely upon outline for its expression, it is needful to design in such a way that, while a normal and correct position of the figure is retained, as much outline is exhibited as possible. This retention of copious outline adds to the difficulty when a number of figures—each figure more or less detached from the others—



A PASTORAL IN SILHOUETTE



MARSHAL SOULT, 1807—Profile Portrait



THE SPINARIO—A "Block" Figure



Showing the "Whites" cut away

is used in one composition, where one or two "blocky" ones would take away from the lightness of the whole, and spoil it. Hence silhouette, in its more serious form, requires a composition special to itself, while the least carelessness in a late stage of execution may destroy its entire purpose; so it calls for a manual dexterity and certainty which represents a long and severe training in addition to the knowledge of the figure artist.

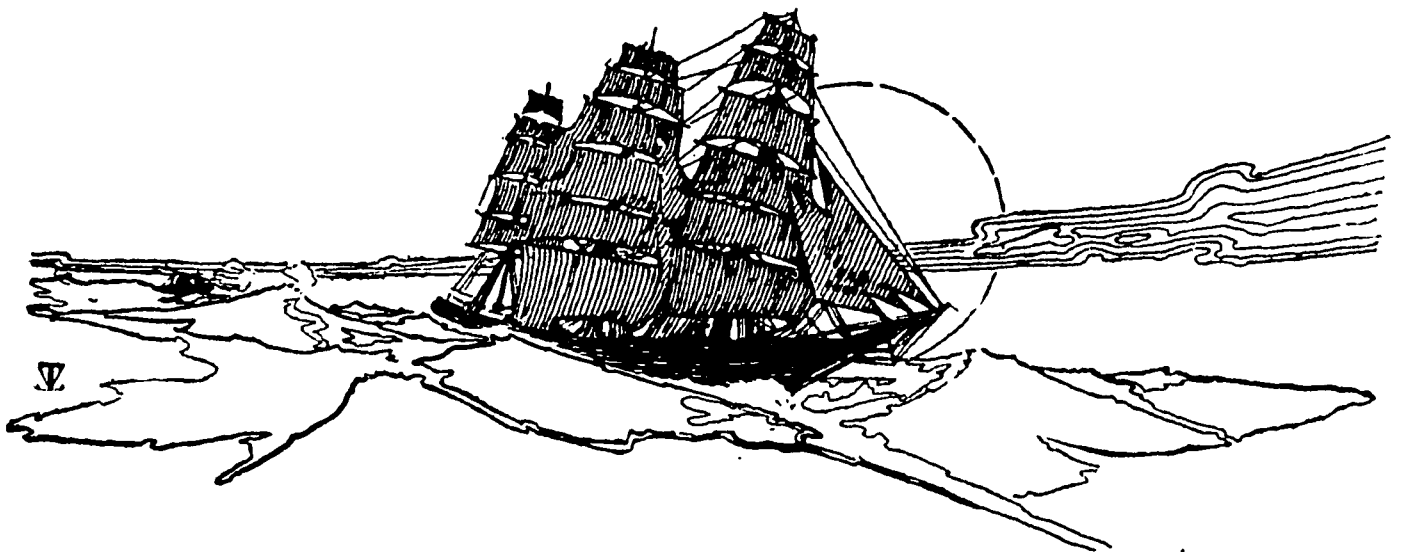
Figures and animals appear quite naturally in this form of design, but foliage, flowers and grass, used as accessories, have to be more or less conventionalized. In the figures used in humorous or grotesque designs, mostly depicting the men and women of the day, the presence of clothes and their "blocky" voluminousness, requires something to lighten the effect, and in this case it seems allowable to cut out "whites" to the best advantage, always taking care that the masses of black left shall balance well through the design; but no attempt should be made to portray eyes or teeth. That is out of place, and is only to be tolerated in pure grotesque.

As concerning the representation of the figure itself in silhouette work, limbs must be kept detached within the limits of accuracy, and the profile face gen-

erally adhered to, though a three-quarter face often looks astonishingly expressive. Foreshortening of limbs is to be avoided as much as possible; though, now and again it comes in with great force and effect. In animal figures, however, foreshortening is often extremely "happy," and by its use a horse, let us say, may be introduced into a group in that form, where full "side-on" it would be "impossible."

To the artist who works in silhouette, as to his brother who works in "pure line," there is no loophole for careless, ignorant or half-finished work. He cannot hide defects, or huddle them up in brushwork. It is either right or wrong, and to such in this land as may have this gift, or who desire to attain to it, there is one value in its steady cultivation and practice, if no other, that it will compel attention to accuracy of detail and correctness of proportions; for silhouette, in its elements, rests upon these things as its reasons for existence.

A knowledge of silhouette is a great time-saver to those who design for process-reproduction, decoration, letter-work and the like, especially where spray-work is introduced; but the essential in its application is always "a clean-cut edge."



Mrs. Hilton's Common-sense Gown

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT

MRS. HENRY EDWARD HILTON could not help feeling a little apologetic every time she appeared in a new gown of any advanced style. This was because Mr. Henry Edward Hilton had a very unpleasant way of criticising modern modes and comparing them, invidiously, with the fashions of the long ago "when women," as Henry Edward would say, "were women!"

Mrs. Henry Edward, being a clinging, soft-hearted woman, seeking at all times to reflect due and proper credit upon her lord, worried toward what he contemptuously called "fashion worship." Not that the lady depended upon clothes for appearance, for she was the fortunate possessor of a youthful figure that looked uncommonly well in almost any sort of a costume: it was only that she wanted the admiration of her contrary-minded husband, and was distressed to think that she could never dress her charming person to please him.

"Henry Edward," Amelia would say meekly, when appearing before him in a new-style gown which she thought to be particularly fetching, "I'm sure you'll like *this* costume. Though it's not a bit loud it's quite the latest Parisian mode."

Whereupon Henry Edward would transfix both gown and his wife with a gaze that invariably made the latter shrink perceptibly, and express himself something like this:

"Yes, I suppose it'll do, my dear. I can't understand, though, why you are always trying to look like other women. If you'd only get a common-sense rig once and let fashion be hanged! Why, I'd spend all kinds of money to see you dress as they did in the days when women were women. I wish your sex would go back to the fashions of the good old days."

"What good old days?" Mrs. Hilton once suggested, helplessly.

"Why, when ladies thought that Nature unadorned was adorned the most."

"You don't mean the Sandwich Islands?" faltered his wife bashfully.

"Not at all, madam," thundered her husband; "decency before all things. I didn't refer to nudity, but to clothing."

After each crushing reception to a new gown, Mrs. Henry Edward would sigh hopelessly. And once or twice her big, blatant spouse saw his pretty wife in tears and wondered what caused it.

But Mrs. Henry Edward could not go on with that sort of thing forever. She knew that she would be prematurely old, and possibly gray, unless something was done to break it up. She first thought of splitting the difference with Henry Edward by ordering a pure Greek costume for house wear. She could plait her hair and bind it round her shapely head, and in summer she might even wear sandals.

But after some deliberation she decided that such a course would be virtually an unconditional surrender to an unreasonable whim, which would ensure ultimately such costumes that she would be ashamed to be seen in them.

Her next thought was that she might counter Henry Edward's proposition for her to revive some ancient style, by suggesting that he might try appearing in a Roman toga on the floor of the Stock Exchange. She also dismissed this as unavailable, for the simple reason that she knew it would only result in a roar of savage dissent and a severe lecture upon the difference in sexes.

At last another way came to her. It was daring, but Amelia didn't care. Long repression had made her willing, even anxious, to do something daring.

And so it came about that two or three weeks later Mrs. Henry Edward, much to the amusement and amazement of her servants, issued from the Hilton cottage, which nestled, gem-like, in a suburban grove, arrayed in a costume of

true Arcadian simplicity. She wore a broad-brimmed white straw hat (the brim sagging pensively in various places), decorated with a single blue ribbon of startling width. Her skirt reached just to the middle of her prettily turned ankles, thus displaying fully the flat-heeled slippers of Puritan pattern (high heels were another of Henry Edward's aversions).

Now Mrs. Henry Edward didn't look a bit unattractive in the good, old-fashioned costume; on the contrary, her appearance was exceedingly sweet, naive and interesting, just as if she had stepped out of one of "ye olden fashion plates." However, she did look charmingly odd as she tripped down the long walk (servants peering after her from doors and windows) and got into the smart trap that was waiting. The groom delivered the reins into her hands and stood with open mouth. Then suddenly remembering his duty, he sprang into the rumble after her as she whirled away down the drive.

"Sudden," he said to himself, shaking his head gravely; "very sudden! It's just as well I'm in the rig behind her."

Mrs. Henry Edward drove rapidly and concernedly toward the city, for she was going to meet Henry Edward at the terminus of the suburban railway. People stared at her in passing; people looked back after they had gone by, and some pedestrians stopped stock-still and gazed. Luckily, she met none of her acquaintances.

A bright spot burned feverishly in each cheek and Amelia's lips were hot, but she was determined to brave it out to the end, whatever that might be.

The terminus where she was to welcome her husband was adjacent to a little park, which was usually thickly thronged at that time in the afternoon. Arriving there the groom sprang to the horses' heads and Mrs. Hilton alighted and walked serenely (that is, as serenely as she could) to where the cars stopped. It positively was an awful ordeal, but she felt that it was necessary to make the experiment effective.

Did she create a sensation? Well, yes, somewhat. Surprise, mirth, pain, indignation and horror were a few of

the expressions depicted on the faces of feminine beholders. Men were less disagreeable in their observations. All of them looked at her at least half-approvingly, and many with decided admiration.

Mrs. Henry Edward appeared unconscious of the crowd's curious interest in her. Her gaze was levelled straight at the cars as they came in and discharged their passengers, who, at sight of her, immediately displayed considerable interest in the charming figure stolen from the past. Presently Amelia's face lit up, if such were possible, considering its redness, for she had sighted Henry Edward. She went forward confidently, to meet him.

Henry Edward looked at her strangely, stared hard, and then gasped:

"Why—why—why, Lilian!" he said, in an undertone. "What on earth is the matter? So it's you the cursed crowd is looking at!"

The search-light of Henry Edward's gaze swept her from head to foot.

"Nothing is the matter," she replied, sweetly. "Do I look like anything is the matter?"

"You most certainly do!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "Come on, for God's sake, quick. Hang it, every man in the place has got his eyes on you."

With strides that kept his picturesque helpmeet almost on the run, Henry Edward led the way to the trap.

"Get in quick," he commanded. "Some acquaintances of mine are on to you."

With this, Henry Edward literally shoved his Colonial dame into the phaeton and sprang in beside her. Cracking the horse sharply with the whip, they were off at a furious trot.

"Heavens!" cried Amelia, "you left the groom behind."

"Shucks, let Jeemes walk home," growled her husband. "I want a quiet, confidential talk with you, madam."

"Now, Mrs. Hilton," he continued, as soon as they were well away from the station, "will you please tell me what all this masquerade means? Are you crazy, or what?"

Mrs. Henry Edward promptly assumed a weeping countenance and her

tender bosom heaved tempestuously with choking sobs.

"It's no—n-o-o-o use," she said, her voice catching pitifully. "I—I j-j-just can't please you."

"Ca n ' t — please — me ! " Henry Edward exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes," she went on, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief, "I g-g-got this gown and this hat and these shoes, thinking they would gain your approval, and now you ask me if I'm crazy. Didn't you say you wanted me to quit being a slave to fashion like other foolish women?"

Just then a big automobile passed and its occupants' faces indicated intense interest in Mrs. Hilton's departure from fashion's decrees. The worst of it was they were acquaintances, residing only a short distance from the Hilton cottage. Henry Edward uttered a mental curse, touched up the horse with the whip, but said nothing. He continued to maintain an impressive silence until they were in the drawing room of their cottage. Then, after he had spoken sharply to a servant that had lingered to gaze on the costume, he turned to Mrs. Henry Edward:

"My dear," he began, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "you should have consulted me before changing to a common-sense costume. I could have selected one that would not have made you so

conspicuous. As for myself, I don't think you look half bad in that, but everybody is not like me. You know, most people are hypnotized by conventionality; if you wear different clothes they think you're crazy."

A gleam of triumph was latent in Mrs. Henry Edward's eyes, but she answered meekly:

"I'm sorry, my darling; I only meant to please you and surprise you at the same time."

"That's right, my pet, that's right," said Henry Edward, never once suspecting the guile of his beautiful helpmeet. "When I get time I'll help you select a costume that will set you off to a T. And it'll be sensible, too."

"Will you, my love?" responded Mrs. Henry Edward, in melting entreaty.

"That Duval and Eagan gown you wore the other evening," continued Henry Edward, after several seconds of awkward silence, "was no end becoming to you. Suppose you go slip it on for dinner."

Like the good wife that she was, Mrs. Henry Edward did as she was bidden.

She never heard anything more from Henry Edward about that common-sense costume. In fact, ever afterwards he was gloriously mute on the subject of gowns and fashions. Like a good husband, he simply financed his wife's dressmaker's bills.



Woman's Suffrage

Mrs. Humphry Ward thinks it undesirable

IN the course of her visit to Canada Mrs. Humphry Ward has been the subject of many interviews. In one she discussed with a representative of *THE DOMINION MAGAZINE* the question of women's suffrage.

"I remember," she said to the interviewer, "having heard an uncle of mine, Mr. W. E. Forster, who was at one time Chief Secretary for Ireland, tell of the woman suffrage movement in this country. I think the period to which he referred was in the latter part of the sixties. At any rate, he was impressed with the strength of the movement here and predicted that it would also make its way in England. Then he added that he hoped it would be ultimately put down in England by the good common-sense of the people, just as had happened in this country."

"Then you are not in favor of the woman suffrage?"

"No, not at all! The Woman Suffrage Bill before Parliament has, indeed, passed its second reading by a good majority vote. That vote, however, is far from meaning that the measure has become a law or that there is really much likelihood that it will become a law. The present Government, you know, is practically pledged against any woman suffrage measure during this Parliament. So there is plenty of time for the appearance of that much-desired 'common sense' before anything serious happens.

"Woman's sphere of activity should be and is being enlarged. I am anything but an advocate of the old 'hearth and home' theory. But I think that what the Suffragists are fighting

for is just what women do not need and should not have."

"They should not vote?"

"Not on questions in the solution of which they can never play a responsible part. Fancy a female general, a female admiral! Fancy a railroad run by women, roads built or mines worked by them! Well, if there is this inevitable physical limitation to a woman's activity—if she can never enter the army or the navy, never be a miner or a railroader—is it just that she be given a vote on matters that involve these activities? The National Government, of course, both here and in England, is concerned in all of these things, and this Government is maintained by the votes of the male portion of the population, which thus indirectly decides on the army, the navy, the railroads, and the scores of material interests in which women cannot by nature take an active part."

"But there are other questions!"

"Yes, there are other questions, questions above all of an educational nature, and on these I believe women should be freely admitted, both to voting and government."

"You would limit woman's sphere, then?"

"Not more than the physical limitation imposed by nature. I believe in woman entering as many fields of activity as she profitably can. Her first sphere of activity of course, is the family, the home. But where that is denied to her, why should she not turn her attention to other duties that in the old 'hearth and home' days were supposed to belong exclusively to men, and thus play her part in the world's work?"

The Oldest City in the World

By WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD

MOST travelers, I think, will award to Damascus in Syria the palm of being one of the most "untouched" of oriental cities, a lovely ancient snow-white garden, surrounded by forests of pomegranates and other orchards such as caused the Arabs, a thousand years ago, to speak of it as a "pearl encircled by emeralds."

Time has stood still in Damascus for a thousand years and life goes on in the country outside its walls precisely as it did when the ancient Bible historian spoke of the city in the Book of Genesis. For there, plowing is done with a crooked bough drawn by a ragged camel; or by the Arab farmer's wife in double harness with a donkey.

There, too, and likewise within the walls, one sees the long lines of indolent eastern women drawing water from the well, just as Rachel did; or women sitting before the doors of their houses grinding corn in the old Bible way, with upper and nether stones.

In the evening when the muezzins wail the call to prayer from the terraces of lofty minarets, one strolls through the crowded bazars, just as St. Paul did, and then down the "street called straight" so familiar to us from the Acts of the Apostles.

Then, too, the coffee-houses present wondrous pictures of eastern life. Many of them are encircled by swift-running crystal streams, that come down from the mountains of Lebanon, whence Solomon procured cedar-wood for his mighty temple; and in these cafe gardens sit the rich Damascenes, cross-legged, smoking narghiles and playing chess, or talking of long-expected caravans from Smyrna and Aleppo, from Beirut, and even the far Euphrates country, where archeologists have placed the site of the Garden of Eden.

And how interesting are those same caravans!—thousands upon thousands of long-necked, slow-pacing camels laden

with gold dust and spices, frankincense and silk, ivory, ostrich feathers and precious gums from every part of the Orient, as well as tea and dates, olives and oranges.

No one can walk through the streets of Damascus without being bewildered by color and form and sound, nor if he have any imagination at all, can he fail to be impressed by the proud history of the city. Did not David himself conquer it, and is not its history inextricably woven with that of Israel? We find it in the histories of Alexander the Great, and Darius the Persian. Roman Pompey received ambassadors in Damascus; and the miraculous conversion of St. Paul took place on the road to this lovely city.

But I cannot dwell upon its splendor all through the ages. Bysantines and Persians owned it in turn, and when the star of Mohammed arose in Arabia, "Esh-Sham," as the Arabs call Damascus, rose to its highest pitch of splendor. Damascene Moslems, by the way, have ever been famed for their fanatical fervor, and away back in the sixties they rose and slaughtered no fewer than 14,000 Christians.

As the delighted visitor saunters through the crowded streets, he is amazed at the variety of costumes and the diversity of nationalities represented. He will see Hindus from the Persian Gulf; swarthy and fierce Afghans; Armenians; the queer tribesmen from the banks of the Tigris; timid Syrians, of course, as well as the strange Druses (neither Christian nor Moslem, but a little of both) and, above all, the fleeced and turbaned Bedouins of the desert, whose riches, like those of Abraham, are computed in flocks and herds, and who live not in houses, but in black tents—the "Tents of Kedar" of the Song of Solomon—woven by their women-folk out of camel's hair.

How far off from the world we are in these crowded bazars! No railroad is here; and if we want to cross the desert to the stupendous ruins of Palmyra, with its vast columns, palaces and temples now occupied only by birds of prey and jackals, we must fit out a caravan of camels and apply to the governor of the city for a small army of Turkish troops to protect us from the depredations of the fierce Bedouins. We may also require protection as we visit the huge burial-ground of the Moslems with its forest of upright slabs, two of them covering wives of Mohammed himself. The Prophet's daughter, Fatima, is also buried here.

Several things will strike the visitor to this most fascinating city. Firstly, the bitter cold nights that will follow a blazing day of 104 degrees in the shade; secondly, the fact that most of the inhabitants live on fruit all through the summer. One is jostled here and there by the water-sellers with goat-skins on their backs filled with the precious fluid.

The cries of the myriad street pedlers are both quaint and musical. "O, giver of substance!" cries the bread-seller. "Cool thy thirst with sherbet cooled with the snow of Lebanon," wails another. There are other sellers of sweetmeats and raisin water, dates and pomegranates, and figs and pistachios.

There are even peripatetic restaur-

ants, whose turbaned owners murmur softly "Refresh thy hearts, O my children!" A month might very well be spent in Damascus, for one never tires of the wonderful bazars—the horse market, the saddle market, the street of the coppersmiths, and the gold workers; the bazar of the pipes, of the cloths and silks and embroideries, and a dozen others.

There are Druses, too, of high rank, in snow-white silks and high jeweled turbans, armed to the teeth with great lance and pistols, sword and daggers, not forgetting a long modern rifle slung from the shoulder.

It is from Damascus that an enormous caravan starts for the pilgrimage to Mecca, and if the traveler has the good fortune to be in the capital of Syria at this time, he will have an oriental treat, such as is accorded but few.

One has but little space in which to speak of the vast and historic Mosque of the Ommiads, with its 600 golden lamps before one shrine, its golden vines over the interior arches, and prayer niches facing Mecca inlaid with precious stones. There is no city in the world which can compare with Damascus for interest. It is the entire East in miniature—the "City of the Caliphs" and of all the romance of "The Arabian Nights."



The Channel at Boulder Point

By SPENCER C. GUNN

KATCHEQUA Lake had thrown aside its overcoat of ice, which now lay in huge blocks upon its shores. It had dressed itself once more in the deep blue of a clear May sky, and its breast was bright with the jewels of sparkling waves.

A little crowd had gathered on the dock at Karinae to see the steam-launch Nymph begin the first trip of her second season on the lake. The people waved hats and handkerchiefs as the boat moved away, and waited to see her disappear around Boulder Point, a half-mile distant. A narrow and dangerous channel, with rocks on either side, there offered a short cut which the Nymph was accustomed to use.

On the top of Boulder Point, just within the fringe of scraggly cedars, which half covered the rock, a man stood and watched the boat leave the dock. He was dressed in flannel and corduroy, and leaned upon a long, old-fashioned rifle. He was Pierre Chevenaux, the half-breed guide.

Pierre smiled as he noticed the docks salute the departing boat, and the smile was not pleasant. He sat down upon the rock, looking now at the approaching launch and now at the channel down in front of him. At times that sinister smile would for a moment reappear only to vanish as quickly, leaving his face more sullen than before. He was thinking, and his thoughts were as dark as the little piece of black wood in the channel to which his eyes often turned.

The Nymph was Pierre's enemy and the enemy of his comrades. Before the launch came they were the masters of Katchequa. In their skiffs, stanch, swift, and sure, the tourists had ridden about the lake, leaving much silver in the hands of the boatmen. Now all was changed. Their boats usually waited for passengers in vain, for the Nymph

could take them all, and more quickly and cheaply.

Most of the guides had gone elsewhere; but Pierre, having invested his savings in a little home, and having his wife, Rosie, and little Tommy, their son, to care for, could not leave. He had been obliged to do odd jobs around the village to make a scanty living, and he despised that kind of work. During the winter just passed Rosie and Tommy had to live with her father, for Pierre could not earn enough money in the cold months to keep three mouths supplied with food. They were to return soon. Would he be able to keep them?

He glanced at the boat, now half-way to the point. He smiled and looked at the channel and at the little black stick which he had placed there. He stretched himself out upon the ground, his chin resting upon his hands, his eyes fixed upon the white boat with its new flags. There was a curse on his lips. What right had the Nymph on the waters of Katchequa? What right had one man, himself once a guide, to deprive all the other guides of their means of livelihood in that neighborhood? What right had this boat and this man to make him carry wood for the women of the village—he who had been the leader of the guides and the favorite of the tourists—who had shown them the trails of deer, the haunts of trout, the nests of loons; he who had shot with his rifle the flying ducks their shells had missed, and had brought the timid but curious deer to the shores with his wild cries?

The whistle of the Nymph roused him. She was very near. He looked again at the little black stick and drew a line from it to the bow of the launch. The line was perfectly straight and only a few hundred yards long.

The boat seemed to have no passengers. So much the better, for the little black stick was dynamite. The engineer in the back of the boat would probably escape. The pilot would not fare so well, but he was the hated owner, and Pierre did not care.

And yet his heart beat fast as the little craft neared its destruction. He gazed at it as if fascinated. He thought he saw a dog cross its front deck. Well, a dog could swim. But was it a dog? No, it was a little boy, and a woman followed him from the cabin, taking his arm to keep him from the rail.

Pierre rose to his feet. He could hardly stand, for he saw that the woman and child were Rosie and little Tommy. This was their welcome from Pierre. He had dreamed of their coming during the long winter, and many times in fancy had caught them joyously in his arms. Now he would embrace only their mangled bodies.

He drew his hand across his forehead to wipe away the great drops of sweat which gathered there. He started to run and to cry, then stopped, for he knew it was useless. He turned to his rifle, resolved to die with them, and this determination calmed him.

As he took his gun in his hands he turned his eyes once more to the boat.

Rosie and Tommy were leaning over the rail together, looking at the shore. They were looking for Pierre, and there a little way ahead of them now lay the little black stick. Pierre leaned forward, but he did not step upon the trigger of the gun, which he held stock down between his hands and under his head. No, not yet. The bon dieu had told him what to do, and as you would count two, he grabbed his rifle by the middle, brought it to his shoulder, and fired.

The bullet cut the water a few yards from the bow of the boat. The little black stick disappeared. A deafening echo answered Pierre's shot. The channel rose in the air and fell upon the Nymph as she passed into the parted waters. She plunged down, her screw beating the air; righted herself, and then rocked from one side to the other, careening as if she must founder. Finally, when with her momentum she reached the smoother channel beyond, her screw found again the waters of Katchequa.

As the cloud of spray fell and cleared, Pierre's anxious eyes saw Rosie clinging to the rail with Tommy clasp- ing her hard by the neck. Both were drenched and terrified but safe.



Lying Actually a Disease

Dr. Pieron declares that, like Paresis, it may come without a Moment's Warning, and creates an Irresponsible Condition

RECENTLY in Paris the Court of Cassation declared through the mouth of its presiding Judge, in a bourgeois divorce case, that a certain witness was "not only incapable of speaking the truth, but that apparently he could not even think it." In other words, the said witness was declared to be irresponsibly mendacious, and that he was a congenital or hereditary liar. Naturally enough the Paris press seized upon the incident and gathered the opinions of medical experts as to the extent to which irresponsible mendacity existed in human nature. The results can hardly be said to be encouraging, and a pathetic enough consideration is the undoubted fact, according to medical testimony, that the habit of lying may, all unconsciously to ourselves, overtake us at any period in life, and follow us down to a dishonored grave.

Dr. Pieron, who is a medical publicist of note in the French capital, says that the brain, in the course of its development—that is, up till the fiftieth year in average men—may at some point or other develop a malformation which will have the effect of destroying the ratiocination or reasoning faculty. Like paresis, of which mendacity is a kindred disease, it may come upon the most truthful and the least suspecting man without a moment's warning, and just as the result of a sudden "kink" occurring in the cerebral structure.

Lying, says Pieron, is not by any means a monopoly of women and children. The male grown-up, even if he does not naturally evince the tendency to exaggerate or invent—a certain indication of degeneracy—is always liable to become a victim of the lying habit. The natural and spontaneous liar who has reached maturity lies because he is physically or mentally still an infant, and can neither exercise any power of criticism either subjectively or objectively,

and is wholly devoid of reasoning as to the effect his lies produce upon his hearers or upon their objects. He will lie maliciously, just as recklessly or as easily as he lies spontaneously or simply, the result being incalculable as far as he is concerned. They are unfortunately amenable to the influence of stronger wills, and can, under quasi-hypnotic power, be made to assert almost anything, the truth or untruth of their declarations being to them not only an entirely absent consideration, but without the scope of their mental or moral purview.

The so-called harmless liar, says Pieron, differs only in a slight degree from the malicious or brutal liar who lies for motives of revenge, jealousy or cruelty. The physical malformation is almost identical in both cases, the difference being only one of morbidity and a more diseased condition of the nerve cells which produces the state of hysteria, of which lying is perhaps the most pronounced symptom.

The children of drunkards and lunatics, more than any others, evince the disposition to lie and to deceive, and it is an unfortunate fact that considerable ability and even religious and conscientious spirit—as, for example, in money matters—may exist side by side with the tendency toward mendacity. In women who are the children of lunatics and drunkards the lying spirit often manifests itself, although a keen sense of honor is still preserved in the common dealings of life. The woman remains, however, wholly unconscious of her lapse, say, in cases of infidelity. She is, says Pieron, in the position of a person who has no recollection of having done wrong. She will deny her guilt and lie away her soul, really in good faith, simply because she refuses to persuade herself that she is doing wrong or that she has done wrong. Though such a woman

were preparing to commit an offense, or were even actually caught in an offense, she would still deny her guilt, even though there had been a thousand witnesses of it.

This is not moral perversion, for the moral sense in woman is rather a reflection of the sense of honor or justice in a man than an active and original quality. It is simply that in such women, even as in men of similar mentality, the ideas cease to co-ordinate or to become logical at a certain point in the cerebral digestive process. It is just like this: If a psychopathic liar were to look out of a window and see a camel with one single hump the sight of the animal would, in the normal way, strike upon the retina, and, having rationally declared itself to be a camel, would figuratively travel down the optic nerve and pass into the brain. At a certain junction of nerve lines the camel would—unconsciously to the psychopathic liar—switch off the original nerve line it was intended that it should follow. Having

become derailed, so to speak, the camel would, while germinally remaining a camel in the liar's mind, change its proportions relatively to its actual condition. It would, when left to the choice of other rails in the "junction," develop into a two-humped or even a three-humped camel. Its pads would grow ten times their original size; its hide would from light brown become a bright red, its neck would become longer than that of a giraffe. All this because the central idea became derailed in the liar's mind, and the cerebral "stomach" refused, owing to its diseased state, to digest the primary conception.

Lying of this kind is, therefore, a disease, and must be so accounted. Nevertheless, the existence of such beings in the world should be noted by the health authorities, since they are so easily influenced by unscrupulous persons. Where the disease of such a person can be diagnosed and recorded, the legal testimony is not of more validity than would be that of a gramophone.

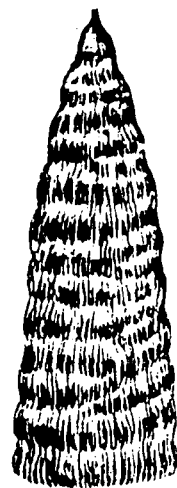
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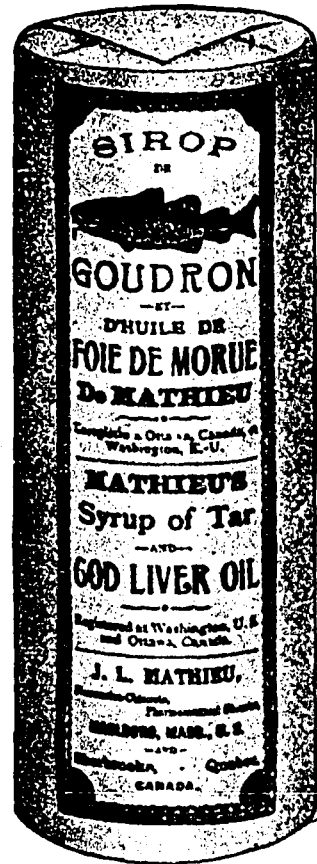
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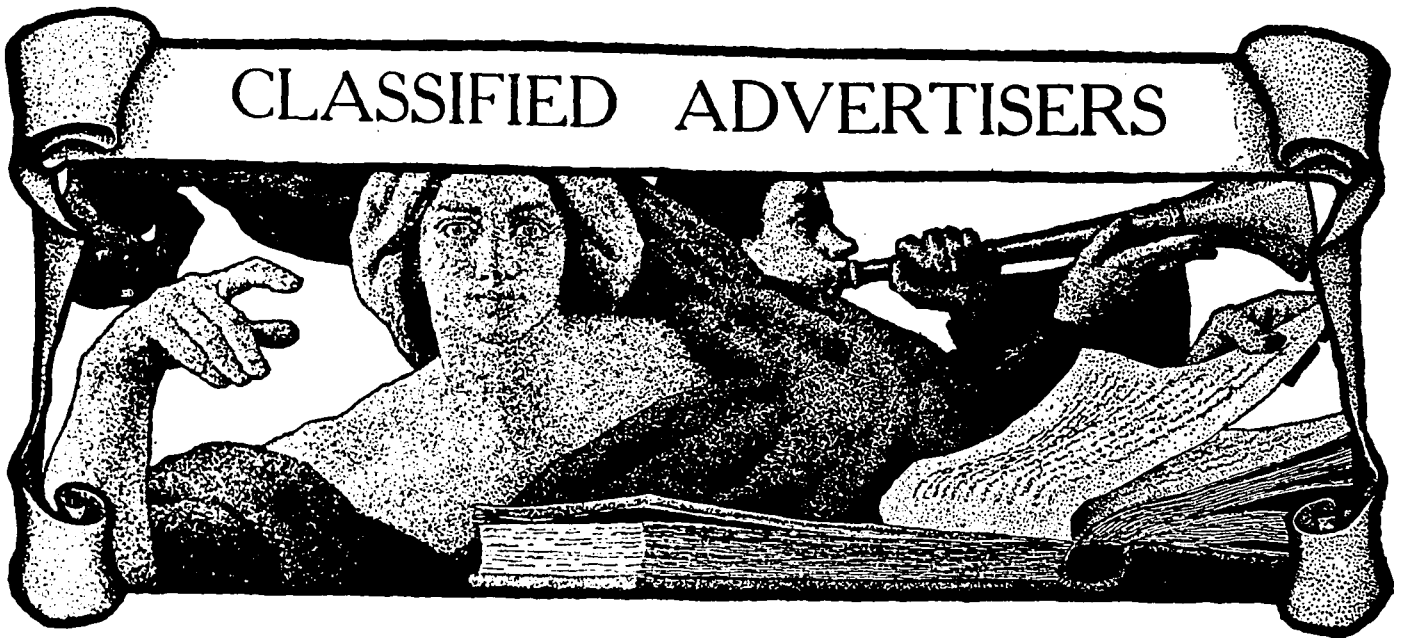
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TELEGRAPHY, STANDARD RAILROAD RULES AND TRAIN ORDERS taught; practical instructor, 31 years' experience railroad service, C. P. R.; limited number only accepted. Write Toronto School Telegraphy, Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

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THE UNION FISH & SUPPLY CO., 276 Queen St. West, can supply fresh-caught, smoked, frozen, or salt fish, in season. Phone M. 7313 and M. 1216.

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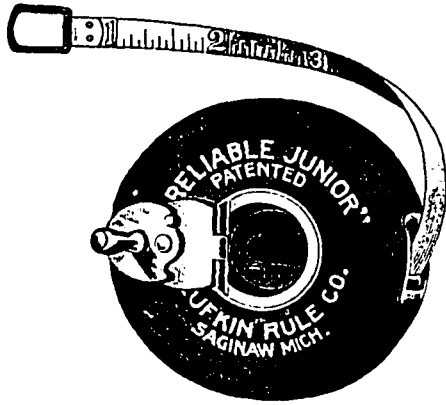
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DOMINION FILM EXCHANGE

32-34 Queen St. East, TORONTO, CANADA



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**MEASURING TAPES AND RULES
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD**

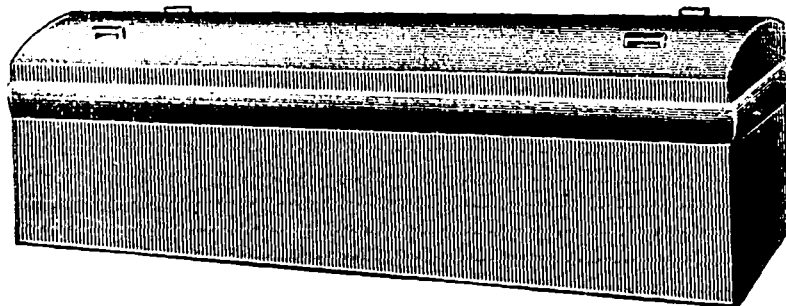
In order that we may be in better shape to care for our rapidly increasing Canadian trade, we have established a branch factory at Windsor, from which point we will be in a position to serve our customers promptly.

THE LUFKIN RULE CO.

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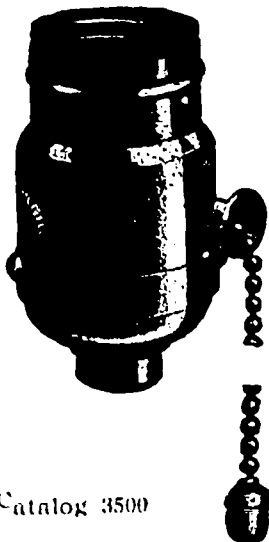
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The National Cement Burial Vault

Is air-tight and water-proof, reinforced throughout with expanded sheet steel. There can be no trouble from vermin, roots or trees and graves will never sink. The cover is sealed on with Portland cement, making it practically one piece. Undertakers will supply you with a National Vault at factory prices. We are selling our patent steel moulds for making these vaults upon a royalty basis. If you are interested in a lucrative business that can be established in any town or city of your choice, address—

THE CANADIAN VAULT COMPANY., 503 QUEEN STREET WEST TORONTO
PHONE MAIN 2978



Here are two Representatives of a COMPLETE LINE of
UP-TO-DATE **SOCKETS**



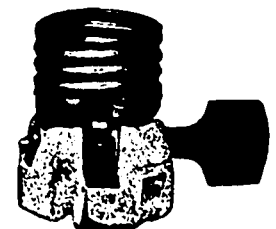
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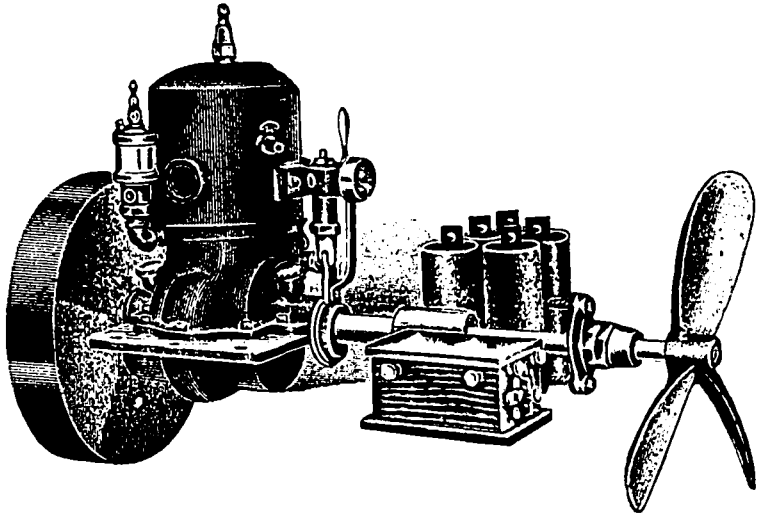


Catalog 3500

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Prices:

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4 H.P.	-	-	90.00
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Complete Outfits.		Send for Catalogue	

Full line of Accessories for all Marine Purposes.

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References, Dominion Bank, Hamilton

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"You Wire for Me and I'll Wire for You"

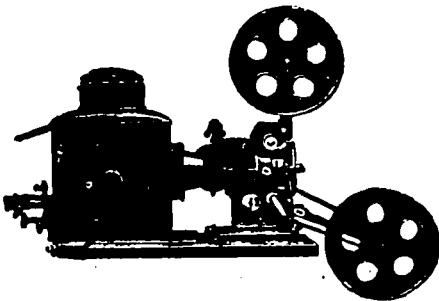
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Machines, Films and Accessories for Sale.
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My own importations, personally bought.
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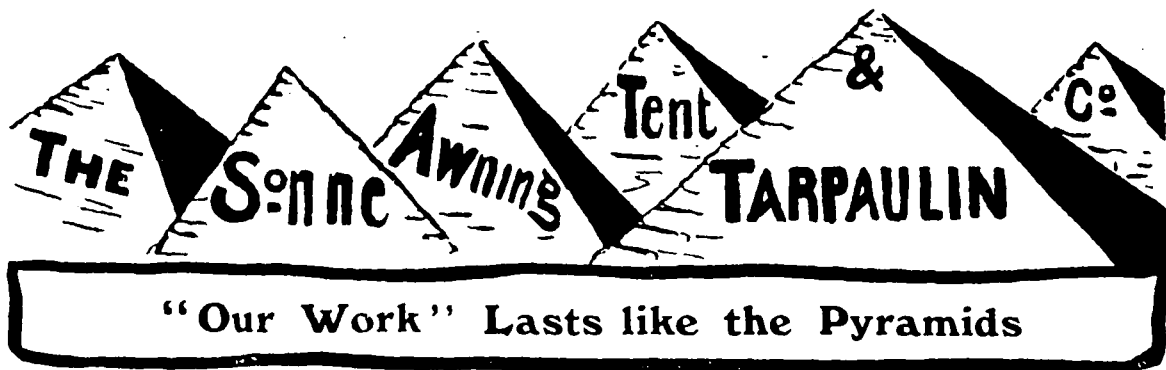
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STRICTLY NON-ALCOHOLIC

The most pleasant and nourishing temperance drink ever offered in Canada. Possessing all the qualities of good ale and porter. Now offered at popular prices.

KYLE & HOOPER, Ontario Agents, TORONTO, CANADA.



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—The Unfailing Choice of the Candy Lover—

These Candies have been the public's favorites for over 20 years.

Mail Orders carefully and promptly executed.



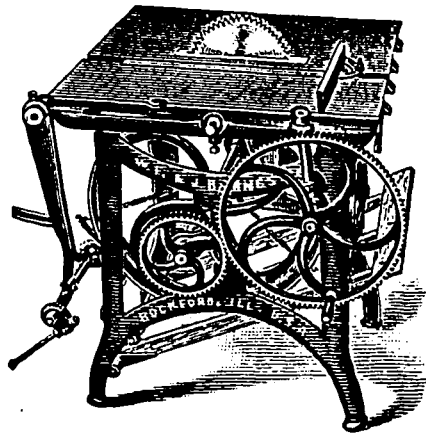
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Others at 75c. and \$1.00 sent prepaid.

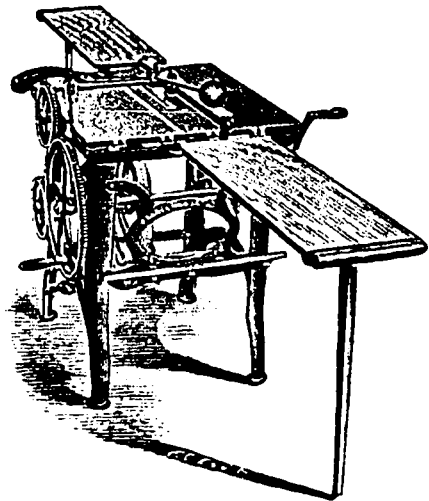
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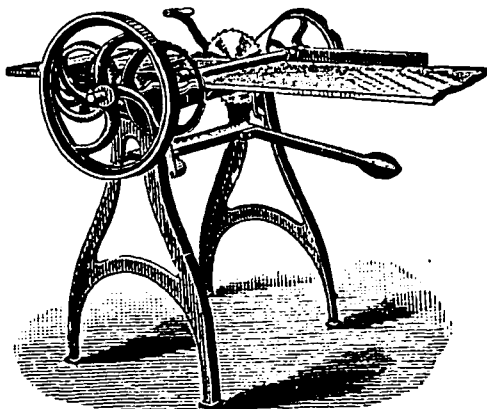
WE ARE CANADIAN AGENTS FOR Barnes Wood-Working Machinery



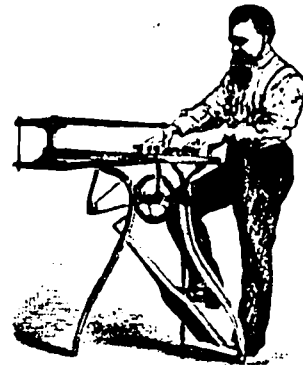
No. 4 Saw Table



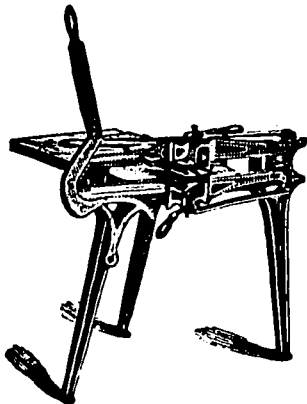
No. 4 Saw Table



Hand Rip Saw



No. 7 Scroll Saw



Hand Tenoning
Machine

If it's Machinery you want
We have it.

Our New Stock List Mailed on
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Main

31 Church Street

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(ESTABLISHED 1817)

Incorporated by Act of Parliament

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Rest	- - -	11,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	- - -	159,831.84
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HEAD OFFICE	- - -	MONTREAL

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