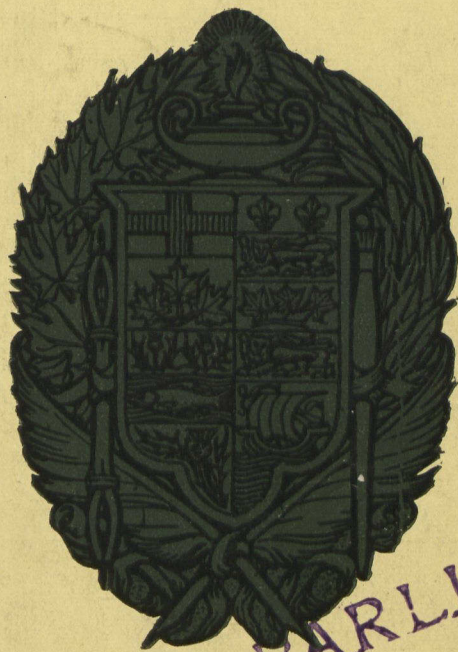


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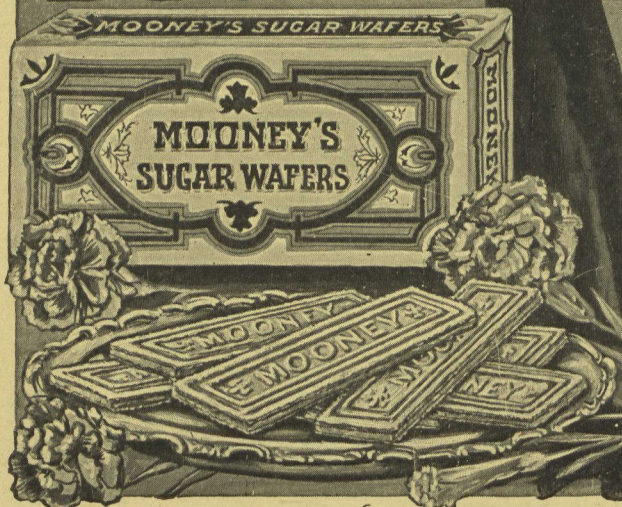
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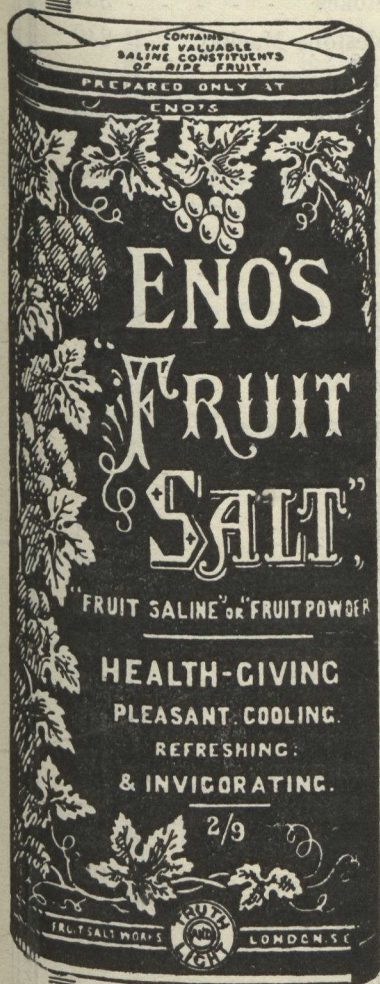


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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIII

Contents, August, 1914

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By **R. J. FRASER.** A good many reasons have been assigned for Hearne's surrender of Fort Prince of Wales to the French Admiral, La Perouse, but a document recently discovered throws new light on the subject, and on it Mr. Fraser has written a most interesting article. There are good illustrations of the present condition of the Fort.

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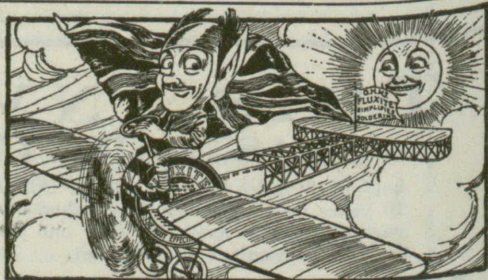
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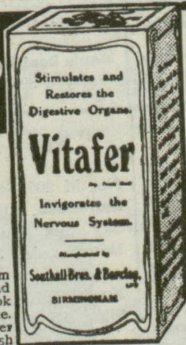


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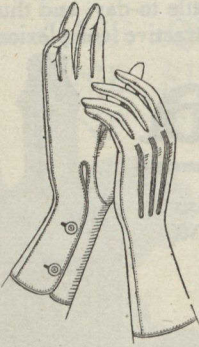


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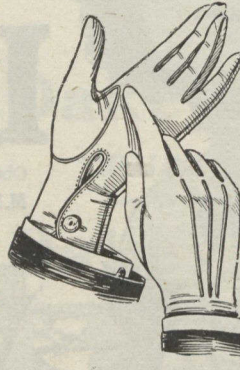
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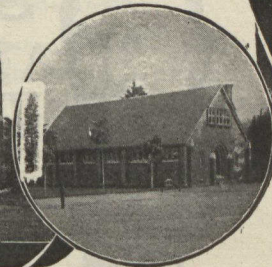
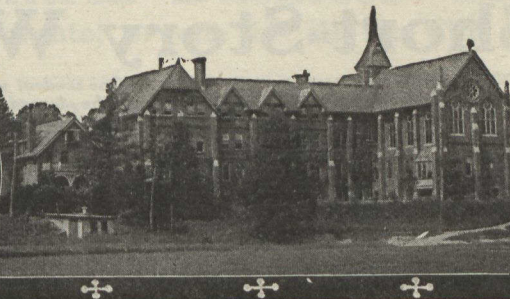
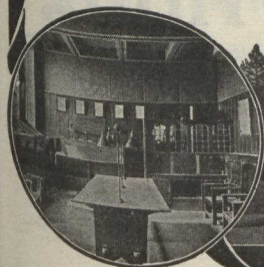
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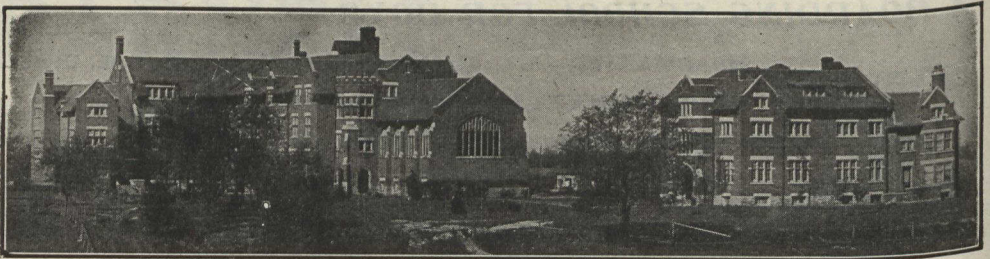
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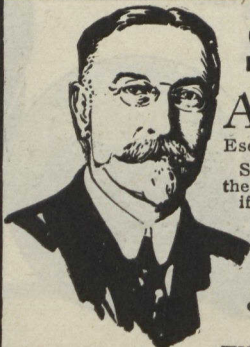
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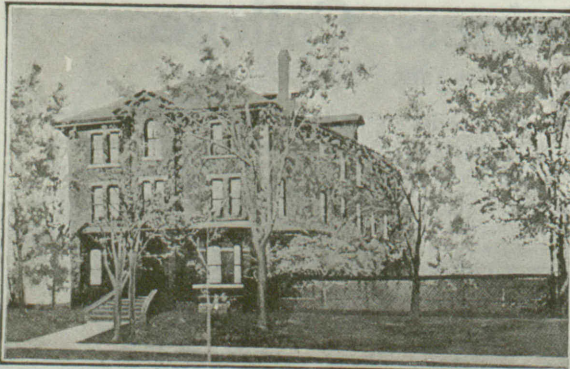
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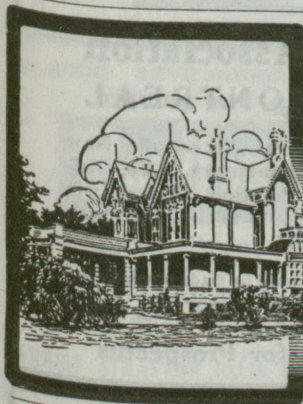
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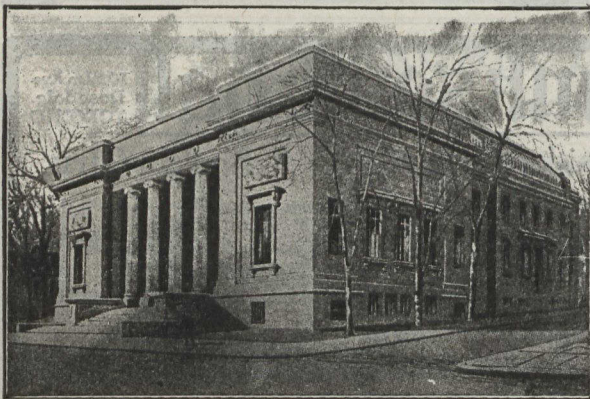
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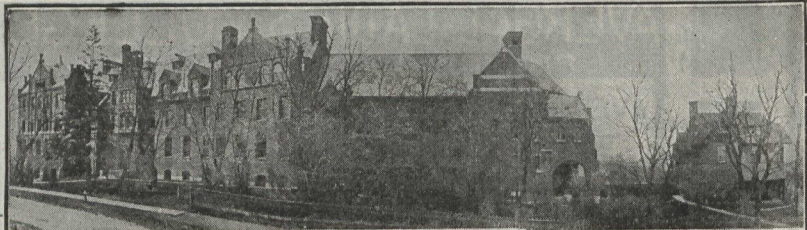


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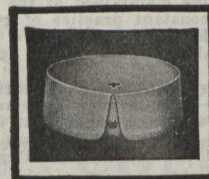
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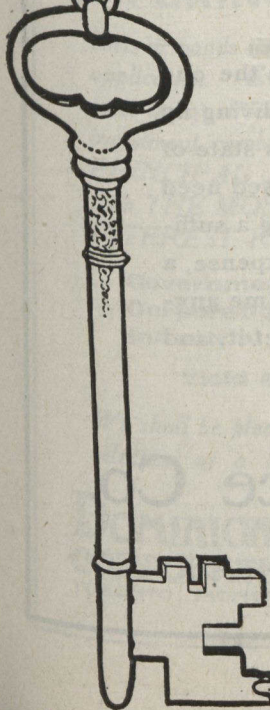
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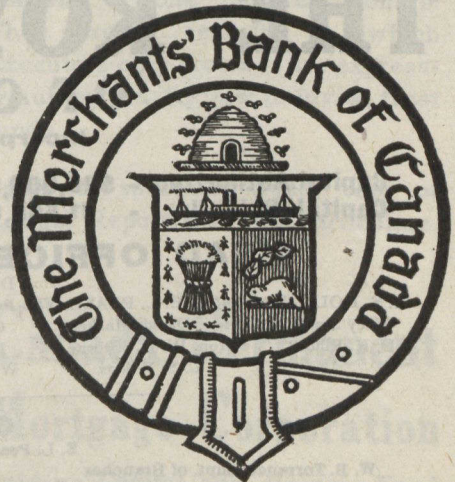
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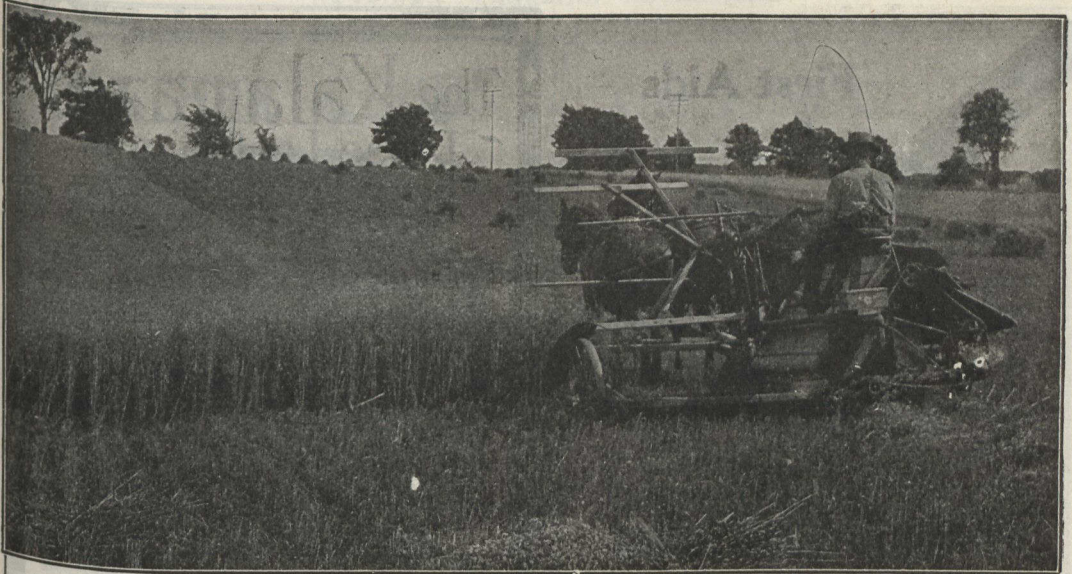
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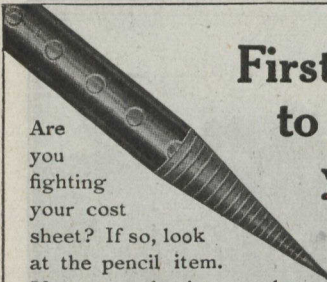
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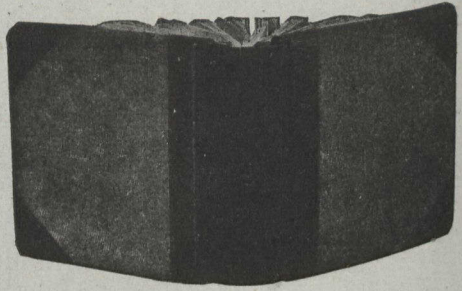
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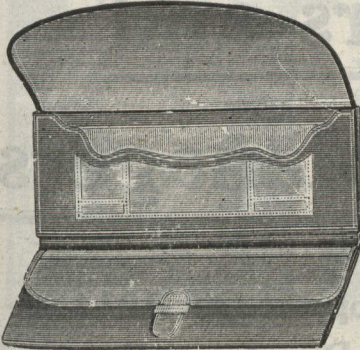
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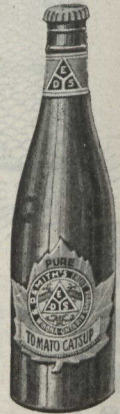


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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





From the Painting by  
George Henry in the  
National Art Gallery  
of Canada

THE  
CONNOISSEUR





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII

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THE CALGARY VENUS

BY CHARLES STOKES

WITH those of us who know him intimately, Mr. J. Henry Paxter has never posed as a connoisseur or even humble admirer of the fine arts. Mr. Paxter is, of course, the well-known real estate agent—J. Henry Paxter, Limited, of the McSporran Block, Calgary, and also of Saskatoon and Moose Jaw. The fates who presided at his birth gave him liberally of those qualities so essential to success in his chosen calling, but left him totally ignorant of the finer feelings. A patent medicine calendar is as good to him as a Corot landscape, but neither is so wonderful as the blue print of a new sub-division.

To understand his solitary and ill-fated excursion into art, therefore, we must go back to last summer. Mr. Paxter's then newest sub-division, Mount Tuxadora Heights (only half a mile from the end of the projected green-and-white carline) had, as all the world knows, panned out remarkably well. It enabled Mr. Paxter to advertise himself as "the" real estate man; it bought him a brand new lim-

ousine; it landed him in a twelve-roomed house on Thirteenth Avenue West, the Park Lane of Calgary, and it sent his wife and daughter on a three months' vacation to Hawaii. Things, decidedly, were looking up for Mr. Paxter about that time.

To him entered, one sunny afternoon in September, a discontented client. This client was from Ontario, but his language was Missourian.

"You told me," he said, "that Lots 9 to 15, Block 28, would be worth a cool thousand each in a year."

"Did I?"

"I only wish to say—and I will speak plainly—that you are a shark."

"In other words—?" inquired Mr. Paxter, tapping on his desk idly.

"I want you to return my money."

"I think you said Lots 9 to 15, Block 28?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Romford," said Mr. Paxter, "them lots is going to sell the quickest and at the biggest profit."

"That, sir, is pure bunk. My opinion is that Mount Floradora Heights —"



"Tuxadora," Mr. Paxter corrected him mildly.

"—Is a big swindle."

"Look here, Mr. Romford, I don't like this bad feelin' with a client. I've got my reputation, 's much as anyone, and I don't sit here to be—to be—to be abused. So please don't let there be any more misunderstandin'. Your land may look to you, who are not familiar with our great and constantly expandin' West, a long way out. But when the John A. Zachary Transporter Company, of Joyceville, Nebraska, locate their Canadian factory two hundred yards from your Lot 9, yours and all the others are out for a rise."

"Why didn't you hold it yourself, then?"

"Hold it myself? Do you think I am a rich man, Mr. Romford?" The pathos in Mr. Paxter's voice was intense. "You look at my office, and think I am made of money, perhaps. It's part of the trade. A real estate man has to keep up appearances, though he ain't got a cent in real business—just like a lawyer or a doctor. Why, the very date pad is being bought on instalments," concluded Mr. Paxter dolefully.

"You are not going to return my fifteen hundred?" said Romford, rising.

"I don't think, Mr. Romford, that on more mature consideration you would want me to."

"I shall go round to a solicitor, then—and right now!" No effect. "I'll expose you, you old humbug!" The door banged. Mr. Paxter, in some relief, pressed the button for his stenographer; then the outer door reopened, and Mr. Romford's head suddenly re-appeared round it. "A solicitor, you thief!" snapper Romford, and as suddenly withdrew his head.

"Take a letter to—" began Mr. Paxter, in great mildness of spirit, to his stenographer.

"Swindler!" said Mr. Romford, looking round the door again.

"Dear Sir: We are in receipt of

your esteemed favour—" dictated Mr. Paxter.

"Solicitor!" shrieked Romford.

"'Of sixth instant'—aw, get there, you!"

But the Ontarian had finally departed, and Mr. Paxter was left in peace. By the late mail he received a letter from his wife that she would be home Friday. This was Tuesday. When the office closed, he dropped in to his favourite bar, as was his amiable custom, for a cocktail.

Kendrick Evans was there. Paxter disliked Kendrick Evans, who was his only serious rival for the "the" rank. Kendrick Evans was telling a story.

"He was clingin' to it—positively clingin'. Quite pathetic, Hallo, Pax. Have one on me."

Their business rivalry did not extend this far. "Thanks, Ken., make it a bronze."

"Two bronzes, chum," said Kendrick Evans to the knight of the white apron. Then, resuming his story, he went on: "Yes, clingin' to it."

"Who was clingin' to what?" inquired Mr. Paxter.

"Gee, must I go over the spell again?"

"If it's worth hearing."

"It is."

"If you don't mind, then."

"Well, there was some sort of a dago down in the East End—forget his name—put in a lot of effects to raise money—just junk, of course. Except one thing. And that—pardon, do you know Mr. Romford?"

"Mr. Romford is a business acquaintance," said Paxter, beaming on the man from Ontario, who was glowering into a G. and W. and ginger-ale.

"As I was sayin', it was all junk except one thing. That was a picture."

"That all?"

"All? Listen here. He took it to the junk store man, an' just as the junker had his hands on it, he drew back. 'Hallo,' says the junker, 'changed your mind?' 'Me no sell,'



says dago. 'Whaddyer come here fer?' says Junker. 'No sell,' says dago. A friend of mine—Bud Stevens, you know him, Pax—was in the store, and he told me about it. He asked the dago to show him—and you know Bud thinks he's some cheese on pictures, huh?"

"He has that idea," Mr. Paxter allowed. Bud Stevens was a lesser light, and not to be grudged praise.

"An' Bud says it was a real old masterpiece."

"That all?"

"So he told the dago to take the picture to auction."

"And—?"

"Well, if it's really what he says, it's little old picture for mine."

"I must look at it myself," said Romford, in a depressing voice.

Now Mr. Paxter's sentiments were mingled. As has been remarked, he knew nothing of art, but then, he reflected, neither did Pierpont Morgan. If it had been Pierpont Morgan's hobby to collect old masters, why should it not be his, J. Henry Paxter's? And here was Kendrick Evans claiming to be going to possess it!

"What's it a picture of?" he demanded.

"Some ancient dope—Venus, or something. Here's Bud." Mr. Stevens had sauntered in. Say, Bud, what is that blamed picture called?"

"'The Venus of the Urn,' by Michael Angelo," Bud replied.

"Oh!" grunted Mr. Paxter. The title did not sound promising; he had hoped it would be "Sunrise in Switzerland" or "Father's Coming," because either of these, he knew, would please his wife.

"It's a beaut," said Bud. "Recognized it from the newspaper pictures. Stolen from a church in Italy."

"Gen-u-ine?"

"You betcher."

"What's it worth?"

Bud drew the little knot of men together, and said, very solemnly and softly: "Two hundred thousand—to the Italian Government."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Paxter.

"But, of course, you would never pay that. Might clinch for two hundred."

"Two hundred's a lot for a picture, anyway."

"Not for a genuine Michael Angelo, you bonehead."

J. Henry thought a little while, and then inquired, "And where does this dago live?"

"Don't know."

"Say, Pax," objected Kendrick Evans, "cut that out, y'know—going to buy it privately. Come down with the rest of us to-morrow afternoon, to the auction. Have another?"

"Guess I'll be there," Mr. Paxter remarked. "No, no more for me. Guess I'll be there, surely."

"And keep your claws off that durned picture!" he added mentally. Honest, he didn't want any Venus of any Urn for himself, but Kendrick Evans wasn't going to have it if he could help.

Possibly the Acme Auction Emporium has scarcely contained, at any one time, so distinguished a concourse as that which gathered the next afternoon. Paxter was there, of course, and Kendrick Evans. Bud Stevens, Shotover (of Shotover and Miller), Mr. Romford, ex-Alderman Brasted, and other real estate men to the number of fully a score. Auctioneer Peabody smiled with great inward satisfaction. Things promised well for the "bankrupt stock" (a special consignment from the factory) that day. But, to his disgust, hardly a soul seemed to care for silver tea services or diamond rings.

"I have here, gentlemen," he said, in desperation, "a most magnificent and massive—"

Kendrick Evans, in the front row, drew him down, and whispered in his ear.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer, brightening. "Tom, bring on the Venus."

Tom went to the office and staggered back with a big canvas, unframed,



about five feet high by four feet wide.

"Turn her round, Tom," commanded the auctioneer; and Tom turned her round, and the room gasped.

I will not attempt to describe the "Venus of the Urn," better known as the "Calgary Venus." Suffice it to say that Michael Angelo must have painted it for some naughty, naughty person 'way back in the old master period. Bud Stevens has since told me that Salome had nothing on Venus for—call it ventilation; it would, said Bud, have made a moose blush.

"Somewhat—you know," suggested the auctioneer.

"Wouldn't please my wife," said Mr. Paxter.

"Hang it in the den, old man," chortled ex-Alderman Brasted, who had been president of the Moral Reform League. But Mr. Paxter was somewhat upset by the Venus-ness of that Venus.

"We have here," said Auctioneer Peabody, "a magnificent work of art of the sixteenth century—the celebrated 'Venus of the Urn,' by Michael Angelo. It was stolen from a church in Rome, by someone unknown. The Italian," (he pronounced it *Eyetalian*) "government has offered, gentlemen, a reward of one million francs for its return—and no questions asked—two hundred thousand dollars in our money, gentlemen."

"Are you sure," inquired Mr. Paxter, "that no questions will be asked?"

"Yep. This picture is absolutely priceless. Look at it—what a work of art, with its wonderful colouring, its wonderful—er—" He sniggered a little. "Ab-so-lutely priceless, gents. The guy who stole it couldn't get rid of it in Italy without getting pinched, so he traded it with my client Baptisto Mascagnito, who brought it to Calgary. What offers, gents, for the 'Venus of the Urn'?"

There was quite a spell of silence, and Peabody was about to reiterate his demand, when a small, still voice

at the back of the room said, "Twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars!" repeated Peabody, more in sorrow than in anger. "Twenty dollars for a genuine Michael Angelo!"

"Twenty-one," said someone else.

"Gentlemen, you astonish me! Why, twenty-one dollars wouldn't buy the canvas, let alone the paint! Come on, gents—let us have a serious bid."

"Twenty-two."

"There's a humourist in the room," said Peabody. "Such a sum, for a Venus. Twenty-two dollars wouldn't keep her in clothes." Whereat ex-Alderman Brasted laughed. "Come," said Peabody, "I see my old friend Brasted offering twenty-five."

"Sure thing, boss."

"Twenty-six," said the humourist.

"Thirty," said Bud Stevens.

"Offered thirty dollars, gents, for the Venus—the great Calgary Venus. Any advance on thirty dollars?"

"Forty," said Knedrick Evans quietly.

J. Henry Paxter started, as if bitten by a mosquito. "Fifty," he cried instantly.

"Offered fifty. Fifty—going—going—"

"Seventy-five," said Shotover.

"One hundred," said Kendrick Evans.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said Mr. Paxter, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

Auctioneer Peabody beamed on them.

"One hundred and twenty-five bid! Any advance for the Venus?"

Kendrick Evans immediately offered one hundred and fifty. Mr. Paxter replied with two hundred. Two hundred he had fixed as his limit, but, ah, the well laid schemes of mice and men! Stevens bid two hundred and fifty, Evans three hundred—and what could "the" real estate man do but go fifty higher? Before he knew where he was, he was bidding one thousand.



"Careful, careful, Pax.," whispered ex-Alderman Brasted. "One thousand cold, hard, solid plunks is a lot of money. And—your wife."

"Twelve hundred and fifty!" shrieked Kendrick Evans.

Mr. Paxter paused but a second before he said, "Fifteen hundred!"

Auctioneer Peabody had an uneasy idea that it was all a dream. Surely he had read of this kind of thing in books? But there, undoubtedly, was the unmistakable figure of Mr. Paxter, and those of Kendrick Evans, Bud Stevens, and the rest.

"Fifteen hundred bid!" he screeched, to see if a screech would wake him up. "Fifteen hundred, gents!"

At the back of the crowd a dirty but enthusiastic Italian, who had, it seemed, been there all the time, cheered. "'Ear, 'ear!"

"Seventeen, fifty," said Kendrick Evans.

"Two thousand," snapped Bud Stevens.

Did Bud Stevens possess all that money? thought Mr. Paxter. Anyway, he wasn't going to be beaten by him, while Kendrick Evans was in the field. "Twenty-five hundred!" he uttered pompously.

"Twenty-five hundred!" cried Peabody on high. Such had been the remarkable events of the last quarter-hour that he seemed to think this kind of thing was going on for ever. "Twenty-five hundred for the Calgary Venus. What next, gents?"

But there seemed to be no next, and Peabody looked round as much as to say, *I am* waking up. "Twenty-five hundred! Any advance on twenty-five hundred?"

Dead silence. Mr. Paxter looked round a little apprehensively.

"Going, going, at twenty-five hundred. . . . Gone!"

Mr. Paxter seemed to collapse, now the effort was concluded. "Mine!" he wheezed.

"'Ear, 'ear!" shouted the Italian, who did not apparently understand that it was all over.

"Yours, Mr. Paxter—and cheap at the price. Let me congratulate you. Show him the Venus again, Tom—little gem, ain't it?"

"Lor!" said someone who had only just come in, and had not seen the picture before.

"Trifle cold for her, eh, in the winter?" said Peabody. "Never mind, sir—a great picture, that."

"What *will* your wife say, Pax?" asked ex-Alderman Brasted, leering on him. "Oh, fie, fie!"

Mr. Paxter smiled, the indulgent smile of the victor. "Quit jollyin', boys. Anyway, I got it. Beat old Evans, didn't I?" He turned to Kendrick Evans, expecting to find chagrin depicted on that gentleman's face; but to his amazement he found only a broad grin.

"Beat you, Ken., didn't I?" he repeated, a feeling of foreboding coming over him, in spite of himself. But Evans only laughed the more. "Beat you, you old humbug, I say!" But strange to relate, Bud Stevens, Shot-over, Brasted, and all the rest, even that despicable Romford, were all grinning, too! Kendrick Evans cackled out loud.

"You dub!" he gasped at length. "You almighty mutt! Why, it's a *fake!*"

"A fake!"

"Of course! What the deuce did you think I wanted it for? Twenty-five hundred—oh, help!"

"A fake!" said Mr. Paxter, still not comprehending it fully.

"Stung!" shouted Stevens. He was guffawing in a most unseemly way.

"You mean," demanded Mr. Paxter, "that it's a plant—that you bunch ran up the bidding to make me buy a fake?"

"Right first guess, Uncle Mawruss," spluttered Bud Stevens. Even Auctioneer Peabody was grinning now.

"Here's the man!" said Kendrick Evans, pushing forward the dirty Italian, who was, it seems, Baptisto Mascagnito. "Tell him, *Bap.*"



"I paint it," explained the dago. "I paint. I vair good paintairr. I dam good paintairr. I son of a gun—yes, no?"

"Oh, dear," said Brasted, "what will your wife say?"

"Twenty-five hundred! Two thousand five hundred! Say, Pax, but you're stung!" cried Shotover.

"You set of swindlers!" Mr. Paxter rejoined. "A fake!"

"What about Mount Floradora Heights?" demanded a voice, whereat all laughed again. Mr. Paxter did not recognize the voice as Romford's.

"As it is a plant," he said, with great dignity, "I shall, of course, refuse to pay for it." (Auctioneer Peabody's smile vanished instantly). "Yes, refuse to pay!" repeated the indignant purchaser. He pushed his way through the crowd, and, standing by the door, added: "Put that in your pipes—and smoke it!"

*Caveat emptor*, says the Latin proverb—let the purchaser beware! Mr. Paxter walked away in the highest anger. Yes, he would refuse to pay, and they could go to law about it! They and their Venuses! Venus he hanged! Yes, he would refuse to pay, and Kendrick Evans and his crew could go to pot.

But he reckoned without his host—or rather, his friends. When he reached home—after a spell during which, believe me, his clerks felt the influence of Miss Venus—and, dragging out a chair on the porch, began to review the day's catastrophe in a dispassionate way, a big wagon drove up. Paxter knew it was going to stop at his gate before it actually did.

"Go away!" he shouted.

"Picture, name Paxter. Sign here."

"Don't want it!"

"Are you Paxter?"

"Yes—no, I'm the caretaker. Paxter's away."

"Y' kin sign for it, can't you?"

"Can't sign for anythin' without orders."

"It's a picture," said the man.

"Really? Take it away, like a good feller."

"Where 'm I to take it, anyway?"

"Keep it yourself."

"Gee, I'm a married man, with two kids."

"Well, sell it, then."

"And get pinched by the Reform League? Not for mine."

Mr. Paxter sighed desperately. He understood that Kendrick Evans, in a refinement of cruelty, had forwarded the picture without wrapping it up.

"It's yours, ain't it?" persisted the expressman.

"Yes—no, it's Mr. Paxter's—no, it isn't."

"Why won't you take it, then?"

"Don't want it. Look here—take it away—burn it, whatever you like, but take it away. Say, could you use a ten-spot, right now?"

"Sure."

"Then hike off with that blamed Venus."

"It's Venus they call the dame? Dunno what I'll do with it, but—come on, gimme the bill."

Greatly cheered, Mr. Paxter handed the man a ten-dollar bill, and, with marvellous gratification, saw him drive away. He was saved.

But was he? That was the harassing thought. Was the Venus gone, or would she turn up elsewhere? Possibly the expressman would lose his job, because Mr. Paxter had forgotten to sign; but that was nothing. The thing was—would the Venus reappear? A troubled night was Mr. Paxter's.

Sure enough, Miss Venus did reappear. When Mr. Paxter sat in his inner room next morning, a boy lurching in, and said, "Picture for you."

"Get out!" roared Mr. Paxter. The boy got out quickly. Mr. Paxter pushed his button, and the boy came in again.

"Where's that picture?"

"Gone," said the boy. Mr. Paxter smiled on him. But twenty minutes later the boy lunched in once more.



"Picture come back," he said.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Well?"

"Guy said he wasn't goin' to be flamdoodled. Orders was to leave it, and if it was refused again he'd make trouble."

"Well?" said Mr. Paxter.

"So I signed for it."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Paxter, "you're fired."

Jimmy turned on his heel. "All right," he replied, and was gone. Five minutes afterwards Mr. Paxter rang again.

"Where's Jimmy?"

"Just left."

"Chase after him and bring him back."

In a few minutes the unrepentant Jimmy stood before him.

"Jimmy," said his boss kindly, "you needn't go. . . . Say, would you like the picture for yourself?"

"Whaddud I do wiv it, anyway?"

"Why, you fool, hang it up."

"No," said Jimmy, "maw wouldn't let me."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Paxter, you can stay fired." He sat for several minutes after Jimmy's final exit; then, in a spasm of fear, he darted into the outer office. All his clerks plunged into work immediately, but Mr. Paxter heeded them not. There, in the corner, by the door, was the picture, still unwrapped, and Jimmy, in a flash of inspiration, had turned its incriminating face to the wall!

It was a hot morning, and the picture, as well as being heavy, was large and awkward. Nevertheless, and despite the fact that he had fourteen clerks, Mr. Paxter caught hold of it and lifted it.

"Can I help you, Mr. Paxter?" inquired one clerk.

"No!" shouted his irate boss, through whose mind flitted the conviction that perhaps Jimmy had introduced the staff to Venus before reversing her. The clerk hung back, surprised. Mr. Paxter struggled alone

with Venus. His way led past the young stenographer's desk, and at one moment he had a scare that she would rise to let him go by, as he carefully carried the picture with his back to her. But at last the hated thing was safely in his room, where he swore at it something fearful.

Strange, the number of visitors Mr. Paxter had that morning! Not only Kendrick Evans, Shotover, Brasted, Stevens, and many others, who came in on the most transparent excuses, but also unexpected ones, all of whom glanced pointedly at the unusual spectacle, a picture with its face to the wall in a real estate agent's room. Finally Mr. Paxter hung a big blue print over it.

Instead of going to lunch at 12.30, as usual, he waited until one o'clock, when he knew that all but two of his staff would be out. He telephoned for a wagon, and, having wrapped the Venus, carried her out himself and instructed the driver to take the parcel to the railway station, and leave it in the parcels office till called for. As he went to lunch, immediately afterwards, he passed Kendrick Evans, who laughed in his face.

The adventures of the Calgary Venus (accelerated, no doubt, by Messrs. Evans *et al*) were exceedingly rapid thereafter. Instead of leaving her at the station, the driver—instigated, possibly, by Evans—took it to Mr. Paxter's house. Mr. Paxter's servant telephoned her master to know if she should accept it, and being told "no," back came the picture to the McSporrans Block, whence it was re-directed to the Acme Auction Emporium. Mr. Peabody deemed it desirable to return it to its owner, who then gave it in succession to his chief clerk, a Presbyterian minister, and an insurance agent, all of whom, when they saw it, refused it indignantly, the insurance agent especially. At 5.27 it was still in Mr. Paxter's office, re-hidden under a blue print (for the brown paper had given out long since), and at 5.30 Mr. Paxter went



out to dinner. At 7.30 he came back, let himself in with his private key, and carried the Venus out to a waiting motor car. At 7.49 he had, spurning the good offices of his servant, struggled under its weight and deposited it in his garage.

Mr. Paxter had, to speak the truth, accepted the inevitable. It seemed impossible that he should ever lose his "Michael Angelo," and he had concocted the hideous idea of burning it! But, just as he was ready, he saw he could not do so without probably burning down his new garage. Likewise it was too big to poke into the furnace, and his only open grate—in the swell drawing-room—was not in running order. What was he to do—burn it in the garden? Hardly, on Thirteenth Avenue West. Mr. Paxter was in a dilemma until an entirely original and striking solution occurred to him—he would bury it!

He went so far as to get a spade, when he remembered the impossibility of interring anything in his back garden without incurring a great deal of most undesirable publicity. He must go farther afield—farther afield to regions unscanned by human eye. And which particular region would—why, in a flash, he remembered Mount Tuxadora Heights!

It was the work of only five minutes to call in next door and borrow a wheelbarrow—for he could not drive his new automobile himself. On the wheelbarrow, he loaded his dreadful burden, securely swathed. The shades of night had fallen fast; his servant was entertaining her "steady" in the kitchen; and he slipped off unobserved.

Possibly if some of us could have seen him that night, we might have voted for him in greater numbers in his recent unsuccessful attempt to run for alderman, for we should have recognised him as a man who could put his back into a task! From his house to Mount Tuxadora Heights it is four and three quarter miles as the crow flies. Mr. Paxter weighed

two hundred and one pounds when he started. When he reached the last house he had reduced it to one hundred and ninety three; when he paused at the end of the projected green-and-white car-line, it had receded to about one hundred and eighty-eight. Any other man would have stayed right there, and buried the Venus near the projected loop; but Mr. Paxter was going the whole hog. He went on. By the light of the moon he read his own signboard in the distance, and very soon he stood on Mount Tuxadora Heights.

"Now you—!" cried Mr. Paxter, using a horrible word. The last spurt had winded him badly, but he still had breath for the imprecation—"In you go!"

Very methodically he measured out a space six feet by four. Twelve inches would be deep enough to dig.

"Take your last look on the dear departed!" cried Mr. Paxter to the gophers. He turned the first sod.

As he did so someone touched him on the back.

"Help!" he shrieked.

But it was only Kendrick Evans, who, with Mr. Romford of Ontario, had stalked him all the way.

"Damn you both!" snarled Paxter.

Mr. Evans smiled amiably.

"Before you commit the dear departed to the vasty deep," he remarked, "and before its—er—corruptible shall put on the—er—incorruptible—can't we help?"

"Damn you!" said Paxter again. "You fixed this plant on me, Ken., and I'm storin' up something for you as it is."

"You fixed a plant on Romford here. Dust to dust, fake to fake—eh?"

"So that's why?"

"Of course. Billy Romford is my brother-in-law—didn't know that, did you? See here, Pax., we don't want to be hard on you. You planted some especially bad real estate on Billy—well, give him back his fifteen hundred dollars."



"What's that I hear?" said Paxter.

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. And two hundred to Paptisto What's-His-Name—he deserves something. Seventeen hundred altogether—and cheap at the price."

"You're mad, Ken.," said Paxter, making as if to resume his digging. But Kendrick Evans caught him by the arm.

"It's your last chance."

"And if I refuse?"

"Listen. I rigged up this plant to get even with you, but none of the boys know why. They thought it was just a joke. I can easily shut their mouths, Pax., with a few drinks, and no one will be any the wiser. But it's the women, Pax., the women."

"The women?"

"Yes. I shall tell my wife, as a strict secret. She'll tell her sister-in-law, and she'll tell Mrs. Someone-Else, and so on all the giddy-go-round. Nice tittle-tattle for Mrs. Paxter to hear at a pink tea—what?"

"You're trying to blackmail me, Ken."

"Gee, you'll have a time. They'll hear in Edmonton, In Red Deer, in Ponoka! Some newspaper guy will publish it, and then all the exchange editors will lift it." Kendrick Evans

was thoroughly enjoying himself!

"It will provide amusement for Montreal, for Toronto, for Halifax. The toilin' masses of South Dakota will read it and snigger—the employees of the John A. Zachary Transporter Company at Joyceville, Nebraska, will devour it with their meals! The comic papers in Australia will have it in full, Pax. The natives of the South Sea Islands will read it when the steamer leaves the next missionary. D'you get me, Pax.?"

Mr. Paxter grunted—it may have been a sigh. "All right," he said.

"Want a pen?" inquired Mr. Evans.

"Got my fountain pen," Mr. Paxter replied, with a ghastly smile. With faltering fingers he wrote out, by the light of the moon, an I. O. U. to K. Evans for the sum of seventeen hundred dollars.

"Leave it here for to-night," said Mr. Evans kindly, placing the I. O. U. in his wallet. "I'll see it gets side-tracked somewhere."

Mr. Romford, who had witnessed the signature in silence, now struck in. "There's one thing I notice," he said, "and that is, as a cemetery for your Venus, you seem to have selected Lot 9, Block 28!"





# A BREEZE FROM BEYOND

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS"

MARTIN TELFAIR closed the door of his father's house behind him and leaned against it, drawing a long breath. The light, the sweet air surprised him. He had forgotten that it was June.

It was very early. Bilberry Street, reminiscent only in name of an Arcadian past, seemed strangely unfamiliar. There was no one in sight, not a policeman, not a prowling cat. The rows of blinded houses stretched mysteriously into silence and emptiness. Was every morning like this? What happened to the world overnight?

Another deep breath, and the young man straightened himself and ran down the steps. Now was not the time for questioning the universe. He was in a hurry. His errand, he knew, was in the nature of a race. He might return to the gloomy house in time—and he might not. His adversary was swift, and already, behind the closed door, the wind of his coming was in the air.

"Shouldn't wonder if the old chap pulled out while I'm away," thought Martin, hurrying along. The reflection did not pain him, but caused rather a perplexed surprise that anyone so forehanded as his father should have run this thing so close. Perhaps the old man was not so near death as they had imagined. A rather grim smile flitted across his lips as he paid tribute to his father's fighting qualities, and his pace slackened. If the papers for which he sent were really

important and if old Robert Telfair wanted them badly enough it seemed quite likely to Martin Telfair, his son, that death would have to wait until he got them.

He recalled the look upon the old man's face as he whispered the few curt directions which accompanied his halting command to fetch the papers. It was not a dying look, although he was undoubtedly dying; it held purpose in it, strength and a desire which might be trusted to hold death at bay until it was satisfied. Martin had hastened to obey as he was not accustomed to hasten. He had not paused even to wonder why he and not Basil had been chosen as messenger. But the wonder awoke now. Basil had been there, waiting. Could the filming eye that had once been so coldly keen have mistaken the faces? Could the weakening brain have juggled with their names? He had said "Martin" clearly enough. Perhaps his memory was going, and as memory always frays first at the nearer end it was quite possible that Robert Telfair had forgotten that for fifteen years his eldest son's name had never been spoken by him save in formal necessity.

Any one of these explanations was possible, but Martin shook his head at them all. There had been depth and meaning in the eyes which had beckoned him from beside his brother. There had been a crafty smile on the thin lips which was not the smile of senility. Even in death it



was hard to imagine Robert Telfair at the mercy of anything save his own distinct purpose. Yet if purpose he had, what was it?

The conventional answer might be that old Robert had softened, that he had perhaps experienced a change of heart, that on his deathbed he had repented of his hardness to his elder son and had sent him on this mission (important or trifling) as a sign and seal of restored confidence.

Martin laughed aloud as this explanation formulated itself. Applied to Robert Telfair it seemed quite funny. The son knew well how ingrained was the father's stubbornness, how impregnable his self-belief. Having once become convinced that he had done right, repentance, as of possible wrong, was impossible. Could death, which changes so many things, change the very nature of the man? Martin thought not.

What did the purpose matter after all? His busy brain ceased to look for it, losing itself in bitter memories. Hatred, which he had thought safely buried under indifference, stirred and began to speak. It babbled endless memories of those fifteen years through which he had been pariah—not to the world, indeed, but to that hard old man on whose errand he was hurrying. It had been in that room where he now lay dying that Robert Telfair had "found out" his son Martin. "Found out"—horrible phrase! There had been no scene. A scene would have been too human; a scene might have contained elements of hope. Had old Mr. Telfair raged or denounced or threatened, his son's soul might have lived through the ordeal. But he had done none of these things. He had looked the boy in the eyes and turned away.

And he had never turned back.

From that day Martin the idol had become Martin the pariah. It had been rather a small affair—a question of honesty. But it happened unfortunately for Martin that honesty was the Telfair family god. "Be hon-

est" composed the Telfair decalogue, and the Telfair prayer was a heartfelt rendering of, "Lord, we thank Thee that we are more honest than other men."

So, you see, Martin's lapse had been nothing less than a catastrophe. It had been the sin of the High Priest, for Martin was the first-born and the hope of the house. There was Basil, of course. But Basil—was Basil. As a second son he was very well in his way, but he had no shining qualities. He did not show off well. He lacked the Telfair nose. His mouth was wide and plebeian; his eyes blue and girlish—not office eyes, not business eyes, by any stretch of the imagination. Furthermore, he had no ambitions. He did not want his brother's birthright; he had no desire to be a high priest; he shrank visibly from being a pride and hope. But what else was there for it? Basil was honest. He was as honest as the day—honester, since there have been known days which have neglected to fulfil their promises. His brother's place he must take, willy-nilly.

"Beastly shame!" growled Basil, and "beastly tyrant," he directed toward his respected parent. But with it all there was something in his clear gaze when he had looked at Martin, which had never been there before. It was wonderment; for Basil was quite terribly honest and could not understand—

Because of this wonder Martin, who was not blind, hated Basil forthwith. He was hating him now as he hurried along, hating him for his kindly, rather stupid ways, for his firm determination always to act as if there were no great gulf fixed. Basil had always been so beastly decent! He tried, he was always trying, to patch things up. He was pitifully afraid that Martin might suspect him of playing Jacob. One of his great anxieties was lest his father should cut Martin out of his will. His very anxiety showed that he thought this possible, an attitude which awoke a



controlled fury in the elder brother.

The estrangement of father and son had never been advertised. The world knew nothing of it. Pride had dictated this, pride and the reverence for the honour of the Telfair god. To all outward appearance the elder son was an honoured person in his father's house. When the time had come for him to set himself up in business he had lacked none of the usual advantages and if there were a few who wondered why young Martin Telfair did not enter the firm of Telfair, it was a passing wonder. These old-fashioned firms are a back number anyhow! No one, save Martin, knew that the partnership had not been offered him.

Those years, Martin's bitter memories told him had been rather horrible. At first he could not believe that he was really an outcast. At first he had hoped. Then the knowledge had begun to eat its way in, spoiling and corrupting. His mother had died when he needed her most; her death, hastened no doubt by her constant and futile efforts to reconcile the father and son. Cecille Telfair, being only a Telfair by marriage, had wept over the boy's fall from grace, but had been quite ready to forgive and forget before her tears were dry. The cold rancour of her husband's exactitude she shuddered at; whatever love she may once have felt for him died in its bitter shadow. Then, as she was gentle and could not live with hatred, she, too, died, and at her death Martin, with a great bitterness, masked by indifference, accepted the breach as final and went his own way.

Now the end had come. Martin knew that he would feel nothing but relief when it was all over. Absurd as it might seem, he still, after fifteen years, hated to come into his father's presence. Time had brought to him an armour of hard indifference, but he had only to look into his father's cold gray eye to burn once more with bitter rage. With the old man dead

the world would be a sweeter place to live in.

There were other considerations, too—money, for one. Trade had been in a panic of late, but a share of the Telfair fortune would put him beyond the reach of that sort of worry. Basil would get half, of course, but the old man could scarcely give him more without causing that storm of scandal which all these fifteen years he had laboured to avoid.

Martin smiled a somewhat ugly smile as he thought of the foundation upon which his hopes of inheritance were based. "He'd leave me without a cent if it weren't for the look of the thing," he mused. "Basil would get it all only that the 'dear public' would insist upon knowing why."

He had almost reached the offices now, and his thought shifted again to the query concerning his errand. The few words which his father, always sparing of words, had considered necessary, contained small information. He was to fetch as quickly as possible two blue envelopes contained in the private box marked "T" in the office vault. The envelopes were precisely similar save that one was marked in the left-hand corner with a small red cross. He had the key of the box in his pocket, and in his pocket also was a slip of paper containing the vault's combination. Old Robert changed the combination frequently, for in an office it is necessary to employ clerks, and for such an honest man he had a very poor opinion of honesty in others. Young Martin fingered the open sesame in his pocket, set his lips grimly. There had been a time when even so slight a trust would have lifted him out of the pit of despair—now it meant just nothing at all.

The old-fashioned building where his father still kept his offices boasted no night-service elevator, so Martin attacked the echoing stairs on the run. He knew his way well. These were the offices which had been familiar to him in the old days when he was still



Martin the idol. They had faced the street on the third floor—large, somewhat gloomy rooms, with narrow windows, but clear and prim and very commonplace. Not at all the kind of offices where one would expect a young fellow to lose his soul. Martin turned a little white as he fitted the key in the door. He tried hard to feel nothing save contemptuous pity for that young fellow. He had been rather a duffer, poor chap, took things seriously and all that! As the door opened the familiar, dry-leather smell of the office caught him by the throat. Was it really fifteen years since he had worked there? That had been his desk over there by the window; next to him had sat Billy Stibbings, the clerk who ate peanuts (Martin remembered how their faint odour had mingled with the dry-leather smell) and talked continually about some girl designated as "my little friend." What a figure of fun Billy had been! . . . In the far wall was the glass door marked with its big, blank "Private." Behind this had been his father's desk and another, smaller, desk intended for the Telfair hope and pride when he should have graduated from the outer office. Martin wondered idly if Basil used that desk now? He crossed over and peeped through a hole in the frosting to see—yes, it was the same desk.

But this was not getting on with his errand! The door of the old-fashioned vault opened easily, and the finding of the private box was the work of a moment. It lay in its same place placidly unrecking of years and changes. There were not many papers in it. The two blue envelopes lay on the top. Martin picked them out hastily, so hastily that the nemesis which attends haste tipped the box out of its niche and sent its contents scattering upon the floor. With an exclamation of annoyance Martin replaced the papers by the simple method of throwing them back, and again nemesis halted him by wedging a packet which was stiffer than the

others crosswise so that it had to be taken out and put back properly. It was a photograph, an old-fashioned print of a laughing, frank-eyed boy with the Telfair nose. Martin's cynical smile flickered as he recognized it; then mechanically he turned it over as if to shut out the clear gaze of his one-time self. On the back of the card there was a line or two of writing in his father's small, precise hand. The light from the vault door fell upon it and he read:

"Martin Fillmore Telfair. 1875—1895."

The date of his birth and the date of his disgrace! Martin turned a grayish white, and the photograph slipped from his fingers. Even a thoroughly callous and indifferent man is shocked a bit by the sight of his own tombstone!

He relocked the box, relocked the vault, relocked the office, and with every key that he turned he locked his unusual emotion more securely to the depths whence it had come. By the time he reached the clear light of the corridor window he was ready to inspect the envelopes he carried, with no trace of feeling whatever. It was evident that he had made no mistake in the papers. He held in his hand the plain blue envelope and the blue envelope with the cross in the corner. There was writing on both of them. On the plain one:

"Last Will and Testament of Robert Telfair."

On the other:

"Last Will and Testament of Robert Telfair."

Was he seeing double? What was the meaning of this absurdity? How could there be two last wills? Martin was conscious of a distinct shock. He forgot his haste, forgot that death is arbitrary and will not wait. Here was something which it seemed imperative that he should understand. The envelopes stared at him, commonplace, unilluminating. It was possible,



of course, that they were as commonplace as they looked. One might be simply a duplicate of the other. But if a duplicate, why the precise command to fetch both packets? Why the cross on the corner? And why the dying man's desire for haste?

Martin's shock-stimulated brain raced rapidly to the other possibility. What if the wills were not the same? What if the old man, unable to decide, had made two wills, intending to destroy one later when his course became clear? Suppose he was lying there at home now with a mind irrevocably made up—waiting!

Somehow it had never entered into Martin's calculations that his father might disinherit him. The cleavage between them had been a cleavage of the soul. Money had not entered into it. In the outward aspect of things it did not exist. Was it possible that death would prove less reticent than life had been? He knew, with the sure knowledge of instinct, that his father's bitterness toward him had grown with the years, but he had trusted to the unbending Telfair pride to protect him from tangible injury. Supposing he had trusted too far! Supposing—he thought of the two dates upon the back of the photograph and his mouth hardened.

Basil's anxiety about the will seemed suddenly to take on new significance. Perhaps Basil had not been unnecessarily disturbed after all. Perhaps, he being daily with his father, had seen something or heard something which gave good foundation for his fear.

What if the old man really intended to make Basil his sole heir?

For the first time a possible solution of the problem of why he had been chosen to fetch the envelopes flashed upon him. A far-off recollection stirred. He remembered how the indignity of his childish punishments had been made more unendurable by his being sent to fetch the cane himself. A slow flush stained his cheeks at the memory.

Then standing close to the clear light of the window he deliberately examined the seals of the envelopes. They had been fastened with nothing save the ordinary glue on the flaps, and that had not been of the best. A moment's manipulation with skilful fingers and a lead pencil, and the envelopes were open. Martin drew out their contents, his fingers shaking ever so little. Then once more the dull red flooded his face. The packets were each enclosed in a second envelope taped and sealed with the firm's seal! It seemed to him that from the silence of the deserted offices he could hear his father's rare, grim laugh.

With a feeling of suffocation he threw up the window. It was all a huge joke then! His father had calculated that he would do exactly as he had done. The sealed packets were at once comment and condemnation. A burning flame of shame and hatred burst through the smouldering indifference of years. Fierce tears started to his eyes and then—something strange happened.

A little, morning breeze blew in at the window and with it came a perfume, faint, elusive. He would not have recognized it save that with it there came, for apparently no reason at all, the vision of an open drawer with piles of delicate lace-edged handkerchiefs. He saw himself, a little boy, holding out his own grubby "hanky" in confident appeal for exchange "because they smelled so nice." He heard his mother's soft gay laugh—felt his face smothered in warm lace where lingered the same delectable smell. A kiss fell on his forehead—"Mother!"

It had all been so real that when it passed he leaned against the window frame, faint, bewildered, like a man who had survived a miracle. The envelopes and the papers lay on the floor where the intruding breeze had blown them. They rustled faintly in the quiet of the hall. Martin stopped unsteadily and gathered them up. Without another glance he replaced



them in the envelopes and left the building. All the way home he thought of them not at all. His painful interest in their contents was gone. Gone, too, was all that flaming rage of hate. He felt incredibly young and happy and confident. For, of course, if *she* knew, if *she*—if, in fact, *she* were still loving him, believing in him, life was a very different thing. It did not occur to him to question the reality of his experience. It is only those who never have experiences who question their reality.

In Bilberry Street the lemon-coloured light had turned to bright yellow. It was going to be a hot day. Martin paused to wipe the beads of haste from his forehead before he ran up the stone steps. But inside the house it was deathly chill, and dark. Martin felt rather than saw the old butler standing in the gloom of the staircase.

"Well, Benson?"

"He's waiting for you, sir."

Martin hurried up the stairs. In the sick man's room a small fire was burning, but the chill was there crowding out its warmth.

"I have brought the papers," he said briefly, and, going over, he placed them in his father's hands.

The dying man roused himself, signing for the stimulant which Basil anxiously administered. For a moment he lay silent, collecting his small strength, then his eyes opened full upon his elder son. In their hard malice there was a twinkle of hateful understanding.

"You opened the envelopes, eh?"

"Yes," said Martin.

The dying man gave a croak of mirth.

"Too bad, too bad! It didn't do much good, did it?"

"No," said Martin.

"Father!" began Basil in distress, but the old man warned him to be silent.

"Your mother," he went on, still smiling his ugly smile at Martin, "didn't know a rogue when she saw

one. She said you were honest. She said all you needed was a second chance—she was soft, soft."

He swallowed some more stimulant with difficulty and continued with longer pauses between the words.

"I promised her you'd have it. I always keep my promises. Here are the wills. The one I made and the other one—the one she wanted me to make. She wanted you to have your share—all of it—every penny. The will that gives it to you is in the envelope with the red cross on the corner. The other leaves you nothing—not a cent—d'y understand?"

Martin nodded.

The malignancy of the old man's gaze flamed.

"I said I'd give you a second chance. Burn the will with the red cross in the corner! She said you were honest—prove it!"

The glances of the brothers met across the bed. Basil's face was very white. But he did not hesitate. He picked up the plain envelope and handed to his elder brother.

"This passes reason," he said. "Between a just and an unjust will there is no question. Burn this. You are fully justified."

"Soft, soft," mocked the old man, "soft like his mother! Yes, burn it, who will know? Only Basil, and he won't tell. Burn it; take the money and be damned to you! I always knew I was right and she was wrong."

For a moment, Martin saw things clearly. He saw his need of the money; he saw his possible failure without it; he saw his right to a son's just share; he saw the injustice, the fantastic cruelty of this preposterous trial. Yet he felt no temptation to take the envelope which Basil held out to him. Strangely enough none of these things seemed to matter very much. The only thing that mattered at all was the justification, at whatever cost, of his mother's belief in him. Wicked, unreasonable and foolish as the test was, he felt no inclination to shirk it. Without a word he



waved Basil's hand aside, picked up the red-marked envelope from the bed and threw it into the smouldering fire. The flame leaped up.

"Oh, Martin!" Basil's voice held anger and despair. Tears of disappointment stood in his clear eyes. Martin forgot that he had ever hated Basil's eyes.

"Don't you worry, old chap," he said cheerfully; "I'll pull through alright."

Impulsively their hands met, and in that moment of reunion, while each thought only of the other, the old man on the bed went out into the loneliness which he had created.

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When the brothers met in the library for the reading of the will they were more nearly at one than either would have thought possible. Martin's cold manner held a new cordiality to which Basil responded with timid eagerness. It was so good, so awfully good of Martin, not to blame him, Basil, for a catastrophe which was after all not his fault. And, of course, he would divide with Martin. He had told Martin so and Martin, instead of being angrily repellent, had smiled and said, "I know you would like to, old chap," which, although not committing him to an acceptance, had seemed to hold out hope for the future.

Basil had exhausted his adjectives in trying to express just what he thought of his father's action.

"I couldn't believe it. I can hardly believe it now," he said. "He was always hard and stern, but I never thought he was like that—cruel, you know, and—mean!"

Martin answered thoughtfully. "I don't believe he was like that in the beginning. But he couldn't forgive. His disappointment in me just got underneath somehow and festered and rankled and grew more poisonous every year. It changed his nature. I know—because it was doing the same with me, until—"

He paused so long that Basil ventured an inquiring "Well?"

"—Until I seemed suddenly to get a new viewpoint," said Martin soberly. "I can't explain it properly."

The family lawyer, a lawyer as old-fashioned as the House of Telfair, shook hands gravely with both the young men. He knew that old Martin had made two wills and he did not know which one he would be called upon to read. He hoped, he sincerely hoped, that his old friend had not carried out his mad intention of disinheriting his elder son—such a fine young fellow!

It was a short will, dividing all the Telfair property, real and personal, without comment or restriction, between the two sons.

"A very proper will," said the lawyer cheerfully, "a most proper will, I'm sure. I congratulate you both."

He wondered afterward why the brothers had been dazed and silent, as if they had expected something different.

When he had gone, Basil caught Martin by the hand.

"I'm jolly glad," he said. "I'm jolly glad! It went against the grain to think the old man was such a Tartar. But, you see—he didn't mean it."

Martin nodded. There was perplexity on his face, but also a dawning softness, the faint beginning of what was later to become a healing belief that his father had not hated him after all.

Yet they were both wrong. Old Robert Telfair had indeed died obdurate, glorying in the thought that he had left his elder son destitute; for he did not know, even as Martin and Basil never knew, that when that sudden, strangely perfumed breeze had blown in at the corridor window and scattered the papers upon the floor it had so changed the position of the packets that the one which Martin restored to the red-marked envelope was not the one which he had taken out of it!





CANAL, ST. MARTIN, PARIS

From the Painting by W. Edwin Atkinson  
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE NEW CANADIAN WEST

BY W. McD. TAIT

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe  
The steamer rocks and raves,  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,  
Of cities yet to be—  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

IN these words of Whittier is pictured forth the West that was to be and that which now is. The old has given place to the new. The home of the rancher and the cow-boy, the scene of the round-up and the beef drives, has encountered the inevitable. For the cow-boy has dropped the lariat to guide the plow, the Indian brave discarded the war-paint and the buckskin to don the broad-cloth. The romantic West is no more.

The first slight impetus toward modern development did not come from the East. It was not the westward roll of the tide of immigration. It did not come from the overflow of more populous centres. It came from the south, across the boundary, and was the result of the commercial spirit of the Americans, who had no intention, no desire, to further the development and colonization of the country. Their one ambition was to get hides and furs from the Indians as cheaply as possible and to maintain an open range for their own great herds of cattle.

It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the elemental reason for the settlement of all countries has been cupidity. Trace every conquest of the wilderness the world has

ever known, and lust for gold will be found to be the actuating motive. Caesar conquered Britain for her mines. Columbus held forth the glorious riches of Cathay. For plunder Cortez ransacked Mexico, and avaricious Pizarro ravished Peru. The Pacific coast of the United States was peopled first by argonauts. Montana was opened by the hungry seekers for glittering gold. Alaska and the Yukon still would be uninhabited if the lust had not urged people to the north. The spirit of adventure and the lust for gold always cut the trail for the settler and the farmer.

All Western Canada once received its supplies from Fort Benton, the end of navigation on the Missouri River. Restless prospectors left the mining camps of the State of Montana, and coming by coach from Fort Benton, panned all the streams in Western Canada in search of another Alder or Last Chance. These prospectors, returning, told of their failure to find the glittering gold, but related tales of broad prairies where buffaloes made their breeding-grounds and where their hides could be secured from the Indians.

These traders debauched the Indians with whiskey, which they brought with them from Fort Benton, but they did not obtain possession of the coveted land without many a hard-fought encounter with the aborigines. While there were many individual or small traders, the firms of T. C. Power and I. G. Baker were the most prominent and plied a steady



trade in furs with the Indians. They had their own hunters and made tri-weekly raids upon the shaggy bison, but they obtained the majority of their pelts from the redskins.

The traders were the first "old-timers" in Western Canada. Until the coming of the Mounted Police, they were a law unto themselves. They entered upon mutual agreements, something after the practice of modern trade combinations or trusts, to regulate the prices of hides, and anyone caught breaking the compact was tried and sentenced by a court and jury of his associates in the agreement.

As an illustration of the method followed in such cases, the following story is told and vouched for by pioneers. It was at Whoop-up, on the Old Man River. Smith had been accused of cutting prices. Possibly he had put more water in the whiskey than the agreement permitted. No one seemingly knows or cares to remember the exact nature of the offence. The trial was held in the post store, where whiskey, powder in kegs, flour, and everything else pertaining to a trader's stock was jumbled about in a disorderly hodge-podge. The evidence appeared conclusive that Smith had broken the compact, and Brown delivered the sentence, which was to the effect that Smith should be taken out and shot.

The accused, who was sitting upon an up-turned powder keg, listened calmly to the decree, which did not suit his idea of justice. He jumped to his feet, seized a lighted brand and holding it over a keg of powder loudly declared that before he should be shot, he and his partners would go together to — or heaven. By unanimous consent of the jury the sentence was suspended indefinitely.

Smith was somewhat of a daredevil, with all the daredevil's nerve, and once after a friendly argument with his partner, when he received a charge of buckshot in the shoulder, he rode away and extracted the leaden



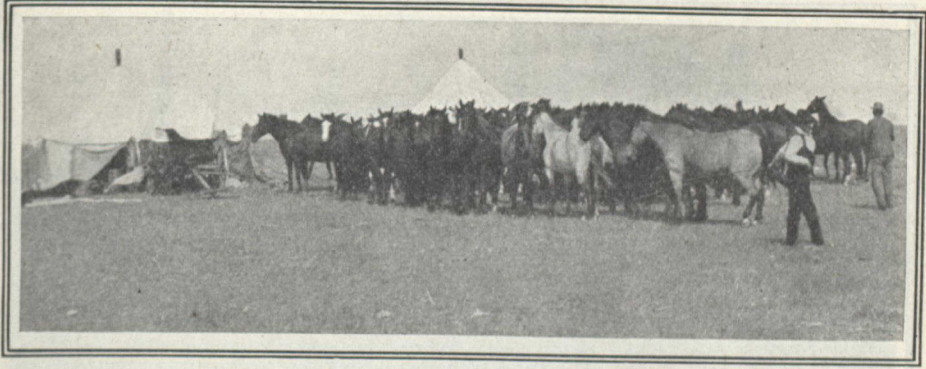
A BLOOD SQUAW

Mrs. Little Johnnie-on-the-Hill

pellets himself with a knife, while his pony loped across the prairie.

In years somewhat later Fred Kanouse ran counter of a band of hostile Indians. He made a stand in a bend of the Old Man River, near Macleod, and when the Mounted Police arrived seven dead Indians marked the pioneer's skill with his gun. Kanouse was, however, badly wounded in the shoulder. At this spot there are excavations of a dugout or log cabin where early settlers resisted repeated attacks of the Blackfoots.





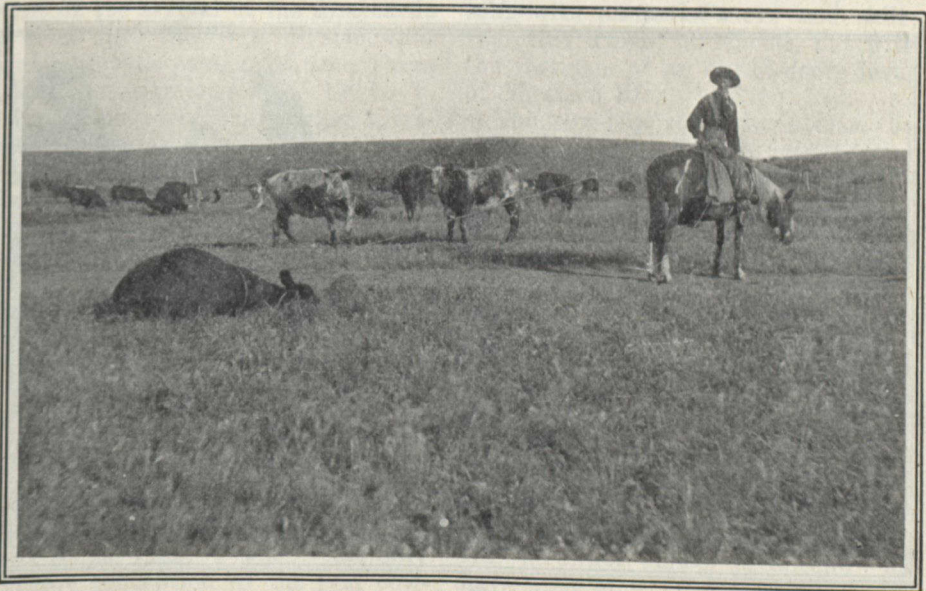
A LESSON IN MORAL SUASION

The movable corral as used during the round-up. A rope is strung from one light stake to another, about the height of a horse's knees, and the horses remain confined on the inside of the circle almost the same as if it were a high, impassable fence.

The Blackfoots, the Bloods, and the Peigans are friendly now with the settlers, against whom they used to wage war.

The passing of the buffalo is one of the greatest calamities of the West. Out of the one-time vast number of bison that roamed and held the plains as their own, there remain but few. From Great Slave Lake on the north,

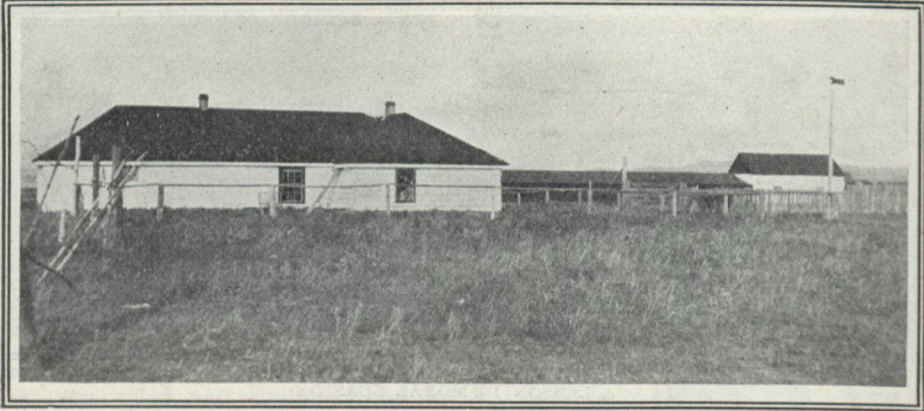
away to Mexico on the south, "roamed the majestic brute, in herds that shook the earth with thundering steps." But in the plains the bison feeds no more. It is charged that traders from the United States sent men into Canada to burn the grass, so that the buffaloes would not return north to breed. The buffalo meant everything to the Indian. He was his



CHARLIE GOOD-RIDER

A type of cow-boy that is rapidly disappearing from the Western plains



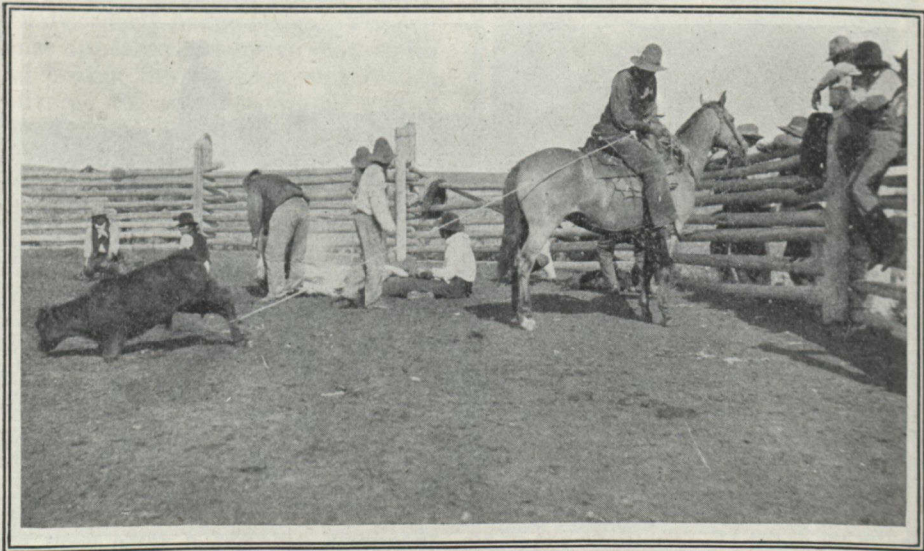


A TYPICAL RANCH HOUSE ON THE OLD COCHRANE RANCH

house, his food, his clothing, his implements of war—hide, flesh, and bone, he belonged to the Indian. But the buffalo disappeared, and the range cattle came. In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffaloes in what is now Southern Alberta. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post at Fort Benton, Montana, a total of 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot

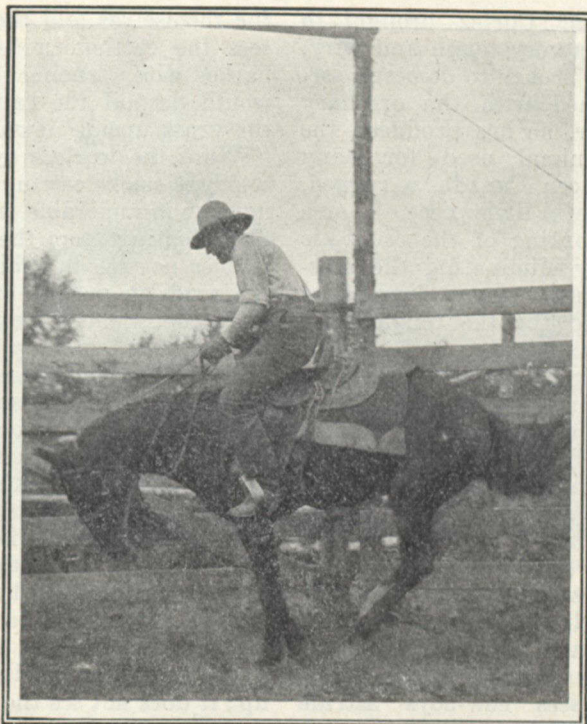
tens of thousands of young stock or aged bulls. It is known that in consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffaloes did not return to Canada to breed during their last free years, but wandered the prairies of Yellowstone Park, in Montana, where they were finally wiped out, except in widely segregated bands.

With the disappearance of the buffalo the cattle barons began to use



INDIANS BRANDING CATTLE IN THE BIG RIB CORRAL, BULL HORN COULEE, BLOOD RESERVE, ALBERTA





A BUCKING BRONCO

the prairies as ranging-grounds. The event of the arrival of the first cattle to come into the West is somewhat dimmed by the passage of time. From recent investigations made by L. V. Kelly in his work of preparing a livestock history of Alberta, it would appear that the McDougalls were the first to bring cattle to the far West. Peter Gunn took a small band into the Peace River country forty years ago; Kanouse wintered several head near Calgary in 1871; then came the Oxley outfit, the Cochrane, the Waldron, and the Circle.

With the cattle came the cow-boy, and with the passing of the cattle industry in Western Canada he goes, too.—In that choice assemblage of kindred spirits the composite result produced a type that must stand by itself for all time. Probably the only accurate conception of the real cow-boy that can now be obtained may be seen in the pictures of Russell and

Remington; the one a cow-boy himself, with an artist's eye and skill; the other a man of schools, but with the instincts of an out-of-doors lover of Western life.

The cow-boy stood in a class by himself always, but he was a good fellow at every stage of the road. His day is past, for the open ranges of the north are gone, and the cattlemen of Argentina and Mexico are no more like the real article than a cayuse is like a nerve-strained thoroughbred.

One of the regrettable things about the westward trend of civilization is the shutting out of the range and the broncho that has graced it so long. There is not a phase of Western history that has not been influenced by this animal. Pioneer, cow-boy, sheriff, mounted police, prospector—all have used him. The mustang is undoubtedly the nearest descendant of the three hundred Arabian and Span-

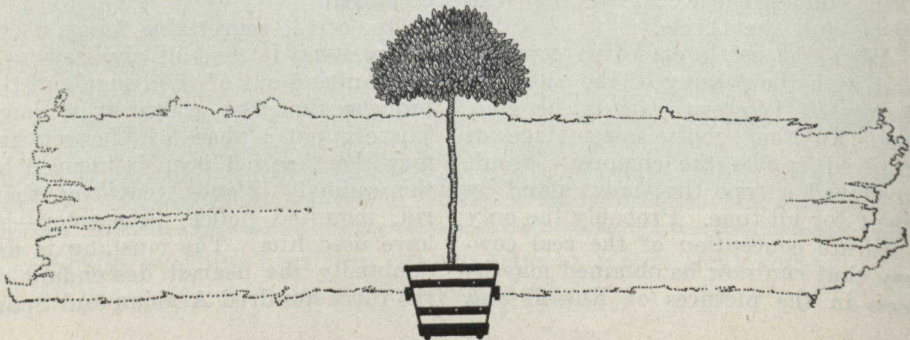


ish horses that Cortez brought to Mexico. He is very tough and wiry, and cannot be broken to domestic service. Combined with the ordinary horse, however, he has produced the bronco, the animal used for many years in Western Canada, a rugged, steady and useful little piece of horse flesh. The working of the economic law is rapidly eliminating the mustang and bronco types. There is no longer demand for the tough pony that can travel all day and live on next to nothing, and so, having passed the period of usefulness, he is vanishing, but as a reward for his fidelity he is reappearing in a higher type.

All these things are past, so far in the past that only a few remember; yet in the mind of the world to-day the West is a ranching-country. The mind's eye sees only countless herds of cattle ranging the broad prairies; it sees the roundups and the drives; it sees displays of marvellous horsemanship; it sees cow-boys astride bucking broncos, disdaining to "touch leather," although blood may be flowing from ears and eyes; it sees steers roped and branded; it sees thousands of cattle driven yearly to a railway point for transshipment to the market; it sees isolated ranch houses in sheltered coulees, with the owner in Europe spending easy money and the swarthy foreman left in charge; it sees feuds between the employees of different ranches; it sees cattle barons resisting the advance of the iron horse and the encroachment of settlers, who wish only to make homes

for themselves and their children; it sees the cattle-men tear down the barbed-wire fencing of those who would despoil the range by turning the grass upside down.

What the world's eye does not see to-day is smoke coming from the chimneys of innumerable farm-houses, the flags floating from the school-houses; it does not see the children trudging the roads in perfect safety or racing upon their ponies along the lanes on the way to their daily lessons; it does not see the countless thousands of prairie acres with the sod broken by the plough; it does not see the miles of growing wheat ripening in the glow of the warm rays of the Western sun, fields of wheat that disappear into the sky-line of the horizon; it does not see old trails abandoned because wire fences cross and recross; it does not see homesteads on every quarter-section; it does not see the church upon the favourite site of the roundup; it does not see the binder and the thresher, the loads of wheat hauled to the elevator; it does not see the locomotive bearing eastward to Britain, and westward to the Orient, train-load after train-load of the best and cleanest wheat known to the world; it does not see mills grinding the hard berries and producing flour second to none. The eye of the mind sees none of this, and the mind itself cannot conceive that conditions have changed; that one more pet tradition has been upset. The glamour of the past enshrouds the actuality of the present.







THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

## MOUNT FUJI

By R. E. MACNAGHTEN

NO wonder that of old they deemed divine  
This mountain, as it tower'd from out the sea  
In all the pomp of cloud-girt majesty!  
No wonder that it still remains the sign  
Of unimpair'd devotion, and the shrine  
That consecrates a nation's unity,  
When alien hearts are stirr'd to fealty,  
And alien eyes are filled with joy like mine—  
Though many a temple fill each hallow'd spot,  
And God, 'neath myriad forms, be owned by man;  
Not in these outward monuments, and not  
In all the art and cunning of Japan,  
But from this temple of the Master-hand  
Breathes the true spirit of her ancient land.



# THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

III.—WIT AND OUTWIT

BY MADGE MACBETH

FRANK Chisholm was not a stranger in Pultanabad. He had spent some of his boyhood days there during the time that his father had been magistrate of the district, and its streets were still familiar to him. It was fortunate also, considering the work he had in hand—that of apprehending the Thugs and putting a death-blow to the infamous practice of Thuggee—that an old friend, Sidney Morgan, had been recently appointed District Superintendent of Police, and to him Chisholm was confiding the object of his sojourn in Pultanabad.

"You see, Sid, Bradley, the Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, who gave me this billet," Frank was explaining between long-drawn puffs, as he sat in the sheltering dryness of his friend's verandah, "warned me that I should have my hands full. But, hang it all, that's the trouble—they are not full enough! These Thugs, under Aniwari Ali, are so slippery they make an eel look like a sticky cactus plant; they slide through my fingers with the most discouraging ease and frequency!"

"You have seen the leader?" asked Morgan, after a thoughtful pause.

"I saw him, without doubt, at Baum. I set two spies on his camp, and they, with the camp and a greedy old merchant whom I saw inveigled

there, disappeared from the face of India."

"If they were at Baum, what makes you think you will find them here?"

"That is a long story, involving many false scents and broken threads. Naturally, I have not been idle between then and now; I've tracked them to Hondeer. As you know, they could only have gone from there to Chatara, or come here. The two Eurasians, whom Bradley gave me as assistants, and I kept up the farce of surveying the road all along the route of travel both ways from Hondeer, and as they are not in Chatara, they must be here. The Eurasians made inquiries in the bazaar this morning, and there was nothing known of the party, so I feel that I somehow have the lead of them and that they will be here to-day."

"Perhaps," assented the other, "although I must say that the whole thing sounds as utterly impossible to me as the Arabian Nights! Why, do you think," he cried excitedly, "that I would sit here and do nothing when a whole band of cut-throats and murderers are camping at the village outskirts? The idea of such pillage is preposterous. Otherwise the authorities would have put a stop to it. Just prove to me that these men have committed half the crimes you accuse



them of, and I'll string them up to-morrow!"

Chisholm shook his head.

"But that is just what I cannot do," he said. "The more you know of Thuggee, the more you realize that it is worse than we can imagine. I did not believe Bradley; you do not believe me. I know absolutely that Aniwar Ali made away with Peer Khan and my two spies, but I can't prove it. There is the beauty of their system. I know, too, that if he comes here selling cloth and jewels or trading horses, bullocks and carts, that yet another list of victims will have been added to his record, but I can't prove it. At least, not yet!"

"Prove it!" shouted Morgan angrily. "Why I will send a hundred men to dig up the whole damn road between here and Hondeer, if you think any such crimes have been committed lately—I will! Rather than sit quietly here, and abet—"

"No, old man, you won't do anything of the kind," said Chisholm earnestly, "not if you really want to help. Those are not the proper tactics, at all, to my way of thinking. Instead, you might put me in the way of employing a keen, intelligent fellow who can be trusted and who will serve but one master at a time."

Morgan considered for a moment.

"You mean a broker," he said, "a sort of go-between, who does business with the merchants living here and those coming in with caravans."

"Exactly! If I can find such a person I will have him haunt the bazaar, where Aniwar Ali is bound to do his trading, and place himself in the Thug's way, as he will doubtless be looking for such a person to aid him in disposing of his booty, and then I swear not to let the devil out of my sight until I have the handcuffs on him. I can certainly fasten the evidence of guilt upon him, by means of the things he is selling."

"I know a man, a Hindu," remarked Morgan, after a pause, "who has

done some work for us. He is a very clever informer. He did some very useful work, I remember, in the way of putting the Department on the track of a local gang of thieves—all of which have not been caught, by the way—men who disguised themselves as fakirs and robbed the neighbourhood thoroughly. I do not think he would play you false," mused the Superintendent, "although you never can tell. The beggars not only sell their souls for rupees but their lives, as well."

"I must take the risk," said Chisholm. "Send for him, will you?"

Mohan Lal was an intelligent man who immediately grasped what was required of him. Chisholm, naturally, forebore to mention the exact profession of the Thugs, but he made the fellow understand they were highwaymen—a class of people all too common in those days. The goods they were trying to sell were stolen, he said.

After giving the Hindu a minute description of the two Mussulmanns he had seen in the bazaar at Baum, Chisholm impressed upon him the necessity of reporting immediately they came into Pultanabad, of keeping him constantly informed as to their movements and of gaining their confidence in any manner possible.

In the evening, as the muezzin called all the faithful to prayer, Mohan Lal espied his men, who were easily distinguished from the more commonplace Pultanabad inhabitants. The quasi-detective watched them spread out their waistbands and kneel devoutly upon them. It did not strike him as being ridiculous that highwaymen about to offer stolen goods for sale should first invoke the assistance of the gods. Later he put himself in their way, deliberately, and his anticipation was realized when they accosted him.

"Mashalla!" cried Aniwar Ali, as he and Hossein paused in the open street. "Canst thou tell us where to meet with one who will arrange the sale of some goods for us? We are



strangers in the city and know not the houses of the merchants."

"I am such, at your service, noble sir," answered the Hindu salaaming profoundly. "There is not a dealer in the city who will not give me a character for sobriety and trustworthiness. May I see the goods you have to offer and make a memorandum of the same?"

"Come with us," replied Aniwari Ali shortly, "and be sure that thou rememberest who is thy master, for the time being!"

The three strode toward the house of a wary old Thug, Ganesha by name, where the party was making its temporary home. Mohan Lal could not refrain from uttering an unguarded note of surprise at the amount of goods the highwayman had there for sale; for they not only included jewels, gold cloth and brocade—the ordinary plunder one might expect to see—but household effects as well.

"Well," demanded Hossein with a keen glance at the man's astonished face, "Hast thou never seen the like before? Is not one permitted to sell his poor dead brother's effects, the while he offers a home to the widow and her children?"

"But certainly, my noble lord," replied the Hindu quickly, realizing his mistake. "I was but startled at the magnificence of the outlay. I can easily arrange the sale of much of your goods, but there is so much more than I thought, it may take a little time. Will you remain until it is disposed of?"

Hossein was about to answer, when Aniwari Ali shot him a warning glance.

"Our stay depends upon circumstances quite beyond our control, fellow," said he. "Take your memorandum and return as soon as possible to-morrow."

It was well for the Hindu that his previous imprudence had put him on his guard against any further exclamation of surprise. For on his way out of the room, he recognized on the

edge of a table where several jewels and trinkets were collected together, a seal of remarkable shape and size. Suppressing his emotion, he hastened away on his errand, which was to inform Morgan sahib and his surveyor friend of the result of his interview.

"They are the highwaymen you suppose, without a doubt, sahib," he exclaimed as he entered the police bungalow. "I have seen and recognized a seal of peculiar shape belonging to one Subzee Khan, a merchant of Hondeer, with whom I have had dealings on several occasions. This must have been stolen from him."

It was Chisholm's turn to avoid showing surprise. He knew that Subzee Khan and his whole family had removed from Hondeer but a few days since.

"You are doing very well, Mohan Lal," he said. "Here are twenty-five rupees as a reward for your diligence. You will receive one hundred more when these men are delivered over to justice."

To Mohan Lal the thing looked easy. He would receive one hundred and twenty-five rupees from the European sahib for acting as an informer, and as an agent he would receive from Aniwari Ali a handsome percentage on the sale of his goods. From the dealer he might also hope to make a slight commission.

"God is good to me," the man thought piously.

On the following morning he managed to interest the assistant in a very wealthy house, and this Roop Singh accompanied the Hindu to Ganesha's establishment. He said he thought his firm would buy all that Aniwari Ali offered. He would confer with the principals and return shortly with definite news.

When he departed, Mohan Lal turned to the Thug chieftain.

"What is your price?" he asked.

"Get as much as you can," was the answer. "And remember that the more the goods you sell for, the higher will be your commission."



"I will ask forty thousand rupees," suggested the agent. "We will probably get thirty."

"Oh certainly, thirty," interposed Hossein. "They cost my poor brother nearly twice that sum."

Mohan Lal reached the door, saluted, and lingered a moment.

"And will my noble lord leave our poor Pultanabad immediately the goods are sold?" he asked.

"What business is it of thine, dog," spat Hossein.

"No offence, no offence, sir, cringed the other after the manner of his profession. "I was only going to suggest that the Rajah has a magnificent durbar this evening which is well worth attending, and it is reported that some lovely dancing girls are coming from Hyderabad for the occasion."

"We have our business to attend to and no time for idle pleasures," replied Aniwar Ali sternly. "Arrange the transaction as quickly as possible, if thou wouldst have thy commission in full."

Mohan Lal retired at once to Morgan's office and detailed all circumstances. One of the brigands, he explained, seemed inclined to listen to the proposal regarding the durbar, but the other was angry at his seeming interest and would answer no questions.

"Looks as though they intended to clear right out," said Morgan.

"I wonder if you could get that seal, Mohan Lal, without arousing their suspicions."

The Hindu said it would be a simple proceeding and departed to close the deed of sale.

Before mid-day he again presented himself before Aniwar Ali.

"I have been more successful than I anticipated," he said. "I have got thirty four thousand rupees for the whole, and here is the acknowledgment."

"How am I to be paid?" inquired the leader, taking the paper offered him.

"In any way most convenient to

my lord, gold or bills; the dealer will arrange that. See, here he is now, with porters to carry away the goods."

Aniwar Ali and the dealer had some parley regarding the payment, and it was finally decided that Hossein should accompany him to the banker, after which Mohan Lal should be paid his percentage—when the gold and silver were brought back to Aniwar Ali.

"You won't have notes?" asked the dealer for the fifth time. "They are much easier to transport and the exchange is favourable."

"No, no! cried the leader decisively. "No bills! We will have gold and silver! We leave for Chatara tonight, and I have sufficient escort, in case we are attacked."

The idea pleased Mohan Lal, that brigands should have sufficient escort to protect them from thieves, and he smiled slightly. That unguarded moment cost him dear, for the watchful eye of the Thug noted the expression, and his cunning brain sought a reason for it.

Reassuming his habitual deference, the agent asked, "Will my noble lords not tarry one night more, that they may attend the durbar?"

"I am afraid we shall miss the occasion," said Aniwar Ali, in a tone which caused Hossein to look at him furtively. But the Hindu detected nothing unusual about it.

"I shall return shortly for my commission and to say farewell," he said in parting.

Aniwar Ali was as alert as a beast of prey scenting his quarry. Danger was an incentive which quickened his best efforts. No sooner had Hossein departed with Roop Singh to execute their business at the banker's than he stepped over to the table by which Mohan Lal had tarried, talking, as he passed out.

"Mashalla!" he cursed, to himself. "I thought something had happened! He has taken Subzee Khan's seal! That is the most incriminating piece



of evidence he could have found. Fool that I was to leave it there!"

Quickness of decision was the Thug's most essential safeguard. He summoned Gopal from a back room.

"Thou knowest Mohan Lal, our agent, dost thou not? He has but this moment left me, and I fear treachery. Follow him, and bring me news of his slightest movements. The matter is urgent; thy life may depend upon the result."

Unaware that he was being shadowed to the police bungalow or that his treachery was even suspected, Mohan Lal returned to Ganasha's house after his report to Chisholm. Hossein had also returned with several porters carrying gold and silver, and the Hindu's eyes brightened as he thought of his substantial commission.

"Now," said Aniwar Ali, presently. "thy commission is one per cent. of the price of the goods. Art thou satisfied?"

"Abundantly, my noble lord. You are generosity itself."

"Then write me a receipt for the amount," commanded the other, with a grimness which Hossein noted wonderingly.

Mohan Lal took a pen from his turban and did as directed. As he handed the slip of paper to the great Mussulman towering above him, the first presentiment of impending disaster surged over him.

"Have I my lord's permission to depart?" he asked falteringly.

"One moment, and you shall certainly depart," answered Aniwar Ali in so suave a tone that the man's flesh crept. "Perhaps you can tell us of a safe place—a cave or the like—in which to store something that is better hid?"

The Hindu concealed his surprise badly. Since the goods were disposed of he could think of nothing the highwaymen would want to hide, but he said there was a place secure from intrusion, except perchance from two or three thieves whom the police had been unable to locate.

"There was a band of them, and for a time they disguised themselves as fakirs, my lord, but most of them were apprehended, and there are only a few at large."

"And how dost thou know all that?" asked Hossein sharply.

"All the town knows it."

"And does all the town know the spot of which you speak?"

"Inshalla, no! The first one who knew it would doubtless end his days at the hand of one of the fakirs. Did he find the secret held by another, he would fear information would be taken to Morgan sahib, who would pay well for it."

"Ah," sighed Aniwar Ali enviously. "Morgan sahib is free with the rupees, is he? And what would he pay for the information concerning—thieves, let us say? Fifty rupees?"

"I—I—I—don't know, my lord," stammered the agent.

"Seize him, Hossein!" cried the chief. "Tear off his turban, and let us see how many rupees are hidden there!"

In an instant the wretched creature was helpless in the powerful grip of the Thug. His money but lately received from the sahibs fell clattering to the floor, and its jingling noise held in it, for Mohan Lal, all the grimness of Aniwar Ali's smile.

"Thou dost not know?" he asked. "How dost it happen then that thou hadst this money in thy turban after coming from the office of the Feringhi sahib, may his mother and sisters be defiled?"

The terrified Hindu was too paralyzed with fear to answer, and the Thug continued:

"Look, you wretch! I am the leader of the band of thieves in yonder cave you spoke of; I am the leader of the band of thieves who disguise themselves as fakirs, and who will end the days of a man who knows too much! Because thou hadst found out our hiding-place and because thou hast informed Morgan sahib thou shalt surely die!"



Mohan Lal threw himself at Aniwar Ali's feet, as Hossein loosened his hold, and with loud cries and protestations sealed his miserable fate.

"Hear me, O my lord!" he prayed. "It was not thou that I did spy upon! By the grace of Alla, that I swear! Thou art as safe as though thou wert in heaven; the sahib Chisholm fancied to discover in my lord a certain brigand who committed odious crimes on the highway between here and Honder. As Alla hears me I speak the truth! He expected to follow their party to Chatara to-night, my lord! See, poor Mohan Lal has unwittingly saved you. For if you belong to Pultanabad, and will repair to the cave—which, even as I lie here, can be seen surrounded by the tallest bamboo trees—no one will be the wiser except myself, and from me you need have no fears."

"Dost thou speak the truth, wretch?" thundered Aniwar Ali, in a voice terrible to hear.

"By Alla, I do!"

"And no one knows of this spot which we can see from here—surrounded by the tallest bamboo trees?"

"No one, my lord."

"And Chisholm sahib expected to follow the highwaymen to Chatara to-night?"

"It is true, noble sir."

"Then we will take your advice, Mohan Lal. We will repair instead to the mountain cave."

"And I?" interrupted the Hindu.

"Thou shalt go upon a longer journey, Mohan Lal. Quick, Hossein!"

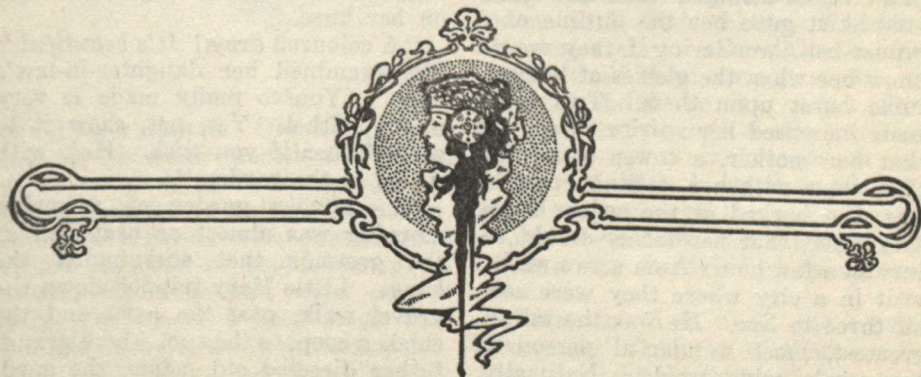
A minute later Hossein stood erect, and kicked the lifeless body aside.

"Bah!" he spat. "Ismael, but lately made a strangler, should have been here to end the life of yonder meddling fool. Such writhing and such gurgling! 'Twas beneath *me!*'"

"Pick up the money," commanded Aniwar Ali, with a look of disgust at the contorted form at his feet. "And prepare disguises immediately. We will investigate this mountain fastness and see whether as much profit can not be made by staying near Pultanabad as that to be had by leaving to-night for Chatara!"

And on the verandah, of the District Superintendent of Police, all this time, Chisholm sat smoking his pipe, waiting for a messenger and information which never reached him.

In the fourth story of this series Chisholm arranges a trap, into which he expects Aniwar Ali will fall, but the result is something of a surprise all round.





# THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY

BY OCTAVIO ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURA E. FOSTER

IT was one of those mornings in early spring when the earth and sky seem to have been bathed in radiant light and newly dressed for the season. Like a blue dome the heavens curved over a green earth on whose breast the spires and roofs of Griggston showed behind shimmering veils of foliage. Her hand clasped tightly in her mother's, Little Mary skipped blithely all the way to her grandparents.

The prospect of seeing their beloved faces, of rambling over their spacious house and grounds, was always reason sufficient to arouse a joyous expectancy; but this morning, in addition to these familiar pleasures, Little Mary was eagerly looking forward to showing these second parents her first coloured dress. She looked down repeatedly at the black plaid whose straight waist and gathered skirt gave her the outline of a dinner-bell, wondering if they would know her when the glories of her costume burst upon them. Two other facts increased her spirits. One was that her mother, a tower of protection, came with her, cowing even the dog who barked at the corner store. The other, that her father would return in a few hours from a two weeks' visit in a city where they were soon all three to live. He was the tallest, greatest, most wonderful person in the whole wide world. Naturally, the sun shone and hearts bubbled over on the day of his home-coming. It was in honour of this event that

mother had made the plaid dress, in the consciousness of this common joy that their blue eyes were continually meeting, their pretty lips parting in happy smiles.

Grandmother Gardner's expressions of astonishment in the new costume seemed to eager Little Mary long delayed. Their entrance was the signal for an interminable grown-up conversation with the mother, in which the child divined dimly that they were speaking of the coming departure, Ethel Gardner in its defense, Mother Gardner attacking it from every point.

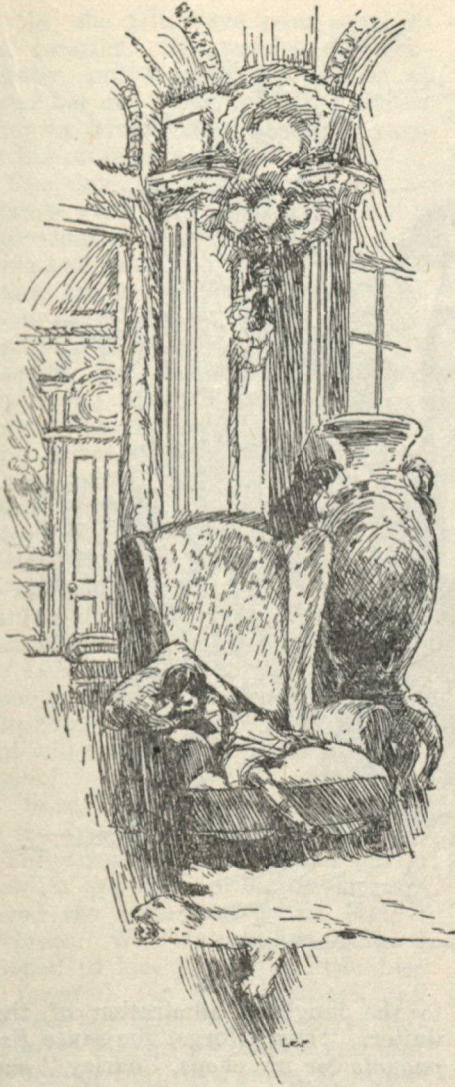
"Walter leaves a certain living here," she kept repeating, "for a chimerical scheme."

Weary of waiting, Little Mary at last ventured to pluck her sleeve and exhibit the plaid dress. In tardy atonement Mrs. Gardner gathered her on her knee.

"A coloured dress! It's *beautiful*." She examined her daughter-in-law's hem. "You've really made it very neatly, Ethel. Yes, pet, show it to grandfather if you wish. He's with Adam in the garden."

The kitchen garden on a spring morning was almost as beautiful as the grounds that surrounded the house. Little Mary tripped down the gravel walk, past the barn and the chicken coop, to the spot where grandfather directed old Adam, the gardener. As far as their sex permitted, the two old men were as impressed with the plaid gingham as Mary





could have desired. Old Adam, leaning on his spade, recollected stories of *singen feste* in Germany when he himself had been resplendent. Grandfather overflowed with reminiscence of his first pair of bright-blue pantaloons, which he had worn on the long trip by river and stage that brought him to the unbroken prairies. Little Mary, her hand in his, drank in their words as the soil drank in the morning dew. It was

thus, in a small circle suited to her needs, that her ideas of place and time expanded, gently and slowly. Her mind opened daily to new wonders, wider conceptions of life, just as the flowers on tree and bush about them were opening leaf after leaf in order and beauty.

The business opportunity that took Walter Gardner to the great city was, as his wife had urged to his people, an unusual one. Otherwise they would not have felt justified in settling themselves even temporarily in a hotel as expensive as the Winchester. Their stay there, they agreed, should be no longer than the time necessary to find a permanent home, and their search for that abode was to begin the moment Walter felt assured that he was a fixture in the new life. Until that happy moment they must content themselves in the great hotel whose soft-carpeted corridors, perpetual electric lights, and rows of numbered doors oppressed them with a sense of unaccustomed strangeness and loneliness.

The mother and child spent their long days in wandering aimlessly about the halls and office where women rocked the hours of the morning away. Or from some corner they timidly watched the fortunate ones who rustled out to waiting automobiles ready to carry them, presumably, to distant points of delight. After a luncheon which the long menu and their abundant leisure tempted them to make elaborate, they would walk about strange streets until dusk ended the day. Soon after, the father returned to the crowded bedroom, not a little nervous and weary. A little later, they all three faced the noise of the great dining-room, where above the din of the orchestra they shouted their family confidences.

After the first week, the mother and child began to distinguish the more individual faces of the hotel guests and to look at certain tables with the expectation of finding fam-





"Little Mary watched this little girl with open admiration"

iliar figures. Occasionally they caught the strangers' names, and this gave them the sensation of almost an acquaintance. Mrs. MacLean and her little girl were among the first they identified. Twice a day the lady would rustle richly by their table, her handsome face and figure and extreme style of dressing demanding admiration and exacting remark. In her wake came the little girl in a very short frock, her hair much frizzled, caught to the side by a bow so enormous it threatened the sight of one eye. With an air of perfect assurance the child would bounce into her chair, settle her starched skirts about her, and spell out the menu,

to the laughing admiration of the waiter. "Don't forget the *sauce Espagnole* for my chops, Charley," she would shrilly warn the attendant. "And see that they are hot, do you hear?"

Little Mary watched this little girl with open admiration. She had never dreamed that a contemporary could be so assured and important. Used to the love and tenderness of her little world at home, she envied the little girl the attention she excited. Once or twice in the halls enthusiastic young ladies had stopped to caress chubby, demure Little Mary, but she had timidly buried her face in her mother's dress. The new little girl



would, she felt, have been equal to the occasion. She watched her constantly and begged her mother to shear her own locks until they should hang in frizzled curls about her ears, as the stranger's did.

One day her excitement knew no bounds when Mrs. MacLean and this marvelous child stopped before their table and asked her mother to buy a ticket for a card party whose proceeds would go to charity. Ethel Gardner purchased the ticket with alacrity, but demurred at playing, explaining that she could not leave Mary. As she spoke she lifted her long lashes, so like the child's, and gazed upward into the lady's face, which with all its shallowness wore a look of habitual good nature. Her natural kindness now made her quick to read the longing for human companionship written on Ethel's upturned face.

"Let the little thing play with Doodles." She indicated her own offspring. "Doodles is a little older and will take care of her, won't you, *cherie*?"

"Sure," said Doodles shrilly, and so the friendship had its beginning.

The afternoon of the card party, Doodles appeared promptly and relieved the mother of Little Mary's presence. With no misgivings, Ethel stooped to kiss the eager little face in farewell, for Mrs. MacLean had assured her that Doodles never left the hotel without permission and that one reason they lived at the *Winchester* was because it was so homelike and safe for children. Ethel's only feeling was one of elation that a happy afternoon lay before them both. Indeed, the afternoon for Little Mary was one long series of heretofore unimagined delights. It commenced with their entry into the elevator, always idle at this hour.

"Jim," said Doodles shrilly, "let us in and give us a good ride."

The boy, a good-natured mullato, obligingly sent them several times from roof to basement. He stopped

at length, in spite of Doodles's protestations, at the office floor.

"I ain't goin' to go up an' down no mo'," he said decidedly. Little Mary obediently trotted out, but Doodles beat him lustily on the back.

"Aren't you mean," she shrieked. "What are you here for, anyway, but to serve the guests of this hotel?"

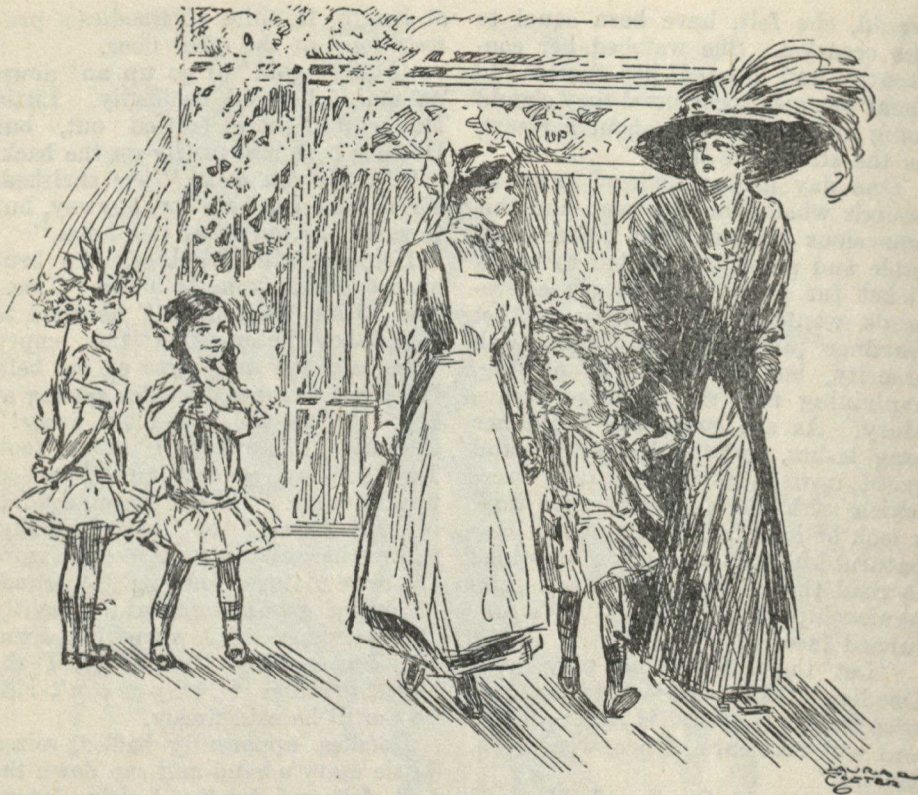
Helpless with laughter, Jim bent his broad back from the blows. "Come heah, Jesse, come heah!" he cried to a bell-boy loitering in the empty office. At the first signs of the bell-boy's interference, Doodles sprang at him. "Dry up and blow away!" she cried, stamping her tiny foot. The bell-boy in his turn laughed uproariously. "She's the cutest kid in this hotel," he said audibly. "Come here, Doodles, I've some more cigarette pictures for you." He handed out a gay assortment of lightly clad actresses. But when they turned, Jim grinned from behind the closed grating. "No, you can't ride no mo'," he said firmly.

Doodles, apparently baffled, seized Little Mary's hand and ran down the hall, followed by the derisive laughter of the two coloured boys. Once out of sight she whispered rapid instructions to her companion. "I guess that will fix him all right," she said aloud.

Panting with excitement, the children ran up two long flights of stairs, where they paused to ring the elevator bell, watching the car's swift ascent with muffled giggles. When Jim mechanically opened the door they sprang in, dancing like Indians. Even Little Mary, in the excitement of the moment, joined Doodles in pounding Jim on his broad back. When he sheepishly lowered them to the office floor, they stepped out in triumph, to the admiration of the row of bell-boys who leaned from their bench to applaud this cunning in outwitting Jim.

For the next half hour the game continued; from floor to floor the children ran, ringing the bell that





"'Pert, badly reared children,' they heard Helen's mother say."

Jim dare not ignore. His anger, when the elevator's position allowed him to identify the children, his savage mutterings as he sent the car downward without admitting them, prolonged the pleasure of the game. Not until legitimate calls became frequent did they weary of the sport, abandoning the corridors for the store-room to play among the trunks.

Here they climbed to perilous heights and played hotel in close imitation of the life about them. A porter who had left the door open by mistake appeared at the climax of their play and drove them out. He was a florid, angry fellow, and his words were coarse and harsh. The children fled before him to the upper regions where the euchre party were being served with refreshments.

Doodles, with Little Mary trotting at her side, peeped in the door; she

beckoned a waiter to draw near. "Look here, Benny, can't you snitch us something?" she teased. Little Mary envied her her immense acquaintance among the hotel employees. Heretofore she had seen the coloured boys in the mass; under Doodles's instructions she began to know the ones to wheedle, the ones to avoid. Benny, who was very black, with a loose, good-natured laugh, soon afterwards dropped, in passing, a small bundle. He winked at Doodles as he did so and Doodles winked back. With her little charge she now ran from the room of chattering ladies and dived under a stairway, where an empty desk and typewriter screened them from the public gaze.

"Let's play it's a grape arbour," whispered Little Mary, but Doodles's knowledge did not embrace arbours. "We're hold-up men," she said, "un-



der the subway." They opened the paper napkin to find a bunch of raisins and a dozen assorted cakes.

"Sh!" said the older child suddenly, as they giggled and munched the sweets. "Here comes the stenographer. What do you know about her hair!"

The stenographer, a young girl elaborately coifed, with a bow of such dimensions under her chin that she looked, Little Mary thought, like the mother of the kittens who lost their mittens, now approached and, unconscious of the children's proximity, seated herself behind the table. A moment later she was joined by a showily-dressed man. "That's the drummer who came last week," whispered Doodles, and Little Mary wondered innocently why he did not wear brass buttons and beat his instrument. A conversation now ensued between the man and the girl that kept Doodles straining her ears to hear.

"Sh! Sh!" she hushed Little Mary's prattle. "This is just rich."

Little Mary, growing tired of the dark, twisted and squirmed. Suddenly they both saw the man lean over and playfully attempt to draw the letter the girl feigned to write from her pretty hands. A struggle ensued, in which he kissed her on her cheeks' perpetual bloom. At this point Little Mary yawned. Instantly the stenographer leaped to her feet.

"Lord!" she whispered, "somebody is under the stairs." A moment later an angry man drew out Doodles, grinning impishly, and startled Little Mary. He jerked them to their feet.

"Freshest kid in the hotel," he said roughly to Doodles. "I'll tell your mother." He dusted his hands angrily with his handkerchief.

"I'll tell your wife," retorted Doodles, on the chance that he had one.

The man blanched, as the stenographer turned in quick reproach. To cover his confusion the commercial traveller seized Little Mary, who still stared fixedly at them, pinched

her arm in his grasp and cried, "Get out of here, run along, do you hear?"

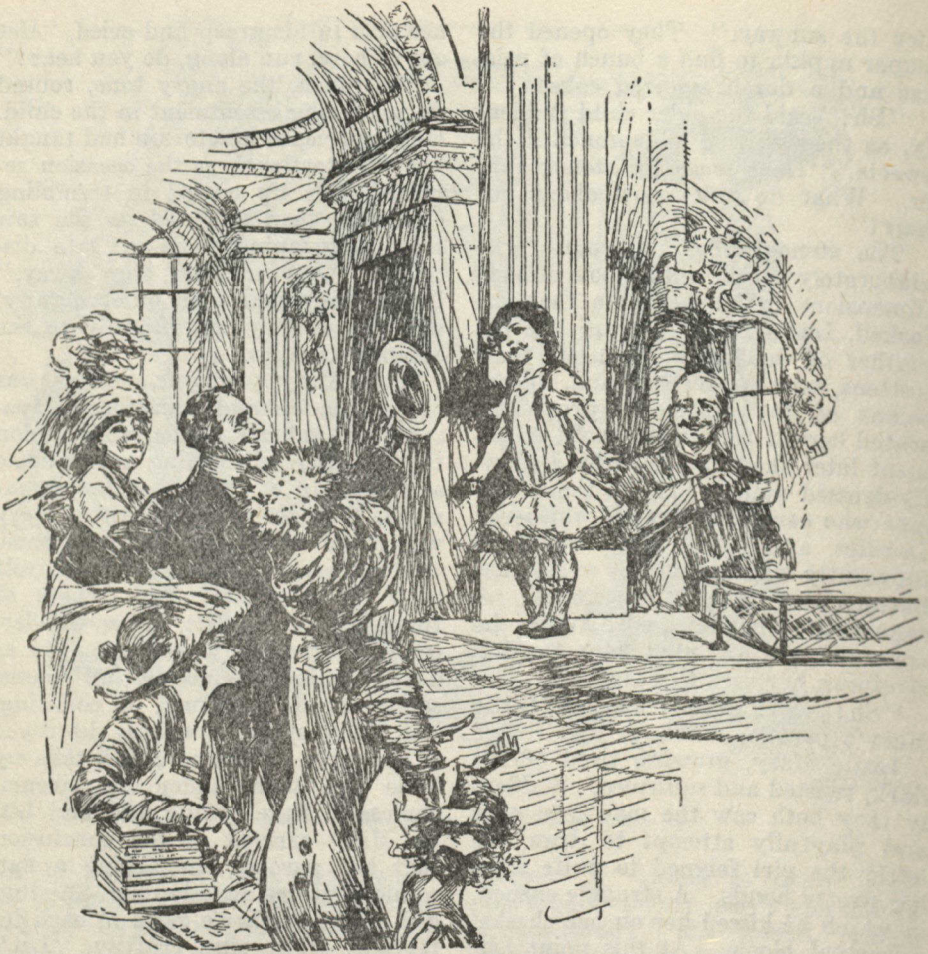
The pinch, the angry tone, roused an answering resentment in the child. Her experience heretofore had taught her no retort such as the occasion required; her lip curled in trembling agitation, then stiffened as she saw Doodles grinning from a safe distance. "Dry up and blow away," Little Mary said with quiet dignity, and ran swiftly and proudly to the crowing Doodles.

Little Mary, young as she was, was able to understand many of the reasons that led her mother to abandon the intention of forming a new home and settling at the *Winchester* instead. For instance, as little Mary was made to realize, the new home was not easy to find and she herself was the obstacle. The owners of furnished apartments, to her wondering consternation, looked upon her as a determined smasher of vases, scratcher of furniture, a colliding, evil, noisy spirit, a vicious destroyer of property. "You wouldn't take my little girl, then, under any circumstances?" Ethel would ask, and Little Mary arrived at the conclusion that her parents, in taking a flat, would perforce abandon her. She tugged at her mother's hand at each interview, whispering craftily, "Let's stay at the hotel." Mrs. MacLean, who had taken them all under her wing, joined her persuasions to the child's. Little Mary heard her urge the freedom from all care at the *Winchester*, the chance to show their pretty new clothes, the advantages in dancing lessons for Mary, the recreation for Walter Gardner after a day's work, to say nothing of the freedom for them all.

"I don't know," Ethel said dubiously, "Walter has always thought a great deal of a home."

A smile hovered on Mrs. MacLean's cherry lips. "If you want to stay, I believe I can coax him to," she said. "I've never seen yet the man I couldn't manage."





"The amorous words on her innocent baby lips made everyone shout with laughter."

She twined her arm around Ethel's waist for a saunter, and drew Little Mary's moist palm in hers. "You'll be buried alive in a flat, alone all day long. You must stay. Doodles and I can't let you go. Little Mary has improved so much"—she peeped into the child's face—"she's not half as shy. I really wouldn't know any of you."

Indeed, the Gardner family were making strides, both in their own estimation and that of the inmates of the hotel. Now, when they entered the great blaze of the dining-room and sauntered nonchalantly to their table, the waiters hastened to draw

out their chairs while people nodded and smiled on every side.

"That's the fellow that made such a killing on wheat last week," they would whisper of Walter. "That's his wife. Did you ever see such a change for the better?" ladies murmured of Ethel. "The child's a perfect cherub; she's the pet of the hotel."

All this was due largely to the offices of Mrs. MacLean, who when Ethel had appealed to her for advice had good-naturedly taken them all three in hand. It was she who chose a school for Little Mary, led them to the fashionable shops, enlarged their acquaintance, amused





and flattered Walter Gardner when he came home out of sorts, had even suggested his tailor and confided into his sympathetic ears the reasons that had led her to seek a divorce. They would have been lost, Walter and his wife agreed, without their new friend.

What Mrs. MacLean did for Walter and Ethel Gardner, Doodles accomplished for Little Mary. Under her care the child's acquaintance now embraced every guest and employee of the hotel. Her new and stylish frocks and the support of a

companion lent her self-confidence. When young ladies stopped to curl her hair about their fingers, telling her openly she was the sweetest tot in the hotel, she no longer hid her face, but answered their questions glibly. When men tossed her in their arms and drew her into conversation, her repartee won their laughter. Percy Nelson, the leading man in "Beauty and the Beast," to the admiration of a flock of girls, taught her a song, one idle Sunday afternoon, and put her on a cigar-stand to sing it. The amorous words on her innocent baby lips made everyone shout with laughter. Walter Gardner, to be sure, frowned when he heard of the publicity of the cigar-stand, but Little Mary caught him laughing at her rendition of

"You must acknowledge, at the very least, If I am the beauty, you are the beast."

He saw no objection to his wife filling the box that Percy Nelson sent Little Mary for a matinée, and made a point of dropping in late himself to see his little girl's joy and excitement in the performance, though his view was somewhat restricted by the brim of Mrs. MacLean's dashing hat.

The pleasures of the theatre were so new to Little Mary that she actually had thought the extent of the entertainment was the sight of the curtain and had cried out in alarm when its glories suddenly rose upon the brilliancy of the stage. Mrs. MacLean made Walter laugh that night with her account of the child's surprise. "I suppose, of course, there were no theatres in Griggston," she said, as if Little Mary's education had been heretofore neglected.

After that the child went frequently to public performances, sometimes with Ethel, but oftener with admiring young ladies in the hotel. Ethel's engagements were so frequent that they had talked seriously of a nurse, but that meant, Little Mary knew, many restrictions, a separate elevator, and the servants' dining-room.



She wept so bitterly at the prospect that they compromised by having a chambermaid for occasional service. Indeed, Little Mary wept frequently. No one could imagine why. She cried when her sash was too small, pouted to wear certain dresses, teased for the candy on sale at the office, screamed for an hour when Ethel insisted on her wearing a coat.

When Ethel related these changes to her husband one night, he drew the child to his knee, saying, "She's sleepy, Ethel. I think seven o'clock is too late for a little girl to dine. Suppose after this you see she has something early; don't let her wait for me."

He kissed the flushed little cheeks, smoothing her hair with nervous fingers. "Put her to bed," he continued; "then we can dine with Mrs. MacLean and her friends, as she suggests. She's spoken to you of it, hasn't she?"

"Yes," Ethel said faintly, "and I told her we couldn't consider it. Think of how little we three are together already, Walter. You'll never see Little Mary at all, and you and I won't have time for a word of family affairs if we dine with those noisy people."

"I don't want to hear anything of family affairs," Walter said irritably. "I want to be amused; I'm all on edge." He put the child smartly on her feet and started for the dining-room.

"You hurt my hand," Little Mary bawled, as they entered the elevator. The tones of her parents' voices had startled her to new whimpering. She was so sleepy at the table that their faces became mere blurs; the rattle of Mrs. MacLean's tongue at a table nearby and her sudden gay laugh were all that kept her from complete unconsciousness. As it was, she kept awake until after the soup. This was the Gardners' last family dinner—next evening they accepted Mrs. MacLean's proposal to join her friends.

As a rule, after dinner this group

of table companions came to the Gardners' sitting-room for cards. Little Mary, meanwhile, was asleep in the adjoining room. She responded unconsciously to the noise of elevators, the boys in the corridors with trays of tinkling glasses, and the laughter of the card-players in such close proximity, by tossing restlessly on her bed. Sometimes she cried out in her sleep, "Now you stop," in the fretful tone of waking hours. Sometimes she could not sleep at all and cried lustily. Upon such nights Ethel stole from her guests, turned on the light and gave the child a picture-book in the necessity of inducing silence. The book was painfully familiar, for in their crowded suite Little Mary had small place for toys. The few she possessed were kept high on the closet shelf.

Sometimes her mother would soothe her to sleep by merely smoothing her hands while kneeling by the bed. As the year advanced she used to slip to her child's side with greater frequency, certain of not being greatly missed in the other room. One night as she wrapped her arms lovingly around her child, Little Mary, weary of much promiscuous fondling, cried out sleepily, "Go away; leave me alone." And Ethel sharply whispered, "Oh, darling, you haven't turned against me, too," and knelt with her face in the pillow until she gathered composure to return to the outer room. The situation was working itself out to its inevitable conclusion.

Little Mary, all unconsciously, in the great circle of hotel life had ceased to attach any particular importance to the more intimate group of the family. Her old need of her parents the hotel largely supplied. When she drifted in to her meals, any one of the waiters brought her food; a ring of the bell summoned a chambermaid glad to assist her into a clean frock or with a toilette for the night. If her parents went out for the evening, she was not alone among so many.



Even her little dresses Mrs. MacLean ordered with Doodles's, and her taste everyone recognized as perfect. She was the prettiest lady in the hotel; everyone said so, even Walter Gardner, who had written it in a note which Doodles had not scrupled to read. If Little Mary wished a story, a dozen young ladies would tell her one. If she wished to play, any place was better than the narrow bounds of their rooms, where Ethel entertained, perforce, the ladies trailing from room to room. Little Mary always made her escape as soon as possible.

The great hotel offered endless diversion. If Mary and Doodles, whose liberty was absolute, tired of play, they called from room to room on the older people, sometimes consulting the register for new acquaintances. Each closed door was the entrance to either accustomed pleasures or possibilities of new delight. In one room a lady kept a jar of candied fruit; in another they were always offered afternoon tea; in still a third a severe little spinster kept a canary, and the children used to press close to his cage and pity the little fluttering life deprived of his natural heritage. Sometimes they planned to help him escape back to trees and flowers.

Some of the inmates of the rooms where the children boldly knocked did not make them very welcome. One lady, especially, upon whose obedient little daughter they sometimes shed the light of their presence, was decidedly cool. She never left the room during their visit, checking her Helen's every movement as if to give an example to her guests of watchful motherhood. "Helen, fingers," she would whisper sharply, "Helen, elbows down," in a voice so refined it had lost all natural timber. In her fear of hotel influences, Helen was never for an instant alone. An old nurse took the mother's place if she by chance was absent.

The children pitied Helen deeply. She fascinated them as the captive canary did. Her wan little face of-

ten peered out at them between the mother and nurse as she left them romping behind the cigar-stand. "Pert, badly reared children," they heard Helen's mother say as she passed. "Nurse, see that Helen has nothing to do with them."

A year passed by. Little Mary had grown taller and thinner and shed her first milk teeth. No one petted her any more, though she posed and pirouetted and bridled in her hunger for admiration. Other favourites, younger and more unconscious, had replaced her. One night when she pushed her way into a group about the piano and cried, "Don't sing so loud, no one can hear me," no laughter greeted her sally, as would have happened a year since. Instead, she heard repeatedly, "A spoiled, disagreeable child"; and once, "Neglected little thing. Isn't it dreadful the way her father carries on with Mrs. MacLean! They say the manager has asked for her rooms."

Little Mary's knowledge of life was like a forced plant, so that she had a fair understanding of these words. When Doodles and her mother left the hotel soon after she asked no questions. Nor was she openly more curious when evening after evening her father in his big French machine (Fortune had continued to prosper Walter Gardner) drove away for parts unknown, leaving Ethel white and dry-eyed in the luxury of their handsome suite. When Walter two months later removed to his club, a chambermaid informed Little Mary that her mother had sued for a divorce. Ethel, handicapped by the fineness of her instinct, which even two years of hotel life had not served to blunt entirely, had been playing a losing game almost from the first. Mrs. MacLean, with no such handicap, had made a nonchalant capture of her husband's affections.

The days that followed were days of acute misery for the child. Deprived of Doodles's society, avoided by many of the more carefully rear-



ed children, she stole about the long corridors, sensitively shrinking from the comments that greeted her appearance. Curled up in the great chairs in the huge echoing hotel parlours, under high electric lights, she devoured the novels which the boy at the cigar-stand let her take. The silence of their suite was intolerable. Her mother was always out, or was locked in her own room face downward on the bed.

One day during this dreary period of time, Little Mary learned from her friend at the news counter that there had been some kind of a failure and that her father had gone down in the crash. It was the subject of conversation everywhere that morning. The child, stealing awkwardly about from group to group, felt herself again the object of attention. One old gentleman had said carelessly in her hearing, "The best thing that ever happened to him. That vampire will let go fast enough now."

Little Mary, with some instinct of protection, rushed back to their rooms, where her mother ate her breakfast.

"Mother," she said, "everyone says father has lost all his money. Oh, mother, everyone is talking about us downstairs." The nervous child caught at her mother's hand convulsively.

"Mary!" the mother said. "Are you sure?"

The child nodded, trembling.

Her mother buried her face in her hands, but when she lifted it, it was rosy, almost smiling. "Oh, Mary," she cried, "I'm so glad, for father will come back. I know he will!"

For three days Little Mary ran directly back to the hotel from school and peeped expectantly into their room, but no father came. Once the

man at the desk was there with papers, speaking gravely while her mother made some trembling plea.

It was on the fourth day that Little Mary found him there. He sat beside an elderly man on the sofa who, Mary divined, was her grandfather. In the inner room her mother and grandmother were busily packing. Mary kissed her grandparents indifferently; they seemed to her simply elderly people like many others in the hotel. She sat by the window trembling and crying, worn out from all the excitement. Suddenly her mother, whose face was bright and cheerful again, came to the door. She held up a little plaid dress. "Mary, do you remember this? I made it for her, Walter, to wear when you came home."

In some inexplicable way the funny, crude little dress drew them all close together, with all the tender memories it invoked. The man, remembering that night, his loyalty and tenderness for his wife and child, their adoring love and belief in him, raised his eyes contritely to Ethel's face. Her own, tender and forgiving and wet with tears, met his in silent vows for the future. Then they both looked at Little Mary, in one instant realizing what the years had done to her. Begin over as they would, something had gone forever of childish bloom and innocence. Her round, chubby face was thin and strained. Her look of innocent wonder, which she had turned upon the world, had gone forever. A sharp inquisitiveness had taken its place.

"Where are we going?" she asked pertly, noting their attention.

"Home," said the man gently, and even Little Mary, who had almost forgotten what it meant, was thrilled by the word.





From the Etching  
by Dorothy Stevens

ST. JACQUES CATHEDRAL,  
DIEPPE



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

## III.—THE MASK OF SET

THE exact manner in which mental stress will affect a man's physical health is often difficult to predict. Robert Cairn was in the pink of condition at the time that he left Oxford to take up his London appointment; but a tremendous nervous strain wrought upon him by a series of events wholly outside the radius of normal things had broken him up physically, where it might have left unscathed a more highly strung, though less physically vigorous man.

Those who have passed through a nerve storm such as this which had laid him low will know that convalescence seems like a welcome awakening from a dreadful dream. It was indeed in a state between awakening and dreaming that Robert Cairn took counsel with his father—the latter more pale than was his wont and somewhat anxious-eyed—and determined upon an Egyptian rest-cure.

"I have made it all right at the office, Rob," said Dr. Cairn. "In three weeks or so you will receive instructions at Cairo to write up a series of local articles. Until then, my boy, complete rest and—don't worry; above all, don't worry. You and I have passed through a saturnalia of horror, and you, less inured to horrors than I, have gone down. I don't wonder."

"Where is Antony Ferrara?"

Dr. Cairn shook his head and his eyes gleamed with a sudden anger.

"For God's sake don't mention his name!" said he. "That topic is taboo, Rob. I may tell you, however, that he has left England."

In this unreal frame of mind, then, and as one but partly belonging to the world of things actual, Cairn found himself an invalid, who but yesterday had been a hale man; found himself shipped for Port Said; found himself entrained for Cairo; and with an awakening to the realities of life, an emerging from an ill-dream to lively interest in the novelties of Egypt, found himself following the red-jerseyed Shepheard's porter along the corridor of the train and out on to the platform.

A smart drive through those singular streets where East meets West and mingles, in the sudden, violet dusk of Lower Egypt, and he was amid the bustle of the popular hotel.

Sime was there, whom he had last seen at Oxford, Sime the phlegmatic. He apologised for not meeting the train but explained that his duties had rendered it impossible. Sime was attached temporarily to an Archaeological expedition as medical man, and his athletic and somewhat bovine appearance contrasted oddly with the unhealthy gauntness of Cairn.

"I only got in from Wasta ten minutes ago, Cairn. You must come out to the camp when I return; the desert air will put you on your feet again in no time."



Sime was unemotional, but there was concern in his voice and in his glance, for the change in Cairn was very startling. Although he knew something, if very little, of certain happenings in London—gruesome happenings centering around the man called Antony Ferrara—he avoided any reference to them at the moment.

Seated upon the terrace, Robert Cairn studied the busy life in the street below with all the interest of a new arrival in the Capital of the Near East. More than ever, now, his illness and things which had led up to it seemed to belong to a remote dream existence. Through the railings at his feet a hawker was thrusting fly-whisks and imploring him in complicated English to purchase one. Vendors of beads, of factitious "antiques," of sweetmeats, of what-not; fortune-tellers—and all that chattering horde which some obscure process of gravitation seems to hurl against the terrace of Shepheard's buzzed about him. Carriages and motor cars, camels and donkeys mingled upon the highway. Voices American, voices Anglo-Saxon, guttural German tones and softly murmured Arabic merged into one indescribable chord of sound; but Robert Cairn was unspeakably restful. He was quite contented to sit there sipping his whiskey and soda and smoking his pipe. Sheer idleness was good for him and exactly what he wanted, and idling amid that unique throng is idleness *de luxe*.

Sime watched him covertly, and saw that his face had acquired lines—lines which told of the fires through which he had passed. Something, it was evident—something horrible—had seared his mind. Considering the many indications of tremendous nervous disaster in Cairn, Sime wondered how near his companion had come to insanity, and concluded that he had stood upon the frontiers of that grim land of phantoms, had only been plucked back in the eleventh hour.

Cairn turned around with a smile, from the group of hawkers who solicited his attention upon the pavement below.

"This is a delightful scene," he said. "I could sit here for hours; but considering that it's some time after sunset it remains unusually hot, doesn't it?"

"Rather!" replied Sime. "They are expecting *Khamsin*—the hot wind, you know. I was up the river a week ago, and we struck it badly in Assouan. It grew as black as night and one couldn't breathe for sand. It's probably working down to Cairo."

"From your description I am not anxious to make the acquaintance of *Khamsin*!"

Sime shook his head, knocking out his pipe into the ash-tray.

"This is a funny country," he said reflectively. "The most weird ideas prevail here to this day—ideas which properly belong to the middle ages. For instance"—he began to recharge the hot bowl—"it is not really time for *Khamsin*, consequently the natives feel called upon to hunt up some explanation of its unexpected appearance. Their ideas on the subject are interesting, if idiotic. One of our Arabs (we are excavating in the Fayoum, you know) solemnly assured me yesterday that the hot wind was caused by an Efreet, as sort of Arabian Nights demon, who had arrived in Egypt!"

He laughed gruffly, but Cairn was staring at him with a curious expression. Sime continued:

"When I got to Cairo this evening, I found news of the Efreet had preceded me. Honestly, Cairn, it is all over the town—the native town, I mean. All the shopkeepers in the Huski are talking about it. If a puff of *Khamsin* should come, I believe they would permanently shut up shop and hide in their cellars—if they have any; I am rather hazy on modern Egyptian architecture."

Cairn nodded his head absently.



"You laugh," he said, "but the active force of a superstition—what we call a superstition—is sometimes a terrible thing."

Sime started.

"Eh!" The medical man had suddenly come uppermost; he recollected that this class of discussion was probably taboo.

"You may doubt the existence of Efreet," continued Cairn, "but neither you nor I can doubt the creative power of thought. If a trained hypnotist by sheer concentration can persuade his subject that the latter sits upon the brink of a river fishing when actually he sits upon a platform in a lecture-room, what result should you expect from a concentration of thousands of native minds upon the idea that an Efreet is visiting Egypt?"

Sime started in a dull way.

"Rather a poser," he said, "I have a glimmer of a notion what you mean—"

"Don't you think—"

"If you mean I don't think the result would be the creation of an Efreet, no, I don't!"

"I hardly mean that, either," replied Cairn; "but this wave of superstition cannot be entirely unproductive; all that thought energy directed to one point—"

Sime stood up.

"We shall get out of our depth," he replied conclusively. He considered the ground of discussion an unhealthy one; this was the territory adjoining that of insanity.

A fortune teller from India professed his services incessantly.

"Imshi! imshi!" growled Sime.

"Hold on," said Cairn, smiling; "this chap is not an Egyptian; let us ask him if he has heard the rumour respecting the Efreet!"

Sime reseated himself rather unwillingly. The fortune-teller spread his little carpet and knelt down in order to read the palm of his hypothetical client, but Cairn waved him aside.

"I don't want my fortune told!" he said; "but I will give you your fee,"—with a smile at Sime, "for a few minutes' conversation."

"Yes sir, yes sir!" The Indian was all attention.

"Why?"—Cairn pointed forensically at the fortune-teller—"Why is *Khamsin* come so early this year?"

The Indian spread his hands, palms upward.

"How should I know?" he replied in his soft, melodious voice. "I am not of Egypt; I can only say what is told to me by the Egyptians."

"And what is told to you?"

Sime rested his hands upon his knees, bending forward curiously. He was palpably anxious that Cairn should have confirmation of the Efreet story from the Indian.

"They tell me, sir,"—the man's voice sank musically low—"that a thing very evil—" he tapped a long brown finger upon his breast—"not as I am—" he tapped Sime upon the knee—"not as he your friend—" he thrust the long finger at Cairn—"not as you, sir; not a man at all, though something like a man! not having no father and mother—"

"You mean," suggested Sime, "a spirit?"

The fortune-teller shook his head.

"They tell me, sir, not a spirit—a man, but not as other men; a very, very bad man; one that the great king, long, long ago, the king you call Wise—"

"Solomon?" suggested Cairn.

"Yes, yes, Suleyman!—one that he when he banished all the tribe of the demons from the earth—one that he not found."

"One he overlooked?" jerked Sime.

"Yes, yes, overlook! A very evil man, my gentlemen. They tell me he has come to Egypt. He come not from the sea, but across the desert—"

"The Libyan Desert?" suggested Sime.

The man shook his head, seeking for words.



"The Arabian Desert?" said Sime.

"No, no! Away beyond, far up in Africa—" he waved his long arms dramatically, "far, far up beyond the Soudan—"

"The Sahara Desert?" proposed Sime.

"Yes, yes! it is the Sahara Desert!—come across the Sahara Desert, and is come to Khartoum—"

"How did he get there?" asked Cairn.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say, but next he come to Wady Halfa, then he is in Assouan, and from Assouan he come down to Luxor! Yesterday an Egyptian friend told me *Khamsin* is in the Fayoum. Therefore *he* is there—the man of evil—for he bring the hot wind with him."

The Indian was growing impressive, and two American tourists stopped to listen to his words.

"To-night—to-morrow," he spoke now almost in a whisper, glancing about him as if apprehensive of being overheard—"he may be here in Cairo, bringing with him the scorching breath of the desert—the scorpion wind!"

He stood up, casting off the mystery with which he had invested his story, and smiling insinuatingly. His work was done; his fee was due. Sime rewarded him with five piastres, and he departed, bowing.

"You know, Sime—" Cairn began to speak, staring absently the while after the fortune-teller, as he descended the carpeted steps and rejoined the throng on the sidewalk below—"you know, if a man, anyone, could take advantage of such a wave of thought as this which is now sweeping through Egypt—if he could cause it to concentrate upon him, as it were, don't you think it would enable him to transcend the normal, to do phenomenal things?"

"By what process should you propose to make yourself such a focus?"

"I was speaking impersonally, Sime. It might be possible—"

"It might be possible to dress for dinner," snapped Sime, if we shut up talking nonsense! There's a carnival here to-night; great fun. Suppose we concentrate our brain-waves on another Scotch and soda?"

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Above the palm trees swept the jewelled vault of Egypt's sky, and set amid the clustering leaves gleamed little red electric lamps; fairy lanterns outlined the winding paths and paper Japanese lamps hung dancing in long rows, whilst in the centre of the enchanted garden a fountain spurned diamond spray high in the air, to fall back coolly splashing into the marble home of the golden carp. The rustling of innumerable feet upon the sandy pathway and the ceaseless murmur of voices, with pealing laughter rising above all, could be heard amid the strains of the military band ensconced in a flower-covered arbour.

Into the brightly lighted places and back into the luminous shadows came and went fantastic forms. Sheikhs there were with flowing robes, dragomans who spoke no Arabic, Sultans and priests of Ancient Egypt, going arm-in-arm. Dancing girls of old Thebes, and harêm ladies in silken trousers and high-heeled red shoes. Queens of Babylon and Cleopatras, many Geishas and desert Gypsies mingled, specks in a giant kaleidoscope. The thick carpet of confetti rustled to the tread; girls ran screaming before those who pursued them armed with handfuls of the tiny paper disks. Pipers of the Highland regiment marched piping through the throng, their Scottish kilts seeming wildly incongruous amid such a scene. Within the hotel, where the mosque lanterns glowed, one might catch a glimpse of the herds of dancers gliding shadowily.

"A tremendous crowd," said Sime, "considering it is nearly the end of the season."

Three silken ladies wearing gauzy



white yashmaks confronted Cairn and the speaker. A gleaming of jewelled fingers there was, and Cairn found himself half-choked with confetti which filled his eyes, his nose, his ears, and of which quite a liberal amount found access to his mouth. The three ladies of the yashmak ran screaming from their vengeance-seeking victims, Sime pursuing too, and Cairn hard upon the heels of the third. Amid this scene of riotous carnival all else was forgotten and only the madness, the infectious madness of the night, claimed his mind. In and out of the strangely attired groups darted his agile quarry, all but captured a score of times, but always eluding him.

Sime he was hopelessly lost, as around fountain and flower bed, arbour and palm trunk he leapt in pursuit of the elusive yashmak.

Then, in a shadowed corner of the garden, he trapped her. Plunging his hand into the bag of confetti, which he carried, he leapt, exulting, to his revenge, when a sudden gust of wind passed sibilantly through the palm tops, and glancing upward, Cairn saw that the blue sky was overcast and the stars gleaming dimly, through a veil. That moment of hesitancy proved fatal to his project, for with a little excited scream, the girl dived under his outstretched arm and fled back towards the fountain. He turned to pursue again, when a second puff of wind, stronger than the first, set waving the palm fronds and showered dry leaves upon the confetti carpet of the garden. The band played loudly, and the murmur of conversation rose to something like a roar, but above it whistled the increasing breeze, and there was a sort of grittiness in the air.

Then, proclaimed by a furious lashing of the fronds above, burst the wind in all its fury. It seemed to beat down into the garden in waves of heat. Huge leaves began to fall from the tree tops and the mast-like

trunks bent before the fury from the desert. The atmosphere grew hazy with impalpable dust; and the stars were wholly obscured.

Commenced a stampede from the garden. Shrill with fear, rose a woman's scream from the heart of the throng:

"A scorpion! a scorpion!"

Panic threatened, but fortunately the doors were wide, so that, without disaster, the whole fantastic company passed into the hotel; and even the military band retired.

Cairn perceived that he alone remained in the garden, and glancing along the path in the direction of the fountain, he saw a blotchy drab creature, fully four inches in length, running zigzag towards him. It was a huge scorpion; but, even as he leapt forward to crush it, it turned and crept in amid the tangle of flowers beside the path, where it was lost from view.

The scorching wind grew momentarily fiercer, and Cairn, entering behind a few straggling revellers, found something ominous and dreadful in its sudden fury. At the threshold, he turned and looked back upon the gaily lighted garden. The paper lamps were thrashing in the wind, many extinguished; others were in flames; a number of electric globes fell from their fastenings amid the palm tops, and burst bomb-like upon the ground. The pleasure garden was now a battlefield, beset with dangers, and he fully appreciated the anxiety of the company to get within doors. Where chrysanthemum and yashmak, turban and tarboosh, wracrus and Indian plume had mingled gaily, no soul remained; but yet—he was in error—someone did remain.

As if embodying the fear that in a few short minutes had emptied the garden, out beneath the waving lanterns, the flying débris, the whirling dust, pacing sombrely from shadow to light, and to shadow again, advancing towards the hotel steps,



came the figure of one sandalled, and wearing the short white tunic of Ancient Egypt. His arms were bare, and he carried a long staff; but rising hideously upon his shoulders was a crocodile mask, which seemed to grin—the mask of Set, Set the Destroyer, God of the underworld.

Cairn, alone of the crowd, saw the strange figure, for the reason that Cairn alone faced towards the garden. The gruesome mask seemed to fascinate him; he could not take his gaze from that weird advancing god; he felt impelled hypnotically to stare at the gleaming eyes set in the saurian head. The mask was at the foot of the steps, and still Cairn stood rigid. When as the sandalled foot was set upon the first step, a breeze, dust-laden, and hot as from a furnace door, blew fully into the hotel, almost blinding him.

A chorus rose from the crowd at his back; and many voices cried out for the doors to be shut. Someone tapped him on the shoulder, and spun him about.

"By God!"—it was Sime who now had him by the arm—"Kham<sup>s</sup>in has come with a vengeance! They tell me that they have never had anything like it!"

The native servants were closing and fastening the doors. The night was now as black as Erebus, and the wind howling about the building with the voices of a million lost souls. Cairn glanced back across his shoulder. Men were drawing heavy curtains quickly across the doors and windows.

"They have shut him out, Sime!" he said.

Sime stared in his dull fashion.

"You surely saw him," persisted Cairn irritably; "the man in the mask of Set—he was coming in just behind me."

Sime strode forward, pulled the curtains aside, and peered out into the deserted garden.

"Not a soul, old man," he declared. "You must have seen the Efreet."

This sudden and appalling change of weather had sadly affected the mood of the gathering. That part of the carnival planned to take place in the garden was perforce abandoned, together with the firework display. A half-hearted attempt was made at dancing, but the howling of the wind, and the ominipresent dust, perpetually reminded the pleasure-seekers that *Kham<sup>s</sup>in* raged without—raged with a violence unparalleled in the experience of the oldest residents. This was a full-fledged sand-storm, a terror of the Sahara descended upon Cairo.

But there were few departures, although many of the visitors who had a long distance to go, especially those from Mena House, discussed the advisability of leaving before this unique storm should have grown even worse. The general tendency, though, was markedly gregarious; safety seemed to be with the crowd, amid the gaiety, where music and laughter were, rather than in the sand-swept streets.

"Guess we've overstayed our welcome!" confided an American lady to Sime. "Egypt wants to drive us all home now."

"Possibly," he replied with a smile. "The season has run very late this year, and so this sort of thing is more or less to be expected." He tapped with his fingers on the table.

The orchestra struck up a lively one-step, and a few of the more enthusiastic dancers accepted the invitation, but the bulk of the company thronged around the edge of the floor, acting as spectators.

Cairn and Sime wedged a way through the heterogeneous crowd to the American Bar.

"I prescribe a 'tango,'" said Sime.

"A tango is—?" asked Cairn, rubbing his eyes.

"A tango," explained Sime, is a new kind of cocktail sacred to this buffet. Try it. It will either kill you or cure you."

Cairn smiled rather wanly.



"I must confess that I need bucking up a bit," he said; "that con-founded sand seems to have got me by the throat."

Sime briskly gave his orders to the bar attendant.

"You know," pursued Cairn, "I cannot get out of my head the idea that there was someone wearing a crocodile mask in the garden a while ago."

"Look here," growled Sime, studying the operations of the cocktail manufacturer, "suppose there were—what about it?"

"Well, it's odd that nobody else saw him."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that the fellow might have removed his mask?"

Cairn shook his head slowly.

"I don't think so," he declared; "I haven't seen him anywhere in the hotel."

"Seen him—" Sime turned his dull gaze upon the speaker—"How should you know him?"

Cairn raised his hand to his forehead in an oddly helpless way.

"No, of course not—it's very extraordinary."

They took their seats at a small table, and in mutual silence loaded their pipes. Sime, in common with many young and enthusiastic medical men, had theories—theories of that revolutionary sort which only harsh experience can shatter. Secretly he was disposed to ascribe all the ills which flesh is heir to, primarily to a disordered nervous system. It was evident that Cairn's mind persistently ran along a particular groove; something lay back of all this erratic talk; he had clearly invested the Mask of Set with a curious individuality.

"I gather that you had a stiff bout of it in London?" Sime said suddenly.

Cairn nodded.

"Beastly stiff. There is a lot of sound reason in your nervous theory, Sime. It was touch and go with me for days, I am told; yet, pathological-

ly, I was a hale man. That would seem to show how nerves can kill. Just a series of shocks—horrors—one piled upon another, did as much for me as influenza, pneumonia and two or three other ailments together could have done."

Sime shook his head wisely; this was in accordance with his ideas.

"You know Antony Ferrara?" continued Cairn, "Well, he has done this for me. His damnable practices are worse than any disease. Sime, the man is a pestilence! Although the law cannot touch him, although no jury can convict him—he is a murderer. He controls—forces—"

Sime was watching him intently.

"It will give you some idea, Sime, of the pitch to which things had come, when I tell you that my father drove to Ferrara's rooms one night, with a loaded revolver in his pocket—"

"For"—Sime hesitated—"for protection?"

"No." Cairn leaned forward across the table—"to shoot him, Sime, shoot him on sight, as one shoots a mad dog!"

"Are you serious?"

"As God is my witness, if Antony Ferrara had been in his rooms that night, my father would have killed him!"

"It would have been a shocking scandal."

"It would have been a martyrdom. The man who removes Antony Ferrara from the earth will be doing mankind a service worthy of the highest reward. He is unfit to live. Sometimes I cannot believe that he does live; I expect to wake up and find that he was a figure of a particularly evil dream."

"This incident—the call at his rooms—occurred just before your illness?"

"The thing which he attempted that night was the last straw, Sime; it broke me down. From the time that he left Oxford, Antony Ferrara has pursued a deliberate course of crime, of crime so cunning, so un-



usual, and based upon such amazing and unholy knowledge that no breath of suspicion has touched him. Sime, you remember a girl I told you about at Oxford one evening, a girl who came to visit him?"

Sime nodded slowly.

"Well—he killed her! Oh! there is no doubt about it; I saw her body in the hospital."

"How had he killed her, then?"

"How? Only he and God who permits him to exist can answer that, Sime. He killed her without coming anywhere near her—and he killed his adoptive father, Sir Michael Ferrara, by the same unholy means!"

Sime watched him, but offered no comment.

"It was hushed up, of course; there is no existing law which could be used against him."

"Existing law?"

"They are ruled out, Sime, the laws that *could* have reached him; but he would have been burned at stake in the middle ages!"

"I see." Sime drummed his fingers upon the table. "You had those ideas about him at Oxford; and does Dr. Cairn seriously believe the same?"

"He does. So would you—you could not doubt it, Sime, not for a moment, if you had seen what we have seen!" His eyes blazed with sudden fury, suggestive of his old, robust self—"He tried night after night, by means of the same accursed hypnotic soreery which everyone thought buried in the ruins of Thebes, to kill *me!* He projected—things—,"

"Suggested these—things, to your mind?"

"Something like that. I saw, or thought I saw, and smelt—pah!—I seem to smell them now!—beetles, mummy beetles, you know, from the skull of a mummy! My rooms were thick with them. It brought me very near bedlam, Sime. Oh! it was not merely imaginary. My father and I caught him red-handed." He glanced across at the other. "You

read of the death of Lord Lashmore?—It was just after you came out."

"Yes—heart."

"It was his heart, yes—but Ferrara was responsible! That was the business which led my father to drive to Ferrara's rooms with a loaded revolver in his pocket."

The wind was shaking the windows, and whistling about the building with demoniacal fury as if seeking admission; the band played a popular waltz; and in and out of the open doors came and went groups representative of many ages and many nationalities.

"Ferrara," began Sime slowly, "was always a detestable man, with his sleek black hair and ivory face. Those long eyes of his had an expression which always tempted me to hit him. Sir Michael, if what you say is true—and after all, Cairn, it only goes to show how little we know of the nervous system—literally took a viper to his bosom."

"He did. Antony Ferrara was his adopted son, of course; God knows to what evil brood he really belongs."

Both were silent for a while. Then:

"Gracious heavens!"

Cairn started to his feet so wildly as almost to upset the table.

"Look, Sime! look!" he cried.

Sime was not the only man in the bar to hear and to heed his words. Sime, looking in the direction indicated by Cairn's extended finger, received a vague impression that a grotesque, long-headed figure had appeared momentarily in the doorway opening upon the room where the dancers were; then it was gone again, if it had ever been there, and he was supporting Cairn, who swayed dizzily, and had become ghastly pale. Sime imagined that the heated air had grown suddenly even more heated. Curious eyes were turned upon his companion, who now sank back into his chair, muttering:

"The Mask, the Mask!"

"I think I saw the chap who seems



to worry you so much," said Sime soothingly. "Wait here; I will tell the waiter to bring you a dose of brandy; and whatever you do, don't get excited."

He made for the door, pausing and giving an order to a waiter on his way, and pushed into the crowd outside. It was long past midnight, and the gaiety, which had been resumed, seemed of a forced and feverish sort. Some of the visitors were leaving, and a breath of hot wind swept in from the open doors.

A pretty girl, wearing a yashmak, who, with two similarly attired companions, was making her way to the entrance, attracted his attention; she seemed to be on the point of swooning. He recognized the trio for the same that had pelted Cairn and himself with confetti earlier in the evening.

"The sudden heat has affected your friend," he said, stepping to them, "My name is Dr. Sime; may I offer you my assistance?"

The offer was accepted, and with the three he passed out on to the terrace, where the dust grated beneath the tread, and helped the fainting girl into a conveyance. The night was thunderously black, the heat almost insufferable, and the tall palms in front of the hotel bowed before the might of the scorching wind.

As the vehicle drove off, Sime stood for a moment looking after it. His face was very grave, for there was a look in the bright eyes of the girl in the yashmak, which, professionally, he did not like. Turning up the steps, he learned from the manager that several visitors had succumbed to the heat. There was something furtive in the manner of his informant's glance, and Sime looked at him significantly.

*Khamsin* brings clouds of septic dust with it," he said. "Let us hope that these attacks are due to nothing more than the unexpected rise in the temperature."

An air of uneasiness prevailed now

throughout the hotel. The wind had considerably abated, and crowds were leaving, pouring from the steps into the deserted street, a dreamlike company.

Colonel Royland took Sime aside, as the latter was making his way back to the buffet. The colonel, whose regiment was stationed at the Citadel, had known Sime almost from childhood.

"You know, my boy," he said, "I should never have allowed Eileen" (his daughter) "to remain in Cairo, if I had foreseen this change in the weather. The infernal wind, coming right through the native town is loaded with infection."

"Has it affected her, then?" asked Sime anxiously.

"She nearly fainted in the ballroom," replied the colonel. "Her mother took her home half an hour ago. I looked for you everywhere, but I couldn't find you."

"Quite a number have succumbed," said Sime.

"Eileen seemed to be slightly hysterical," continued the colonel. "She persisted that someone wearing a crocodile mask had been standing beside her at the moment that she was taken ill."

Sime started; perhaps Cairn's story was not a matter of imagination after all.

"There is someone here, dressed like that, I believe," he replied, with affected carelessness. "He seems to have frightened several people. Any idea who he is?"

"My dear chap!" said the colonel, "I have been searching the place for him! but I have never once set eyes upon him. I was about to ask if *you* knew anything about it!"

Sime returned to the table where Cairn was sitting. The latter seemed to have recovered somewhat; but he looked far from well. Sime stared at him critically.

"I should turn in," he said, "if I were you. *Khamsin* is playing the deuce with people. I only hope it



does not justify its name and blow for fifty days."

"Have you seen the man in the mask?" asked Cairn.

No," replied Sime, "but he's here alright; others have seen him."

Cairn stood up rather unsteadily, and with Sime made his way through the moving crowd to the stairs. The band was still playing, but the cloud of gloom which had settled upon the place refused to be dissipated.

"Good-night, Cairn," said Sime; see you in the morning."

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Robert Cairn, with aching head and a growing sensation of nausea, paused on the landing, looking down into the court below. He could not disguise from himself that he felt ill, not nervously ill as he felt in London, but physically sick. This superheated air was difficult to breathe; it seemed to rise in waves from below.

Then, from a weary glancing at the figures beneath him, his attitude changed to one of tense watching.

A man, wearing the crocodile mask of Set, stood by a huge urn looking up to the landing!

Cairn's weakness left him, and in its place came an indescribable anger, a longing to drive his fist into that grinning mask. He turned and ran lightly down the stairs, conscious of a sudden glow of energy. Reaching the floor, he saw the mask making across the hall, in the direction of the outer door. As rapidly as possible, for he could not run, without attracting undesirable attention, Cairn followed. The figure of Set passed out on to the terrace, but when Cairn in turn swung the door, his quarry had vanished.

Then in a vehicle just driving off he detected the hideous mask. Hatless as he was, he ran down the steps and threw himself into another. The carriage-controller was in attendance, and Cairn rapidly told him to instruct the driver to follow the one

which had just then left. The man lashed up his horses, turned the carriage, and went galloping on after the retreating figure. Past the Esbekiya Gardens they went, through several narrow streets, and on to the quarter of the Muski. Time after time he thought he had lost the carriage ahead, but his own driver's knowledge of the tortuous streets enabled him always to overtake it again. They went rocking along lanes so narrow that with outstretched arms one could almost have touched the walls on either side; past empty shops and unlighted houses. Cairn had not the remotest idea of his whereabouts; save that he was evidently in the district of the bazaars. A right-angled corner was abruptly rounded—and there, ahead of him, stood the pursued vehicle! The driver was turning his horses around, to return; his fare was disappearing from sight into the black shadows of a narrow alley on the left.

Cairn leapt from the carriage, shouting to the man to wait, and went dashing down the sloping lane after the retreating figure. A sort of blind fury possessed him, but he never paused to analyse it, never asked himself by what right he pursued this man, what wrong the latter had done him. His action was wholly unreasoning; he knew that he wished to overtake the wearer of the mask and to tear it from his head; upon that he acted!

He discovered that despite the tropical heat of the night, he was shuddering with cold, but he disregarded this circumstance, and ran on.

The pursued stopped before an iron-studded door, which instantly was opened; he entered as the runner came up with him. And, before the door could be reclosed—Cairn thrust his way in.

Blackness, utter blackness, was before him. The figure which he had pursued seemed to have been swallowed up. He stumbled on, gropingly, hands outstretched, then fell—fell, as



he realized in the moment of falling, down a short flight of stone steps.

Still amid utter blackness, he got to his feet, shaken but otherwise unhurt by his fall. He turned about, expecting to see some glimmer of light from the stairway, but the blackness was unbroken. Silence and gloom held him in. He stood for a moment, listening, intently.

A shaft of light pierced the darkness, as a shutter was thrown open. Through an iron-barred window the light shone; and with the light came a breath of stifling perfume. That perfume carried his imagination back instantly to a room at Oxford, and he advanced and looked through into the place beyond. He drew a swift breath, clutched the bars, and was silent—stricken speechless.

He looked into a large and lofty room, lighted by several hanging lamps. It had a carpeted divan at one end and was otherwise scantily furnished, in the Eastern manner. A silver incense-burner smoked upon a large praying-carpet and by it stood the man in the crocodile mask. An Arab girl, fantastically attired, who had evidently just opened the shutters, was now helping him to remove the hideous head-dress.

She presently untied the last of the fastenings and lifted the thing from the man's shoulders, moving away with the gliding step of the Oriental and leaving him standing there in his short white tunic, bare-legged and sandalled.

The smoke of the incense curled upward and played around the straight, slim figure, drew vaporous lines about the still, ivory face—the handsome, sinister face, sometimes partly veiling the long black eyes and sometimes showing them in all their unnatural brightness. So the man stood, looking towards the barred window.

It was Antony Ferrara!

"Ah, dear Cairn—" the husky, musical voice smote upon Cairn's ears as the most hated sound in nature—

"you have followed me. Not content with driving me from London, you have also rendered Cairo—my dear Cairo—untenable for me."

Cairn clutched the bars but was silent.

"How wrong of you, Cairn!" the soft voice mocked, "this attention is so harmful—to you. Do you know, Cairn, the Soudanese formed the extraordinary opinion that I was an *efreet*, and this strange reputation has followed me, followed right down the Nile. Your father, my dear friend, has studied these odd matters, and he could tell you that there is no power, in Nature, higher than the human will. Actually, Cairn, they have ascribed to me the direction of the *Khamsin*, and so many worthy Egyptians have made up their minds that I travel with the storm—or that the storm follows me—that something of the kind has really come to pass! Or is it merely coincidence, Cairn? Who can say?"

Motionless, immobile, save for a slow smile, Antony Ferrara stood, and Cairn kept his eyes upon the evil face, and with trembling hands clutched the bars.

"It is certainly odd, is it not," resumed the taunting voice, "that *Khamsin*, so violent, too should thus descend upon the Cairene season? I only arrived from the Fayoum this evening, Cairn, and, do you know, they have the pestilence there! I trust the hot wind does not carry it to Cairo; there are so many distinguished European and American visitors here; it would be a thousand pities!"

Cairn released his grip of the bars, raised his clenched fists above his head, and in a voice and with a maniacal fury that were neither his own, cursed the man that stood there mocking him. Then he reeled, fell, and remembered no more.

\*

"All right, old man—you'll do quite nicely now."

It was Sime speaking.



Cairn struggled upright.....and found himself in bed! Sime was seated beside him.

"Don't talk!" said Sime, "you're in hospital! I'll do the talking; you listen. I saw you bolt out of Shepheard's last night—shut up! I followed, but lost you. We got up a search party, and with the aid of the man who had driven you, ran you to earth in a dirty alley behind the mosque of El-Azhar. Four kindly mendicants, who reside upon the steps of the establishment, had been awakened by your blundering in among them. They were holding you—yes, you were raving pretty badly. You are a lucky man, Cairn.

You were inoculated before you left home?"

Cairn nodded weakly.

"Saved you. Be all right in a couple of days. That damned *Khamsin* has brought a whiff of the plague from somewhere! Curiously enough, over fifty per cent. of the cases spotted so far are people who were at the carnival! Some of them, Cairn—but we won't discuss that now. I was afraid of it, last night. That's why I kept my eye on you. My boy, you were *delirious* when you bolted out of the hotel!"

"Was I?" said Cairn weakly, and lay back on the pillow. "Perhaps I was."

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The next story in this series will reveal further and even more mysterious powers controlled by Antony Ferrara.





# THE COMPENSATION

BY MARGARET BELL

OLD ARCHIBALD carried the mail from train to post-office and post-office to train, three times a day. There was nothing very interesting about him, except that his horse never felt harness on its back, till it had tasted its morning hay. He jogged along the streets of Lawton and hummed a bit of song. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, except perhaps a small boy, now and then, who wanted a ride to the station. Sometimes when the postmaster opened the bags a few letters would drop out, and he could see the handwriting. And he would think of some little story that might be connected with each. If the writing was in a clear, bold hand, it might have a bill in it or a cheque from some son in the city. Or there might be a black-bordered envelope. Archibald did not like to see these, for he could never forget the one that told him of Elizabeth's death. She had left old Archibald's cottage, one night, with the drummer who sold cigars to Bill Murphy for his saloon. The other Elizabeth had worried, till she had gradually faded from sight, and they had put her to rest under the maples in the little churchyard.

Since then old Archibald had lived alone in the little cottage, with the old mongrel, Pat, who trotted soberly along behind the mail-cart. Nobody ever mentioned John to him. He had left the village almost twenty years before, just after his nineteenth birthday.

Old Archibald sometimes wondered how it came that he was unfortunate

with his children. But he tended his garden and went humming along the streets, and nobody ever guessed the sorrow that was in his heart. He was an imaginative old man. The autumn was his favourite season. Most people called it melancholy, but Archibald the songs and the crickets and tardy birds were messages of hope in a springtime to come. He liked to think that the trees were hiding tiny bits of leaf to send out, the next April or May, and that deep down below the fading grass-blades little flower-buds were forming. Perhaps, too, he loved the autumn best, because it was then that he had brought Elizabeth to the little cottage where the honeysuckle twined. And it was there that the two children were born. And it was from there that they had gone forth into the world. Elizabeth came back in a shroud, with a black covering around her. John had not yet returned.

One would think the sorrow and happiness in the memories of the cottage were equal. But Archibald was optimistic, and looked always on the happy side. The honeysuckle still bloomed, and the vegetable garden in the backyard was as neat as it had been, forty years ago, when first he tended it.

One day Archibald noticed a stranger get off the train. He must have been in his late thirties, but he had a light, elastic step. His face was browned by the summer sun, and his smile was as warm as it. He helped Archibald with the mail-bags, and called him uncle. The old man was



happy. He heard a few whisperings go around the little crowd at the station, which said that old Archibald's son John had come back again. It was twenty years since he had seen him, so it might be he. He put the bags in his wagon and drove slowly up to the post-office. Pat trotted indolently behind, and one or two kiddies teased him with stones. The stranger looked after his baggage and walked uptown. Old Archibald found himself wondering what he would do, if John really had come back. It was so long now, he had almost given up all hope. But he could never keep from peeping into the letters, just to see if that one-time scrawly handwriting were not there.

He saw the stranger turn into the hotel across from the post-office. The thought that it was John kept thrusting itself on him, so that he could not put it away. He had come back to surprise him, had recognized him at the station, and now wanted to see how long he could keep his old father in ignorance. Old Archibald laughed to himself at the thought, and slapped the reins over old Dan's back.

People came to the doors of their shops to see the old mail-carrier's horse actually trotting down the street. It was an unusual sight. And the kiddies who threw stones at Pat stopped for a moment.

All the time Archibald was unloading the mail he kept one eye on the hotel. Perhaps John would come across the street and say something more to him. The postmaster could not understand his happiness, but he knew he was in a more talkative humour than usual. He made this the excuse for detailed comment on all the letters that came.

"Letter for old Spinster Wilson. I wonder who can be sending her one? Surely she can't have a beau in the city."

And a sly twinkle came into Archibald's eyes. Perhaps John had written her that he was coming home. She used to give him sweets when he was

a little chap. And he took the letter with trembling hands and looked at the writing. No, it was not as John used to write, but no doubt he had improved a great deal in such a long time. He could scarcely keep from going into the hotel, to ask for the stranger. He could not remember when he had been so happy and excited.

He finished with the mail and turned toward home. There were many things to be done, if John were coming. There was the kitchen to be made neat and the vegetables to gather for supper. He imagined he could see John in the old kitchen, before the stove, frying eggs or making toast. Even old Dan seemed to know that something unusual was in the air. He pricked up his ears quite coltishly, and switched his tail, as if impatient to help. Old Archibald washed the dishes and dug some potatoes. He snipped a few bits off the honeysuckle, so that it would not hang too low for John to walk under. And he swept the kitchen, and opened the window of John's old room.

Dan cropped grass around the yard, and Pat lay blinking lazily in the sun. It was almost time to go for the next mail. He wanted to have the house neat and clean, so that if John came when he was at the station, he would find the old home waiting for him.

But he was not there when Archibald and Dan came back from the post-office. A slight disappointment showed itself on the old man's face, but he unhitched Dan for the night and put the kettle on to boil. He ate his supper, threw a bone to Pat, and sat down on the step to wait. The birds sang all round him, and the crickets chirped. By and by tiny stars began to twinkle down through the maple tops, and glow worms flickered here and there.

Archibald looked up suddenly. He could hear footsteps coming toward him. It must be John. But it was not. Someone came through the gate



and up to the steps, someone with a yellow envelope in his hand. Archibald had never received a telegram. He opened it, with poor, trembling hands, and put on his spectacles.

"Your son killed in wreck, on way to see you," was what he read.

The messenger stood a moment or two, and heard the reply that old

Archibald made to the telegram.

"He was coming back, he was coming back!"

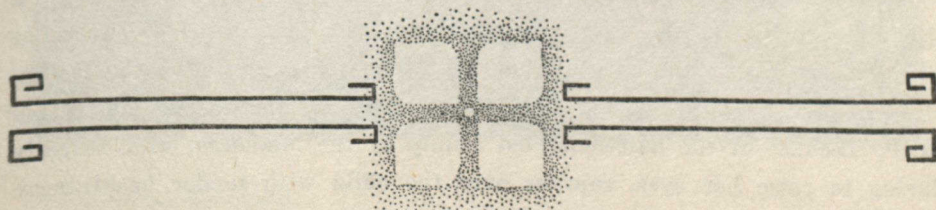
Later that night, on his way home, the messenger walked up the path to see the old man. But he saw only the form, sitting cold in the chair, the fingers clutching the bit of yellow paper.

## THE DREAM

(To an Old Englishman)

BY NINA RANDALL

HOME is to him a clinging memory—  
 He dreams, while sleeping in his chair, that he  
 Down flings himself to kiss the blessed sod  
 That dearer seems to him than aught, save God.  
 Forgotten are all later loves and vows,  
 He plucks a primrose 'neath the greening boughs,  
 Or sits 'mid bluebells on a grassy knoll  
 And harkens to the old, old church bell toll,  
 "Ding-dong." How many a tale from days of yore!  
 Those wonderful enchanted days before  
 Adventure led him far by land and sea!  
 How strong were then his arms, how full his heart of glee!  
 And now his youth seems wafted back again,  
 From hedges in a hawthorne-blossomed lane;  
 And the same roses bloom, and welcome give  
 Back to the sheltering walls where he did live.  
 He thrills with joy at sound of skylark's song,  
 Gazes, until the tiny speck among  
 The clouds is lost, and when it disappears  
 He wakes, to find his lashes wet with tears.





## THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA

IT would be almost impossible at this late period for Canada to possess a national collection of old masters, for paintings by men like Raphael, Titian, da Vinci, or del Sarto sell, when sold at all, at fabulous prices. Still, there is at least one Raphael in Canada, the great master of the Italian Renaissance being represented in the private collection of the late James Ross, of Montreal. But while there is not in private or public collections in Canada any fair representation of the early painters, an effort is being made to introduce accredited facsimiles of some of the finest examples extant. These facsimiles are the work of serious painters, one of them, for instance, Signor M. Bansi, of Florence, a medalist of the Beaux Arts, and examples are being shown in Toronto by M<sup>lle</sup> C. Léhnard. The object is to present frank and faithful copies of the originals, and not to offer at ridiculous prices "faked" pictures that are claimed to be the real work of the old masters.

This accompanying reproduction of Raphael's Madonna del Granduca is from a photograph of the original, but it is possible to procure facsimiles of it bearing the stamp of the Pitti Palace, in Florence, where the original hangs, facsimiles that are remarkable for their fidelity in line and colour. The painting itself formerly belonged to the Grand Duke Ferdinando II. It is known also as the Madonna del Viaggio, because Ferdinand III. carried it with him wherever he went. It is said to be the first picture that Raphael painted when he first went to Florence, in 1504, after leaving the school of Perugino. He was then twenty-one years old. For one so young the picture reveals marvellous qualities. The ideal proportion between mother and child seems to be attained, and great technical excellence is shown in the brilliance that overspreads the regular oval of the Virgin's face, which makes a splendid contrast to the dark green background of the panel. With what ease the boy sits on the Virgin's hands! How well expressed is the feeling of sympathy between mother and child! But the picture is captivating chiefly because of the half-concealed beauty of the Madonna, who, scarcely daring to raise her eyes, rejoices over the child with tender bashfulness. This is one of Raphael's most beautiful madonnas, and one of the jewels of the Pitti gallery.





From the Painting by Raphael  
in the Pitti Gallery, Florence

THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## HER BARE FOOT

BY WILLIAM C. HUDSON

**R**EMEMBER! Her bare foot" These words were whispered into my ear one night last winter, at the close of a performance, as I was pressing through the lobby of the Empire Theater, in New York.

Startled, I impulsively turned to the left, from which side they seemed to come. A tall, elderly gentleman was at my shoulder, but he was talking animatedly to the lady on his arm. He could not have been the whisperer.

Behind me was a bevy of young girls chattering like magpies, under the convoy of a sedate matron. It could not have been either of these.

On my immediate right, an ex-mayor of the city and a celebrated lawyer discussed the play. Certainly it was neither of these.

I was puzzled and annoyed. In the tone of the whisper there was warning, and another quality—what? That I could not determine, yet it incited me to quarrel with somebody; but on looking about I could find no eligible person to quarrel with.

From the theatre I went for my midnight chop and mug of ale. The mysterious incident lingered with me. I could not dismiss it. Whose bare foot? What about it? Why should I remember it? Answers were not forthcoming. Within my knowledge was nothing to which the whispered words could have relation. Vexed with myself that I should give so much heed to the incident and permit it to spoil the enjoyment of my meal, I left the chop-house in a temper with

myself. Before doing so, I transferred my latch-key from a pocket of my trousers to one in my top coat, for the night was cold, and I protected myself against delay and the opening of my coat at the street door.

During my walk home it seemed to me that everybody that passed, even the cab horses, whispered those irritating words to me. I am quite certain that at Thirty-third Street, Horace Greeley bent down from his granite perch to do so, and I know I detected in his stony eyes a leer—a malicious leer.

When, on reaching my street door, I put my hand into my pocket for my latch-key, I felt a slip of paper. I took it out with the key. Under the dimly burning hall light I examined it; on it was written in a hand with which I was not familiar:

"Remember! Her bare foot! Be prepared!"

I was shocked. Hurrying to my room, I studied the slip.

The writing was that of a man of education and one accustomed to the use of the pen—this the slip indicated and nothing more, except that it proved that the whisper in the theatre lobby was not a trick of the imagination, as I had been trying to persuade myself.

Mystified, I went to bed, but to an uneasy and dream-haunted sleep, in which bare feet of all sizes and shapes floated in the air, twinkled their pink toes, or winked or grinned, or leered at me, while one persistent foot planted itself on my chest to inform me



that it had knowledge of all my peccadillos.

The morning found me nervous and unrefreshed. However, had it not been for the indubitable evidence of the slip of paper lying on my table, I think I might have dismissed the incident as an effect of disordered imagination. But there it was to tell its tale.

That morning I had an appointment with Chester Williams, a kindred soul in a hobby of mine—amateur photography—and who, beginning as an amateur and ending as a professional, had opened rooms which he called a “studio,” having a high regard for his art. Here I was accustomed to spend much time in experiment, to his profit and my pleasure.

As I entered the studio, Williams handed me a letter.

“Found it on the floor,” he said briefly.

Taking the letter, I glanced at the address and started visibly. I was familiar with the writing now, at least. There was no doubt about the address:

“Charles Haswell, Esq., care of Mr. Chester Williams, Present.”

I tore off the envelope; the same kind of a slip of paper as I had found in my pocket. On it was written:

“Remember; Her bare foot! Be prepared! Do not leave town.”

I was dumfounded. None of my correspondents and few of my friends knew of visits to Williams’s studio. Who was this mysterious person who was whispering warnings and writing imploring memoranda to me to remember somebody’s bare foot?

I handed the slip to Williams.

“What does it mean?” he asked.

“That’s what I want to know,” I replied.

I told him the story of the previous evening. Chester is a cheerful and optimistic youth.

“Poh!” he said with a wave of the hand. “Some of your friends are constructing an elaborate joke.”

Then he drove the matter from my mind by a proposition well according with my fancy. He had received an extensive order for a series of views in another state, and he proposed that in his absence, a fortnight or more, I should conduct his studio.

“I doubt if you will have much to do,” he said. “The damsel who wants to be ‘took beautiful’ is not much in evidence here. If she does put in an appearance, you will have a chance to spoil some plates and exploit your theories on the art of posing.”

I yielded without urging, and as we parted at evening he said:

“I don’t know that I have anything to say, except to advise you to sit on that boy of mine every ten minutes—for your own sake, you know—and to beware of the fascinations of the young ‘saleslady’ who has dubbed herself the ‘cashier’ of the establishment.”

On my way home I stopped at the tobacconist’s where I buy my cigars.

“A boy left this for you, Mr. Haswell,” said the man of tobacco, handing me a letter.

The same writing—the same slip of paper.

“Remember! Her bare foot! Postponed! Await further notice.”

By this time surprise had given way to anger. I tore the slip into bits. Moreover, it was depressing—the persistency with which I was followed by these notes, and the knowledge evinced by this man in the dark, of my habits and customs. It was positively weird and uncanny.

After this the notes ceased, for awhile at least, and I was free to devote myself with undisturbed mind to Williams’s studio. His predictions were verified; there was little to do, and I made sad havoc among his chemicals and materials in my experiments.

Several days had passed very pleasantly, and I had almost forgotten the affair of the whisper, when the cashier came to me in the camera room.



She was in a condition of virtuous indignation. Up to this time, apparently resenting the idea of my being in charge of the establishment, she had merely tolerated my existence; now she came to me for orders.

"There is a woman in the reception-room you must see," she said.

There was trouble for me; I knew it from the peculiar emphasis our cashier gave to the word "woman." And I further knew that she had a poor opinion of our visitor, even doubts as to her moral character.

"What is it?" I asked, as professionally as I could.

"She wants her picture taken undressed. I want you to send her away." The cashier sniffed most virtuously.

"What!" I exclaimed, filled with the same virtuous indignation.

I dropped everything, determined to preserve the spotless purity of Williams's studio, even at the peril of my temper. I went at once to the reception-room. But I was unprepared for the appearance of the woman whose errand was fraught with such danger to the good repute of the establishment. A less likely person for sitting in scant drapery it would have been difficult to conceive. Gray haired; sixty, if a day; two hundred, if she weighed a pound; her broad and ample figure was the very antithesis of Venus, or Sappho, or Hebe, or Helen, or any other of those ancient ladies whose faces were their fortunes.

The cashier had made a sad blunder.

So, instead of meeting the woman fiercely, I mildly asked her wishes. Though the cashier was mistaken, in the reply of the woman I received as great a shock as if she had asked to be taken in the character of Mother Eve. She desired to know if we could take a picture of a bare foot.

The mysterious affair was up in a new form. I was confused for the moment all sorts of possibilities crowded upon my mind. But dimly

through my consciousness stole the sense of her words; it was not *her* bare foot, but that of another person that was to be photographed, and if we consented she would be back in an hour with the person.

We consented.

With all the severity I could summon, I upbraided the cashier for her blunder, trembling as I thought how a degree, more or less, of officiousness on her part might have put it beyond my power to get possession of a string to the mystery of the warnings. As it was, I was now to see the person owning the foot, and the foot itself that I had been so solemnly and mysteriously warned to remember.

I awaited the flight of the hour with impatience. Promptly at its expiration I was notified by the cashier, now properly humbled, that the foot had arrived and was in the dressing-room.

I busied myself with the arrangements, and in a few moments, under the chaperonage of the old woman, the foot entered—closely veiled.

An increase of mystery, not its elucidation.

That she was young was abundantly manifest in the outlines of her figure, in her movement and carriage, but not a glimpse of her face could I secure. When I had recovered from my confusion and disappointment, I requested her to mount the platform I had prepared for her. She complied with a slight bow, holding out a hand to me to assist her—a hand from which I formed several conclusions, to wit, that she was unmarried, since no wedding ring encircled her third finger; of wealth, since there was a year's liberal income on her fingers in valuable jewels; of the leisure class, since her hand was white, well kept, soft, unaccustomed to manual labour, not even pricked or roughened by the needle.

Why or how I became conscious that she was regarding me with marked interest, it is difficult for me to tell,



as I could not see her eyes; but I was distinctly conscious of it, and it did not aid me in going about my work with composure.

However, having secured my focus, I asked her how she desired to have the picture. For the first time since she had been in the room, she spoke, telling me that she wanted four negatives—a front, a rear, and two side views. I gave less attention to her words than to her voice and the manner of her speech, and by them I judged her to be an educated, refined, and well-bred person.

As yet she had not exposed her foot. But now at my request she thrust it forward, lifting her skirt so that it barely cleared her instep.

I shook my head, that would not do. Taking a footstool, I threw a piece of black velvet over it and went to her. As I approached she withdrew her foot; the act was prompted, apparently, by instinctive modesty.

I seized the opportunity to seek the information I was burning to obtain. Telling her that as she had posed the result would not be an attractive picture, I showed her that a photograph of a foot of which no more than the instep was displayed, would scarcely be pretty, certainly not artistic; that such a pose might or might not serve her purpose, but unless I was enlightened as to that purpose, she stood in danger of defeating it. She was silent a moment, the while the old woman looked up anxiously at her. Then she laughingly said:

“Suppose mere vanity is my purpose.”

Such was not her purpose, as I immediately saw by the expression of the old woman's face, but I replied:

“Then vanity would not be satisfied. Your pose would make neither a pretty nor an artistic picture.”

After a moment's silence, she said:

“Make an artistic picture.”

I had failed, clearly shown by the smile of relief on the old woman's

face. I put the stool on the platform before her, asking her to place her foot upon it, and to raise her skirt two or three inches higher than she had done before. She complied, hesitatingly to be sure, but complied nevertheless. No further encouragement to conversation was given me, and I was forced to finish my work with brief remarks to which she made no replies.

The sitting ended, and I was no wiser. As she descended from the platform I was summoned to the reception-room by the cashier—a gentleman wanted a letter photographed.

The gentleman, prompt and decided in manner, and keen in expression, was anxious whether the letter he held in his hand could be taken at once.

“My time is limited,” he said, “and this letter cannot go out of my sight.”

I assured him that, provided there were no difficulties in the letter itself, I could take it immediately, and that during the process it need not be out of his view. For an answer he handed it to me. At the moment the two women entered the room, going to the cashier. I paused to listen. It appeared that they did not wish to give their names, that they would pay the full price for the dozen in advance, and the elder woman would call for the photographs when finished. This being adjusted, while the latter was paying the money her companion went to the mirror to arrange her veil. I gave my attention to the letter.

It was with difficulty that I could suppress my excitement. Staring out of the body of the letter, as if written in crimson ink, were these three words: “Her bare foot.” I knew my hand trembled as I shot a swift glance at the young woman, and in that glance I caught a glimpse of her face as for a moment she pulled her veil aside—a most attractive face, at once indelibly impressed on my memory.



Turning from the mirror she came into close proximity with the man of the letter, but was apparently indifferent to his presence. The elder woman looked at the man a moment, while he cast a careless glance over both. I, watching eagerly, could not see that there was recognition, or surprise, or disturbance, or any other emotion on the part of any one of the three.

The two women went out after bidding me good-bye—the older in words, the younger by a courteous inclination of the head. The man merely evinced impatience that I did not proceed with his affair. I was the agitated person. Finally, becoming sufficiently master of myself, I asked him to accompany me to the camera room, burning to read the letter, but fearing to show my curiosity.

It did not take long to get two negatives, and during the process the man watched the letter closely. In the dark room I assured myself that I had two perfect copies. Now, anxious to have him go, I hastened to tell him when he could have the copies in a finished state.

“You will not need this letter again?” he asked.

“No.”

“Are you quite sure?” he persisted. “This letter will pass out of my hands this afternoon, and it is unlikely that I can obtain it again.”

I confidently assured him that I had two perfect negatives. He was satisfied, and in the reception-room paid the required deposit, giving his name and address:

“Edward Harbeck, Columbus Hotel, City.”

There is as great a perversity in events as there is in persons. The damsel who wanted to be “took beautiful” was very much in evidence that afternoon, multiplied several fold. Heretofore my afternoons had been my own, but now, when I was feverishly anxious to devote myself to the letter which promised to shed light

on the mystery, my time was occupied by sitters as long as the day lasted.

That evening, however, I was able to read it at my leisure. And this was it:

Philadelphia, January 5, 1896.

Dear Tim,—The affair is progressing well enough. To land a fish of the value of the one we are after isn't the work of an hour. Certain things had to be done. I had to find out whether Haswell knows anything of Atwood; he doesn't. Then whether young Atwood knows anything of Haswell and her bare foot; I'm certain now that he doesn't. Somebody was good enough to walk away with enough of old Atwood's papers to spoil young Atwood's education on that point. But you keep on with Haswell's education, and let him get accustomed to the idea that others as well as himself have knowledge of her bare foot. Meanwhile I'll dust around after that bit of paper we want so much.

Yours,

JIM.

I was not surprised to find my name in the letter; in fact, I expected it. But I was conscious of two distinct emotions — perplexity and disappointment. The mystery was deepened and the complications increased. Another factor, and with a name, had entered. Who was this Atwood, of whom I knew nothing, and who knew nothing of me and “her bare foot”? And how confident this “Jim” was that I knew all about somebody's bare foot! The more I considered the affair, the more confused I became. Everything tended to mystification, nothing to elucidation.

Another perusal suggested that something of value was involved in the mystery. Were “Jim” and “Tim,” whoever these worthies might be, engaged in a conspiracy to obtain that valuable something? So skilfully was the letter phrased that I could obtain no information from it; everything was but conjecture. There was, however, the comforting assurance of no indications that my person or possessions were in peril—no threats of the capture of the one or the attack upon the other. My personal dignity alone had been as-



sailed; in a determination that I should not forget somebody's bare foot, some person or persons had taken liberties with my peace of mind. If their anxiety was as to the veiled lady's foot, as I made quite certain, they could cease their efforts, for I was not likely to forget it, nor her face—both were very pretty.

I was so perplexed that I could formulate neither ideas nor a plan of action, but I rose from my speculations determined to solve the mystery if I could.

I was engaged for dinner at the house of a cousin that evening, and went home early to prepare for it. On my table a letter awaited me. A glance at it revealed the now familiar writing, and enclosed was the same kind of a slip of paper.

"Remember! Her bare foot! The time grows near."

The mysterious admonition created no excitement now. I merely endorsed the envelope with the time and place of its receipt, and began my preparations.

The dinner was a more formal affair than I had anticipated, for the parlour was well filled when I appeared. As I entered I was met by my cousin, who said, with an air of importance:

"You will see how good I am to you, when I present you to the lady you are to take into dinner.

She led me across the room and to the veiled lady.

"Miss Halliday," she said, "my favourite cousin, Mr. Haswell."

I bowed. Miss Halliday looked up, and a vivid blush swept over her face. I knew she recognized me, and I was put into a very good humour with myself by the feeling that, on my part, I had betrayed no recognition of her. She was quickly at her ease, settling at once into the belief, as was plain, that she was not identified by me as the lady of the foot.

It is nothing to the point of this story that the dinner was brilliant, or that I was charmed by Miss

Halliday—her grace, her wit, and her vivacity. What was significant occurred after the guests had departed, and I had remained to smoke another cigar with my cousin's husband at his request. While we smoked my cousin said:

"Charlie, you have made an impression on a charming girl. Miss Halliday was persistent in her inquiries as to you, while you were with the gentlemen. Oh," he continued, "you did not suffer in my replies. But she asked me a most singular question—whether you were a photographer?"

"And your reply was what?" I asked composedly.

"Why of course, that you were not, except as an amateur—that you were a man of leisure and independent circumstances."

"And now who is she?"

"The sweetest girl in the city—my dearest friend—daughter of a widow who is an old friend of my mother."

"Any mystery about her?" I asked lightly.

"Mystery!" exclaimed my cousin. "No indeed! I have known her all my life. Her father was one of the Hallidays of Westchester."

All of which, however, was more mystery to me, for what could such a girl have to do with "Jim," and "Tim," and "Atwood," and Harbeck, and "her bare foot"? But all I said was:

"You'll take me to call on her?"

My cousin's eager consent was almost drowned in the burst of hearty laughter with which her husband exclaimed:

"By Jove! A mutual case."

I left soon after. I may as well confess now, as at another time, that, mixed with wonder as to the relations Miss Halliday bore to the mystery, were thoughts of her charms, as I walked home in the cool, crisp night. While I was moving along at a rapid pace, my attention was attracted to two men approaching me. The



collars of their coats were turned up, and their slouch hats were pulled down over their heads, so that I could not discern their features. As they came close to me, one bent suddenly and peered into my face. I stepped aside quickly, thinking that an attack upon me was meditated, but the man assumed an erect position, and, as he passed on, said:

"Remember! Her bare foot!"

I shouted back on the impulse of the moment:

"Yes, and Atwood as well."

I walked on, but, looking back, was pleased to observe that my words had astounded them, for they stopped short looking at each other, the hand of one resting on the shoulder of the other.

Before I went to sleep that night I had a thought that gave me a cue to action, and which I put into effect the very next morning when Mr. Harbeck came for copies of the letters.

As I handed him the package I took him to one side where we could not be overheard.

"Mr. Harbeck," I said, "I have read that letter, and would like to ask you some questions concerning it."

He looked at me keenly for a moment, then abruptly asked:

"What do you know?"

"Nothing; but I want to know a good deal."

He again scrutinized me as if he could read my thoughts.

"My name is Haswell," I added.

He was surprised and interested immediately.

"Is it not Williams?" he asked.

"No," I replied. Mr. Williams is a friend who, being absent from town for some days, prevailed on me, who am only an amateur in the art, to take charge of his business. I have reason to believe that I am the Haswell referred to in that letter."

He did not reply at once, but seemed to be thinking deeply. At last he asked:

"Do you understand that letter?"

"Not at all."

"We ought to compare notes, I imagine," he said, "but I don't want to give away my hand without knowing what I am doing. Let me ask you a question. Why do you think you are the Haswell referred to?"

"You are cautious," I replied, laughing. "On my part, I do not want to play into the hands of a possible opponent. I will ask a question. Are you the 'Jim' or 'Tim' of this letter?"

"No," he replied promptly. "Now I will ask you another question. Do you know the Atwood mentioned?"

"No; never heard of him before."

"Hum!" he muttered, pondering a moment. "Well, I'm a private detective retained by this Atwood. What does 'her bare foot' mean?"

"That is what I want to know."

"But this letter intimates that you do know."

"All the same, I do not."

Then I told him of the mysterious occurrences, including the visit of the veiled lady, but from an impulse I did not then stop to examine, concealed my knowledge of her.

"Your story throws but very little light on the matter," he said. "Certain valuable papers of the late Mr. Atwood's estate are missing. The present Mr. Atwood suspects a clerk named Holmes, who was in his father's employ. In effort to trace these missing papers, I have made the acquaintance of a friend of Holmes, and have followed him to this city. The morning I first came here, I saw in his apartment this letter in the handwriting of Holmes, and taking it, hurried to have it photographed, returning it afterwards."

"Does Mr. Atwood know the meaning of 'her bare foot'?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I ran over to Philadelphia yesterday to consult him on that point."

"It would seem as if the interests of Mr. Atwood were involved in the mystery troubling me," I said.



"That's just it. It is through you that things will come out if they come at all. I mean to stick very closely to you," he said, with a laugh, as he went off.

It was my custom every evening, if only for a moment, to visit my mother, who, by reason of age and infirmities, was confined to her room. On the evening of this day, having no engagement abroad, I sat myself down for a long chat with the old lady—a chat which I knew would be largely reminiscent, as the talk of very old people is apt to be. During the evening, and apropos of nothing, my mother asked:

"You don't remember your Uncle Charles, do you?"

"Very indistinctly."

"No, I suppose not; he ran away from home as a boy, and was back only once after that. He was a sad trial—the black sheep of the family."

"What brought him to your mind to-night, mother?" I asked.

"I found a paper of his to-day, in a box into which I have not looked for years. Do you remember a very sudden trip I made to Boston when you were about fifteen?"

I did recollect it, for it was associated with other events, the memory of which had kept remembrance of her trip alive.

"I went to see your uncle; he was dying in a hospital there. It was at that time that he gave me the paper, and a small writing-desk, which he said contained something valuable. He was near his end then, and died soon after. I searched the desk thoroughly, but could find nothing, nor could I make anything of the paper. Finally I laid them both away and forgot them until to-day, when I stumbled on the paper."

She handed it to me. At the first glance the writing seemed to be merely an old jumble of letters, but a careful scrutiny convinced me that it was in cypher. I told my mother so, and carried it to my room to study it undisturbed.

It was rather from a desire to occupy my mind, than with a hope of discovery, that I began the search for the key. At midnight I was about to throw it aside unsolved, when I thought of a simple cypher with which as a boy I amused myself. What had suggested it was the word "Worcester" written in small characters in one corner of the paper.

Taking the first word of the cypher, "Olep," I guessed it to be, "This." On making the effort, it worked out. The method was simplicity itself: Finding the word "this" in Worcester's Dictionary, counting the letters, four, and adding ten, making fourteen, I counted down to the fourteenth after "this," and taking the third letter of the fourteenth and the three letters following, I spelled "olep." I had found the method of making the cypher.

The first sentence of my uncle's paper read:

"Olep ca eat tchelhi fo rba rehe ofta."

Having found the method of building the cypher, by reversing it I was enabled to translate the line. And when I did, it can be imagined under what excitement I continued, when it is known that the first line as translated read:

"This is the history of her bare foot."

The morning light was streaming through the windows when I threw myself on the bed successful, but exhausted by my labours.

The history, briefly told, was that my uncle, in his vagrant ramblings over the world, had united fortunes with a man named Atwood, from Philadelphia, and in their travels had reached the city of Pegu, in the Burmah Empire. Seventy miles away were the celebrated ruby mines, and though warned not to do so, since the mines were closely guarded as the possession of the dominant prince, thither they went. While there, my uncle found what he supposed to be a common stone, but which Atwood,



having some knowledge of geology and mineralogy, believed to be a valuable rose ruby. An outcry being raised against their presence, my uncle threw the stone away, for possession by a stranger was sufficient cause for death; but he and his companion were closely searched, and though nothing of value was found upon them, they were placed in confinement for some time. Atwood was the first one freed, and before leaving Pegu, managed to convey to my uncle the information that he was going to Calcutta, and would wait a reasonable time for him there. Some weeks later my uncle was released. On the day he was first at liberty, a native girl who was in association with him—how or why did not appear—came to him with the stone. When my uncle had thrown it away, unobserved by the guards, it had fallen near where this girl was standing, and she had concealed it by the simple method of putting her foot upon it. While my uncle and Atwood were being searched, she had closed her long and flexible toes over it, and without attracting attention, had managed to convey it, held by her toes, to a spot where she could conceal it, without detection.

Frightened by its very possession, my uncle hurriedly departed from Pegu. What became of the native girl was not told, but my uncle reached Calcutta in safety, where he first met Atwood and admitted that person's right to a half interest in the stone. They called it "Her Bare Foot," in honour of the foot that saved it for them. Having agreed to dispose of the stone, they next quarrelled as to who should have possession of it pending realization. My uncle prevailed, but the quarrel separated the two, for they parted after having written "Her Bare Foot" on a piece of paper, tearing it into two parts, each taking one, and entering into a written agreement that the part should represent the interest of its possessor in the stone.

What became of the two thereafter, or why they never met, nor communicated with each other, the record did not disclose. What followed in the statement was in the nature of a will or charge that I, his nephew, named for him, should inherit his interest; that I should have the stone cut and, disposing of it, pay over half of the net proceeds to Atwood if alive, or if dead, then to his heirs, and declaring that the stone was in a secret recess of the small writing desk.

There was an anxious hour before the desk was found—a castaway in a lumber room—and further anxiety until the spring of the secret recess was discovered.

There it was, still in the rough, wrapped in a faded yellow tissue paper, the largest ruby I ever saw or expect to see again. With the stone was a torn slip with the words:

"Her Foot."

I sent for Mr. Harbeck early that morning and told him of my discovery. He immediately suggested that Holmes having come across a similar paper among Mr. Atwood's documents, and finding that young Atwood had no knowledge of it, had determined to set up a claim for the half interest, and had begun operations on me in the belief that I had inherited the stone.

This turned out to be the exact truth, and Harbeck, through the knowledge thus obtained, compelled Holmes to yield up the stolen papers. Mr. Atwood was so much pleased over the recovery of these papers, since they settled all doubts as to his interests in very valuable property, that he refused to take his share in the proceeds of the stone, saying that I was entitled to all for the service I had rendered in the restoration of his own property. At the time, neither of us knew the value of the stone.

\*

"Her Bare Foot" has been cut in Amsterdam, and is certainly the larg-



est ruby known outside of Ceylon—much, much the largest. Perhaps the sensation created in Europe last summer, by the Burgatarian Emperor's purchase of a ruby for a million francs, is recalled by this story. That ruby was "Her Bare Foot."

The veiled lady? Ah! Well you see Miss Halliday has nothing to do with the mystery. That was a great joke. She only happened—stumbled, as it were, into it, and at a time when it served to confuse and complicate

it. She had a cousin who was a sculptor, and who wanted to model her foot. But her mother objected so strenuously, not so much to the sitting as to the man himself, that the daughter compromised matters by stealing away with an old servant and having photographs taken for the sculptor's use.

The best joke of it all is that Miss Halliday has given herself to me in marriage, and though I have disposed of "Her Bare Foot," I am still the owner of her bare foot.

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## BARRED

By MAY GERTRUDE CLARKIN

'TIS not for us, dear heart, that luring walk  
 Across the sunny slope,  
 There, only happy lovers stroll and talk,  
 Dream blissful dreams, and hope.

We may but stand beyond the gates that bar,  
 And gaze with eager eyes;  
 We may but scent the blossoms from afar,  
 For we are old and wise.

But, Oh! to go, hand clasped in hand once more,  
 Adown the way of youth;  
 To see no shadows on the path before,  
 And deem the world all truth;

To feel the golden calling of a morn,  
 The springtime and the rain:  
 To know the rapture of a love, new born,  
 Oh, to be young again!

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## THE DEVIL'S GLUE

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

LASCELLES came first to Keloā. He had evaded the law by a circuitous route. From Tilbury Docks he had shipped in a Blue Star liner to Sydney; a French brig had carried him from that port to Noumea; while the last lap in his wild race for a safe haven was made on a bucking copra schooner beating down to Raratonga. Keloā, looking like a green umbrella whose lace trimming was the rice-white beach of glittering diamond dust, seemed an ideal retreat, and the trade-driven palms whispered a song of comfort when he came ashore.

The loneliness had just touched his soul when Delmont came. Lascelles welcomed the stranger. In strict accordance with the rule of the Fringe he asked no questions, but although his tongue was silent, his eyes gathered the information he needed. A well-bred man cannot conceal his breeding, and Delmont made no attempt to do so. Lascelles's heart filled with gratitude as he watched the other eating. In the days of loneliness he had prayed for a companion, without daring to stipulate the grade of intelligence, and in answer to that prayer a man had been sent who sipped cocoanut-milk as if it were Hiedsieck and ate yams with the grace of a Beau Brummel. Lascelles wept as he watched.

Delmont was solicitous when he saw the tears. "Sick?" he questioned.

"Sick!" repeated Lascelles. "Yes, I am sick! Good God! I haven't

spoken to a white man for two months!"

Delmont looked around with a shudder. The weird expectancy of the South Sea scenery gripped him suddenly. "It is lonely," he said.

"It is hell!" screamed Lascelles. "Our hell!"

The other glanced at him uneasily, but said nothing.

"Excuse me for showing such cowardice," continued Lascelles, "but this—this requires grit."

Delmont came to the same conclusion in the days that followed. It is nice to dream of coral islands where the fragrance of the golden frangipanni and the murmur of the pandanus groves lull the tired senses of the visitor, but the reality palls. The loneliness throttled Delmont as it did his companion. Both had been expelled from their Eden, and blind Justice above Old Bailey held the word which barred their return.

In their dreams came visions of those other days. They heard the tinkle of glasses, the soft laughter of women, and the cries of boon companions, but the cobweb bridges across the ocean were shattered by the dawn. Then remorse flayed them with whips of memory, and sorrow for their sins brought little relief. Crime is the devil's glue, and contrition is a poor detergent.

By tacit understanding they set a geographical boundary upon their conversation. The hatches of oblivion must be nailed down upon the dead pasts, and, in an endeavour to



do so, they kept their conversation south of the Line. They discussed Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Auckland, places that seemed, like their own little prison, to be far away from the great throbbing heart of the world, but they never mentioned England.

Once Lascelles had spoken of Gibraltar, and then choked and spluttered as he noticed the blunder. Gibraltar seemed only a stone's throw from Bayswater! And Delmont had also stumbled. In the early days he had told of a commissioner at Penang who went "home", and Lascelles winced.

"Home!" he gasped. "Home? Why, he—" He sprang up and rushed away over the prickly coral rocks where the quaint mummy-apples stood up stoutly under their load of yellow fruit. Hours after, when he returned, Delmont apologized for his offence.

It was one moonlight night, three months after Delmont's arrival, that the longing to talk of those other days battered down the barrier which they had erected. It was Lascelles who made the breach. The moon was sweeping her silver train across the ocean, and he pointed to the reflection with a shaking hand.

"Look!" he cried. "Doesn't it— doesn't it remind you of the Thames below Gravesend?"

Delmont cursed, but the desire to talk of the past swept away his anger. The flood was unloosed. The two became hysterical in their longing to chatter and compare. They flung themselves back by sheer force of will into the life from which they were outlawed. Their excited imagination transformed their surroundings. The white beach vanished; in its place stretched the arc-lighted Strand and Piccadilly, and arm in arm they swaggered up and down and talked incessantly.

They tried to rival each other in drawing wild comparisons between the moonlit surroundings and the

pictures which were fluttering through their brains like the films of a drunken biograph.

"St. Paul's!" cried Delmont, pointing to a dome-shaped rock which towered over the palms.

Lascelles choked. "And there are the Law Courts and St. Clement's," he spluttered. "Let's go down to the Mall. Laugh, damn it, laugh!"

They woke the native village with hysterical laughter. England was a million miles away if measured by the chain of Hope, and the realization made them drunk with pain. They were attempting to pluck despair from their breasts, well knowing that the attempt would prove a failure. They nodded to imaginary persons, and whispered information to each other concerning the spectres of their brains.

"Billy Etherington of the Guards," murmured Lascelles; "Lord George's youngest, you know."

"Really! Chap mixed up in the Eldon scandal?"

"Yes, that's him. Funny case, isn't it?"

"I should think so. Hello, there's old Southman."

"So it is. Good-night, Freddy."

They were prancing up and down the sand with mincing steps, mad masqueraders attempting to throw off the icy hand which gripped their throats. Up in the dark pandanus groves the simple-minded islanders crept out to watch and wonder.

"Let's sing something," cried Delmont.

Lascelles agreed. They woke the echoes of Keloia with music-hall melodies. They shrieked out greetings to imaginery friends and urged them to join in the chorus. They bandied spectre policemen and hansom drivers, and the moon looked at them curiously as it slipped down behind the coral bar.

The darkness chilled the blood that their unleashed imaginations had stirred to fever heat. The blue lips of the Pacific gurgled scornfully at



their make believe. A rain squall squelched down from the vine-wreathed cone of old Pelau, and it splattered on the beach like derisive laughter.

Lascalles sobbed. The trickery of his hungry mind was exposed to him.

"It's no use, Delmont," he stammered. "They're not our songs—not now. Listen!"

He lifted up his fine baritone and chanted a verse of Kipling's "Broken Men." The words went out over the sobbing Pacific, and Delmont cursed.

"This is our hymn," sobbed the singer. "Listen to this:

'We sail o' nights to England  
And join our smiling Boards;  
Our wives go in with Viscounts,  
And our daughters dance with Lords.  
But behind our princely doings,  
And behind each coup we make,  
We feel there's Something Waiting,  
And—we meet it when we wake.'"

"Shut up!" shrieked Delmont. "Shut up, I tell you!"

"Why?" blubbered Lascalles. "He knew us, didn't he? We're the 'Broken Men,' Delmont! God! I didn't understand the words till I came here. Now, again!

'Ah, God! One sniff of England—  
To greet our flesh and blood—  
To hear the hansoms slurring  
Once more through London mud!  
Our towns—'"

A sob strangled the voice of the singer, and the wind whipped a gurgle of contempt out of the snarling waves. Delmont's curses were loud and deep.

"No use of cursing," spluttered Lascalles. "We're done, Delmont. That song was written for us!"

They staggered drunkenly. The reaction was upon them. The nostalgia had the effect of drink, and they muttered brokenly as they reeled along the shore.

"Listen!" screamed Lascalles. "Hear the cursed waves? Do you know what they are saying? You

don't! Listen again! Don't you hear them? They say it all day long, the same question:

'How stands the old Lord Warden?  
Are Dover's cliffs still white?'"

Delmont broke away with a muttered cry and rushed up the path to the thatched huts, leaving his companion to shout his regrets and longings into the night.

Next morning they avoided each other. Fear of what they had said during the insane moments of the previous evening gripped them, and they eyed each other suspiciously. Some part of the grim skeletons may have been exposed during the momentary madness on the moonlit beach, and such a possibility suggested danger.

But Fate dragged them together before the day was half over. A missionary schooner from Levuka hove to outside the reef, and a native teacher came ashore to inquire into the spiritual condition of the people. Lascalles and Delmont had the true beachcomber's dislike to the religious person, but when the visitor opened the big box of tracts and periodicals distributed by the South Sea Mission, they sprang to attention. A bulky file of a London daily newspaper was placed upon the grass, and the two white men pounced upon it.

Over and over they rolled, the teacher making unavailable efforts to separate them or secure the cause of the disturbance.

"Halve it!" shrieked Lascalles, as the sheets tore in the clutch of the other. "Halve it, confound you, and we'll change!"

Delmont agreed, and each hugging his share of the prize, retired to his own quarters to pore over the contents.

Lascalles flung himself down on the plaited mat in the hut and stared at the sheets. The paper fascinated him. He had not seen one for months. Greedily his eyes raced down



column after column, drinking in the news, and he muttered brokenly as items of interest were clutched and digested. A dead year was being opened to him. Men had died, men had married, men had gone up and down, and the changes in the conditions of old acquaintances brought quick exclamations of astonishment from him as he read.

Suddenly he pushed his face close to the printed sheet; his eyes riveted on a photograph. With dry lips he read the paragraph beneath the cut, and then gave a low whistle of surprise as his mind assimilated the information.

"A thousand pounds reward!" he muttered hoarsely. "By Jove, he went it bigger than I thought!"

He read and re-read the dozen lines beneath the newspaper cut, then he took his knife from his pocket, clipped out the photograph and the accompanying letterpress, folded the piece of paper and put it carefully away inside the cover of his watch.

"A thousand pounds reward!" he repeated again. "Only a few days after I skipped, too! I wonder if he knew! I wonder if—" He stopped with a gasp and turned the faded sheets breathlessly.

The pages crackled as he flicked them over, his eyes eating up the columns. In the struggle for the file the papers had been misplaced, and he cursed as he looked in vain for the dates he wanted. They were not there. He finished with a growl of rage and sat staring at the pile of discoloured sheets.

"If he has them?" he growled. "If the swine knows!"

The possibility of such a thing made the little eyes twinkle in their skull caverns as he watched the papers. If Delmont knew? With a white face he gathered up the bundle and rushed madly towards the pandanus grove where his fellow island dweller was digesting the other portion.

"Ready to change?" he snapped.

Delmont turned on his back and held up the sheets he was reading. Their eyes met as they exchanged the tattered papers. Both started to speak and both stopped. Lascelles made an effort to continue, broke off suddenly, and then snatching the other half of the file, dashed back to his little thatched house. Down on the silver beach the native missionary was leading the brown-skinned islanders in a simple hymn, but Lascelles heard nothing but the question which his own fear sent throbbing through his brain. Did Delmont know?

He flung himself down again and started to flick the sheets. The horror of finding something that had been discovered by the sharp eyes of Delmont was upon him as he read. "Fifth of March," he muttered. "Fifth of March. Ah! Here we are! If it was published at all it would be—curse it!"

The last words came from him like a cry of agony. A little square hole had met his eyes as he turned the page, and now, as the peculiar trick of destiny was revealed to him, his nerve gave way and he burst into tears.

It was too late then to adjust matters. The opportunity had passed. Lascelles and Delmont had sinned against the one commandment of the outer Fringe, and the punishment for the crime was swift.

The days that immediately followed bred suspicion. The small scraps of paper tucked in the clothes of the two absconders kept them apart. Insanely each gloated over the information he possessed concerning the wrongdoing of the other, and each tried to assure his imagination that the clipping which the other had taken from the file had no reference to his case. But intuition would not be denied. The fear-stricken imagination of each painted the cutting which reposed in the pocket of the other, and the consequences haunted them.



The two remained apart. They became watchful of each other for no apparent reason—they were a thousand miles from the nearest throne of Justice. Each compared his own crime with that of the other described in the paragraphs attached to the photographs, and to the mind of each, his own crime seemed the greater. Naturally the reward would be greater. Lascelles reading the offer of a thousand pounds sterling for Delmont, wondered if five thousand had been offered for his own apprehension! Delmont's imagination set the reward on his own head at six thousand, which was five times greater than the reward offered for Lascelles on the piece of paper he carried in his leather pouch!

Then came the news which brought about a crisis. Natives from Pilaulo brought information regarding the movements of H. M. S. *Royalist*, which was cruising in the islands, and fear flamed in the minds of the two white men. The man-of-war would surely call at Kelo, and the probable action of his companion troubled the mind of each. Stories of immunity purchased by turning informer and giving evidence that would lead to the arrest of a greater criminal sprang up before the minds of both, and as each considered himself the greater criminal of the two, there were sleepless nights at Kelo while the warship was cruising down towards the island. Each knew the other's craving to return to the land from which he was outlawed, and the dread of treachery was great.

The *Royalist* was at Ninua, an island sixteen miles away, when the Fates pulled up the curtain for the last act. Lascelles, on awakening one morning, found that his companion had fled the island in the dory! Delmont was the weaker of the two, and fear had urged him to fly. He intended to make for one of the smaller islands of the group, and to find a hiding-place there till the man-of-war had returned to Auckland, but

the possibility of such an act did not enter the brain of Lascelles when he learned of the disappearance. His one thought was of treachery. Delmont, in his opinion, had gone to meet the warship so that he would be certain of the reward of an informer, and with hate surging in his breast he dragged out the whaleboat and set sail after his companion.

"The little rat!" he screamed. "The thieving little rat! If I catch him I'll feed him to the sharks!"

He pointed the whaleboat to the westward. Delmont had two hours' start, but Lascelles's boat was the faster. He swept through the opening in the coral reef and out into the open ocean, shouting threats and curses to the winds as the boat sped along. He was to be sold by the man he had welcomed when he first came to the island!

"I knew he had that cutting!" he shouted. "I knew that he was waiting for a chance to do this!"

The hot morning passed slowly. Lascelles ripped along before the breath of the Trades, but he saw no signs of his quarry. Fat clouds rolled up over the horizon, but he took no notice. He only watched the red and yellow smeared ocean to the westward, over which Delmont had fled. He wanted revenge, and he troubled little about his own fate after that had been accomplished.

A speck appeared on the horizon and he raved madly. It was Delmont! Lascelles stood up and screamed his threats. He was sure of him now. The dory was coming back to him, and every minute lessened the distance. He could see Delmont crouching in the bottom of the boat, and he yelled triumphantly. His fingers clenched as he thought of the revenge he would take for the act of treachery.

The whaleboat gained fast. Lascelles was within a mile of the dory; half a mile; then he came close enough to see the white face of the runaway.



"I'll kill you!" he screamed.  
 "You dirty informer, you!"

His words rang out loudly, and the peculiar stillness of the ocean suddenly attracted him. The wind was falling, and the surface of the water was as smooth as glass.

"Good Lord, a squall!" he screamed, and he sprang to haul down the flapping sail before the mad fury was upon him. It was coming. Out of the south it swept, leaping over the water, tearing the glazed surface with a harrow of white foam, and it fell upon the two small boats like an unleashed hound.

\*

Five hours afterwards, the first officer of H. M. S. *Royalist* entered the captain's cabin and saluted.

"The two men we picked up are conscious now, sir," he said quietly. "They owned up about the clippings and photographs, too. Quite a find for us. Lascelles, the runaway cashier from the London and County Bank, thought the other fellow, that was manager of the Unicorn Investment Company, was coming to give us the tip, and he put after him and was catching up to him before the squall capsized both."

"Are they friendly now?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, quite friendly. When they came to their senses they seemed pleased that we had grabbed them. I guess it's no use dodging your gruel. Those two came far enough to dodge what was coming to them, but the law gathered 'em in after all."

The captain lifted his finger to restrain the officer's tongue, and the two listened. Up in the warm air went the voices of a baritone and a tenor.

"That's them," murmured the officer.

The words came into the cabin and swirled out over the Pacific. It was the cry of the heart hungry for a glimpse of the home land.

"Our town of wasted honour,  
 Our streets of lost delight!  
 How stands the old Lord Warden?  
 Are Dover's cliffs still white?"

"H'm," grunted the captain. "I'm glad they are taking their capture in a philosophical spirit, Mr. Barnes. Let us hope it will not be foggy going up the channel; I'd like to satisfy their curiosity about Dover's cliffs before the Old Bailey gets a grip of them."







From the Painting by J. W. Beatty

SUMMER LANDSCAPE



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## OUT OF THE PIT

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

JOCK STRANG plodded along the Shore road to Pit No. 2 of the Neddrie Collieries. Short, squat and broad-shouldered, with cropped hair and wide black brows, he seemed to traverse this strip of shining highway like a gigantic insect hurrying for cover in the grimy buildings that surrounded the mouth of the pit. And, as he walked, other insects emerged from the square, rain-washed cottages that lined the road and, falling silently in behind Strang, swelled the sullen tide of drab humanity.

Below and beside them the Forth flashed in the morning sun. Eastward, the Bass Rock jutted darkly into the sea, with a fringe of milk-white foam around its base. Westward the great Forth bridge reared its gigantic frame, and to the south the slopes of the Lothian fields lifted themselves slowly into the far blue rim of the Pentland Hills.

Jock knew that there were all these things to be looked at, but now he never looked. He only knew that he would never see anything else. He was sick of looking at them. His mind was on the blackness of that deep chamber into which he would shortly crawl on hands and knees, and, lying on his side, swing a pick into a three-foot face of coal for the next seven hours. What had he to do with the purple shades of the Pentlands?

A new step fell heavily on the road. Jock Strang raised his black brows till they caught the glint of Don Robson's dinner-pail.

"Morn,' Jock," said Don blithely. "Morn' yersel," replied Jock, and relapsed again into silence.

Always at this exact inch of the road Don joined him. Always this gruff interchange ushered in the speechlessness that lasted to the mouth of the pit. Always for the next half-mile the vision of the same girl danced before the heavy steps of either man and reconciled him to another day of danger, toil and sweat.

Jock's mind worked painfully, but with a certain grim insistence that gripped things and held them forever. Now it went slowly back to the wondrous coming of Nan, to the shrieking of the storm that whipped the Forth into flying spume, to the glimpses of the French schooner that lay pounding on the sands off the mouth of the Esk, to the thunder on the shore and the long, red leap of rockets; and, last of all, to the small waxen figure that his wife snatched out of the whistling undertow and held so desperately to the hungry warmth of her own childless breast. Twenty years ago—and now Elsie Strang had slept long in the plot beside the Neddrie Manse, and many a thousand ton had been hoisted from the Neddrie pits.

The sheaves of the headgear were whirling rapidly, and the day shift was dropping out of sight when Jock tramped into the lamp-house to get his Davy safety. Then, with Don close behind, he stepped into the cage and disappeared between the creaking guide-timbers.

Five hundred feet from sunlight,



Neddrie No. 2 thrust out its black galleries beneath the laughter of the sea. Mile upon mile these gloomy passages extended. Generations of miners had laboured here. The pale light of Davy lamps flickered, ghostlike, along the hollow lanes. Voices sounded from remote distances. Figures appeared, blurred in the omnipresent gloom, and vanished utterly. The clang of steel, the roar of coal trucks lurching along narrow tracks, the cool, steady pressure of air, driven down by the great fans overhead—these things spoke of humanity. But it was a humanity that seemed to grope laboriously in unending conflict with the dark and threatening ruler of this strange and underground world.

Now it stands to reason that if a flat seam of coal is three feet thick, anything mined above or below that three feet is dead loss. But since a man, a truck, and a pit pony are all more than three feet high, the main gangways in a coal mine have headroom enough for purposes of transportation, while every other passage or heading is reduced to the minimum height. And this is why the miners of thin seams generally carry their heads well sunk between their shoulders.

A mile along a main gangway and another quarter through old galleries brought Jock Strang and Don Robson to their own chamber. They crawled on hands and knees between long walls of coal left to support the flat and ebony roof. Above them lay the world of light and the shining Forth.

In this grim theatre, advancing slowly from chamber to chamber, the drama of life was being played. Side by side, with swinging pick and straining sinew, with sweat and weariness, the two laboured; for Nan, and Nan alone. Jock's slow nature was struggling between love and desire for the girl, who, after all, was not so much younger than himself, and a queer, subjective, honourable hesitancy. The girl was his adopted daughter—the child of the sea, the

beloved companion, the idol of his eyes. He had dreamed that Elsie knew all about it, and from some high place smiled down contentedly at the prospect. He felt his own powerful frame and muscles, and knew himself for a man among men, and, as the coal rattled down at each stroke, it appeared that every black avalanche made Nan a little nearer, a little surer. All this he had kept hidden away in his heart, and never by sign or word revealed the worship that was consuming him. But he watched Don out of the corner of his eye.

And Don Robson—blithe, blue-eyed and twenty-two, had dreams of Nan that sent the young blood jumping through his veins. Of Jock—dour and silent Jock—he never thought at all. He was as good a miner as any man in the Neddrie pits. He was saving, saving steadily. There had been two eventful days of late. He had taken Nan to the Musselborough races, and once as far as Edinburgh, where they had climbed the Calton Hill and Scott's Monument, and—most wonderful of all—had seen Edinburgh go crazy when the Black Watch came home from foreign service. Those were days to put away in one's mind and remember. And he made no bones about it to Jock, but chatted cheerfully as to his prospects, and the cottage he was buying from John Anderson, the timekeeper. He had got used to Jock's silence, because the older man always breathed through his nose to keep the dust out.

Behind all this, far back in each man's head, was the consciousness of a common enemy that lurked in deadly silence throughout the booming galleries of Neddrie No. 2. Some mines are cursed with firedamp, that light thin gas, which, floating on the heavier air, steals along the splintered roof of coal seams and gradually displaces the pure fresh current from the surface fans. But the bane of Neddrie No. 2 was carbonic acid gas, which, heavier than air, crawled along its floors and slowly rose, ankle-high,



knee-high, breast-high, face-high, till it choked the life out of those who might be caught in its deadly embrace. Sometimes when the fog lay thick upon the Forth, and the lift of the Pentlands was shrouded in driving mist, the dank atmosphere outside weighed down the steady current of the upcast and the gas was very bad. So that every time a shift went underground there was a turning of grimy faces to the east and a sniffing of the salt airs that drifted in from the gray expanse of the North Sea.

To-day Jock Strang felt strangely depressed. All was well overhead, so far as he knew. His life lay in the hands of others. He was used to that. But for the first time he began to question this interminable round of toil. Yesterday he had seen the owner of Neddrie No. 2 driving in his dog-cart to the links at Musselborough, and yesterday, for the first time, he had cursed him. Two golf balls meant a day's pay to Jock, and the owner would lose them in the morning and laugh and order more. And Nan seemed farther away than ever.

At eleven o'clock the two left their chamber and crawled out to the nearest gangway to eat. The Davy lamps burned beside them, spear heads of flame inside their gauze cylinders. The pit ponies, that never would see daylight, munched contentedly in the long stable at the far end of the gangway. Silence was everywhere, broken only by those indescribable sounds that circulate like ghosts through the hollow caverns of every mine. Jock ate slowly, champing his food with sullen deliberation. Then, as always, he took the lamp on his knee and pored over the scrap of the *North British Chronicle* in which his dinner was wrapped. Don Robson lay on his back and stared at the shadows on the roof. He was thinking of Nan.

Jock's eyes traversed the greasy paper till they stopped at the wide, stained margin. There was writing on it. His heart halted as he recognized Nan's large childish scrawl. He

glanced towards Don, and bent closer.

"Jock, why don't you speak? I'm tired waiting for you."

He sat motionless, in terror lest the sudden fierce pounding of his heart become audible. Then, with another flash of his dark eyes at the motionless figure, he read again, spelling it out, letter by letter, sucking the words into the innermost fibre of his existence. He was no longer in the Neddrie pit, but exalted to the height of his dearest dream. His whole frame relaxed and he began to breathe deeply, and all the time a strange, delirious fire was leaping through his grimy body. He thought of Don, and instantly put the thought out of his mind. It was his affair—not Don's.

At four o'clock their stint was nearly done. Jock was still swinging his pick, but with a nervous uncertainty that Don had never known before. He dropped it, laid flat on his back, and stretched his great arms, a prone image of blackened labour. He was wondering what Don would say or do when he heard. It would go very hard with Don.

Suddenly from the black abyss that lay between their own chamber and the main gangway came a deep cracking that ended abruptly with a dull fall of roof slate. Then silence for a moment, followed by the heavy plunge of tons of splintering shale. After that silence again and the abrupt ceasing of the cool air pressure that had constantly flowed in from the wooden brattices. Jock rolled swiftly over and scuttled out of sight. Don, dazed and trembling, could do nothing but listen. He heard him stop, then go on again. He heard the big man pushing against the sliding face of broken rock. Then Jock came slowly back.

"Pit 'oot yer lamp, laddie, the roof is doun," he said grimly.

But Don's fingers were shaking, so Jock twisted the thick wire trimmer that comes up through the base of every Davy. The two spearheads of flame blinked once; then, darkness.



Don slid over till their shoulders touched. "How much is down?"

"Here tae the gangway, I'm thinkin'. 'Twas an awfu' fa'."

Silence took them again, during which their ears strained for some sound, however slight.

"They'll no be long reachin' us," said Don tentatively. "Ye ken the day Angus Mutry was trappit in No. 3. He was i' his ain house by sundoun."

"Ay, laddie, I mind it weel. 'Twas me that howked him oot o' his chamber. But yon was no sic a fa' as this."

"The fowk wull be gey busy up top," went on Don confidently, then coughed, as an exasperating tickling took him in the throat.

Jock said nothing. His mouth was shut. He was breathing steadily, very steadily, through his nose.

Don's voice came in again. "I was thinkin' o' Nan," he said abruptly.

The invisible face of the older man was transformed in its impalpable shroud. The blood rushed into his eyes. "An' what about Nan?"

"I'm takin' her tae the kirk come New Year."

Jock's fingers closed like steel over the tightly-folded fragment of newspaper in his pocket. His whole frame stiffened. "What's yon?" he snarled.

"I've no speired her yet, ye ken, but the lassie's a' for me. There's nobbut yersel, Jock, an' ye auld enough tae be her feyther. D'ye ken ony ither mon?"

Jock thought swiftly. If this was death why torture Don further? If it was not death, the sunlight would be more merciful. He would tell him then.

"Yer richt, laddie. Wha' cud there be?"

"The cottage wull be clear sune, an' then I'll hae a crack wi' her and settle the day. Mon, Jock, but the air is rotten! What gars me choke?"

"Dinna talk sae muckle, laddie. Haud yer wind."

Slowly along the smooth floor of the chamber came the first breathings of gas. From ruptured fissures and innumerable crevices in the shattered earth it crept. Heavy with portent it flooded the broken coal about the men's feet. No life-giving breath could penetrate the mountain of fallen rock to dissipate these deadly fumes. At last they both knew it. Don began to ramble, talking now to Nan, now to Jock, and bursting into sudden heart-rending appeals for help. Somewhere on the other side of that barrier men were fighting viciously to get at them and drag them up to sunlight. Jock felt Don slip from his shoulder and topple over with his face down.

By now the gas was very bad. He could not tell how much time had gone by, but he knew that if Don lay there he could not last ten minutes. So he hoisted him up again, and, as he did so, the vision of Elsie seemed to come right out of the darkness and put her face against his and say, "My mon, Jock," Then it vanished.

He still held Don up so that his face was above the worst of the gas, It was rising rapidly. He tried to think what Elsie meant by that. Then Don began to ramble again. This time it was all about Nan.

At last he saw what Elsie meant. It was that Jock had had her love and was her man, but that Don had not had the love of any woman. And, thinking harder, he felt very cold, though the sweat began to run down his face. Then Don fell over again and once more Jock jerked him up, though he had to get down into the gas to do so. And just at that moment he thought he heard something like the stroke of a pick.

He shouted. It meant filling his lungs with gas, but his whole soul went into the shout. Don did not seem to hear him. He had almost stopped breathing.

At the far end of the chamber a rock slid down, then another, and another, and, a million miles away he



caught the glimmer of a Davy.

By this time his breathing was very bad, but his brain was working fiercely. The Davy drew nearer, held high up near the roof. Two men came slowly toward him. Oxygen tanks were strapped to their backs, and they wore huge helmets, with tubes running back to the tanks. Then he heard one of them say very quickly, "We've got to get out of this, my tank's done."

Jock had no power for speech, so he kicked a piece of coal.

The men stopped. One of them said, "There's some here. Likely Strang and Robson."

"We can only take one," said the other figure, "and that if he's alive."

Jock heard it. He could not speak, but he knew there was something he must do and it must be done very quickly, so he kicked again and held Don up higher than ever.

The two men came up, one of them swinging his lamp across Don's face and in the darkness Jock pushed the lad's arm. It was for all the world as if Don had raised his hand in welcome.

"He's alive," said the one hooded rescuer.

The other man felt about on the floor and touched Jock's body. It was limp and motionless.

"Strang's gone," said a voice. "Come on with the other. We've got to get out of this."

Jock held his breath. It was hard work. He was now very weak. The hooded figures stumbled away with Don's unconscious body between them. Their Davys glimmered and disappeared. Utter silence fell again in Neddrie No. 2. It was all over now.

Jock began to choke, but somehow he was happier than ever before in his life. His dizziness increased. By this time Don was out in the air, and he would live, and—Jock could not think much about the rest of it, but he smiled once, took a piece of *The North British Chronicle* out of his

pocket, and, laying it smoothly against his face, slipped down into the thick of the gas.

They pulled him out a little later. A fall of slate had gashed his head. Strange to say, life was not yet extinct! Hours afterwards he was breathing normally, but there was still a part of Jock Strang that did not come back from the Neddrie pits. The bones and blood and muscles and marvellous lungs of him survived, but the brain yet wandered somewhere in the booming darkness.

Months went by. Don Robson took Nan to the kirk, and then they both took Jock to the cottage that Don bought from Anderson, the timekeeper.

The big man sat in front of it, his gnarled fingers plucking at his long beard—peering down the road to the pits and mumbling snatches of underground talk—a great, witless, helpless child. Thus, till came a night when there drove up the Forth the brother of the great storm that sent Nan ashore to Elsie's empty arms.

He listened to the roar of it, shaking his black head, and darting strange glances at Don Robson and Nan. In the midst of the uproar he went suddenly to pieces. They helped him to his bed. He lay there, staring and wordless, till slowly the idiot in him went out to meet the storm and for one poignant instant the old, dour Jock came back, his dark eyes looking up from beneath the black brows.

In that moment the brave slow brain began again its mysterious function, began it just where it left off in the gloom of Neddrie No. 2.

"Haud yer heid up, laddie. Dinna be frichtened. Think o' Nan, Don. Keep oot o' the gas, it'll gar ye sick, Aye, lad, Nan's no for me. She's ower muckle a lassie. I'll bide a wee, and aiblins I'll find Elsie."

He stopped, scanned them quietly and smiled. "Eh, mon, yon was a lang time syne."

Then he turned his face to the wall.



# WALKING IN ENGLAND

BY G. L. B. MACKENZIE

**W**ALKING is not popular with Canadians. This is a sweeping generality, yet, unlike most generalities, it is true. Among us the man who finds enjoyment in donning his oldest togs and taking a long tramp in the country must be classed as a freak. As we live in a free country he is tolerated, but that is all. Perhaps it is because we are so up-to-date; and this being the age of speed, walking is relegated to the list of obsolete pastimes. Even in England, the tramping-ground of the world, this form of relaxation has now undoubtedly fewer devotees than formerly. The bicycle and motorcycle are taking the place of the stout stick and heavy boots. However, in England, walking for pleasure is still understood and practised.

To a genuine lover of walking, it is not primarily a method of seeing the country, or getting from one place on the map to another. If these were all its claims, then well might we determine to walk no more. For to see a country there are many just as good and several better methods than walking, and for getting about in a hurry it is next to useless. Stevenson remarks that he who is of the "brotherhood of walkers does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours."

Stevenson must have been an expert in the art of walking. It would pay one to read his essay "On Walking Tours" carefully before setting out. He there sets it down that a walking tour should be gone on alone, because

then you have more freedom and adventure and you can keep your own pace. There is a lot of truth in this, but for the average person it is more than balanced by opposite considerations. Most of us can be perfectly happy with no company but our own for two or three days, but after that we begin to realize how gregarious is our species. As you plod along all alone hour after hour you find that you are getting into a bad habit of talking to yourself, and it comes to your mind how poor old Robinson Crusoe, before Friday's arrival, used to talk to himself or to his parrot without restraint, in dread that if he neglected to do so he would lose the faculty of speech. No, in spite of Robert Louis, put up with inevitable differences of opinion, learn to yield your proposition even when convinced it is the better, and realize the value of having some one with whom you can bear hardships and enjoy delights.

Last summer three of us did some walking together in England. Most of our route lay in Cornwall, a bit in Devon, and afterwards the writer spent three happy days alone rambling among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We did not cross wide stretches of country, nor did we visit all the great cathedrals and castles of England, as any of the railways promise the tourist he can do in a week, if he buy one of the company's circular tickets. But, on the other hand, we did not spend long hours of our precious days



in smoking compartments of third-class railway carriages, or on the peaceful platforms of Muddleton Junctions. And if our daily journeys were insignificant compared to the hundred-mile dashes of the motorcyclist, the landscape meant infinitely more to us than the motorcyclist's walls of green rushing past on either side and white road leaping up in front.

I had always wanted to visit Cornwall. Years before I had watched more than once the Cornish Riviera Express fly through Somersetshire at sixty miles an hour and gone with it in my imagination to the cliffs and breakers beyond. For Cornwall possesses in no common degree the interest attaching to the ultimate. This is part of the indefinable attraction of any sea coast, but Cornwall possesses it in a special measure. Flung boldly far out into the Atlantic, it forms almost as good a riding-boot as Italy, this tapering acute angle of the great triangle which Caesar described in his despatches as reaching down almost to Spain. The walls of England along this exposed part of her shore are indeed formidable, and the ocean moans in despair as it dashes against the base of the cliffs in fruitless efforts to undermine and break off bits from the land.

We followed the Cornish coast from Plymouth to Land's End and then eastward and northward to Ilfracombe in Devon, not slavishly, but often taking short cuts across the necks of headlands. In giving some account of such a walk the first subject which naturally suggests itself is the character of the country through which we made our way, sometimes tramping along the roads but more often following a cliff path or striking our own course across the breezy downs.

Although the walker does not voyage in quest of the picturesque yet he finds it more easily than other travellers. I do not refer to the fact that on foot he can often penetrate into dis-

tricts so wild as to prevent the approach of any vehicle. This is less generally true in Europe than in the other continents. In this age of daring engineering projects the tourist can ascend in comfort on a mountain railway to great altitudes and view nature in the wildest aspects. In Britain motors have climbed to the summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis. Yet we doubt very much if a man who has ascended to the top of the Jungfrau on the electric railway sees as fine a view as he who has reached the same spot by many hours of arduous and dangerous climbing. In the same way the country walker sees more and gets more enjoyment out of what he sees than would be possible from a luxurious touring car. And this is the case simply because he is in the right mood to appreciate natural beauty, in that mental attitude described by Coleridge in his *Dejection Ode*:

We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live:  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!  
And would we aught behold of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the earth.

It is difficult in the extreme to give the reader a correct impression of Cornish scenery. Cornwall is not as beautiful a county as Devon. The interior lacks the richness and contrast of the Devon colouring, and there are tracts of which the general character is dullness and depression. The glory of Cornwall is her seacoast, and this is in very truth a glory.

The opening lines of "Enoch Arden" might be taken as a typical description of Cornish coast scenery:

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sand;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and higher



A long street climbs to one tall towered mill;  
And high in heaven behind it, a gray  
down.

This is of the very essence of Cornwall, even if the poet did write it in the Isle of Wight. Windy headland and peaceful cove, stern cliffs and sunny sands in happy alternation; behind, great rolling hills swept by wind and sun, with deep cool-shadowed valleys filled with the music of streams hastening down their short courses until their babbling is merged in the deeper music of the "many-sounding sea,"—that is Cornwall or at least the impression our walking tour left of it.

The land near the cliffs is often barren moorland, beautifully coloured with purple heather and other bright little flowers to which we were complete strangers. The farms lie in the sheltered valleys and back from the coast. On the most commanding headlands frequently there stand groups of white buildings. These are the houses for the Coast Guards, and most of them nowadays are naval wireless stations.

One often meets on a country road a Coast Guardsman mounted on a bicycle and dressed like a Bluejacket. They are almost without exception markedly well-built, handsome fellows, and we found them always genial and ready to enter into conversation. One of their duties in a life which, since smuggling has gone out of date, must be for the most part inactive, is giving aid in case of shipwreck; but we only saw evidence of one wreck on the coast. She had been a large steel vessel, but all that was left was a section of about fifty feet from the bow cut off sheer as if with a knife.

"You find when "cliffing it" that progress over the map is slow. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the walker is at one time at sea level in a deep valley and in a few minutes at an altitude of from three to six hundred feet, and that this is

repeated again and again. Often, too, the walking is decidedly precarious for any creature less sure-footed than the native sheep. This is especially the case after a shower or heavy dew has made the grass slippery. Any damp morning the walker is liable to come down with an earth-shaking thud on an average of once every five minutes, and woe be to him if he should be unlucky enough to light on one of the numerous species of brambles and stinging nettles, which in England compensate for the lack of mosquitoes and black flies.

Cornish scenery, however, is not all austere; there is no lack of the soft and peaceful also. The bay of St. Ives, for example, on a sunny afternoon strongly suggests a more southern coast, Italy or the south coast of France. The outer bay is large and in the shape of a semi-circle, and within it is a smaller indentation forming the harbour, around which the town clusters snugly. On the white beach the fishing-boats are hauled up in safety. There is nothing rugged here; the country is by no means flat, but the outlines are all soft and gentle.

We arrived at St. Ives about midday; the morning had been dull, but a breeze springing up about noon swept away the mist; the sky became cloudless, and the white and red sails of the fishing craft danced over the "myriad twinkling smiles" of the bay, which was as blue as ever was the Bay of Salerno.

Several of the river estuaries extend miles inland, and we found it profitable as well as pleasant, instead of going around them by road, to cross near their mouths by a ferry. We always welcomed these little voyages, generally of a small fraction of a mile, in the ferryman's punt. One of them we shall long remember for the remarkable beauty of the scenery. The estuary was narrow, deep and winding, and the high shores were partly wooded and partly farm land.



A solitary little vessel was unloading coal at the small peir. The tide was running out like a mill-race, and it was a stiff but short pull across to the mossy stone stairs almost hidden by the overhanging foliage.

Our first evening in Cornwall was one of exceptional beauty. At the pretty town of Looe, half fishing-village, half watering-place, we had a memorable tea—memorable for its excellence and the appetite which we brought to it—in a modest and secluded upper room overlooking the ridiculous little high street, which the crier was making hideous with his unintelligible bawling. Before tea we had quite determined to spend the night in Looe, but afterwards we felt so fresh we decided to walk on leisurely five or six miles to Polperro. The evening was still and clear and the scenery wonderfully beautiful. From a height four hundred and fifty feet above the sea we watched the sun sink in flaming glory behind the hills to the northwest. Below us in the valley lay a village called Talland. The moss-grown church tower was visible through the trees, with half a dozen cottages emitting curls of blue smoke from their chimneys. The sigh of the surf alone broke the stillness, until suddenly the chimes of Talland church rang out sweet and clear. The whole scene formed one of those rare pictures which seldom exist but in imagination, and we were loth to descend from our hill to tramp on for half an hour through the long English twilight.

According to a loquacious old salt who joined us, Polperro has had an interesting past. It was formerly noted for its seventeen inns, with no church, and for the lawless daring of its inhabitants, who lived riotously on the proceeds of their smuggling. Even the cobble stones of the village streets, could they speak, would testify against the old inhabitants, for these stones were used to conceal the wine casks and to prevent them from shifting in the smugglers' vessels.

There are dozens of picturesque little ports on the Cornish coast, but in our estimation Polperro is the finest. It is strongly suggestive of beautiful Atrani on the celebrated road around the Gulf of Salerno. Polperro is secure from all winds but the terrible southwest gale, and, when it blows, the huge breakers have been known to sweep over the little breakwater, smash the vessels to matchwood and surge up the streets of the village itself.

In Cornwall and Devon we walked nine days. Our average day's journey was about twenty-three miles; on our last day we accomplished fifty, twenty of them, however, were taken in the motor of a friendly Englishman, who offered us a lift in spite of the fact that the seating capacity of his car was fully occupied by his wife and himself. Why will people talk so much about the aloofness of English people towards strangers?

Anywhere in the south-west of England you can find comfortable quarters for the night on very easy terms. Indeed the cost of a walking tour compared to other modes of travelling is almost negligible. The village inns are at convenient distances along the road. At the farm houses they are always ready to supply the thirsty walker with cider or milk or even a meal or night's lodging.

When you put your shoulders into your ruck sack half an hour after breakfast and start down the road, usually a trifle stiffly for the first mile or two, you are possessed of a fine feeling of adventure. Ahead all is undiscovered land; you have a map, it is true, but a map does not tell you what sort of inn it will be that you put up at for the night nor what adventures await you by the way. By adventures I do not mean to suggest such thrilling encounters as George Borrow met with in Spain a hundred years ago or as one might meet with to-day in Mexico or the Balkans. But even in civilized England a journey on foot along the most ordinary coun-



try road is far from prosaic; it is always sure to be romantic and may ever be adventurous, if only we are in the right mood. We shall not describe our adventures, for most incidents which on the road amount to adventures seem in the telling of them insipid trivialities.

We have a happy recollection of an hour on the top of an extremely steep slope overlooking the sea, where we lay in the sunshine, soon growing too warm for a comfortable sun bath. Yet this climatic discomfort was trivial when weighed with the delight of the outlook, up there four hundred feet above the Channel, pretty wide at this point, but none too roomy in thick weather for the traffic which year in and year out ploughs the waters between Land's End and Ushant. The day is bright and clear; east and west the great coast is flung out, giant headland beyond headland, until the horns of the arc, Start Point on the left and the Lizard on the right, rest like dim clouds on the horizon. Seaward we can count nigh a score of smokes. Quite close is a noble liner, in build suggesting a huge yacht with her white hull and raking masts and funnel, bound probably for India or Australia. Nearest to her we can distinguish a shabby little tramp, sunk down to her Plimsoll line and very top-heavy looking, because of her unsightly deck load of lumber. It would be a safe bet that that lumber has glided down Canadian streams or been towed across miles of Canadian lake by a patient tug. The rest make only smoke for our eyes, but we can imagine the romance of each, for every ship has some romance in its story. even the most businesslike New York liner which races to and fro over its three-thousand-mile run with the regularity of a ferry.

The country folk of Cornwall are the most attractive in Britain. French travellers have often remarked that the Cornishman is the least gloomy and has the best manners of all Eng-

lish peasants. This is natural, as the Cornishman is a Celt and not a Saxon, and he has the Celt's sunny disposition and courteous bearing. Cornwall is not cursed with large manufacturing towns; her people are still for the most part, in spite of the mines, healthy rustics engaged in farming, or hardy fishermen. It is very seldom that man, woman or child passes you on the road without a cheerful greeting, and in spite of your shabby clothes you are addressed as "Sir."

The poet Lowell has given the Lake Country, in which I had my second experience of walking in England, the happy designation of "Wordsworthshire." One should tour this region with a select edition of Wordsworth in one's pocket and pick out for a visit—on foot—a number of the spots whose charm has been enhanced by the poet's genius.

The spirit of Tennyson seemed to be most deeply stirred by the sea. "Oh for a Mablethorpe breaker!" he writes in a letter. To Wordsworth the mountains were the greatest revelation of a Divine power and love.

For the power of hills is on thee,  
As was witnessed through thine eye,  
Then when old Helvellyn won thee  
To confess their majesty!

But apart from its literary interest, the mountainous region of Cumberland must always rank as one of the most fascinating corners of the earth for the perfection of its scenery. Nowhere else, I should say, certainly not in Switzerland, is there such propinquity and marked contrast between the peaceful atmosphere of human habitation and the sublime and solitary sanctuaries of the mountains. I was prepared for this first quality in all its English perfection, but not for the grandeur of the second. There are few altitudes in the range over 3,000 feet, and Scafell Pike, the highest point, is only 3,210 feet above the sea; yet these statistics are a continual surprise; the moun-



tains "feel much higher; indeed, sometimes about thrice the height. Seen from near Windermere, the Langdale Pikes with the more distant "giants" of Borrowdale, Scafell Pike, and Great Gable pile up grandly, and the surprise is that their brows are not glittering with eternal snow. This deception is partly due to the English climate, which greatly increases the apparent distance of the horizon; but the deception is probably due in a large degree to the picturesque outline of these mountains. They are true mountain peaks, with individuality of form, and not merely over-sized hills.

To cross the Sty Head Pass from Langdale into Borrowdale on a breezy afternoon of swirling cloud and momentary sunshine is a glorious experience. You pass the frowning peaks of Scafell and the gloomy little mountain lakes of Angle, Sprinkling, and Sty Head Tarns. By the way, De Quincey has a pretty suggestion that "Tarn," like so many local words of the Lake region, is of Danish or Icelandic origin, from *taaren* (a trickling of tears), a deposit of water from rain, the tarns having no main feeder. These quiet tarns, the innumerable gills of clear cold water gurgling and splashing over the rocks, often jumping off a ledge in a perfect little fall and filling the whole region with their music, the scudding mist, the scanty vegetation and the low temperature of the air, all this gives one the feeling that the snow line is about to be reached and that the nose of a glacier may be expected around the next corner.

All the highest points in the range can be ascended by an ordinary walker. You are sure to meet some "crag climbers" in this district, who follow the sport of ascending every peak by the most hazardous routes, from pure love of excitement and the triumph of overcoming apparently hopeless difficulties. A tremendous storm of protest would be raised among them if anyone dared to put

ropes or railings on any of the crags, as has been done in Switzerland. I was assured by one of these crag climbers that it was even considered "against the laws of the game" to remove your boots, in order to secure a better grip in some specially threatening predicament.

I do not propose to weary the reader with details of my happy three days' ramble through the Lake Country. I shall merely refer to a ten hours' tramp begun in the delightfully fresh morning air at Thornythwaite in Borrowdale and completed at Patterdale on Ullswater. A finer day for walking and climbing it could not have been. The morning air was fresh, with that delicious mountain smell in it, and all through the day, even when the sun was warm, the air was splendidly invigorating, sending one along with a tireless stride. Across two moorland ridges or fells my route lay to the narrow, deep-lying lake of Thirlmere, robbed of little of its primeval wildness from being made the reservoir for the Manchester Waterworks; then by the splendid road around the north end of the lake. After an hour's halt for lunch at the inn of Thirlspot I clambered up the mighty shoulder of old Helvellyn. As you near the summit you are surprised to find that on the other side the mountain falls away in a sheer precipice for 600 feet, and, in a barren cup in the bottom, lies a tiny lake. Much lower down and farther off shines the noble lake of Ullswater. As the afternoon was clear, the view embraced the whole Lake District and beyond, to the west, the glimmer of the sea. A cloud rested over Scafell Pike, but, even as I watched, it gradually evaporated and the summit was uncovered, which by all accounts is a rare happening, the Borrowdale peaks acting as a condenser for the damp Atlantic winds.

I found in descending that almost any route is preferable to the bed of a gill or mountain torrent, especially after a season of bounteous



rains. The miniature canyon in some spots had banks so steep as to make wading the only solution, and as the slippery rocks give exceedingly uncertain footing, it was in a decidedly wet state that I gained the bottom, not far from the south end of Thirlmere. To reach Patterdale on Ullswater, which I had made my evening objective, it was necessary to cross back over the Helvellyn ridge, and this I did by means of a rough track over the Grisedale Pass. Grisedale Tarn is just across the divide. In the inky surface of this weirdest and loveliest of lakes are reflected the crags of Dolly Waggon Pike and Seat Sandal. The men who did the naming of the English mountains were masters of their art!

A more lively sense of contentment and well-being, both animal and spiritual, there could not be, than was my possession after my repast that evening at Mrs. Burnett's cottage in Patterdale. I strolled along the road bordering the lovely shore of Ullswater and watched the few passengers disembark from the diminutive steamer in front of the hotel. When you are in that rare mood, any trivial circumstance is of interest and the most commonplace people arouse your speculations.

A visit on my last day to some of the spots more intimately associated with the memory of Wordsworth closed my sojourn in this delightful region and my walking tour in England.

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## OLD WAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I SEE you sitting in the sunbeams there,  
 Scabbard on arm, the mighty blade withdrawn,  
 Musing a little. Dreams of customs gone  
 People your mood—old loves, old quests to dare;  
 The sword so doubly tempered to its wont  
 Of battle, keen to be swift smiting through  
 Dark arms, you fondle almost as if you  
 Had borne it shouting in the fight's red front.

All this upon a quiet afternoon  
 Of golden sun in Canada. The years  
 Are but a curtain that you brush aside.  
 This hour you hear the ancient battle rune  
 In gleaming glens, and to your sight appears  
 Old war and all its honour and high pride.

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# YELLOW PERILS

BY W. LYTTLETON CASSELS

THE conversation had turned upon insanity, and the bishop had advanced the opinion that the explanation of hereditary imbecility might possibly be found in the Second Commandment. He had then gone on to say that in any case insanity often appeared to be the visitation of a directly retributive Providence. At this point, however, Brice took him up and said that it was often the less guilty but weaker individual who suffered.

"I know," he said, "of an instance of this."

It was not very often that Brice could be drawn into a discussion, but when he did so he always commanded attention; therefore the men at the club drew their chairs a little closer to his.

"The instance of which I speak," he said, "came to my notice one day when Dr. Van Allen picked me up in his car and took me out with him to the New Westminster Asylum. He was going out there to pay a brief visit to a patient, and I accompanied him into the grounds. As we walked up the avenue we passed a patient who was strolling slowly the other way and I noticed that the man had a long scar running diagonally across his cheek. My companion said, 'That man is a survivor of Pitt Meadows. He believes at times that he bears the mark of Cain. He was a newspaperman in Vancouver before the war.'"

"I decided to wait outside for the doctor, so we parted at the door. I strolled around for a few minutes and

then sat down on a bench beneath an elm. After a time the man we had passed on the avenue came and sat down beside me and I spoke to him. We exchanged several commonplaces and then I remarked how beautiful the wood on the opposite hill looked, clad in its autumn foliage. I paused and he started at my words, then some memory they engendered opened his floodgates of speech.

"'Yes,' he said. 'The wood on the hill. A bugle sounded, and the regiment on our left, the 51st Infantry, started forward through the wood. A moment later our lieutenant gave the word and we, too, went down the slope of the hill. We could not see what was happening in the valley, but from in front, and from far to the north and south, a wave of sound broke threateningly upon our ears. We could hear the crack of the rifles, the purr of the Maxims and the roar of the enemy's bigger field-guns on the top of the opposite ridge, while from behind us came the reports of our own batteries to swell the volume of sound.

"'We halted at the edge of the woods and deployed into open order among the trees. As I moved forward into place I saw the valley before me. A line of men rose suddenly to their feet about a hundred yards ahead of us and dashed forward. An officer gave an order; they dropped to the ground and commenced firing. Farther out, other men were running; dropping down to cover; firing; rising again and rushing on. Some of



them fell and lay still, arms flung wide like idle marionettes. Others stopped suddenly, spun around, and tumbled inert. The sickle of death mowed them down as they ran. It was terrible!

"A shrapnel burst not far from me and six of my troopmates crumpled up. I shivered. There were no signs of the enemy to be seen except the dark lines of their rifle-pits and a farmhouse into which they had thrown a detachment of men. The quick-firers in the orchard beside the building were pouring out a hail of lead on our advancing ranks, but the guns were out of view.

"A sharp order and our first rank ran forward. Then down they went and their rifles spat viciously. Bullets were whistling through the wood. The private beside me gave a gurgle and his rifle fell from his lifeless hands. At the word we, too, advanced at the double. Shells burst over us and men fell to right and left of me. An officer shouted; we dropped and fired at the distant rifle-pits. I was not afraid, but I felt a strange sense of detachment and I thought of Esther and the baby as I slipped the cartridges into the magazine of my rifle.

"Up and on we went; and then down again; up and on, and down again. Our lieutenant turned suddenly sideways and fell. I kept my eyes in front of me as much as possible, for the horror of it was creeping over me and I felt chill and sick. God above, I had helped to bring this to pass! My lips framed Collins's words of that fatal Friday, "Some journalism!"

"Was this war? No enemy to struggle with hand-to-hand! Nothing to fire at except an orchard and the dark lines along the green side of the crest of the hill! I dropped behind a large boulder and then I noticed that I was almost alone. I fired the cartridges in my magazine and turned to look behind me. Line after line of men issued from the

wood, ran forward, and then fired from the ground. Some of them lay down to fire, but not to rise again, for there was all too little cover. A puff of smoke, and a shell burst above a spot where a number of men were clustered. . . . I turned my head and looked to the front.

"A brook fringed with willows ran through the fields at the foot of the long gentle slope. There was a strip of newly-ploughed land on the near side of the stream, and I could see the khaki-clad figures of our men as they took shelter behind the willows and flung up impromptu rifle-pits. They were massing there preparatory to a dash up the hill.

"All the time that I lay behind the rock my eyes were busy with what was going on in the valley, but my thoughts were elsewhere. My brain drew the picture of my office in *The Vancouver Blade*, and I heard Boyce, as he burst into the reporters' room outside my door repeat, "Hustle, fellows, all hell's loose on Powell Street. They've hanged six of the Japs, and the mob are firing the houses!" I had thought of it then as a story—a story!

"Again I seemed to see Collins, the owner and managing editor, as he strode into my room, seemed to hear him say, "Some journalism, what? Some journalism. Late hours to-night, Billy. Everybody on the firing line!" *The firing line!* I thought to myself.

"That was some front sheet you had this afternoon," he added.

"It pleased him to be colloquial at times, but it had indeed been some front sheet. The headlines rose before my eyes in their seventy-two-point type: "Jap Plot Discovered," and farther down the page, "Barbarous Murder of Three White Women." Feeling had been running pretty high and *The Blade* had outdone itself in howling down the Japs; so I had ventured to demur when Collins had ordered me to run that fake story. My protest had been of



no avail, but the story had, in Boyce's words, let hell loose.

"A man rose and ran towards the shelter of my rock. He stopped suddenly, clapped his hands to his stomach, gaped open-mouthed at me a moment, and then pitched forward on his face. I wished that I had strangled Collins that day as he smiled sarcastically at me over his desk and said curtly, "It's up to you; go to it."

"We had made history that afternoon in the office of *The Blade*. Two weeks later Katsu had smashed the Pacific Squadron of the newly-formed Canadian navy. A week after that the Japanese had landed on Vancouver Island. Caldwell had been beaten and Victoria taken. The militia had all been ordered out. Then had come the second call, and I had found myself with the newly-formed 72nd Foot; and now—?

"Three men crawled up to me, and the four of us started firing from behind the boulder. A bullet caught the service hat of the man on my left and he lifted his head above the rock and said, grimly, "Peek-a-boo with death, eh?" Another added, "If we could only see them!"

"That was it! It was not men we were fighting, but trenches in the ground, machines in a wood!

"A buzz sounded far above us, and I saw an aeroplane speeding across the sky towards the hill behind which our reserves were massed. Then another followed and another. The forward one began climbing upward, circling round and round, and I could see the man by the pilot dropping the deadly pyrrhic bombs.

"We rose to our feet and dashed forward. Down we went; and again I thought of Esther and the baby in Seattle. I had sent them there when I saw that war would undoubtedly be declared, and I was indeed thankful that I had done so. The Japanese had looted and burned Vancouver. I shuddered as I thought of what had happened there when chaos broke

loose—women butchered, and worse than butchered!

"God pity me! *Some journalism!*

"The blood of my own wife and child was not on my hands—but those other women and children? Madness lay in the thought. I rose to my feet and dashed forward. A furrow caught my foot, and I fell. I splashed through an irrigation ditch, crossed the ploughed land, and threw myself down behind the willows.

"I noticed that the Japanese fire was not as heavy among the willows as elsewhere. I remember wondering why, as I fired cartridge after cartridge at the orchard and the farmhouse windows.

"A major rose to his feet. "Form into ranks as you lie," he shouted. We shifted about and formed into five lines. The major put his hands trumpetwise to his mouth, "The first line will—"

"He never finished his sentence. A deafening explosion sounded to our left. I saw the earth rise in a dust cloud mingled with the mangled bodies of men.

"God," said a voice beside me, "they've mined the whole bank!"

Brice paused for a moment and then he continued:

"The man of whom I speak bowed his head on his hands. A minute or two passed and then he rose from the bench. He gave me a sidelong glance, and as he moved furtively away from me I noticed that his hand was covering the wound on his face."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes and then the Bishop spoke:

"You may remember," he said, "that I was in that railway smash at Salmon Arm last year. Well, Collins's only son, the son's wife, and their two children were in that wreck. The wife," he continued, "was killed, and Collins's son went from the wreck to the asylum."

"And—the children?" asked Brice.

"I do not know," said the Bishop.



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE death of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has removed from the sphere of party controversy one of the great men of the Victorian era. Detached for several years from the strife of politics, it is, however, too soon yet to estimate as its full value his influence upon the history of his times. For over eight years the veteran statesman had been afflicted with an incurable malady that impaired his mental faculties and rendered him incapable of taking an active part in Parliamentary affairs. His old enemy, gout, from which he had suffered for many years, finally wrecked the tabernacle and clouded the intellect. He was an inveterate smoker of strong cigars and was never known to take exercise. In his early days Chamberlain had Republican sympathies, due doubtless to his connection with Unitarianism, which had long been imbued with the spirit of revolt against the governing classes. It was Ulster Unitarians who largely inspired the United Irish movement of 1798. As an administrator Chamberlain left his mark on the city of Birmingham, which under his guidance took the lead in municipal reforms and the civic control of public utilities. Retiring from business with an ample fortune while his feet were still on the threshold of early manhood, he was free to apply his municipal experience and undoubted ability to the wider problems of the nation and the Empire. It is too soon yet to judge impartially of his relations with Gladstone and his responsibility for the

wrecking of the Liberal Party in 1886. A home ruler before Gladstone's conversion, Chamberlain still remained throughout the debates on the first Irish Bill an ardent advocate of some form of Federal Home Rule. His defection at this critical stage led to the separate organization of the Liberal Unionists and their coalition with the Conservatives.

This coalition, which came to be known as the Unionist Party, legislated for some years on the basis of a compromise between Liberal and Conservative principles. The result was a remarkable advance in Conservative social legislation which led to open protests from the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Atkinson, and other Conservative front-benchers. The Marquis of Londonderry went so far as to resign the presidency of the Conservative Association and condemned his party for allowing Chamberlain's Radical views to dominate the Unionist Cabinet. Chamberlain was in the vanguard as a social reformer, but the split in the Liberal ranks forced him into a working alliance with a party many of whose prominent supporters did not see eye to eye with him. His greatest disappointment was the Education Act of 1902, which embodied principles against which Chamberlain had waged incessant war in his Radical days. The South African campaign, for which he was officially responsible, involved enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure and brought in its train



a period of depression the worst the country had experienced for many years. Then followed Chamberlain's remedy for hard times—Tariff Reform—and the breaking-up of the Balfour Cabinet. The immediate effect of the hard times was the return of the Liberals by a sweeping majority, and the advent of the Labour Party.

Later events are still fresh in the public memory. Mr. Lloyd George, who first attracted notice by reason of his unsparing criticisms of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, became the prophet of the new Democracy. Chamberlain will be remembered not so much for what he accomplished as for what he aimed to accomplish. He caught the vision of a world-wide British Empire bound together by ties of closest friendship, and one in peace or war. Trained to think in terms of market value as a successful manufacturer, he brought into the arena of party controversy an issue which should have been non-contentious. Empires and nations are not made; they grow. To link Imperialism with Tariff Reform, and to build up Imperial unity on a highly contentious trade basis proved not to be the line of least resistance. It broke up the Balfour Cabinet and to many who had previously given little thought to the question it presented Imperialism in the light of a trade policy, which meant increased taxation. Of his sincerity there can be little doubt. Chamberlain laid the foundations, in the discussions to which his ideas gave rise, of a movement which one day will take concrete form in the steady growth of an Imperial sentiment which will find expression in a businesslike co-ordination of the self-governing nations of the Empire.

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It is always dangerous to prophesy regarding political affairs. It is the unexpected that always happens, and this is particularly so of Irish politics. Those accustomed to read between the lines will not be carried

away by alarmist reports from Ireland. The tension is always greatest—in newspapers. A religious war is unthinkable in the twentieth century. In all the secular affairs of life Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics cooperate in a friendly spirit. They sit together on the governing bodies of the Agricultural Department, Agricultural Co-operative Association, and the Industrial Development Association. They mix freely at fairs and markets and sit together on the senates of Irish universities. Individually, Protestant and Catholic are good neighbours and have no desire to fight each other. But party politics tend to destroy individuality, and what men would shrink from as individuals they will recklessly carry out when one of a mob. This is the danger in Ireland. There are all the elements that go to ensure peace and unity, but through the exigencies of party politics there is created an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. Unless something unforeseen happens, and Home Rule Bill is now assured, and will become the law of the land. It is the amending bill on which attention is now concentrated. At one time *The London Daily Mail* accepted the exclusion of what it termed "the four homogeneous counties of Ulster" as the basis of a settlement. This demand has now been enlarged to a claim for the statutory exclusion of all Ulster. The difficulties in the way of a settlement are great, but not insuperable. On the one hand the Ulster Volunteers threaten to fight if their terms are not conceded. On the other hand the Irish Volunteers may fight if the terms of settlement endanger the integrity of the country. Meantime business is depressed in the "black North," and this fact may have greater influence in the hastening of a settlement than the speeches of leaders and parliamentarians.

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The July celebration in Ulster passed over quietly, and falsified the



alarming cablegrams sent to Canadian newspapers from Belfast. One good result of the drilling on both sides is the discipline, which has imposed a self-restraint and personal responsibility for the maintenance of order, as gratifying as it is remarkable, having regard to the reputation for rioting which distinguished Belfast and Ulster in past years. Out of this discipline and self-restraint has grown a feeling of mutual respect between Nationalists and Unionists which, if allowed to continue, will make for lasting peace and toleration. Were Irishmen at liberty to settle their differences and to work out their own destiny, free from the undertow of British party controversies, common sense would in the end prevail, and loyalty to a common country and common interests predominate over sectional jealousies and sectarian differences. What measure of prosperity Ireland has achieved in recent years has been brought about by a spirit of reasonable compromise and co-operation, which enables men of opposite religious and political views to work harmoniously together on public boards for the general good of the country.

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The invasion of Canada by the Sikhs has raised a thorny problem and added greatly to the anxieties of statesmen responsible for the government of India. South Africa and Canada have decided to settle this question in the light of national requirements. This throws the onus of responsibility on the shoulders of British statesmen. The Sikhs are a fine race with a splendid record of loyalty and service to the Empire. With remarkable unanimity, however, the British press admits the right of self-governing Dominions to control immigration and to regulate their internal affairs, without regard to the difficulties which may be created thereby for those responsible for the affairs of India. The controversy has

set in motion the pens of splenetic writers who have failed to take into account the effects of their diatribes on the natives of India. Private advices from India indicate that feeling is very strong there and that the agitators against British rule have made considerable capital out of the Canadian incident. It should be possible to preserve Canada as a white man's country without adding unnecessarily to the burden of British rulers in the great Eastern dependency.

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The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his wife adds yet another chapter of blood and sorrow to the tragic tale of the unfortunate Hapsburgs. The heir to the Austrian throne was most unpopular. He met his death bravely endeavouring to shield his wife. The aged Emperor has drunk deeply of the cup of affliction. A quarter of a century ago he lost his only son in a mysterious tragedy. Sixteen years ago his wife was murdered. Maximilian, his brother, was shot in Mexico, and Carlotta, Maximilian's devoted wife, became insane after a vain effort to enlist European intervention on behalf of her condemned husband. His nephew and heir, Archduke John, renounced his rank and, as Johann Orth, sailed on board a ship and was never again heard of. The late Archduke contracted a morganatic alliance and his children are therefore debarred from the throne. The present heir is Charles Francis Joseph. The Croats and Serbs are about equally divided in the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have a population of two millions. There is also a small number of Mohammedans. Europe was on the verge of war in 1908 when Austria-Hungary violated the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, since 1878, had been under the protection of the Austrian Empire. The Serbs, after the annexation, were subjected to repressive measures, and Sarajevo, where



the assassination of the Royal couple took place on June 28th, was the centre of Servian agitation against Austrian rule. The Serbs deeply resented the crushing out of their national ideals and customs. The late Archduke was regarded in international circles as a serious menace to world peace. He was responsible for the new Austrian navy and for the aggressive Imperial policy which Austria-Hungary has adopted during the past ten years.

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The following letter, from Mr. J. C. Boylen, to the editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, is interesting to all students of Canadian history:

July 2, 1914.

Sir,—Miss Janet Carnochan's article in the July number on "Rare Canadian Books" is another valuable contribution from her pen on the beginnings of Canadian literature. In the article she makes reference to the medal struck by the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada and asks, "Was the medal ever made?" and "Are there any specimens in existence?"

These medals were made, according to the record contained in "Explanation of the Proceedings of the Loyal and Patriotic Society," Toronto, 1841, but were not distributed because they did not answer "the original purpose for which they were designed," as the Explanation has it. This pamphlet goes on to say: "Though nothing could have been better intended than this plan of the society for bestowing medals as a reward for meritorious service, it was unfortunate that they did not at first sufficiently consider that it belongs to the sovereign to confer that mark of honour, for public services rendered to the Crown, in a military or civil capacity."

In 1822 these medals were placed by the society in the custody of the Bank of Upper Canada. At a meeting of the society on July 7th, 1840, at which were present Dr. Strachan, Chief Justice Robinson, the Honourable William Allan, the Honourable George Crookshank, Colonel Givings, and Alexander Wood, arrangements were made for selling the medals as bullion. After all expenses, which did not exceed £2, were paid, the proceeds were donated to "the Trustees of the Provincial Hospital."

Their sale is recorded as follows:  
1840.

Aug. 17. 58 gold medals sold to Chas. Sewell, watchmaker, Toronto, 33 oz., 15 dwt., 20 grs., at 77s. 1d. . . . .	£130 4 9
Aug. 18. 60 silver medals sold to Wm. Stennet, watchmaker, Toronto, 100 7-100 oz., at 5s. 6d. . . . .	27 11 10½
Aug. 24. 121 silver medals to Chas. Sewell, 200 2-20 oz., at 5s. 6d. . . . .	55 0 6½
Nov. 6. 3 gold medals to the same, 2 oz., 5 dwt., 12 grs., at 77s. 1d. . . . .	8 15 1½
Nov. 7. 367 silver ditto to W. Stennett, 632 4-20 oz., at 5s. 6d. . . . .	173 17 1

In describing the design of the medals from the report in her possession, Miss Carnochan wrote of the American eagle as "plancing." This is evidently a misprint, as in other descriptions the word is "planing."

It appears that Miss Carnochan, with her indefatigable energy in searching for historical data, discovered the main facts as given by Mr. Boylen, and she forwarded an additional explanatory paragraph to be added to her article. The paragraph, however, came too late for the printers.





## The Library Table

### ENGLISH CANADIAN LITERATURE

By T. G. MARQUIS. A reprint from "Canada and Its Provinces," a historical set of twenty-three volumes, by One Hundred Associates. Toronto: The Publishers' Association.

THE purpose of this valuable contribution to "Canada and Its Provinces" is to tell what has been done worth while for literature in Canada, embracing the avenues of history, travel and exploration, biography, and belles lettres. Mr. Marquis went to the task well equipped, and one can say with surety that to no other essay could one appeal for so complete a consideration of the subject. He went to it also with a sympathetic mind, and while his praise of Canadian writers is not fulsome or indiscriminate, it is at least generous. Generosity could be charged almost as a fault, for it is now high time in Canada that the names of some writers be dropped entirely from our essays and anthologies and new names admitted. This essay does take a glimpse into the last decade, and that is something to be remarked, for most considerations of a similar character do not pass beyond the scope of the latest bibliography. But Mr. Marquis goes back as far as 1804, when George Heriot, a Jerseyman by birth, published the first volume of his history of Canada, and he comes down to the time, about a year ago, of the publication of Miss Marjorie Pickthall's first volume of verse. It should be recorded, however, as Mr. Marquis has shown a desire to confine

his review to native literature, that Miss Pickthall was merely a temporary resident in Canada, that she had left the country before her book was compiled, and that her work, in verse at least, displays no Canadian tone or sentiment. It is in his treatment of Canadian verse in particular that Mr. Marquis compels our attention, for there he exercises his critical and discriminating sense and sifts, mostly with good judgment, the wheat from the chaff. And that has been no simple matter, for there is in Canadian letters an enormous mass of rhyming chaff, chaff that has been sorted out and honoured indiscriminately by almost every anthologist in the Dominion. Mr. Marquis has avoided most of it. His comparisons among Lampman, Roberts, Carman, and Campbell are the most interesting part of the essay, for they reveal a close acquaintanceship with these authors and an earned judgment of their work. Towards Canadian novelists of a decade ago or earlier he has shown perhaps a little more than bare justice. He compares the animal stories of Thompson Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts, giving the palm for imagination to Roberts, and for science to Seton. He finds Gilbert Parker at his best a great novelist, but he puts Robert Barr on a lower scale. Fortunately he is not carried away by Ralph Connor or Robert Knowles, but in view of a generous attitude on the whole one wonders why he has not extended his inquiry closer to the present and included Arthur Macfarlane, Frank L. Packard, George T. Pattullo, Harvey O'Higgins, and Hul-



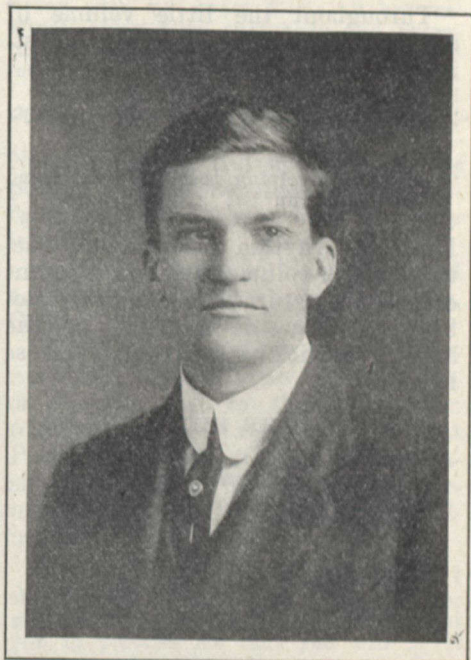
bert Footner, all at least virile young Canadian writers. However, he goes well back—to the greatest of them all—Thomas Chandler Haliburton (Sam Slick), to whom he gives the rightful place of the father of American humour. As to his selections from the poets, one really should not complain, because he has left out many that less capable critics would have included; nevertheless, we feel bound to say that while some of our more recent poets may not contribute anything to the great sum of English poetry, they are at any rate infinitely superior craftsmen to some of those mentioned in this review. Take, for instance, Alan Sullivan, Lloyd Roberts, Arthur L. Phelps, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, George Herbert Clarke, Helena Coleman, J. D. Logan, and Eric Mackay Yeoman. Some of these, it is true, have not yet published a volume, and therefore it is difficult to consider their output as entities. But in any case we should forget a grievance of this kind in our satisfaction in possessing a monograph so comprehensive and intelligent as this one by Mr. Marquis.

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#### ENGLAND OVER SEAS

BY LLOYD ROBERTS. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE publication of this volume of poems by a son of Charles G. D. Roberts is an interesting, even significant, event in the development of Canadian literature. Lloyd Roberts has been contributing verse to the magazines for some years, but this, we believe, is the first collection of his work under one cover. Its appearance has prompted the well-known critic Dr. J. D. Logan to at once seize upon the fact as an indication of a new era in Canadian verse. It is noteworthy that Dr. Logan has already connected Charles G. D. Roberts with an earlier *renaissance* in Canadian verse, and now we find him discovering in the son the first runner in



MR. LLOYD ROBERTS

(Son of Charles G. D. Roberts) whose first volume of poems has been published recently in England.

a second *renaissance*. We can at least acknowledge a more than ordinary sympathy with Lloyd Roberts's poetry, and indeed a few of the poems raise us to a point of exultation. And if one exults with the reading of poetry, what more can be asked? But one need not be an Englishman, nor even a Britisher, to exult over "England's Fields":

#### ENGLAND'S FIELDS

England's cliffs are white like milk,  
But England's fields are green;  
The gray fogs creep across the moors,  
But warm suns stand between.  
And not so far from London town, beyond  
the brimming street,  
A thousand little summer winds are singing  
in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,  
The hedges are aglow;  
The daisies climb the windy hills  
Till all grow white like snow.  
And when the slim, pale moon slides up,  
and dreamy night is near,  
There's a whisper in the beeches for  
lonely hearts to hear.



Throughout the little volume of fifty-five pages there are many arresting lines, such as:

"Until the moon's great dripping calyx came" . . .

"Across the yelping torrents a thousand feet have run" . . .

Music and rhythm seem to be instinctive to this volume, and for pleasant conceits of nature it is peculiarly Robertsonian. Here is a touch of the New Brunswick barrens and the moose hunt:

#### THE KILL

Black and white the face of night,  
And roar the rapids to the moon;  
Dust of stars beyond the bars,  
And mirthless laughter of the loon.

Swirling blades through inky shades,  
And ghostly shadows slipping by;  
Clogging beds of arrowheads,  
And jaggling spruce tops in the sky.

Rasping groans of birchen cones  
Re-answering from shore to shore;  
Through the hush the snapping brush—  
Then silence, and the stars once more.

\*

#### CHARLES STEWART PARNELL: HIS LOVE STORY AND POLITICAL LIFE.

BY KATHARINE O'SHEA (MRS. PARNELL). Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THE most interesting part of this remarkable book is the personality of the writer. No man who is at all human could read it and not hold some sympathy with Parnell in his devotion to the one woman who could utterly distract him from the trying experiences of his political connections. Katharine O'Shea was the wife of a dashing young hussar officer, the daughter of Sir John Page Wood, and the niece of Gladstone's Lord Chancellor. She is described as being beautiful, and we have the book to impress her eccentricities and her charm. To her home and Captain O'Shea's Par-

nell had been repeatedly invited to dine, but he had not responded. Then she determined to fetch him. She boasted to some friends that "the uncrowned king of Ireland shall sit in that chair at the next dinner I give." She drove to the House of Commons and sent in her card, asking Mr. Parnell to come out and speak to her. The result was fatal. She herself tells about the meeting:

"He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wonderful intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful and different.' . . . In leaning forward in the cab to say good-bye a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell out on to my skirt. He picked it up and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole."

He kept it in his private papers till the day of his death in an envelope "with my name and the date."

"A few days later he came to dinner."

There was in Parnell's deportment a touch of gallantry, but the episode in the lives of these two began at once to assume the aspects of romance, and there were in their affairs little incidents such as are dear to the feminine heart. Parnell almost lived at the O'Shea residence, and indeed during the Land League prosecutions, when the police, it was supposed, intended to arrest him, he lay there in refuge for a fortnight:

"We decided that a little room opening out of my own must be utilized for him, as I always kept it locked and never allowed a servant into it. . . . It was a little boudoir dressing-room and had a sofa in it. . . . None of the servants knew that he was there, and I took all his food up at night, cooking dainty little dishes for him at the open fire."

Then there were some papers that he did not wish to be discovered:

"For these he had a wide, hollow gold bracelet made in Paris, and after inserting the papers he screwed the bracelet safely on my arm. There it remained for three years and was then unscrewed by him and the contents destroyed."



In January, 1881, Captain O'Shea suddenly arrived at Eltham and discovered Parnell's portmanteau there. There was a domestic scene. Captain O'Shea challenged Parnell to fight a duel with him. On second thought he came to the conclusion that he had been too hasty, and merely made the condition that Mr. Parnell should not stay at Eltham. The writer adds:

"From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one without scruple, without fear and without remorse."

In October, 1881, he was arrested, much to "Willie's fierce and open joy," and lodged in Kilmainham. She herself says of this period, divulging the hitherto unknown fact that she had a child by Parnell:

"From the time of Parnell's arrest onward until the birth of his child in the following February, I lived an entirely sub-conscious existence . . . feeling that all that was of life in me had gone with my lover to prison."

Parnell's letters contain constant references to the expected event. Once he writes to her:

"Rather than that my beautiful Wife should run any risk I will resign my seat, leave politics, and go away somewhere with my own Queenie, as soon as she wishes; will she come? Let me know, darling, in your next about this."

In February the child was born, and there is this astonishing statement, "Willie (Captain O'Shea) had no suspicion of the truth," while a letter from Captain O'Shea's sister is actually printed to prove "that my little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas."

The baby—a girl—lived only a few weeks. Parnell was released on parole to attend a nephew's wedding, and he saw the child twice. While it was dying he recurred to his dream of abandoning politics and avowing his love:

"I love you, my darling, more and more every day, and I should feel quite reconciled to giving up politics for ever and

living with my sweet Katie all by ourselves, away from everybody and everything. I do not think anything will ever induce me to speak from a platform again. I always disliked it excessively, but I should loathe it now."

Nevertheless he did not sacrifice his political ambitions, and his love affairs seem not to have been seriously interrupted.

In time Captain O'Shea procured a divorce, and then Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were married.

But the divorce drew down the denunciation of the Nonconformists upon Parnell, and to them Gladstone promptly bowed and ordained that Parnell must go. Gladstone, she insists, had known all for years. Parnell determined to fight it out, telling Mrs. Parnell:

"I am feeling very ill, Queenie, but I think I shall win through. I shall never give in unless you make me, and I want you to promise me that you will never make me less than the man you have known."

He was beaten in Committee Room Fifteen, and his party dissolved into factions. Parnell survived this stunning disaster only a few months and returned to the house which they had taken at Brighton, worn out and dangerously ill after speaking in Ireland. He grew rapidly worse, and late in the night of October 6, 1891, he died in his wife's arms with the last words on his lips: "Kiss me, sweet wife, and I will try to sleep a little."

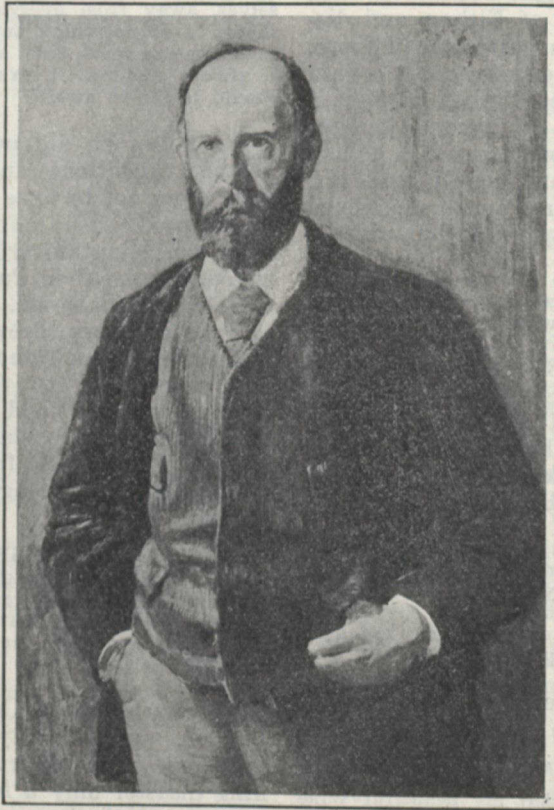
\*

### THE BEND IN THE ROAD

BY TRUMAN A. DE WEESE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IT has been said that every real man expects some day to own a little farm where he can get into complete sympathy and touch with nature. Sometimes it does not turn out according to the plan, but the author of this delightful book shows how, in his case at least, the "farm" has been a source of infinite enjoyment. The





From a Portrait by William Cruickshank

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR, OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Whose monumental work in two volumes, entitled "An Economic History of Russia," has just been published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.

everyday experiences are charmingly told, and together with quiet humour and good literary flavour the volume is one that all lovers of the out-of-doors should possess.

\*

—"Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech," by C. S. Bluemel, is a work in two volumes dealing with the psychology of stammering and the contemporaneous systems of treating stammering, their possibilities and

limitations. The first volume discusses the causes of defects in speech and considers them, not from a physiological standpoint, as is usually the case, but from the standpoint of psychology. In other words, the defect is considered as mental rather than physical. In the second volume many of the systems for the correction of stammering are given and fakes revealed. It is a work, we should imagine, that every stammerer would want to possess. (New York: G. E. Stechert and Company).



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Cook has quite a reputation for soups. Everyone is trying to discover the secret of that fine flavour, that deep colour, that appetising savour.

Cook's secret is in the larder. It is a bottle of BOVRIL.

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Furnace** to grind up clinkers when "rocked". See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 32



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Sure!

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are so dainty—so crisp, airy and fragile—that you treat them at first like confections. One starts to eat them grain by grain.

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Buds---solid chocolate---easy to  
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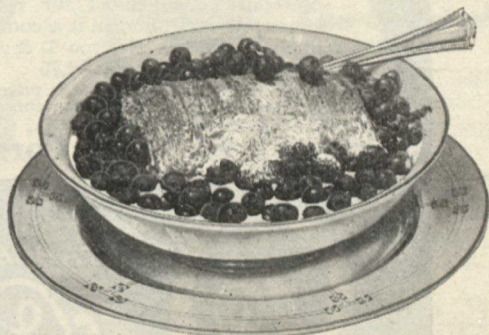
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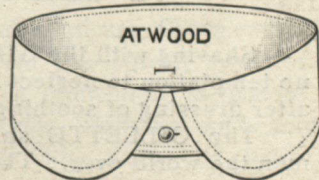
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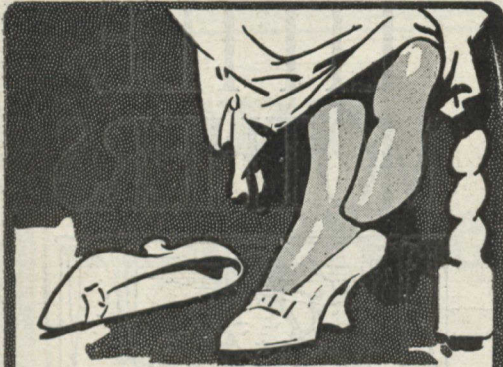
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The Williams' patented hinged-cover can is a wonderful convenience and contains nearly 15% more powder than others sold at the same price.

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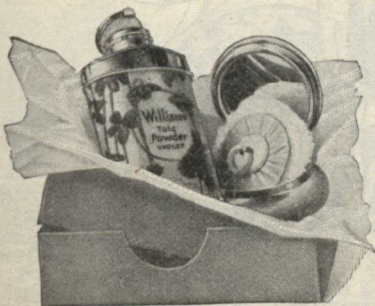
finds it a satisfaction to always have with her a little Talc Powder. The Williams' Vanity Box supplies just what she needs. It is heavily silver-plated, fitted with mirror and powder puff and is a real "friend in need."

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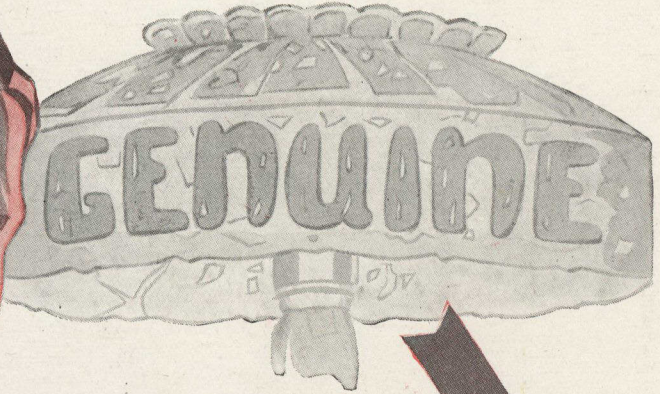
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In hard water or soft, hot water or cold, Palmolive lathers freely and quickly. It imparts a smooth, clear complexion, and adds that touch of charm unknown to any other soap. It is very hard—does not waste.

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Milwaukee, Wis.



**Palmolive Cream** cleanses the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50c.





**"CANADIAN BEAUTY"  
Electric Iron**

Is a HAPPY IRON to all who possess one. The peace and comfort it brings to the user makes it worth many times its cost, which is very moderate.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the "Canadian Beauty" and get in line with its many satisfied users.

It is beautiful in appearance, very strongly built, heats quickly and is economical on current.

Remember also that the heater in the "Canadian Beauty" Iron is **guaranteed for all time.**

Ask your dealer to demonstrate other "Canadian Beauty" articles, such as Electric Toasters and Toaster Stoves, Luminous Radiators, Air Warmers, Percolators, Disc Stoves small and large, Etc.

Look us up at Toronto Exhibition in Industrial Hall and see our display.

**Renfrew Electric Man'f'g Co., Limited,  
Renfrew, Ont., Canada**



**The Painless  
Drugless**

**ROAD TO HEALTH**

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

**THIRTEEN YEARS' USE**

*"Having had an Oxydonor in my house for thirteen years, I prize it more highly than ever. It has cured me and my family of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, Sick Headaches, Bronchitis and Womb Trouble; also cured Colds, Sore Throat, La Grippe, Pneumonia and Fevers. I would not be without Oxydonor in my house for one day."*

Mrs. A. E. Edgecombe, 131 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
Dec. 16, 1913.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

*Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.*

WRITE TO-DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH

**Dr. H. Sanche & Co.**

Dept. 11  
364 St. Catherine St. W.  
Montreal, Canada  
489 Fifth Ave., New York  
1749 Woodward Ave.,  
Detroit.



**Poisonous Matches**

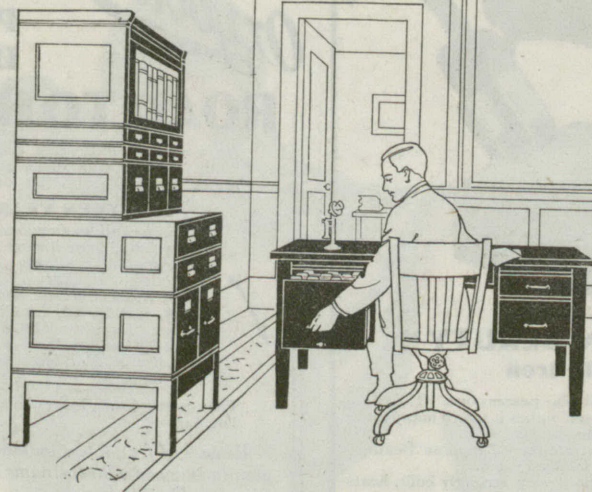
In less than two years it will be unlawful to buy or to use Poisonous White Phosphorous Matches.

Everybody should henceforth use

**Eddy's Non-poisonous  
"SESQUI" MATCHES**

and thus insure safety in the home.





## *Avoid Confusion— Improve Your Work*

The beauty of working at an OFFICE SPECIALTY SYSTEM DESK is that you do not have the top of your desk cluttered up with a lot of miscellaneous matters that hinder you from attending to affairs of immediate importance. They are filed away in classified order in the File Drawers on your Desk—at hand in a moment.

Matters of other than immediate importance can be filed close at hand in a stack of Office Specialty Filing Sections—a turn in your chair and thousands of facts are available.

The Office Specialty Filing Equipment Catalog from which to select your Record-Keeping Requirements is yours for the asking. Write for your copy now.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  

**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED  
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
**CANADA**  
*Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire.*

Head Office: 97 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina,  
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Factories: Newmarket, Ont.





## THE EASIEST WAY IS THE SAFEST WAY

Your jams and preserves will keep indefinitely if they are sealed with

# Parowax

It's much easier than tying the tops of your jars with string—and it's a good deal safer, too.

Put up in handy one-pound cartons of four cakes each—at your grocers.

### THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto	Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver
Ottawa	Quebec	Calgary	Edmonton
Halifax	St John	Regina	Saskatoon



## What Does a Man Ask Of a Shoe ?

First of all you should insist on "appearance." But fit and wear are just as important. Three things, then, to look for; and you get the combination at its very best when you buy the

# ALTRO

## SHOE for MEN

Made by a concern whose name has always stood for quality—whose success is built on quality—whose expert shoe-makers are imbued with the highest ideals of quality.

All the things that go into the making of our high-grade footwear cost us more to-day than ever; but the high standard will be maintained at any cost. We get even by selling more shoes—because more people, yearly, are learning to appreciate their real superiority.

### Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass



Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price, 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. to cover cost of engraving, etc.

The  
ALTRO

Minister Myles  
Shoe Co., Limited

109 Simcoe St.  
Toronto

C.  
Send  
me a  
Vanity  
Hand Glass

Name \_\_\_\_\_



# "One! Two! Left! Right!"

## Learn to dance - in your own home



Will you pay \$1.00 to learn the Hesitation from the most successful teacher in the country? Or the One-Step, or the Maxixe, or the Tango?

We have just issued **Four Columbia Double Disc Dance Instruction Records** - each one prepared by G. Hepburn Wilson, and each with a complete dance selection on the reverse side. With these records and a copy of Mr. Wilson's book "How to Dance the Modern Dances" which your Columbia dealer will present to you with any one of the records—you have the most successful teacher in New York right there with you—you **have** to dance.

You can buy the Columbia Grafonola "Jewel," illustrated on this page, for \$45 - and on small monthly payments at that, if you prefer.

### 1—One-Step (Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection  
"Goodbye Broadway" (One-Step).

Record No. A1542 . . . . . \$1.00

### 2—Hesitation (Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection  
"Columbia Hesitation."

Record No. A1543 . . . . . \$1.00

### 3—Maxixe (Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection  
"Florence Maxixe."

Record No. A1540 . . . . . \$1.00

### 4—Tango (Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection  
"The Aeroplane" (Tango).

Record No. A1541 . . . . . \$1.00

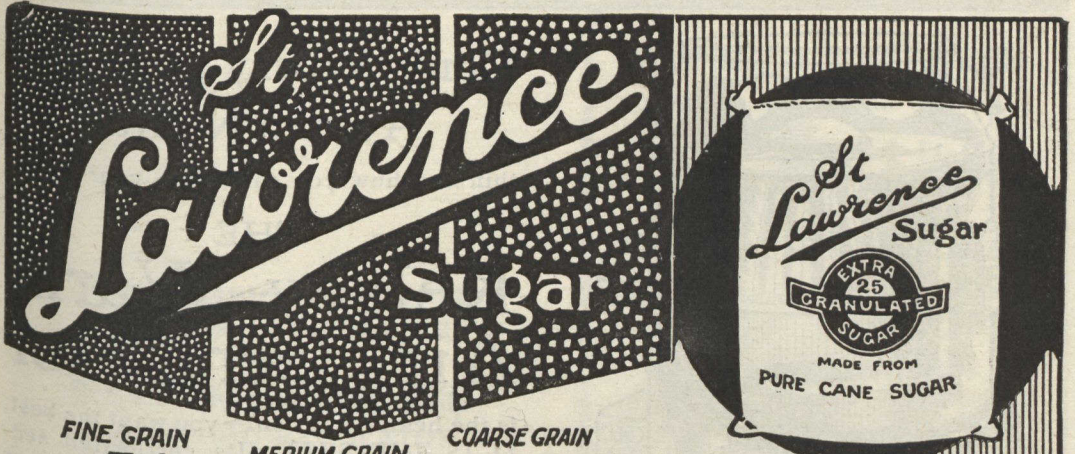
# Columbia



Graphophone Company, 365-7 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write or particulars.





**T**WO brands of sugar may be sold at the same price and look exactly alike, but, in sweetening properties and purity of ingredients, may be quite different.

St. Lawrence Sugar is manufactured from the finest selected fully matured cane sugar and is 99.99 per cent pure.

For actual sweetening properties St. Lawrence Sugar is unsurpassed by any brand on the market.

The process of manufacture takes place under conditions the most cleanly and sanitary imaginable.

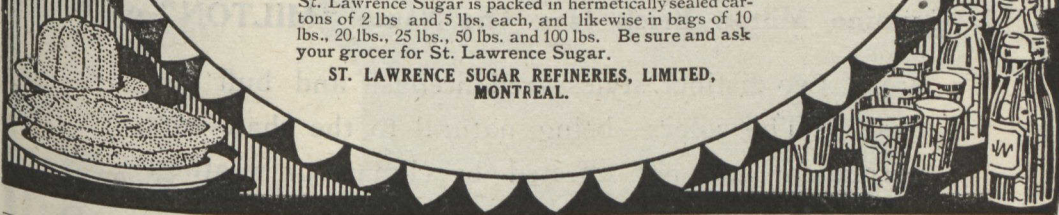
To insure its delivery to you absolutely pure and free from contamination, every package or bag of St. Lawrence Sugar is sealed at the factory and remains so until it is opened by you.

St. Lawrence Sugar is manufactured in grains of three different sizes, known as Fine, Medium and Coarse, the sizes being indicated by the different coloured tags.

A Red tag is used for Fine Grain, a Blue tag for Medium Grain, and a Green tag for Coarse Grain.

St. Lawrence Sugar is packed in hermetically sealed cartons of 2 lbs and 5 lbs. each, and likewise in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs. and 100 lbs. Be sure and ask your grocer for St. Lawrence Sugar.

**ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED,  
MONTREAL.**

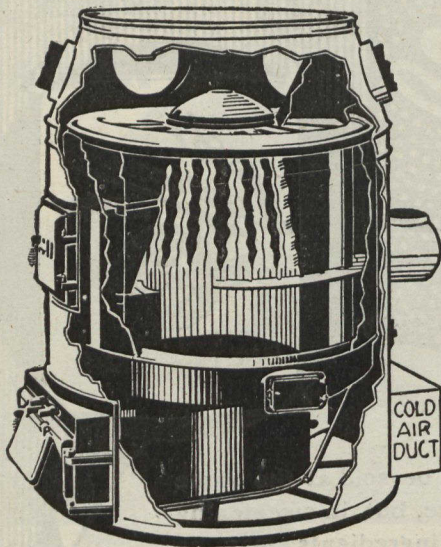


**"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water**

*There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"*

**CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL**





## Don't Worry and Stay Awake Nights

thinking how you can warm your home.

## THE Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

The James Smart Mfg.  
Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office

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# Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce    Chili Sauce    Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal



# SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Often Imitated    Seldom Equalled    Never Surpassed  
Packed in one and two pound tins only.

150

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL



PEASE  
ECONOMY

FURNACES



**Flowers Bloom All Winter**

When your home is heated with a Pease warm air Furnace. This is good proof not only of the warmth of your home, but of the freshness and purity of the air. This is a point that many overlook.

Write us for booklet today—by arranging for your heating early you insure good installation

*"Pays for itself by the coal it saves."*

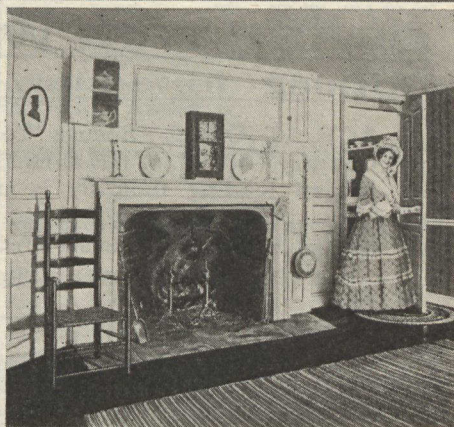
**PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY.**

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TORONTO, ONT.

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**The Charm of Colonial Silverware**

The quaintness and simplicity of olden times find expression in our "Old Colony" pattern. Added to these qualities is the finish that results from present day skill and methods. The design possesses individuality in a marked degree without resorting to over-ornamentation or sacrificing its purity of outline. Like all

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

**Most Popular for Gifts**

The unvarying quality and richness of design make 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware especially favored for gifts.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**

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MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK  
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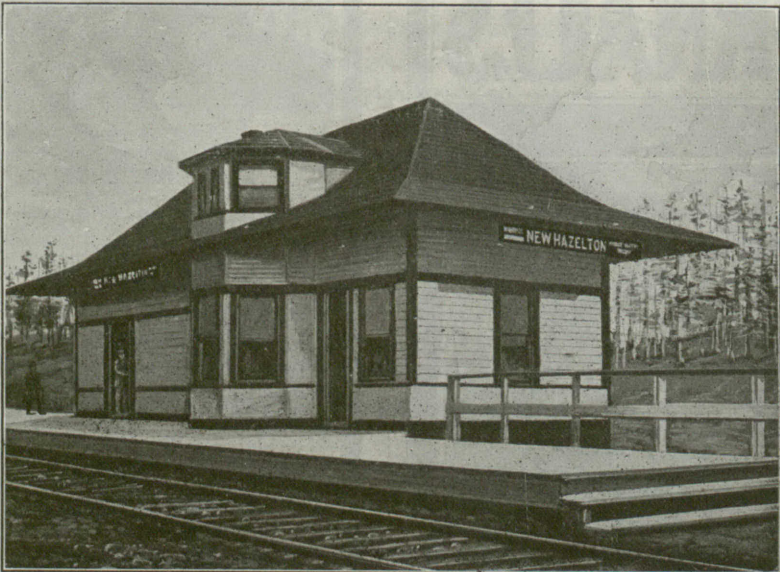
# GRASP THIS WONDERFUL OFFER

Nothing to equal it was ever attempted

**ACT AT ONCE**—Secure Your **LOT** in this **RICH, WONDERFUL Country**—**NOW**. **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**, Canada's acknowledged leading monthly is making this exceptional offer to you.

Subscribe to the Canadian Magazine for two years at the regular price and receive a lot 33 x 120 feet in East New Hazelton **AT COST**.

**EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WILL POSITIVELY RECEIVE A LOT.**



G. T. P. R. STATION, NEW HAZELTON, B. C.

### **MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW**

East New Hazelton adjoins the well established town of New Hazelton, in a district immensely wealthy in coal and a variety of minerals, and fringed by some of the most productive farm country in the world. Lots in this very neighborhood are now selling from \$150.00 to \$1,500.00 and prices are increasing rapidly.

### **GRASP THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY NOW.**

There are no strings to this offer, the reputation of the Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

### **THIS GENEROUS OFFER WILL STAND A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.**

The Canadian Magazine is in the publishing business and not in the real estate business, but is offering these lots as a special inducement to get your subscription.

### **THIS IS A SIMPLE AND DEFINITE PROPOSITION.**

Manager Premium Dept.,  
302 Webster Bldg.,  
53 Yonge St.,  
Toronto,

Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton, you are offering with your magazine as a special premium inducement.

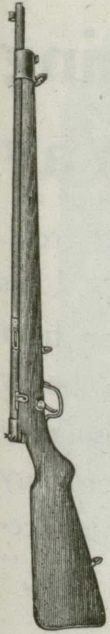
Name .....

Address .....

## **Investigate this Offer NOW**

*Write Manager, Premium  
Department, The Canadian  
Magazine, 302 Webster Bldg.,  
53 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.*





## ROSS RIFLE LUCK IS PERSISTENT

The King's Prize at Bisley was won twice in the last three years with Ross Rifles.

Every competition in which Ross Rifles have been used has added new laurels to the records of the "ROSS" RIFLE CO.

In the hunting field in Canada, the United States, Africa, India, Australia, the Ross Sporting Rifle is the recognized leader of all modern high power rifles.

## NOW IT'S THE "ROSS" .22

Cadet McWilliams of Calgary has just won in London, Eng., the Championship of the Imperial Cadet Competition in which the Canadian team carried off every first prize but one.

They used the Ross .22 which is now in the hands of the trade, and which we recommend as a reliable, safe, and most accurate weapon.

ROSS "LUCK" FOLLOWS THE USERS OF ALL ROSS RIFLES.

Ross Cadet Rifles sell at \$12.00, other models from \$25.00.

Full illustrated catalogue on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO.

Quebec, Que.

# O'Keefe's

## PILSENER LAGER

Brains have a higher market value to-day than at any other time in the history of the world.

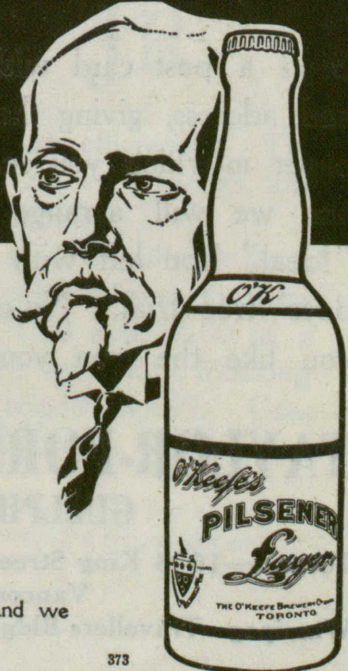
The man with ideas—the man who can think quickly and accurately—can command his own price.

Brain-workers should realize the vital importance of the food they eat and drink.

Unless body and brain be properly nourished, it is impossible to do the best work.

A bottle of O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER is a bottle of liquid food and strength for all workers. It restores the flagging energy and refreshes the whole system. Order a case from your dealer and have a bottle for dinner to-day.

If your dealer will not supply you, phone us, Main 4202, and we will see that you are supplied at once.



373

O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED TORONTO





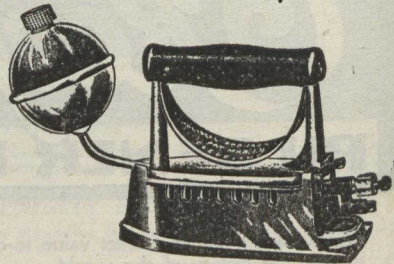
## Do Your Ironing the Easiest Way

No hot stove to walk to and from. No charcoal fumes to inhale. Uses only a spoonful of gasoline an hour and does four to five hours heavy ironing with one filling. Absolutely safe. Indestructible from ordinary wear. We are giving special inducements to introduce the "Ideal Iron,"

the most perfect self-heating sad iron yet invented.

## Ten Days' Free Trial at Your Home

Send a post card with your name and address, giving the name of the paper in which you read this offer, and we will arrange to have an "Ideal" Iron left with you for a ten days' free trial. No obligation. If you like the iron you will want to buy it.



**TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, Limited**  
GUELPH . . . CANADA

Toronto—108 King Street.

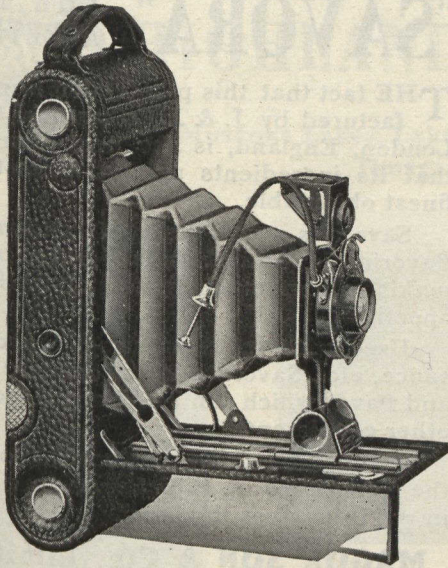
Montreal—246 Craig Street.

Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.

Winnipeg—Travellers Bldg.

St. John, N. B.—147 Prince William St.





*If it isn't  
an Eastman,  
it isn't  
a Kodak.*

## The New No. 1<sup>A</sup> KODAK JR.

A thin, compact, convenient camera of high efficiency. The shape of the pictures is rectangular,  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and pleasingly suited to landscapes and home portraits.

Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has new Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and speeds of  $1/25$ ,  $1/50$  and  $1/100$  of a second; improved back for quick reloading; automatic focusing lock; collapsible reversible finder and two tripod sockets. Uses Kodak Film cartridges of six and twelve exposures, loading and unloading in daylight.

Price, with meniscus achromatic lens	- - - - -	\$ 9.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens	- - - - -	11.00

*Free catalogue at your dealer's, or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto.





## "SAVORA" THE NEW APPETISER

THE fact that this preparation is manufactured by J. & J. Coleman, Ltd., of London, England, is the best guarantee that its ingredients are the purest and finest obtainable.

Savora is a new form of mustard for flavoring fish and all kinds of grilled meats, making them much more palatable and appetizing.

Used with salad dressing, mayonaise sauce, etc., Savora adds a delicate taste and flavor which can be obtained from no other condiment.

To ensure having the genuine see that the signature J. & J. Coleman is printed in red ink across the label.

**MAGOR SON & CO., Limited.**

AGENTS FOR CANADA.

30 Church Street,  
TORONTO.

403 St. Paul Street,  
MONTREAL.

FOR SALE AT ALL LEADING GROCERS

## To Quench Thirst

Isn't the only reason for a good beverage.

# COSGRAVES

(CHILL PROOF)

## PALE ALE

is a thirst quencher and more—it overcomes that languid feeling and supplies invigorating nourishment that maintains needed energy.

KEEP A CASE IN YOUR HOME.

As light as lager, but better for you.





**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory  
**HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO**

INCLUDING

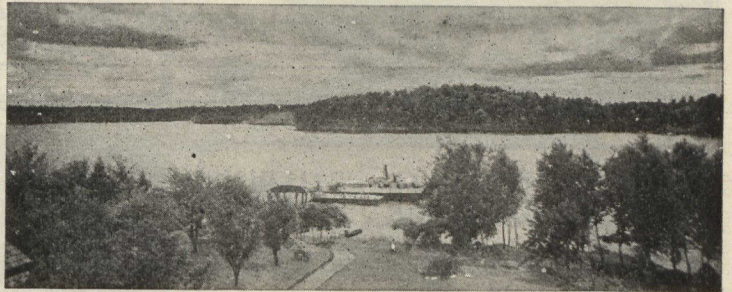
Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Algonquin Provincial Park,  
Timagami, Georgian Bay, Etc.



15 lb. Salmon Trout Caught in  
Lake of Bays



Nominigan Camp—Algonquin Park



A Vista in Muskoka Lake District

**Spend Your Summer Holidays in One of  
these Delightful Territories**

REACHED IN PALATIAL TRAINS OVER THE

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

Ideal Canoe Trips

Good Hotel Accommodation

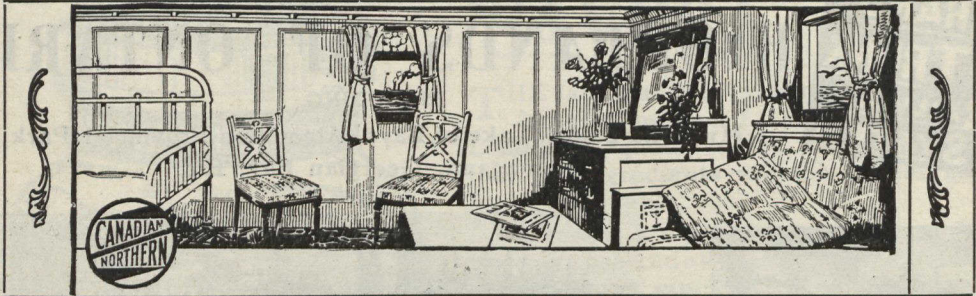
Splendid Fishing

Finest summer playgrounds in America. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary-resorts. All this recreation paradise, easy of access. Address C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal or any Agent of the Company.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL.

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General Passenger Agent,  
MONTREAL.





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 Montreal — Quebec — Bristol

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**Cabines de Luxe With Private Baths**  
 (See exact reproduction above)

For reservations, literature and information apply to offices of the Company,  
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## QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY

The only line running through Pullman cars between

### Quebec and Boston

Through Pullman Buffet cars between

### Quebec and New York

and through Pullman Parlor cars between

### Quebec and Portland

passing through the heart of the

### White Mountains

**Dining or Buffet car service on all trains**

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**J. H. Walsh,**                      **E. O. Grundy,**  
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B-2      **SHERBROOKE, QUE.**



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**Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Sts.**

New, European, Fireproof, Restful, Refined.

Hotel Powhatan occupies the most ideal location in Washington—"the City Beautiful."

The proximity of the Hotel Powhatan to the public buildings, as well as to many points of historical interest, adds greatly to the popularity of this most select hotel.

Quiet elegance, combined with every modern and up-to-date appointment, renders this hotel unique in its simplicity and perfect taste.

Rooms with detached bath, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up.

Rooms with private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up.

Write for booklet with map.  
**CLIFFORD M. LEWIS,**  
 Manager.



EXECUTIVE MANSION



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Pleasure travel *de Luxe* reaches its fullest development in our **Tours Around the World**. The 43rd annual series offers arrangements perfected by long experience, and the advantages of our world-chain of 160 offices with trained resident staff everywhere. Leisurely travel in small groups; cultured leadership.

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# NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

**\$620<sup>65</sup><sub>UP</sub>**



"The Coast Line to Mackinac"

"Mackinac Island Is Calling You"

Where the waters of Lake Michigan meet Lake Huron, lies this historic summer resort of the north country. It was never so beautiful as now. The cool breezes, the beautiful scenery, the primeval woods, and smiling waters, with rowing, sailing, fishing, bathing, golfing and sight-seeing, furnish endless amusement for every minute of your stay.

First class hotel accommodations and boarding houses at reasonable rates. For recreation and rest, Mackinac Island is the ideal spot.

## SIX TRIPS WEEKLY

from Detroit to Mackinac Island. Special Steamer, two trips weekly from Cleveland direct to Mackinac Island, making no stops enroute except at Detroit every trip.

This is a particular steamer for particular people. No extra fare charged, and sale of tickets limited to sleeping capacity of steamer. Direct connections at Detroit with Coast Line Steamers.

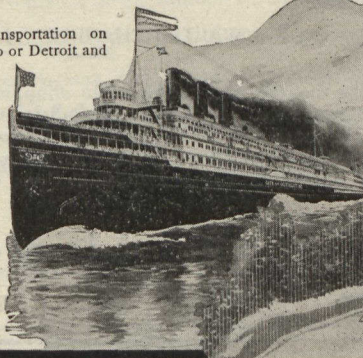
**Your Railroad Tickets** are available for transportation on D. & C. Line steamers between Detroit and Buffalo or Detroit and Cleveland, either direction. Information regarding routes and rates furnished on request. For illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes map, write including two cent stamp to

## Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.

40 Wayne Street,  
**DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

PHILIP H. McMILLAN, Pres.  
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 L. G. LEWIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

*All D. & C. Steamers arrive and depart from  
 New Third Avenue Wharf, Detroit.*



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depends largely upon the facility with which the necessary funds can be carried. A supply of the **Travellers' Cheques** issued by The Bank of British North America and obtainable at moderate cost at all of its numerous establishments, provides a safeguard against the difficulties and annoyances sometimes experienced by Travellers in obtaining funds in foreign parts. The Cheques are self-identifying, and in addition to being negotiated by Banks and Hotels at every point ashore, are readily accepted on Steamships in payment of Accounts.

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H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager, Montreal

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The management of this hotel has made a special feature of safeguarding the interests of Canadian lady patrons. In addition to comfortable rooms and delightful meals at the most moderate prices, the hotel provides intellectual, refined chaperones of good family to accompany ladies on shopping, theatre and other excursions, free of charge. The

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Broadway and 32nd Street

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WALTER S. GILSON,  
Vice-President.

is in the centre of the theatre and fashionable shopping district, close to everything of interest to the Canadian visitor. It caters especially to Canadian patrons and the general manager gives his personal attention to their various needs and accommodation. Pleasant room and bath \$2.50 per day. Table d'hote dinner, in the Louis XIV Room \$1.50. Club breakfast 60c. Literature and reservations from our Canadian advertising agents

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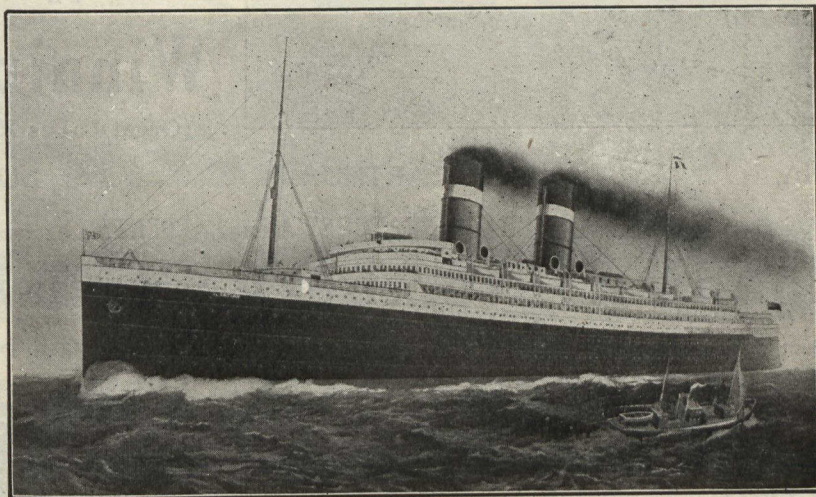
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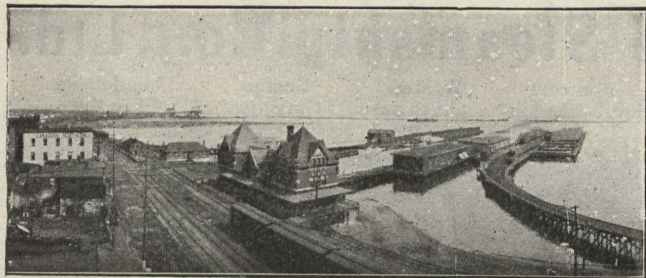
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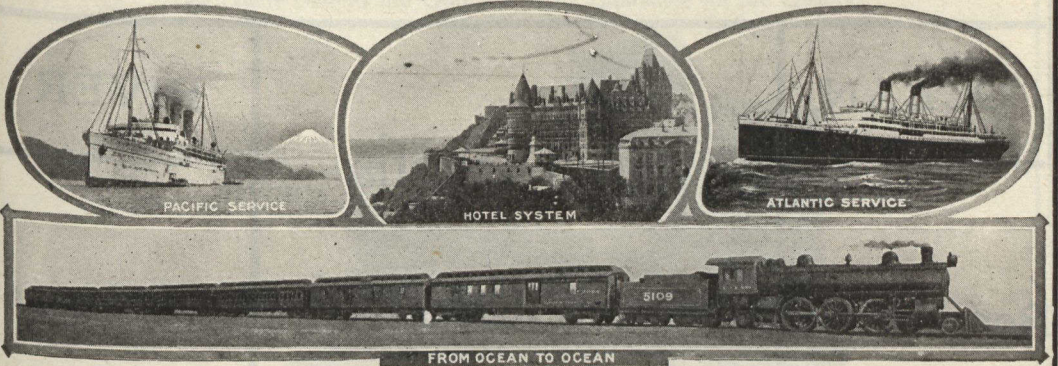
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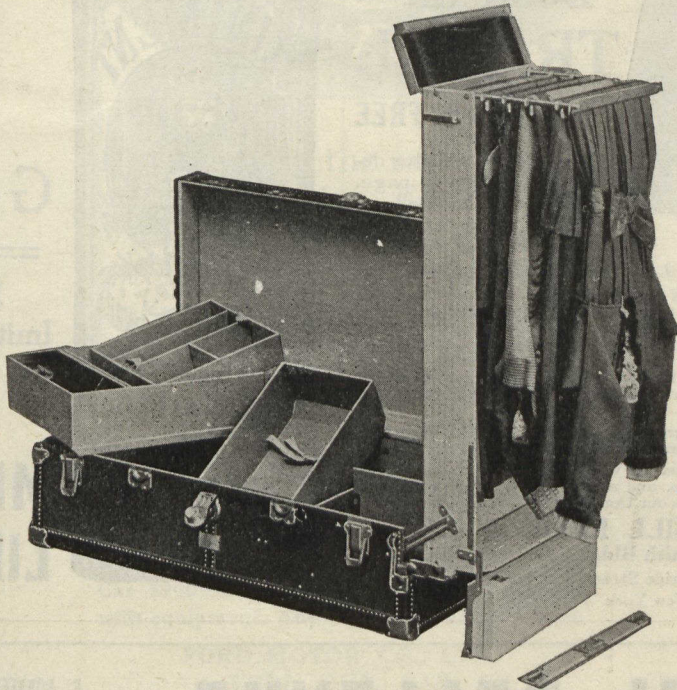
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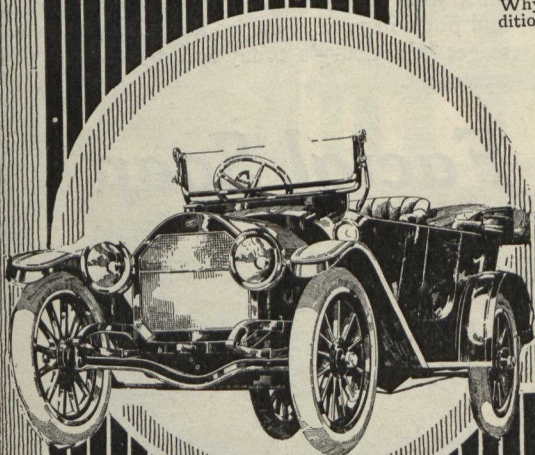
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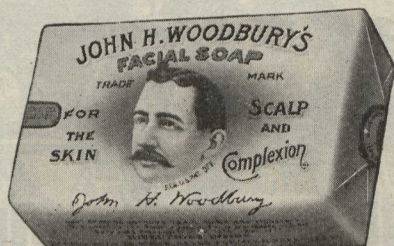
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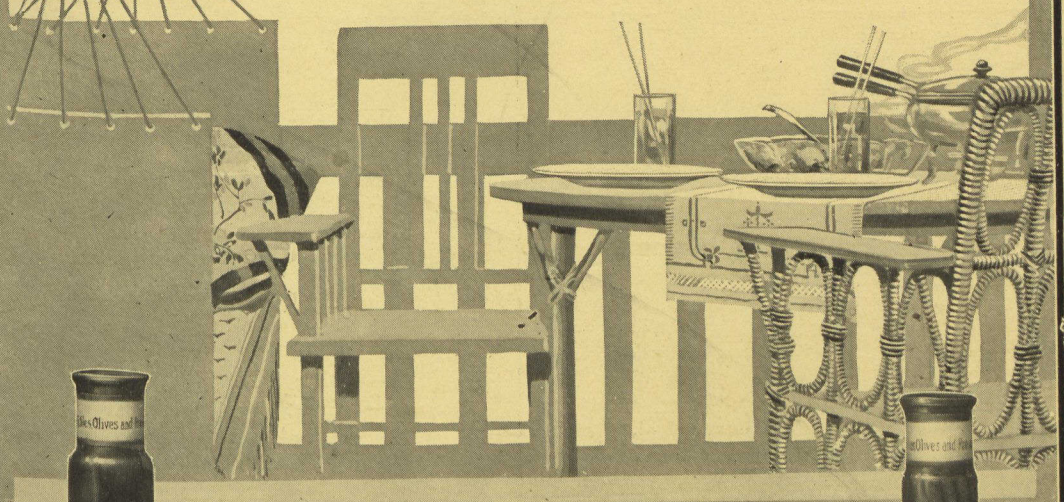






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