

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

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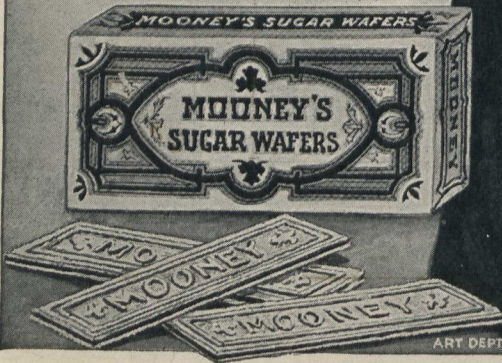


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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 2

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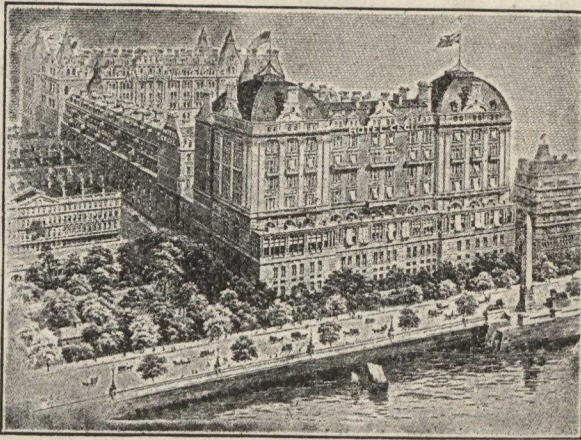
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LOOKING FORWARD

Next year has many good things in store for readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The outlook has never been better, and never before have there been so many manuscripts and illustrations already in hand. In looking about for material, the aim has been to find entertainment first and information as a matter of course. In all instances the high literary standard of the magazine will be maintained. For light sketches and short stories and verse there is a happy outlook, with such writers as Arthur Stringer, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Ethelwyn Wetherald, S. A. White, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Virna Sheard, George Herbert Clarke, Madge Macbeth, Frederick C. Curry, Hilda Ridley, G. A. Palmer, Brian Belassis, May Austin Low, Georgia Davies, and Beatrice Redpath. Good fortune has favoured the search for snappy, unconventional travel sketches. W. Lacey Amy has written "St. John's: the Impossible Possible," "Quidi Vidi: Newfoundland's Show Fishing Village," "The Liveyeres: Labrador's Permanent People"; Emily P. Weaver will contribute a number of articles on Western subjects; A. Wylie Mahon will tell about the old minister in "The Story Girl"; Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland will relate some of his most amusing experiences; Duncan Armbrust will describe "The Trail Beyond Cobalt"; C. Lintern Sibley will preach the gospel of flowers in Canada, and write about the question, "Do animals think?" George C. Wells will consider transportation in Canada; Currie Love will relate a novel fishing adventure; H. M. Clark will describe in "A Garden of Legends," the charms of England's West Country; Newton MacTavish will interpret the spirit of the Gardens of the Luxembourg at Paris, with illustrations by John Russell; Dr. J. D. Logan will interpret the poetry of Robert Burns so as to apply it socially to certain recrudescences in Canada of Scottish conditions in Burns's own time; Britton B. Cooke will contrast London and New York, with etchings by the famous etcher Joseph Pennell; F. A. Wightman will have a series of five articles on the peculiarities and contrasts in names, words, phrases, expressions, political, judicial and civil practices, common customs and usages, etc. in the Maritime Provinces. There will be some exceptionally interesting historical articles: Professor W. S. Wallace begins in an early number with "The Patent Combination," an article dealing with the first Cabinet in Ontario; Charles S. Blue will have an appreciation of the worth and work of John By, the man who founded Ottawa and built the Rideau Canal; Major C. F. Winter will give his recollections of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; Ida Burwash contributes an entertaining account of "Early English Plays and Actresses," with illustrations from contemporary prints and portraits. John E. Webber will continue his review of the New York stage, and Katherine Hale will follow the trend of music in Canada.

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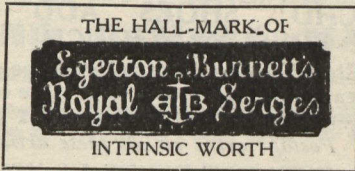
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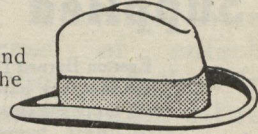
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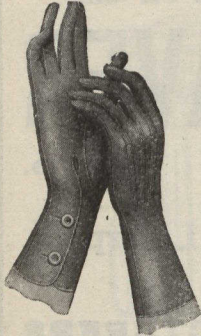
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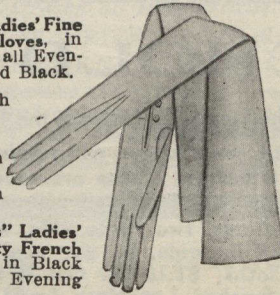
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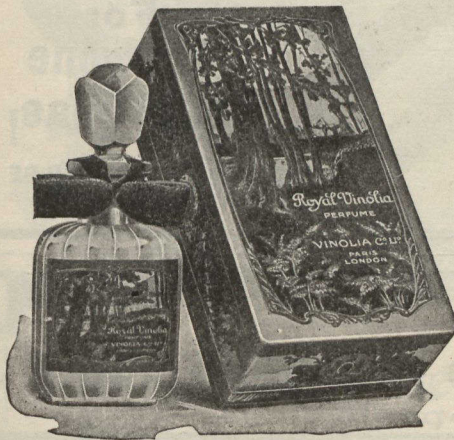
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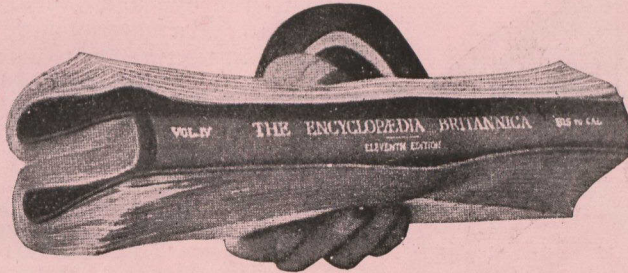
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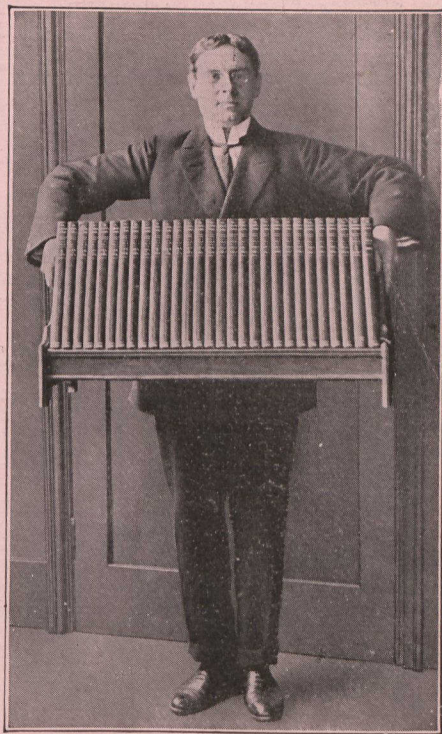
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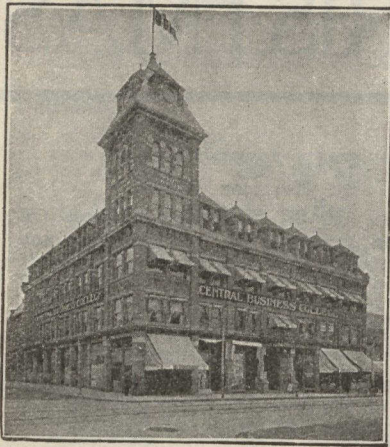
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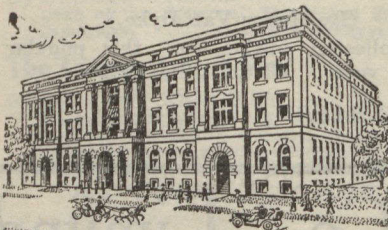
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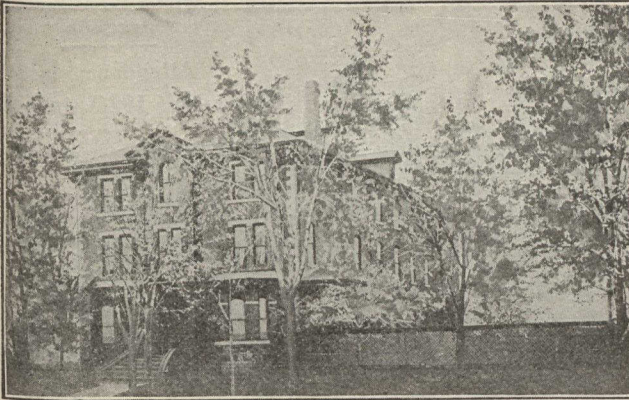
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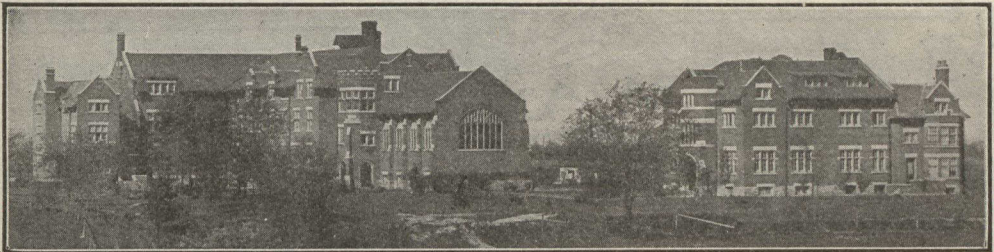
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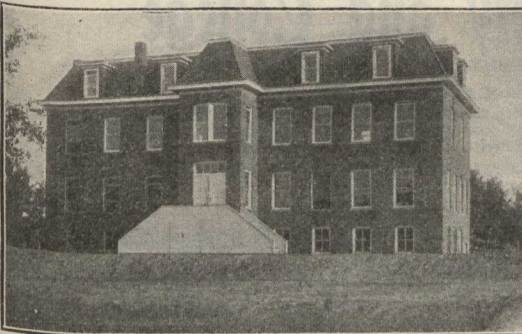
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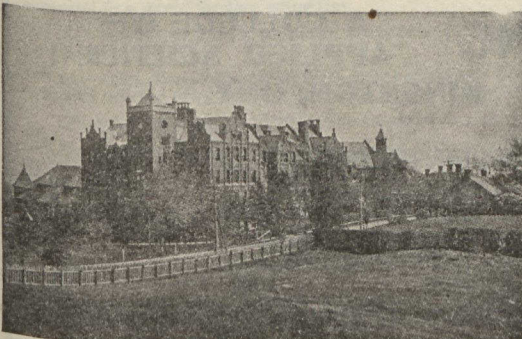
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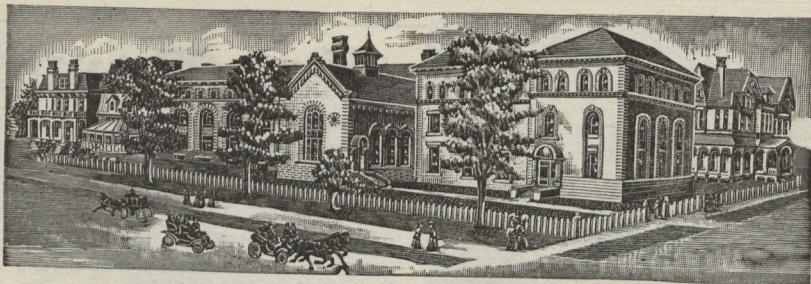
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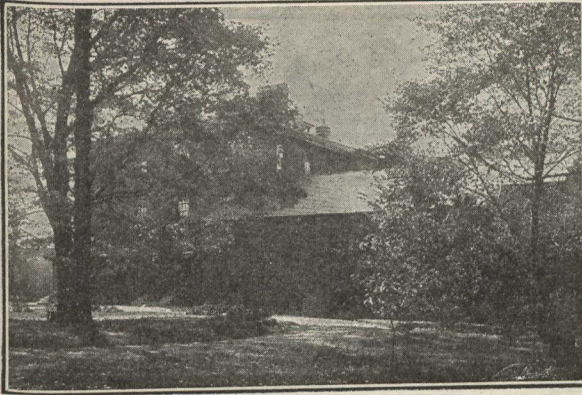
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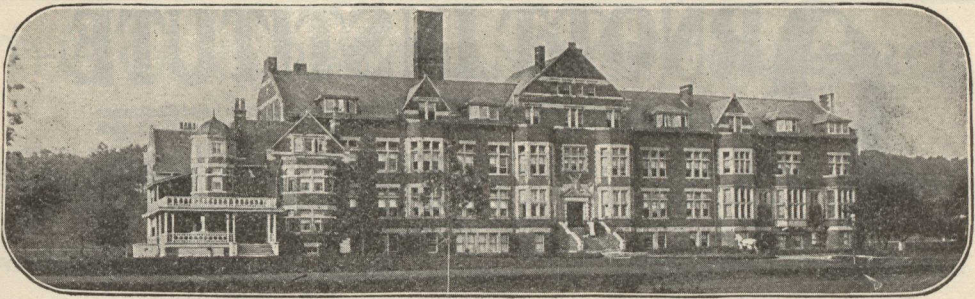
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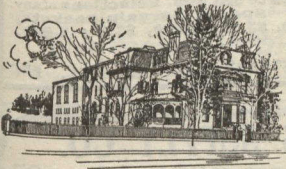
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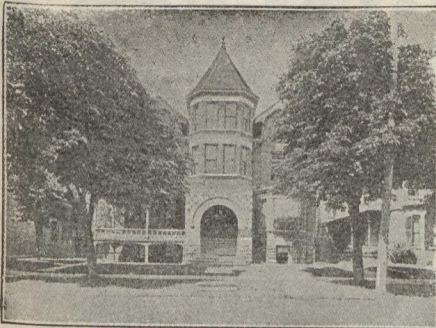
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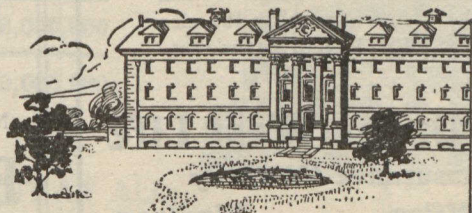
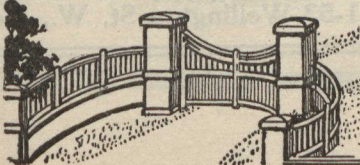
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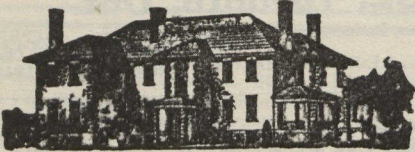
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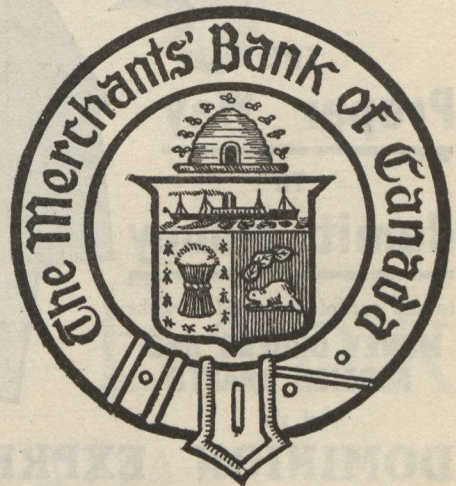
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
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Head Office: - Toronto



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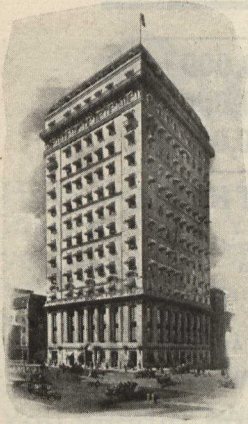
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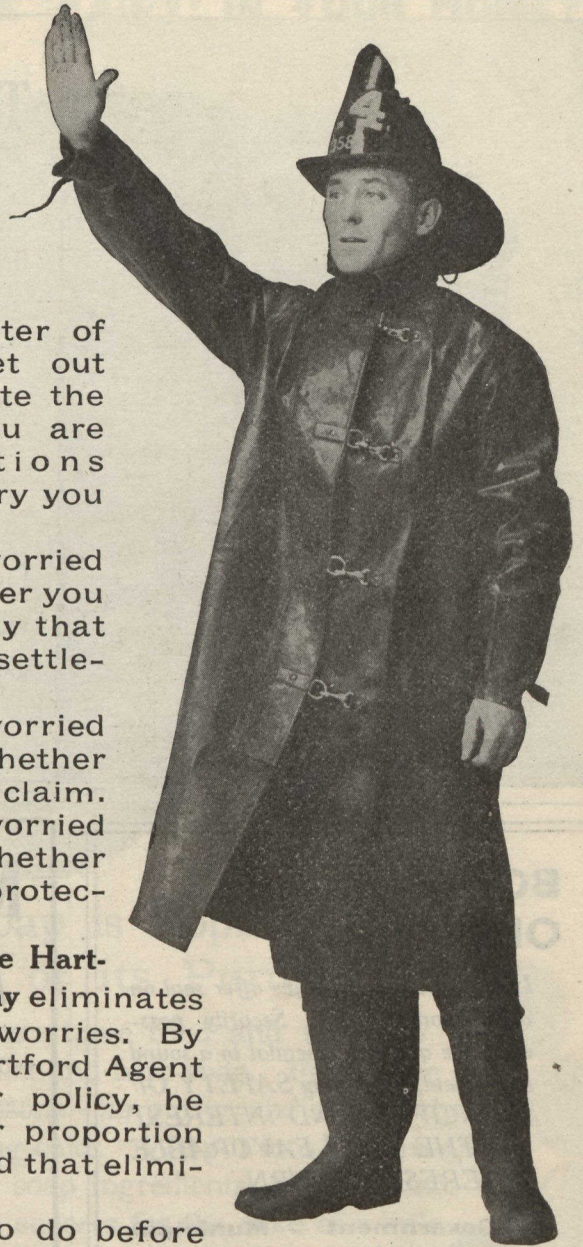
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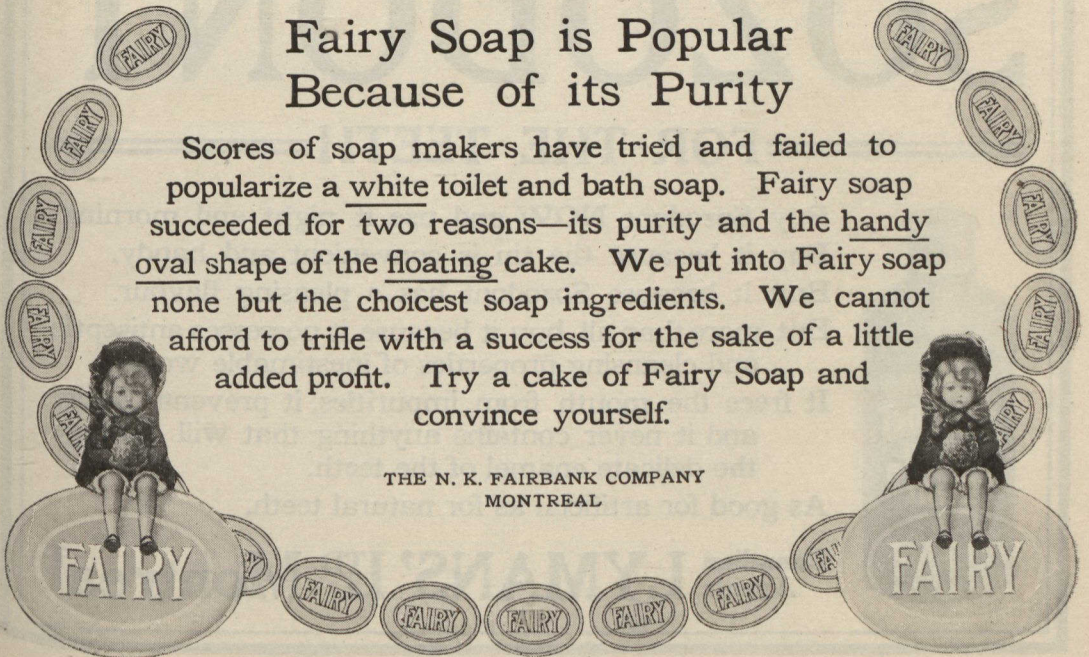
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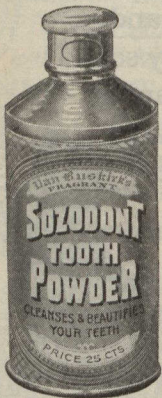
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1911

No. 2

DEAR OLD PICCADILLY

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

Illustrations from drawings and photographs

FROM the top of an omnibus you look down for the first time in your life upon this great whirlpool of humanity—Piccadilly Circus. You had often heard of it and had wondered. Piccadilly! A name to relish trippingly on the tongue, to dilly-dally with, to pronounce and repeat and intone until it takes its place in the vocabulary with such expressions as helter-skelter, willy nilly, hurly-burly, and topsy-turvy.

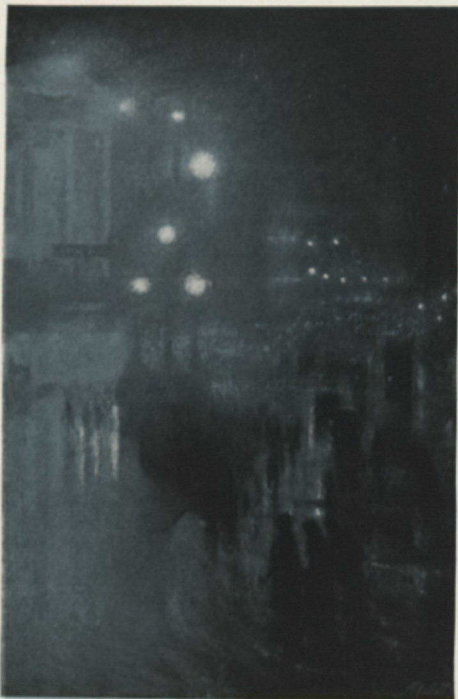
Topsy-turvy! That is the very word for the top of an omnibus as you swing with the tide down into this Gargantuan vortex. You have mounted, we'll say, somewhere near Whitehall, have swished past Downing Street, past the Horse Guards, past the Admiralty, made the curve of Trafalgar, slipped into Cockspur Street, and literally slambanged with all the others, wonderingly, over into Piccadilly.

But you are not in yet. You thought you were, but you weren't. You thought your driver had lost control of the motor, that all the other drivers in front and behind and at the sides had lost control of theirs, that the taxis buzzing amongst them were all running away, that proud equipages of the lofty were in peril of degradation, that delivery tri-

cycles were entirely submerged, that persons afoot were hopelessly entangled; in short, that the whole congregation was coming together in a crushing, demoralising mass. Unnerving enough it would be with the inrush from Piccadilly street itself, but when you see the circus vibrating with like disgorgings from Shaftesbury Avenue and Regent Street and the Haymarket, involuntarily you shut your eyes and check your breath, for you know that the crash is coming. But, somehow, it does not come. Somehow or other the catastrophe has been averted, and you open your eyes to behold, almost with a gasp, the astounding regulation of the London streets. Your 'bus has stopped, all the other vehicles in your line of march have stopped, and you see in front the uplifted hand of authority, the token of the supreme power of the London bobbie.

But you are looking through an astigmatic lens, for the scene is still all topsy-turvy. But topsy-turvy, even now, cannot be the word; for although the scene changes with kaleidoscopic confusion, there must be moments when the trained eye can fix the picture, like a group of inanimate puppets on a stage, and see how one cog fits into another.

Perhaps it is this sense of turmoil and confusion that makes men the world over sigh deeply and exclaim, "Dear old Piccadilly!" But, no; it must be something else, the something



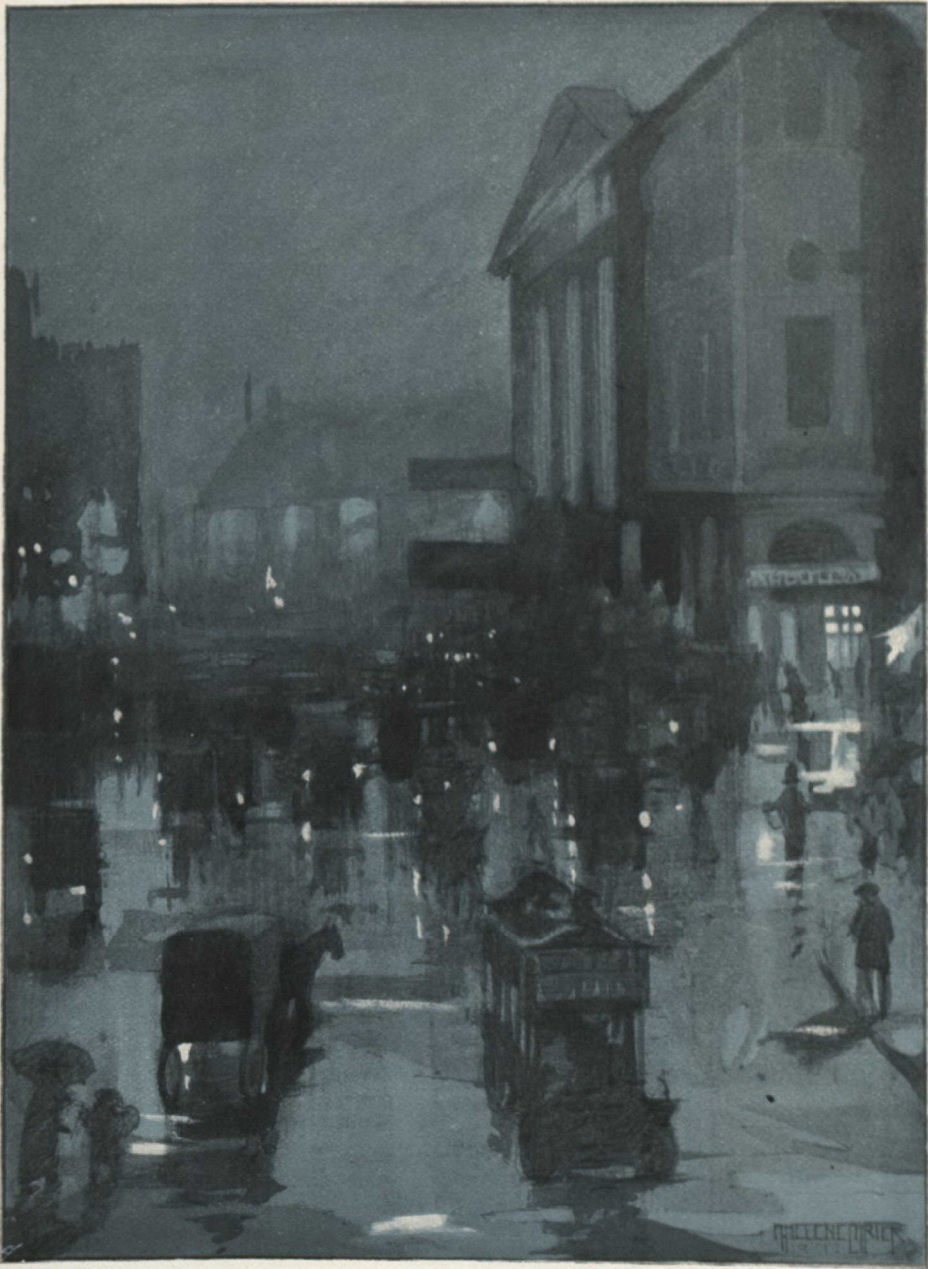
"IMPELLED TO MAKE A CIRCUIT OF THE CIRCUS"

that dazzles and ensnares as you step down from the 'bus and join the commingling throng. You have a feeling of centrality. The great movement of humanity, the incoming and outgoing of vehicles, the phantasmagoric bigness from a human standpoint make it all seem as if this is the centre of the universe, as if from or to this circle everything human radiates or converges. The gutter snipe is here, in all his pristine alertness. You meet him and pay tribute to him in the small coin of the realm. You meet here also descendants of the real son of Nimshi, beings of elastic temperament, and you see them in their many disguises. Here also you encounter the true philosopher of the public water-trough, but he is asleep,

and you do not disturb him. You are shoulder to shoulder with a duke, a baronet or an up-country rustic, for it is a common walk of mankind. There are hints of smart life, suggestions of gay life, whisperings of shady life, lurkings of slum life, flashings of sporting life, glimpses of club life—life that sounds the ignominy of the gutter or proclaims the glory of the coronet.

But you are not in Piccadilly to make a sociological study. You are merely one of the passing throng, pausing here and rushing there as the impulse moves or the crowd demands. You have no fixed purpose. You respond to the jostlings of the multitude, and find yourself almost impelled to make a circuit of the circus. It is not so easy afoot as you had supposed. But you must keep on going, because everyone else is going, except, of course, the philosophers who do their thinking in unison with the trickling of the fountain placed there by some earl—doubtlessly the Earl of Shaftesbury. You do not wait to verify the origin of the fountain, even if you do accept it as a rock upon which the vehicles of the street may split should they venture to explore more than its coast line. The fountain stands there like an island in a sea of humanity; and, indeed, it is but one of hundreds of these ironclad mounds of refuge.

You are fortunate in coming late at night, for it is not until after dark that the real character of Piccadilly is displayed; at least, its character at night seems to be such as would, under sunlight, lose its nuances of colour and tone. And, anyway, there are some people who were never intended for daytime, and, although you may not be one of them, you are here as a contrast, as an offset to the real *habitué*. And what would Piccadilly be without its contrasts—without its flaunting of femininity, without the cosmopolitan hospitality that entertains thousands just like you?



Drawing by A. Helene Carter

"DEAR OLD PICCADILLY"

Being near midnight, the crowds from the theatres are moving in like herring to the spawning ground. Rain is coming down softly, and against it on the pavement satin slippers and silken hose thrill one with a sense of the contemptuousness of wealth. What are a few splashes of mud and a few drops of rain when the pink on the cheek itself is not so lasting as the pink of the slipper, when lights from cafés sparkle through raindrops and fall soft on bare shoulders, when the rhythm of music and the pulse of drama still flourish in the blood?

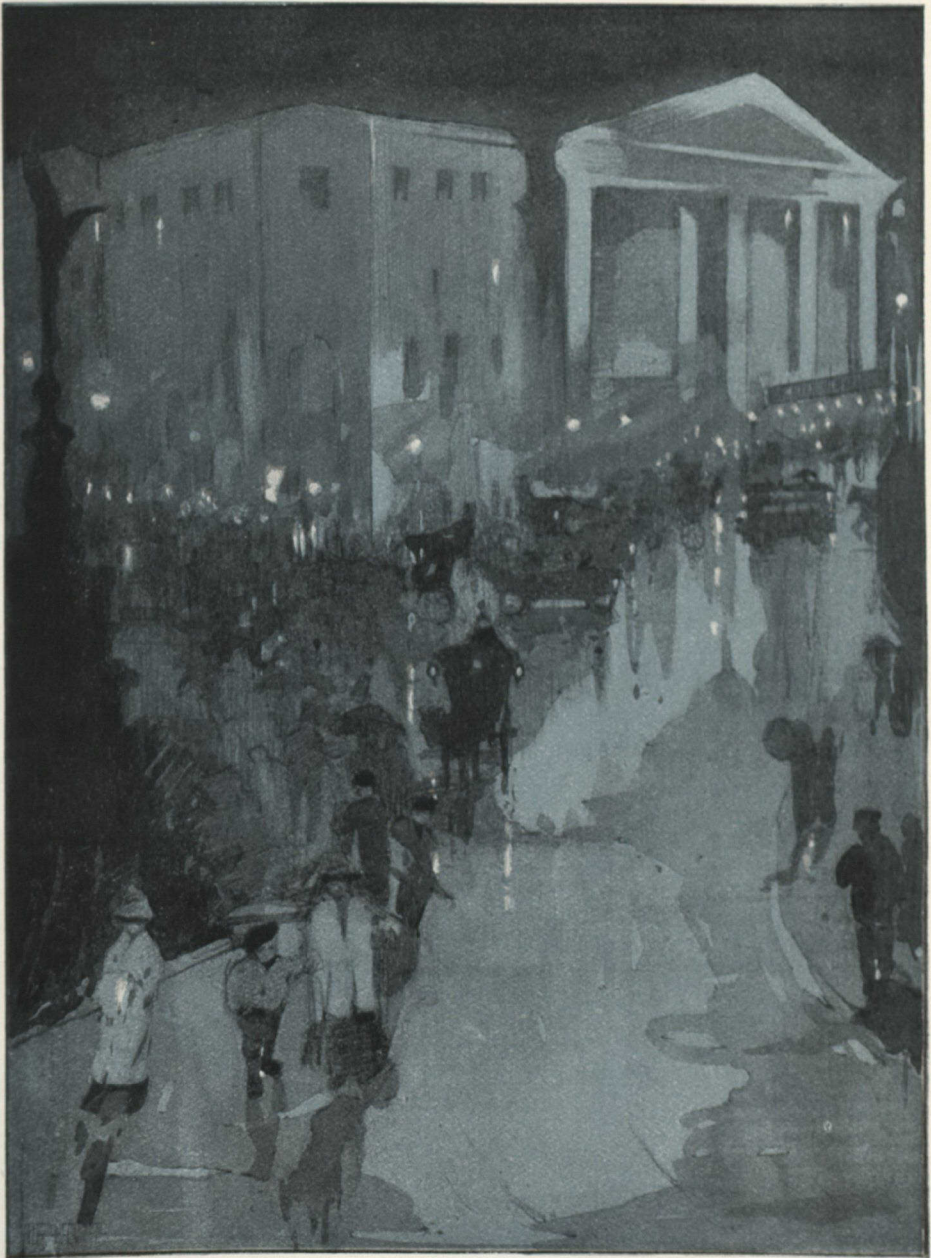
Cozening eyes come and go, swift and penetrating, with semblance of gaiety at lip and swagger of bravado in defiant mien. At the corner you hear tinkling glasses and see women within the doorway standing shoulder to shoulder and goblet to goblet with men at the public bar. Flower girls raise nosegays to confront you, and at every turn mendicants press close to insinuate their woes. Cabbies shout, bobbies whistle, and rain descends; and gallants in white fronts and shiny pumps amble along as if they were in a Grosvenor Place drawing-room, and the raining and the shouting and the whistling and the jostling are as the sweets of life to them.

Everyone seems to be intent on going somewhere—everyone except you yourself, for you are apart from the throng, and you stand awestruck at this march past of the legions of cosmos. Who are they? Where are they all going to? Everybody. Everywhere. And, yet, who are *you*? Nobody. And where are *you* going to? Nowhere.

But you started out to go somewhere. You started out to see London. And now you are swirling about in this engrossing whirlpool, not caring how you will get out or when or where. A few hours ago you had a route fixed in the mind, and you fancied yourself swaggering along Shaftesbury Avenue, bound for

High Holborn or Tottenham Court Road. And now as you ruminates you are not sure that you did not intend to follow Regent Street towards the Strand. It was the familiarity of these names that attracted you, for it was the same as being in the way of meeting some wonderful person about whom one has heard ever since one has had ears. But what are these places to you now? What is Oxford Circus or Trafalgar Square or Mayfair or Pall Mall or Ludgate Hill or old Bond Street or Charing Cross or Drury Lane or Fleet Street or Birdcage Walk? What are Johnsons and Dickenses and Cheshire Cheeses and Old Curiosity Shops? What mean they all, now that you are in the meshes of Piccadilly Circus? They have receded into the dim background, and your senses are attuned to the immediate. You see people go into places or come out. Obviously they go to eat and drink. Could you take something yourself? It is the custom and the privilege. But you are alone. Nobody goes in or comes out alone, and nobody knows you or notices you—except the beggars and the outcasts. Still, in you go, into the place of mirrors and coloured lights and embossed cupids with golden wings. But you do not relish the odour of chops. You do not admire the gravy streak on the waiters' fronts. A cosmopolitan yourself, yet you do not commingle graciously with the real undressed throng. You rather withdraw into the street, and for once in your life acknowledge your superiority.

But you have not eaten. You must find some place in keeping with this new distinction. You catch a glimpse of a fair creature in pink garments—pink slippers and pink hose and pink what-nots—rustling across the pavement and entering a place of dignified and almost grave aspect, followed by a man of recumbent age. You feel that here is a restaurant of some degree. You enter, or, at least, you



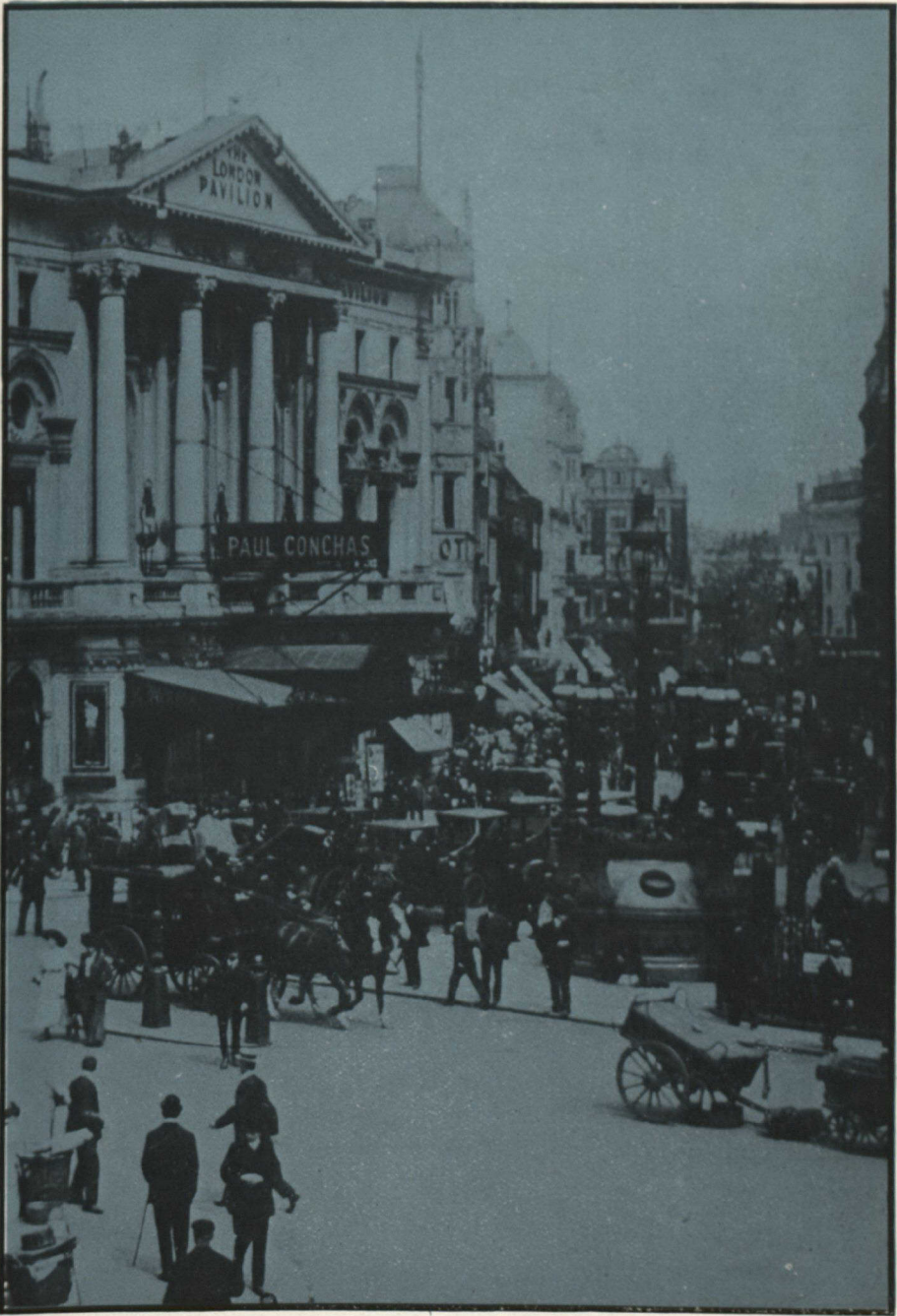
Drawing by A. Helene Carter

"THERE MUST BE MOMENTS WHEN THE TRAINED EYE CAN FIX THE PICTURE"



From a Photograph

"HERE ALSO YOU MEET THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER OF THE PUBLIC WATER-TROUGH



From a Photograph

A HOLD-UP OF TRAFFIC COMING INTO PICCADILLY CIRCUS

are suffered to enter. Thank heaven, you are dressed! You affect familiarity with the place as you are handed from one white shirtfront to another. But you are really in



"THERE IS A GREAT SUMMONING OF VEHICLES"

some doubt. You wonder whether there is any law against eating alone in such a place, and your wonder increases when a shirtfront steps forward and says that the lady has gone to the dressing-room and will join you shortly. You assure him that you have no lady there, and then he gravely recommends the regular supper, after he has placed you at a table where the surroundings are so choice and the company so scant that you feel sure you will be made one of the benefactors. As regularity is a novelty just now, you accept the regular supper and sit back to await its production. Although there is for the moment no patron but yourself in the room you hear the harmony of stringed instruments and

the hum that comes up to you from the circus. The shaded lights are soothing after the glare of the streets, and when the pink lady comes in with the aged escort, whose honour came near being thrust upon you, the tone of the pink is subdued, and you see her in a proper setting.

"Wine, sir?"

You look over your shoulder, and with affected nonchalance murmur:

"A small bottle."

But there is something about the custom, after all, that you like. This is doing the thing right. You feel sure you were born to it. And, confound it, anyway, life isn't worth living if you can't get apart once in a while from the hum-drum sandwich and coffee. You take naturally to this, and while your money lasts you intend to have it. If you only had a companion like your aged fellow! But one cannot have everything. One cannot always be some rich old sport. But you can eat just as much white-bait as he, and as to her—ah, that's just where the difference comes in. But you can sip the punch with as much relish as he and linger as long over the wine. No, not quite so long, for you hear the street below calling.

You go down. It is raining still, and there is a great summoning of vehicles. You wonder when and where these eager, hungry, jostling, brilliant hordes sleep. Do they, somewhere, lay their heads upon pillows like you and me? Are they, after all, so commonplace that they sleep? Individually, perhaps they close their eyes somewhere. But as Piccadilly, they never sleep—never, at least, when you and I ought to.

As you stand there pondering, the pink lady and her aged escort cavort by. The impulse comes to follow them. It would be especially interesting to know where they live, they seem to be so born to everything. You have a taxi called, and you give an order to go wherever they go. With a wrench and a sputter your car scuttles through the crowd, turns into

the Quadrant, makes the short-cut along Regent Street to Oxford, and then settles down to the long stretch of that wide thoroughfare, past the Marble Arch and into Hyde Park Place, past Lancaster Gate and into Bayswater Road, around Notting Hill Gate and into Pembridge Square.

You have stopped, and the pink lady is alighting. There is a muffled exchange of courtesies. The lady gathers up her skirts and rushes up the steps. She pulls a bell-wire, and with some ceremony a youth opens the door. Now you know that she is *en pension*, and, as you reflect, she seems, after all, to be born to it.

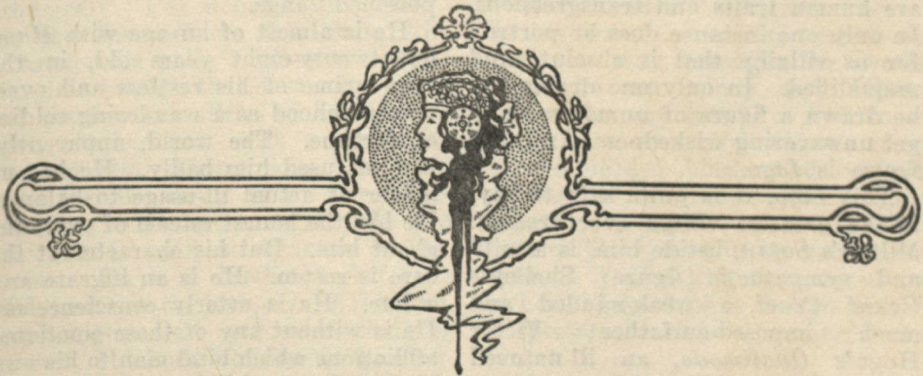
"The Circus," you pronounce to the driver, and with that the wheels begin to turn again.

You sit there with some composure, but your head is still whirling round, as it whirled in dear old Piccadilly.

The streets out here are quiet now, and you can hear the noise of your own conveyance. But it is a humming noise, and it soothes you. You are

passing Kensington Gardens, and you have a hazy realisation of being surrounded by the shades of centuries. In the palace there, beyond the fence and the trees, queens and kings have eaten and slept and looked out upon the rose-garden. You fancy you can hear ducks quacking on the pond, where singular enthusiasts sail miniature boats in the daytime; and a little farther over, to-morrow morning, you know, the noblest blood of the land will go mounted and stirruped down through Rotten Row. What a horde of memories! What a volume of history! And yet you cannot fix the mind on anything, for you are all topsy-turvy. Again, after all, topsy-turvy does not express the emotion, for you close your eyes in composure from the world, and lean back upon the cushions, just as if—well, just as if you were born to it.

But what then is the word to express all these emotions? Perhaps there is no precise word. The nearest you can think of is Piccadilly.



A STUDY OF IAGO

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE THE AGNOSTIC", "A STUDY IN KING LEAR," ETC.

THE depicting of pure wickedness can scarcely be called the highest form of dramatic art. To pre-occupy attention with a delineation of unrelieved villainy, however startling such a *tour de force* in the field of the abnormal may be, is never an exemplary pursuit and seldom a laudable end. It is not often, indeed, that serious drama busies itself with holding the mirror up to what Lombroso has called the *mattoïd*. It is seldom that Shakespeare gives us a villain without some excuse for his villainy, some extenuation for his evil-doing. However self-seeking or malicious or revengeful this dramatist's wrong-workers may be, he usually shows that their traits and their transgressions are human traits and transgressions. In only one instance does he portray for us villainy that is absolute and unqualified. In only one drama has he drawn a figure of unmotivated and yet unwavering wickedness. And that figure is *Iago*.

This *Iago*, it is quite safe to say, is the greatest villain ever created. Milton's *Satan*, beside him, is a mild and sympathetic figure; Shelley's *Count Cenci*, a weak-minded and much imposed-on father; Victor Hugo's *Quasimodo*, an ill-natured pigmy; Balzac's *Lisbeth*, a mere narrow-visioned egoist; Thackeray's *Becky*, nothing more than a kittenish intriguer; Stevenson's *Mr. Hyde*, a capricious shadow on the tapestry of allegory; Du Maurier's *Svengali*, a pallid musician with the gift of the evil eye; Browning's *Caliban*, a medi-

tative beach-comber steeped in Calvinistic theology.

But this young ancient to the lofty-minded Moorish soldier of fortune is a finished artist in crime. There is something serpentine in his guile, something more than Satanic in his off-handed, yet venomous and pertinacious hatred of all his fellows. He is no dullard; his mind has the nimble quickness of the adder's tongue. He is keen-witted, clear-headed, as light-hearted, when need be, as he is light-handed. His eye is veiled, but never dull. He can lie by and watch, as patient as a snake in the sun. But when he strikes, he does so with a quick and casual assurance of the reptile fortified with well-poisoned fangs.

He is almost of an age with *Hamlet*, twenty-eight years old, in the very prime of his restless and over-wise manhood as a wandering soldier of fortune. The world, apparently, has not used him badly. He has no ledger of actual ill-usage to balance. He has the honest esteem of everyone about him. But his character at the core is rotten. He is an ingrate and a liar. He is utterly conscienceless. He is without any of those emotional affiliations which bind man to his own kind and make him one of a brotherhood, with the self-justifying social obligations which all such confraternity implies. This *Iago* travels as alone and segregated as a timber-wolf. No dogmas weigh on him; he chafes, but never at principles. No past compels his reverence, as no fu-

ture compels his concern. Neither creed nor fair-mindedness confine him. He is destitute of that spirit of fortitude which touches human effort with nobility even in defeat; he is without that touch of the visionary which at times makes suffering something to be gladly borne. He has not one inspiration, or one ideal, which could not be caught up contemptuously on the point of his rapier. Alert as are his intellectual faculties, he is without any definite conception of the trend of things. He stands well-equipped to deal with the immediate, keen and prompt, compact and decisive in thought. But of those faculties called into play in dealing with the remote, imagination and faith, upliftedness and reverence, abstract spiritual courage, he has none. Nor has he one consoling misappreciation of human motives, nor even one redeeming illusion as to life. He is passionless; he carries on his restless head the curse of the Laodicean. He is never heroic, even in his malignity. Never for a moment does he rise to the barbaric grandeur of a *Macbeth* in crime. He is a half-hearted grafter, not greatly in love with the game, and not greatly enamoured of the graft. "Put money in thy purse" is the best advice this man who "knows his price" can give—yet it is plain enough that even money, one of the few actualities of life that he can understand, will never quite satisfy him. Crime is to him what his periodic drug is to a cocaine-snuffer, or an opium eater. He is a drunkard, with wickedness as his wine. He is a furtive and febrile buccaneer on the high-seas of intrigue, knowing no law and acknowledging none. He finds nothing in particular against which to centralise his self-corroding activity. His very creation seems to point to the cankering suspicion in his creator's mind as to whether earth can not claim its occasional disinterested devotion to evil, for evil's sake alone, as consistently as its occasional passion of imper-

sonal goodness. This ancient who has travelled from Syria to England—and the dramatic irony of making such a man a standard-bearer is worthy of note—moves with the indifference of the true sceptic. He is as cool as he is cynical, with the stagnating calmness of the egoist whose universe is bounded by his own hungry body and his own domineering appetites. The world is his oyster—and a fool of an oyster at that! *Othello*, the "sooty-bosomed," little more than a mad bull, is "this poor trash of Venice," to "be led by the nose as asses are"; *Roderigo* is a "sick fool" and "a snipe"; *Cassio* is sometimes an "honest fool" and sometimes a venal and voluble knave; *Othello's* followers at Cyprus are nothing more than "this flock of drunkards"; a faithful servant is merely an "honest knave" who ought to be whipped; love is little more than "unbitted lusts"; a deserving woman is a wight "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; reputation is "an idle and most false imposition"; conscience is "not to leave undone but keep unknown"; companions are mostly "credulous fools" to be trapped; his wife is a "fool" and a "wench" and a "villainous whore." So this honest, honest *Iago* sneers and scoffs his way through the world, where he can calmly say, "Every way makes my game." And so we find him, a scoundrel without cause, a cold-blooded blackguard without extenuation, an innate villain, rejoicing in his savageries as spontaneously as a child rejoices in its games, and through it all sitting as unmoved and as heartlessly aloof as though he were a spectator watching an indifferent play.

Even among the darkest villainy of all, he stands out as a wolf among lambs. He knows nothing of love and duty, honour and virtue—a fig's end for such abstractions! He is a venomous Machiavelian trickster, toying with profundities of life which are incomprehensible to him, a

Judas of deceit and hypocrisy, rejoicing in the sight of two noble lovers and an over-noble love turned from a momentary paradise of happiness to a timeless hell of ruin. He is evil incarnate; a human devil, aimless and arbitrary and motiveless in his malevolence.

In so far as this villainy of *Iago's* transcends that of all his rivals, in so far has he always seemed to me a strangely "humouresque" and un-Shakespearean figure. He is, rather, a recrudescence to the mere personified wickedness of the earlier Miracle with Jonson's creatures with a "humour." He has so little of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin that his portrait might be taken for that of a barrack-calloused guerilla, a camp-hardened mercenary, who has, indeed, exchanged humanity with a baboon. He appears before us, not so much as a living and breathing man, as a forked Malignity in doublet and hose. The more one thinks over this character the more one is left pondering just why Shakespeare bequeathed to us so dark and strange a study in abnormal psychology. We wonder what mood permitted so mature and normal an artist to leave purity and innocence confounded by what should have been a patient in a psychopathic ward.

Ibsen, doubtless, would have treated *Iago* as a sick man, as a degenerate in whom has centered the inherited taints of certain evils of society. But Shakespeare has here, apparently, clung to the older Æschylean conception of Fate as involving the individual in injustice of which he himself is not the author. His sense of the tragic seems to be still built on the belief of some unfathomable cruelty in the operations of destiny. He still bows, in "*Othello*," before the incomprehensible; our fate, he would still say, rests in the lap of the gods. And it is the poignancy of this attitude as reflected in the tortured spirit of *Othello*, and the piti-

fulness of human reason humbled before the inscrutable, that has saved this work from being a problem-play, on the one hand, or a wonderfully complete and yet a mere melodrama of intrigue, on the other.

What has been called the modernity of the Classics is due to the fact that every generation refashions these classics to its own shifting taste, draping the shoulder of the universal with the cloak of the moment. We are of too analytical and too self-conscious an era to accept "*Othello*" as a mere *crime passionnel*. It is more than a bald recital of jealousy and murder and suicide. An interpretation such as Novelli's teaches us that it can be accepted only as a tragedy, and never as a melodrama. Yet it carries all the machinery of melodrama, and the main-wheel of that melodramatic machinery is the figure of *Iago*.

Too imminently and too often is this snake-like figure the "god from the machine" to let us accept the inevitableness of the tragedy's action without question. His conquests are too facile; those about him too continuously harp on his "honesty." He escapes detection for too long and too easily. The sheer fortuitousness of his intrigues' outcome is too great a strain on credulity; the long arm of coincidence is almost wrenched from its socket. He is too lucky in crime, in that wrong-doing which the modern mind must regard as consciously or unconsciously sowing the seed of its own destruction. We see him carrying on no less than four intrigues; that against the foolish and lascivious *Roderigo*, to bleed him of his money and jewels; that against the position of *Cassio*, which he seems to wish to fill; that against *Cassio's* life, when it is convenient to have him out of the way; and that against *Othello*, to awaken the jealous rage of the Moor against the innocent and too flower-like *Desdemona*.

These are the movements of melodrama, wherein, until the psychologi-

cal moment, unconfounded malignity harries and frustrates bewildered innocence. Yet the directness and the simplicity of the drama's construction; the unity and equilibrium from which arise its triumphant theatrical values, combined with the nobility and exotic grandeur with which Shakespeare has invested the character of *Othello*, carry the play above melodrama, in the end, into the plane of pure tragedy.

Iago, strangely enough, is both the strength and the weakness of "Othello." While his character and the persistence of its influence will always keep this play from being the supremest or most cherished of Shakespeare's tragedies, his very villainy serves to accelerate the action and unify the complex structure. He precipitates the dormant Moorish rage of *Othello*, sets loose the turbulent Mauritanian blood of the lion-like general whom the Venetian *Roderigo* has contemptuously called "the thick-lips," and promptly brings to the issue the almost angelic womanhood, the over-sensitive and over-earthly refinement of *Desdemona*.

Whether or not, in this, *Iago* is merely anticipating the inevitable is a question not lightly to be disposed of. If it was Shakespeare's intention to show these lovers, like *Romeo* and *Juliet*, to be "ill-starred," through over-contradictory environment and through too divergent lives and temperaments, then it can be reasonably claimed that he is divorcing himself from the more antique conception of fate, which the persistence and potency of *Iago's* wickedness seemed to countenance. If this marriage, which, we know, broke *Brabantio's* heart, was as unnatural a mating as *Iago* himself has argued, then the flaw which brought about the tragic break rests in our two heroes themselves, and they can no longer be regarded as innocent natures crushed under the capricious

heel of evil. *Othello*, in that case, was his own victim, and not the victim of fate.

But this neither augments nor detracts from the villainy of *Iago*. He remains the subtlest of all studies of the intellectual criminal. His hypocrisy and his heartlessness have no equal. In the First Folio he was billed as "Iago, A Villaine," and well he deserved the denomination. The habitual criminal, we have been taught to believe, is a mentally defective creature, a pervert, a being of abnormal make-up. His one deviation from the ways of straight-thinking is his vague and foundationless suspicion of his wife's former association with *Othello*. This is no adequate motive for his actions. It is the criminal's soul-satisfying vocation of slandering human nature down to his own level. It is a feeble effort at self-justification, a motiveless groping about for the unction of imaginary excuses. It is as much a pose as the self-assuaging pretence of this most consummate liar ever created that he hungers for the lieutenantancy given to *Cassio*. He did not want *Cassio's* place; he permitted caprice to come between him and that end; he promptly went off on the side-issues of other and more wilful intrigues. He shows no stubborn concentration to achieve what he has at first wrangled and fretted about before *Roderigo*. In fact, material advancement can mean nothing to a man like *Iago*. The world is already his oyster. A mere lieutenantancy is a bagatelle to what he has been and can be. He moves casually about, like a drunken god, tampering with the future of blinded enemies and friends, making and marring lives with a snap of the finger, toying with destiny as lightly as he toys with truth. This is a better game than soldiering. To be a lieutenant to a thick-lipped Moor is nothing beside being the supreme monarch in a world of malice, while that world still lasts.

THE TRAIL OF MISSING MEN

BY S. A. WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE STAMPEDER", "THE WILDCATTERS," ETC.

IN the northland that lies between the headwaters of the Missinabie and the mouth of the Abittibi, far, as yet, beyond the reach of steel, there are countless long and dangerous trails. To the uninitiated, he who has not received the bloody baptism of the black fly country, has never known white-water, has never wilted under a galling tump-line upon the slippery portages or suffered the *mal de raquette* and snow-blindness while mushing blown dogs across the frozen wilderness, it would seem that many of these trails could never converge. Such a person would regard as a mad statement the assertion that there are points in that summer network of woodlands, lakes, and rivers, in that winter waste of barrens, muskegs, ice-bound waters, and wind-packed snows, where men must meet if they are sane enough to travel the easiest routes. Yet this anomalous thing is true. The topography of the country, the high latitude enforcing the northward trend of the waterways, the position of the numerous trading posts, all combine to make it so. What the crowded junctions of the railways are to the province or state, the solitary cross-trails are to the northland.

That is why, in the dead of winter, the Searcher, bound east with his two Indian guides, and the Missinabie fur train, travelling north, went into night camp together at the foot of Burnt Lake. The Factor of Fort Wakoni, a Scot with a touch of true

Canadian blood and named Tremaire, was in charge of the train. To him the stranger introduced himself as Windermere, a name that Running Moose and Big Otter, his guides, could never remember; they invariably called him the Searcher or the One Who Seeks. Of his purpose they comprehended little; they understood Windermere sought a man over the broad face of the wilderness; but why they did not know or care. Only, they wished in their cunning hearts that the quest might last another year, because Windermere paid well, and these were hard winters for the trappers, winters during which many Ojibways and Crees had to depend upon the generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company.

But the hopes of Big Otter and Running Moose promised to dissolve, for their Englishman was pumping Tremaire's arm and crying out that he was the first northman who had ever heard of Buckingham, whom he sought.

"Yes, I know a man of that name, a Londoner and a roamer," confided Tremaire, "but I don't know where he is. Buckingham's one of the Missing Men, as we call them up here—rovers who disappear, and turn up, and disappear again. Last I heard of him was at Caribou Post. He was up on the edge of the Barren Lands—one of my fort runners saw him."

Windermere groaned at the prospect of that trip. His guides brightened visibly.

"Never mind," the Factor cheered, "every trail has its end. Let's have supper and talk it over while we eat. Perhaps I can help you!"

II.

Already, the half-breed voyageurs had unharnessed the teams, built stages among the tree trunks, upon which to raise the fur-laden sledges beyond the dogs' teeth, bared a long rectangle of ground, using snowshoes as shovels, and kindled a fire the entire length of the big camp space. Dead trees were cut in the forest and great piles of firewood heaped up for use against the intense frost of the night. The men brought in huge armfuls of balsam boughs to spread upon the ground for beds; also, they arranged couches of brushwood for the *giddés*.

Windermere's guides attended to his outfit and animals, as was their habit. The Englishman and Tremaire squatted on the balsams, while strips of bacon, impaled on sticks, fried before the flames, and the bannocks browned in the pan.

"Speaking of Missing Men," the Factor was saying, "there's a road they often go, and that's the road of the squaw man. I hope your friend hasn't followed it. The squaw man's dead to the world as far as his return to the social scale of the whites is concerned. Even the company's agents marry Indian wives, but I don't approve of it."

"I can't think that!" exclaimed Windermere. "He's too proud of his race, don't you know?"

"That doesn't hold them," dryly observed Tremaire, reaching for the tea-pail.

The men gathered for supper, throwing themselves at full length by the fire. They ate thus, propped on their elbows. Outside the camp the deep darkness had fallen, a sombre hood that shut out the earth and rested in strange contrast on the spotless crust. One dash of vital warmth and cheer was the frame of firelight

amid the wastes of snow. About the blaze the voyageurs and the Indian dog-mushers sprawled in their picturesque costumes, their lean, bronzed faces limned by the red glow. The Factor's countenance reposed in its habitual, calm authority; the features of Windermere showed English casting and ruddy colouring against the fire's flickering brilliance.

"Better come north with me as far as Wendago Post, anyhow," suggested the Factor. "We may get some news of your man at the Indian encampments or from the Company's couriers. Failing that, I think you should hug Fort Wakoni till the snow goes, because if you're going to hit the Barren Lands, you had better hit them by canoe. And we're not so very far off spring now!"

The meal over, the mushers took the whitefish which had been thawing on sticks before the flames. The dogs, scenting their own supper, leaped up with a snarling chorus.

"*Allons, giddés*," called the voyageurs. The beasts rushed and bunched, but the long, cracking whips separated them. Two fish to each famished animal was the allotment; nor was one permitted to make free with his neighbour's portion. The lash prevented that. Their food was soon bolted, and they prowled about the camp, eager to pick up scraps discarded by their masters. Then, sniffing their disappointment, they crept to their brushwood beds, each curling a bushy tail about the nose he laid upon his paws.

But while the men lay close to the flames, sucking heat into their bones for the morrow's trail and drawing contentment from well-filled pipes, the huskies raised heads and began to blow suspiciously.

"Someone's coming," muttered Tremaire, staring off into the dark.

The blowing of the dogs turned to growling. They arose, baring white, chisel-like fangs, but the mushers cracked ready whips over their hides and cowed them.

Out of the night, to the north, came the sound of a speeding dog-train. The rush and creak of the sledge mingled with the dull thud of huskies' pads and the crunch of snowshoes. Plunging over the ridge, shadowy and indistinct in the illumination that the camp fire cast, came a double pack outfit. Running beside it in his webbed *raquettes*, lurching with the long, easy stride of a trained woodsman, was a big fellow, his parka hood drawn close, the frosted rime on mouth and eyes. Upon the gliding sled, wrapped in heavy blankets, the men could discern another figure, presumably that of a woman, from its slenderness. At the edge of the snowy embankment the stranger jerked up his team and threw back the hood of his parka as he felt the kindly waves of heat.

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou'*," he greeted, giving the salutation of the north-land.

"*Bo' jou'*," returned Tremaire, heartily. "Come into camp. There's plenty of room."

In the light of the crackling spruce boughs the woman put aside her wraps, revealing a lithe, graceful carriage, the heritage of the wilderness born. Her face, the Factor and Windermere saw, was fine and free in its lines, but the most wonderful thing about it was her eyes. Large and dark as a young moose's they were; just as luminous, and as full of the haunting magnetism of the wild thing's glance! She passed but a brief word in greeting and warmed her hands, her great eyes bent upon the man who was unharnessing the dogs. Presently he stepped into the circle of firelight, all the hoar-frost melted from his features.

"Here's your man," the Factor remarked, smiling quietly. "That Barren Lands trip needn't worry you now."

Windermere started and peered. "By the thundering Jove," he cried, "it is—it is! It's old Buck," and flew into a flurry.

"That's the way they always bolt out of the wilderness," chuckled Tremaire.

III.

Slumber rested upon the greater part of the camp; but the Factor was awake, also Windermere and Buckingham, who conversed, a little removed from the sleepers.

Tremaire arose also to perform his last duty before retiring, the inspection of the stages to see that all was safe. His fur bales were too valuable to be allowed to fall into the jaws of the *giddés* or into the maw of some predatory prowler of the forest. While he felt the poles and the lashings, the two Englishmen stirred out of the gloom on the other side and halted, half-sitting upon a great stump just beyond the stages, and on the rim of the firelight.

"You're simply forced to go back," Windermere was saying. "Everything your uncle owned is left to you, estates, horses, hounds, houses, rent-rolls, honours, and all. He weakened at the last moment, Buck; I think the idea of the Buckingham name dying out was what he couldn't stand."

"But we quarreled, and the whole of England knew it," protested his friend. "It seems like going in to pick up what's left after the dead is gone."

"All the more romantic," declared the Searcher. "They're waiting for us over there in Surrey, waiting, talking, expecting. By this time they'll be pretty well keyed up—it's a whole year, old fellow. Where can we drop this woman? You're not married?"

"No, not married," answered Buckingham, absently. He was dreaming of the Surrey downs; through the opened channels of his mind the old life rushed with its song of ease and pleasure, with its power and glamour.

Tremaire could fancy what emotions swayed him; so had he himself cherished visions of the Highlands in a day before the northland spell had

grown strong enough to conquer old memories and associations. Moreover, the Factor knew the struggle with the inner man that would come to Windermere on the heels of his dreams. With a sigh for the woman, Tremaire turned aside in the obscurity of the trees and stumbled against the woman herself.

"Come back," he ordered gruffly, seizing her arm. "You've no need to hear that talk." A knife point pricked his hand in warning; the Factor could see the steel shine even in the dark; he retreated a step, uttering a startled exclamation.

"I think it's my right," she declared, sheathing the weapon at her belt. For an instant she and Tremaire faced each other thus; they could hear the voices of Windermere and Buckingham still talking.

"I didn't think you'd get so near to being a squaw man," the Searcher reproached.

"She's not a squaw," the other asserted. "Miami is white, daughter of a trader up by Fort Katchawanee, where I used to stop. He died under a wounded moose's charge one day, and we—well, we just drifted. It's a way you get into up here, Windermere. Foolish laws don't crowd you; and you forget there are such things as social formalities."

"Then you're jolly well pulled up," Windermere observed. "We'll leave this woman you call Miami at the first post to the south and make for the steel—leave her with money if she raises a row. It's settled?"

"Yes, it's—settled," assented Buckingham, slowly, a harsh, strained note creeping into his tone. "It's hard on Miami, and I'm jolly fond of her, as fond of her, don't you know, as a man should be of his wife. But I can't take her back to Surrey Court; she's not of my race, or blood, or rank. Yes, old man, I guess it's settled!"

Abruptly, they stalked back to the fire. Windermere got into his blankets and was asleep, with the ease

that a year of wilderness life had bestowed; but Buckingham, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees, sat and stared at the rifts of falling coals.

Together, Tremaire and the woman aroused themselves from their preoccupation; their minds returned with a shock to the salient facts of life, as if fresh from the witnessing of some portion of a vital drama. Miami moved away first.

"Here, give me that hunting knife," the Factor commanded.

She laid it in his hand and approached her tent from the back. While Tremaire rolled himself in his blankets, Buckingham still brooded over the fire. So he sat till midnight and after; and the vision of him kept sleep from the Factor's brain.

Then when, all about, regular breathing told of heavy slumber blessing the other men, Tremaire saw the flap of Miami's tent open, and she came out.

She glided with her free rhythm of movement, with her fine, lithe grace, to Buckingham's shoulder, took his face in her own hands, and gazed at him. Miami did not speak just then, but Tremaire knew those great, luminous eyes would weaken any man. He saw Buckingham catch her to him, with a little, choking cry.

The Factor closed his lashes. Their words were almost inaudible, but once he caught a sentence:

"Up among the Wood Crees, on Lake of Bears, there is a missionary minister——" And, swearing a stern vow to keep that knowledge in his own heart, Tremaire lapsed into contented sleep.

In the flare of the sudden dawn Windermere rubbed his astounded eyes; but he had seen correctly at first. There was no tent, no woman, no Buckingham, no dog-train. Big Otter and Running Moose shook their heads. A foot of freshly-fallen snow covered the trail of the Missing Man.

THE CABINET MYSTERY

BY PERCY JAMES BREBNER

I HAD met the Murchisons in Switzerland, having gone to Montana for the golf. Murchison had been seized with an immense enthusiasm for the game, but was a shocking player, not a first-class recommendation to the people there, one would imagine, but he was such a good fellow, and had such a charming wife and daughter, that he was probably the most popular man in the hotel. The younger generation to a man, myself included, were the slaves of Joan Murchison.

Old Murchison—so he came to be called, although he was not more than fifty-five—and I became exceedingly friendly, and from time to time he was confidential. I learned that he had spent all his life in Australia, but was now home for good. He had made his fortune, was a millionaire in fact, but you would never have guessed it from his manner, and there was never the slightest suggestion of display about any of them.

“Now I’ve bought a place in Kent,” he told me, “not far from Ashford. It stands on the top of a jolly hill, and in clear weather has a glimpse of the sea. You must come and see us, Carling. There is a good sporting golf course in the neighborhood, and with practice I shall probably be able to give you a much better game than I can at present.”

Such a general invitation hardly counted, of course, but Murchison was not that kind of man, so that I was hardly surprised, and was extremely delighted, when a month be-

fore Christmas I received an invitation to spend the festive season with them. I had made no other arrangements as it happened, and if I had I should have been sorely tempted to break them in order to see Joan outside.

So it was I came to Hillside.

You could see the house for miles. It stood nearly at the top of the hill, a rambling old stone edifice, all corners and gables and unexpected windows, perched against a background of pines. The gardens were in terraces, full of points of vantage from which the views were magnificent.

Within, the house was quaint and picturesque, a large hall or house-place, which formed a delightful gathering ground for the family, occupying a central position. There was a great open hearth in it, the ceiling was beamed, and the furniture in this hall and throughout the house was old and in keeping.

Murchison was as delighted with his home as a child is with a new toy. He took me all over it, pointed out unexpected doors and passages, and a hiding-place behind the panelling on the stairs.

“It is beautiful,” I said, “and your taste——”

“Stop a bit, I am not going to take unmerited credit,” he laughed. “What we have put into the house is due entirely to my wife and Joan, but as a matter of fact I bought the place as it stood, and there was a quantity of furniture in it. The place had been empty about a year. I have made some small structural al-

terations, but they are all confined to the servants' quarters."

"I should think the house must have a history," I said.

"None of any particular interest, I fancy. The last owner soon grew tired of it, and decided to go back to London. Before that it was occupied for short periods by different people, and previously was for a long time in the hands of caretakers. During their residence some idea of a ghost seems to have got about."

"Since they were in such comfortable quarters they would naturally be inclined to keep the story alive," I said.

"My idea exactly," he answered: "and as we are all rather matter of fact persons, we did not consider the ghost a drawback. Certainly it has not troubled us."

"What is the story?"

"I asked the agent, and he didn't know. I inquired in the village, and could hear nothing definite. Weird and unaccountable sounds at night seemed to be the general opinion, evidently something of the good old-fashioned sort, Carling, which used to bring a kind of trembling delight to my childhood, clanking chains and the rest of it, with a final explanation which involved the doings of smugglers or some equally interesting people. I don't fancy that kind of ghost is going to be much worry to a man familiar with the Australian bush and with the real perils of those who live such an adventurous life as I have done."

I did not think so either, yet this happened only a few years ago, and to-day, if you look up to the hill, you will see a house gradually going to ruin, with windows either dark like empty eye sockets or, when the sun catches them, aflame with fire as though unholy revels were going forward within. The terraced gardens are a tangle of weeds and only the background of pines remains as it was. The story is so far definite now, and Murchison would neither

sell the place nor pull it down. He could afford to let it fall to ruin in its own way, which was the best thing that could happen to it, he declared.

We were a large party at Hillside. I had arrived a week before Christmas, and during the next day or two other arrivals brought the party up to sixteen, chiefly young people. Amongst them was a man named Powell and his sister. He was an architect with ideas, not only on house planning, but on furnishing too. He has become fairly well known, and I have heard it said that he makes his clients furnish as he thinks best, not as they want to. I have seen some of his work in this direction, and cannot say it appeals to me. Murchison thought a great deal of his opinion, however; had he not done so this history would probably not have been written.

Another guest who was of greater interest to me was Denson Lorden. He was a splendid specimen of a man, just a little rough in manner, perhaps, but a man to like. He did appeal to me considerably, and would have done so far more, but for the fact that he was evidently a great friend of Joan's. He was Australian born, his family had been out there for a long time, and he and Joan had known each other from childhood. I recognised in him a formidable rival. Whether he considered me formidable or not I cannot say, but I could see he did not like the attention I paid to Joan. He was rather a curious mixture. Although his whole life had been spent in the open air, in hard work and strenuous days, there was much of the dreamer about him. In the midst of a lively and general conversation he was liable to fall into a reverie, and be far away from his immediate surroundings. It was evidently characteristic, for Joan laughed at him.

"In the clouds again, Denson," she said on the very afternoon of his arrival; "you haven't altered very

much in that respect, at any rate."

He came back to the present with a slight start.

"No, no, nor in any other respect," he said quickly.

There was a look in his eyes which told me much. That was the moment in which I recognised him as a dangerous rival.

The house party was altogether a very pleasant one. There was not a jarring note in it, and even Powell, whose ideas on furnishing were apt to become tiresome at times, seemed to have little to find fault with in the arrangement at Hillside.

We were at tea in the hall one afternoon, only the firelight flickering on the panelling and furniture, a satisfied and contented atmosphere about us, and a delicious smell of buttered toast and hot cakes. There was a sudden pause in the conversation, and Powell broke it.

"There is just one thing wrong here, Mr. Murchison—that cabinet. It is a fine piece of furniture, and is quite lost where it is. It ought to change places with that oak chest."

"Oh, Teddie, do be quiet," said his sister. "If you begin talking shop you will spoil the flavour of these cakes."

"I can't see what difference it makes where furniture stands," said Lorden, helping himself to another of the afore-mentioned cakes. "A chair is just as easy to sit on no matter in what part of the room it may be."

"I entirely disagree with you. For everything in this world there is an obvious place."

"Powell is right in this case," said Murchison. "If some of you fellows are not too lazy to lend a hand we'll make the change at once."

It was like Powell to sit where he was and direct operations, the rest of us got up.

"I see the cabinet is screwed to the panelling," I said.

"Screwed!" and Murchison examined the little clasps which held it on

either side. "Oh, that is only to prevent its toppling forward, I expect. Just ask them in the kitchen for a screw-driver, will you, Joan?"

The cabinet was soon unfastened. It was a solid piece of furniture, standing as firm as a rock.

"Doesn't show much inclination to topple forward," said Lorden. "This is your idea, Mr. Powell, won't you come and give a hand at the removal?"

"Is it so heavy?"

It was heavy, but we had moved it before Powell had got well out of his seat. He went and examined the holes made by the screws in the panelling.

"No harm done, easily plugged up," he remarked.

Joan was standing some little distance away holding the screw-driver which her father had handed to her. Perhaps from her point of vision the firelight touched the panelling which the cabinet had hidden in some peculiar way.

"Doesn't it look different to you, somehow?" she asked, turning to her mother, who had watched our labours from her chair by the tea table.

"Naturally the colour would—"

"I don't mean the colour, Mr. Powell," said Joan, going to the wall, and using the screw-driver as a pointer. "This panel is surely wider than the others, and it doesn't seem to me to be on the same level. You will see what I mean much better if you go and stand over there."

Powell ran his finger round the edge of the panel, and suddenly there was a click.

"A tiny button under the moulding!" he exclaimed.

"A door!" several of us said in a breath, for one side of the panel had given inwards.

"This is exciting," said Joan. "Another secret hiding-place, father."

Powell pushed the panel inwards. It swung easily on its hinges, but the moment he let it go it swung back again and fastened itself.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Murchison. "I don't like these self-closing traps."

Murchison lit two or three candles. "Come along," he said. "We'll investigate."

We did not all go together. Some of us stood and kept the panel open whilst others went, but we all had our turn. It happened that Joan and I went together, with two or three others, of course, and I only mention the fact because the subsequent events were mysterious in the extreme, and it may be there was significance in a small point of this kind.

A few feet of narrow passage, bearing a little to the left, led to a small octagonal room which was dimly lighted by three narrow slits, filled in with glass, placed just below the angle of juncture between the ceiling and the walls. I may explain that later investigation showed that the room was hidden in the masonry of the older part of the kitchen building, and the projecting roof effectually concealed the window slits. As I have said, the house was all corners, and the discrepancy between the interior space and the outside plan easily escaped notice. Powell said that from this point of view it was the most cleverly concealed chamber he had ever seen.

The room was furnished simply but completely. When I say simply, I do not mean cheaply. Everything was good, but of a bygone fashion. Dust was everywhere; nothing could have been moved for many, many years, and yet there was a curious sense of life in it. It did not feel like an empty room which had been deserted for a long time.

Joan suddenly put her hand on my arm.

"It feels exactly as if someone were here, someone we cannot see, doesn't it?" she whispered.

It was curious that she should have the same feeling, but at the moment the touch of her hand on my arm concerned me more. She

had deliberately moved to my side, she had whispered to me so that no one else could hear, and there was a confidential trustfulness in her manner. Lorden was not with us. I wondered if she would have gone to him instead of to me had he been there.

We all returned to the hall, the door was allowed to close itself, and Murchison and Lorden drew the oak chest in front of it.

"I rather wish the cabinet had not been moved," said Mrs. Murchison.

"Oh, but think of the wonderful discovery it has led to," said Powell. "This house must have a quaint history."

"I believe not," said our host.

"It simply must have," Powell insisted. "When I go back to town I shall see if I cannot hunt it up. I am convinced that room could tell us stories if its walls could speak; besides, the person who had that cabinet screwed to the panelling must have had it put there to conceal the door. It is not possible that he screwed it into that exact place by chance."

"The cabinet was there when I bought the house," said Murchison; "I believe it has been there a long time."

"Possibly there was good reason," Mrs. Murchison remarked. "By moving the cabinet we may have let loose the ghost."

"Oh, mother!"

Joan was seated near me, and I thought her mother's suggestion frightened her.

"This is the very atmosphere of an old-fashioned ghost story," said someone. "It makes you want to draw near the fire, and keep close together."

Some of us laughed, but the discovery had evidently left an impression, which was not altogether comfortable, upon most of us.

Lorden was sitting back in the shadows.

"I am going to tell you rather a remarkable thing," he said suddenly, breaking into a pause.

We all turned towards him. He rather startled us.

"The moment I entered that room it seemed strangely familiar to me, just as if I had known it a long time ago, but had forgotten all about it until I saw it again."

"Is it possible you have seen it before?" asked Powell.

"No, this is my first visit to England. Of course, there is nothing in my fancy. We have all had experience of feeling that some place or incident is familiar—some reflex action of the brain accounts for it, I suppose—but this was curiously real. The moment I got inside the room I felt that I could have closed my eyes and described and told the exact position of every piece of furniture in it."

It was soon time to dress for dinner, and I fancy most of us found some relief in the fact. The adventure had got on our nerves. We were all glad to dismiss it and think of something else, and when, after dinner, Powell was inclined to return to the subject we promptly shut him up.

A very direct result was the outcome of the affair so far as I was personally concerned. From the moment Joan had laid her hand so confidently on my arm in that room our attitude towards each other changed. I grew bolder. I sought her company more definitely. It seemed to be in the natural order of things that I should do so; the others appeared to recognise the reasonableness of it, and Joan herself gave no sign of finding anything strange in it. Perhaps the beginnings of love are like this, I do not know, I have no wide experience to draw from, besides, this was not the beginning with me: I had fallen in love with Joan at Montana.

Another thing was also apparent. From the moment Lorden told us of

his feeling about the octagonal room he appeared to indulge in his absent-minded reveries more frequently than ever, and it was always Joan who, with some laughing remark, recalled him to himself. Then he would look at her quickly, start a little, and answer her. Poor chap, I was sorry for him. I was sure that he cared for Joan, and he could not help seeing how it was with us. His attitude during the day following the adventure led me to suppose that he accepted the inevitable, but the next day I was convinced to the contrary. He was full of suggestions, excellent in themselves and proclaimed by the house party generally, but they made it quite impossible for me to get away quietly with Joan. Not until after tea did I have her to myself for a moment, and then we were in the hall together. She said something about it being time to dress, but I begged her to stay for a few moments.

She laughed as she sat down, and I was rejoicing at my good fortune when I felt, rather than heard, someone behind me. I turned quickly to see Lorden on the stairs looking down at us.

At the same moment a curious thing happened. There was a click, and the door in the panel came unfastened. It did not open. We all started and turned quickly towards the door. Joan looked at me and was pale, I noticed.

"It couldn't have been fastened properly," I said as I crossed the hall, and, stretching over the oak chest, I gave the door a slight push. It opened about a foot, and then shut itself sharply. There was no doubt about its being securely fastened this time.

Lorden said something which I did not catch and went upstairs.

"I must go and dress," said Joan.

I did not attempt to keep her. I could see that the incident had upset her. At the bend in the stairs she looked back for an instant and smiled down on me. That made me too

happy to think much of Lorden or the opening door.

But the following morning the door gave again under very similar circumstances. I had manoeuvred things rather cleverly. Every one went to the links, even those who were not going to play went for the walk. I pleaded an important letter to write—I had heard Joan ask Mary Powell to excuse her going as she had several things to do. I dare say the plot was rather thin, but it worked out all right. I did not attempt to write my letter, and Joan's "several things to do" consisted of a small piece of needlework which she brought down to do by the hall fire. I fancy it could have been achieved in any odd moment.

"Haven't you gone with the others?" she began when she saw me. "I thought——"

"I overheard what you said to Miss Powell," I answered, "and I wanted to——"

Then the door clicked, just as it had done last night. Joan sprang to her feet with a little cry, and I turned to see Denson Lorden standing in the doorway of the library.

"That catch is evidently out of order," I said as I moved across to fasten it again.

"Curse the door!" Lorden exclaimed. "I wish they had left the cabinet where it was," and he passed into the garden without another word.

"I can't stay here, Mr. Carling," said Joan. "I am positively afraid of that door. Like Denson I wish the cabinet had not been moved."

"Coming into the drawing-room," I suggested.

"It is curious, isn't it?" she said as we went.

"A trifle startling, certainly, but it is not very surprising that the catch should have gone wrong. Powell may have strained it when he first opened it."

Possibly, indeed probably. I should have thought a great deal more of

the recurrence of the incident had not my mind been full of something far more important. I closed the drawing-room door, and so sacred was the next hour to me I will not share it with anyone. When I opened the door again Joan had promised to be my wife, and that night every member of the house party knew it. There was no reason for secrecy after I had spoken to her father and mother, which I did that afternoon. We received general congratulations, and the statement that the news was no surprise. Denson Lorden was as hearty in his good wishes as anyone, and I could see this was a relief to Murchison. He was very fond of Lorden, and had told me quite frankly that afternoon that he was afraid he would feel it.

"Not that there has ever been anything between them," he said, "but I am pretty certain he hoped there would be some day. You see they have known each other since Joan was a child, and he was a boy just beginning to feel important."

The following day was Christmas Eve, a day I am ever likely to remember, even if memory fails me in other matters. We had arranged to have a dance after dinner, and during the evening Murchison suggested some games. He was not too old to enjoy them, he declared, so we ought not to be. He knew several which I had never heard of, and, of course, one of them involved two people going out of the room. This part was given to Joan and me.

The drawing-room door was closed on us; we were alone in the hall. Was it very strange that I should take her in my arms and kiss her?

The next ten seconds were crowded ones, everything seemed to happen at once.

"Denson!" Joan said suddenly. She was facing the stairs, my back was towards them. She spoke curiously, and I turned.

I had not noticed Lorden's absence from the drawing-room, but

now he was coming slowly down the staircase, leaning on the banisters, a revolver in his hand.

"The last kiss, Mr. Carling," he said with a horrible, short laugh.

I could not speak. I made a movement to drag Joan behind me. The distance between us and the stairs was short, but I was convinced Lorden meant to shoot her, not me.

Then the door in the panel clicked sharply; more, it opened nearly wide—and stayed open! It was just as if someone stood by it and held it, preventing its closing itself, yet no one could be seen there.

The effect was instantaneous. I say no one was to be seen, but God knows if this was true so far as Lorden was concerned. He uttered a cry like a man in pain, and fired, neither at Joan nor at me, I am certain, but at something behind us. The bullet struck somewhere in the passage which led to the octagonal room, and immediately, as though the person who held it had been hit, the door swung to and shut itself. The revolver dropped from Lorden's hand, and I suddenly found Joan lying in my arms in a dead faint.

Then the people came running from the drawing-room.

That night a groom rode over to Ashford, and early on Christmas morning Denson Lorden was taken from Hillside. Poor fellow, he was raving mad, and I may say at once that three months later he died in a lunatic asylum.

Why had he gone mad so suddenly? To answer that disappointed love was the reason might satisfy some, but it satisfied none of us who were present at Hillside. The doctor suggested that his fits of absentmindedness were a warning of his condition, but then Murchison said he had always been a dreamer. I do not pretend to explain. I can only set down the facts.

Powell did not rest until he had hunted up the history of the house, and the reason it had got the reputation of being haunted. The dates

were rather indefinite, but it appeared that about a century and a half ago the man who had lived there had committed murder under peculiar circumstances. He was no longer a young man when his first wife died, but he fell madly in love with a young girl, and when she preferred another man who was about her own age, he shot his successful rival, and by some means escaped punishment. Whether the deed was done at Hillside was doubtful, but the murderer lived there for years, chiefly in a hidden room, so it was reported, that he might have no intercourse with his fellows. In this way, it was declared, he had expiated his crime, for he lived to a great age, and in constant fear. Powell suggested that he may have concealed himself at Hillside and so escaped punishment, but we could find no proof of this.

Did death take him altogether from Hillside? The question may make the scoffer smile, but there are others. I feel convinced that on the first and second occasion when the door clicked, Lorden was so startled that he was prevented from committing the crime which his diseased brain had planned. On the third occasion his madness may have overcome his fear, and that time the door was opened, and held open! What Lorden saw, who shall say?—but he fired at it instead of at Joan or me. Strangely enough that octagonal room had made a curious impression on the three of us; is it altogether foolish to think that the restless spirit of the man who had committed a crime long ago suddenly appeared to prevent another crime?

There was nothing to show when and by whom the old cabinet had been screwed over the door, but one very startling fact came to light. The name of this owner of a hundred and fifty years ago was Dennison, and we were able to prove that he was an ancestor of Lorden's. Lorden even had his name in a mutilated form—Denson.

THE MAD PLAYER

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

Illustrations by J. W. Beatty

I THINK he was the strangest figure I have ever seen; and I saw him first one evening when I had laid aside my brushes for the day, and, attracted by the cries and laughter, strolled down the village street and joined the group of peasants who pushed around him.

He was mounted on a stage that consisted of a board stretched between two barrels, at one end of which a torch smoked woefully, as though in protest at its own desecration of the soft mountain twilight. A bow dangled straight down from one hand, a violin from the other, and his black eyes glittered from a face whose skin, where one could see it for the great untrimmed, shaggy mass of white beard, was colourless, parchment-like in its pallour; while, beside his master, a huge tawny mastiff on his haunches scratched vigorously at his hide, causing the plank to sway violently.

As I approached, the man fastened his eyes on me, and, sweeping his red woollen cap, with its long, hanging tassel, from his head, bowed.

"Monsieur," he cried, "will do Coquin"—here he flourished his bow toward the canine—"the honour to remark his attack so marvelous of the high C, yes? It is to please the children; then monsieur shall see."

Then, without waiting for any acknowledgment from me, who was, indeed, too amused and nonplused to offer any, the man and his beast burst into an astounding chorus. The man played, his efforts merciless on him-

self, every joint in his body seeming to swing to the rhythm of the air. His ill-fitting apparel—black, baggy velveteen trousers, into which was tucked a faded blue blouse, many sizes too large for him, that served for both coat and shirt—flapped in concert with his movements, exaggerating the gaunt leanness of his physique. And, as the oil torch sputtered crazily, joggling up and down with the motion of the plank, the dog howled, lifting up his head in prolonged, hearty and repeated yowls, snatching for his breath between each outbreak as he would snap at a pestiferous fly buzzing before his nose.

"He is but a harmless fool," volunteered the man standing at my elbow.

"Who is he?" I asked curiously.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he replied. "He travels the mountains and takes our pennies when times are good; when there is no money we give him something to eat and drink."

"They were crying '*Vive le Duc*' when I came," said I. "Is that what you call him?"

"But, yes," laughed the man; then: "Monsieur is he who was painting by the river this morning?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"So, Monsieur is, we know, a stranger, but it is evident he has never been in the mountains before since he has not heard of the Duc de Vassmalquieur."

"Vassmalquieur?" I repeated, puzzled. "What is that?"

My informant's reply, if he made

any, was drowned in the round of applause that greeted the conclusion of the piece. The Duc—I shall call him that—gave a little bow that was all of condescension to the group before him, and again fastened his eyes on me as though demanding my verdict.

I clapped my hands and joined heartily in the cheers. The man's face broke into a smile and again he bowed profoundly, as he put his bow to the strings to begin a new selection. Then, while the Duc fiddled with all his might and the brute ran the gamut to the accompaniment of the screaming laughter of the women and children, I turned to resume my conversation with my new acquaintance, only to find that he had moved away with some of his companions. So I, too, changed my position, strolling here and there amongst the crowd of rough, simple people, men, women and children of the little town, perched high on a slope of the Belgian Ardennes, which had been my stopping place for more than a week back. Finally, I turned to go, and, as I did so, the Duc, whose eyes must have been following my every movement, stopped short in his playing and called out to me.

"If monsieur will but listen," he pleaded, "I will play the *Sonate Pathétique*. Coquin shall be silent. Yes?"

I nodded my head unconcernedly as he began; but as the notes, throbbing, tremulous, rose and fell, I stood spellbound, silent, at their exquisite sweetness. Like some divine melody it was that, at the master touch, fills the heart too full for words, the eyes with tears, flooding the soul with a sense of the infinite, lifting it away beyond the gross, material things of life.

As the last note died away the audience stirred uneasily, a child's voice rose petulantly and then another's. There was a little ripple of applause, scattered and uncertain. "I like the other better," declared

a dark-eyed girl beside me, who clung to a young man's arm. "It is too sad, that!"

For myself, I stood wondering at the battered incongruity, who, with his eyes gravely fixed on mine, now pulled his cap from his head again, and, bowing with unmistakable grace and dignity, placed it in the dog's mouth.

Without a word from his master, the animal leaped from the plank and began to pass among the crowd, mutely, but eloquently, demanding some more substantial token of the audience's appreciation than their mere applause. The brute's sagacity was truly wonderful. Even those who had edged to the outer fringes away from the press did not escape his watchful eye, and the hat was duly presented to them, with, if necessary, a paw scratching the trousers' leg or skirt to attract their attention.

To me the dog came almost last of all, for I had caught sight of the peasant with whom I had been conversing earlier in the evening and had joined him as he stood alone and a little apart. There were a number of pennies in the hat, perhaps ten or twelve. My companion laughed as he added another.

"The Duc is in luck to-night," he said.

"Yes?" I queried, contributing a silver piece. "Is it more, then, than usual?"

"About double, I should say," he replied. "It is intermission. He will play some more, and at the end Coquin will go around again."

It had grown dusk, and the Duc, taking the hat from the dog, which had now returned to him, carried it to the torch and began to examine the contents under the flickering light. I moved a little closer, expecting to witness some expression of satisfaction as the result of his investigation. The peasant had said the collection was double the usual amount, and that was before I had



Drawing by J. W. Beatty
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"AS I APPROACHED, THE MAN FASTENED HIS EYES ON ME

contributed my two-franc piece, which was, at least, three times as much as all the rest combined. To my intense astonishment, therefore, the Duc, after a moment, crushed the hat in his hand.

"I play no more to-night," he burst out; and then, curiously, his words trailed off and broke: "No—more—to-night——"

The protest from the audience that followed this announcement was vigorous and pointed; but they might better have saved their breath. Without lifting his eyes in their direction, the Duc took his torch, and, jabbing it flame downward into the ground, extinguished it. Certainly after that it was useless to stay longer, and the crowd, breaking up into little groups, began to move away; the women complaining volubly, the men grumbling with more of good-natured tolerance than of anger.

Half-amused, half-serious, and, too, a little puzzled, I mingled with those who took the road in the direction of the inn where I was lodging. Everyone knew everyone else, and their genealogy as well, and badinage flew thick and fast, for they were laughing now at the antics of the poor fool, as they styled him—the Duc de Vassmalquieur. At the inn door they cried a respectful good-night in chorus—like children they were. It seemed good to be among them. They took life as they found it, loved and married and died, simply, heartily, even as they lived. I whistled as I pulled over my sketches made that day, and then laughed aloud at the extravagance of my simile—one does not die heartily, I suppose.

"*Pardon, monsieur*"—the voice was at my elbow. I had taken a chair to the big fireplace in the common living-room of the inn, for it was chilly in the autumn evenings in the mountains. My folio was open on my knees. As I whirled quickly around, startled, a sketch fell from the rest and fluttered to the floor.

"*Pardon, monsieur*"—the Duc de Vassmalquieur had picked it up and was extending it to me. As I reached for the sheet, he uttered a cry, abruptly drew it back, and, holding it close to his eyes as though short-sighted, stared at it fascinated. Coquin, on his haunches, was motionless at his master's side.

I waited without speaking, desiring rather to see what this strange individual would do next. After a moment he shook his head, a feeble smile on his lips that seemed one of gentle tolerance for his own vagaries. He hesitated, shook his head again, this time more emphatically than before, and almost roughly pushed the sketch into my hands.

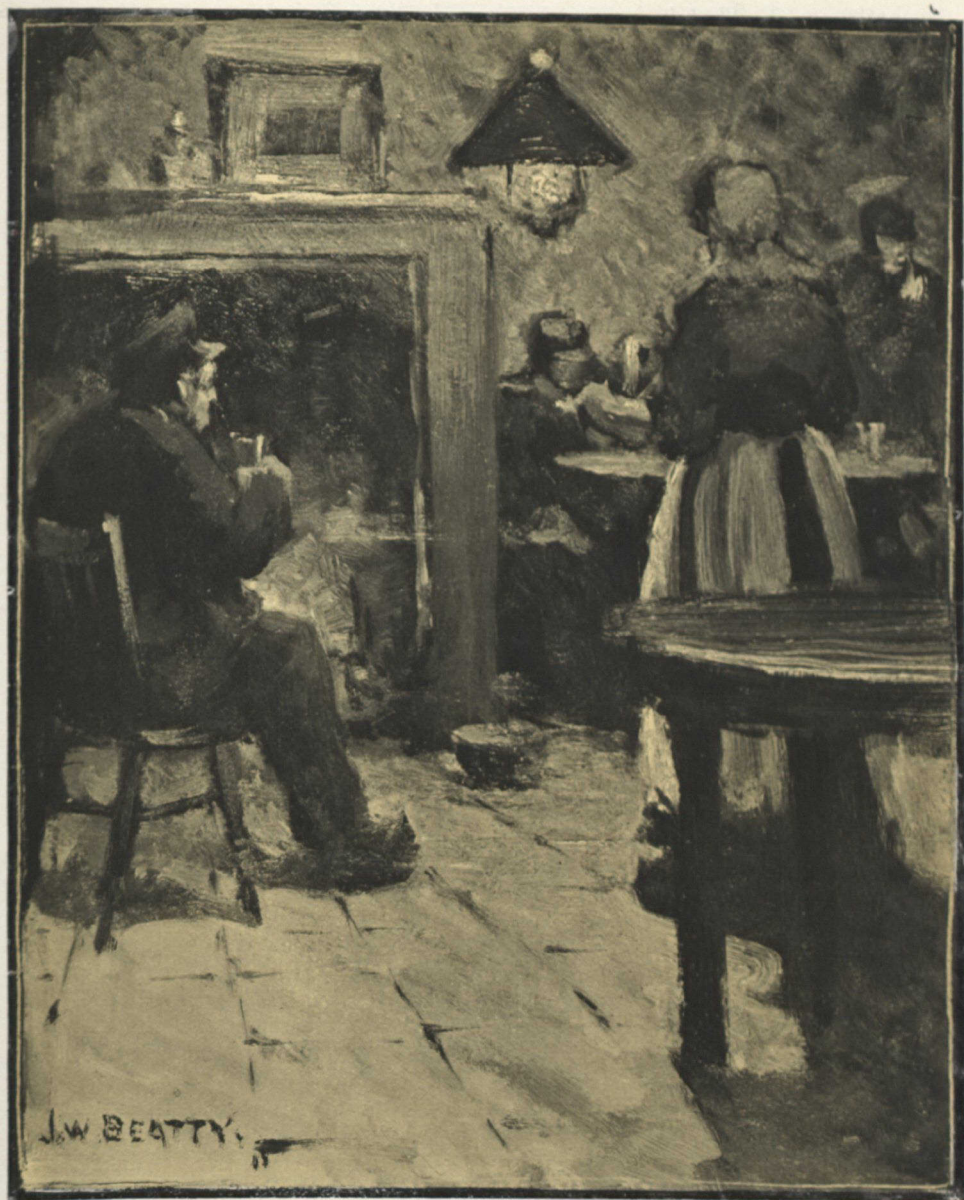
"My eyes play me tricks, *monsieur*," he said querulously; and again the phrase that seemed mechanically ever on his lips: "*Pardon, monsieur*."

"You are interested in the picture?" I asked. "It is only a little sketch I made this morning."

"The picture is nothing to me," he answered brusquely. "I am not here to look at pictures. *Monsieur* has the dress of the artist, but not the temperament."

In what way had I offended the man, for offended he appeared to be? I placed the sketch with apparent carelessness, though purposely, in full view, on top of the portfolio, which I continued to hold on my knees. Across the room, madame, the *patronne* of the inn, in short woollen skirt, bustled around the three or four little tables serving *saison*, the native beer, to the villagers. In the corner, her husband sat facing me, puffing contentedly at his pipe, his glance shifting from myself to the Duc, then to Coquin, the dog, and back again.

The Duc was fumbling in his pocket. Suddenly, with a quick movement, he forced into my hand the two-franc piece that I had dropped into his hat when Coquin took up the collection.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"MADAME, THE PATRONESE OF THE INN, IN SHORT WOOLLEN SKIRT, BUSTLED AROUND THE THREE OR FOUR LITTLE TABLES, SERVING SAISON

"What—what is this?" I stammered.

"Monsieur is he who placed it in the hat, is it not so?"

"Certainly, I did; but——"

He interrupted me with a violent

gesture of his hand; then, drawing up his body to its full height: "Monsieur does me an injury. I am an artist. Between artists there is appreciation not of money. Monsieur considers my playing not worthy of

an artist, yes?—That is a misfortune for me, but it is not deserving of insult.”

“But——”

“It is not necessary!”—again he stopped me. “Am I the less artist because I am poor, and to gain a few pennies play for the amusement of the villagers? And Coquin to make them laugh? That is not art. Do I not know it? But did I not play once for monsieur alone, who is an artist himself? And I am repaid so!”

A harmless fool my peasant informant had told me. Indeed, it seemed so. The poor crazed brain full of whimsical conceits and fancies! His distress was real enough and pathetic, too, in the hurt dignity of his tones. I had wounded him in that tenderest of all spots—his pride and his belief in his artist worth. A distinct sense of pity came over me. Racking my brain for something that I might say to soothe the unintentional hurt I had inflicted, my eyes travelled around the room in search of inspiration. Madame’s wooden shoes clack-clacked her constant coming and going; the occupants of the tables were laughing and joking noisily; monsieur, the proprietor, met my look as my glance completed the circle, and his face puckered into a funny little smile of interested amusement, as though intimating that he understood and appreciated my dilemma. Involuntarily, I smiled back, and then, fearful that the Duc might have intercepted the look and have misinterpreted it as one of derision directed toward himself, I turned to him with the intention of making such amends as I could.

But I need have had no concern on that score. The player seemed oblivious of everything and everybody save only the sketch, at which he was again staring intently, fixedly even.

“*Pardon, monsieur*”—the voice was a trembling quaver; the matter of the two-franc piece and the question of his artist worth, evidently

far from the poor, unbalanced mind, now obsessed with another problem. “*Pardon, monsieur*; but did monsieur say he had done this to-day—here?”

“Yes,” I answered. “Why?”

“That is none of your affair!” he cried sharply; then quickly: “No, no, monsieur, I did not mean to offend. Monsieur will tell me where it was done—where? *Mon Dieu*, and I thought at first it was but a trick my eyes were playing on me! But it is so! It is real! It is real!” The man in his sudden excitement was pulling at my arm to drag me toward the door.

“Calm yourself, my friend,” I said. “Of course, I will show you the spot since you are so interested.” And so to humour him I rose from my chair and went to the street.

It was already quite dark. The evening settles down rapidly in the mountains in late October, but the moon just rising over the crest of a peak showed the road stretching out, a white, winding trail between the hills to the valley below us, from where one caught an occasional moon-glint from the river through an opening here and there in the woods.

The Duc clung closely to me, following my gesture as I pointed toward the valley.

“It is there; yes, yes, it is there, I knew it,” he whispered to himself. I say whispered, though that hardly describes it. The words seemed drawn in, in a low, catchy, sobbing way.

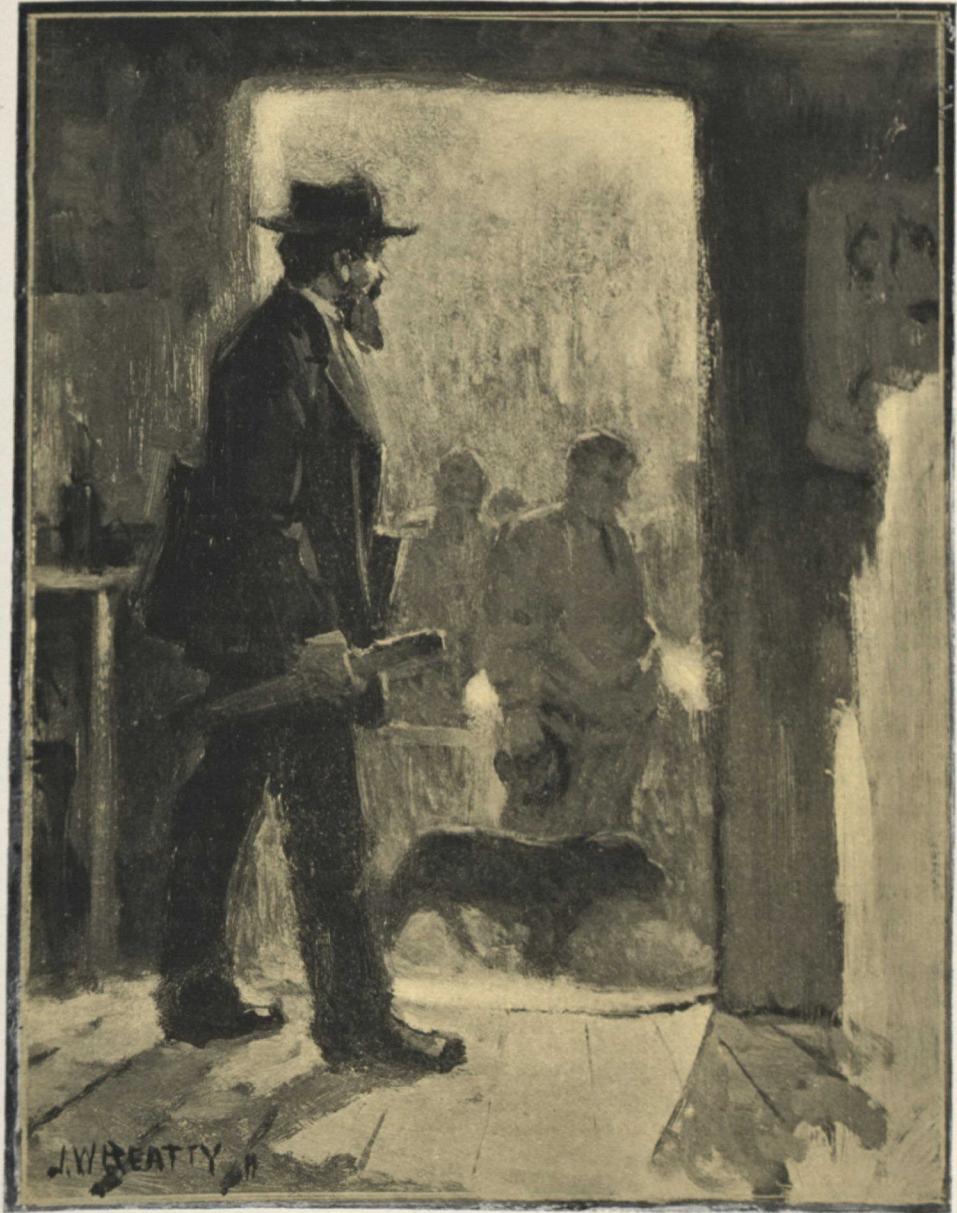
“You see the first turn in the road?” I directed.

He nodded his head vehemently.

“Yes? Well, there is a little path——”

“I know! I know!” he interrupted.

“——that turns off there, leading into the woods,” I continued. “A quarter of a mile farther on it comes out onto a little open space above the river. It was from there that I sketched the opposite bank, which is the picture you——”



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"IN THE MORNING I STOOD AT THE INN DOOR AS THE CORTEGE PASSED"

But without waiting for me to complete my sentence, the Duc dashed away, running wildly down the road, Coquin at his heels.

I watched them until they reached the turn and disappeared, the man

and the dog—Coquin, with clumsy, rolling movement; the Duc, a fantastic figure, tassel bobbing from his woollen cap, blouse flapping, arms and legs swinging crazily. I laughed heartily at the sight as I turned and

re-entered the inn, still laughing.

The innkeeper had changed his position, carrying his chair close to the one I had been occupying. As I sat down he looked at me out of one eye—and none could mistake the look. I ordered a pot of *saison*.

"Monsieur is curious about the Duc, is it not so?" he questioned, emerging from his glass and replacing his pipe in his mouth. "*Tiens, tiens!* None can tell you the story better than I. A lot is told of him, the Duc, but it is mostly untrue. It is a long time ago now. How old would monsieur say was the Duc?"

"Sixty-five or seventy," I hazarded.

"Monsieur is wrong by more than twenty years. He is forty-two or three, the Duc." My host buried his face in the mug of *saison*, then wiping his lips with the back of his hand shook his head sagely and repeated: "Twenty years. Monsieur would not think it, no?"

"No," I said, expressing my surprise in my voice.

"But it is so," asserted the landlord. "We were boys in the same village, only he was of the aristocrats. It is different now, yes? He was a young man when it happened, the accident to his fiancée. Of that I do not know much. She was never found. One morning alone with her horse she went to ride. The horse returned at night, but of the girl nothing was ever heard"—again he buried his face in the mug, then flung out his arms expansively—"nothing!"

"And the Duc?" I prompted.

"The girl and music—music and the girl. He was that way. Nothing else—it was his life. He was always queer. After the accident—they came at last to think that she had been thrown from her horse and had fallen over a cliff, perhaps into the river, which is undoubtedly the true explanation—the Duc began to wander through the mountains searching for her. At first he would

return each night, then he would be away for days, and, after a time, he would not be seen for weeks and sometimes months. Always he would have with him some instrument—sometimes a piccolo; sometimes, like to-night, a violin. His parents could do nothing; the poor fellow was crazed, searching, searching, always searching, until it has come to be as you have seen. That is the story, monsieur. It is pathetic, is it not?"

"Yes," I said slowly. "Poor chap! But his asking for money, is that, too, part of his fancy? You said he was of the aristocracy. His parents—"

"They died," said my host. "And as for the estate—when one is simple, eh, what does monsieur expect?"

"You mean he was robbed of it all?" I demanded.

The landlord nodded, finishing the last drop in the mug.

"Then Vassmalquieur, I suppose," said I, "was the name of the estate."

At this the innkeeper laughed outright, shaking his fat body until the tears stood in his eyes. "Oh, la, la!" he cried, when he could get his breath. "But, no, monsieur! They call him Duc because, as I told monsieur, he was aristocrat—it is but a nickname. For a long time it was but Duc, then some wag added the Vassmalquieur. Vassmalquieur, monsieur, is patois—Walloon, do you see? It means—nowhere! The Duke of Nowhere! The name of an estate, yes truly!"—and he went off into another burst of unrestrained hilarity.

I did not join him. The humour, if humour there were, was lost in the sterner note, the pitiful tragedy of a life behind it all—the tragedy deadened, no doubt, to those to whom the poor stroller had become an accustomed figure year after year, but vividly fresh to me who had just heard his story for the first time. And the picture—the sketch? I picked it up to look at it again, wondering if the poor brain could have found

something in it to touch the memories of the past. It was but a landscape, as I have said. I handed it to the landlord, with the thought that he might supply the connection, if connection there were. He took it gingerly and stared—at his empty mug. I had no wish to buy his verdict, but at my request madame, with a playful shake of her finger at me, replenished it.

"It is magnificent!" said my rogue of a host.

I took it back, placed it in my portfolio, bade him good-night, and went upstairs to my room. Once during the night I was awakened by a dog's long-drawn-out howl as it floated in through the open window. This was repeated. Half-drowsily the Duc's words came back to me: "Monsieur will do Coquin the honour to remark his attack so marvelous of the high C, yes?" Then I went off to sleep again.

In the morning I stood at the inn door as the cortege passed. The villagers silent, bare-headed, reverent. Beside the body, a dog—Coquin—drooping, head low, pitiful in his dumb grief. I turned, depressed and saddened, to ask the particulars. It was, indeed, Coquin that I had heard during the night, for early in the

morning, attracted by his continued cries, they had found the body of his master near the spot to which I had directed him. He had either stepped or fallen over the bank which there rose straight up perhaps twenty feet, and his head had struck on a boulder that jutted out from the water below.

I cannot express the emotion that overwhelmed me; for my sketch, innocently enough, it is true, but none the less certainly, it seemed, had lured a fellow-creature to his death. I went at once to the portfolio and took it out, and for a long time puzzled over it vainly. Then suddenly a thought came to me. I remembered that in glancing at it, as it lay on the floor the night before, I had viewed it in its normal position—but it lay, then, between where I sat and where the Duc stood. He must have looked at it upside down. I reversed it quickly—and then I, as he had done, with a startled cry, carried it closer to my eyes. At last I understood. The foliage, by some grim freak as my brush had traced it, bore a crude, but unmistakable resemblance to a woman's face, with her hair streaming down touching the river's brink—and to the poor, crazed brain it had been the end of his long search!

THE TWO FLOWERS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

HELEN wore it in her hair,
That little fragile flower,
Wore it for an hour—
Then she laughed and gave it me to wear—
No little flower so holy anywhere!

Fate looked and found my Helen fair—
That little fragile flower—
Spared her but an hour;
When she died the dayspring vanished there—
No little flower so holy anywhere!

THE CASE OF PHILLIP CHEESEBOROUGH

BY MADGE MACBETH

THE bleak and cheerless gray walls of the Protestant Orphan Asylum looked inviting enough to little Phillip as he neared the building. In fact, he did not remember having thought the asylum half so attractive in the day-time, when Alicia used to take him past there, for his walk. Now, through the thickly-falling snow, the lights twinkled quite merrily, and he unconsciously cast aside his idea of the place—partly original, and partly a figment of Alicia's lurid imagination—clothing it with both luxury and grandeur.

And surely, thought Phillip, a place wherein so many children played could not be other than a perfect Paradise.

The iron gate came near baffling him, and his long struggle with it seemed to cause an inexplicable change to take place somewhere inside him. Whereas up to that moment he had been perfectly secure in his belief that this course was the only proper action for him, now that queer feeling stole over him which he always called to himself the "forgive-me feeling," and he mounted the long flight of steps very slowly.

It was an unlooked-for happening—this sudden occurrence of the "forgive-me feeling," when he was doing exactly right; one must expect it when one has been naughty and when one's mother discovers it, but at such an hour as this—well, it made Phillip realise all at once that big

Montreal was very terrible, and the darkness much more disagreeable when a part of it, than when looking into it from the nursery window.

He rang the bell and swallowed several times, so as to have a good, strong voice with which to state his business, and it seemed a long time before heavy steps were heard echoing through a bare hall-way, and the door was opened.

Of course, Phillip had not expected to see Martha with her neat black uniform and spotless apron, her pretty face under the dainty, frilly cap; no, but he did not in the least expect to see the slatternly, gray-haired woman who stood peering quite over his head, out into the darkness. Neither did he understand her muttering about everyone's being too busy to attend to her proper duties.

"Perhaps she is the grandmother of all the orphans," thought Phillip vaguely, trying to adjust her to his idea of a grandmother. Aloud he said:

"I have come to be an orphan!"

At the sound of his soft, little voice, the old woman looked down and saw a very small boy dressed in a fur coat and cap, standing in the falling snow. She stared at him speechless, a moment, but it was as long as an hour to the little boy, who feared that her silence meant a refusal of his admittance even here, where he had been led to expect he might find a home. Apparently the

snow was melting on his cheeks, for something warm trickled down as he held his breath and waited.

"Who brought you?" asked the grandmother at last.

"I came myself," answered the child in almost unintelligible English. His "s's" were all "f's" and his "w's" were "l's." "May I please be an orphan?"

Some forgotten spring in the woman's nature was touched by the boy's earnestness, his pure, confiding eyes, as he looked up at her, and her heart suddenly expanded in tenderness.

"Bless my soul, honey," she muttered awkwardly, "ye may be or ye may not, fer all I know." Then she drew him inside and closed the door.

It was all over. Phillip felt, standing in the big, dimly-lighted hall that he had irrevocably cut himself away from his four years of past life and was henceforth and forevermore branded "an orphan."

The grandmother led him past several doors, all of which had black plates and gold letters on them, to a small room almost at the back of the building. He wondered vaguely after the manner of children where all his future playmates were, and why the house was so still, save for the noise of his foot-steps; he felt acutely the want of some sort of welcome; he missed the warm, soft hangings and rugs to which his eye and senses were accustomed; uncomfortable bits of Alicia's description concerning an asylum's method of dealing with bad children recurred to him, and it was borne upon his baby mind that not only the snow from his cap trickled down his cheeks, but something else, something suspiciously like tears.

A lady with spectacles sat at a desk in the little room, wrapping up parcels, and she frowned as Phillip was brought in.

"This here boy," began the grandmother, "says he has come to be an orphan. He hadn't no one with him,

and it's snowing very hard outside."

The lady at the desk looked sternly at Phillip, and the "forgive-me feeling" rose so hard and tight around his throat he felt as though he surely must cry.

"Come here," she said, "and tell me why you want to be an orphan."

Thus encouraged, the little boy walked round the desk and stood close to the lady's chair. He noted in his childish way that it was not so nice looking up into her face as into his muzzie's, but—

"Did you run away?" asked the lady, and her voice sounded cruelly harsh to Phillip's ears.

He hung his head a moment, then raised it and looked at her straight and fearlessly out of his big, hazel eyes.

"Yes."

"Haven't you a nurse?" asked the lady.

"Yes, Alicia is my nurse."

"How was it that she let you come here, alone?"

"Oh, she doesn't mind!" cried Phillip, eagerly. "She often said she'd bring me here, if I didn't stop asking questions. She doesn't like talking to little boys—she just only wants to talk to park policemen."

Phillip's tone was one of self-accusation—how careless of him to be a little boy when he should have been a park policeman!

The old grandmother in the doorway made a sound as of anger, and the lady, who had evidently forgotten her, said sharply:

"Go on, and help with the decorating," which Phillip did not understand, but the command took the old woman out of the room, and her shuffling footsteps were heard as she went upstairs.

Turning to the child, the lady continued her questioning.

"Where is your mother?"

This was followed by a long silence, during which the little fellow looked critically at the lady's lap, and decided that, although it was not his

idea of a "really, truly" lap, it was better than nothing, and he did so long to sit on a lap while he talked about muzzie!

"I — haven't — any — more — muzzie," whispered Phillip, with trembling lips.

"Oh!" The lady put out her hand and laid it on his shoulder. He hoped she would not ask any more questions, for instinctively he shrank from telling just how it happened that muzzie had grown so angry that very afternoon, and had forbidden him to call her muzzie any more; he did not want to tell the lady with spectacles that he kicked Mr. Wainwright because he kissed his muzzie, and that he screamed and threatened to let father know. He felt it would be impossible to explain how Alicia and Martha and the cook barely kept from laughing when muzzie brought him to them in the servant's dining-room and angrily demanded to know why a nurse considered two hours at lunch-time her right and privilege.

Not that Phillip thought all this out just as it is set down, but he did have thoughts and feelings which he much preferred not to tell.

The lady spoke again.

"And tell me—where is your father?"

"Away—he is always away," wistfully replied the child.

"Do you know where you live?"

"In the big house on the corner. Don't you know our house?" asked Phillip in surprise. Ever so many people knew muzzie's house—ladies and gentlemen and grocerymen and all kinds of tradespeople. They were always coming there.

"What is your name?"

"Phillip."

"Phillip what?"

"Phillip Feevesbulow."

"What?" asked the lady, a little sharply. She had asked ever so many things over again, and the child wondered if she might not be deaf, like old Harding, who took care of the furnace. Haltingly, he repeated

his name, but when the lady said it over after him, it had such a peculiar sound that he grew distressed and uncomfortable.

She turned eagerly to a large book and ran her finger down its pages, saying to herself:

"F — Fe — Fes — n — Fer — no——" and shaking her head every now and then.

After watching her patiently for a few minutes, he touched her very gently on the arm and asked:

"Now am I an orphan?"

The lady looked uncertain a moment, then sighed slightly.

"You might as well be, I suppose, my dear."

"Well," Phillip's solemn eyes were swimming, "well, I think I should like to have my tea, please, and then may I play with the orphans?"

She rang a bell, and soon it was answered by a half-grown girl, who stood awkwardly in the doorway.

"Clara, take this child upstairs and give him some bread and milk. You are to look after him until I send for you."

The girl said "yes, ma'am," and crooked her finger at the little boy. He went obediently to her and held out his hand, but she did not take it, so he climbed two flights of stairs bravely for the first time in all his life without a friendly hand to help him. As he neared the top, voices came to him in a confused murmur and his heart beat a little more quickly. There was an element of excitement in the prospect of playing with children—loneliness had been so much a part of his recent years, ever since father had stayed so much away. It would be lovely, he thought, to have plenty of boys with whom to play Indian—ah, but his Indian suits were at home, so were all his toys; Alicia did not approve of taking toys to the park.

"This way," called Clara, interrupting his thoughts. She opened the door of a long, low room filled with rows of small tables and chairs,

and after taking off his things she sat him on one of the chairs, took up a bowl from the table, and left him.

The room was very big and still, a sharp contrast to the place in which he was accustomed to have his meals, the silent rows of empty chairs frightened him, his baby stoicism vanished suddenly, and, putting his head down on his arm, he sobbed convulsively:

"Oh, forgive me, muzzie, please do forgive me!"

In the meantime, Alicia, feeling her lot a very hard one, turned discontentedly from her half-hour's conversation and looked for the child. She noticed then for the first time how dark it had grown and how fast the snowflakes were falling. A moment's uneasiness swept over her as she walked back to the bench where Phillip had been admonished to wait, for fear the child had been kept out too long; then shrugging her shoulders, she said to herself:

"Pshaw! What does she care? She told me to take him out of the way, and I'll remind her of it, too, if she speaks to me!"

The bench was empty—the child was gone!

"Phillip," called the nurse, "Phillip Cheeseborough!"

A few pedestrians hurrying home with suspicious-looking Christmas parcels turned for the instant, then walked on, intent upon their own affairs.

Thoroughly frightened, the girl ran after her friend, the policeman, but he, too, had been swallowed up in the settling gray cloud, and all her cries failed to reach him.

Too much of a coward to return to the house and confess her fault, some latent feeling of honour prompted her to do the next best thing; so, hurrying to the nearest store, she telephoned Martha, and in disconnected sentences told her. Her silence seemed like an unspoken reproof to Alicia, trembling in the

little box. Without waiting for the storm of abuse she feared would come, Phillip's nurse called:

"And anyhow, it wasn't my fault, he had no business to run off—you go upstairs and tell her, Martha!" Then she hung up the receiver and walked out of the store.

Martha went slowly upstairs to the den; she knew Mr. Wainwright was there and had been since lunch-time. Mrs. Cheeseborough held somewhat the same position in regard to her servants that Becky Sharpe held: their very suspicion against her kept them in their right and proper places, the very fact that they believed she could hold an enviable position in the social world, could command the Wainwright millions if she liked, put her on a sort of pinnacle in their eyes, before which they bowed in submission of a kind. Their wages were never fully paid, and, thanks to the freedom of the press, James K. Cheeseborough's income was well known to be inadequate to his wife's demands, but they stayed on, always excitedly looking forward to the day when "something would happen." The finger of scandal pointed to the inevitable triangle.

Cheeseborough's attitude toward the situation was more or less a matter for speculation; either he did not realise the state of affairs, or he saw and could not prevent it, without vulgar publicity, or he saw and did not want to prevent it, preferring to live his own careless life off in the woods surrounding his comfortable mountain "camp."

Walter Wainwright had a supreme contempt for the husband of Mrs. Cheeseborough, both because he could not hold his lovely wife's affections and because he indifferently allowed another man to—well, to nearly hold them.

Perhaps he thought he loved Phyllis Cheeseborough, or perhaps his masculine vanity cried for the satisfaction of a huge feminine sacrifice. At all events, he must have the wo-

man acknowledge her preference for him in the eyes of the world, and he had been urging a culmination of affairs upon her all afternoon.

"You surely realise the duplicity of our position, Phyllis," he argued after little Phillip had been taken from the room, "the underhandedness of it both to Jim and to me—to say nothing of yourself. You live with him professing to care for me, yet you refuse to take the only honourable step open, because of him. You women are certainly contradictions."

Mrs. Cheeseborough sighed.

"A position like this is easier to get into than away from," she said. "I loved Jim, once, Walter, although you scoff at the idea, and it strikes me as being so strange that in a few short months I am able to forget Jim (that is, if I really don't care for him now) and turn to you. In other words, I am not sure of myself, and you know after a scandal such as this will raise, I would not like to feel that we were not absolutely born for each other—I should not like to change again!"

The wistful earnestness of her words robbed them of triteness, and Wainwright hastened to reassure her. He talked long and convincingly, punctuating his pleas with pauses suggestive of an innate nicety and delicacy in not speaking of some things which were obvious to both of them—such as Jim's incompetence to provide her with the luxury she had grown to find so indispensable. To let him drop now and return to Cheeseborough in the face of whispered innuendoes, subtly hinted Mr. Wainwright, would provoke a scandal she could never live down; with him—well, perhaps a month or two people would talk, but after that his wealth and position would make the ignoring of her an impossibility.

"Beside," he argued, "as things all about him when I took you in stand now, there is the child. I swear to you, Phyllis, that I had forgotten my arms a little while ago, but even

if I had remembered I should not have thought he would notice it. I hate to remind you of this fact, dearest, but there will certainly come a time when he will tell—and if I know Cheeseborough it won't be comfortable for you. Would you not rather be off with me, then, than here with him?"

His voice fell to a low, caressing murmur, and he sank to the floor beside her. The glow from the grate fire gave an unnatural brilliance to his fine eyes, it made his pallid, clear-cut features ruddy with a good imitation of the fire of youth, it softened his thin, selfish mouth, making the parted lips take on only the gentlest, tenderest expression.

Phyllis Cheeseborough looked at him a long time without speaking—and he was wise enough not to break the pregnant silence. Finally, she bent toward him.

"I will come," she whispered.

"My darling!"

Martha walked boldly into the darkened room and stood before her mistress. Wainwright assumed a less compromising position and cursed below his breath.

"The baby's lost," announced the maid grimly.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Cheeseborough, "he is with Alicia and she is often late."

"She telephoned me this minute," answered the girl, "to say she had lost the baby in the park, and was afraid to come back. I don't know what's become of her, either!"

Martha walked slowly out of the room, and it was not until she had reached the stairway that the sound of a woman's sharp cry came to her.

"By heaven," muttered the girl, "she's woke up at last!"

Phyllis turned savagely upon the man standing beside her.

"It is all your fault!" she cried passionately. "But for you I never would have found my baby a trouble—a burden! Go away, please, and never, never, let me see you again!"

Wainwright was not disturbed, he knew how to deal with the vagaries of women. So he spoke soothingly.

"But, my dearest girl, think how unreasonable you are! Of course, you are a little excited just now and don't realise what you say. At least, I will stay and be of some assistance to you, and after the boy is found we can discuss——"

"He may never be found," cried the child's mother. "That is going to be my horrible punishment—I can feel it! Oh, I wish that I had never seen you!" She walked distractedly about the room.

"Phyllis, do be reasonable!" He advanced a step toward her and was just about to lay a soothing hand upon her shoulder when the door was opened unceremoniously, for the second time, and Jim Cheeseborough stood in the room.

The two looked at him astonished, and over Wainwright's face a wave of colour passed. With a choking cry Phyllis rushed across the floor and flung herself sobbing on her husband's breast.

"Jim. oh, Jim," she moaned, "the baby's lost!"

Two messages came into the police headquarters within a few minutes of each other; one was from Miss Agatha Dunn, superintendent of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, announcing the arrival of a small boy, whose name she could not understand, and the other was from James K. Cheeseborough, asking that every available man on the force be detailed to find his son. And not many minutes later a frantically happy mother was kneeling in the bare hall of the asylum clasping a tiny little chap in her arms, and murmuring unintelligible things to him, after the way of mothers.

"Are you going to be my muzzie again and don't I have to be an orphan?" asked the child, fixing his great, serious eyes upon her.

For an answer she buried her face in his neck, and kept it there, until

a pair of strong arms lifted both her and the boy right into the taxi-cab.

Phillip dozed a little, sitting on muzzie's lap, with his head against father's shoulder, and he really did not know what took place until he found himself in his own little room, undressed and cuddled close in muzzie's arms. Father, too, was close beside him, and he was speaking to muzzie very softly.

"Ah, Jim, dear, you are better to me than I deserve," muzzie said, with a sob in her voice.

"No, sweetheart," father whispered, "it was my fault, too. We simply did not understand each other, that's all."

"No, it isn't," contradicted muzzie, resolved to make her confession complete. "I persuaded myself that I cared for him, and promised—oh, Jim—I nearly promised——"

"Periodically, he goes mad over a woman—usually a married one—and succeeds in breaking up some unfortunate's home. I suppose I might have told you, but I didn't think you would see things from my point of view—then. So I ran away from the sight and the pain of it, and prayed to heaven, in my heathen way, out there under the stars, that you would come to see them for yourself."

"Jim! Ah, my dear, my dear, you don't understand how bitterly sorry I am for this—how much I long to show you what real happiness is! Why, I could live in a down-town flat now that I have found the baby—and you."

Little Phillip's eyes grew troubled. He had forgotten about Christmas, and he pushed slightly away from his mother, that he might see her face.

"Well, I told Clara, that I would be a Christmas present for the orphans, if they would keep me," he said slowly, wondering if he must now make that promise good.

"My baby!" cried muzzie, brokenly, "you are mine—all mine—my own wandering Christmas present—returned!"

THE OLD OAK CHEST

BY SHIRLEY RAYNARD

I FELT like a traitor as I fingered the cheque. "One hundred pounds, one hundred shillings," I read twice over, then burst into tears. It had been a hard struggle, and nothing but dire necessity would have made me part with the old chest, for I loved it as inanimate objects are seldom loved. But my father was suffering terribly, and I had strained our slender resources to their utmost to meet the extra expense which sickness always brings in its train. Six days previously a Manchester specialist had been called in, and after a prolonged examination had said there was just one chance of complete recovery. The treatment would be costly, as it would mean that my father would have to be moved from the moorland hills where we lived, and go for a time into a nursing home. Under those conditions he had good hopes of success.

Through drizzling rain the doctor drove away, and I sat down to consider what could be done. Our stone cottage, a typical Lancashire moorland homestead, stood by the side of the road which wound over the purple moor. Although we were within twenty miles of the great city of Manchester, the air was sweet and invigorating, and, even on this wet November morning, refreshed me as I sat by the open window. I watched the hired trap round the last turn of the winding road, then exclaimed to myself: "It must and shall be done, if we sell the house over our heads! But how?"

We lived upon a small pension

which the Government had granted to my father for research work. It was sufficient for our simple needs, even allowing for a small margin in times of health. The house had been passed on from generation to generation since it was first built in 1680. The initials of the builder and first owner, with the date, were plainly carved upon a stone which was let into the wall over the front door.

I turned suddenly from the window and crossed the old house-place. An idea had struck me. The old oak chest, why not? I ran my fingers tenderly over the beautifully rounded Jacobean carving. Three square panels, two long ones, and a solid block where the date was carved—1680—the same date as the dear old house. Only six months before the time of which I write, my father's cousin, who had come over from Manchester to spend Sunday with us, had said to him, as they sat in the chimney corner after the mid-day dinner, pointing with his pipe over his left shoulder:

"I know a man i' Manchester who would give thee a hundred pounds for that chest of thine, John."

And my father, with quiet indignation, had retorted:

"I daresay tha' does, lad, but that chest bides here as long as I live."

Only the hollyhocks which were bobbing their heads in between the stone mullions of the open window saw the expression of his face as he said this, but I caught the annoyance in his tones as I sat reading in the

little garden. And now when he was bedridden I was going to sell it. Well, he should never know until he was well or—I straightened myself and set to work. Once more I went over all our small possessions, but there seemed to be nothing else which, if sold, would bring in half of the hundred pounds, so without more ado I wrote a note to my cousin asking for the address of the man he had mentioned, which in due course of time I received.

Then had come the unpleasant duty of writing to this stranger, whom I already unjustly hated as the possessor of our family chest. His name was Dearnley, and I found that he lived ten miles away. After one or two futile attempts I sent the following note:—

Dear Sir,—I have been told that you are wishful to buy rare pieces of old oak furniture. My father has in his possession a chest (date 1680), which he is willing to sell. It is in good preservation, and I believe a perfect thing of its kind. If you would care to see it, or to send an expert over, I shall be at home during the next few days.

Yours truly,

MARY FALSHAW.

Lawrence Dearnley, Esq.

This note brought for answer, not a letter, but the man himself. Two days later, when I had watched anxiously for the postman and then seen him pass callously by on the other side, a high dog-cart drew up suddenly a short distance from the gate. For a moment I wondered who my visitor could be, but I believe I guessed who it was before old Sarah tapped at my bedroom door.

"It's a gentleman to see you, Miss Mary," she said.

I followed her slowly down the stone stairs. She turned into her kitchen, but I crossed the house-place to where my visitor was standing near the window. He turned at my approach, and I saw a man of about five-and-thirty, well built and well clad. I bowed and said: "You are Mr. Dearnley, I believe. Please sit

down," but he seemed reluctant.

"I hope you will forgive my coming so soon in the day," returned he, "but I am leaving home for two days, and I thought it better to call upon you rather than to send."

He seemed embarrassed and unwilling to begin the business about which he had come.

"What a sweet old place this is," he said presently, casting a hesitating glance across the room, which was just then lighted by the winter sunshine. "I suppose Mr. Falshaw is really wishful to sell the chest you wrote to me about?"

"Yes, certainly," I said as lightly as possible, crossing the room to hide my emotion, for I could not help a sob rising into my throat. "This is the one," I added, putting my hand upon the lid.

He walked deliberately towards it and looked down upon its beautiful front. For one weak moment I wished that he might lack appreciation, and so leave us in possession of our treasure. Only for a moment, for my imagination showed me my dear invalid in the room above, and for his sake I was able to steel myself.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," he said. "Perhaps I may speak to Mr. Falshaw about it."

I could clearly see that he did not wish to come to a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with a girl, but, although I respected his delicacy, I was determined that he should do so, for I wanted the money so badly, and at once.

"I am sorry, but my father is not at all well just now," I said, "and he has left the matter entirely to me."

"Did he mention the price?" said he, looking out of the window.

"Would you think a hundred guineas too much?" I asked anxiously. "We were told a short time ago that it was probably worth that sum."

"Not at all," he said, rising, "I had valued it in my own mind at

about that. I will send on a cheque, and my own men for it, as I only live ten miles away. You are quite sure that you wish to part with it?"

"Yes, quite sure," I said firmly, as I stood by the open door.

And now his cheque for the amount lay in my lap, and there was a vacant place where the old piece of furniture had stood. I could hear the cart, which had carried it away, rumbling over the stones on the rough moorland road.

All arrangements had been made beforehand, and that very day saw my father safely under the doctor's eye in the nursing home. He had asked no questions as to ways and means, for he had been so ill that he had relied upon me like a child, and, thanks to the thick walls and my care, he had heard no disturbance in the removal of the chest.

I was not allowed to remain with my father in the home, but I promised him faithfully that I would go and see him regularly twice a week so long as it should be found necessary for him to stay there. It seemed to me rather an expensive promise, but had we not an extra £105 in the bank? Days passed away, and I began to see a change for the better in my father's condition—very gradual at first, then more pronounced. I fulfilled my promise of going to see him twice weekly, and the visits cheered us both.

One morning about three weeks before Christmas I started on my usual journey to Manchester. There was a hard frost, and the road seemed like iron beneath my feet. There was a north-east wind blowing, but what cared I for that? I had good news of my father, and I walked with the high spirits of my twenty-two years. I had even had time to think of my appearance, and, as the morning was crisp and fine, I had put on my best hat, which I flattered myself became me well.

Things happen strangely. I reached the station just as the train drew

up at the platform, and the station master, who knew me well, opened a carriage door for me.

"I hope you have good news of your father, Miss Falshaw?" said he as I came up.

"Yes, thank you," I said cheerfully, as I stepped into the carriage. "I hope to have him home shortly after Christmas."

"That is good news," returned he, as he banged the door to.

There was one other occupant of the compartment, who put down his newspaper as I entered. I at once recognised Mr. Dearnley, and he, bowing, said "Good morning, Miss Falshaw."

I was slightly interested to see him again, for by this time I had forgiven him for buying the chest, seeing that his money had probably saved my dear father's life. We entered into conversation. He seemed shocked to learn how ill my father had been.

"I really thought when I was at Moorfield that it was only a temporary illness from which he was suffering," said he.

I explained as much of the nature of the case to him as I could, telling him how I had visited my father twice weekly. I wondered if he would mention the old chest, for I was determined that I would not do so.

As the train neared Manchester he said, after a pause:

"The chest arrived safely, Miss Falshaw, but though I bought it, I feel that it belongs more to you than to me. If ever your father should wish to have it back again, I shall always be prepared to return it, although I will never part with it to any other person."

"Thank you," I said rather stiffly. "I do not think my father will ever want it back. A bargain is a bargain!" And then I left him, as the train had steamed into the station.

"Can I get you a cab," said he kindly, following me a few yards, "or are you walking?"

"I am walking, thank you. Good morning," I said.

After I had left him I felt furious with myself, for I knew I had hurt him by my almost rude speech. All that he had said had been said in such a gentle, kind way, and I had met this with a rebuff. It hurt my silly pride that he should suspect that we had wanted the money so badly that we had sold a treasured possession.

After this meeting I saw him on several of my journeys to and fro. It struck me as rather strange that he should be travelling third-class, as I had been told that he was a man of considerable wealth. Still, if it suited him, it was no business of mine. But often as we met, the sore subject of the chest was never brought forward again.

Christmas drew near, and with it the time for my father's return. He was now so much better that the doctors said it was quite safe to bring him back, although he would have to be careful and rest a great deal for the next three months. The day fixed for his return was December 27th, and, although I found I should have to spend Christmas without him, I felt very bright and happy to think I should so soon have him safe in the old home. I determined to make everything look as comfortable and homelike as possible, and reserve my Christmas dinner until the 27th. I would fetch him home as early as possible that day, and he should at least make a pretence of keeping Christmas. Old Sarah, too, laboured early and late to bring things to her mind for the return of "the master."

It was Christmas Eve, and the dusk was beginning to fall over the moor-side. I had not drawn the curtains, for I loved to see the last streak of light from the setting sun. There was just a sprinkling of snow, and there was a keen nip in the air, but, for all that, I loved the sweet breeze, cold as it was.

A glowin fire shone from the old

hob-grate, and Sarah had placed my tea-tray on a table within comfortable reach of the wide stone hearth. The kettle was singing merrily, but I was too busy just then to pay it much attention. I was engaged in trying to make the room look quite itself without the old oak chest. I had found an old-fashioned table, and upon it I had placed a huge jar of holly. As I stood back to study the effect, there was a knock at the door, which opened direct into the house-place. Thinking it was the man who came twice a week about this hour to deliver oatake, I crossed over and lifted the latch of the heavy door. What was my surprise to see, not the baker, but Mr. Dearnley standing within the stone porch.

"Good evening," he said, "I am afraid I am a late visitor."

"Will you come in?" I said rather shyly, pulling back the heavy door. "It is not really very late," I added lamely.

"Please do not let me keep you from your tea," he said, as he saw the things laid ready. "I have called upon a small matter of business, but it can quite well wait until you are perfectly at leisure."

I suspected this of being merely an excuse for a little chat, as I could not see any reason for his not saying what he had to say, and being gone. There was nothing left, however, for me to do but to brew the tea and offer him a cup, which I promptly did.

Why does my mind so often return to the half-hour which followed? Somehow from this time we were no longer strangers. He told me much about myself without appearing to have any purpose in what he said. He mentioned casually that he had known for some years of my father and his work, although he had never met him, and, finally, bringing himself round to the business upon which he had come, said rather hesitatingly:

"I have been scraping the thick

paper from the inside of your old chest, Miss Falshaw."

"Indeed," I said quietly, my eyes on the place where it used to stand.

"Do you know, I made a discovery. There was a removable panel in one end."

I felt my colour rise. I wondered what was coming next, but I waited with what patience I could summon.

"This is what I found when I had removed the panel." He laid a roll of old cloth upon the table, and left me to open it for myself. "Please open it," he said with a smile as I hesitated. So I unrolled the faded old cloth, fold after fold. I found it was made with divisions—or pockets—and in each of these was a small parcel of gold. At his request I counted the money carefully. There were ten pockets, and in each pocket ten gold guineas.

"How very strange," I said at length. "I wonder how long they have been hidden away."

"I shall be obliged if you will put them in a safe until Mr. Falshaw returns, for, of course, they belong to him," Mr. Dearnley said. "They are probably worth far more than their face value. And now I want to ask you a favour," he said earnestly, looking into my face. "I want you to buy the old chest back again. I cannot bear to see this room without it, and I want you to allow me to return it early to-morrow so that Mr. Falshaw may never miss it."

How did he know that I had sold it without my father's knowledge?

"I am afraid it is not quite convenient to-night," said I. "I have not the ready money."

"Well, you shall pay me in guineas for the time being. I will take back the roll of money, and your chest shall be here early to-morrow. You will have paid me far more than the cheque I gave you for it, but I will return after Christmas, if you

will allow me, and explain all to Mr. Falshaw, and we can set matters right then."

He rose to go. I handed the money to him without a word, for my heart was too full for speech. Another moment and he was gone, glad to get away before I had gathered breath to thank him.

Before I had finished breakfast the following morning the cart arrived, and very shortly the dear old chest was standing where it had stood for more than two hundred years. I polished it tenderly with an old silk handkerchief, and then sat down to admire it afresh. Never had it looked so beautiful, I thought.

Two days more and my dear father was safely home, looking slightly worn and tired with his journey, but almost himself again. He lay upon the old settle under the window and looked so happy and peaceful.

I left him and went to my room. I had had an exciting and somewhat tiring day, but my relief was great, now that my father had managed the journey so well. I must have fallen into a doze, for I was shocked to find that it was already getting dusk. I bathed my face, tidied my hair and went below. There I found my father propped comfortably upon his cushions, talking with Mr. Dearnley, who looked perfectly at home. He rose as I entered, and I could not help a throb of joy as he turned towards me.

"And so, Mary, you would have sold the old chest unknown to me," said my father with a gentle smile. "I have been hearing the whole story. And now the man would rob me of an even greater treasure than the old chest," he said sadly. "What say you, Mary?"

For answer, I knelt down by my father's couch and put my head against his shoulder. "I could not help it, dear," I whispered.

CUPID, JUNIOR

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

HARRY and Fred had made it up to go to the party together, and they found Archie waiting at the corner of the street which turned down to Agnes Benson's house. He did not like the thought of facing all the girls alone, so had waited for reinforcements. The three boys stood about the corner for a few minutes, looking each other's party "get up" over, and then moved slowly, with rising nervousness and a tendency to make conversation, toward the fortress of the enemy where the girls were already in shrill and gigglesome possession.

It was an afternoon party given by Miss Agnes Benson on her sixteenth birthday, and the girls and boys of the neighbourhood were invited. The etiquette of the "set" required that the girls should get there first, all white muslin and joyous excitement, and that the boys should arrive later, with obvious reluctance and an air of stiff condescension. Miss Agnes was receiving on the lawn, and, as soon as greetings were over, the three boys retired to a corner where several of their gloomy companions had already gathered, and joined in watching the flutterings of the girl-guests about their hostess, with an uneasy sense that they might be called upon to do something silly very soon—a sense they fought off with low-toned comments on things in general to one another. The male animal never takes to social functions naturally, so long as life contains anything else for him that is more important.

When Harry first came in, he thought there must be a strange girl at the party, and then he saw it was only Clara Delamere in an odd kind of dress. It was a curious sort of gown; it made her look bigger at the shoulders—and older, somehow. Now, as he stood back with the uneasy group of boys, his eyes followed her idly about; and he couldn't get rid of the impression that she was a stranger, though he had known her well for years. The boys were talking just then of the way the girls laughed so much at nothing, but not one of them said anything about Clara.

"A party like this makes them all hystericky," said Jack Bannon, pulling impatiently down on his unaccustomed high collar.

There was no reply to this summing up, and silence reigned until it looked as if a "bunch" of the girls were going to make a sortie over into their corner and draft them off into some "girl game" or other. At this, a rumble of surmise ran round, but it proved to be a false alarm, for the attacking column broke up and presently fluttered back to headquarters.

"Gee! But doesn't Clara Delamere carry herself like somebody," said Archie; and Harry was so conscious of having been watching her all along that he felt as if the remark had been made to him.

"She's stuck on herself, I guess," he growled.

"No; it's her hair," decided Jack Bannon, with the air of an author-

ity. "I'll bet she's been to the hair-dresser's."

Harry felt that this marked her down about fifty per cent. Anyone who would go to that extreme for a party!

"She's not fussing about much," went on Jack Bannon; "but she's the trimmest figure in that flock. I 'borrow' her."

Now she stood at fifty above par in Harry's mind; for Jack Bannon was a leader of public opinion.

Just then something happened; and the flood was in. The boys were being carried off, and hustled about, and told where to stand, and asked if they had ever played it, and assured that it was easy; and the business of the party had begun.

When Harry became conscious again of his surroundings, Clara Delamere was saying to him:

"Why do you boys always poke over in a corner that way?"

So Clara was with him. And Jack Bannon? Why, he was playing in another game. And, with a quick breath of belief, he turned and looked curiously at Clara's hair which Jack had praised.

"It gives us girls the trouble of starting everything," went on Clara, with an affectation of reproach.

Harry wondered if she had really got it done at the hair-dresser's; but he managed to say:

"Well, we wouldn't know what to start."

"You could invite us to tell you," suggested Clara sedately, giving him his first lesson in chivalry.

A whirl in the game took him away from her; but he remembered, with a little lift of pleasure, that she was his partner, and he would go right back to her. When he came back, the game required that they take hands, boy and girl fashion; but, as he went to hold out his, he had a moment's shy hesitation. Some way it seemed different all at once. She instantly noticed the hesitation and half-dropped her extended

hands, her eye-lids fluttering conscientiously. For a breath, it was doubtful whether they would take hands at all or not; and then Harry knew suddenly that he really wanted to hold her hands very much, and impulsively he thrust out his and looked into her eyes in a manner of tentative petition. Clara slowly gave him her two white hands at this, but her face was warm with a swift rush of colour, and her eyes would not look at him. Then they fell into the movements of the game and acted as if nothing had happened; but Harry trod on air and he hardly knew at times whether the other players were there or not.

Another game followed, in which there were no partners, yet Harry always knew where Clara was; and Clara—well, he looked at her once when he was going through his part, and she smiled an individual sort of smile at him. He would have smiled back, but he knew the boys were looking at him; and, of course, she'd understand. Still, the next time their eyes met, she did not smile; but turned carelessly away. Harry saw in a moment that she had not understood after all. Yet it was as plain as day. A fellow couldn't smile at a girl when the other fellows were looking. Clara ought to know that. But Clara was behaving now as if he were just one of the boys at the party, and nothing more; and the exhilaration went out of the game, and he knew again that parties were a bore, just as he had always known.

After that, no matter what they played, Clara was never his partner; and he had no chance to tell her why he had not smiled back. He didn't know if he would tell her anyway. Then the boys were told that they might choose partners, and Jack Bannon chose Clara; and she looked mightily pleased at the preferment. Harry saw nothing unnatural in this; for Jack was the "first boy" in the neighbourhood. But parties were dull things anyway.

Finally they were called in to tea, a new sobriety falling on them as they filed with company restraint into the dark, wide hall and then into the airy dining-room. As they all stood irresolute near the head of the tables, Agnes Benson's mother shrinking from the task of seating them in any definite order, Harry found himself near Clara and separated from the others by a flower stand of some sort.

"You know why I couldn't smile back," said Harry bluntly.

"When?" asked Clara, distantly, though a flush rose to her cheeks.

Harry looked at her resentfully. "You have forgotten, have you?" he asked.

"I had nothing to remember," she retorted. "You never smiled."

"You know why," he repeated doggedly.

"No; I don't," she returned presently, but in a tone that was meant to imply that under some circumstances she wished to be understood as not caring.

"Well, everybody was looking at me!"

"Oh!"—but not very much softened.

"But I wanted to."

Now she smiled on him again in the same individualising way. "But I wouldn't care if they were looking," she said, still half-protestingly.

"Oh, you're a girl," replied Harry, as if that explained everything. And worse philosophy has been written in longer sentences.

They were all seating themselves by now as they pleased; and Harry and Clara naturally went together. Parties had become far more enjoyable things all at once; and Harry helped her to the cold meat with quite the feeling of a "provider," and got her the kind of cake she said she liked, though it was away down the table; and they exchanged notes on their opinions of the teachers at the high school and the "subjects" they liked best, and boating

trips they had had, and the works of Louisa M. Alcott, which Harry had "just looked into," and those of Fenimore Cooper, which Clara had "not read yet."

It was strange that during the evening they were so often partners. When the choice was Harry's, it taxed all his courage to make it; but when it was merely chance, they almost always came out together. At last Harry noticed that Clara sometimes arranged this in a way that no one would suspect; and it gave him a new thrill. But one or two of the other girls got very nasty about it; though how they knew Harry could not guess.

After it was over, they walked down the quiet street together toward the Delamere's deeply-gardened house. The other couples and groups soon dropped off, and they were alone. An excess of shyness came to them, and they could hardly think of anything to say. And when one did think of anything, they both knew that neither of them were really thinking of it at all.

"I never enjoyed a party so much before," Harry said at last, as they stood at the gate, with its heavy canopy of trellised roses.

Two luminous eyes shone on him out of the dark. "I think I know why," said a soft voice.

"I know I know why," declared Harry boldly, moving nearer to her.

Then silence hung over them again—a perfumed silence aspirate with little soft breathings of sweet content. "I hope there'll be more parties," said Harry.

"So do I."

Harry tried to think of some way that they could see each other without parties; but "what the fellows would say" barred every path.

"Some of us girls have good fun at tennis," said Clara. "You might come and play with us."

Harry weighed this for a moment in his mind; then he took a heroic resolve. "I will," he said, quite as

if pledging himself to some daring deed.

Clara only had an inkling of where this daring might lie, not having any brothers of her own; but she was learning that there were things in this boy-world which she did not understand, so she held her peace.

"I will," repeated Harry, "if you will do one thing."

"What?"

"Not now; when you go in."

"I'm going right in"—a little tremulously.

"Well—now then."

"Oh—but I mustn't."

"Then I won't come."

"But—but—you'll never tell?"

"Well"—so low that Harry hardly heard it; but he did.

"Never!"

As—a minute later—Harry walked quickly away, down the sidewalk, his boot heels rang with the tread of joyous conquest, a new feeling was welling up in his heart, and he was conscious of a mounting will to do and dare all for the sake of—Some one. An almost noiseless footstep fled under the canopy of roses and through the great garden; and a girl, with a breathless happiness at her throat, waited long on the dark verandah ere she went in to tell commonplace people what a good time she had had at the party.

MILLE-ILES

(A fragment from the French of Octave Crémazie.)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOYD

WHEN Eve had from the tree of life
With her fair hand plucked death,
Upon the earth remorse appeared,
And blight fell from its breath.

Archangels, then, upon their wings
Bore Eden, stilled, away,
And placed it in the heavens above,
Where spheres eternal sway.

But, as they upward winged their flight
They let fall on their way
Fair flowers from Edens bowers divine,
As signs of their brief stay.

And into the mighty river fell
These flowers of varied hue,
To form the beauteous Thousand Isles,
A Paradise to view.

ALDWITH

BY CLARE GIFFIN

IN the Christmas season I rode through a forest towards home. Years ago, before ever I went out from our house into the world, before ever I saw kings' houses, or wars, or knightly encounters, I had known that forest and feared it; feared the dark ways that led no man knew whither through it; feared the slow winds that crept with little noise down those ways; feared the strange light that showed sometimes beneath the branches and between the trunks of the great trees. Perhaps I had heard strange stories told, of things seen and heard here, but I think much of my dread came from within; because I could see for myself, with none to tell, that there was indeed some wonder in this strange forest.

But riding now down the silent ways, I thought little of these things; rather of the world that I had left; of the wars that were ended, to begin again who knew how soon; and then (and this, I think, had really been in my mind throughout) of what welcome might await me at my brother's hold; the home I had left half a score of years since; I could see the square, gray tower, the huddled lower buildings about it, the low walls and the moat, with bricked edges, the bricks, in those days at least, crumbling many of them, into dust. Now, if I had heard aright, there were more and stronger buildings, and the walls were higher; also the moat was full of water, and the drawbridge seldom down. My mother, moreover, who had stood on the green before the tower, and waved a fare-

well to me, was dead; as well perchance that she had gone ere my brother's temper had drawn him from one quarrel into another, so that the castle was full of unruly men-at-arms, loud voiced and ever bickering, while my brother strode among them, checking them by mere terror of his iron hand. That I, who had gone where but few other knights of England had ventured, taking the Cross and following Count Robert of Normandy to the Sepulchre, and there helped fight those fights that had set (under God's mercy) King Godfrey on his throne, that I, I say, should find much courtesy in my brother, was little to be doubted; but after all the clamour of my life, after all the colour and heat, and fierce doing of the last few years, I had little love for the thought of strife, wishing rather to sit among fair ladies in some quiet garden and listen to brave tales of knights and ladies; or if that might not be, to kneel in peace in some quiet church, and hear as from far away the voices of the choristers. Not that I would have left all knightly feats as things unworthy, or that the peace whereof I dreamed could have held me long; but that, instead of the brawls of my brother's house, I would fain have had some few weeks or days of quiet, wherein I might take breath.

So thinking, I rode on and on; then, it came to me as strange that the way through the wood was so long; but I remembered that I had not set foot on that road for many Mays and like enough had forgotten

how long the journey was; also I had not thought to urge my horse. Now it was the hour of sunset, and very far away in the still air I heard a curfew bell; but in the sky was only a moment's purple shade on the dark clouds; the frost held all things bound, and a snowflake fell silently on my horse's mane.

I made good haste therefore through the gathering dusk, and looked ever ahead down the silent path, to see, if I might, some light of the village that clustered about the castle; but there was neither light nor sound in all that wide forest. Then far down the way I rode, I saw a light, shining clear, and made haste towards it, for the darkness had shut down on the forest, and my steed was aweary, and I likewise. And as I came ever nearer to the light, I saw that it shone as if from an opened door, so great and so ruddy was it in the darkness. And, surely, I thought, there can be little strife here, where they keep Yule with open doors. And the broad glow cheered me greatly, for me thought I could picture the great hall, warm and light, and within, feasting and song, and a fair greeting for me at my journey's end. Then as I came nearer, I wondered that I heard no sound; it seemed to me a strange fashion of cheer. But, I thought, 'tis perchance but the pause between the songs. Then I heard at last a voice singing, and that same moment rode out into a cleared space and saw whither I had come. It was not my brother's stern, gray tower, but a hall, not overly high, but long and deep; the great doors stood open, and through them came the light of the great fire on the hearth; near by in the shadow, I could see some outline of other buildings, all small, and looking back I saw that I had come through the gate of a low palisade. And while I saw all this, wondering, and but half seeing in my wonder, a woman's voice within sang ever an old and beautiful Psalm, and when the Psalm was finished I alighted

from my horse, and, leaving him tied, passed into the hall, but saw at first, blinded by the ruddy light, no trace of the singer; then as my sight cleared I saw standing within the recess of a great window one clad all in white, with a glory of gold hair halo-wise above her brows, and quiet eyes full of wonder; but I, all abashed, could speak no word.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," so she spoke to me at last; "welcome! Wilt not sit and rest? Methinks the way has been overlong, and you are wearied; see, there are here warmth and light at least, though little company for all it is Yule-tide."

"Nay, lady," I began, "I would go to my brother's hold, Sir Walter of the Forest Castle; I would fain know how he fareth, and clasp hands with him once more after ten years."

"Ah, but I should be most discourteous to let you fare forth now into the night. See, it grows dark, and the snow begins to fall; moreover, there are wolves abroad!" She leaned from the casement, and listened, and even to me, farther back in the room, came a sound of wild howling, and when she turned towards me again I saw that her hair was powdered with snowflakes. She closed the casement and the door, and called something in words that I did not understand; a voice answered, and I heard feeble steps in the passage.

"I have but two servitors," she said, "but they are faithful as are all ancient things: I will bid them spread a meal, and fetch hither fair water for washing; then—" the arras was pushed back, and an old man and woman, alike bent and almost blind with age, tottered in. She turned quickly towards them, and spoke again in English, I thought. The old man came forward, and helped me to unarm, and the woman brought in fair water and a long robe of scarlet cloth. Through the window I saw the old man leading my steed away, and marked with idle



Drawing by Arthur Keelor

"AND LOOKED EVER AHEAD DOWN THE SILENT PATH"

eyes the long, wavering shadow that man and beast cast as they crossed the great path of light, where the fire shone through the opened door; and I thought, too, how black was the night that had shut down, and how steadily the snow was falling through all the forest ways, and into the dark water of the moat around my brother's castle. Then behind me, I heard a low voice:

"Wilt sit and eat, fair sir?"

I turned and passed to where my white maid of the shadowed casement sat on the high dais on a great settle of carved wood, that had been richly gilded long ago, though now the gilding was rubbed in many places, and everywhere dulled and defaced. I sat at the side of the table, where I could watch her face clear against the fire glow, and we ate in silence, the ancient servitors coming and going like the dim firelight shadows. And after, we sat before the fire, I fingering idly the robe she had given me, and seeing without thinking of them the flowers and leaves and strange beasts of the embroidery of tarnished gold that bordered it; and the wind that had arisen without made flicker the long candles and drove the snow into little drifts within the casements. And the firelight and the dim candlelight falling on her hair made it seem more than ever a halo above her pale face, and her eyes looked afar into the flames.

"Truly a most courteous knight!" Her voice broke into my thoughts that had gone astraying, and I turned quickly and met a light of grave laughter in her eyes: "most courteous, and most fearless!" she went on; "never once have you asked question, never once sought to know what manner of people we might be who live here in the forest unmolested, though our neighbours be none of the most peaceful. Hast not wondered at all?"

"I have indeed wondered, and that greatly," I told her, "but rather

at so much courtesy from a fair lady mistress of a manour to an errant knight than at that lady's safety and honourableness."

She laughed aloud and made a little gesture with opened hands, so swift and withal so full of grace that it seemed sweeter than other ladies' singing.

"Small courtesy," she cried, "only to give shelter and warmth and food on such a night! But I will tell you as much as I may of this place, and of myself who live here, wearily enough from year to year; where think you is this manour?"

"Surely in the forest——" I hesitated. "Yet methinks I can remember no such spot in the old days, and surely——"

"It is old—many years older than we are!" She sighed and was silent, while I went on.

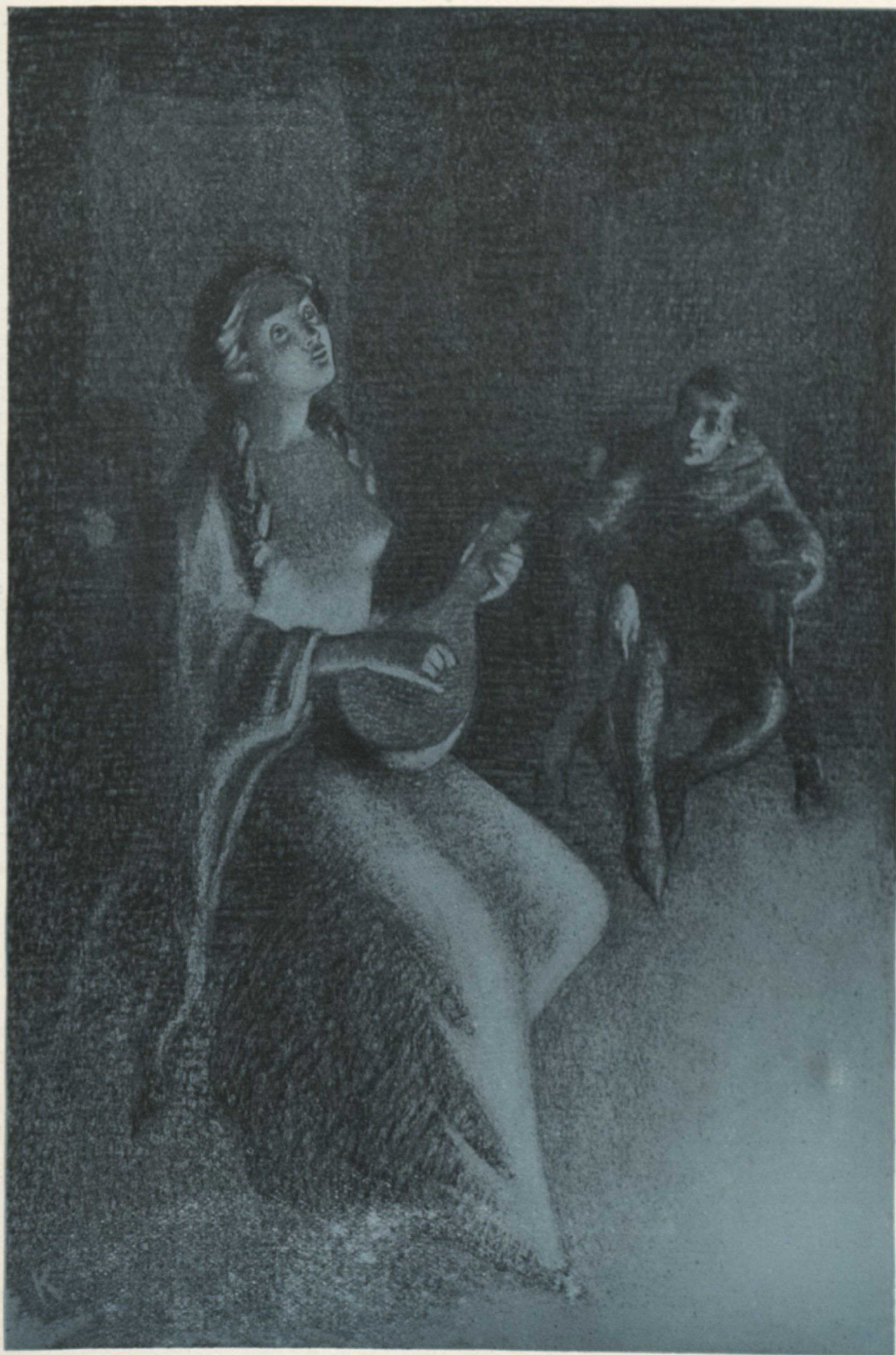
"Aye, old——" I said; "but all unknown to me, though, as I think in the forest, I had never even heard of any hold but our own—King William's gift."

"But this was never King William's gift—nor his to give!" she said.

"I thought that I knew the forest," I went on, half-musing, "yet I knew—I must have known—there were depths in it I have never reached; they told me of strange singing in it: of lights they might not reach; of knights that rode through it, bound none knew whither and fading out of sight if one went near; all this they told, and I believed and was afraid to stray too far from the trodden path, for surely all such signs are of the Evil One."

"Surely!" she echoed softly; "of the Evil One and therefore a peril to men's souls to follow; and, moreover, in this one case at least, leading nowhere. Seeking you could never have found."

"Yet I might have sought!" I fretted myself with the thought that all those years I had rather fled from



Drawing by Arthur Keelor

"THE FIRELIGHT AND THE CANDLELIGHT FALLING ON HER HAIR

than sought all this peace and fairness; "I might have sought! And perchance, as it did to-night, the way would have opened to me. And here, I know, is no witchcraft, no snare of Satan!"

"Nay, verily, but perchance a worse thing—though that need not touch you; truly it shall not, for have you not come a guest at the holy Christmas-tide and by the way that none not knowing the secret has ever come before; such a marvel comes not again in a thousand years!" She rose to her feet and paced restlessly back and forth. "A marvel! A marvel!" she cried. "One comes hither, untaught, unknowing, by the way that none may know; comes hither without question or wonder, unamazed, unafraid!" She wheeled towards me again. "What if what they feared unknowing were a worse thing than witchcraft even?" she cried. "What if it were the road to the gibbet and the deep dungeon; to the cold cell below the river water, where no sound comes? Treason, yea, and plottings, and sad strife make their home here, and you call it a place of peace and fairness. Ah, good faith," her voice sank as if weary, "even at this season when they prate of naught else, who knows what may be brewed in this place. Nay, never ask; only forbear to break my heart with such sayings and leave me this one space wherein to take breath, ere they rend me anew; treason there is, and all strife and hatred; but you shall be my guest and not my enemy, for a night and a day, and then go back the secret road, and so to your castle. Wilt have it so?"

"Yea!" I answered, "and be most fain. For me also is this a space of light between dark days; for I have been ten years fighting and slaying all manner of knights, high and low, besides paynims and such heathen dogs; and my brother, to whom I go, is the most orgulous and contentious knight in all Christendom, I think,

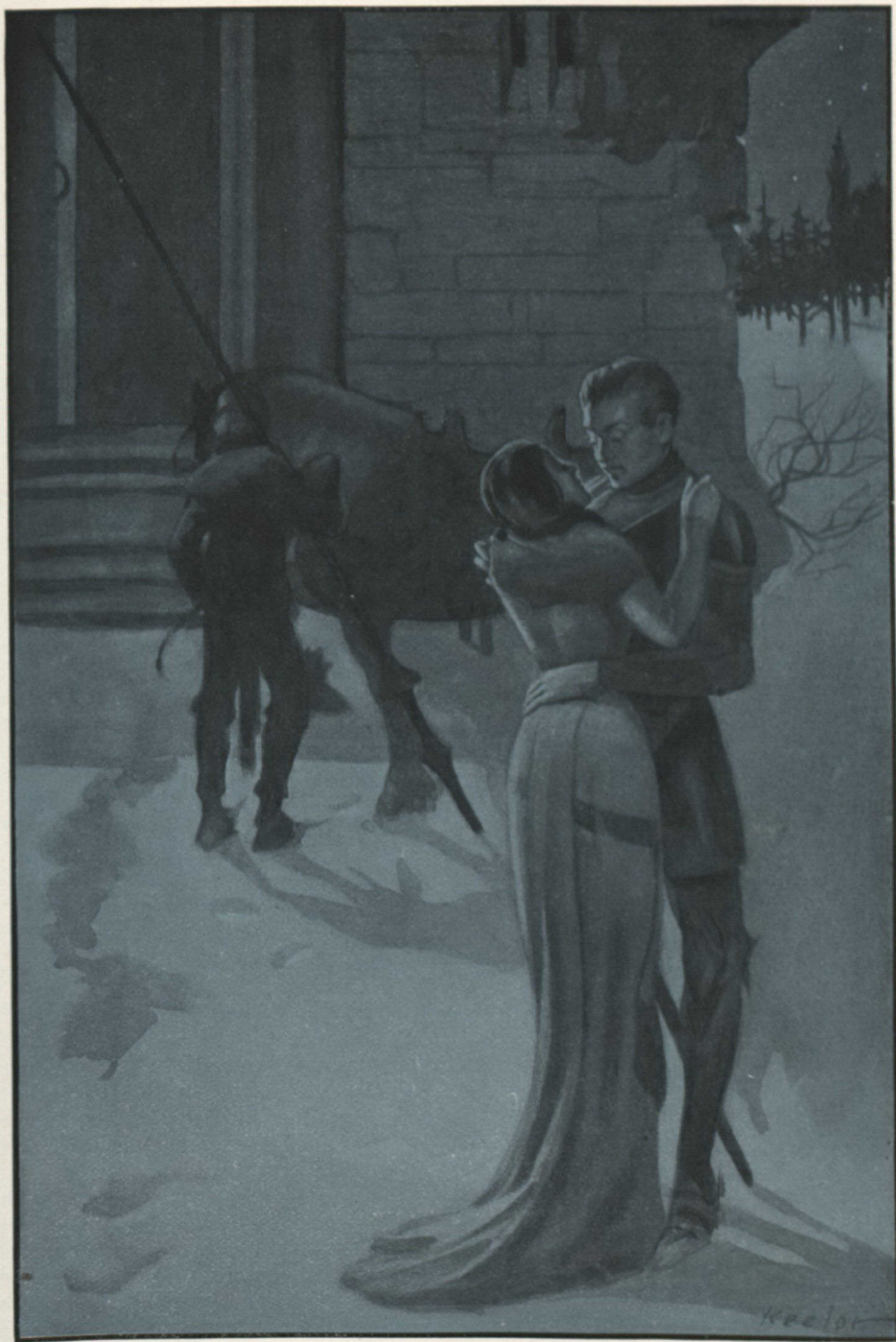
and will have me into all manner of broils, or ever I have been a day in his hold. For he is at peace with none."

"Is there any that is?" She drew the long braid of her hair through her fingers and let it drop in her lap, where it glowed like a cable of gold against her white gown. "From the first of my days I have truly seen naught but strife; and it seems you have known likewise little else. 'Tis an evil world, and they bid us think it waxes old. Who knows? Who knows? Surely not Prior Withold, for all his shaven crown and his fastings! But let us forget those things and all the world that is without and keep Yule here, safe and merry, for all we are enemies and should by all rights hate one another."

"But why?" I asked; "why should we be enemies?"

"My name is Aldwith—Aldwith—" She mused over the name as she repeated it. "And if there be anything in blood I should hate you right heartily—seeing that my kinsfolk held that land whereof William the Norman made gift to you; well for them—or perhaps ill for them—they held other lands as well, and have known some of them, how to serve two masters so that they have prospered indifferent well; and this hold in the forest they have kept secret as it ever was; and here have I lived ever since I can remember, seeing but few save those two who serve me, and dreading the coming of those few as the worst of evils. And yet my brothers ride out every day, brave and gay, in the sunshine, with hawks and banners and fair ladies all about them; happy, yet not so happy as I might be would they but leave me in peace. Ah," she threw back the long braids of her hair, and then bent forward again towards the fire, "'tis a strange and most unhappy world!"

"Yet the one wherein we are placed, to do well or ill," I said, "and



Drawing by Arthur Keelor

“WILT KISS ME ONCE, DEAR LOVE?”

not altogether to be despised of us who may have no better for a while at least; why look you, how I have been given a thing alike beyond my deserts and my expectation! A turn taken amiss, a mere mistake of the way, and I am turned from Walter's hold, and the ill-advised quarrels that he lives among, to a place of quiet and fair company; even what I desired as I rode along; to you, too, will come your desire; or, perchance, a better thing. Therefore, let us forget, as you have already said most wisely.

She laughed low, and I thought, a little bitterly, and left me alone by the fire; I heard her footsteps but for a moment as she climbed the tower stair; then I saw only the fire, and in it a picture of a burning castle, with a banner, blue with scarlet doves, fluttering above the keep that the fire had failed to reach; then, as the flame flickered up towards that banner she came back, bearing a lute in her hands, and idly and half cruelly, as I thought, brought a little sobbing melody from the strings; then she sang, and the song was sadder than any lute-melody, and yet far sweeter:

Yet hath He given this favour dear
 Lucis auctor,
 That we who serve in bondage here
 Merueri,
 By gentle deeds at last to find
 Gaudia in coelo;
 There may seek, earth left behind,
 Maxima regna,
 There may rest on, clad in white,
 Sedibus altis.
 Pass the days in all delight,
 Lucis et pacis;
 High habitations hold we there,
 Almae laetitiae,
 There shall we joy in days all fair,
 Blandem et mitem;
 The Lord of Battles shall we see,
 Sine fine
 And praise His awful Majesty,
 Laude perenne,
 Where angels sing unceasingly,
 Alleluia!

And when she had made an end of singing she gave me the lute and half-smiling, said:

"Wilt not sing also?" Then as I shook my head, "Methought that all Norman knights could well sing and bring music from the lute."

"These many long, hard years I have forgotten that and many more gentle things," I told her.

"Nay," she laughed, "and shall not a great warrior be also a minstrel when he sits in ladies' bowers? Surely King David, who was the best knight in all his land, was also a maker of songs; but you shall sing for me another time, when you have forgotten tourneys and pitched battles. And now, because I have sung to you once, of what they say shall be, I will sing again of what is; and you shall judge whether of my songs is sadder."

Her fingers moved across the strings, and surely, I thought, there will be no song of sadness with this; for the sound was like the laughter of children when they lie beneath the hawthorn in May-time; like the sound of brooks singing across the stones; like the lark when he sings against the sun; music for a May morning. And then she sang:

Night goes, and Day breaks fair that we
 may see
 How fairly coloured is spring's pageantry,
 And glad, into the green World out go we,
 Right hopefully!
 Day goes, and Night comes back that we
 may pray
 For Death, or Sleep, or aught drives
 Care away,
 What of the gladness of our hopeful Day?
 Ah, welaway!

The song died out in the sobbing melody that had begun her first song, and I saw the mist and glimmer of tears in her eyes as she looked at me in the firelight.

"A sad song," I cried, "and with little promise of good days; and yet sweet—" I broke off and we looked at the fire, not speaking. The wind sang loud without, and the snow gathered deep; within, the fire glowed warm and red, and made Aldwith's hair a flame about her brows, and drew the warm blood into

her face; and from somewhere in the still house came a sound of soft, delicious music—music of neither voice nor lute, yet sweeter than either, and somehow strange and sad. And Aldwith, hearing it, shuddered, and the warm light died out of her face and the flame seemed to leave her hair. And she rose up, white and shaken, and left the hall without a word. But I, for my part, sat there still by the fire, pondering on all that I had heard and seen; for there had happened much that I could scarce believe.

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Of the three days that I spent in that unknown manour, of the Lady Aldwith, and the love that I grew to have for her, of the joy we had of one another, and the pleasance of those days, no need to speak; seeing that on the eve of the third day the storm-wind fell, and a little crescent moon hung low in the west over a white world, and I knew that the time had come when I must go out again into the world on the morrow; yet had I great hope that with me might go my lady, and of that hope I spoke to her as we sat before the fire that burned up clear and strong with never a flicker; without, all lay clear and still, and the moon was almost sunken behind the trees; and the shadows lay black on the snow, never moving; and the stars were beginning to show clear as the moon died. And I spoke to Aldwith, looking only at her, and watching as I spoke the waves of flame that the fire-light sent along her braided hair. And when I had spoken she was silent long, and I left, gazing at her, and walked to the casement, and opened and saw all the world lying silent as I have said. Then after a time, because Aldwith did not speak, I came back to her; the great tears were dropping from her eyes and lying like pearls on her golden braid; and before I could speak she put out her hands to me piteously as one who makes supplication, and spoke slowly:

“Three days!” she cried, “three days only and no more! Surely too little of life, and yet all that I may have; in a week’s time they come, and there can be no more peace!”

“Who dare forbid you peace?” I asked; for as yet she had told me no more than on that first night, though twice since, at midnight, had that strange sound summoned her from the hall, and twice had she gone in fear and trembling, but obedient. She made no answer, and I spoke again: “I doubt my brother has little need of me; and if here I can do aught for you here will I stay; I have said my life lies at your feet, and can say no more; yet will do as much more as I may, God willing. I will stay, reason with these that come, and in time take you away, if only so are you to be won. But why not come to-night?”

“I should dare stay nowhere in England——” She spoke so that I scarce heard her, touching the thought lightly and drawing back from it as if afraid. “Yet—it would mean peace—perchance—I might forget——” Then ere she could speak further came the sound of that accursed music. She rose and went trembling out of the hall and I followed her down a long flight of stone steps; the sound came once and again; and still she went on and I followed; a hundred steps I counted; then she pushed back a heavy curtain and I saw a light, and, following, came into a little room, hung all about with draperies of white samite, with a floor of white stone; on a high tripod in the midst was a lamp, strangely shaped, and beneath it a low block of white stone; before this knelt Aldwith, white-robed, and pale as any lily; the only colour in the room was in her hair and in the lamp; each a flame of gold amidst the whiteness; I leaned against the wall near the door, and waited for some word of hers.

She spoke not, but looked ever into what I saw at last was a ball of crys-

tal, clear, shining, swung in a hollow in the top of the white stone, on which she, kneeling, leaned her elbows; in it I saw naught, but she gazed into it as one who sees that which he dreads the telling of, yet knows must be told. How long she knelt and I stood there unmoving, I do not know; only when at length she rose, I was trembling with some strange fear, and could only take her in my arms, and hurry up those many steps, feeling her cheek lying cold against mine, and dreading I knew not what.

On the settle before the fire, when the colour had come a little to her lips, she spoke, but the words died in a wail of grief, and she wept long and bitterly; then once more she looked at me with a pity that filled me with fear.

"Tell me——" I began, but she held up her hand to stop me, and, choking back a little sob, spoke:

"They go to lay siege to Sir Walter at the forest castle!" she cried; "the men-at-arms that he drove out three weeks since; John of High Crofton, whom he came nigh to killing at Crofton market; Will 'o the Woods and his merry men from all the forest; the Lord of Eastby, who has hated him these many years; all that have grudges gather at Eastby; they will go before the dawn, at the dead hour, when all men sleep a little, though they may seem awake, and by treachery will enter the Forest Castle by the postern gate; and she who will open it is none other than Sir Walter's wife. Ah, Heaven! that such treachery should be; surely if he seeks quarrels, he seeketh them fair and knightly; not as a midnight stabber, a plotter in the dark!"

She ceased, and bent her head in her hands, as if to shut out some horror: I, too dazed to speak, could but look at her dumbly till she spoke once more:

"You must go now! Now, at once, ere another hour passes; I see naught but the truth in the crystal,

and this I saw twice, all clear, all certain. Haste, haste!"

While I still stood dazed she called in her strange English speech to the old serving-man, and when he came, bade him help me do on my armour, and get ready my horse. Then when he had gone to do her bidding, and I, ready armed, stood awaiting him, I found words.

"I take you into grievous danger, sweet!" I said, never doubting but she would come also, for I knew that even she knew not the way to or from the castle, only that one old man and her brothers who held her there, and that my going out must be blindfold that I might get no knowledge of the secret. So that, once I left, neither might I come back to her, nor she forth to me; for the way that my horse had found alone that night was one that might be sought ten thousand times, with all weeping and bitterness, yea, even with Hate or Love for a guide, and yet be never found. But my white maid gave me no word in reply, but only stood beside the fire, looking into the heart of the flame, till I, full of deadly fear by now, went to her and took her in my arms and lifted up her pale face that I might look into her eyes all dim with tears.

"I cannot go!" she said; "you, for honour and duty must go; yea, for very human charity, for decent service of one to another, you must go even though it were not your brother in danger. But I, too, have a duty; ah, love, I had hoped to forget what that duty was; I had thought to leave it, and seek my own joy. But I may not! I may not! Oh, love, Aymer! How should I send you forth, and bid you go into dire peril, and seek meanwhile my own joy; aye, it would be but joy for me to ride away with you, though we should both die; better so, I have thought, than to live here all my days. To my kinsfolk and my race I owe somewhat, even as you, dear love! And if I serve England here, and since I alone can

read the secrets that the crystal holds, here must I stay——” Her voice broke, and the pain in it shook my heart so that I could not answer her.

“I cannot leave you!” I cried at last; for the thought of it was unbearable; “I cannot, nay, I will not leave you! Sweet, all my life I have had strife and the vain thing called honour; never have I had love, never peace, save in these days with thee. What is honour? Nay, but a thing of the world, and here surely we are far from the world that dies for an empty name! What is all the glory of war? But giving death to others who are perchance more worthy of life than he who takes it away; tears and blood, weeping of women and little children, plunder and flame. To these things you send me, things unworthy, I cry, to weigh against love. Ah, Aldwith, lady and love most fair and good, see I put my life and my heart between thy hands, a gift. Wilt cast it back to me? Wilt take life from me when I have barely grasped it? All my days long I have been in an evil dream; wilt send me back to it?”

I ceased from no lack of words, Heaven knows, but because my love laid her white fingers on my lips, and bade me cease.

“Neither will I go nor you stay!” she cried, and the fair colour surged back into her face, making it clear and pure, like a flame; yea, a burning fire of resolve. “All my days I have gone meanly and complainingly, weak and void of purpose, ever quarrelling with my life. Now have I been made glad above all women, and been given joy enough for ten lives, in that you have loved me. And shall I show unworthy of this gift? Shall I make God ashamed for that He has given me more than my desire? Ah, love, you cannot bend me, for for very love’s sake am I firm. And shall you do less for love than I?”

Then I heard the old man’s step, muffled in snow, and the horse’s tread

likewise, and they came ever nearer till they stopped before the door; and my heart rose in rebellion at her purpose.

“I will not go without you!” I cried. “You know naught of love, if you think it a thing so lightly put aside. Think, sweet, of all the many years, alone—alone! Love comes once; beware how you cast it away! Beware how you bid another despise it! Ah, love, for very pity and charity, come!”

But she stood within the clasp of my arms, flame-bright and unafraid; yet her voice was softer than any whisper of music; and——

“Ah, poor Aymer!” she said, “dost think to move me so lightly? Truly I have pity; pity on the poor soul that flutters blind in that great frame of thine, and on the poor unquiet heart that would draw the soul astray; it will be very hard for the poor heart for a little day; but by-and-bye the strong soul will find light and will be glad because it was set upon the sterner way. Think not but my heart aches likewise and is weak and would cry out, yea, did almost conquer for a space.”

She stopped as if in doubt, then led me towards the great door, where the old man stood with the horse; and she patted the great steed’s sides, and called him brave, for that he had carried me through many battles, while I stood bethinking me how I might yet turn her purpose. Then while I thought she turned to me, and laid one hand on my arm.

“Wilt kiss me once, dear love?” she asked; “’tis time you set out, for Thorkild is old, and may go but slowly; yet once he has set you on the straight road I charge you lose no time!” She stood looking at me, with wide eyes more full of love than I dared think; and for a moment the thought was in me to take her if I might by force; then for very shame I saw that as she said I could do no less for love than she; though for me there was neither triumph nor

glory, but only a great heartache.
 . . . So I kissed my love, and said some little of all in my heart, and rode away, blindfold, with Thorkild for guide.

*

Again on a Christmas Eve I rode home through the forest, and, remembering the night a year ago, when my steed had taken a strange path and led me to a great light at the end of a long, dark way, I took little heed whither I guided him. No fear now that he go amiss; too well he knew the road to the Forest Castle; since that night, near a year ago now, when I had warned my brother of his danger, and helped him beat off those who would have settled all scores, there had been little rest from war and intrigue. Interest to be made with Count or Duke or King; bribes to be given here and there; swift vengeance on this one or that. In all I had stood by him, as much, perhaps, because I could not yet bear to give up hope of yet finding Aldwith as for any sort of brotherly love. For it seemed to me, that as long as I dwelt here in the forest near to her in point of distance, though how far removed otherwise God alone knows, there was still some hope that I might win to her at last; I might find the way to that lost manour; or she, remembering pity, might come to me; for I never doubted she could move the old man Thorkild to do whatever she might bid him. Yet now, after a year, it seemed to me that I was less than she would have had me, in thus waiting and filling my time with deeds of no account; and a word had come to me from Baldwin (now King in Jerusalem in place of Godfrey) that my sword was needed there. Welaway! At least, there would be paynims to strive with, and I could hew out for myself some lone lordship among the hills and live there to remember her. And here, what was better, or as good? I looked at the clear sky, golden, like her hair, with the sunset; at the snow,

tinged for a moment with that gold; at the trees, bare of leaves, stiff and upright in the still air; somewhere, far off, a bell was ringing and the sound came, high and sweet, across the forest. In Judea the sky burned bright all day, and the country lay brownish-yellow, streaked with green, beneath; and at night great stars came out and flamed near, like lamps; not high and far-off as that star above the trees seemed now. Then, at a turn in the path, I looked up, and saw—Aldwith. . . . When we spoke, riding down the quiet path to my brother's hold, there were many stars alight, and the gold had left the sky.

"Ah, sweet," I cried at last; "speak and tell me aught to make me believe it is true!" Then for very happiness I could say no more. But Aldwith laughed.

"Truly," she said, "I myself can scarce believe; but true it is, that last eve my brother came in great haste and great joy to the manour, and with him came a long Norman knight, red-faced and red-nosed, with a brawling voice; they made great cheer, and after I left them they talked far into the night, sitting and drinking, by the fire. And I, coming back from my prayers in the little oratory, heard my name and stopped, with the less shame for the act because I had heard, in the next minute, somewhat more:

"What dowry with her?" asked the Norman.

"This manour and the lands at Dymford," says my brother; "and a thousand gold besants; moreover, she is, as you have seen, a very fair lady."

"Aye!" answers the Norman, and as I thought, consideringly, "but how if I care not to have this magic in my house; fair and a maid, but wise; overly wise for me, who am a plain knight; I would not have her see all my doings." Thereat my brother had the grace to flush scarlet and put in a word for me.

“She hath served me many a time by what she has seen,” he said, “and you and all of our party as well; aye, and you were as deep in our plans as any Englishman born; but since you so wish it, and since this marriage of the King’s has done more for us than any plotting could, I will put the crystal where neither she nor any other can look into it.” Then I must needs draw back quickly, for they came tumbling out, none too steadily, and so down the steps towards the place of the crystal; then I heard a crash, and a jar, and lo, the way was blocked with a great stone, and my brother came back laughing. “No need now, for any daughter of the house to live apart for

watching the crystal!” he cried. “For you must know, Aynner, that for more years than I can number the manour has been set apart for those of our house who, like me, could see fate in the crystal. Then they went on, boasting and drinking and making their plans; and I gathered that my brother was to marry the sister of this awkward knight for whom he designed me. And, making sure that they were safe not to follow, I bade Thorkild lead me forth, and then, sending him back, fared alone through the forest.”

“In a good hour, sweet!” I cried, and stretched forth my hand to clasp hers. And so we rode onward to the Forest Castle well content.

PRODIGAL YET

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

MUCK of the sty, reek of the trough,
 Blackened my brow where all might see,
 Yet while I was a great way off
 My Father ran with compassion for me.

He put on my hand a ring of gold
 (There’s no escape from a ring, they say);
 He put on my neck a chain to hold
 My passionate spirit from breaking away.

He put on my feet the shoes that miss
 No chance to tread in the narrow path;
 He pressed on my lips the burning kiss
 That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.

He filled my body with meat and wine,
 He flooded my heart with love’s white light;
 Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,
 I long—God help me!—to wallow to-night.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
 Blacken my soul where none may see.
 Father, I yet am a long way off—
 Come quickly, Lord! Have compassion on me!

THE WOODS IN WINTER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

LAST night it snowed. I had been waiting for this first snowfall before I went again to the woods. I did not wish to spy upon their nakedness. It seems like taking an unfair advantage of old friends to visit them when they are unclad, with all the little ins and outs of their realm laid pitifully bare. There is always a November space, after the leaves have fallen, when it seems almost indecent to intrude on the forest, for its glory terrestrial has departed, and its glory celestial . . . of spirit and purity and whiteness . . . has not yet come upon it. Of course, there are dear days sometimes, even in November, when the woods are beautiful and gracious in a dignified serenity of folded hands and closed eyes . . . days full of a fine, pale sunshine that sifts through the firs and glimmers in the gray beechwood, lighting up evergreen banks of moss and washing the colonnades of the pines . . . days with a high-sprung sky of flawless turquoise, shading off into milkiness on the far horizons . . . days ending for all their mildness and dream in a murky red sunset, flaming in smoky crimson behind the westering hills, with perhaps a star above it, like a saved soul gazing with compassionate eyes into pits of torment, where sinful spirits are being purged from the stains of earthly pilgrimage.

But such days are an exception in late November and early December. More commonly they are dour and forbidding, in a "hard, dull bitter-

ness," with sunless gray skies. The winds that still go "piping down the valleys wild" are heartbroken searchers, seeking for things loved and lost, wailing in their loneliness, calling in vain on elf and fay; for the fairy folk, if they be not all fled afar to the southlands, must be curled up asleep in the hearts of the pines or among the roots of the ferns; and they will never venture out amid the desolation of winter woods where there is no leafy curtain to screen them, no bluebell into which to creep, no toadstool under which to hide.

But last night the snow came . . . enough to transfigure and beautify, but not enough to spoil the walking; and it did not drift, but just fell softly and lightly, doing its wonder-work in the mirk of a December night. This morning, when I awakened and saw the world in the sunlight, I had a vision of woodland solitudes of snow, arcades picked out in pearl and silver, long floors of untrodden marble, whence spring the cathedral columns of the pines. And this afternoon I went to find the reality of my vision in the woods "that belt the gray hillside" . . . ay, and overflow beyond it into many a valley white-folded in immortal peace.

One can really get better acquainted with the trees in winter. There is no drapery of leaves to hide them from us; we can see all their beauty of graceful limb, of upreaching boughs, of mesh-like twigs, spun against the transparent skies. The slenderness or straightness or sturdi-

ness of their trunks is revealed; even the birds' nests . . . "there are no birds in last year's nest" . . . are hung plainly in sight for any curious eye to see. It does not matter now. The dappled eggs have long ago hatched out into incarnate melody and grace, and the birdlings have flown to lands of the sun far-distant, caring nothing now for their old cradles, which are filled with winter snows.

The beeches and maples are dignified matrons, even when stripped of their foliage; and the birches . . . look you at that row of them against the spruce hill, their white limbs gleaming through the fine purple mist of their twigs . . . are beautiful pagan maidens who have never lost the Eden secret of being naked and unashamed.

But the conebearers, stanch souls that they are, keep their secrets still. The firs and the pines and the spruces never reveal their mystery, never betray their long-guarded lore. See how beautiful is that thickly-growing copse of young firs, lightly powdered with the new-fallen snow, as if a veil of aerial lace had been trickily flung over austere young druid priestesses forsworn to all such frivolities of vain adornment. Yet they wear it gracefully enough . . . firs can do anything gracefully, even to wringing their hands in the grip of a storm. The deciduous trees are always anguished and writhen and piteous in storms; but there is something in the conebearers akin to the storm spirit . . . something that leaps out to greet it and join with it in a wild, exultant revelry. After the first snowfall, however, the woods are at peace in their white loveliness. To-day I paused at the entrance of a narrow path between upright ranks of beeches, and looked long adown it before I could commit what seemed the desecration of walking through it . . . so taintless and wonderful it seemed, like a street of pearl in

the New Jerusalem. Every twig and spray was outlined in snow. The undergrowth along its sides was a little fairy forest cut out of marble. The shadows cast by the honey-tinted winter sunshine were fine and spirit-like. Every step I took revealed new enchantments, as if some ambitious elfin artificer were striving to show just how much could be done with nothing but snow in the hands of somebody who knew how to make use of it. A snowfall such as this is the finest test of beauty. Wherever there is any ugliness or distortion it shows mercilessly; but beauty and grace are added unto beauty and grace, even as unto him that hath shall be given abundantly.

As a rule, winter woods are given over to the empery of silence. There are no birds to chirp and sing, no brooks to gurgle, no squirrels to gossip. But the wind makes music occasionally and gives in quality what it lacks in quantity. Sometimes on a clear starlit night it whistles through the copses most freakishly and joyously; and again, on a brooding afternoon before a storm it creeps along the floor of the woods with a low, wailing cry that haunts the hearer with its significance of hopelessness and boding.

To-day there are no drifts. But sometimes, after a storm, the hollows and lanes are full of them, carved by the inimitable chisel of the north-easter into wonderful shapes. I remember once coming upon a snow-drift in a clearing far back in the woods which was the exact likeness of a beautiful woman's profile. Seen too close by, the resemblance was lost, as in the fairy tale of the Castle of St. John; seen in front, it was a shapeless oddity; but at just the right distance and angle, the outline was so perfect that when I came suddenly upon it, gleaming out against the dark background of spruce in the glow of a winter sunset, I could hardly convince myself that it was not the work of a human hand. There

was a low, noble brow, a straight, classic nose, lips and chin and cheek curve modelled as if some goddess of old time had sat to the sculptor, and a breast of such cold, swelling purity as the very genius of the winter woods might display. All "the beauty that old Greece and Rome sang, painted, taught" was expressed in it; yet no eyes but mine saw it.

She is a rare artist, this old Mother Nature, who works "for the joy of the working," and not in any spirit of vain show. To-day the fir woods on the unsheltered side of the hill, where the winds have shaken off the snow, are a symphony of greens and grays, so subtle that you cannot tell where one shade begins to be the other. Gray trunk, green bough, gray-green moss, above the white floor. Yet the old gypsy doesn't like unrelieved monotonous . . . she must have a dash of colour. And here it is . . . a broken dead fir branch of a beautiful brown swinging among the beards of moss.

All the tints of winter woods are extremely delicate and elusive. When the brief afternoon wanes, and the low, descending sun touches the faraway hill-tops of the south-west there seems to be all over the waste places an abundance, not of colour, but of the spirit of colour. There is really nothing but pure white after all, but one has the impression of fairy-like blendings of rose and violet, opal and heliotrope, on the slopes and in the dingles, and along the curves of the forest land. You feel sure the tint is there; but when you look directly at it it is gone . . . from the corner of your eye you know it is lurking over yonder in a spot where there was nothing but a pale purity a moment ago. Only just when the sun is setting is there a fleeting gleam of real colour; then the redness streams over the snow, and incarnadines the hills and fields, and smites the crest of the firs on the hills with flame. Just a few minutes of transfiguration and revelation . . .

and it is gone . . . and over the woods falls the mystic veil of dreamy, haunted winter twilight.

To my right, as I stand breathlessly happy in this wind-haunted, star-sentinelled valley, there is a grove of tall, gently waving spruces. Seen in daylight those spruces are old and uncomely . . . dead almost to the tops, with withered branches. But seen in this enchanted light against a sky that begins by being rosy saffron and continues to be silver green, and ends finally in crystal blue, they are like tall, slender witch maidens weaving spells of necromancy in a rune of elder days. How I long to share in their gramarye . . . to have fellowship in their twilight sorceries!

Up comes the moon! Saw you ever such beauty as moonlight in winter woods . . . such wondrous union of clear radiance with blackest gloom . . . such hints and hidings and revealings . . . such deep copses laced with silver . . . such aisles patterned with shadow . . . such valleys brimmed over with splendour? I seem to be walking through a spell-bound world of diamond and crystal and pearl; I feel a wonderful lightness of spirit and a soul-stirring joy in mere existence . . . a joy that seems to spring fountain-like from the very depths of my being and to be independent of all earthy things. I am alone and I am glad of it. Any human companionship, even the dearest and most perfect, would be alien and superfluous to me now. I am sufficient unto myself, needing not any emotion of earth to round out my felicity. Such moments come rarely . . . but when they do come they are inexpressibly marvellous and beautiful . . . as if the finite were for a second infinity . . . as if humanity were for a space uplifted into divinity. Only for a moment, 'tis true . . . yet such a moment is worth a cycle of common years untouched by the glory and the dream.

THE THIRTEENTH MAN

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

“A NOTE!—Any more like this, Sandy?”

“Nine or ten.”

The man sat on the plow and looked at the child.

“Let me see them.”

“Aunt Kitty told me I musn’t be long.” The child shyly held back.

Duncan McIntyre played with a dime. “Going to Aclaman’s?”

“Yes, one of the notes is for ‘im.”

“Then you can buy some candy. Let me see the notes. Thanks! Francis Aclaman, who can’t do anything else but sell buttons and smile all over when you talk to him; Angus McLean—um—um—by gum, there’s ten of the list! What about old Neil McQuire?”

“Oh, she said he’d come without askin’. He was workin’ about all mornin’ an’ goin’ for me’ cause I asked ‘im if he was done courtin’ Sarah yet.” The child danced gleefully at the remembrance.

“And how about Tate?”

“Oh, Mr. Tate killed the turkey for her, so he’s comin’.”

“Well, tell her I have a headache and can’t go.” His massive jaw snapped like a steel trap.

“What, you a headache!” The combination was past the child’s apprehension.

Duncan turned abruptly, walked with a firm step to the barnyard, caught a turkey in a twinkling, picked up an axe, sat down, prepared and hung him up for future use. “I’ll have a turkey dinner to-night, but not at Kitty’s,” he mut-

tered, then resumed his plowing in full view of Kitty’s house.

A very few minutes sufficed for his lonely lunch and the straight, even furrows continued to grow rapidly during the afternoon.

About four o’clock he put away his team, got the turkey, entered his solid looking bachelor home, and soon the bird was sizzling in the oven, while the man sat in a straight-backed chair and the big Newfoundland dog “Slave” circled about and poked his nose under his arm in silent companionship. He motioned the dog between his knees and stroked the smooth, black head.

“Yes, Slave, old boy, those eyes are as intelligent as any of the lot of them. You know I might have had her before had I begged a little harder, but I’ll not beg her hand and forever after do homage for the blessed boon of her presence. No, old boy, she’s got to meet me as an equal, to be made to feel that I confer as much favour or more by marrying her as she on me! Get that ‘the-world - and - all - that’s - in - it - was-made - for - my - special - benefit’ spirit out of her, and she’s good stuff! Yes, Slave, good stuff!” Slave rubbed his head against his master’s knee in perfect agreement.

“She’s too pretty and too vain. that’s what’s the matter with her! She gets that from that feeble-brained, silly mother of hers; and we all love her too much, yes, by gum! but it’s the stuff down deep she inherited from that old noble father

that we love, not her mere frivolity. I wonder if she knows what happened to bury her father out here!" His spoken thought became lost in the contemplation of the live coals that peeped from the front of the kitchen stove. Slave wagged his tail and departed.

He was a master! No man could look at that high bridge of his nose, that firm mouth and chin, those keen, penetrating eyes, without a feeling of comparative inferiority; some, perhaps, with a suggestion of awe and wonder that this man should have been reared in their midst.

Day merged into twilight, the door opened sharply and little Sandy Morrison burst in.

"It's spoilt! Neil McQuire spoilt it!"

"What's spoilt?"

"The turkey! Old Neil was bound he'd carry it in and tripped over Slave, and Slave made off with it all over the field, and it's all spoilt!" The child appeared to think it a huge joke.

"And what did she do?"

"She can't do nuffin, an' everybody is tellin' her that they'll go an' kill all the hens and turkeys they's got for her, but she won't let 'em, an' she's mad at somethin' besides the turkey, 'too, 'cause I know she is."

Duncan rose and opened the oven door; the turkey was done to a dark brown. He whipped it out, looked at it a moment, perhaps a trifle longingly, balanced it on the end of a big fork, picked an unused cow-bell from the wall, and started towards the gate.

"Where you goin'?"

The man strode rapidly through his gate, up the hundred yards of road and in through Kitty Karlington's gate, the child running along side in an effort to keep up. A murmur of voices and coarse laughter came from the house.

"Sandy, is the calf still in the pen?"

"Yes."

"Well, take this bell, hold on to the tongue now, fasten the strap about her neck and let her go."

"What for?"

"Do as I tell you!"

"All right," he returned, giggling with suppressed excitement.

Duncan McIntyre waited for a moment. Presently the sound of a cowbell tearing madly about the field smote loudly on the still night. Twelve men were seen to leave the house at a run. Duncan strode to the open front door. All was quiet in that square room; great logs blazed in the open fireplace; above hung old Karlington's sword, the single emblem of its dead master's better days; the solid, smoke-begrimed beams overhead—all lent an old-time background to the long gaudily-decorated table in the centre of the room, laden, in real old country style, with all kinds of good things. He entered, placed his turkey on a large plate, and set it at the head of the table.

Outside, he glanced around for a moment to see Kitty entering the room. Yes, she was as she always looked, a lithe brunette, a noble, independent, dainty pet child. He smiled at her look of astonishment as her eyes rested upon the turkey; then a puzzled expression flashed over his face for a moment as if he wondered if she would take it as he meant it—a sign of his indifference to her charms and good wishes to the other fellows. And was that a sigh of disappointment that she should thus crown her frivolity by giving a dinner to her many lovers?

Back in his lonely kitchen he sat in the straight-backed chair, watching the play of fire in the coals that peeped under the stove door. Slave appeared and curled himself half under the stove. Thus they sat long into the night.

Sandy burst rudely in upon his reveries.

"What! Are you up at this time of night?"



Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"THE MAN SAT ON THE PLOW AND LOOKED AT THE CHILD"

"Yes," and the child, hugging himself in an exuberance of mirth, danced about, caught Slave, and rolled all over him; finally righting himself.

"Kitty!"

"Yes, what about Kitty?"

"Oh, they all proposed to her, everyone of 'em! And she took them all out under them maples an' I hid in the spruce, and could see as plain, 'cause the stars were bright and they's no leaves on the maples to hide anything!" He danced gleefully.

"Who proposed?"

"Oh, old Neil McQuire, what proposes to every girl he sees; an' him over a hundred, Kitty says, though he told her he was only fifty, and Kitty could hardly keep from laughin' at him, he went to it so hard, like that 'vangelist throwin' his arms about and hollerin', for all he was trying to whisper!"

Duncan smiled, but he was not interested in old Neil.

"And who else?"

"Oh, Frances came next and he was smilin' all over that hard he couldn't speak till she laughed and sent him off."

But he was not interested in Frances.

"Was that all?"

"Oh, no, they all came, Angus McLean, Rory McNeil, all of 'em. Oh, I couldn't keep from laughin', and then Kitty saw me and got mad and made me come down and then I put over here and she couldn't catch me!"

"And did she accept any?"

"Dunno! Mr. Tate was the only one who didn't come and maybe he was biding his time. Kitty says he's awful smart."

"You'd better go home now."

"Can't I sleep with you to-night?"

"If you promise you won't kick too hard."

"Oh, I won't, I'll lie as still as anythin'!"

For a week he continued his fall plowing, and the straight, even furrows grew rapidly and steadily. Each morning he went over to the Karlington's farm and cut their day's fire-wood as usual; but he was very particular to treat Kitty with perfect indifference, and made but the one visit a day instead of his innumerable former ones.

Tate was there constantly ministering to her every want.

One evening as he was driving his team to the stables, the long, narrow form of Tate appeared. His yellow hair seemed a little more yellow, the Kaiser William turn to his moustache a little more fierce. Duncan could not even notice the semblance of a chin that was usually perceived half-way between the book agent's long neck and his weak mouth.

"Good evening, Mr. McIntyre!"

Duncan silently continued to follow the steady tramp of the large farm horses.

"You're not going to speak to me, aren't you? You're gettin' a bit too stuck up for that! And you try to treat Kitty (he had formerly called her Miss Karlington) in the same surly fashion, do you? I'll——" but the lash of a whip wound around his slim body, and left a dirty mark on the fancy white waistcoat.

The fellow looked for a moment at that massive, masterful face, mumbled something and departed.

That evening Duncan stood by his front door while the crescent moon, appearing now and again between the rolling, billowy clouds, bathed the farm and the autumn-coloured forest on the mountain beyond Kitty's, in a fascinating, soothing light. A dark head and pink dress appeared around the maple grove, came through the gate, and tripped lightly down the walk.

"Good evening, Duncan!" Kitty's voice was soft and clear. "The moon is pretty, isn't it?"

"Charming, Kitty, charming."

"Is that all you have to say when

I haven't seen you for ever so long?"

"Did Tate get any goose grease from you to-day?"

"Goose grease!"

"Yes, I gave him a bit of a cut and thought maybe he went to you for salve."

"Duncan!" Her tone betrayed surprise at the touch of bitterness in his voice.

He laughed mirthlessly.

The girl moved uneasily; it was a new experience to her to play second in a *tête-à-tête* with a young man.

"Come on down to the brook, Duncan. I love to hear the ripple of the water on an evening like this."

Unconsciously she had assumed command, and he as unconsciously followed.

They sat on the edge of the brook, where the moon peeped between the alders. She sat close to him and they listened silently to the ripple of the brook over the pebbles. A half-exultant smile played over the girl's lips as if she loved to play thus with the hearts of men, not from heartlessness, but from some innate desire to be loved and served by all. She leaned closer and brushed some dust from the back of his farther shoulder; then laid her hand temptingly open on her lap. She did not notice the firmer compression of his lips.

"Do you know, Duncan, it was such a night as this, with the music of the brook in our ears, that I always used to dream I would meet my lover!"

She was silent; she was close; her hand was temptingly near; the moonlight was magical. She heard a click; it was the snapping of those massive jaws. He rose and said:

"Let us go in."

She rose wonderingly and they strode silently up the hill to his home. He curtly bid her good-night; she wonderingly did the same and walked thoughtfully away.

"If I marry her she will do the wooing and do it under adverse circumstances. The day we marry (if



Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"WITH ONE BLOW HE SEVERED THE STICK

we do) she will not only love me, but will consider it a privilege to be my wife! I marry no woman who thinks she is the centre of the world and all benefits must converge to her own sweet self! Converge and be absorbed, giving no return!"

One afternoon he went over to the Karlington's to take Sandy for a promised ramble through the woods.

He was nearing the house when he saw Kitty bending over a washtub that stood on a bench by the kitchen door. Her back was to him; her sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, showing her round, tanned arms; her shoulders were moving up and down vigorously as she rubbed the clothes on the washboard, and the steam rose up from the hot water in the tub.

He stopped for a moment to contemplate this other side of her character—the serious side. Her back straightened; her head sprang erect as she tossed back the dark ringlets that kissed her cheek, and with the exclamation, "Mother!" ran towards the wood pile. His gaze followed and he saw weak, old Mrs. Karlington staggering forward under an armful of firewood. With another cry of "Mother!" uttered in tender reproach, the girl took the load and staggered for a moment as it came upon her suddenly; then straightened and walked rapidly to the door.

Duncan could see that the sharp edges of the hardwood bit into her soft, round arms, and a lump came in his throat. It was too late to offer his help; she would be in before he could reach her. He forgot his promised ramble with Sandy and walked slowly home, talking to himself the while.

"That's the side of her character we love, and it wasn't because it was her mother that she did it, she would do it for any one of us, yes, even for Slave, if she thought we needed her help. But if she thought we were good and able," here he laughed softly, "she'd sit or stand there like a queen and accept our gifts, our work, our hearts; but then, too, if we were in trouble she'd come, heal our wounds, lighten our loads and help us, not only with her quiet sympathy, but with her own small hands—we all know it and we all love her."

For days after this he watched the growing intimacy between Tate and the Karlington household. Doggedly he still cut their day's firewood and treated Kitty with the utmost indifference.

One afternoon Tate took Kitty for a drive. Duncan saw them go merrily past his gate without looking up, but he drove the fiercer into his work. In the evening Sandy came over. "I think Kitty is goin' to marry Mr. Tate."

"Why do you think so?"

The child jumped at the sharp tone, but replied:

"Well, he's with 'er all the time, and they were out drivin' to-day, an' don't they always plan to get married when out drivin'?"

"Not always Sandy." The tone was more kind.

"But he stayed to tea and Kitty was awful nice to him. She says she likes his town ways. I think they's goin' drivin' agin' to-morrow."

Duncan's face hardened.

"Sandy, come till I get you some cookies, but maybe they're not as nice as Aunt Kitty's?"

"Oh, yes, they are. Gimme some, will you?"

The child crammed several into his mouth at once.

"Sandy."

"Yes'ir," came the muffled voice.

"Tell Kitty that I send her and Mr. Tate my congratulations."

"But I'm not sure," he mumbled.

"Tell her just the same, and that I sincerely wish them joy. Don't forget that word 'sincerely.'"

"No sir, but may I sleep with you to-night?"

"When you come back. Now quick!"

The next morning Duncan went, as usual, with his axe on his shoulder, to cut the Karlington's firewood. He passed the feeble old Mrs. Karlington in her doorway and gave her a cheery good morning. But, at the woodpile, Tate stood, with his coat off, his cane hanging over a stick, his fancy waistcoat showing gaudily, hacking at a small stick.

Duncan was striding forward, but Kitty barred his way and said loftily:

"You needn't bother cutting my wood in future, Mr. McIntyre."

Whatever Kitty expected she was astonished at the clear, quiet answer.

"Kitty, if you imagine I am cutting firewood for you you are very much mistaken. I cut it for your mother and for Sandy, that's who I cut it for." He strode past her;



Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"YOU HAVE COME TO ME, KITTY"

with his left arm he swept Tate from his path, tumbling him over the wood-pile; with one blow he severed the stick, hacked a dozen times by the discomfited Tate, and in ten minutes having a snug pile of wood, turned about without a word and departed.

'Twas the middle of the afternoon, Duncan was fencing in a distant corner of the farm when the long and narrow Tate strode jauntily down the field; behind him swung big Neil McEachern and big Alex. McAskill, from the upper Glen; both rough characters and noted fighters. He came along with his thumbs in his vest arm-holes, and the cane hanging from his little finger, and said insolently, while his face grew livid and he took his cane by the point and shoved it before Duncan's face:

"I'll show you! You think I'm nobody to be swept from your path at will, do you? You think I want your Kitty!"

Tate's cane sped across the yard.

"You don't touch that chicken!" Big Neil and big Alex. stepped forward together, their voices husky with liquor, their calloused fists clenched tightly.

Like a flash Duncan grabbed Tate's ankle and swung him over his broad shoulders. "One step more, fellows, and I'll crack the chicken's skull over your heads; it wouldn't hurt you because it would smash like a bad egg, and there's not enough in it to dirty your face."

The bullies listened for a moment to the howling supplications of their employer to avert the catastrophe; they trembled before the steel of those steady eyes, laughed nervously and said:

"Drop him, Dunc, and shake. We ain't goin' to quarrel with you for the likes of him."

Duncan dropped the craven, gave each a curt handshake and resumed his fencing.

Big Neil produced a five-dollar bill and looked at big Alex. "Goin' to give yours back?"

"Ugh! I guess we earned it by comin' over here and givin' him a chanst to chin to Dunc!" They laughed and departed. Tate did the same, taking a different route.

Little Sandy came running up. "Why didn't you give it to 'im, Duncan?" Him and Aunt Kitty had an awfu' row after you left; she talked to 'im that hard he nearly cried."

"Did she?" Duncan took the lad up on his shoulder and carried him, in his favourite manner, back to the farmhouse.

"I killed a chicken to-day, do you want to have supper with me?"

"Yes."

"Will you go home as soon as it's over?"

"Yes, jus' the second!"

That evening the moon was again a crescent and showed between the billowy, rolling clouds. More than a month had passed since Kitty had given the dinner to her twelve lovers. Eleven had not appeared since that night; Tate was gone; Duncan, the thirteenth suitor, alone remained, or was he also discarded? Just a month ago he had sat with Kitty by the brook; the moon and the night were the same, and he remembered Kitty's words:

"'Twas on a night like this, with the music of the brook in our ears, that I always used to dream I would meet my lover."

Unconsciously he wandered down the hill, skirted the alders, and entered the sacred spot. He was absorbed by his thoughts and the glitter of the moon on the ripples of the brook. For a moment he stood thus, then becoming aware of another presence, turned and beheld Kitty. His indifference to the winds, he threw out his arms. "You have come to me, Kitty?"

She placed her hands in his. "Yes, Duncan, I am yours—if—you want me?"

The magical moonlight bathed a single double figure in its soft light.

THE LITTLE MIZPAH MAID

BY G. B. BURGIN

"YOU owdacious young warmint! Come 'ee out of that their apple tree immejit. In the name of the law, I commands 'ee to let me take 'ee to prison. Come down, in the name o' the law."

"Lor!" said a shrill, mocking voice from the middle of the apple tree, and a pair of very skimpy, black-stockinged little legs swung in perilous proximity to the purblind old constable's nose. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dickie Hartburn, to talk to a lady like that."

The startled constable again peered up into the apple tree. "I should ha' known them pipestick legs anywhere," he muttered. "I'm main sorry it be you, missie; but I must do my dooty in that state of life to which I'm called, and——"

"You know very well you weren't called," said the shrill voice indignantly. "You called yourself when old Smithers died, and went round asking everyone to help you to get his place. If it hadn't been for papa, you wouldn't have got it."

"I'm main sorry it be you, missie, but I must do my dooty," said Hartburn, prudently declining to continue the conversation in so unpromising a direction. "Main sorry."

"So 'm I," nonchalantly returned the girl. "Have an apple, Mr. Hartburn, and let bygones be bygones."

Without waiting for an answer, she shook the bough with such force that a particularly fine Bismarck descended with much expression on old Dickie Hartburn's prominent nose.

Mr. Hartburn impulsively uttered

a word which rhymed with jam, then coughed in a vain attempt to hide his confusion.

"Swear word! I heard you. That's a fine of five shillings, Dickie," said the girl triumphantly. "Go home, and try to be good, or I'll send down some more apples on you."

The old constable scratched his head. "I dussent do it, Miss Patience. Them Bismarcks be wuth six shillin' a bushel. Last time I caught 'ee, 'ee promised never to do the like again."

"It was only because you made me," said the shrill voice in the apple tree; "and you know very well that a promise isn't a promise if you can't help yourself. Don't you dare touch my toes, Dickie; it's most ungentlemanly."

"I thought as how it would ha' ended the controv-versey if I hauled 'ee down by them little black legs of yours, Miss Patience. Parson says to I, 'ee says, 'Next time any of my Bismarcks goes and you don't catch nobody, you lose your place,' 'ee says. What be I to do, missie? Do 'ee come down and be caught and say no more about it. It's only a whippin' at the wust."

The girl chuckled, and shook her thin legs tantalisingly just out of Dickie's reach. "You'll have to come up if you want me, Dickie. 'Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.' That's what's the matter with you."

"Me bein' an ancient man, I bain't good at climbin' trees, I bain't," said Dickie, painfully preparing to take

off his coat ready for climbing. "I wouldn't if I were you," mocked the girl. "As the rector says, you'll only cover yourself with contusions."

"These be the rector's apples, missie, and I'll ha' to haul 'ee along afore his worship for judgment."

"He shouldn't have his orchard so near the road; it's enough to tempt any little girl," said the voice, with a slight quaver in it. Then coaxingly: "Dickie, I'll knit you a woollen comforter as red as your nose, and promise you, by my halidame, not to do it any more if you'll let me off this time."

The old man shook his head. "You come down, or I'll ha' to come up, missie," he said obstinately.

"Very well, then." The girl's laughter showed that her fears were not very deep-rooted. "Come along, Dickie. Only, I'm on a branch that won't bear your weight."

"I'll get a pole and hook 'ee down, missie," said the old man, ruefully beginning to shin up the apple tree.

He was stopped by the sound of a pony's hoofs hammering along the hard high road.

The girl called out shrilly: "Cyril! Cyril! A Gaunt! A Gaunt! To the rescue. I am sore beset by this Saracen knave."

A boy of twelve, who had been riding along the road with a big bulldog at his pony's heels, pulled up and burst through the hedge with a joyous shout of "A Gaunt! A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue! Who calls upon a Gaunt?"

"A damsel in distress, shrilled the voice from the apple tree. "Wot ye well, Sir Knight, a foul dragon hath clomb halfway up this tree with intent to do me grievous wrong, just because I shook a red apple down upon his old red nose."

"Has he? the blighter! I'll soon have him down again," said Cyril Gaunt, and made a rush at the common foe.

"Why, it's old Hartburn," he said

in astonishment. "What's he worrying you about, Patience?"

"Just because I've been helping myself to a few Bismareks"—the girl put her fair, pretty face through the green leaves and smiled delightedly at Cyril Gaunt—"this malapert knave vows to hale me off to the nearest dungeon."

"Not much," said the boy. "Come down, Hartburn, or I'll hike you out of it," he added to the old constable who, after much puffing and blowing, had shinned half way up the trunk of the apple tree. "Can't you see it's Miss Pennifeather?"

The old constable respectfully shook his head. "Beggin' your pardon, Muster Cyril, it be the rector's orders I be to comprehend all apple stealers, respectful of their sex."

"Regardless, you mean," said the boy. "It's not very respectful to Miss Patience to worry her like this. Come down at once."

The old man shook his head, and braced himself for a further climb.

"You won't?" asked the boy incredulously.

The constable worked himself a few inches higher.

"This slimy dragon vomiting forth sulphurous flames declines to come down," Cyril Gaunt said to the girl, whose blue eyes again peered mischievously through the leaves.

"Hath not a lance wherewith to prod the life out of him, Sir Knight?" she asked.

"Not even a clothes prop," said the boy; "but," he added cheerfully, "O damsel in distress, my bloodhound is with difficulty held in leash."

The girl looked anxiously down. "If you think you can tree him with dear old Mrs. Bully, I'll drop from this bough and make a bolt for it."

The boy nodded. "My charger waits beyond the hedge." He turned to the brindle bulldog. "Now, Mrs. Bully, keep old Hartburn up there till we've a good start. I'll catch you, Patience, if you'll let yourself

down from the end of the bough, and then drop."

The girl nodded joyously. "I have fastened the rope ladder to the castle's topmost turret, Sir Knight."

"Then hurry up," said the boy.

"You mean hurry down," said the girl. There was a rustle amid the leaves, and her skinny legs began to kick convulsively in mid-air as she suspended herself from the extreme end of the bough.

"You be a harbourn' and a fosterin' of a law-breaker, Muster Cyril," cried the old constable in anguished tones. "Call off that their danged dog of yours afore the bough breaks, and I'll come down and catch her."

But he shouted to unheeding ears, for the next moment a little black figure, followed by a half a dozen fine apples, dropped into the boy's arms and bore him to the ground.

"Methinks 'twas a shrewd shock, Sir Knight." Patience scrambled to her feet. "Besides, I've twisted my ankle. If that malapert knave descends from yonder bough, I'm done for."

"It's all right, Patience. He shan't descend," said the boy confidently. "Mrs. Bully, keep your eye on him till we're well away."

As the bulldog wrinkled back her lips into an affable smile, Cyril Gaunt turned to the little girl. "Now, put your arms round my neck and I'll carry you through the hedge. My pony's just outside."

The girl put her thin arms round his neck, and he gallantly carried her to what he called his "palfrey"—a stocky little black Dartmoor pony. With some difficulty, he lifted her into the saddle and led the pony at a walking pace in the direction of Dr. Pennifeather's.

They were within a hundred yards of the doctor's when the girl uttered a cry of alarm. "All's lost. We are discovered, Sir Knight. Here comes your recreant sire."

The rector strolled along towards

them. "What's all this about?" he inquired, stopping to survey them with deep-rooted suspicion. "Why are you on my son's pony, Miss Pennifeather?"

"She's twisted her ankle," said Cyril hastily, "and I'm just taking her home. By the way, sir, there's someone in your best apple tree. I told Mrs. Bully to keep him there until you could identify him."

The rector frowned ominously. "I have every reason to believe that Miss Pennifeather and her friends are not wholly unacquainted with the contents of my orchard. Which tree was it?"

"Your best Bismarck. You can't mistake it," said the boy.

"My best Bismarck! I was saving those apples for next week's show!"

As the rector waddled off toward the orchard, the girl looked after him somewhat apprehensively. "I don't like your father, Cyril. He's what my father calls a clerical error in a white tie. He'll be back before we can get to the house."

The boy swung himself up behind her, put his strong arms round the thin form. "You poor little motherless kid! Shut your eyes and hold on like blue blazes." In his excitement, he quite forgot to be mediaeval. "We'll do him yet."

He pushed the old pony into a hand-gallop, and lifted Patience off at her father's gate, just as Mrs. Bully lolled after them along the road. "I had to let him come down," she explained, her tongue sticking out apologetically. "The rector was peremptory."

As the boy lifted Patience down, though it hurt her to put her foot to the ground, she bore the pain without wincing.

"You just crawl into the house, and I'll make myself scarce until this has blown over," said the lad. "Come on, Mrs. Bully. We'll have to spend my last day here on the downs."

He gave the pony a thwack on his flank and galloped off, throwing a

coin to the girl as he did so. "I had it made into a brooch for you," he shouted, turning in the saddle. "It wouldn't run to more than sixpence. Send me this token by some trusty messenger in your hour of need, and I will come, sword in hand, to your rescue."

"Don't go, Cyril! Don't go!" the girl cried after him. "I don't believe I shall ever see you again."

The boy wheeled his pony, galloped back to the sorrowful child, bent down, and kissed her. "Some day I'll come back and carry you off," he said earnestly; "and we'll never be parted any more."

She kissed him again and again. "Flee, Sir Knight; the enemy approaches," she cried; and the boy once more galloped away, followed at a distance by the indomitable Mrs. Bully.

The girl limped painfully up to the house, holding the cherished coin against her heart. "It's a sixpence with 'Mizpah' on it," she said; "and he's going away to-morrow, and I shall never see him any more."

II.

"How will you have it? In gold, Captain Gaunt?" asked the obliging cashier, as he scooped up a heap of sovereigns with a dexterity born of long practice. "With a pound's worth of silver?"

"Yes, I'll take some silver, thanks," said the bronzed young officer, and gazed round at the familiar furniture of the Dumbleton Bank. "Does anything ever change here?" he asked wonderingly. "Fifteen years ago, it all looked exactly the same."

The cashier, although ordinarily the soul of good nature, was almost offended at this iconoclastic remark. "It was repapered eight years ago," he said, with modest pride; "and the ceiling whitewashed."

"Seems to me it's the same pattern on the walls," hazarded the young officer after another look round at

the dingy old room, bisected by a dented mahogany counter which was guarded by a strong wire netting. "I suppose someone comes and lets you out of this cage every day at meal times?"

"The pattern's always the same," said the cashier, ignoring the last remark. "Don't they do things like that in the unchanging East?"

Captain Gaunt shook his head. "No such luck, Mr. Warber. Just when you've got to know a house and the pet snakes in the roof, someone comes and burns you and them out, and you have to begin all over again."

The cashier paused to hold a sixpence up to the light, then put it aside with a frown. "I've always heard the East is the land of romance."

The young soldier laughed. There's just as much romance in Dumbleton as anywhere else, if you know where to look for it," he said, picking up his silver. "What's the matter with that sixpence? Someone let you in for a bad one? I thought you could smell out bad money in your dreams."

"'Tisn't bad," Mr. Warber explained, "but it's not a legal tender. Someone's defaced it by having the word 'Mizpah' engraved on one side. Besides, there's a hole in it, and it's much worn."

"I'll give you a new sixpence for it," said the captain. "I've no doubt there's a romance in this. See, it's been used as a brooch. Here's the mark where the pin has rubbed off."

"If I may take the liberty of presenting you with it?" hazarded the cashier.

"First time anyone ever apologised for giving me money." The young soldier stretched out his hand for the battered coin, and put it in his pocket. "A good many changes in the village," he said casually. "I see poor old Dr. Pennifeather has gone at last."

"We gave him a very popular

funeral," said the cashier. "If he'd been alive at the time, he'd have enjoyed it thoroughly. He always did like funerals, and the arrangements were quite *recherché*."

The captain was engrossed in his own thoughts. "Were they? And pretty little Miss Pennifeather? What of her?" he asked. "Many's the time we raided my father's orchard together." He rubbed himself reminiscently.

The cashier shook his head. "Everything was sold up at the doctor's death to pay his debts. The poor girl hadn't a farthing to bless herself with, and was forced to go to her aunt's at Penn Hall."

"That sounds all right."

The cashier again shook his head. "It isn't all right. Such a lovely girl as she is, too."

"Why isn't it all right?" eagerly asked the young captain. "We were always chums, and——" He stopped confusedly.

"She's the poor relation of fiction," explained the cashier. "They work her like a horse, make her go up the back stairs, teach the children, mend her aunt's dresses, attend to all the social arrangements, and—dine in the schoolroom, when they don't give her high tea."

"The blighters!" The captain fell back on a familiar expression of his boyhood. "Why, I'm dining at Penn Hall to-night. I only accepted the invitation because I wanted to meet her again."

"I'm afraid you won't meet her," said the cashier sympathetically.

The captain shook hands with Mr. Warber.

"You're staying some time, I hope?" said the latter.

"No; I go back to India in ten days. They want me in a hurry as a special commissioner."

"Lonely work without anyone to help you," hazarded the cashier, with the familiarity of one who had known Gaunt from childhood.

Gaunt nodded. "Just what I was

thinking. Remember me to Mrs. Warber and all the little Warbers. I've sent down a pocketful of Indian bangles to your house for them just as a souvenir," he said, and swung out of the bank.

Unconsciously, Gaunt's steps bore him down the sunny village street toward the old orchard which had once been his father's. He was staying with the new rector and settling up his father's affairs, and, as he said, the visit was a flying one.

"Warber hit the mark," he thought, as he came to the old unmended hole in the hedge. "Wonder how my friend Bismarck is getting on." He began to smile at the memory of the past. "Poor little Patience! She must be sweetly pretty by this time. I remember those skimpy black legs of hers."

He came to the tree. The only change in it was that a huge branch, which had cracked beneath old Hartburn's weight, now nearly touched the ground, and formed a sort of leafy tent.

The captain took the sixpence out of his pocket. "It reminds me of the one I gave her. Poor little Mizpah Maid! I promised to come to her aid if she ever sent it to me," he said sorrowfully. "I'll not go back till I've seen her. I wonder why she stopped writing to me!"

The leaves shook a little as he put the sixpence to his lips. "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are parted"—something like that it runs. I wonder why she wouldn't answer my letters. Perhaps she saw that I was getting too fond of her. Why, I'm dashed if it isn't the same sixpence!" he said abruptly. There's the hole I punched in it with a bradawl before I had it made into a brooch for her. How did she lose it? Someone must have picked it up, wrenched off the pin, and passed it off on poor old Warber."

The boughs of the Bismarck were gently parted, and a beautiful face, the lips smiling but tears in the eyes,

looked out. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue! Some malapert knave hath stolen my Mizpah brooch."

The sixpence dropped from Gaunt's hands. "You!" he said, with a little catch in his breath. "You! A Gaunt to the rescue! A Gaunt!" And before Patience knew it, he had taken both her little hands in his, and was looking down into her exquisite blue eyes. "Patience! Patience! You!

"Yes," she said, vainly endeavouring to free herself from his grip. "Yes. A damsel in distress. I thought you would ride away without seeing me, and so I came down and hid myself in the old apple tree on the chance of your revisiting the place. This time," and she looked at her skirt, "I preferred not to climb."

"You!" he repeated, still holding her hands. "You, Patience! How did you know I would come here?"

"I don't know how I knew it, but I knew. Aunt Pennifeather would be very angry with me if she heard of my doing anything so unladylike."

By this time, she had succeeded in freeing herself. "You're not as gentle as of old, Cyril."

"I'm awfully sorry." Gaunt took her hands again. "Now, look here," he said squarely, "I've bullied you all my life, Patience, and I'm going to begin again. Answer my questions, or it will be the worse for you."

"That doesn't sound very much like a Galahad coming to the rescue of a maiden in distress."

"I'm sorry, but my time's short, and life is long," he said incoherently. "Little Mizpah Maid, why did you leave off writing to me a couple of years ago? Was it because your dear old dad died, and you had suddenly become poor, or was it because—?" He hesitated.

"Because——" Her colour deepened. "But you've no right to ask. I can't tell you."

"Do you want me to set the ghost of Mrs. Bully at you?"

She shook her head. "You—you—were——"

"I know I was. And I'm just as bad as ever. So that was the reason?"

"Yes," she said defiantly. "I am poor, and—that was the reason."

He still held her hands. "Anyone else?"

"N—no." Her eyes flashed in the old indignant fashion he remembered so well. "Of course there wasn't anyone else."

"Then you've forgotten all this." He looked comprehensively around him. "You've forgotten the old days when we played here as children. You've forgotten when I took your lickings for you, when I shared everything with you, when I gave you the Mizpah sixpence on the last day, and you went crying into the house. You've forgotten, Patience; forgotten all our plans, all we were going to do, the dragons we would slay together some day?"

"No," she said, her colour deepening and the sweet eyes looking frankly up into his brown ones. "I haven't forgotten; but we were only children. Since then, I have grown up and the world has been very hard and cruel to me. There are no knights to come to my rescue now, no one to help me. I am a drudge at Penn Hall. No one loves me; my poor old father is dead; and you were in India. I have eaten the bread of tears, and drunk of the waters of affliction."

"Poor child! Poor child! But if you didn't wish to remember, why did you come here?"

"I wanted to see you ride away and take with you the closing leaf in the life of a child. We were happy then, Cyril. If we had only known it, we were happy then, very, very happy."

"Yes," he said, a little brokenly. "We were happy then, Patience. In spite of the dragons, life was all joy; we slew them so easily. Now that I am a man and you are a woman—the sweetest little Mizpah Maid the sun ever shone on—the dragons aren't

slain so easily. They come again and again and overpower us. Do you know why, little Mizpah Maid? Do you know why?"

Patience shook her head. The tears again filled her eyes.

"Because we fight them singly. You call to me, and I am far away; I call to you, you answer not. Little Mizpah Maid, life is a sorrowful business for both of us. But I am going to change all that."

"You!" She looked at him wonderingly. "You! How will you do that?" Something of the old belief, the old faith in his power to slay dragons, came back to her. "How—will—you—do—that?"

"Like this." He took her in his arms. "Little Mizpah Maid, life has been sad for us because we fought our dragons alone. Now, we will fight them together."

III.

"CAPTAIN GAUNT," announced the old butler, as he ushered the young warrior into the drawing-room of Penn Hall, and that tyrannical lady of the manor, Mrs. Pennifeather, swam forward with effusion to meet him. "I was afraid you were not coming," she said graciously.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Pennifeather, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I made up my mind that nothing should stop my being here to-night."

"I'm so glad, the more especially as I have not been unmindful of your interests." She looked at him archly.

"That's very good of you, but I don't understand."

"There's Miss Worthall, the rich brewer's daughter. She's specially invited to meet you. I want you to take her into dinner."

"That's very nice of you, my dear Mrs. Pennifeather, but I was going to ask you to let me take in my fiancée," said the captain, searching the room with eager eyes.

"Your fiancée! I didn't know."

For once, Mrs. Pennifeather was at a disadvantage. "But there's no other unmarried girl here than Miss Worthall. I don't know of——"

"Oh, yes; you've known her all her life; it's your niece," said the handsome young warrior, with scarcely repressed impatience. "I suppose she'll be here directly?"

"Oh, yes!—that is—of course." Mrs. Pennifeather touched the bell. "James, let Miss Patience know that we are waiting for her." Then, in a hurried whisper, "Tell her to scramble into her best frock, and have another place set for her."

"Yes, madam," said the bewildered old butler, without moving; "but they've taken Miss Patience's tea to the school-room long ago."

"Go and do as you're told," Mrs. Pennifeather said furiously. "There's some mistake," she blandly explained to Gaunt. "The dear child has a bad headache, and is evidently staying in the school-room."

"With your permission," Gaunt bowed over her hand, "I'll find my way to the school-room in search of her."

Mrs. Pennifeather waited a quarter of an hour, but the captain did not return. "I thought I heard carriage wheels on the drive," said the worried hostess. "I didn't expect anyone else."

The sound of the carriage wheels faded away, and the old butler came back with a letter on a silver salver. "For you, madam," he said. "I found it in the school-room."

"Excuse me." Mrs. Pennifeather tore open the letter.

"DEAR AUNT PENNIFEATHER,—

"So sorry that I cannot accept your somewhat belated invitation for dinner, but Captain Gaunt has brought his aunt to fetch me to stay with her, as, owing to his sudden return to India, we are to be married almost immediately. In my childish days, he was always accustomed to come to my rescue, and he has not failed me now. He asks me to apolo-

gise if his absence disarranges the dinner table. Your niece,

"PATIENCE PENNIFEATHER."

"There is no answer!" Mrs. Pennifeather dropped the letter to the floor. "He is suddenly called back to India," she whispered to Miss Worthall. "We must find you someone else, my dear. After all——" She paused significantly.

"He's very handsome," said Miss Worthall disconsolately.

*

The carriage pulled up as it passed the ancient orchard. "Do you mind stopping a moment?" said Patience to a sweet-faced, silvery-haired old lady who sat opposite the young couple.

"Certainly not, my dear; but remember the London train."

The girl slipped out, made her way to the old apple tree. The next moment, her voice rose high and clear. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue!"

"It's an old game we used to play," said Gaunt. "Sit tight, auntie, and I'll bring her back." He went to the hole in the hedge. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue! Who calls upon a Gaunt?"

"A damsel in distress," shrilled the voice from the apple tree.

Gaunt pushed his way through the hedge, carrying Patience in his arms. "To the station as hard as you can go," he said rapturously; and the coachman set off at a gallop.

The old lady began to cry softly.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

By MARY S. EDGAR

F AIR summer's fading, and from those bright eyes,
 Deep-set and sweetly sad, her love out-goes;
 Her face lights up in brief resplendent glows,
 And bending low, she kisses ere she dies
 The close-cropped fields where drowsy cattle graze,
 The grass-grown paths, the fruited boughs that nod,
 The asters blue, the burnished golden-rod.
 Before her face the hills grow dim in haze;
 Then throwing wide her arms she takes the trees,
 Those slender maples, in a close embrace,
 A passionate, silent moan, and lo! one sees
 Her life-blood spread o'er all like filmy lace.
 The hills, the fields, the forests hide a tear,
 And autumn sadly kneels beside the bier.



THE FAIRY TALE IN ART

BY A. B. COOPER

THE fairy tale is older than civilisation. It comes down to us from the time when man inhabited the clearing in the primeval forest, the lake-village surrounded by unsealed and stupendous mountains, the cave-dwellings from which he had expelled the bear and the wolf and perhaps many another fearsome beast of which only the footprints and bony fragments remain to-day; when the world was a wonder-world of mystery, peopled with the creatures of a crude but prolific imagination. But as the world has grown older it has lost the art of making new fairy tales, just as it is losing the capacity of belief in the old ones. Is there, indeed, a corner of the old earth left where even a fairy, or a gnome, or a pixy—not to mention a giant or an ogre—could find a dwelling-place free from logical observation and scientific investigation?

That is the price which civilisation pays for knowledge—sanitation, electricity, ocean liners, and the like. It loses the authentic romance, and has to put up with substitutes. This is why the artist returns again and again to the old, old stories, the stories made in the world's childhood, before it grew up and became sophisticated and *blasé* and when not only children but grown-up people could believe in witches and warlocks, in wizards and enchantresses, in fairy godmothers and wicked stepmothers, in dragons and djins and trolls, and all those beneficent and malevolent powers of earth and air, of moonlit plain and darksome wood, of moun-

tain, lake, and morass, which made the old earth interesting, at least, if just a trifle awesome and frightening.

Yet, despite the ancient lineage of the fairy tale and its inevitable appeal to the imagination, it is only in recent years that it has seemed to appeal to the painter. In fact, the call of the fairy tale to the artist synchronises with the quite modern cult of childhood. In the days when the child was instructed "to be seen and not heard," the fairy tale, although retold from generation to generation by grandmas and old nurses, had not yet reached that artistic and literary eminence to which it has attained in these later days. It was the trivial topic of the fireside, but by no means the serious subject of the artist, and we may explore the galleries of Europe without finding a single picture, having the slightest claim to the title "Old Master," which has for its subject an incident from a fairy tale.

Legend, parable, mystery, mythology—these are represented almost *ad nauseam*. But the fairy tale, pure and simple, is conspicuous only by its entire absence. But the modern artist has found the fairy tale a mine of wealth. Of course, he was forestalled by the word-painter. The poet is ever the seer, the originator, and his pictures will be vivid, real things when the painter's canvas is no more. Keats and Shelley and Tennyson were pre-Raphaelites, in the best meaning of that much-abused term, whilst Millais and Holman Hunt were still



Painting by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes

THE WOODCUTTER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

playing marbles, and when Burne-Jones had not even arrived on this planet. In the same way Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm had written down the old folk tales and sagas, the fairy legends, the witch lore, the bird and beast stories—which had come down the long, long centuries from lip to lip—and made

them immortal word-pictures before they came into the artist's ken.

Nevertheless, during the last fifty years some great artists have not thought it beneath their dignity to make the fairy tale the subject of their art. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, following Tennyson's lead in his treatment of the Arthurian



AND HOP-O'-MY-THUMB GUIDED HIS BROTHERS SAFELY THROUGH THE WOOD

Painting by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes

legends, attempted to lift the old fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty" into an allegory of life, "Shadowing sense at war with soul," typifying the ascent of man and his winning, in

quality of a fairy tale, simplicity, and that in elaboration its aroma is lost.

Perhaps a certain type of artistic mind turns to the fairy tale, or something analogous to it, for its best in-



Painting by Val. C. Prinsep, R.A.

CINDERELLA

despite of a thousand temptations and harassments, to the goal of ideal beauty. Perhaps the artist succeeded in his quest, and even if he did not, his achievement is a beautiful one from the point of view of artistry. On the other hand, it may be urged that he forgot that most essential

spiration, for we find that George Frederick Watts (whose art seemed inevitably to run to allegory, a form of the fairy tale which loses its perfect artistry in its desire to point a moral, a thing which no good fairy tale ever thinks of doing) painted as one of his earlier pictures "Little Red



Painting by Monnet Loutan

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Riding Hood," now in the Birmingham Art Gallery. Still another painter of "pictures with a purpose," Sir Noel Paton, was proverbially fond of fairy subjects; but these are perhaps not so much in illustration of well-known fairy tales as pictures in which fairies take the place of human beings, as, for instance, in Charles Sims's "A Fairy's Wooing."

But it is when we come to the real, authentic fairy tales, like "The Babes in the Wood," "Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-thumb," "The Goose Girl," "Beauty and the Beast"—the dear old favourites—that we get within the real boundaries of fairyland as understood by the children. Here the children are on their own soil. They know their way about. They are fully-fledged art critics. They can tell you whether the Old Man of the Sea is ever likely to be shaken off by Sinbad the Sailor, whether the robins are making sufficiently good progress with their self-imposed task of covering up the Babes in the Wood with leaves, whether the forest through which Little Red Riding Hood wends her way is indeed the forest of their imagination, and whether the gold in Little Snow-drop's hair, as she lies in her glass coffin, is as ravishing as their dreams had painted it.

Now, surely the artist who can achieve a success with such critics as these, in their own realm and among their own folk, has done something well, and I think that this high praise will be accorded by all children lucky enough to have seen her pictures, to Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, a Canadian painter, now living in London, England. Here are two examples, out of many which have come from her brush, of this lady's sympathetic handling of the fairy tale, "Hop o'-my-thumb" and "The Wood-cutter's Little Daughter"—stories too familiar for particularisation. But notice in both cases not only the charmingly sympathetic painting of the children, but also the

delightsomeness of Mrs. Forbes's woodlands. They are true fairy woods, yet so far from being unnatural that one may see just such a one any day in the course of a country walk. What art is it which Mrs. Forbes uses to make her woodlands so alluring, so full of the mystical spirit of Fairyland?

Val. Prinsep, R.A., has his own way of treating a fairy subject, and who shall say that it is a bad way? It is certainly neither Elizabeth Forbes's nor Marianne Stokes's way, and yet, though the local colour of his canvases is so natural and unstrained, he has contrived, with that art which conceals art, to give to "Cinderella" and "The Goose Girl" an air of mystery and other-worldness which is redolent of the fairy tale. You know the story of the Goose Girl which Grimm tells? How she was a King's daughter and rode with her maid over hill and dale to marry the prince of a neighbouring land, and how the wicked maid forced her to change places, married the prince in her stead, and had the real princess sent out into the fields to tend the geese. Here she is, with her luminous eyes, her fine nose, the hair which was her glory, her delicate hands, and her sad, sad thoughts. It is just a little fairy princess in the midst of an English field, with the marguerites around her and the tell-tale thistle blowing in the wind.

No one would be surprised to learn that the artist's model for these two pictures was one and the same beautiful woman. But in Cinderella's case we can see the feet, and that is something to be thankful for, because they are worthy of Trilby herself. Now, most illustrators of Cinderella would never have been content to leave the fairy godmother out, but Mr. Val. Prinsep has a better way. Every child who looks at this picture will know instantly that the fairy godmother is just round the corner, and that Cinderella, with her ragged skirt full of sticks, has just espied her.



Painting by Val C. Prinsep, R.A.

THE GOOSE GIRL

But there is the pumpkin ready to be turned into a chariot, and when this lovely girl puts off her rags and puts on her fairy raiment, who shall blame the Prince for falling in love with her, or the fairy slipper for slipping on to that lovely foot?

Still another maiden, and a lovely one to boot—Mouat Loudon's "The Sleeping Beauty." It is Burne-Jones's "The Legend of the Briar Rose" without his inevitable vein of allegory, unless the little rose-bearing cherubs come into that category. But Burne-Jones never painted a lovelier lady.

"Roses are her cheeks and a rose her mouth."

The Prince, her deliverer, is coming, and the dear little Cupid who sits clutching his bow by the side of the lady's pillow would almost seem to be

sad that the lady should not sleep another decade at least, that he might be old enough to marry her himself! Meanwhile:

"She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps: on either hand upswells
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly pressed;
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest."

The story of Rapunzel, of which Miss Gloag has made such exquisite use, is perhaps but little familiar, even to the fairly appreciative reader of fairy tales, though it forms the subject of a poem by William Morris under the same title. Morris, however, could be very evasive in style when he cared to be, and he seems to have made special effort in this direction when dealing with this

pretty fairy legend. Thus, his telling of the story in verse has not increased its familiarity.

Rapunzel was a maiden confined by enchantment to the topmost turret of a witch's castle. The inevitable knight comes to rescue the fair lady, and Rapunzel, seeing him from her tower, lets down her hair, which had been the wonder of the world, and by its golden braids the knight climbs. Whether it is this first meeting or one of the many subsequent visits which the artist has chosen for her picture it would be difficult to say, especially where fairy tales are concerned, for in them love is ever at first sight; there is no maidenly coyness or manly diffidence, but perfect understanding from the first moment of meeting. However, the knight went many times to the bottom of the witch's turret, and saying:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair,"

would see the golden strands come floating down from above, and by their aid would reach his lady love. But one night the wicked witch, who had overheard the knight's invitation, imitated his voice, and said:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair,"

and when the maiden expected to see her lover, she was horrified to see her jailor. Then the witch, as a punishment, cut off Rapunzel's hair, and when the knight came and said:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair,"

she let fall the tresses, holding them tightly in her hands behind the buttress of the tower. She thought thus to entrap the knight and slay him. Though he fell into her trap, baited as it was with so lovely a bait, yet the witch failed in her object, and was slain herself. Thus was the en-

chantment broken, and thus was Rapunzel set free. And though she lost her hair, she found freedom and a husband, which Rapunzel would not be alone among the fair sex in reckoning a good exchange.

But what a number of fairy tales are still left out in the cold night of artistic neglect! They are an artistic treasure cave of Ali Baba, where gems rich and rare are scattered in seemingly careless profusion. But the Open Sesame is given to few. Only such as have the key to the child heart can enter in.

Yet is it wholly a matter for re-
in-
ing? Is not the fairy tale, more than most things, independent of the artist's brush? Are not its pictures sacred and incommunicable? Every child, at least, makes its own pictures—ethereal imaginings, too delicate for delineation by brush or pencil—yea, which brush and pencil tend rather to spoil and dissipate.

I know at least one child who says: "Pictures spoil my imagination." Ah, there it is! How crude is the attempt even of a great and true artist to catch the true inwardness of the fairy tale as it appears to the vivid, unspoiled fancy of a little child. So, perchance, it is well that the fairy tale has no great status at academy exhibitions. The criticism would be too keen and searching—not the criticism which appears in the daily print or the monthly review, but that subtler, finer, higher criticism which, failing to see in the "counterfeit presentment" the picture which fancy has painted on the canvas of the mind, says: "This is not *my* Red Riding Hood. That is not *my* Jack the Giant Killer. That is not my tiny, wee house where the dwarfs dwelt in the midst of the fairy forest." Ah me! When the critic is a little child, who shall attain the required standard?

THE MADNESS OF THE MILLIONAIRE

BY PETER McARTHUR

THIS is a story of John Smith the millionaire told for the benefit of John Smith the populist.

John Smith was a millionaire of the kind that all toilers hope to be some day. He had risen from the lower ranks by his own efforts, and, as he rose, he observed and learned, so that when his fortune was made he was able to marry a cultured wife and move in good society without causing pain to those with whom he came in contact.

In fact, he was partly civilised, and as he was a jolly soul who never showed more than a justifiable pride in his achievements, he was popular with all men. But no man, however high he may rise, can wholly rid himself of his past any more than a transplanted tree can thrive unless some of the original soil clings to its roots. So it is not surprising that some of John Smith's early tastes should still cling to him and occasionally make him unhappy amid his luxuries.

One afternoon he went down to this office feeling out of sorts, for his digestion was not all that could be desired. When lunch hour came, he sat at his mahogany desk and wondered what he would like to eat. Suddenly a memory came to him with an overpowering longing. He would like to have a plate of pork and beans, such as he used to get in his youth when he was a clerk working for eight dollars a week. Fine, meally

beans, clinging to one another, soft and succulent, with here and there a clot of sweet, half-transparent pork-fat shot with streaks of fine, delicious lean meat. His mouth watered at the thought of it. Years had passed since he had eaten a plate of pork and beans. In fact, he had not tasted them since he had rounded off his first hundred thousand dollars, for the expensive chef in the kitchen of his Fifth Avenue palace never sent to the table anything so gross and populist as pork and beans.

As soon as he decided what his jaded appetite demanded, he picked up his hat, with the intention of rushing away to Guggenheimer's restaurant on William Street, where he used to eat years ago. But suddenly he paused. How would it look for a man of his eminence in the financial world to eat at Guggenheimer's? The reporters always spoke of him as one of the *habitués* of Delmonico's, and if they should see him at Guggenheimer's it would give them something new and breezy to write about. They would gibe at him as only newspapermen writing on space can. And even if they didn't see him, Guggenheimer himself, old, fat and greasy, would certainly remember him from of old and disgust him with fawning attentions. He simply couldn't go there—that was flat.

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"My dear," he said to his wife, as they sat at the dinner table that



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night, "this dinner does credit to your judgment and the chef's ability, but do you know, I would rather have one old-fashioned dish than all of it."

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, you know I couldn't always afford fine things like these, and all to-day I have been craving a plate of old-fashioned pork and beans."

"Then you shall certainly have them. We would have them to-night, only it always takes time for the chef to concoct a new dish, and I don't think he has ever cooked pork and beans."

"Can we have them to-morrow for lunch, do you think?"

"Why certainly!"

"Then I'll run home from the of-

fice for lunch to-morrow, and you and I will have an old-fashioned pork and beans lunch, with a glass of milk and a good big thick slice of pie, eh? It will be just as good as going slumming for you. You will be able to see how the poor live."

So it was all arranged, and the astonished chef received his orders. But, having been trained abroad, the Jeffersonian simplicity of the recipes for cooking pork and beans did not appeal to him.

"Let zem soak over night, add pinch of soda, drain off water, etc., layers of sliced pork, etc., bake in oven, etc.! Zat was feed for one pig! Ah! we gif ze madame and monsieur one leetle surprise. I show zem how



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After purchasing a peck of the best beans, he selected the finest kernels, steeped them, and all night long dreamed of wonderful sauces and gravies that would disguise the plebeian flavours of the rank dish he was to concoct. Next morning even his mistress, when she called to see how he was progressing, found him cross-grained and uncommunicative.

“If madame vill please vait, all vill be vell!” was all the information he would vouchsafe. So after ordering an old-fashioned, deep, thick-crust apple-pie and a supply of milk, she left him to his own devices.

In the meantime John Smith was down town trying to attend to business. Once when looking over the tape, he found himself mechanically hunting for quotations on pork and beans, and several times he was heard absent-mindedly repeating the words “pork,” so that the impression got

abroad that the old man was trying to corner pork. It caused quite a flurry on the street. At last he stopped trying to work, and hurried away to his home.

He was decidedly early for lunch when he greeted his wife.

“Well, are the beans done?”

“I’ll see. I’ll order the dinner at once.”

“You haven’t forgotten the apple pie, have you, and the milk?”

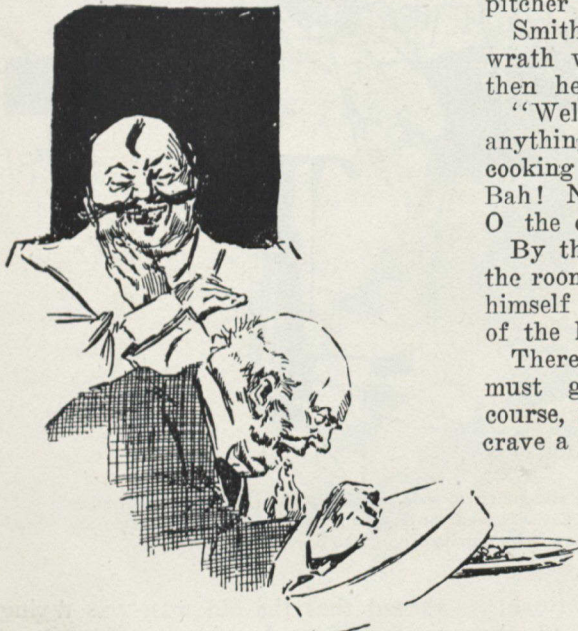
“No, everything will be just as you asked for.”

A few minutes later she returned, saying that everything was ready and that *Monsieur le Chef* was so proud of his work that he asked for the privilege of bringing it in himself.

When they were seated monsieur appeared, bearing aloft a large silver cover and smiling as only a Frenchman who has achieved a *chef d’œuvre* can. Placing the cover before the master of the house he bowed profoundly and stepped back

to await the effect of his masterpiece. Smith removed the cover and stared in amazement.

"What on earth is this?" he roared. "Why you have rubbed



"What on earth is this?" he roared. "Why have you rubbed these beans through a colander and covered them with a gridiron of sliced bacon? Whew! and the whole thing smells like a burning spice factory!"

these beans through a colander and covered them with a gridiron of sliced bacon. Whew! and the whole thing smells like a burning spice factory!"

"But vill not monsieur taste?" ventured the cook, startled, but still hopeful. "He may find zem delicious."

"Delicious nothing! I wanted beans, not a poultice."

It was in vain that his wife asked for a helping and protested that they were delightful. Smith stormed, and the cook waddled away to his own domain shrugging his shoulders until his head disappeared like a turtle's.

"The idea of paying \$5,000 a year to a cook who can't cook beans! Bah!

The cooks in the lumber shanties can do it. Let me try the pie!"

"Humph! you could paper the wall with the crust, and it might as well be made of turnips as apples, he's got it so infernally spiced. Pass me the pitcher of milk."

Smith tried to appease his rising wrath with a draught of milk and then he growled:

"Well thank Heaven he didn't do anything to the milk. The idea of cooking beans in his Frenchy way! Bah! Now you needn't start crying! O the devil!"

By this time Mrs. Smith had left the room in tears, and Smith, mad at himself and everybody, stormed out of the house.

There was nothing else to do. He must go to Guggenheimer's. Of course, it was absurd that he should crave a plate of pork and beans—yet there were precedents. Had not King David longed for a drink from the little well that was by the gate of Bethlehem, and had not Christopher Sly, after being elevated to the peerage,

called lustily for "a pot o' the smallest ale?"

Fortifying himself with such thoughts he made a descent on Guggenheimer's, but just as he was within a few steps of the door, he was hailed by a couple of brokers. Congratulating himself that they had not noticed his destination, for they would have made an undying joke of it on the street, he fell into step with them and, in a burst of geniality that he was far from feeling, led them to a gilded saloon and stood treat.

It was now clear that he couldn't go to Guggenheimer's, but, thinking the matter over, he hit on a bright idea. Why not send for a plate of pork and beans? Hurrying to his office, he called in an office boy.

"Jimmie, he said, if I give you a little job to do, will you keep your mouth shut about it and do it as quickly as you can?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie hopefully.

"Then here is five dollars. Go down to Guggenheimer's, on William Street, and get a plate of pork and beans for me! Bring it to me in a

can Iguana, the edible lizard, that is said to be the finest eating of anything to be found between the two poles? Well, I telegraphed to a friend in Mexico to send up a consignment



" 'Pork and Boston' shouted the waiter down the chute. A few minutes later he slammed the steaming fish before Smith. They did not look attractive, but he tried them heroically. Alas, it was he and not the beans that had changed! "

basket, and don't on your life let anyone know who it is for or what it is."

The dazed Jimmie ambled away to fulfill his commission.

A moment later Smith's old-time friend and fellow epicure, Henry Morton, burst into the room in the most unbusinesslike manner imaginable.

"Where have you been to-day," he exclaimed. "I have been trying to catch you ever since morning."

"I have been busy," growled Smith.

"Busy or not busy, you have got to come with me."

"What is the matter with you now?"

"You have seen articles in the papers, haven't you, about the Mexi-

of them to me, and they got here in good condition last night. The chef at Delmonico's is going to have them cooked for me this afternoon. Now I want you to come up with me right away, and we will have the feast of our lives." Smith thought of the Iguana, and he also thought of the beans.

"No, Henry," he said, "I cannot do it. I have an engagement this afternoon involving tremendous interest, and I cannot leave my office."

"Hang it all. You can let your interests wait over until to-morrow."

"I wish I could, old man; but it is utterly impossible."

"Well, that is too confounded bad," said Morton. "I thought I was going to give you a treat."

"Well, I thank you just the same,

but it can't be done to-day." After a little more grumbling and arguing, Morton took his departure, and Smith went to the outer office and gave orders that, under no circumstances, was anybody to be admitted to his room for the next hour. He then retired to wait for Jimmie. After a tedious wait he was gladdened by seeing his messenger appear, bearing the basket.

"Put it on my desk," he said sternly.

Jimmie had no sooner closed the door than Smith hastened to open the basket. The sight that met his eyes was by no means appetising. Bumping against people on the street, Jimmie had shaken a large part of the beans from the plate, and, of course, had forgotten to ask Guggenheimer for a fork. But Smith took a pen-knife and a paper cutter and began the attack. The first mouthful satisfied him. The beans were cold and the pork fat simply greasy, and the whole dish was a mussy, soggy insult to an epicure's digestion. Those were not the beans he used to get thirty years ago, but the reason was plain. They had been kept too long after cooking, and, besides, they were cold.

It would be tedious to narrate the sufferings of the multi-millionaire during the week that followed. He whirled around Guggenheimer's like a moth around a candle, but never could summon up the courage to enter. And all the while Jimmie used to look at him, at least so he thought, with an air of accusing knowledge that was very annoying, until at last he raised the boy's salary and sent him into another department, where he would not see him.

It is hard to say how long this would have gone on had it not been that one day he was walking along William Street, with his coat collar turned up and an umbrella spread before his face to shield him from a

passing shower, when he suddenly found himself in front of Guggenheimer's. He glanced up and down the deserted street, for the longing for a plate of beans had come over him again, and then rushed into the open doorway. Guggenheimer was sitting at his desk in phlegmatic supremacy, watching his patrons feed. He scanned the new-comer with a vacant look that did not show any sign of recognition. This made Smith feel a trifle more at ease, though it was a sad blow to his vanity to find that he was so completely forgotten. Pushing his way to a chair beside a greasy table he finally caught the eye of a waiter and ordered a plate of pork and beans.

"Pork and Boston!" yelled the waiter down the chute. A few moments later he slammed the steaming dish before Smith. They did not look attractive, but he tried them heroically. Alas, it was he and not the beans that had changed! They were no good.

That night John Smith stole humbly home to his Fifth Avenue mansion and meekly apologised to his patient wife, with whom he had been barely on speaking terms for over a week.

Indeed, he felt of so little importance that he almost called up the chef to apologise to him, but his wife would not hear of that, and he sat down to his dinner of turtle soup, porterhouse steak and mushrooms, and a new and wonderful pudding that had lately been achieved by the lord of the kitchen.

Now the moral of this for John Smith populist is that millionaires are all ordinary human beings, with ordinary tastes and longings, just like the rest of us, if they would only admit it. As they will not admit it, the writer will take on himself the responsibility of admitting it for them.

CALGARY STATION

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

DAZZLED by sun and drugged by space they wait,
These foreign peoples, at our prairie gate;
Dumb with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!
From near-horizoned, little lands they come,
From barren country-side and deathly slum,
From bleakest wastes, from lands of aching drouth,
From grape-hung valleys of the smiling South,
From chains and prisons, ay, from horrid fear;
(Mark you the furtive eye, the list'ning ear!)
And all amazed and silent, scared and shy—
An alien group beneath an alien sky!

See—on that bench beside the busy door
There sleeps a Roman born; upon the floor
His wife, dark-haired and handsome, takes her rest,
Their black-eyed baby tugging at her breast—
Mother of Cities, Glory of the Past!
Have ye no place for these? Must they at last
Turn from thy seven hills and stray afar
To lose thy fire beneath a northern star?
Thou hast but memories, Imperial Rome!
Thy children leave thee, seeking for a home!

Yonder, with stolid face and tragic eye,
Sits a lone Russian; as we pass him by
He neither stirs nor looks; his inner gaze
Sees not the future fair, but, troubled, strays
To the dark land he left! Ah, strange, sweet tie
Of patriot's love, cast out, but loath to die—
O land of tears, thine exile's eyes are wet,
He left thee, but he suffers for thee yet!

Here is a Pole—a worker; though so slim
His muscle is of steel—no fear for him!
He is the kind which conquers; he is nerved
To fight and fight again. Too long he served,
Man of a subject race! His fierce, blue eye
Roams like a homing eagle o'er the sky,
So limitless, so deep! for such as he
Life has no higher bliss than to be free!

This little Englishman, with jaunty air
And tweed cap perched awry on close-trimmed hair—
He, with his faded wife and noisy band,
Has come from Home to seek a promised land—

He feels himself aggrieved, for no one said
 That things would be so big and so—outspread!
 He thinks of London with a pang of grief,
 His wife is sobbing in her handkerchief!
 But all the children stare with eager eyes.
 This is their land. Already they surmise
 Their heritage, their chance to live and grow,
 Won for them by their fathers, long ago!
 This shall be Home for them—though no less dear
 The Motherland which claims their parents' tear.

Another generation, and this Scot,
 Whose longing for the hills is ne'er forgot,
 Shall rear a son whose eye will never be
 Dim with a craving for that distant sea,
 Those barren rocks, that heather's purple glow—
 The ache, the burn that only exiles know!

This Irishman who, when he sees the Green,
 Turns, that his shaking lips may not be seen,
 He, too, shall leave a son who, blythe and gay,
 Sings the old songs, but in a cheerier way;
 Who has the love, without the anguish sharp,
 For Erin dreaming by her golden harp!

All these and many others, patient, wait
 Before our ever-open prairie gate,
 And, filing through with laughter or with tears,
 Take what their hands can glean of fruitful years.
 Here some find home who knew not home before;
 Here some seek peace and some wage glorious war;
 Here some who lived in night see morning dawn;
 And some drop out and let the rest go on!
 And of them all the years take toll; they pass
 As shadows flit above the prairie grass.
 From every land, they come to know but one—
 The kindly earth that hides them from the sun!
 But in their places children live, and they
 Turn with glad faces to a common day.
 Of every land they, too, but one land claim—
 The land that gives them place and hope and name—
 Canadians, they, and proud and glad to be
 A part of Canada's sure destiny!
 What if within their hearts deep mem'ries hide
 Of lands their fathers grieved for, till they died?
 The bitterness is gone and in its stead
 A broad and kindly tolerance is bred—
 A tolerance which yet may show the world
 Its cannon dumb, its battle-flags close-furled!
 —Dreams? We may dream, indeed, with heart elate,
 While a new nation clamours at our gate!

THE PIONEER TEACHER

BY W. T. ALLISON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER ARMY" AND "MILTON'S TENURE OF KINGS
AND MAGISTRATES"

A FEW weeks ago the Associated Press sent out a meagre despatch to the leading newspapers of Canada, stating that Mr. Kenneth G. Beaton, headmaster of a public school in St. Catharines, had resigned after forty-five years' service as a teacher in Ontario. There were no important headlines given to this item; it was hidden away among the smaller chroniclings of the day, but to myself and to many Canadians scattered across the continent, it was a piece of news of great interest, for it called up the vision of the little red school-house of the long ago, and of the old master, who shaped our first imaginings, who seemed then, and seems still, to one person at least, to be the personification of rectitude and wisdom. For the sake of his pupils everywhere, for the edification of teachers generally, and as an instructive interlude for those who are reading at all times eulogies of our captains of industry and kings of finance, I wish to sketch the life of this Ontario teacher, who has laid down the insignia of office after long and noble service; I desire not only to review his career, but to add my personal tribute to his worth.

Kenneth Beaton, now the Nestor of Ontario teachers, was born in Vaughan township, county of York, in 1847. He inherited two blessings that have put iron into the blood of many an Ontario boy, poverty and a Scotch love of learning. His father

had come out to Canada from Argyleshire, and, although there was much work to be done on the farm, he encouraged Kenneth to go to school. The boy needed no stimulation, however. He was extremely fortunate in having as teacher Mr. John Morrow, who was afterwards for many years connected with the excise department in Toronto. Mr. Morrow was a normal-trained teacher and was not only well-educated, but grudged no time or pains to help along promising pupils. He gave extra attention to the boys in the higher classes who were ambitious to become teachers. In those days there were no high schools in Vaughan or anywhere else in Ontario. Hence the machinery for making public school teachers was not at all complicated. Likely youths went up from the public schools to be examined by the local superintendents of the different townships in the county. As a rule, these superintendents were ministers, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist. Mr. Beaton and one of his fellow-students, Mr. James McMurchy, who afterwards became high school teacher in Harriston, appeared before this examining board at Richmond Hill in 1866. One of the examiners was the Rev. John Bredin, a Methodist minister, then stationed at Richmond Hill; another was the Rev. James Carmichael, the veteran Presbyterian minister of King, who celebrated last year his fiftieth anniversary as minis-

ter in that place. The examination was partly oral and partly written. The good, old-fashioned subjects set for the examination were reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, algebra, Euclid (the first four books), and natural philosophy, an imperfectly developed subject in those days, ranging from a study of the hydraulic press to problems on the mechanical powers. Needless to say, Mr. Morrow's pupils passed this examination with credit. Mr. Beaton proceeded to his first-class certificate in 1868, and obtained the highest qualification as a teacher, his first-class A, in 1870.

In 1868, however, he began his career as teacher, his first school being near Mono Mills, in the southwestern corner of the township of Ajala, in the county of Simcoe. He taught there for three years, then obtained a school nearer home, on the sixth concession of Vaughan township, where he remained for the next five years. His next move was to the village of Kleinburg, in the same township, where he held sway for thirteen years. In 1887 he went to Nobleton, several miles distant, but remained there only two years. In 1889 he was offered a position as insurance agent in St. Catharines and there entered upon a new experience. But the teaching instinct was too strong for him; after six months in the new field he went back to his first love, becoming principal of a public school in St. Catharines, where he was to remain for more than twenty-two years. This position he resigned a few weeks ago to spend the remainder of his days in Toronto.

For forty-five years, then, this pedagogue has engaged in faithful service. And what of the recompense? We have heard a great deal about the salaries of school-teachers during the last few years. Some miserly Ontario farmers, who are willing to pay more for the improvement of roads than for the furnishing of their children's minds, still continue, even in the

midst of their prosperity, to bewail the increase in salaries, but when we consider the harder times and greater purchasing value of money in earlier days, it appears that the public school teacher is more poorly paid now than in the 'sixties. When Mr. Beaton took his first school he received £60 a year. The standard of currency was the old-fashioned Halifax pound, equal to four dollars. During the next few years his salary gradually increased from \$240 to \$400 per annum. When he went to Kleinburg, to teach in a fair-sized village school, he received \$425 a year. Before long his salary was raised to \$500, and so continued during his thirteen years in that generous community. In St. Catharines he received at first \$600 a year; later his salary was raised to \$700, but, despite the increased cost of living and growth of the city, the figure never went higher, although Mr. Beaton served there for twenty-two years. Comparing the salary received at the close of his career with that of the first years, therefore, it must be reluctantly admitted that Ontario people in the days of adversity were more generous, more appreciative of the work of a teacher, than in these latter days of boasted intelligence and progress.

Of course, the employment of women led to a fall in salaries. When Mr. Beaton took his first school there was only one woman teacher in the county of York. In a few years more women appeared upon the scene, but they received the same amount of salary as the men where they did equal work, showing that school trustees in those days were not only generous, but fair-minded men. Soon, however, when the high and model schools were established the female teacher waxed numerous. School trustees were only human after all. They allowed the women to underbid the men, so that in the 'eighties and henceforth it became almost impossible for a married man to make a living at school teaching in country districts or in small

towns. Hence the rarity of teachers of the Beaton stamp to-day. We have come to see now that it is a good thing for a small boy to have his character shaped by a masculine teacher. I do not say, of course, that it is not beneficial for him to be brought under the sweet and refining influence of a lady teacher, but he needs both models to look up to, the one for manly strength, the other for grace and gentleness. I am not alone in bewailing the fact that men have been driven from the teaching profession in our public schools in country places.

Mr. Beaton looked upon Mr. S. McAllister as one of the leaders in the profession as far back as the 'sixties. In those days other leaders were Messrs. Robert Doan, William Rennie, of Newmarket, Robert Alexander, Robert Rice, Thomas Moore, and A. B. Clark. Before the days of institutes the teachers of North York organised a local teachers' organisation and met regularly at Newmarket. Mr. Beaton remembers 1871 as a very important date in the history of Ontario public schools, for in that year the old local superintendents were replaced by county inspectors, and teachers were required to attend the county institutes. For many years he belonged to the Provincial Teachers' Association, which developed into the Ontario Educational Association, the annual meeting of which creates such widespread interest at the present day.

During his whole career Mr. Beaton taught in free schools. While he was still a scholar a very acrid controversy was waged in nearly all districts in the Province, as to whether the schools should be free or should be what were called "rate schools." This was the great issue at the election of school trustees, and many a strong campaign was fought out on this question previous to 1867. It was a difficult thing in those days for a teacher to keep out of the strife, for he was always secretary of the

trustee board in his section. When all Ontario public schools became free, not because of the option of a particular section, but by the public school law, one great trial in the life of the early teacher was removed.

Forty-five years ago the public school teacher and his pupils had few holidays. They enjoyed every other Saturday, a week at Christmas, Good Friday, the Queen's Birthday, and a brief and delectable vacation of two weeks in the harvest season. Probably the pupils would not have had the two weeks in midsummer had they not been needed in the fields. The teachers also were in demand as harvesters. In the early years of his service Mr. Beaton always went forth to wield the scythe or to bind the sheaves. One summer in the 'sixties, so I have heard him say, he made a bargain with a Vaughan farmer. He agreed to pull an eight-acre field of peas in exchange for a two-year-old heifer. It was a trying task. He blistered his hands, but completed the work, and joyfully led the lowing heifer to his father's farm. Eventually the heifer developed into a cow, and one of her descendants supplied milk for the school teacher's family fifteen years later when he lived in Nobleton. In the summer vacation Mr. Beaton received the sum of \$1.25 and board a day, the wages of an able-bodied harvester in those by-gone golden days.

Although the school was in full operation nearly all the year, many of the boys were able to attend only during the winter months. I can remember as a boy in the Kleinburg school that in winter-time nearly all the back seats were occupied by young fellows, ranging from fifteen to twenty-three. One of the oldest pupils wore a moustache and was a local Samson. He was so strong that he was able to throw a small stone with such force as to knock off a picket from the school fence. He was not so strong in the intellectual sphere, however, and one of the con-

stant gratifications of the younger boys was to stand ahead of him in the class. Often the older boys who were new-comers, made astonishing progress. There was one boy, in particular, who was fourteen when he entered for the winter session. He had been at other schools, but had never got further than the second book. The simple rules of multiplication and division made him flounder deplorably, to the amusement of small boys and his own vexation and despair. Mr. Beaton took him in hand, and for some weeks struggled to enlighten his brain. But there seemed to be "a veil hanging before his understanding." The boy was interesting outside of school and he was doing his best, so, like a wise teacher, our master showed the greatest patience, then he thought of a way to help the flounderer. He would sit down at the same desk, write out a problem on the slate, then imagine that he was in the boy's place, and think his way through, speaking loud enough for the boy to hear him. It was the very thing. No teacher had ever done this for the lad. He learned how to think, and, to the amazement of the teacher, the veil was withdrawn, the boy saw clearly, and, so wonderful was his progress, that in nine months he swept through book after book and stood as head boy of the school. Such was the effect of the sympathetic, individual treatment of the old-time pedagogue.

Among the letters received by Mr. Beaton from old pupils in all parts of the country there came a few weeks ago an epistle of gratitude from that very boy, who is now a commercial traveller in Western Canada. In the course of his letter the ex-pupil says: "While travelling through Saskatchewan the other day I chanced to read a despatch in one of the Winnipeg papers from St. Catharines telling about the retirement of perhaps the oldest school teacher from the standpoint of continuous service in the whole Dominion of Canada. I

have been wondering ever since if you are the Kenneth Beaton to whom I went to school in York county, Ontario, more than thirty years ago. . . . I can look back upon my school days of that period with a great deal of pleasure. You were then a young, active man and were in the habit of participating in all kinds of athletic sports, much to the amusement and enjoyment of your scholars. . . . We moved to Iowa many years ago and I remember you telling me when I left the school-room that I was going out among the Indians."

Although he was intensely interested in his pupils, Mr. Beaton always managed to inspire them with a wholesome respect for his authority. My own reminiscences of those years in the Kleinburg school are not altogether unclouded. In the words of Wordsworth, our teacher was "a rod to check the erring." He helped out moral suasion by corporal persuasion. He used a lithe rawhide that had a disagreeable habit of curling around the recipient's hand. At certain seasons he used a broad elm ruler; at all times of year he handed out just punishment for offences, which ran all the way from the minor sin of whispering in school to the greater offence of fighting on the way home. A strong hand was needed to check the pugnacious instincts of that generation, for all the boys of the school called themselves either Downroads or Uproads, and numerous were the collective and individual encounters, due not to personal so much as to topographical differences. There was no boy in the school, not even the picket-breaker, who dared dispute the *ipse dixit* of the master. There were none of those picturesque combats between teacher and scholars, such as we read about in hoosier schoolmaster stories. Mr. Beaton was a buirdly Scot, and his strong frame was surmounted by a stern countenance. There was often a twinkle in

the keen brown eyes, however, and we always suspected that beneath the granite front of the master, behind his mask of reserve and self-control there was a warm heart. He taught us the way to love through the wholesome, if somewhat sombre, avenue of fear.

Obedience and faithful work—these alone won his words of praise, which he dispensed with the usual economy of a Scotsman, who never enthused over anything. Even if he loved a scholar, he would have perished rather than betray any par-

tiality. But his autumnal sunshine was worth more than the full summer splendour of other eulogists of our boyhood days, and the discipline with which he whipped us along the path of life made us revere him afterwards as one who had conveyed to us a tonic power. He was one of the fathers of our flesh who corrected us, who gave us our first visions of the beauty of the world, and the grandeur of life, and the love of God. To him I bow in humble acknowledgment of the great good which he poured into my heart and brain.

COMMONWEALTH

By VIRNA SHEARD

GIVE thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:
The blue of the sky, the shade of a tree,
And the unowned leagues of the shining sea.

Be grateful, my heart, for everyman's gold;
By roadway and river and hill unfold
Sun-coloured blossoms that never are sold.

For the little joys sometimes say a grace:
The scent of a rose, the frost's fairy lace,
Or the sound of the rain in a quiet place.

Be glad of what cannot be bought or beguiled:
The trust of the tameless, the fearless, the wild,
The song of a bird and the faith of a child.

For prairie and mountain, wind-swept and high,
For betiding beauty of earth and sky
Say a benediction e'er you pass by.

Give thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:
The joy of life and the spring's ecstasy,
The dreams that have been, the dreams that will be.



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR

(Local Council of Women, Kingston.)

Never a ripple on all that river,
As it lies, like a mirror, beneath the moon;

Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All is dark and silent: each shadowy island,

Like a silhouette, lies on its silvery ground,

While just above us a rocky highland
Towers grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned.

Never a sound, save the wave's soft splashing,

As the boats drift idly the shore along,
And the darting fire flies silently flashing
Gleam, living diamonds, the woods among;

And the night hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,

And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm.

And the luscious breath of the wild vines' blossom

Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

Drifting! Why cannot we drift forever?

Let all the world and its worries go;
Let us float and float with the flowing river,

Whither, we neither care nor know:

Dreaming a dream—might we ne'er awaken—

There's joy enough in this passive bliss,
The wrestling crowds and its cares forsaken,

Was ever Nirvana more blest than this?

Nay; but our hearts are ever lifting
The screen of the present, however fair.
Not long, not long, can we go on drifting,
Not long enjoy surcease from care.
Ours is a nobler task and guerdon
Than aimless drifting, however blest;
Only the heart that can bear the burden
Can share the joy of the victor's rest.

*

WHEN Isabel Beaton Graham, of Winnipeg, gave her brilliant address on homesteads for women before the National Council of Women in the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, little she realised the interest created throughout the Dominion regarding this cause.

Knowing the intense feeling and the numerous petitions being circulated in favour of homesteads for women, I asked Mrs. Graham to write for us something about the subject, which is so dear to her heart and the Canadian Club of Winnipeg. She has written in reply the following:

"Here and there over the Canadian West great tracts of fertile lands lie awaste, waiting an occupant. Here and there over the Dominion, and, indeed, over the Empire, numbers of us attached women working for fathers, working for brothers—work and wait, work and wait—waiting for what—Eternity? How many men ever thought that the present homestead law was unfair even to men themselves? Here we have two



HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS GREY

farmers, both homesteaders. The family of one consists of sons; the other's of daughters—a common thing in the West.

“In a few years the man with the sons spreads out—homesteads right and left—acquiring a wide area of land—a half-section—320 acres—for each son. The man with the daugh-

ters cannot extend his homestead rights.

“The accident of sex in the family enriches one household and impoverishes the other.

“The law steps in and provides a birthright dowry for the man having sons and nothing for the man having daughters.

"The law discriminates against the man having daughters, practically assuming that the father does not care to provide for them.

"Why hasn't a Canadian woman a birthright in her country?"

"In every economic distress that sweeps a land, in every epidemic of disease, in storm or stress of whatsoever sort woman bears a full burden.

"Full sharer in adversity, why not sharer also in her country's gifts?"

"Across the international boundary any naturalised woman of eighteen years of age may homestead. Hundreds have homesteaded there on exactly the same terms as men and successfully.

"Set woman free financially. Give her a homestead such as is given to men. Let her whose nature craves it work out her own future as she wills.

"Homesteads for women perhaps might be conceded as a matter of sentiment, but 'business' surely was rampant here at the making of the present homestead law. The only woman eligible to homestead is the widow having minor children.

"A woman may be a widow, with minor children, all girls, and abundantly provided for, yet she may homestead.

"A woman may have a number of brothers and sisters, minors, whose sole head and support she is—but no homestead for her.

"A woman may have minor children and the additional millstone of a dissolute husband—but no homestead for her.

"A woman may be an unfortunate, with minor children—a victim of bigamy or a victim of the "no dower law for women"—no homestead for her.

"Any woman of any of these classes may be as worthy and as needful of a homestead as the widow with the minor children.

"Leaving the vagaries of our homestead law and returning to deal with the expansion of the law as it should

be, making all women of British birth eligible to homestead on exactly the same terms as men, would leave the conditions of both women and the country on a much improved plane.

"The inestimable value to our West that an influx of British women of some means and culture would add surely needs not be enlarged upon.

"Should women be given the homestead rights, single women might locate in small groups of two or three (or contiguous to male relatives). One outfit at the beginning could easily do the duties of all until a market would justify a wider cultivation.

"Residence upon a homestead is compulsory six months a year for three years, preferably during the summer of the first year or perhaps two, after that a continuous residence would be pleasant. It would be 'home' at the end of three years. Each woman would have a quarter-section of land, which if properly cultivated would secure to her an independence for the rest of her life.

"It is painful to realise that our own Canadian men—our own fathers and brothers—deliberately set us aside as undeserving of a share in our country's gifts. We Canadian women are here—literally on the ground—and want to occupy some of these still vacant prairies; yet we cannot have a share, except by purchase."

*

Her Excellency the Countess Grey, Honourary President of the Canadian National Council of Women, gave much of her valuable time to the cause of women during her residence in Canada. Her position in the Council, while honourary, would suggest that only her patronage was given. Not altogether is this true. Lady Grey has been a most enthusiastic devotee of the Council.

Travelling much over the Dominion, Her Excellency had many opportunities of visiting the various Councils, which she always did and

*you have accomplished
at what you are aiming
& shall remain
true in that way
all.*

*Believe me dear
Mrs. Torrington*

*Yours truly
Alice Grey*

Sept 16 1911

Dear Mrs Torrington

Have been beautiful since

GOVERNMENT HOUSE
OTTAWA.

being a home always for these girls when off duty, and she advocated in very strong terms the great necessity for a chain of hostels from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Not only was the hostel a blessing to these girls, but also a great comfort to the dear mother in the "old land."

Her Excellency, like her husband, was ever interested in our great Northwest, and though somehow we feel that the Hudson's Bay Railroad and its proposed shorter sea route to England, moving more quickly our Western crops, has been fathered by His Excellency, so the women of the West have appealed to Lady Grey's sympathies, and it was owing to Her Excellency's efforts that the "Lady Grey Country District Nursing" scheme was happily inaugurated.

REPRODUCTION OF PART OF A LETTER FROM THE COUNTESS GREY TO MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON

was a most interested listener and a most interesting speaker in many of the affiliated societies. For one so petted and donned by her family and then by the Canadian people at large her addresses were ever womanly and full of much feeling and sympathy.

Especially do I remember when Her Excellency spoke in Toronto in favour of the Women's Welcome Hostel, a scheme set on foot by the Toronto Local Council of Women. With an almost girlish simplicity, she came forward and told of the warm hospitality of the Canadians, not only to their visitors of prominence, but also to the women seeking service in this country, where there was so little time in their busy lives to become lonesome. Her Excellency spoke, too, of the great good the hostel did, in

In writing to Mrs. F. H. Torrington, the Countess Grey sent the following message to the Council:

"I am beginning to feel very depressed at saying good-bye to so many kind friends in Canada, and to so many things that for the last seven years I have been so interested in. May I, through you, as President of the Canadian National Council of Women express to your Council my thanks for all their past kindness and courtesy towards myself while I have been their Honourary President? I shall not soon forget the deep interest of those days of meeting during the gathering of the International Council of Women in Toronto, and I shall always continue to feel the most lively satisfaction in hearing of the good and valuable work that the N.C.W. will be enabled to accomplish in the future for the betterment of the national life of Canada, both public and private."



The WAY of LETTERS

NO Canadian novelist should be guilty of conventionality, and yet we have two recent novels that are conventional above all their other characteristics. One is "The Singer of the Kootenay," by Robert Knowles (Toronto: Henry Frowde); the other, "The Course of Impatience Carningham," by Mabel Burkholder (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). One might almost look for something better from Mr. Knowles. This author has now an increasing circle of readers outside his own parish at Galt, and it would be reasonable to hope that his novels would succeed one another with a corresponding increase in points of merit. At any rate, none of them should be conventional. And yet "The Singer of the Kootenay" harps upon a chord that already has been pretty well thumbed. The singer is a young man who is reckless enough or unfortunate enough to cause his name to be removed from the roll at Queen's College, but he has redeeming goodness, goodness that comes to the front when it encounters real badness in a British Columbia town. At his worst, he is scarcely wild enough to be attractive, nor at his best scarcely good enough to be convincing. But he can sing with a superhuman voice, so superhuman, indeed, that when he feels his waning importance at his first meeting with the heroine he assumes a romantic at-

titude and emits several bars of melody, with the result that the maiden is entranced. She feels sure that he is, after all, something more than a mere nightwatchman, and she beseeches him to sing again. The influence that his singing has on her proves to be equally effective at revival meetings. The revival meetings play an important part in the story, inasmuch as they bring the hero and heroine together on a common ground and satirise the Presbyterian denominational view of sensational or undignified revival. The first time the heroine attends one of the meetings, she goes "forward" with a girl whom she and the singer have saved from white slavery, and after the meeting, on the way to the heroine's home, this love scene is enacted, and it is described by Mr. Knowles as follows:

It is a great moment—Niagara in all the stream of life—when a man who has come to the strength of manhood, possessing still the purity of early youth, realises to what purpose the sanctity of his inmost soul has been kept inviolate; realises that the long garrisoning of the heart is all for this, that he may lay its treasure store in sacred passion at the feet of one whom he has come to love, to love with abandonment of life, and through no volition of his own, to love regally, almost madly, his Paradise gained at last in the very luxury of loving, all the long momentum of the years pouring the forces of his soul in this mighty waterfall that sweeps all before it and enriches the future days with fruitfulness and beauty.

Thus loved Murray McLean in that trembling hour, beneath the shadow of Old Observation; and amid the light of the mystic moon, and beside the sobbing form of one whose very grief was her holy dower.

"Hilda," he began huskily, his hands going nervously out, nervously withdrawn; "Hilda," he said once more, as some sweet strain that perforce must be repeated, "oh, my love, my darling—you know, you know—come," as his hands touched hers and tried to draw them from her face, his whole frame a-tremble with the thrilling impact. "You don't need to go back home—to come here—to go anywhere—only to me, to me, my darling," his voice strange of utterance as his soul poured through it with resistless passion, "I love you so. And—and—"

He stopped, as if fearful, bending over her in ineffable compassion. Then he waited—and it seemed an eternity.

The book is made up of much sentimentality, and there are numerous excursions aside in order that the hero or the heroine might perform some service of mercy. We had thought that E. P. Roe had drained these wells of sentiment long ago. They are the same wells, whether you sound them in Chicago or in the Kootenay valley.

*

MISS BURKHOLDER is a newer writer. She is a resident of Hamilton, and is clever as a short story or descriptive writer. Her delineation of the character of *Impatience Carningham* is convincing in many respects, but it is a pity that she should have taken the hackneyed factory town as a setting for this girl's development. Strife between factory employees and their employers is neither new nor attractive, and the idea of ultimate affinity between an owner or a partner and one who has risen from the bench is at best commonplace. In spite of these drawbacks, Miss Burkholder has depicted in *Impatience* a lovable personality—lovable for her open heart, her fidelity to truth, her unswerving loyalty, her quaint philosophy, and her gradually unfolding charms. *Patience*

is her real name, but she is called *Impatience* because she cannot give countenance to the small practices of her associates.

*

WHEN James Medill Patterson produced "A Little Brother of the Rich" it created so much stir as a seeming exposure of the under side of the upper crust of New York society that there was little consideration given the reason for such a compilation of disagreeable incidents. But when his latest, "Rebellion," is read with the memory of his first in mind the first thought is that the author must have an uncomfortably morbid mind or have received his training as a scandal reporter. Obviously he intends the book to be a treatment of the divorce question, a justification of divorce and remarrying; but for such a bit of heterodoxy it requires a much more subtle, convincing, experienced hand than that of James Medill Patterson. There are authors who might have effected what Patterson has attempted—E. Temple Thurston, for instance, but all that the author of "Rebellion" accomplishes is to rouse a feeling of something very akin to disgust, even with the tendency of the modern novel in mind. The delineation of such repulsive characters as Patterson gloats over can effect little good to author or reader, and the attempt to use such men and women as a support of heterodoxy is obviously futile. Divorce may be justified or not, but the selection of extreme brutality and repellent characters to prove it must be ineffective. Although the author has ensured acceptance among a certain class by outrunning public desire for that which savours of scandal it would be more interesting to the majority of readers to see Patterson, for Patterson's sake, turn his art to more agreeable subjects. Even Gertrude Elliott, with all her ability and attraction, and with the advan-

tage of having eliminated the most disgusting of the incidents of this book, was unable to present "Rebellion" during a recent visit to Toronto, in a light that left anything good to say about it. And the book is cruder and more revolting in the roughness of its details. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

MARCHMONT must have his admirers; that can be gathered from the fact that his books are turned out with regularity. But the reader who can follow him with admiration or interest through his newest book, "Elfa," must be mesmerised. "Elfa" abounds in all the time-worn strategies of last century novel writing: "Little did I think to what that promise would lead"; "Later on I came to know," etc.; "Fate stepped in to thwart me"; "Little did he guess that Fate was close on his heels"; "It was thus that Fate mocked me." In plot it is just as stereotyped. But, worst of all, this author, whose experience makes the subterfuge the more unpardonable, takes advantage of that cheapest of all artifices—the narration of the most harrowing events, ending with the revelation that it was only a dream. Marchmont must have wrung himself dry before he wrote "Elfa." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

IN "The Miller of Old Church" Ellen Glasgow has adopted an old theme, that of the universal and inevitable struggle of the lower classes to rise and the selfishness of the highborn who would hold them back. But she has imparted interest by using local modern conditions and describing them vividly. It is in reality, through one of the characters in particular (*Angela*), a personification of the survival of the old-time Southern aristocracy, and in

the history of *Molly Merryweather* we see the terrible odium that rests socially on one who happens to be conceived out of wedlock in the South. Illicit love plays a large part in the story, and yet Mrs. Glasgow is most adroit in her treatment of delicate passages. There is a very strong and complex plot, but it is perhaps in character sketching that the book is strongest. This story is a richly embroidered piece of living tapestry. Considered as a story dealing with the intimate concerns of a group of people whom we grow to love in a very personal way on account of their stirring merits or rare whimsicalities, the real interest of the book lies a good deal less in the plot structure than in the fine portraiture of character—in which respect it is far richer than any of Mrs. Glasgow's earlier works. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

THE new Encyclopædia Britannica is a noteworthy achievement in book-making. Not only has it been revised and enlarged by a great staff of experts, but it bears the imprimatur of the University of Cambridge, and can now be obtained in flexible binding over India paper, which makes possible thin, light volumes, convenient for holding agreeably in the hand. In respect of size and convenience in handling the new volumes have an immense advantage over the large, old-fashioned volumes common to most encyclopædias. (Toronto: Cambridge University Press).

*

A WELL-ILLUSTRATED volume entitled "The Aeroplane, Past, Present, and Future," has been issued under the guidance of Claude Grahame-White, winner of the Gordon-Bennett International Aviation Cup, 1910, and Harry Harper. Articles on various phases of aviation have been contributed by Louis

Bleriot, Howard T. Wright, C. G. Grey, C. C. Grunhold, Colonel J. E. Capper, Cecil S. Grace, G. Holt Thomas, Henry Farman, Roger Wallace, and Louis Paulhan. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

A BOOK about which every reader should form his own opinion is Charles Morice's "The Re-appearing," of which there is a translation into English, with an introduction by Coningsby Dawson. It describes a visit made by Christ to Paris, where he remains from December 14th until Christmas Day. The book is at least a fine example of realism, and it is regarded by some as an indictment of the ethical and social standards of modern Christianity. Others will regard it as vulgar and irreverent. Personal belief influences judgment on such a book as this. (New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

*

A NEW volume of poems by Dr. J. D. Logan is announced by William Briggs. The title is "Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics." There is also an introductory essay on "The Genius and Distinction of Canadian Poetry." A fellow-poet, John Boyd, of Montreal, has contributed a foreword. The poems are mostly patriotic, and as the author is known as a sincere and finished writer, as well as a conscientious and analytical critic, this volume should have a wide reading.

*

A NOVEL literary venture was recently made by the Harrington and Richardson Arms Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts, whereby they gave cash prizes of from \$100 to \$5 for true stories of "What I did with a gun." The company have published fifty of these stories in book form, and they offer the book at three cents, the cost of postage.

MY RAGPICKER" is the title of a little story by Mary E. Waller, whose novel, "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus'" made the author famous. It is the story of *Nanette*, a motherless little ragpicker, whose heart-hunger is artistically depicted. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

THE best in negro dialect must be conceded to Ben King, whose "Southland Melodies" touch the heart and stir the fancy. The author possesses a fine sense of humour, is whimsical, and his quaint philosophy oftentimes has a keen edge. The latest volume of his songs is exceedingly well illustrated from photographs of negroes in characteristic attitudes and moods. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

*

ACCORDING to Arnold Bennett, in "Literary Taste and How to Form It," the world is never a dull place to those who read in the right spirit. His book, therefore, is more than a lecture on how to enjoy literature; it purposes to show how to enjoy life. Most persons who read this book will feel that for them at least literature has a new meaning and a new place in their scheme of existence. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

A NEW edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is always interesting, for this celebrated masterpiece of phantasy seems to increase in value year by year. It has been illustrated many times, and in various ways, but a recent edition contains ninety-two illustrations by John Tenniel, and sixteen of them are reproduced in colours. These drawings add greatly to the pleasure of the reading, and they have the additional merit of being works of art. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).



CLERGYMAN (returning on Christmas morning from the sick bed of aged parishioner, to very deaf old woman)—“Poor Mr. Smith is in a high fever.”
 OLD WOMAN—“The same to you, sir, and many of ‘em.”

—Punch

A BAD EGG

“He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich.”

“Yes, he was all right until he was broke.”—*Sacred Heart Review*.

*

NOT TO BE DISTURBED

Waiter (to night nurse watching patient) — “Have some coffee, ma’am?”

Night Nurse—“No, I greatly fear that that would keep me awake.”—*Le Rire*.

*

SO FRANK

He (wondering if his rival has been accepted)—“Are both your rings heirlooms?”

She (concealing the hand)—“Oh, dear, yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer”—(blushing)—“it only dates from the conquest.”—*Tit-Bits*.

ANSWERED

“Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?” he asked severely.

“Why do you,” she replied sweetly, “put the skin of another calf on your feet?”—*Suburban Life*.

*

MORE TO THE DOLLAR

George Ade, at the recent Lambs’ gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife. “It is true that the married men of to-day,” he ended, “have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters.”—*The Mirror*.

*

WHY THE ICE FORMED

Old Gent—“’Pon my word, madam, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much.”

Lady—“For the better or for the worse?”

Old Gent—“Ah, madam, you could only change for the better.”—*Judge*.



"I DON'T CARE!"

—Life

ABOUT ALL

Bride—"Were you very much embarrassed, dear, when you proposed to me?"

Hubby—"Only about £20,000, love."—*Variety Life*.

*

PHILOSOPHIC

He—"Whenever I borrow money I go to a pessimist."

She—"Why?"

He—"Because a pessimist never expects to get it back again."—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

*

AN AMERICAN QUERY

Stories continue to come in of the doings of Americans during the Coronation. Every American goes sight-seeing, and as one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said:

"That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors."

A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"—*Tit-Bits*.

HER GAIN

Mrs. Jones—"Does your husband remember your wedding anniversary?"

Mrs. Smith—"No; so I remind him of it in January and June, and get two presents."—*Harper's Bazar*.

*

CRAFTY

"What does the veterinary surgeon next door advise for your pet lap dog's sickness?"

"He forbids my playing the piano."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

A MODERN VERSION

The following remarkable answers were recently given at an examination for teachers in New York. The questions were for the purpose of testing the general culture of the applicants:

1. Who built the ark? Theodore Shonts.

2. Who interpreted Pharaoh's dream? Eusapia Palladino.

3. Who received the Ten Commandments? J. P. Morgan.

4. Who led the Israelites into the Promised Land? Senator Guggenheim.

5. Who slew the prophets of Baal? Lyman Abbott.

6. Who preached in Athens the unknown god? Charley Murphy.

7. Who wrote the Book of Revelation? Thomas W. Lawson.

8. Who raised the siege of Orleans? Andrew Jackson.

9. Who was the author of *The Divine Comedy*? Ann Dante.

10. Who was the author of "The Declaration of Independence?" Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

11. Who was the author of *Faust*? Anheuser Busch.

12. Who said "England expects every man to do her duty?" Lillian Pankhurst.

13. Who was the author of *Les Miserables*? Nell Brinkley.

14. Who said *L'Etat, c'est moi*? Theodore Roosevelt.—*Life*.

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—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

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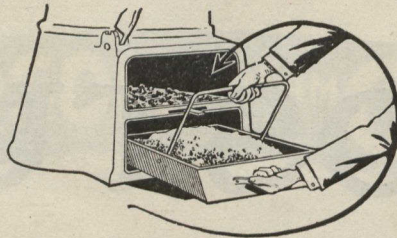
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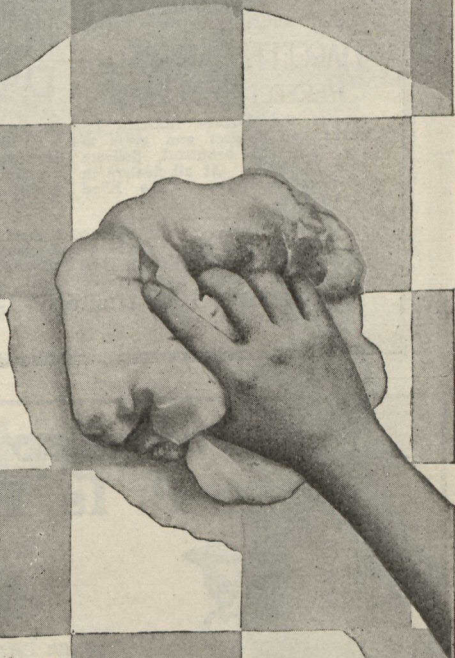
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The best recipe for a vigorous head of hair is: "Keep it clean." Keep the scalp free from dandruff and let the roots retain their natural oils.

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles

destroys the dandruff germ and stimulates the growth of the hair. A little care now will keep it strong and healthy.

YOUR HANDS

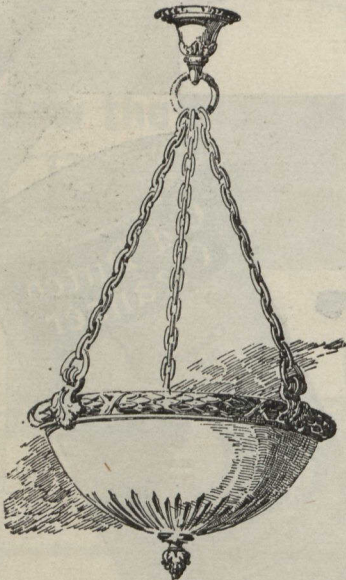
The difference between a man or woman, who manicures in a methodical manner and one who slights it is apparent to everyone. The use of

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools, gives to your nails a finish and beauty that marks you as one who neglects not the smallest detail of personal cleanliness. It is the standard.

5 and 7 De Bresoles St., Montréal

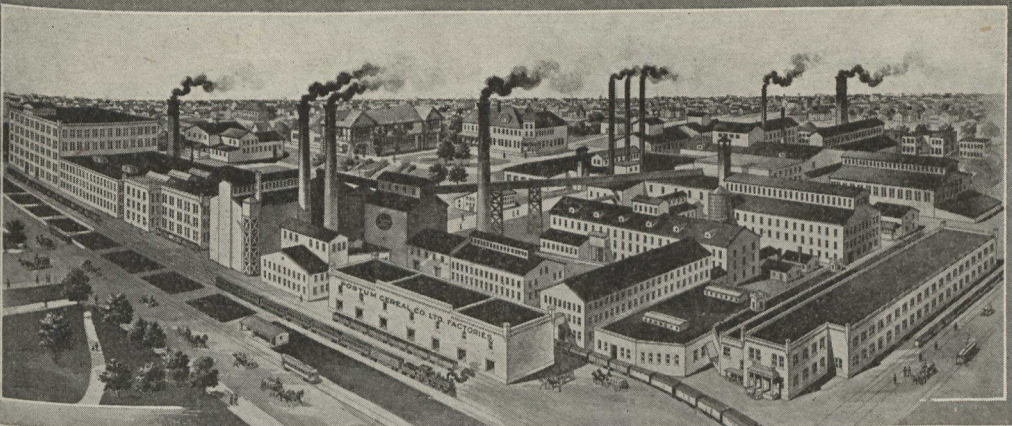
Murray-Kay's New Catalogue No. 6 P. Is Ready for Mailing



WE have just published a new Catalogue of Furniture and Furnishings and wish to mail a copy to every one interested in the tasteful furnishing and decoration of the home. This Catalogue (No. 6 P) is a book of 172 pages profusely illustrated with fine half tone and colored engravings of Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, Wall Papers, Electric Light Fixtures, etc. A great deal of care has been taken in its compilation and in the selection of the designs illustrated. Furnishings of a thoroughly dependable character only have been dealt with and the prices have been figured as closely as is possible with high quality.

A copy will be mailed free of charge to readers of the *Canadian Magazine* resident outside of Toronto. The issue is limited to 7,000. If you desire a copy write for it to-day.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED
36 AND 38 KING ST. W., TORONTO



Many Carloads
Daily
Of
Post Toasties

Leave the Pure Food Factories of the
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

They go to various parts of the world and supply
crisp bits of corn, delicately browned, for breakfast.

Many families have become accustomed to the
ease of service—no cooking being required.

It is difficult to conceive of a more palatable and
winning delicacy, particularly when served with
cream and sugar.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada





Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Induces healthy hair growth—Prevents Dandruff

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

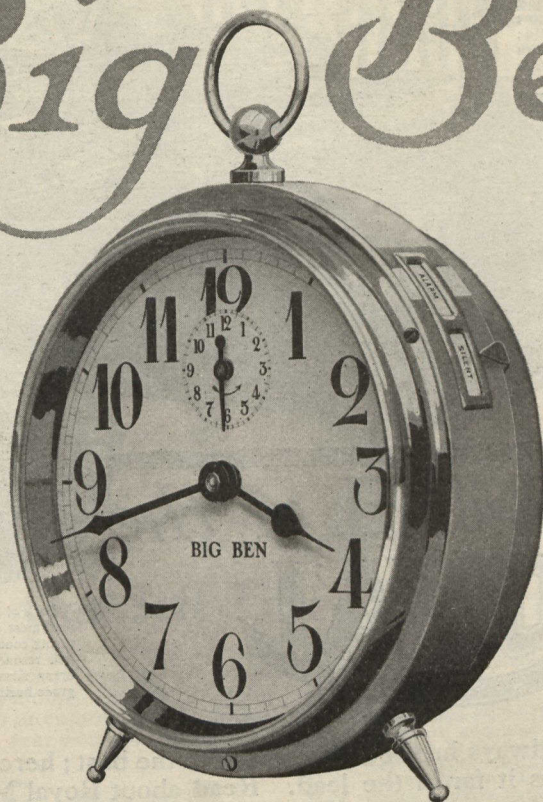
UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY

Big Ben



***Fir from the mountains and holly from the glen
Toys for the children and for grown ups Big Ben***

THERE'S a ring of welcome in Big Ben's morning call—there's lifelike service in his punctual greeting.

There's a glow of frankness in his big, clean cut face—there's sturdy comfort in his large winding keys.

There's a pledge of long health in his strong, well set build—and there's heartfelt wishing in the jolly tidings

“Merry Christmas—here is Big Ben—may he wish you many of them!”

So drop in at your jeweler's—sneak him in while *they* sleep—let him wake them on Christmas day. He's as good to look at as he's pleasing to hear and he calls every day at any time he says.

Big Ben comes attractively boxed, ready for reshipment.—A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you duty charges paid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers.

A Christmas Suggestion

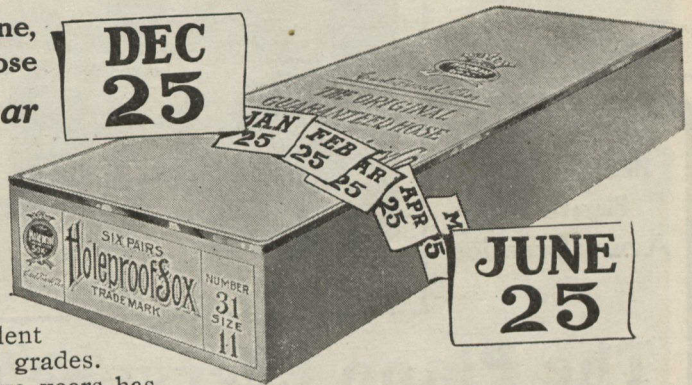
Six Pairs of Soft, Fine,
Stylish Holeproof Hose
—Six Months' Wear
Guaranteed

Here are six beautiful pairs of hose with a guarantee ticket and six return coupons enclosed.

You have never seen finer hosiery, such excellent colors or such wonderful grades.

"Holeproof" in twelve years has become the most popular hosiery. A million people are wearing it now.

Give a box to man, woman or child for Christmas. They'll be delighted and so will the one who usually darns in that family.



Our Soft Three-Ply Yarn

We pay an average of seventy cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. It is three-ply, soft and yielding. There's nothing about it that's heavy or cumbersome. No one in the United States ever wears anything else, once it is tried.

Carl Frieschl, Pres.

If your dealer doesn't sell "Holeproof," we'll fill your order direct. Look on each pair for the above signature. It identifies the genuine. There are scores of poor imitations.

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months, except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: Black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6

pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sock, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: Black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black and white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys. 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: Black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: Tan, baby blue, white and

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

TO DEALERS: Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."



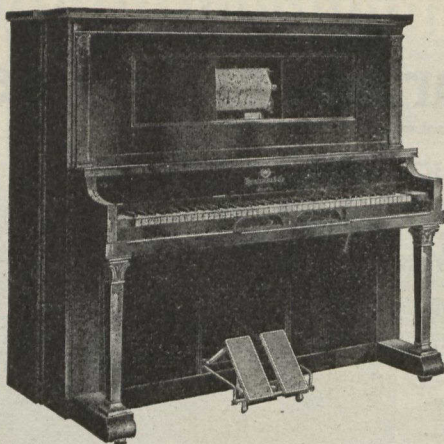
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Frieschl Pres.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.,

95 Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?



Heintzman & Co.
Player-Piano
A new Creation

Heintzman & Co.
Player-Piano
15 years in
advance

The Piano Everyone Can Play

IN hundreds of homes in city and country the piano remains unused because those in the family who were the pianists have left the old home. But if you are the owner of a

Heintzman & Co. Player-Piano

Made by "ye olde firme" of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., then you have a piano anyone can play. No previous knowledge of music is needed. Father or mother—anyone can play this instrument, and the world's choicest repertoire of music is at your command.

A Distinctive Feature

In no other player-piano is there the aluminum action, which makes this instrument proof against climate changes, something not possible in the ordinary wood action.

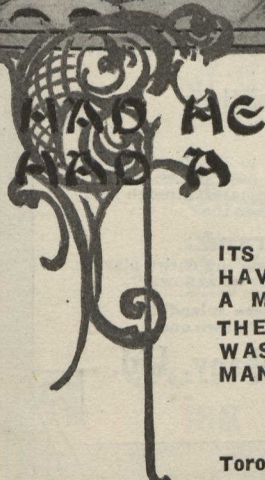
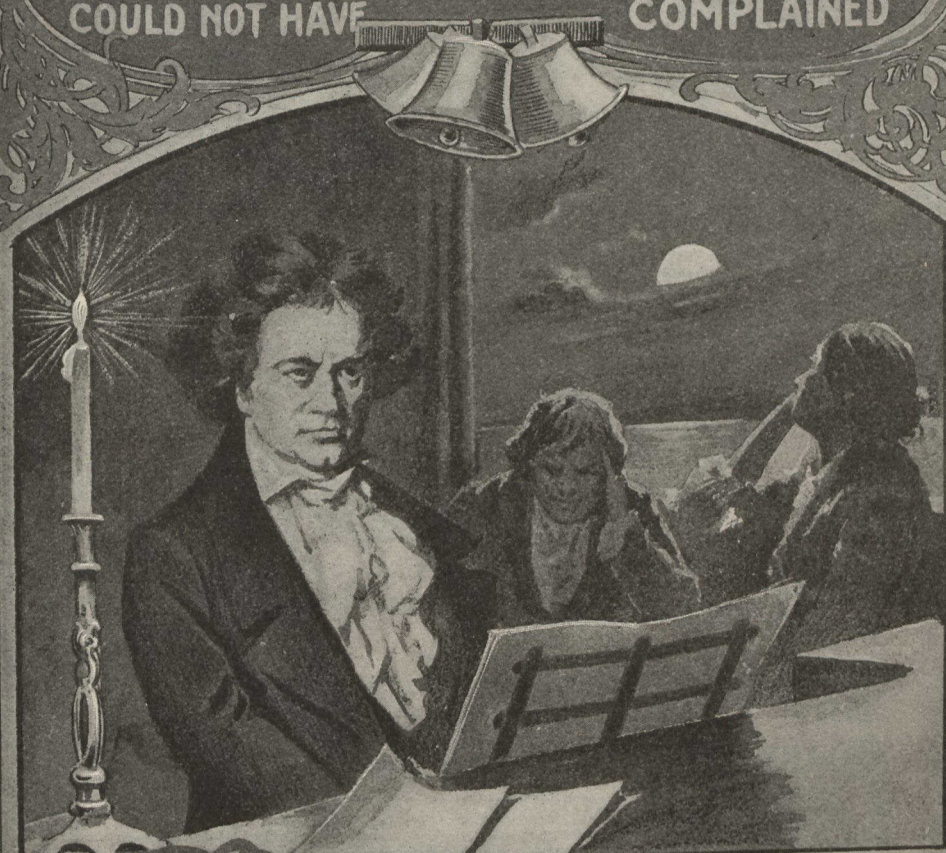
Another Advantage

Controlling of the air is the great consideration in all pneumatic player-pianos and here again the advantage of aluminum is shown, preventing possibility of air leakage.

Piano Salon: 193-195-197 Yonge Street, TORONTO, Canada

BEETHOVEN

COULD NOT HAVE COMPLAINED



THE BELL

ITS TONE AND PERFECT WORKMANSHIP WOULD HAVE RECOMMENDED ITSELF AT ONCE TO SUCH A MASTER.

THE BELL ILLIMITABLE QUICK REPEATING ACTION WAS NOT KNOWN TO BEETHOVEN, BUT IS IN DEMAND BY MUSICAL MASTERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THE BELL PIANO & ORGAN Co., Limited
GUELPH, - ONTARIO

Toronto

Ottawa

London, Eng.

The DOMINION PIANO.



Canada's Favorite
The "Old Reliable"

Over 80,000 sold
in forty years

Buy YOUR Piano on the Plan 80,000 People Have Found Right

For more than forty years we have been selling DOMINION instruments solely on their merits, directly from our factory or through our local agents at the factory price.

We have never found it necessary to pay high rents or erect costly buildings, hire pianists to use the DOMINION in concerts, make gifts to secure testimonials—and similar methods which seem necessary to sell some makes of pianos.

These expenses add no value to the piano—and everybody knows it. That's why 80,000 have profited by the "DOMINION" plan of selling,

Direct from Factory to Home, Avoiding All Costs Which Add to Value

From far-away England, Australia, Africa, buyers' send to Bowmanville for DOMINION instruments, preferring them to others of the world's best makes. This is because their tone is pre-eminently and permanently pure. In all climates, through many years of use, their musical quality remains unimpaired. This is because the

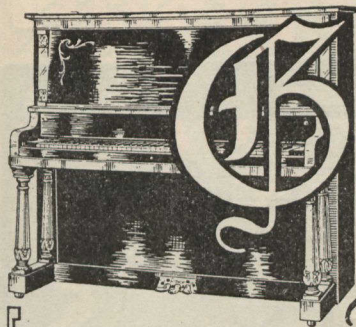
"DOMINION" is Built Like a Grand

An Arch Plate Frame, like that used in grand pianos, supports the entire playing mechanism, lessening the strain, improving the tone, preventing any "breakdown."

Write to-day for free Catalogue. Learn more about these splendid instruments. Let us show you how easy we make it for you to own one.

The Dominion Organ & Piano Company, Ltd.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



Gourlay Pianos

like rare old violins
possess a tone that
improves with use.

Why does a Stradivarius occupy
such an exalted place among
violins, when others may be
bought for so much less.

Because of its purity of tone.

So, also, it is the purity of
tone in Gourlay Pianos that
has won for them such an
exalted place in the esteem
of Canadian musicians and
music-lovers.

Over 4000 Gourlay owners
are ready to testify that
the tone improves with use.

Gourlay Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge St. - Toronto.

Provide
MUSIC

for your family and for your guests.
Play Grand Opera selections - play
Classical music far beyond the range of
the amateur musician - play the light
Operas - all by means of the

Gerhard Heintzman
PLAYER PIANO

which plays all music faultlessly and is
not in the slightest degree mechanical,
owing to the wonderful devices for
individua expression.

A booklet explaining fully these features may be had
for the asking.

Your present instrument taken at a fair valuation as
part payment, and easy terms of
payment arranged.

Gerhard Heintzman
Limited

41-43 Queen Street W., (Opposite City Hall)
TORONTO

Hamilton Salesrooms - 127 King St. East

A Merry
Xmas



MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS

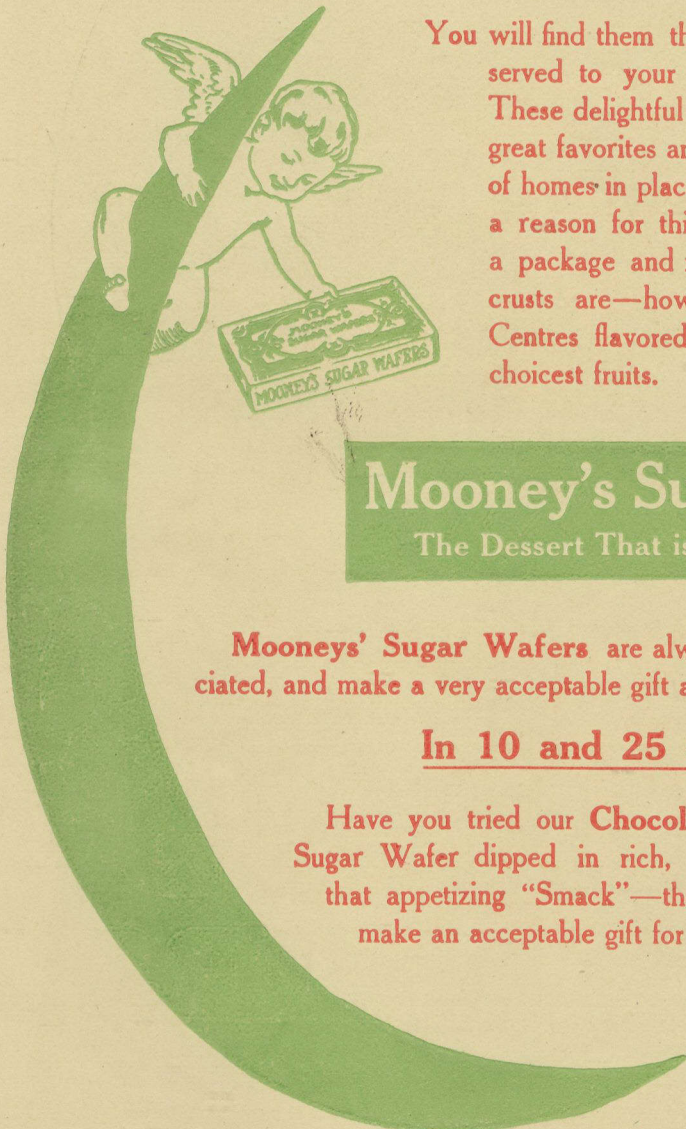
are
two spicy layers of
crisp biscuit crusts with
a delicious cream filling.

Suitable for all
occasions
In tin boxes, 10c.
and 25c. sizes.

A Christmas Special

Mooney's Sugar Wafers

You will find them the daintiest treat you have ever served to your family at **Christmas Time**. These delightful confections have proved to be great favorites and are now served in thousands of homes in place of cake and pastry. There's a reason for this **Sugar Wafer** hunger—try a package and note how crisp and dainty the crusts are—how delicious the sweet Cream Centres flavored with the real flavor of the choicest fruits.



Mooney's Sugar Wafers

The Dessert That is Asked For Again

Mooneys' Sugar Wafers are always good form—always appreciated, and make a very acceptable gift at Christmas time.

In 10 and 25 cents Tins

Have you tried our **Chocolate Wafers**? They are the Sugar Wafer dipped in rich, smooth Chocolate; they give that appetizing "Smack"—the **Mooney** taste. They also make an acceptable gift for the Holiday Season.

THE MOONEY BISCUIT AND CANDY COMPANY, LTD.

Factories Stratford and Winnipeg



The Spirit of Christmas finds a perfect embodiment in the Waltham watch. No gift crystallizes the refined sentiment of the season so perfectly as a Waltham, none combines such qualities of practical usefulness.

WALTHAM WATCH

As timekeepers, Waltham watches have no rivals, and for beauty of model and grace of design, they are unsurpassed in the watchmaking art. Waltham offers a wide selection, from popular priced movements to the new Waltham Premier-Maximus at \$250—the finest timepiece ever made. The Standard Waltham grades are named:

The Waltham Riverside

has been a famous Waltham movement for a full generation. It is a strictly high grade movement running through various sizes for ladies and gentlemen. All 19 jewel Riverside movements are tested for temperature, isochronism and five positions. The Riverside is a movement of unquestioned reliability.

The Waltham Colonial

for professional, business and social life combines the highest art with the sound principles of Waltham construction. It is a graceful model, made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable timepiece. It is adjusted, cased at the factory, and assures a watch of highest accuracy. Price \$37.50 and upwards.

Make your gift the gift of a lifetime—a Waltham.

Handsome Booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore free on request. Let your Jeweler guide your selection.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."



WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

MONTREAL, CANADA



MME. SEMBRICH

There are many pianos made to-day by different manufacturers all over the world, and all lay claim to having the best, but can they substantiate that claim? THE

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO

is not sold simply on its name, but on a reputation that has been justly earned. It is the **New Standard** which has met with approval wherever used, whether on the concert platform or in the home, and to-day is the recognized leader.

SEMBRICH, one of the greatest of SOPRANOS, writes as follows:—
"It gives me pleasure to tell you that I find the tone beautiful and of splendid power and carrying quality."

The elements which make the "New Scale Williams" Canada's greatest piano are set forth in our Catalogue. A line to nearest representative will bring you this book, or you may write us direct.

ASK ABOUT OUR EXTENDED PAYMENT PLAN #44

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED

OSHAWA

ONTARIO



The
Remington Typewriter
 is the
Perpetual Pioneer



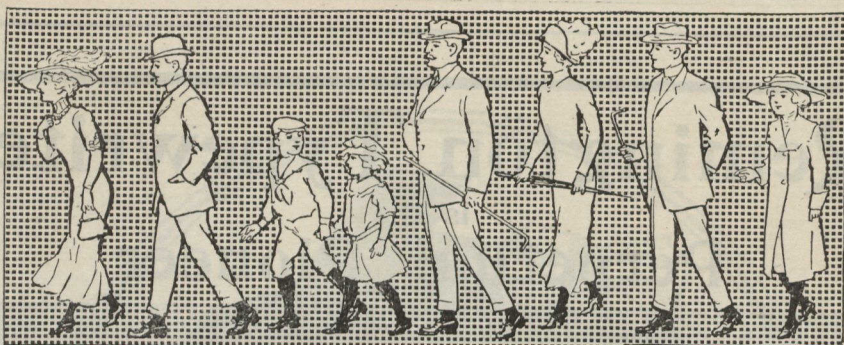
The *No. 10* and *No. 11 Visible Remington Models* are the latest expressions of Remington leadership. They represent the sum total of all typewriter achievement—past and present.

They contain every merit that the Remington has always had, and every merit that any writing machine has ever had.

They contain, in addition, new and fundamental improvements that no typewriter has ever had; among them the *first column selector*, the *first built-in tabulator*, and the *first key-set tabulator*. The Model 11 with Wahl Mechanism is also the *first Adding and Subtracting Typewriter*. These improvements are the latest contributions to typewriter progress, and they are Remington contributions—every one.

The Remington, the original pioneer in the typewriter field, is the present day pioneer in all new developments of the writing machine.

Remington Typewriter Company
 (Limited)
 New York and Everywhere



Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been knit into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat they fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only



Pen-Angle

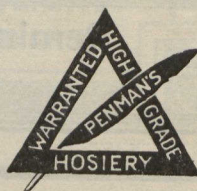
Full-Fashioned
Seamless

Hosiery

Made by

Penman's Limited

Paris, — Canada
Underwear, Sweaters, Hosiery





Chapped Hands

AND HOW TO PREVENT THEM

EVERY Woman, everyone in fact, who appreciates smooth hands, and who cares to escape the unpleasant soreness which a chapped skin causes, should use :---

"LE CALICE"

CASTILE SOAP

MADE ONLY BY

Srs. D. L. Leca & Cie., Marseilles, France

This is one of the purest and most refined of Castile Soaps. This soap, always used, prevents chaps, roughness and soreness of the skin.

To use warm water and thoroughly dry the skin will be found great aids in the prevention of this common complaint. *Sample Cake on Application.*

See it bears the name as well as the brand
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Agents for Canada :—
ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., MONTREAL





DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Offices—312 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
67 Bleury St., Montreal.

THE

SUNDAY
"KING of CLEANERS"

VACUUM CLEANER

Tests made by experts on this machine show the following remarkable results.

Vacuum 10 inches. Air displacement 33 cu. ft. per minute. Cost of operation 1 cent per hour. Weight 37 pounds.



These figures constitute a record, as, to equal these measurements, in any one particular, on the part of any other machine, means increased weight or cost of operation. The machine is light, powerful, simple and reliable and convenient in form for carrying.

We make the entire machine here, and can duplicate any part instantly. Our guarantee is permanent and covers material and workmanship. The

equipment is the most complete on the market covering all sorts of house work where a vacuum cleaner can be employed.

A card will bring full particulars and the name of our agent in your locality.

Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner Mfg. Company, Limited

345-349 Dalhousie St.

Ottawa Ontario.
Fred. E. Morris, General Manager.

To agents. Enquire as to our proposition. Some open territory left.

Canada's Hairfashion Store

GLENN-CHARLES

Formerly Jules & Charles

89 King Street West, Toronto, Canada



Hair Goods by Mail

Satisfaction GUARANTEED

Transformation from
\$17.50 up

Fronts (Semi) from \$5.50 up

Best Quality Hair Switches
Straight from \$2.50 up
Wavy from \$3.50 up

Mens Toupees from
\$17.50 up



THE GLENN-CHARLES HAIR STORE

Famous For Best Quality of European Hair

The REIGN of Waterman's Ideal

The Old
Favorite

Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

From Stationers,
Jewelers, etc.
\$2.50 upwards

For
Christmas

THERE is nothing new about Waterman's Ideals. They are the same serviceable pens that bore this trade-mark a quarter of a century ago. You see and hear more of them now because the years that back them in increased public use have made them a staple. They are now made more to suit individual requirements in this age of specializing. The same successful Spoon Feed accurately controls the flow of ink. The gold pens are letter-perfect in their responsive and lasting use. The barrel shapes are most comfortable and the construction simple and capacious. Be sure of the name

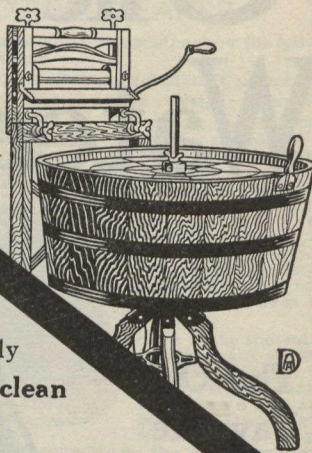
Waterman's Ideal

on the pen you buy. Send for booklet illustrating Regular, Safety and Self-Filling Types.

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited

107 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal
London New York Paris

"It Certainly Do Wash Dem Clean an' Quick"— *Aunt Salina*



The colored lady may be off in her grammar but she certainly knows how to **wash clothes clean** and **wash them quick**.

The "New Century" washing machine is a marvel for **efficiency** and **money-saving**.

A six-year-old girl could do the weekly washing of the average family with a "New Century" washer.

Now ladies! just take a soft pencil and **figure out how you can increase your bank account—or begin one that this washing machine will make substantial in time.**

Wash day bother through in a few minutes—Clothes washed spotlessly clean because the "New Century" gushes the water through the fabric—Delicate it may be—the flimsiest material in the world—yet, the "New Century" cannot injure it.

Ask your dealer to show you how easy the "New Century" works—

How it cuts out drudgery and saves money.

N.B. A post card will bring you Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy. Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

**Cummer-Dowswell Limited,
Hamilton, Ont.**



OXO Cubes are the greatest advance in food invention since men began to eat and women learnt to cook.

Each cube is measured exactly—the right size for a cupful—uniform in nutritious properties, in quality taste and flavor.

To make a meal, simply drop an OXO Cube in a cup, pour on hot water and stir.

55



10 for 25c.
4 for 10c.

The Little Friend of the Deaf



Actual
Size

This ad is to deaf people who have about given up—who are failing in hope and in courage—people who think their cases unlike other cases which have been cured. We don't want any money. Just send for a book that tells about "Wireless Telephones for the Ears"—little devices that 390,000 deaf people are using to-day because they HEAR with them. Think of it, men and women; these tiny wonders are so small that they fit in the ear out of sight and so soft that you never feel them, even when lying down! Yet you hear whispers! Is your case beyond such simplicity? Not a bit of it. One of the officers of this company is a deaf man. He became desperate, and in desperation developed this marvellous ear drum. It is one of the inventions of Mother Necessity—an inspiration. Talk to him to-day. You'd never suspect his affliction. He's been improving his tiny "phone" for 20 years. There is nothing else to compare with it—anywhere. Don't you want the book he has written about it—a book by a man who understands deaf people because he is one of them? You do, if you want to get back your hearing. Just say, "Send the book," on a post card, and mail it to WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 311 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



Encourage the Cuti- cura Soap Habit Among Children

More than a generation of mothers have found no soap so well suited for cleansing and preserving the skin and hair as Cuticura Soap. Its absolute purity and refreshing fragrance alone are enough to recommend it above ordinary skin soaps, but there is added to these qualities a delicate yet effective medication, derived from Cuticura Ointment, which renders it invaluable in overcoming a tendency to distressing eruptions, and in promoting a normal condition of skin and hair health, among infants and children.

Sold throughout the world, with depots in all world centers. London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Chaussee d'Antin; Boston, U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave. Free, from Boston or London depots, a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. booklet

"I always install the SOUVENIR

(New Idea Series)

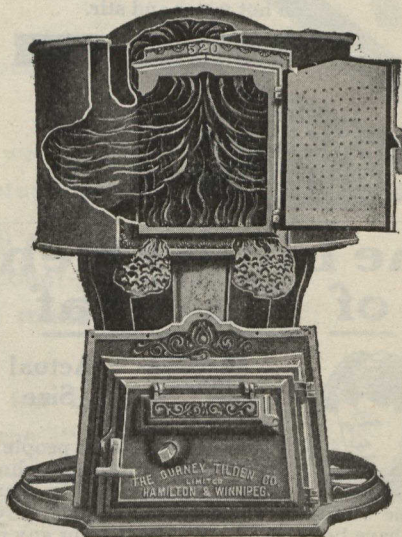
It means quick sales"

There you have the decisive verdict of
a practical builder and contractor

—the verdict of a man whose knowledge
of the science of heating largely deter-
mines his income. He always installs
the SOUVENIR in houses built on spec'
for the simple reason that *this
furnace means quick sales.*

The SOUVENIR possesses many points
of superiority that appeal strongly to
discriminating buyers on sight. The
Firepot — *the heart of the furnace* is
constructed in such a way that the max-
imum heat diffusion is secured with
minimum fuel consumption.

SOUVENIR Grates are simple, strong
and easy to operate. It's always safe
to install a SOUVENIR furnace because
it is generally known to effect a saving
of 25% to 50% in fuel consumption.
Let us send you our new booklet. The
SOUVENIR furnace is made in Ham-
ilton, the stove centre of Canada by



*Every buyer of a Souvenir Fur-
nace is presented with a legal bond
on date of purchase, guaranteeing
firepot against cracks or breaks of
any kind for 5 years.*

The Hamilton Stove & Heater Co.,

LIMITED

Successors to GURNEY-TILDEN CO.

HAMILTON

ONT.

Christmas



What a great Idea!!

WHAT a great idea for "his" Christmas!

And what a great idea for quick, easy shaving—this AutoStrop self-stropping idea!

For \$5 you get a Christmas present consisting of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and horsehide strop in handsome case, as shown in above picture. This pays for a man's entire shaving expense for years since the AutoStrop stropping keeps each blade sharp for a long time—sometimes six months to a year. Other sets for travellers with soap and brush \$6.50 upwards. Send for free booklet.

Factories in Canada and United States. Sold by dealers in both countries, at \$5 and upwards. Cheaper than a Dollar Razor, as the blades last so long.

Dealer is authorized to refund your money if razor is not satisfactory.

Get "his" Christmas present off your mind by getting him an AutoStrop Safety Razor today!

AutoStrop

SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF

Strops, Shaves,
Cleans without
Detaching
Blade

Far Quicker,
Handier than a
No-Stropping
Razor

MADE IN CANADA

400 Richmond Street, W., Toronto, Canada

345 Fifth Avenue, New York

61 New Oxford Street, London



On Christmas Morning

as on any other winter day, you can make your home more comfortable and cheery by using a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Its genial warmth is quickly at your service, ready for use in any emergency. You will need it as a supplementary heater when those extra cold spells come. Later you will find it just the thing for the changeable weather of early spring.

The Perfection Heater is light and easily carried. It is safe in the hands of a child—the safest and most reliable heater made. Drums finished in either blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings—an ornament to any room.

A special automatic device makes smoking impossible. All parts easily cleaned. Gallon font; burns nine hours. Cool handle; damper top.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

**The Imperial Oil Company, Limited
The Queen City Oil Company, Limited**

The Christmas Present for all the Family for all the Year.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The greatest kind of Christmas present—because it brings to every member of your family *all* of the very kind of entertainment *each* prefers—not merely for a day, but for all the other 364 days in the year, and for all the years to come. Think of the money thrown away on trifles every Christmas. And then think of the Edison—the gift of a lifetime.

The greatest Christmas present of its kind—because it brings you the four great advantages which you should look for in a sound-reproducing instrument, and which you will *find* only in the Edison—exactly the right volume of sound for your home; the sapphire reproducing

point which does not scratch or wear the records and lasts forever—no changing needles; Amberol Records, which play twice as long as the ordinary record, rendering each composition *completely*; the ability to make and reproduce your own records in your own home.

Hear the Edison at your dealer's or write us for complete information to day.

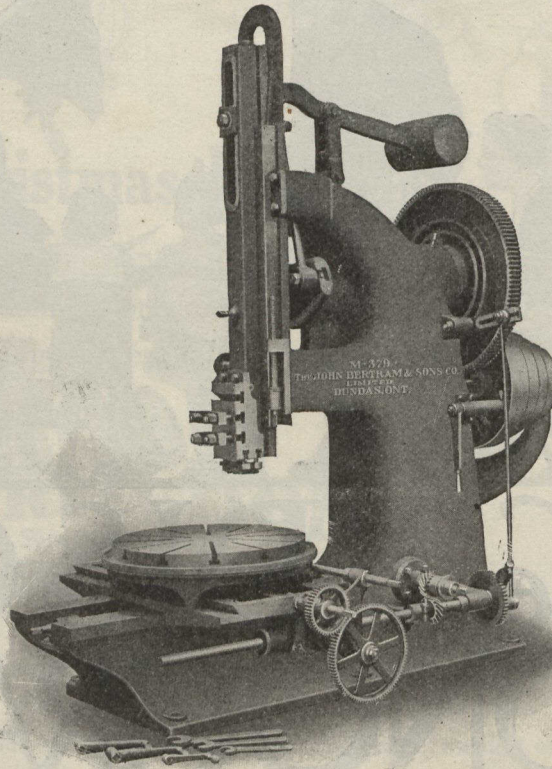
There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, \$16.50 to \$240.00. Edison Standard Records 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to \$2.50.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
6 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N.J., U.S.A.



BERTRAM

Railway Tools



14 inch CRANK SLOTTING MACHINE

Write for particulars of any tools in which you are interested for Locomotive and Car Shops, Boiler and Bridge Works of General Machine Shops.

The **JOHN BERTRAM & SONS CO. Limited**

DUNDAS - Ontario, Canada

Such a good Soup.

Such a little price.

Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED **SOUP**
5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

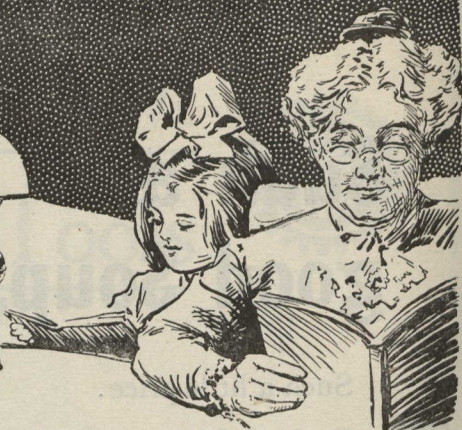
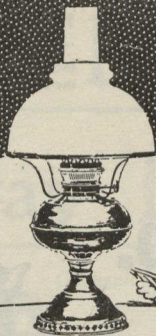
Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There and in England it is a household word.

REPRESENTATIVES: for Ontario, W. G. PATRICK & Co., TORONTO
for Quebec, WM. A. DUNN, 396 St. Paul St., MONTREAL
for Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, W. H. ESCOTT Co., WINNIPEG

"Remember my face—you'll see me again."



THE Famous
Rayo
Lamp



The Ideal Reading Lamp

Opticians agree that the light from a good oil lamp is easier on the eyes than any other artificial light. The Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made.

It gives a strong, yet soft, white light; and it never flickers. It preserves the eyesight of the young; it helps and quickens that of the old.

You can pay \$5, \$10 or \$20 for other lamps, but you cannot get *better light* than the low-priced Rayo gives.

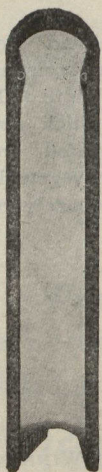
The ordinary Rayo Lamp is made of solid brass, nickel plated. Easily lighted, without removing shade or chimney. Easy to clean and rewick. Many other attractive sizes and patterns.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular direct to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

Use "PROUDFIT" Loose Leaf Binders



and obtain Loose Leaf utility with Blank Book convenience.

"Proudfit" binders secure any number of sheets from one to two thousand.

"Proudfit" binders are absolutely flat-opening, therefore saving more than one inch of the binding margin needed by other loose leaf books. There are absolutely no metal parts exposed to scratch or mar the desk.

Ruled sheets carried in stock.

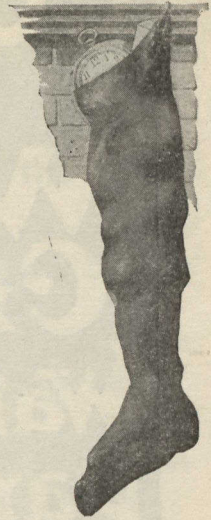
Send for Catalogue and Sample Sheets.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited
52 Spadina Ave., :: :: :: Toronto, Ont.

Something "different" for the Christmas Stocking

Why not give an alarm clock? The Junior Tattoo makes a good gift because it is **different**. It is small—hardly larger than a watch—and will easily go in the stocking. Besides, its an accurate timekeeper—always "goes off" on time—and wakes you with just the cheeriest alarm you can imagine. There's music in its call. Then, these clocks have so much beauty about them. They are artistic—an ornament that always fits in.

It's hard to find something new to give—here is a sensible, useful and beautiful Christmas present.



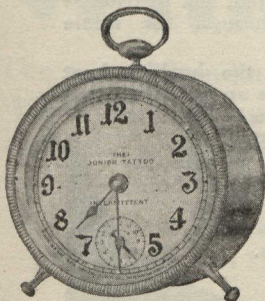
The Junior Tattoo

PRICE \$2.25

It is suitable for the bed-chamber or library, the children's, guest's, and servant's room—for the chaffeur—in the office—in fact, anywhere. And it is especially adapted for traveling—small and light, you know—nothing better. For the latter purpose, a rich red or black case is sold with it.

For the regular clock. There is a Junior Tattoo "Family," however, and various artistic styles and designs in gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany. (Send for "family" circular). For instance, the satin gilt finish costs \$2.50, the silver finish with porcelain dial, \$2.75, and the traveler's clock with case \$3.75.

THE ALARM CLOCK OF MANY USES



Ask your dealer to show you the Junior Tattoo. If you cannot buy at home, send price for as many as you want to our Canadian representatives. They will ship prepaid, if you give your dealer's name.

This solves the problem of the Christmas present. Suitable for Him or Her, or will fit nicely in *Anybody's* stocking. The Junior Tattoo is odd, unique, and "different." Ask your dealer or order to-day.

Canadian
Representative

E. & A. GUNTHER CO.

196-198 Adelaide Street West - Toronto

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
U.S.A.

139 Hamilton St.

Dealers wanted everywhere. Have you seen our monthly trade journal, *The Junior*, edited by Charley, the shipping clerk?

"GOOD CHEER" FURNACE With its Big "Circle Water Pan"



For Your Health's Sake

install a Good Cheer Furnace with its good big Circle Waterpan and its assurance of a warmth that is cosy and healthful.

Don't kiln-dry yourself breathing the parching moistureless heat of the average furnace where the waterpan is a joke.

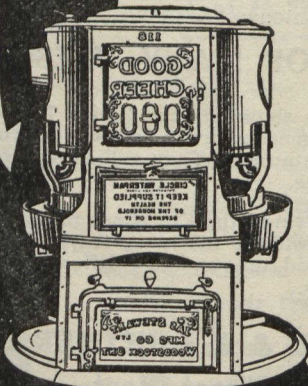
The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace

is the only furnace in which really satisfactory provision is made for supplying enough moisture to make the air as humid as it is on a perfect summer day.

The big waterpan encircles the fire-pot, where evaporation is rapid, and distributes the moisture evenly through the whole volume of heated air.

The perfecting of the healthy heat feature may be taken as an indication that the "Good Cheer" Furnace leads in excellence of other features.

Investigate this new "Circle Waterpan" feature of the "Good Cheer" Furnace—it is of first importance. We'll gladly send you Booklet giving the facts. 11



The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Of course you want it. You want it because it provides the absolute maximum of comfort, safety and convenience; because its lather is so rich and creamy, softening and soothing.

Perhaps these qualities explain why those who may have been persuaded to try other kinds very soon want Williams' more than ever before.



Note the convenient sanitary hinged-covered boxes

Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder

The same abundant and emollient lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick from others—the same soothing and antiseptic properties that preserve the natural softness of the skin are found in Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder. And the hinged-cover box—snap open, shake on the brush, snap shut—adds greatly to the quickness and ease.

SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 18 cents in stamps. Address THE J. E. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



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ulsters, regard-
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are uniformly well
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their shape through
all.

No cheap or poorly
made ulster will
do this. Look good
at the start but the
finish is woeful.

Do you wish to look
equally well at the

end of the winter as when you first wore your ulster ?

If so, select a Fashion-Craft Ulster. Costs no more than the other kind.

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"Fashion-Craft"

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Proprietor

102 Yonge St., H.A. IRVING

Manager

426 Yonge St., STEWART PRICE

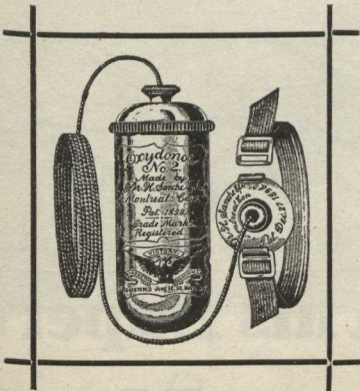
Manager

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The greatest force for life in the world is oxygen.

OXYDONOR compels the system to absorb oxygen freely, and immediately all disease and illness is cured.

Professor Fletcher Osgood of Chelsea, Mass., writes; "WITH OXYDONOR I HAVE CURED RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, LA GRIPPE AND EXTREME NERVE STRAIN. IT HAS NEVER FAILED ME IN 15 YEARS."



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It is specially recommended for Rheumatism, Paralysis, Fevers, Lung and Stomach troubles, Anemia, Insomnia, Indigestion, La Grippe, Eczema, Dropsy, Lumbago, Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, etc.

Originated and invented by an eminent Physician, Endorsed by Physicians.

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Your Child's EYES

Nature did not foresee the Modern Schoolroom—or she would have given to every Child's Eye a Natural Supply of Murine. It's the most Delicate and Sensitive of all the Organs, this splendid little Mechanism called the Eye—yet Modern conditions demand of it almost Impossible Things. Nothing else that's Human would stand the

Strain. The Schoolroom with its Chalk Dust, Bad Lighting, and Strenuous Demands plays havoc with the Child's unaided and unprotected Optics, leads to "Four-Eyed Inconvenience" and Real Trouble. But—Murine supplies the Need: it helps Nature out of the Dilemma. What Nourishing Food is to the Tired Body—what Good Oil is to the Dry Bearing—that Murine is to the Eye. Don't send your Child to School today—or any day—until its Eyes have been washed Clean and well "Oiled" with Murine. It can not harm. It can not help but Benefit and Strengthen. Phone your Druggist to send you a Bottle—today. Don't delay. Now is the time that the Whole Family should begin to use Murine Eye Remedy.

Write to the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for A B C Eye Care Book Free

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There is strength and energy in every bottle.

It stands the test.

Keep a case in your home for family use,

Derby

The Collar You've Often Wished For!

2 for 25c.
IN QUARTER SIZES

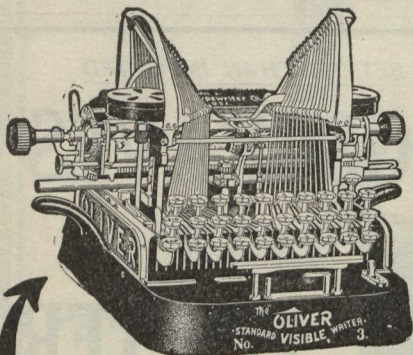
Easy to Put On—Easy to Take Off

You'll find this new W. G. & R. Collar stylish, perfect-fitting and comfortable—with the New Slip-On Buttonhole which banishes all the old discomforts of getting your "closefit" collars to button neatly and easily.

The "Derby" has plenty of space for tie to slide easy. Like all W. G. & R. goods, these collars have smart style, high quality and give genuine satisfaction.

Your dealer has them.

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Get This Superb Oliver No. 3

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Positively the most astounding offer ever made on the world's greatest typewriter—a chance of a lifetime to have a high-grade writing machine in your own home or office! Send your letters and bills out typewritten—increase your business—improve your collections—let your family use it, too—on our stupendous **Free Trial Offer**.

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Ask us to send you our Sectional Bookcase Folder. Do not delay—you will soon have to purchase your gifts. Our stock is complete—different styles and finishes to choose from.

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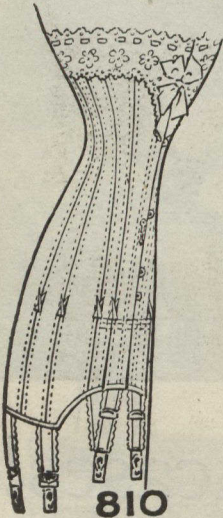
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La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET



French Corsetieres

Nearly 1,000 French-Canadian needle women, inheriting the deftness and skill of their French ancestors and directed by Canadian energy and a great industrial organization, produce the D & A and La Diva Corsets. The latest ideas from Paris are carried out by these clever French-Canadian work people in our model factory.

When you purchase a corset made in France or the United States, 40 p.c. of your money goes to pay the duty. When you purchase a D & A or La Diva Corset, you are getting Parisian style, French workmanship and up-to-date methods, all at a moderate price. You pay no duty, but the entire value of your money is in the corset.

A DE LUXE MODEL

La Diva No. 810, illustrated herewith, which sells at \$4 00, is an example of our highest grade corsets. It compares with imported corsets selling at \$7.00 and \$8.00. For medium figures there is no better corset. Sold everywhere.



DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, Que.

Makers of the famous D & A Corsets



A Christmas Pleasure That's Mutual

The Gillette Safety Razor

is a gift that pleases much at first, and more with every passing day.

It is as handsome as a piece of jewelry—and even better than it looks. Daily, for a lifetime, it will transform shaving from an irksome task into a pleasant three-minute incident in the morning toilet.

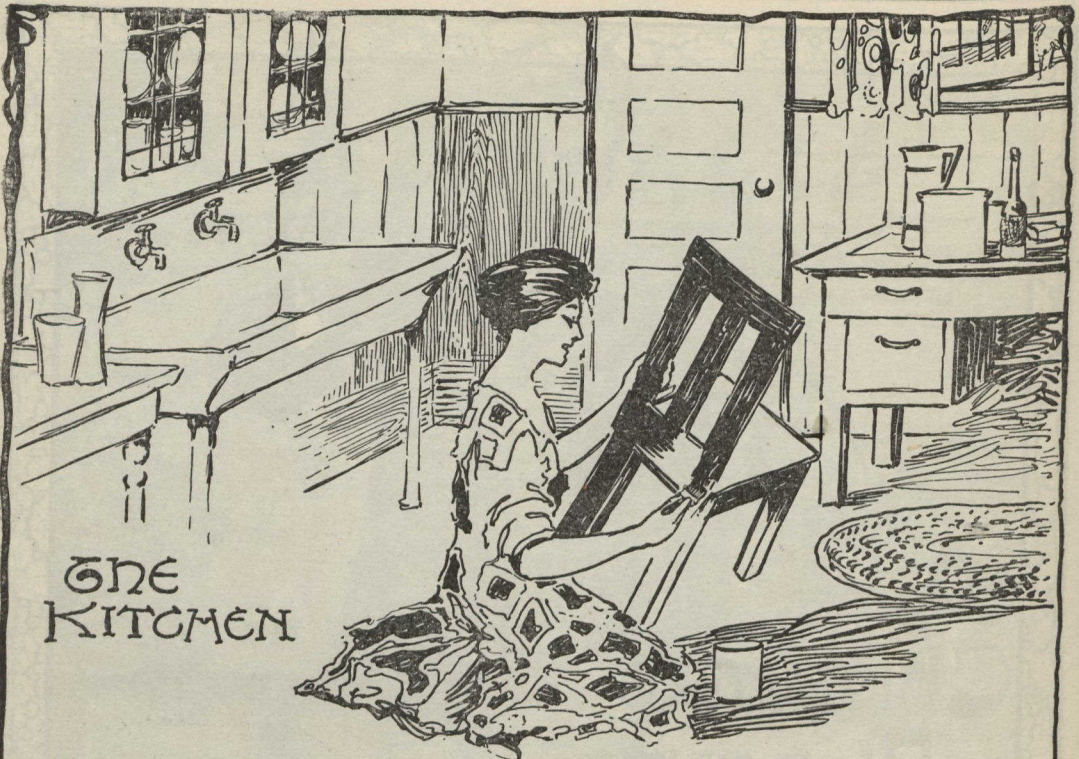
When you give him a GILLETTE for Christmas you do much more than add to a man's daily comfort. Your pleasure lies in encouraging in him those sterling habits of self-reliance, self-respect and economy of time, of which the morning GILLETTE shave is a symbol.

See the GILLETTE assortment at your Hardware Dealer's, Druggist's or Jeweler's. Standard Sets \$5.00 — Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Office and Factory: 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.





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KITCHEN

COVER THOSE BLEMISHES

'Tis the kitchen that gets most wear and tear. Wear from the scrub brush - tear from the pots and pans and daily toil.

LACQUERET

will give a new tone to your oil-cloth—make those old kitchen chairs fit for any company—cover up the ice man's clumsy work on your refrigerator—brighten the wainscotting—banish pussy's claw marks from the table and chair legs. Worth while trying it?

Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of many uses of "Lacqueret" for your home. And there's a copy waiting for you for the asking.

Cans contain full Imperial measure.

Don't accept a substitute.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

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von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES
FOR MEN"



are not only correct, but they confer a fine air of distinction. Styles that are recognized as always right—quality that is the finest that can be put into a hat—splendid workmanship—these unite to give the tone that is appreciated by men who know hat values.

The favor in which these hats are held is not a matter of chance, but of merit. Whether you pay \$3.00, \$4.00 or \$5.00 for a *von Gal made Hat*, you are assured of getting the best quality that can be put into any hat at the price.

You are assured of the money's worth that only a great organization can give—assured of the styles that lead because created by the most artistic, skillful designers.

Satisfaction in the hat you wear is guaranteed by the dealer in *von Gal made Hats*. It must be to your liking. We stand behind him in this absolute guarantee.

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

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INCORPORATED

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Price, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

At leading dealers.

Write today for Fall and Winter
Style Book B

Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ontario
American Factory, Danbury, Connecticut
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Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda (*Dr. Churchill's Formula*) and Winchester's Specific Pill are the Best Remedies for

**EXHAUSTED or
DEBILITATED**

NERVE FORCE

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per box, by First-class Mail No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme

Personal Opinions: DEAR SIR: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc. with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. TEWKSBURY, M. D., Portland, Maine.
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I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

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Established 53 Years.

For sale by Lymans Ltd., and the Nat. Drug and Chem. Co. and Lyman Knox & Co., of Montreal.



A guide to be trusted when buying true quality Silver Ware

IN choosing (what is usually the favorite present) (during the coming Xmas Season), namely "Silverware," it is no easy task to determine. Looks may betray. Some Silver plated Ware is so cleverly finished and (offered) so (temptingly) that its appearance—a beauty which is only skin deep—is often made the only determining factor and the buyer suffers afterwards the inconvenience of seeing it wear off and show its lack of lasting value.

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The Beauty of Standard Silver Ware lies not only in the original and artistic designs and reasonable prices but unnoticed at first in the sincere workmanship, the pure hard white metal and the generous deposit of the finest Sterling Silver.

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

A Reputation has been earned by us by upholding the Standard in high-class Silver Plated Ware. The merit of our goods is determined by the increase and continuance of public approval of our policy "The best at a moderate price" and the popularity of our make we judge by the sales of Standard Silver Ware that have reached a height never touched before. Could there be any better proof of the superiority of our make.

We have this year prepared some exceptionally attractive lines such as Casserole Goods, Reproductions of old Sheffield and Old Dutch Designs and it is well worth your while to see them.

EVERY RELIABLE JEWELER SELLS STANDARD SILVER WARE.

If you cannot get it, write to us, we will assist you.

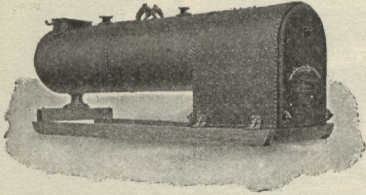
ASK FOR IT AND REMEMBER every piece bearing our name is manufactured and guaranteed by.

Standard Silver Company Ltd.

33-41 Hayter Street

TORONTO

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We design and manufacture Boilers to suit all requirements.

Our Locomotive Type as per Cut above is preferred where portability is a feature, being self contained and easily put into operation.

We would be pleased to furnish you with complete Specification and Prices.

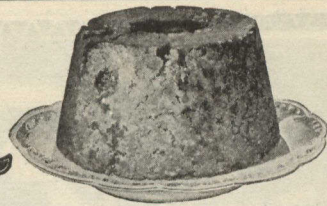
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THE
Jenckes Machine Co.
LIMITED

General Offices: Sherbrooke, Que.

Works: Sherbrooke, Que., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices: Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt
Porcupine, Vancouver, Montreal, Rossland.

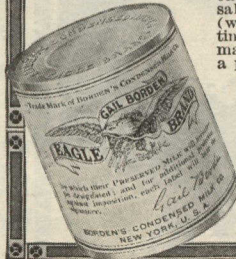


CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Your Thanksgiving or Christmas Dinner will not be complete without this dessert *par excellence*. To have it rich, but wholesome and digestible, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and one-fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very light, add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually one pound of crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet (chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of salt, and two pounds of raisins (weighed after stoning and cutting them); lastly, add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

WELL, WELL!

THIS is a HOME DYE
that ANYONE
can use



I dyed ALL these
DIFFERENT KINDS
of Goods
with the SAME Dye.
I used

DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

No Chance of Mistakes. Simple and Clean. Send for Free Color Card and Booklet 101.
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Try Murine Eye Remedy
If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



A Perfect Breakfast

drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

**SUCHARD'S
COCOA**

It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO.
MONTREAL

**Why not an Ostrich
Plume for yourself or
friend at Christmas ?**



London variety in Plumes: Mounts; Bands; Marabout Muffs; Stoles; Ostrich Fans; Boas and Novelties is the largest in Canada. Everything at "maker to wearer prices."

London Selected Plume

made of male feathers chosen with the greatest care. A more beautiful plume could not be made. 18 inches long, black, white or any solid color. Price.....\$5.00

LONDON FRENCH PLUMES

In Black, White and Fall Colors, in varying lengths; 12 inches \$1.50; 14 inches \$2.50; 16 inches \$3.50; 18 inches \$4.50. Everything sent express paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LONDON SELECTED WILLOW PLUME

Truly a superb feather. Guaranteed hand knotted. Full 20 inches long, 3 ply, of lustrous male stock. Sent express paid and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.....\$10.00

London Willow Plumes run from \$5. to \$8.50 in 3 ply, single tie; and \$10. to \$16. in 3 ply, double tie, according to length.

Illustrated Price List Sent Free.

If you cannot wait for it, select from above, sending us amount, state color and we will send goods, prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Better write to-day.

LONDON FEATHER CO., Limited

144 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Also at London, Eng., Paris, New York, Montreal.

**WONDER-
-SHINE**

SILVER CLEANER

for cleaning Harmless
the Rub-less
SILVER, Polish

GOLD &
PLATEWARE

without rubbing

AT ALL DEALERS

25¢ & 50¢ a package

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

Have established a new and higher standard of purity and deliciousness in candy-making. They are prepared from the best cocoa beans the market affords, personally selected by us, and ground in our own factory by skilled confectioners.

The chocolate coating is of the finest quality and the centers are dainty and varied, forming a combination which results in the most delicious chocolates you ever tasted.

Try them.

**MOIR'S
Limited
HALIFAX
Canada**

**Sold by
Best Dealers
Everywhere**

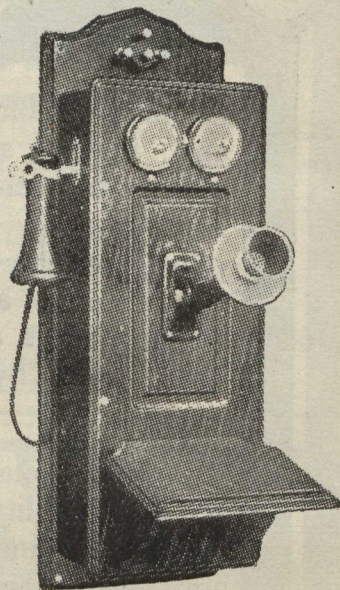


We are directly interested in the success of rural independent telephone systems

Our large investment in the Independent Telephone business makes us directly interested in seeing that every municipal or local company enters the telephone field along the best and safest lines. A failure would injure directly the independent telephone development and indirectly our business. So that it is to our benefit to lend our strongest assistance to make every independent telephone company a success.

The services of our Staff of Qualified Telephone Engineers are at your disposal. They will assist you in planning construction and solving operation problems. Their wide experience and knowledge are at your service without cost to you.

The very fact that our business doubled in volume last year, and is doubling again this year, is sufficient proof that the **QUALITY** of our telephones and materials, and the **SERVICE** we render, are above par.



FREE TRIAL

Write and ask about our Free Trial Offer, and for a copy of our latest telephone book, the No. 3 Bulletin. Just off the printing press.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

18-20 Duncan Street.

Toronto



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

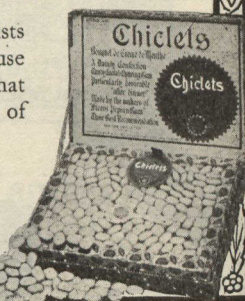
Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
CANADIAN CHEWING GUM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Can.



The way to woo



GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

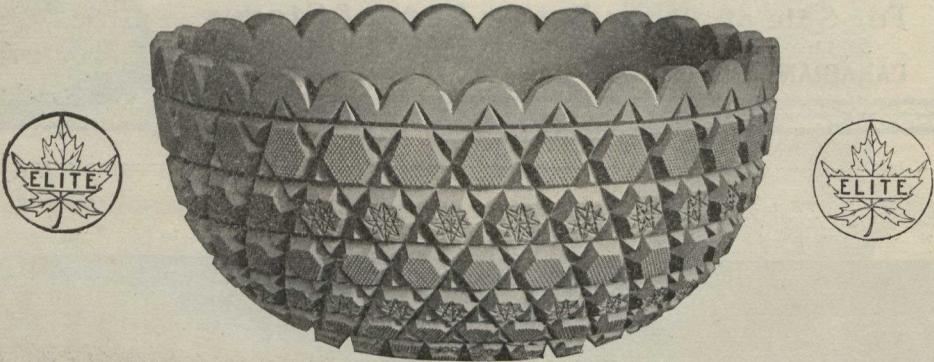
Delicious Dainty Flavors

Elite Cut Glass

The Ideal Christmas Gift

¶ Long after ordinary gifts have been forgotten a beautiful piece of rich cut glass remains with value and beauty unimpaired—a delight to its owner and a never-ceasing reminder of the friend who gave it.

Of all good glass Elite Cut Glass is the most exquisitely designed and carefully cut. As for brilliancy it is in a class of its own. We import special Crystal blanks from the best makers in Europe, glass expressly intended for cutting and of such fine color that it gives the best results. We employ artisans of the most advanced skill.



¶ Elite Cut Glass carries with it distinct exclusiveness. The special designs are its own and procurable nowhere else. It is little wonder, then, that Elite Cut Glass has come to be the most desirable on the market.

¶ Insist on the genuine Elite—your dealer can supply you. Look for the trademark on each piece. Pressed Blanks are never used in the Elite factory.

Gowans, Kent & Co., Limited

: : Manufacturers : :

16 Front St. East

Toronto

CEETEE

UNDERWEAR

Makes
You Feel
Well Dressed

The basis of all good dressing is in the underclothing worn.

You cannot either look or feel well dressed if your underwear is ill-fitting and uncomfortable.

Your outer clothing will not sit well nor hang properly unless your underclothing "fits" right.

People who recognize the value of being properly dressed appreciate the necessity of "CEETEE" Underclothing.

The success of "CEETEE" underclothing is chiefly the result of the great care taken in its making and that it is the kind of underwear the people want.

Worn by the Best People—
Sold by the Best Dealers
Always ask for "CEETEE."

Every garment is made to FIT THE BODY, the material being shaped to the natural curves of the human form in the actual process of knitting.

It is all made with selvedge edges—the edges are all carefully knitted (not sewn) together.

Only the very finest of Australian Merino Wool is used in the making.

It's so soft and clean that a baby could wear it without injury to its tender skin.

We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

Manufactured by
THE C. TURNBULL CO.,
of Galt, Limited
100 GALT, ONTARIO

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT



Knox Candies

A Christmas Treat

Plan a real treat for the children this year. Make some Christmas candy of which they may safely eat all they want—because *you know* it is *pure and wholesome* and better than the rich candies that are much more expensive.

KNOX

PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

makes these *pure* candies; and oh, but they are delicious! Try this recipe for KNOX MARSHMALLOWS and watch not only the children, but the grown-ups enjoy them.

Knox Marshmallows

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ package Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 10 tablespoonfuls cold water. Heat 2 cups (1 pint) granulated sugar with 10 tablespoonfuls water till dissolved. Add gelatine to syrup; let stand till partially cooled. Add few grains salt and flavoring to taste. Beat with a whip till too stiff, then with large spoon till only soft enough to settle into a sheet. Dust granite pans thickly with confectioner's sugar; pour in the candy about half inch deep; set in cool place till thoroughly chilled. Turn out, cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar. (Will make over 100 marshmallows.)

Let us send you our Recipe Book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It contains recipes for other KNOX candies and countless dainty desserts, puddings, salads, etc. FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name
CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory:
Montreal



Vapo Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Coughs,
Bronchitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
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312

**The Tobin Simplex
puts it "up to you"**

There are no "gun" troubles with the Tobin Simplex, it cannot fail you. Its work is instant and accurate and it works with the involuntary muscle of your shooting finger—for shooting becomes more than a mere mechanical process—and in the short space of time it takes to flash thought from brain to trigger finger, the



**Tobin
Simplex Gun**

has done its part. you THINK of your target—and it's yours! The reason that lies back of the accuracy of this gun is the scrupulous care that is taken in the selection of the material that goes into even the most minute parts. It is not only the best of Canadian made guns (for every part is manufactured in Canada) but a better gun than has yet been produced in any other country.

Every "Tobin" that leaves the factory carries a "money-back" guarantee—you either receive 100 per cent. gun with complete satisfaction, or you get back your money. Ask to see "Tobin" guns at the local hardware or sporting goods shop—priced from \$20 to \$210.00. Better still—write us to send you our new catalogue. It interests all Sportsmen.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co.,
Limited,
Woodstock, - Ontario



Parisan Hair Goods Manufacturers

Switches,
Pompadours,
Transformations



Wigs made of
the very best
European Cut
Hair only.



Men's Toupees

\$15.00 \$17.50 \$20.00 \$25.00
Grey from \$25.00 to \$35.00

Let us make your first Toupee on approval to show you our superiority in manufacturing—Try us



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33711. Lapel Watch Chain, 14 carat, \$7.50

33231 Pearl Ring, 14 carat, \$11.00

33343 Pearl Brooch, 14 carat, \$5.00

33647 Pearl Cross Pendant, 14 kt., \$8.00

33332. Pearl Star Brooch Pendant, 14 carat, \$10.50

33624 Gold Bead Necklace, 14 carat, \$13.00

33708 Cigar Cutter, 14 kt., \$6.50

33657. Cuff Links, 14 carat \$4.00 pair

33634 Locket, 14 carat, \$5.50

33678 Tie Clip, 14 carat, \$2.50

33754 Pearl Baby Ring, 14 carat, \$1.00

33304. Bloodstone Rings, 18 carat, \$10.00

33323. 14-kt. Gold Signet Ring, \$5.00

33351. Pearl Brooch, 14 kt. \$5.00

33740 Signet Fob, 14 carat, \$5.00

33773. Earrings, 14 carat, \$2.50 pair

33270. Pearl and Amethyst Ring, 14 carat, \$5.00

33759 Baby Pin, 14 kt., \$1.60

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TRY ordering your Christmas Gifts from Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, this year. You will find that it will prove very satisfactory. Your gifts will be different—of the best quality—appropriately wrapped in neat cases. Your money refunded upon the return of any article that is not satisfactory.

CATALOGUE FREE UPON REQUEST

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED
Gold and Silversmiths

MONTREAL - OTTAWA - WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER

Send your order to nearest address. Order by number.



From the Original Spring That Made Caledonia Springs Famous

MAGI the standard Canadian water, pure, wholesome and delicious, reaches you in sterilized bottles from the original spring that has made Caledonia Springs famous to civilized man for a century past—from the Spring which was the "Great Medicine" of the Indians for countless ages before.

MAGI

THE WATER OF QUALITY

is not only good to drink, but does you good. For dyspepsia and other forms of stomach trouble, for rheumatism and similar uric acid conditions arising from disordered kidney, **MAGI** is recommended by many prominent physicians—in some cases as the sole treatment. Yet, bear in mind, that as a beverage pure and simple, **MAGI** Water is a rich, smooth and palate-pleasing drink with a character and flavor distinctly its own.

MAGI Water, bottled only at the Spring, may be bought "Sparkling" in splits, pints and quarts, or "Still" in quarts or half gallons, at cafes, hotels, bars, drug stores, on railroad dining and cafe cars, or at groceries by the bottle or the case.

The CALEDONIA SPRINGS CO., Limited, CALEDONIA SPRINGS, CAN.



FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by Fearman's is worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON





A Christmas Morning

KODAK

All the child-world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home* day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.



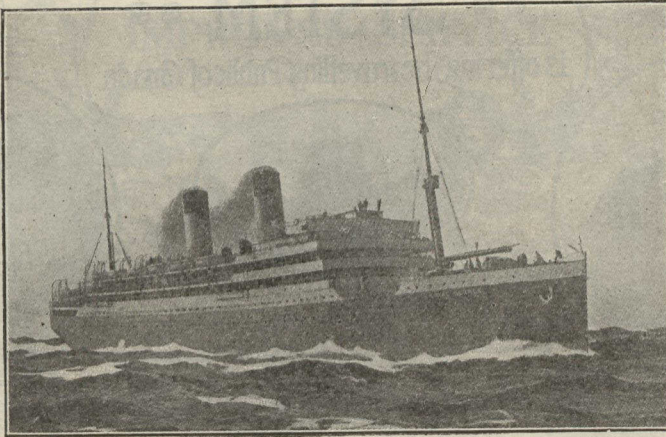
TRAVEL

Q According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. Q That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Q Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
 Travel Bureau
 15 Wellington Street East,
 TORONTO CANADA

Canadian Northern Steamships LIMITED

The Royal Line



Montreal, Quebec to Bristol
(Summer Service)

Halifax to Bristol
(Winter Service)

Triple Screw Turbine Steamers

R.M.S. "ROYAL EDWARD" and "ROYAL GEORGE"

12,000 Tons 18,000 Horse Power *Holders of all records between Great Britain and Canada*

THESE STEAMERS are equipped with the latest devices for the comfort and convenience of passengers, Marconi wireless, deep sea telephone, passenger elevators. Every room is ventilated by the thermo tank system, which warms or cools the fresh sea air and distributes it over the entire ship every five minutes. The engines are the latest type of turbines ensuring a maximum of speed and a minimum of vibration. The private suites of apartments and the luxuriously appointed public cabins, treated after historic periods in decorative

art, are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic. The second and third cabin appointments have set a new standard of comfort and elegance for this class of accommodation. The table service throughout is the best that leading chefs and excellently appointed steward service can make it. If you desire an unbiased opinion on Ocean Travel, ask for a copy of "*What people say of our service.*" Sailings are made fortnightly between Montreal, Quebec and Bristol in summer, and Halifax and Bristol in winter.

For all information apply to steamship agents, or to the following general agents of the Company:—

H. C. BOURLIER, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.		
GUY TOMBS, Canadian Northern Building, Montreal, Que.		
P. MOONEY, 123 Hollis Street,	- -	Halifax, N.S.
A. H. DAVIS, 272 Main Street,	- -	Winnipeg, Man.

*It is Excellence
that Courts in all things*

**EXCELLENCE in
RAILWAY SERVICE**
is expressed in what
**THE
GRAND TRUNK
SYSTEM**

is offering the travelling Public of Canada



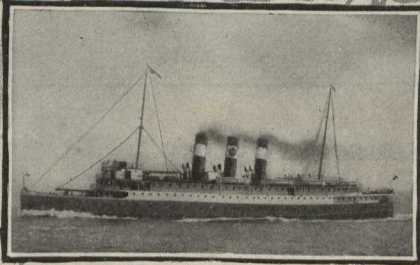
The Fort Garry the new Hotel which the Grand Trunk is building in Winnipeg, Man.



The International Limited, Canada's finest & fastest Train en route Montreal to Chicago



Grand Trunk Railway's new Hotel Chateau Laurier Ottawa overlooking the Federal Parliament Buildings



Grand Trunk Pacific Steamships' Prince Rupert & Prince George (3,500 tons - Length 320ft - 18 1/2 knots) Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert & Alaska Coast.



New Grand Trunk Pacific Union Station Winnipeg, Man.



Grand Trunk Central Station Ottawa connected by underground passage with the New Hotel Chateau Laurier

The GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM is the only double track railway reaching all centres of trade in Eastern Canada. The GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY is fast becoming a factor in traffic and is now the line par excellence in the Canadian West.

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Canadian Pacific Railway

IMPROVED SERVICE

Montreal—Ottawa Toronto

Q In addition to the electric-lighted sleeping cars from North Toronto Station at 10.00 p.m., Eastbound and from Montreal 10.45 p.m. and Ottawa 11.20 p.m. westbound daily, the Company has instituted a daily compartment car service, between, these points leaving the respective points as above.

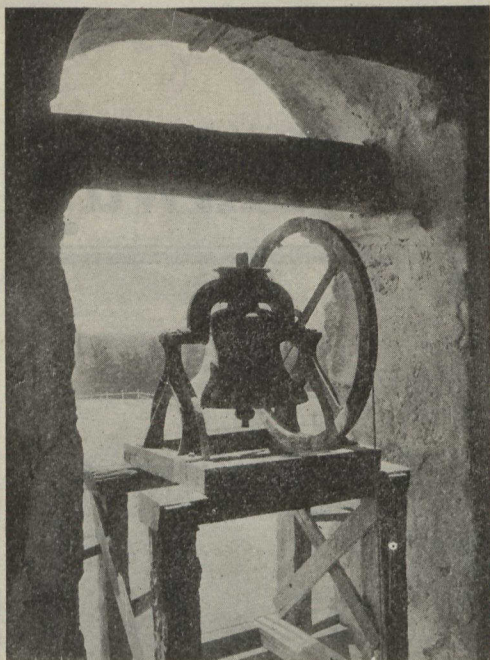
Q The Compartment cars are new, the product of the Company's Angus shops. They are the latest in construction and appointment and are electric lighted throughout, affording absolute privacy and individual toilet requisites. This is the only service of this standard between the above points.



This service is in addition to the double daily service between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto Union Station.

“... an Pacific Standard”

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO.



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Carmel Mission

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Unchanged From A Century Ago

"California for the Tourist"

A most interesting book, beautifully illustrated. You will enjoy reading it.

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A kaleidoscopic story of that picturesque and wonderful country traversed by the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

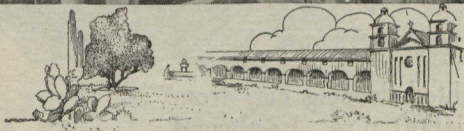
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NEW ORLEANS TO SAN FRANCISCO

Superior Service all the way

These books are yours for the asking.

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Wireless Telegraphy and Bilge Keels

S.S. "BERMUDIAN" 5,600 tons at 3 p.m., 2nd, 13th, and 23rd
December, 1911 and every Wednesday thereafter at 10 a.m.

FARE, \$20 and upwards

NEW YORK AND WEST INDIA LINE

NEW YORK to ST. THOMAS, ST. CROIX, ST. KITTS, ANTIGUA, GAUDELOUPE,
DOMINICA, MARTINIQUE, ST. LUCIA, BARBADOES AND DEMERARA.

S.S. "GUIANA," (new), 3,700 tons, S.S. "PARIMA," 3,000 tons, S.S. "KORONA,"
3,000 tons. Sailings from New York, 3 p.m., 12th and 23rd
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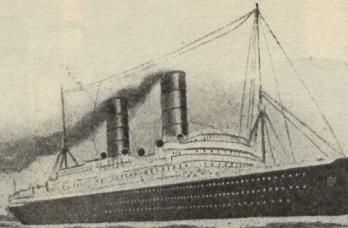
For further information apply to

A. F. Webster & Co., Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Thos. Cook & Son, 65 Yonge St.,
and R. M. Melville and Son, Cor. Adelaide and Toronto Sts., Toronto

A. E. Outerbridge & Co., General Agents, 29 Broadway, New York.

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By Four of the Most Luxurious Steamships in the World

CARMANIA Triple Screw Turbine
20,000 Tons

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18,000 Tons

FRANCONIA New Twin Screw
18,150 Tons

CARONIA
Twin Screw
20,000 Tons

ITALY - RIVIERA - EGYPT

A la Carte dining service without additional charge. Stop-overs and affording opportunities for side-trips, and proceeding by subsequent steamer are allowed. Passengers are not required to book for the entire cruise, as arrangements may be made to return by either the Lusitania or Mauretania from Liverpool, thereby enabling one to tour Central Europe at a considerable saving in both time and expense.

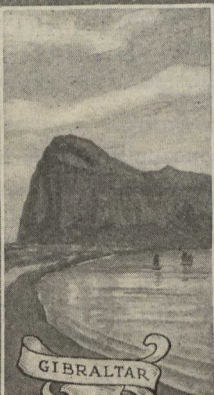
From New York during the Winter Season of 1911-1912 as follows:

"**CARONIA**," Jan. 6, 1912 } Calling at Maderia, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche
 "**FRANCONIA**," Jan. 20, 1912 } or Genoa, Naples, Alexandria and Fiume" { "**CARONIA**," Feb. 20, 1912
 "**LACONIA**," Feb. 3, 1912 } *Omits call at Fiume on Feb. 20 and March 2 trips { "**CARMANIA**," Mar. 2, 1912

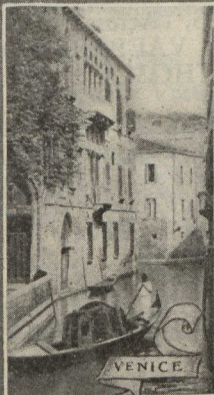
"Sailing List," "Rate Sheet" and Steamer Plans, as well as Booklets "A New Way to the Old World" "Mediterranean-Egyptian-Adriatic Cruises," "Caronia," "Carmania," "Franconia" — "Laconia" may be secured on application to Dept. D, at any of the Company's offices or agencies.

CUNARD LINE, 21-24 STATE STREET Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, or Loc 1 Agents

The above steamers are fitted with sub-marine signal apparatus and with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy



GIBRALTAR



VENICE



NAPLES



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Winter Cruises

Under Perfect Conditions To
South America

Take a Delightful Cruise to South America, by the **S. S. Bluecher** (12,500 tons), the largest cruising steamer sailing from one America to the other. Offers every luxury and comfort. Leaving New York, **January 20, 1912**. Ports of call: PORT OF SPAIN, PERNAMBUCO, SANTOS, BUENOS AIRES. (Across the Andes), PUNTA ARENAS, (through the STRAITS of MAGELLAN,) VALPARAISO, RIO DE JANEIRO, BAHIA, PARA, BRIDGETOWN, and ST. THOMAS. Optional side trips everywhere. Duration of cruise 80 days. Cost, **\$350** and up.

West Indies Five Delightful Cruises to Panama Canal, Venezuela and Bermuda, leaving New York by the Palatial Twin-screw Steamers

S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 28 days, January 23, February 24, 1912 . . .	\$150 and up.
S. S. Hamburg (11,000 tons), 21 days, February 10, March 7, 1912 . . .	\$125 and up.
S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 16 days, March 16, 1912	\$85 and up.

Around the World November, 1912, and February, 1913, by the Large Cruising Steamship "**Victoria Luise**," (16,500 tons).

Grand Annual Event

A few accommodations available on **S. S. Cleveland**, from San Francisco, February 6, 1912.



HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

Grand Annual Cruise to the Orient

By the most palatial cruising steamer afloat, S. S. "VICTORIA LUISE" (16,500 tons). Sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a 78-Day Cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean, and the Orient. Cost, \$325 and upward. The "Victoria Luise" is equipped with modern features providing every luxury and comfort on long cruises.

Italy and Egypt Special Trip by the superb transatlantic liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria," the largest and most luxurious steamer of the service. Equipped with Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, Palm Garden, Gymnasium, Electric Baths, Elevators. Will leave New York, February 14, 1912, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (Nice), Genoa, Naples and Port Said. Time for sight-seeing at each port. To or from Port Said, \$165 and up. To or from all other ports, \$115 and up.

Your comfort and pleasure assured.

Send for booklets, giving information, etc.

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Quebec Moose and Deer, September 1st to Dec. 31st. Caribou, September 1st to January 31st.

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Send for Pamphlets containing Game Laws, Etc. to

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To the
RIVIERA
ITALY and
EGYPT
Via
AZORES
MADEIRA
GIBRALTAR
ALGIERS and
VILLEFRANCHE

By the Mammoth Steamships

"Adriatic"
"Cedric"

The Largest British Steamers Ever Sent to the Mediterranean.

SAILING FROM
NEW YORK
December 2

January 10 **January 24**
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Also Regular Sailings from
NEW YORK and **BOSTON** to
MEDITERRANEAN PORTS
By the Superb Twin-Screw Steamers

"CRETIC" **"CANOPIC"** **"ROMANIC"**

Full Particulars on Request

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PICTURESQUE NAMES



BEAUTIFUL TRINIDAD

By the New Triple-Screw Steamship

"Laurentic"

The Largest Steamer Ever Sent to the Caribbean

To the
WEST INDIES
PANAMA CANAL
and
SOUTH AMERICA
CALLING AT
ALL POINTS OF INTEREST
EN ROUTE

SAILING from **NEW YORK**

January 20
February 24

EACH CRUISE THIRTY-ONE DAYS

\$150 and Upward

Booklet and Itineraries on Request

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OFFICES and AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL



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1902 48,411
1906 101,057
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CANADA



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The Capitol City
of a
Land of Opportunity



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Canada's
Greatest
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Market



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Locate your Canadian factory in the Central City of Canada where you can get **CHEAP POWER**, cheap sites, low taxation, plentiful supply raw materials, best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the support of a community who recognize the importance of its industrial development.

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The largest, finest and most modern steamers between Canada and Europe.

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Carrying Cabin Passengers in One Class only (II) with *unrestricted use of the best accommodation on the ship* including the Public Rooms and Promenades. Also Third class passengers in closed rooms only,

Christmas Sailings.

"Laurentic" Nov. 22 from Montreal and Quebec followed by three sailings from Portland, Me. and Halifax, N.S., viz.: "Canada" Dec. 2; "Megantic" Dec. 9 and "Teutonic" Dec. 14. Book now and secure choice of Berths.

Procure tickets from local Agents or write WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE, Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg

Also the

splendid twin-screw steamers comprising the

MODERATE RATE SERVICE

"TEUTONIC" 582 feet long
Tonnage 10,000

"CANADA" 514 feet long
Tonnage 9,500

A Special Pre-Christmas Sailing by the

COOK'S TOURS

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Tours around the World, Bermuda, West Indies, Florida, California, Etc.

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Than would be required to build three of the largest Pyramids of Egypt. You can't afford to miss seeing the Canal while the work is in progress. Government guides escort R.M.S.P. tourists over the Isthmus.

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The season is now in full swing at the ideal American resort. No finer ship than the transatlantic liner "Tagus" goes to Bermuda. Lowest rates that ever prevailed. Unusually attractive trips to

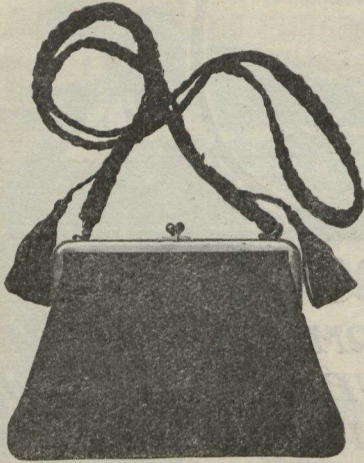
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"JULIAN SALE"

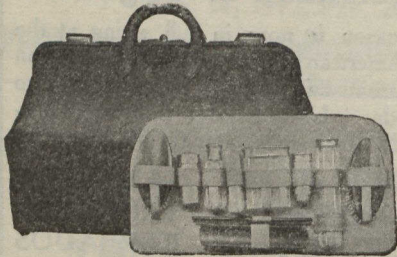
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Ladies' Hand Bags \$2.00 to \$25



Billfolds and Bill Books, 50c. to \$5.00



Gentlemen's Fitted Bags \$24 to \$54. Ladies' Fitted Bags, \$23 to \$43.

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Just a little index here of what you may choose from the "Julian Sale" Stock in finest of leather goods that will make suitable and acceptable Christmas Gifts — **Write for our Complete Catalogue** giving descriptions and prices of hundred of lines you'd do well to know about.

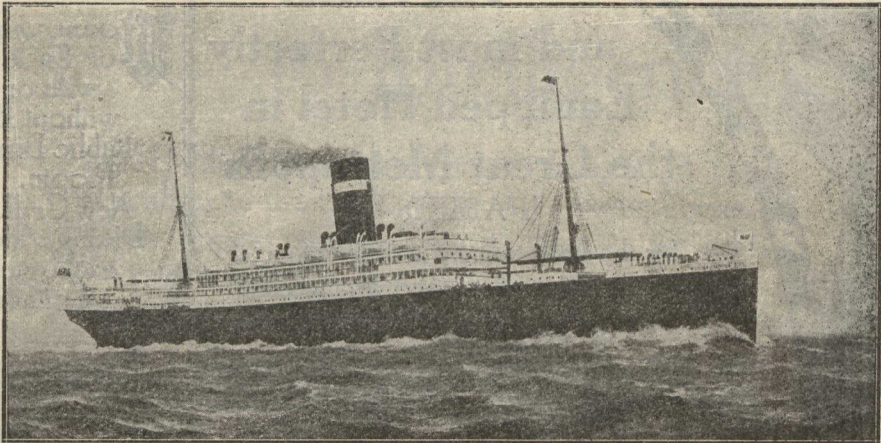
Ladies' Fitted Dressing Bags	-	\$50.00 to 75.00
Gentlemen's Fitted Suit Cases	-	23.00 to 53.00
Ladies' Fitted Suit Cases	-	30.00 to 53.00
Ladies' Dressing Cases	-	2.50 to 30.00
Gentlemen's Dressing Cases	-	2.50 to 30.00
Manicure Sets	-	4.00 to 7.00
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Jewel Cases	-	1.25 to 6.00
Stick Pin Cases	-	.50 to 1.25
Skirt, Garter and Neck Pockets	-	.25 to 1.25
Writing Cases	-	.75 to 9.00
Soft Leather Collar Boxes	-	.75 to 3.00
Flasks	-	.40 to 7.00
Drinking Glasses in Cases	-	1.25 to 2.50
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Cigar and Cigarette Cases	-	.50 to 10.00
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The first Transatlantic Turbines, Noiseless and Without Vibration. Four days from Land to Land. Seven days from Port to Port.

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CORSICAN	14 Dec.
*HESPERIAN	22 Dec.	23 Dec.
*GRAMPIAN	5 Jan.	5 Jan.
*HESPERIAN	19 Jan.	20 Jan.
*TUNISIAN	26 Jan.	27 Jan.
*GRAMPIAN	2 Feb.	3 Feb.

Saloon: \$72.50 and \$82.50 and up.
 Second Saloon: \$50 and \$52.50

To Glasgow

STEAMER	From Boston	From Portland
SCOTIAN	7 Dec.
SICILIAN	14 Dec.
NUMIDIAN	21 Dec.
CORINTHIAN	23 Dec.
LAKE ERIE	4 Jan.
IONIAN	11 Jan.

One Class Cabin (11) Scotian \$47.50
 and up. Other steamers \$45.00
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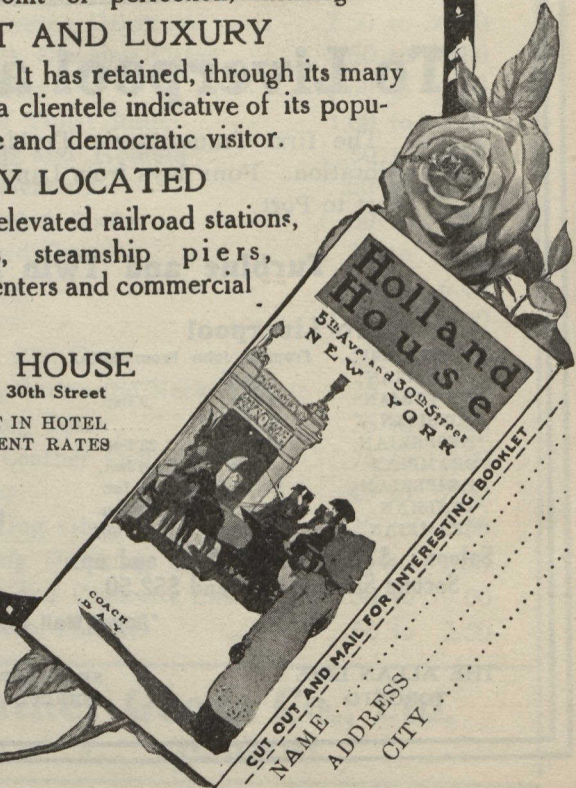
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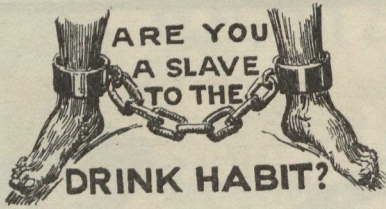
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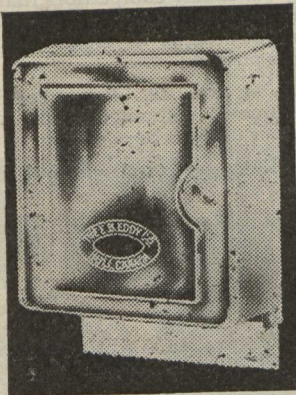
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☐ A simple mechanical device allows of the delivery of but two sheets of paper at a time and automatically replaces these by two more.

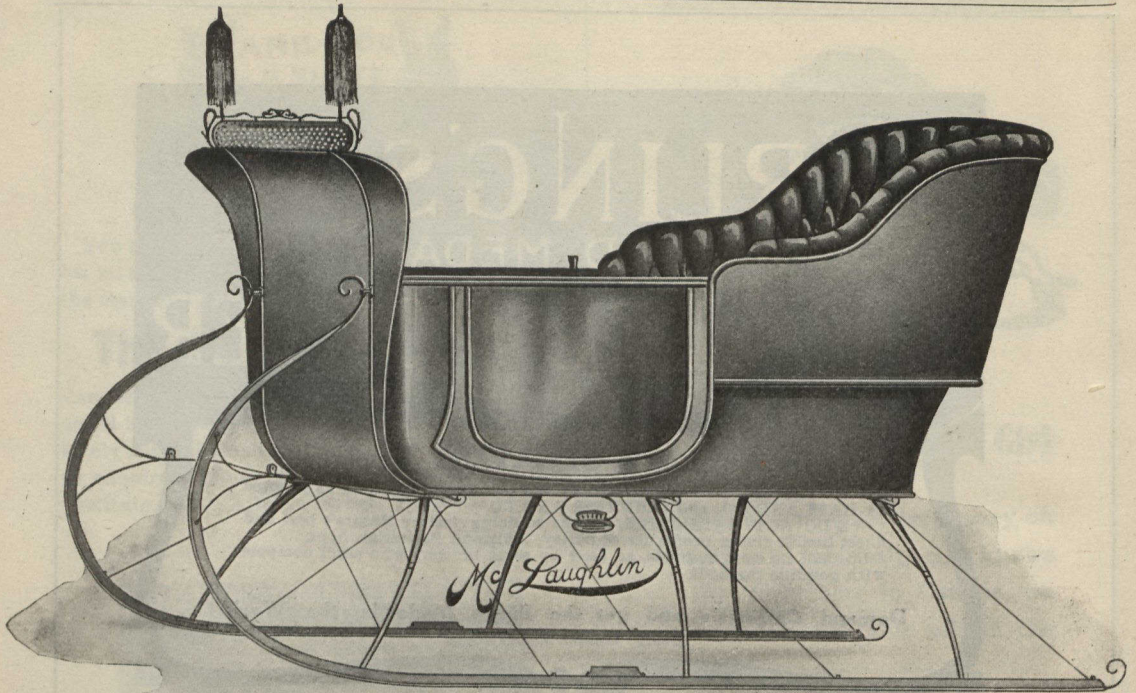
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AFTER examining the above illustration of what we believe is the handsomest sleigh on the market and the most original in design, the public will conclude that we are justly entitled to the claim that we are the pioneer designers in the vehicle business in Canada.

Our carriages and sleighs have been more exclusively copied by our fellow-competitors than any other make. While it is unfortunate that some of our friends in the business find it necessary, in order to keep up-to-date, to, in some cases, use copies of our cuts, and follow our designs as closely as they can, still we do not blame them, even though we do not envy them their position.

The sleigh has been worked out with great care and at considerable expense. It is exceedingly attractive in appearance, and gives the solid comfort of the new "fore door" automobile body, which has been so much in demand this season, and which will replace all other designs next season.

The doors are very strong and have lever locks. They also have mahogany finishing strips on top. The seat is unusually wide and exceedingly comfortable.

We have not spoiled the appearance or utility of the job by attempting to use a standard gear, but have made everything especially for it from shaft tip to runner.

While it is necessarily an expensive job to make, still we have tried to keep the price as low as possible.

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BODY.—Beautifully made and finished off. Seat, a solid bending, exceptionally roomy.

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YOU will always be urged to buy an automobile on the strength of some one claim to favor—some one point that distracts attention from vital faults in the design or construction.

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Our illustrated Advance Catalogue and special Knight Motor Book sent anywhere upon request.

Russell models with the Knight Motor.

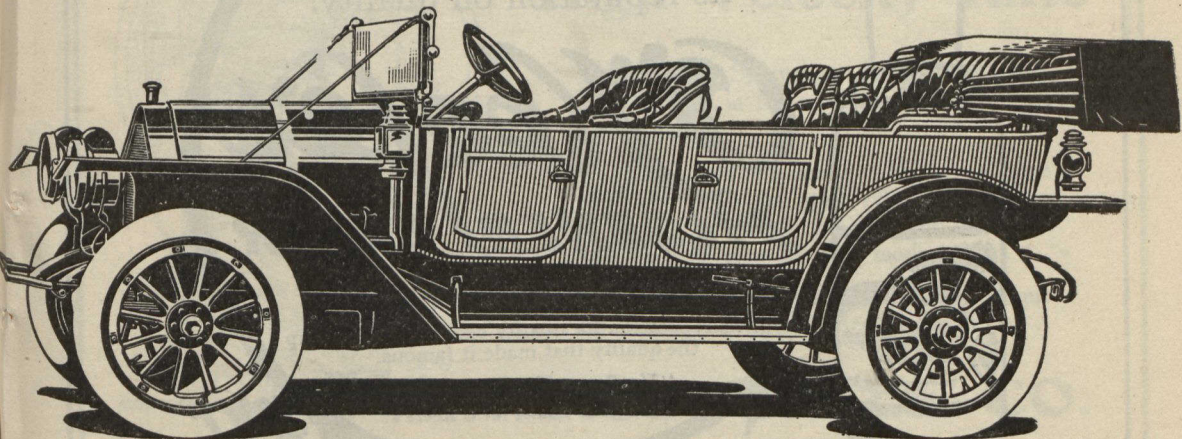
Russell “38”	\$5000	Equipped
Russell “26”	\$3850	“
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When buying your coffee don't merely say "A pound of best Coffee"—Specify

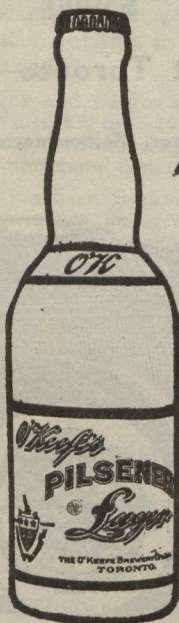
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"The Beer with a Reputation" 216

Ask your Dealer for O'Keefe's.



There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

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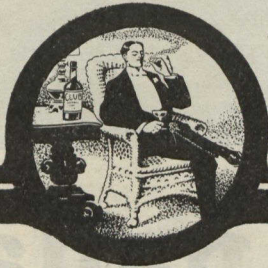
that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one. The best of ingredients---the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

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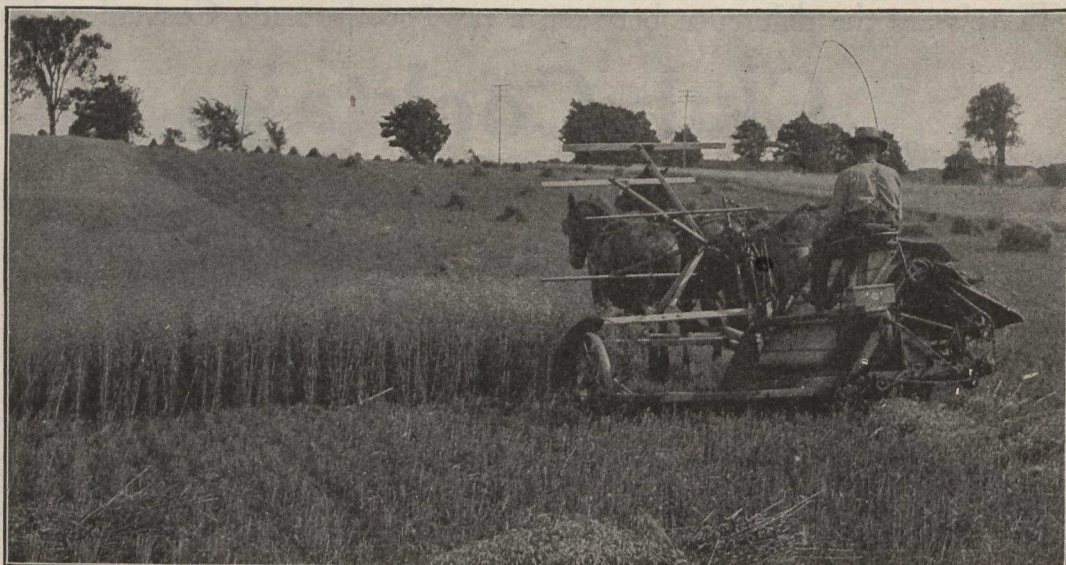
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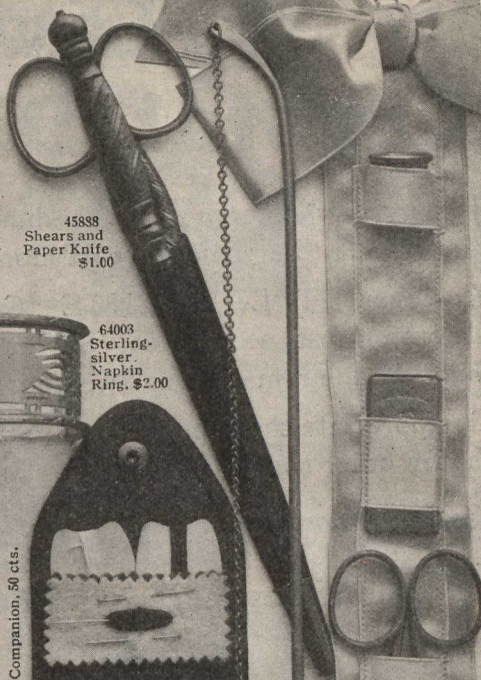
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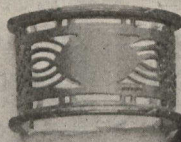
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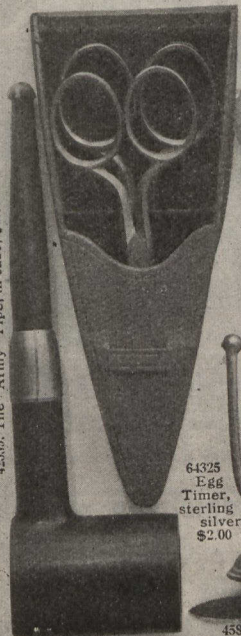
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Sterling-
silver
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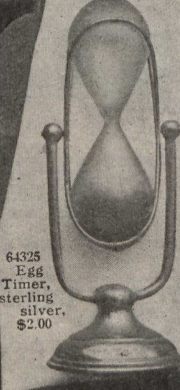
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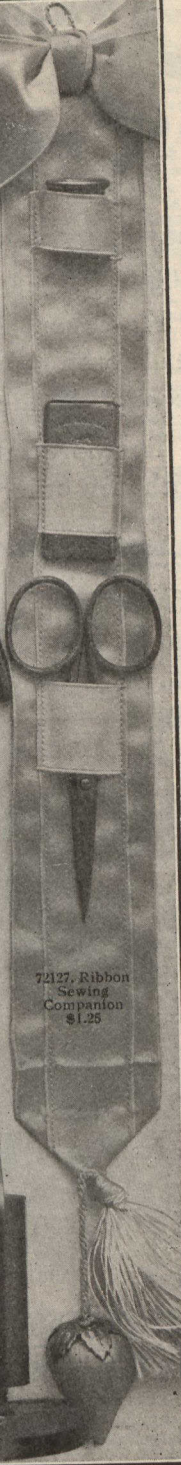


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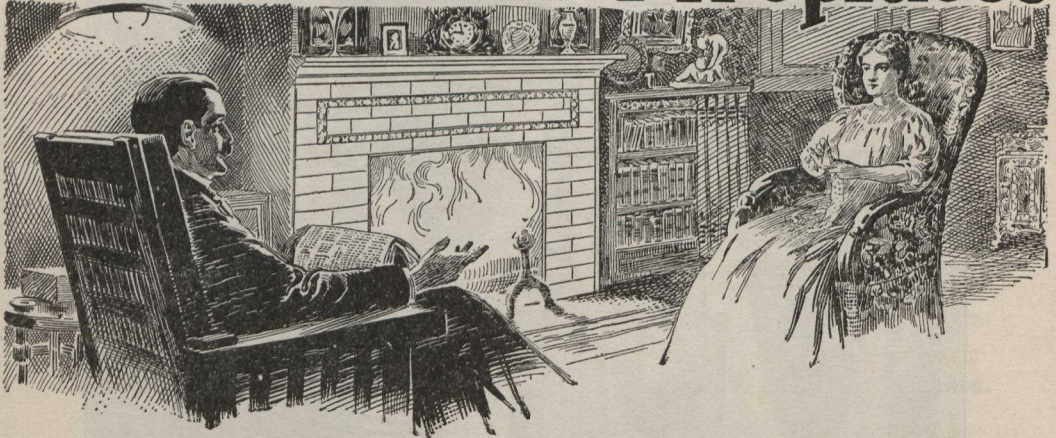


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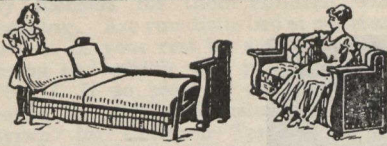


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REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years: no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them, I

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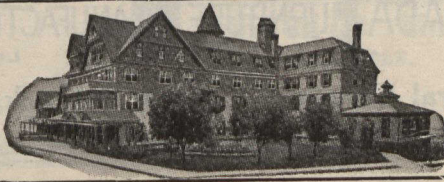
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A good pen—a Spencerian Pen—glides smoothly over the paper and conduces to easy thinking and rapid writing.

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All the Concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

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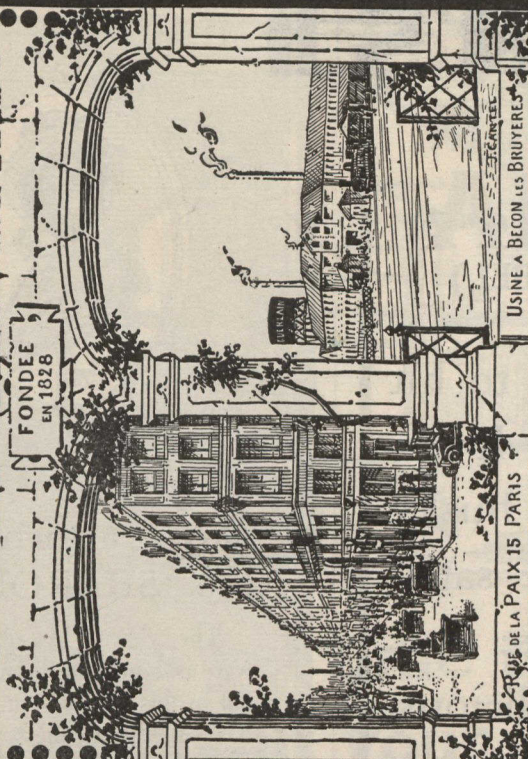
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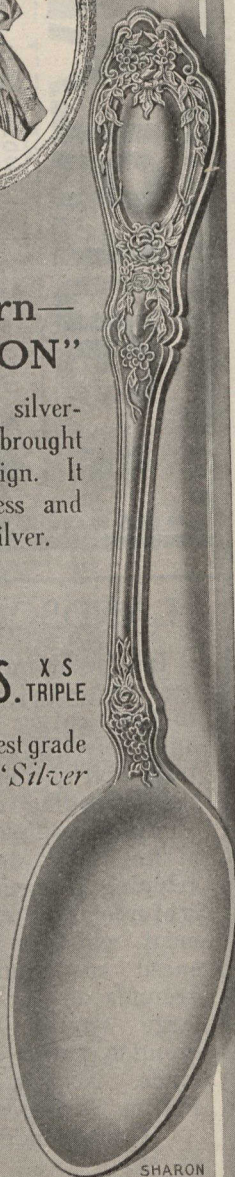
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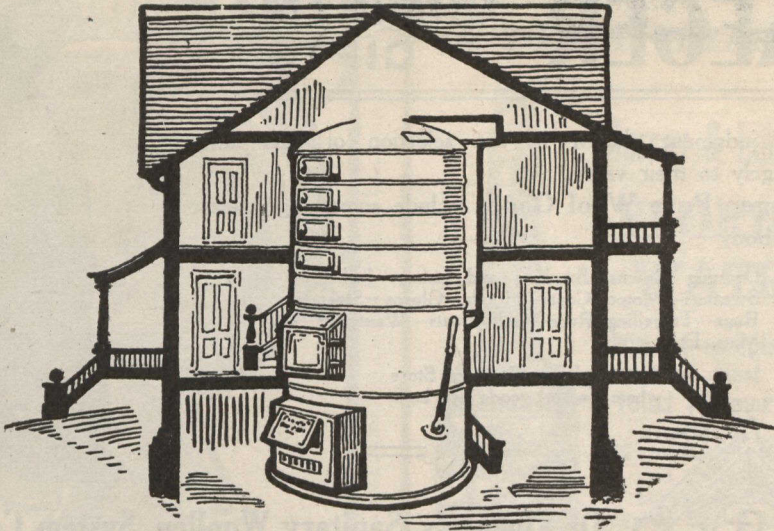
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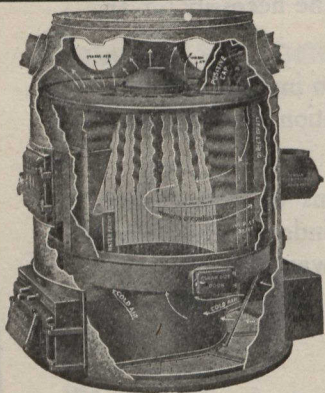


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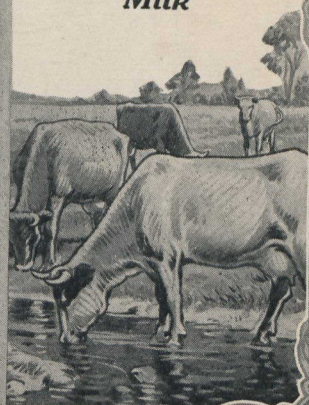
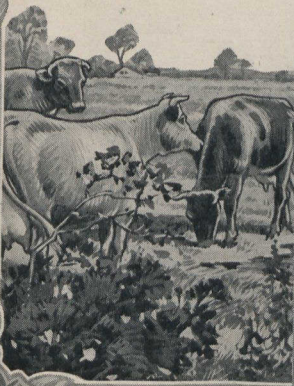
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