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1906 XMAS. NUMBER

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VOLUME XXVIII. No. 2

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1906

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Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Office: 173 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

LOOKING AHEAD

ALREADY a satisfactory bird's-eye view can be had of what THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will offer to interest its readers during the twelve months of 1907. It is safe to predict that each number will be of such exceptionally high order that when the twelve are finished most readers will agree that the year's offering has exceeded all previous efforts.

The programme will continue to be as varied as the exactions of a first-class literary publication will allow, and there will be a continuous, and, it is hoped, noticeable improvement in the importance and quality of the contributions. The number of Canadian writers of merit is increasing rapidly, and it is perhaps not a boast to say that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is advancing with them.

Following are a few of the features already undertaken for 1907:

Worry, the Disease of the Age. Six articles by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the famous English writer, to begin with the January number.

Political Reminiscences. Six articles by J. E. B. McCready, to begin in May.

Patriotic Military Service. Two illustrated articles by Lieut.-Col. William Hamilton Merritt, to appear in January and February.

Canadian Artists Abroad. Illustrated. By William H. Ingram. Ready for January.

A Number of Nature Articles, including some splendidly illustrated sketches, by Bonnycastle Dale.

First Railway in Nova Scotia, by C. W. Lunn.

The King's Highway. An illustrated sketch of English roads and lanes, by Jessie J. Patterson.

Coalport, China. With illustrations.

Short Stories by W. A. Fraser, Albert R. Carman, Thomas A. Astle, Isabel E. Mackay, John A. Cormie, Dean Macleod, Perceval Gibbon, J. W. Fuller, N. de Bertrand Lugrin, H. A. Cody, and other leading writers.

Departments that have become a feature of the magazine will continue to improve. FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS EVERY MONTH.

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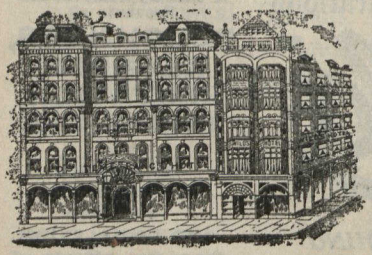

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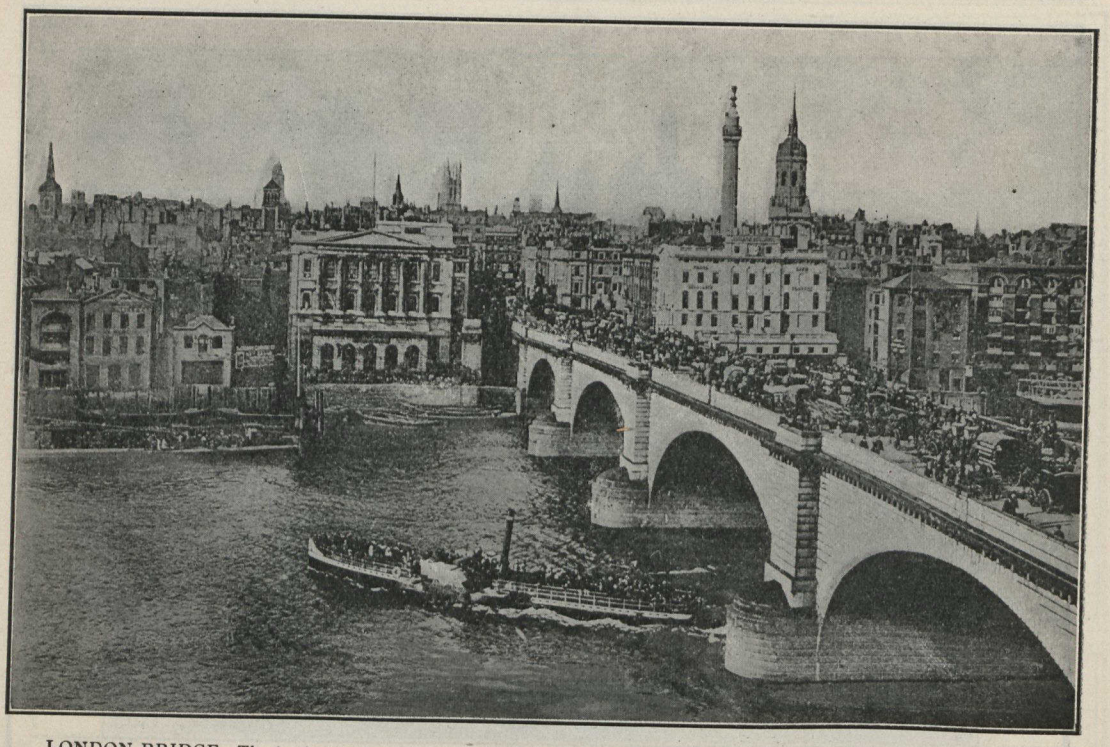

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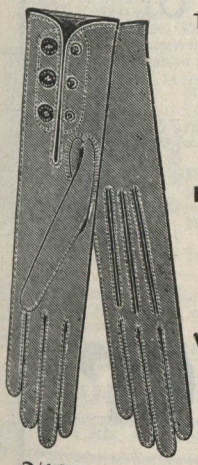

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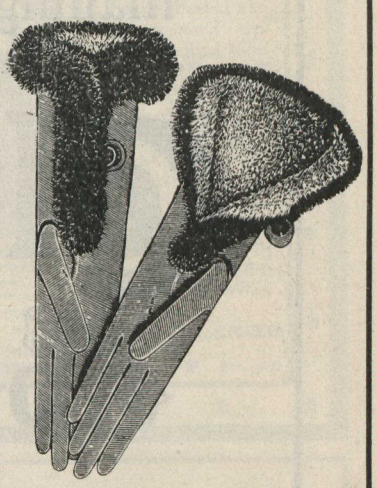

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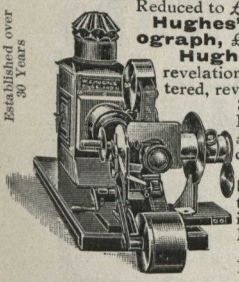

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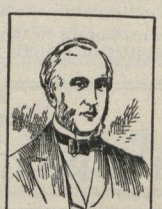
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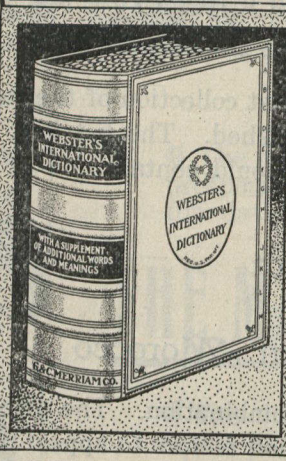

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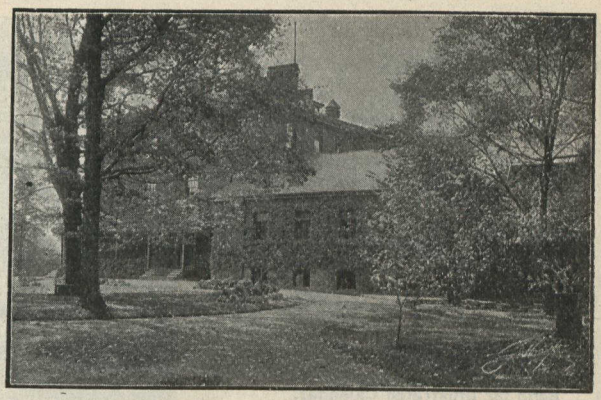

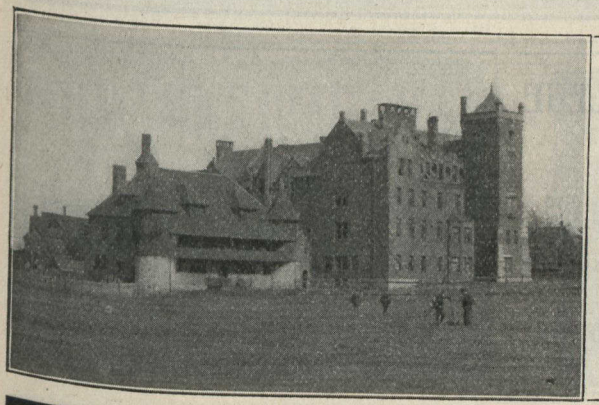

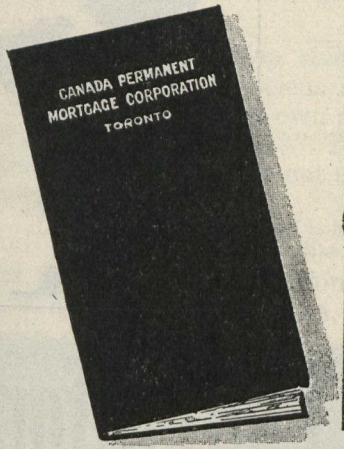

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1905				
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May 1	D		30	80
2	D	12 50		67 50
31	D		25	92 50
JUNE 30	Int.		61	93 11
July 2	D		30	123 11
31	D		27 50	150 61
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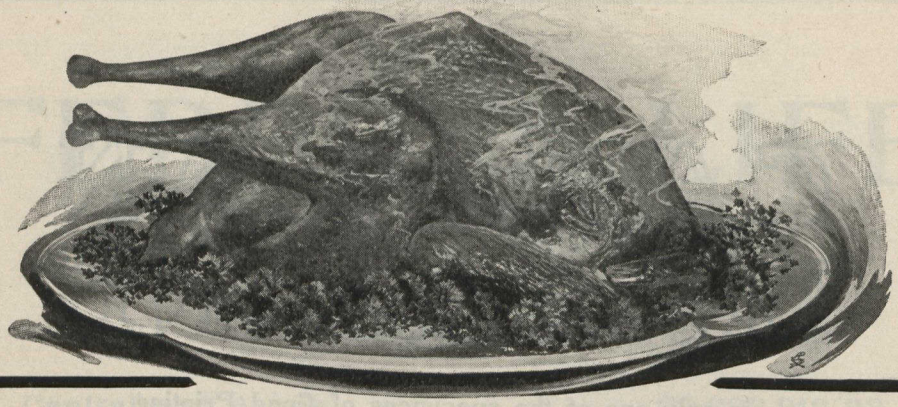

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This famous painting, owned by Lord Strathcona, was this year exhibited in Canada. In choice of subject, in excellence of draughtsmanship and colour-handling, the artist excelled most of his own work, producing what is indeed a masterpiece

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
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Jerusalem and Its Environments

By JEAN TEMPLER

AT last the dream of a lifetime was about to become a reality. At high noon on April 5th, 1904, the *Grosser Kurfurst*, a steamer of the German Steam Lloyd Company, found her moorings in the open roadstead before Jaffa. On board were eight hundred Canadian and American pilgrims on their way to attend the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, to be held in Jerusalem. Landing at Jaffa is no easy task, and hence no sinecure for the native rowers; but they handled the oars with skill and we were safely piloted through the great rocks and boulders piled along the harbour front.

Jaffa is the gateway through which thousands of pilgrims—Christians and Jews—enter the Holy Land every year. When our contingent of Jerusalem pilgrims stepped on shore we were obliged to push our way through the swarm of Orientals that curiously watched our coming. The one narrow, squalid street was traversed and a visit paid to the house of Simon the Tanner. Our dragoman next led the way to the station, and, as we passed along the street and saw the children in their rags and filthiness, we felt that Dorcas had left few, if any, successors. The older citizens were in a condition equally unattractive, and it was difficult to imagine that one of the chief industries in Jaffa was a soap factory. Being one of the oldest cities in Palestine, Jaffa was the scene of many incidents chronicled in the Old Testament Scriptures. It was at this port that Solomon landed the cedars brought from Mount Lebanon for the Temple building. It was here that Jonah took his passage for another land when God wanted him to go and warn the people of Nineveh regarding their impending doom, and when the land was parcelled out to the tribes of Israel, Jaffa was the capital of the portion that fell to Dan.

The small compartment coaches were soon filled with passengers, and the first train moved out towards Jerusalem, thirty-three miles inland. Beautiful orange groves, with their wealth of golden fruit, clustered around the city, and delicious were the odours wafted to us on the afternoon breeze. Delightful old olive orchards and large sycamore groves were

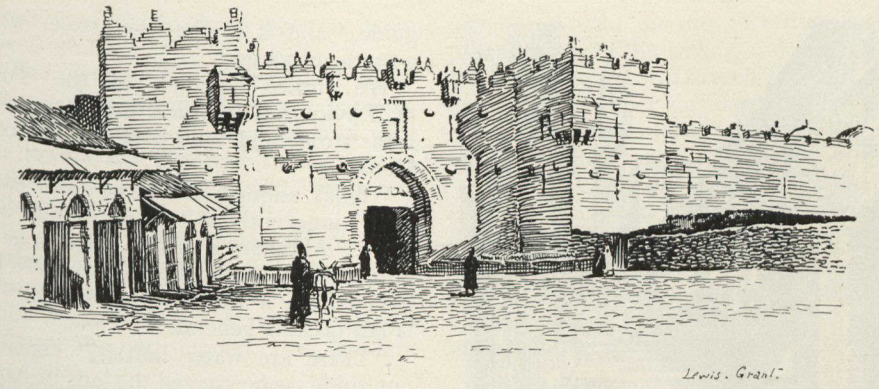
WATER-CARRIER WITH GOAT-SKIN WATER BOTTLE

THE CHANNEL AT JAFFA (JOPPA), THE PORT OF JERUSALEM

passed, and we were out upon the plains of Sharon. Great fields of grain lay along our route and near-by ploughmen in sheepskins prepared the soil for other crops. Here a camel drew a primitive plough, there an ox and an ass plodded along together. The whistle of the train started a pair of oxen across the field at a lively pace—to the great indignation of their driver, and the irrepressible merriment of the pilgrims. Cactus fences often hedged the way, and flocks of sheep and goats fed under the shepherd's watchful care. A beautiful lake reflecting a row of native huts attracted our attention. We watched it for several minutes in wonder at the perfect picture thrown up from the surface of the water.

"It's a mirage," some one commented, and instantly everybody looked wise. The deception had been complete and nobody pretended to laugh. We had ridden twenty miles over the rich plains, passing several villages, whose dome-shaped houses were built of sod, and were about to enter the rocky gorge leading through the barren Judean hills. To the left lay the little valley of Ajalon where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. Nearer the railroad excavators were at work in the ruins of old Gezer, the royal city of the Canaanites, which had formed part of the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter when she was married to Solomon. Our train rattled by the brook where David gathered the pebbles with which he slew the giant Goliath, and we were passing through Samson's country, the scene of his birth, and also of his exploits against the Philistines. Flocks of black goats fed on the sparse pasturage of the hillsides, and occasional shepherds with their sheep occupied little fertile flats. Just across the narrow ravine of the valley of Hinnom, high on its rocky butments, loomed the great embattled walls behind which lay the city of Jerusalem. It was just twenty-five minutes past six o'clock on the fifth of April.

Our feelings can be better imagined than described; even the most thoughtless were hushed to silence. Only for a moment were we permitted to enjoy our delightful reverie. The rattle of carriage wheels and the shouts of drivers warned us that further meditation was impossible, and we hastened to the conveyance that was to carry us over the bridge spanning the ravine and along the eastern side to the city gate. Notre Dame, a Roman Catholic convent which sheltered over three hundred and fifty of our pilgrims, stands across the street from the new gate in the north-west corner of the city wall. It was a cold, gloomy-looking building, stone walls, stone floors, stone stairways; yet the kindness of the attendants and the warm cheer brought in by the pilgrims made our stay a very happy one. Bright and early we were astir the next morning, and hastened from the third floor up two flights of stairs, where we stood upon the flat roof, protected by a stone parapet. Jerusalem, the city of David, lay before



JERUSALEM—DAMASCUS GATE

us! Yonder to our left lay Olivet, and over her sacred brow the rising sun had reddened the eastern sky. Softly, tenderly, her warm beams of light fell upon the sleeping city, and silently we lifted our hearts in thanksgiving to our God for the wonderful privilege we were permitted to enjoy. Then, as the sun shone forth in all her splendour, a pæan of joy and gladness burst from our lips:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The Mount of the Ascension, Mount Zion, Calvary, the Temple Area and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were easily distinguished, as we had been familiar with their pictures from early childhood. Gladly we obeyed the breakfast summons, for, immediately after, we were to enter the city gate. Jerusalem is the most interesting city in the world. We first read of it as a city of the Jebusites, captured by David and made the capital of his empire. Solomon enclosed the city with walls and built the temple as a permanent sanctuary of worship. It occupies a tableland, around the three sides of which run deep ravines. The valley of Jehosaphat, or Kedron, runs nearly straight along the east side. The valley of Hinnom, beginning at the north-west corner, runs along the west and south sides, joining the valley of Jehosaphat near the Pool of Siloam. In the rainy season their waters rush together and on down the gorge to mingle with the waters of the Dead Sea.

Modern Jerusalem is an irregular quadrangle, built on an accumulation of debris from forty to one hundred feet deep. A massive wall two and a half miles in circuit, from ten to twelve feet thick, and varying in height from twenty to seventy-five feet, surrounds it. The houses are of

"BAKSHEESH!"
Taken on Herod's Colonnade, Samaria

A STREET IN JERUSALEM

stone with flat or dome-shaped roofs. The streets are paved with small, irregular stones, and are narrow, crooked and filthy. The population is cosmopolitan, comprising Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians and a few Abyssinians, and numbering about twenty-five thousand.

"The Mosque of Omar, who's going to see the Mosque?" we heard a bright young Hebrew ask in excellent English, just as we came into the hall. We liked the earnest, intelligent face of the lad and attached ourselves to his party. The entrance to the city was made in the west wall, through Jaffa gate, which overlooked Tophet, that part of the Hinnom valley that had been the scene of such awful carnage in the early history of the city.

"This gate," said Abraham, "was enlarged a few years ago, when the German Emperor visited Jerusalem."

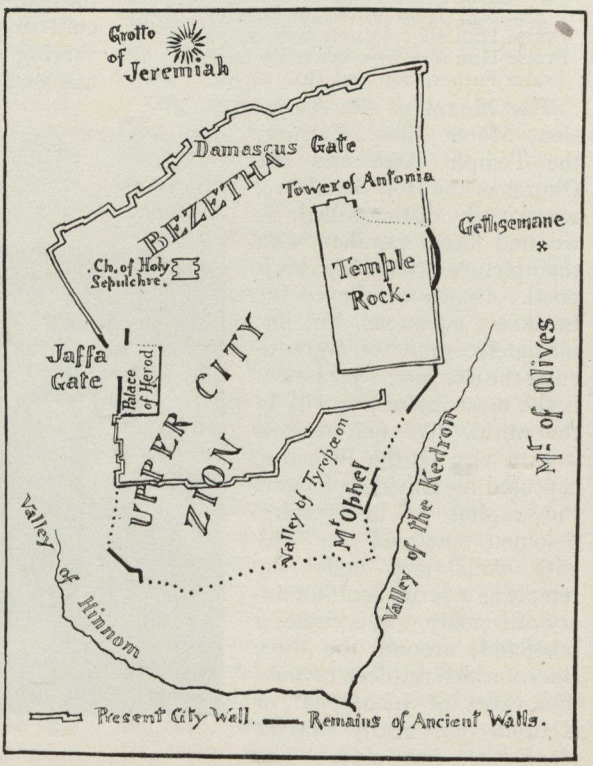
We stepped through the great archway. "This is St. David's Street," continued our guide, "and it is the only street where a carriage can go."

We turned to look at the Tower of David that guarded the entrance, a great stronghold built over the palace of Herod.

"What animals are those boys carrying?" innocently asked one of our company. Abraham's merry laugh was the only answer, and just then two more lads issued from a side alley close by. The laugh became general.

"These are water bottles," explained our guide, as he greeted the lads in Arabic and asked them to let us look at the curious vessels. "You see, they are goat-skin bottles, and if you go to Hebron, you will see the tannery where they are prepared."

We could distinguish the Jews by their peculiar fur head-dress. Their sad faces drew many expressions of sympathy from our party, and the feeling was greatly deepened before nightfall. Many portions of the streets were arched over, and



OUTLINE MAP OF JERUSALEM

curious eyes looked down upon us from latticed windows.

"The Temple Area," explained Abraham, as we stepped through a gateway into a beautiful green sward dotted with wild flowers, and here and there a cypress or olive tree; "there are thirty-five acres enclosed within these walls."

We did not need to be told that the wonderful building across from us was the Mosque of Omar, which occupied the site of Solomon's temple. A raised platform of flagstones surrounded the Moslem temple. A Turkish soldier, armed with formidable looking weapons, joined us, and added bits of information to our guide's ready store, grunting an occasional dissent to his story.

The Mosque is octagonal in shape, each side measuring sixty-six feet, and it is surmounted by a dome, the top of which is one hundred and seventy feet from the ground. It is a magnificent structure. Several Mohammedan priests stood by the door, and before we were permitted to enter they drew a pair of slippers on each of us over our shoes. The interior of the temple is richly ornamented in purple, green and gold mosaic. Costly marble pillars support the ceiling and, with the rich curtains, form a screen between the outer and the inner corridors.

Immediately under the dome is a great mass of natural rock.

"The Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, it is called," Abraham informed us. "It is the top of Mount Moriah and was enclosed in Solomon's Temple. It was here that Father Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice, when the voice of God stayed his hand. David sacrificed the oxen here for having numbered the children of Israel."

VALLEY OF HINNOM

A fence, forty-three by fifty-seven feet, guards the rock from profane fingers, and a canopy of crimson silk is gracefully draped over it. It was on this rock that the Jews built their sacrificial altars, and the furrows that scarred it were doubtless chiselled by the hand of man to carry off the blood from the sacrifice.

"The Moslems claim that the rock is suspended in the air," Abraham told us, as we stood by the wall enclosing it, "and these marks," pointing to the print of a hand, "were made by the hand of the

AN OLIVE TREE ON THE PLAINS OF SHARON

angel Gabriel, who stayed the rock as it was following Mahomet up to heaven. Come with me and I'll show you."

We followed him down a flight of steps to a rock-hewn chamber beneath. We could see no visible means of support to the rock overhead. A circular slab lay at our feet.

"Under this is the Well of Souls," we were informed. "No female is allowed to look down into its hidden depths. Women used to have the privilege, but they carried away so many secrets. Two or three were hung, but it did not have the desired effect, so they have been shut out entirely. No, no! Christian men can't look in," Abraham quickly added, as one of our gentlemen stooped down and touched the stone. The armed soldier had stepped quickly forward. Nothing escaped his watchful eye.

Before leaving the temple we were shown a couple of hairs—valuable and sacred relics—sacred because they were from the beard of Mahomet, and valuable because when Mahomet comes to judge the people of the earth these hairs will turn into golden cables and be stretched from Mount Olivet to the Golden Gate in the east wall. Here they will form a bridge over which all the faithful shall pass into the City of Rest.

Friday afternoon we visited the Jews' Wailing Place. A large number of Jews, men and women, stood along a portion of the wall on the north side of the Temple Area, and just over the wall had stood Solomon's temple. The Moslem will not permit the Jews to enter the Area, so they gather here every Friday to weep and wail over the downfall of Israel, and to pray to God for her restoration. For several yards the old grey wall was worn as smooth as glass with their kisses. Their agony was pitiful to witness, and we better understood why the old Jews always had such a sad visage.

For sixteen hundred years the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has marked the place of the crucifixion. Abraham's fund of information seemed in no way diminished. "This church," said he, "was built by order of St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, to mark the spot where our Saviour was crucified."

Several chapels were built around the central one, which belongs to the Greeks, and five or six Christian bodies worship

in the different chapels, each claiming that their building covers the spot where some incident of the crucifixion took place. The interiors were decorated with gaudy tinsel trappings and lamps, and candles lit up the dark places. Several hundred Russian pilgrims almost blocked the way.

"Are these armed Turks here to watch these pilgrims?" some one asked.

"Oh, no," replied Abraham, "they have to be here all the time to keep the Christians from going at each other's throats! They quarrel so all the time."

Here, near the place where the Son of God died to save a lost world, His followers quarrel and fight over imaginary sites and the end is not yet.

"This," said our guide, pointing to a small marble structure, "is the sepulchre."

With a lighted taper in hand we crept into a small doorway and saw the place where the body of our Saviour is reputed to have lain in the tomb; then we passed into the Greek chapel, which is immediately under the dome. It is more richly adorned than the others. Golden candlesticks and crucifixes, and the gold cloth on the altar glittered in the light of numerous lamps and candles.

"From under this pillar," said our guide, indicating a small stone pillar standing in the centre, "was taken the dust from which Adam was made. The navel of the world, it is called by the Greeks."

Descending a few steps to a lower level we were shown to a chapel erected to the memory of St. Helena, and we sat in a chair said to have been used by the princess. A marble slab lying at the door marked the spot where the crosses had been found three hundred years after Golgotha's tragedy, and on an elevation of natural rock in the Greek chapel we were shown the holes in which they had stood when humanity's debt was paid by the Galilean.

Leaving this ancient church by the south door, we walked down Christian Street. We paused for a few moments by the Pool of Hezekiah, and reviewed in part the history of Israel's great King.

GIRLS CARRYING WATER FROM PILGRIM'S FOUNTAIN, NAZARETH

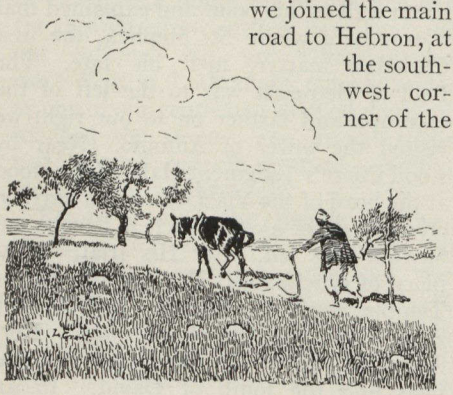
In the twentieth chapter of Second Kings it is recorded that he built a pool. On the lower steps stood some native lads filling their goat-skin bottles with water.

St. Stephen's Gate is in the east wall. Abraham had guided our steps along the north wall to this point and explained that it was here where St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, met his fate. The Pool of Bethesda was to the left of the entrance, and farther on to our right we visited the tower of Antonio. Near by stood Pilate's Judgment Hall, which stood at the head of the Via Dolorosa, a narrow, crooked street along which it is said our Saviour was led, after His trial, to the place of crucifixion. Passing around the Temple Area, we left the city through Zion Gate, in the south wall. Here Abraham showed us the house of Caiaphas and the tomb of David. In an upper room of the latter is the traditional

place of the Last Supper. Through a barred doorway we looked down into a vault where David's body had been laid away. The Moslem sacredly guards the entrance. On the hillside near by, a ploughman was turning over the soil with his primitive plough, reminding us of the prophecy concerning Mount Zion.

"A donkey ride around the walls is the programme for to-day," was Abraham's message for us at the breakfast table next morning. Duly mounted, we skirted the north wall, and at the north-east corner descended into the valley of Jehosaphat. Mount Olivet towered above us on our left, and nestling at its base was the Garden of Gethsemane. Past these we rode on through the Jews' burying ground, where the tombs of Absalom and Zachariah were pointed out. Along a rocky pathway on the slope of Mount Ophel we made our way. Groups of lepers were passed, and the poor afflicted creatures were a pitiable sight. Handless stumps of arms were held up before us, and legs from which the feet had almost rotted off were thrust out from under tattered and filthy garments. The guttural cry "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" from diseased throats made us turn away almost sick as we tossed coins into their laps and urged our donkeys forward. Down we went until we reached the Pool of Siloam, at the junction of the valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. East of the pool lay the village of Siloam and above it the Mount of Offence, where Judas betrayed our Lord.

Following the pathway along the north slope of Hinnom, the Tophet of Scripture, we joined the main road to Hebron, at the south-west corner of the wall. Owing to the roughness of the paths our progress had necessarily been slow, but here our donkeys broke into a brisk run, and we were soon at our hotels.



PLOUGHING ON OLIVET

The Tomb of the Kings lies half a mile north of Damascus gate, the main entrance through the north wall. We passed down a broad flight of steps, entering first a large, open court, whose walls bore signs of having once been highly ornamented. Creeping in through a low doorway, we followed Abraham through several passageways. A short distance farther north lay the American Colony's quarters, a communistic settlement of about one hundred and twenty persons. We found them very hospitable and spent many hours in their pretty parlours.

The most interesting underground cavities we saw were under the city, and were known as Solomon's Quarries. A short distance from Damascus Gate is a small opening chiselled through the solid rock that forms the foundation of a part of the north wall. Stooping low we made our way down a few steps and into a huge cavern. With small lighted tapers in hand we spent an hour traversing the passages that led from one cave to another. Here and there rubbish had fallen through the roof, letting in the light. Great blocks of stone, quarried out for the builder, hung from the roof and walls, while others lay upon the floor. It is claimed that the material for Solomon's Temple and other buildings of the time was taken from this quarry and carried along a subterranean passage, still existing, and hoisted to the Temple Area.

Just across the way lies the Garden Tomb and Gordon's Calvary. For sixteen hundred years the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been accepted by the Christian world as marking the place of the crucifixion, but more than half a century ago General Gordon spent a great deal of time in study and exploration, and finally decided that the place lay without the city walls. Many scholars have since confirmed his views, and the Protestant Church generally accepts the decision. We wished to view the sacred spot at closer range, but our guide assured us that we could not enter the wall, as the

Moslems were using the spot for a burying ground. They had built the wall to prevent strangers from desecrating the place. The great Convention tent was pitched a few yards north of it, and under its shelter met the delegates who represented the world's Sunday-School workers. The World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention had in attendance the most unique company of individuals that ever gathered in the interests of Christian work.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of April 16th, the little company of eight pilgrims, with their baskets on their arms, started on donkeys for the sacred Mount of Olivet. Passing along the north wall and down the Kedron gorge until opposite the Golden Gate, we turned to our left and, dismounting, entered the Garden of Gethsemane. Courteous Franciscan monks attended us as we walked around the paths, and laid a few of the flowers in our hands. We stood for a moment beneath the shadows of the traditional olive tree under which our Saviour sat in His moment of intensest agony.

Our way to the Mount was beset with beggars. "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" whined the miserable creatures. Lepers were grouped along the roadside, and such a picture of wretchedness and hopeless misery will not soon be forgotten. As we tossed a metallic into their laps or boxes, our hearts went out in dumb protest against their awful fate. Reaching Olivet, we left our donkeys with our young attendants and passed through the gateway. The Armenians have enclosed a considerable area by a rude stone wall. We seated ourselves under cypress trees, just at the edge of a sudden descent on the east side of the Mount. A sea of barren, dreary hills lay before. Twenty miles distant we could see the plains of Jericho and a dark line marked the trees fringing the River Jordan, while olive orchards relieved the immediate landscape. Just behind us was the place of the Ascension, and all around was replete with sacred memories. Pausing for a moment on the western slope, we watched the sun's rays glinting over the domes, minarets and white-roofed buildings of the

PLAIN OF MAMRE—HEBRON IN THE DISTANCE. ABRAHAM ONCE CULTIVATED THESE FIELDS

city, and the words of our Lord, doubtless said upon the very spot, came to us:

"O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

A drive to the Jordan had been planned for the morrow. We were to start early and the drive would occupy a day and a half. Bethany, on the slope of Olivet, was first visited. Our drivers drove furiously and at times caused much concern, but fortunately no serious accident occurred. We stopped to rest and feed the horses at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. An occasional train of camels, laden with coal from the country beyond the Jordan; groups of Russian pilgrims, returning to the city; a herdsman with his flock in a small green valley, or away on some distant hillside, were the only signs of life. Standing on a slight eminence by the roadside we looked down into the dry brook Cherith, where God had cared for Elijah, and looking at the sterile hills, we knew that nothing short of a miracle could have sustained life in that region. The cliffs are honeycombed with caves, where a tribe of Bedouins live, known as the Ravens. Descending into the valley, we were in old Gilgal, and we had just time to visit Elisha's Fountain before luncheon. Here we drank of the sweet waters that in Elisha's time had been so bitter.

An eight mile drive over the sandy plains brought us to the Dead Sea. Bronzed and stalwart Bedouin chiefs, mounted and armed, dashed to and fro over the plains like scouting parties. We watched them curiously and enquired their mission.

"Why," said our dragoman, "didn't you know they have come with us from Jerusalem? They were hired to protect us from robbers." He dropped his voice as one of the warlike-looking fellows dashed past. "Yes, and you know that if they hadn't been hired to protect they would have raided us and perhaps killed somebody." We wanted to laugh, but our guide looked so serious that we concluded it was better not to question his statement.

The Dead Sea—rightly named—lay before us. It is the most remarkable body of water in the world. No life sports in its waters; no sign of vegetation is seen on its shores. Its waters, salt and bituminous, lie thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. On the far side rose the hills of Moab, and Nebo's Peak, rising above its fellows, brought to mind the words of the poet:

> "By Nebo's lonely mountain
> On this side Jordan's wave,
> In a vale in the land of Moab,
> There lies a lonely grave."

It was the grave of Moses.

Six miles farther north we came to the historic ford of the Jordan. Here the Israelites passed over on dry land. Here Elisha, using Elijah's mantle, divided the water; here Naaman, the leper, dipped seven times in the sacred waters and was healed, and here, too, came Jesus to be baptised of John. It was disappointing to see the waters so murky, yet it was the Jordan, and we thought of many sacred things as we stood on its banks. We spent the night in Gilgal, and for a part of the evening's entertainment watched a Bedouin dance. The sun was lighting up the hills of Moab when we started on our return trip to Jerusalem the next morning.

The following day we journeyed to Hebron, taking less time, yet perhaps, with less comfort, than when the patriarch Abraham had journeyed hither, four thousand years before. Rachel's Tomb stood by the wayside, four miles from Jerusalem, and a mile and a half farther on lay the upland town of Bethlehem. Before beginning the ascent our guide repeated to us the pretty story of Ruth, the Moabitess, and pointed out the field where she gleaned under the admiring eye of Boaz. From the stone-flagged courtyard before the Church of the Nativity, we looked upon the grassy plains where their great grandson David tended his flocks. Centuries later shepherds, on the same plains, heard that heavenly chorus: "Peace on earth, good-will to men," heralding the earthly advent of the Son of God. In a grotto underneath the church a silver star marks the place of the Saviour's birth.

A few miles from Bethlehem we came to Solomon's Pools, three immense reservoirs that once formed the base of the water supply for the temple. Fourteen miles of stone aqueducts carried the water to the city.

"For centuries these pools have been out of repair," our guide informed us, "but five years ago the Turkish Government repaired them and laid iron pipes to the city."

Around these pools once bloomed the magnificent gardens of Solomon. To-day, heaps of ruins and brilliant wild flowers dot the grassy slopes. We reached Hebron about noon. Four thousand years ago Abraham chose this hill country for his home and purchased the Cave of Machpelah for a family vault. For seven years Hebron had been the seat of David's empire, and in the valley Eshcol, near by, the men sent by Joshua to spy out the land, gathered the huge bunches of grapes that told to Israel's leader the richness of the land. Hebron was one of the cities of refuge, and is one of the oldest towns of which we have any record. There is now in operation a large tannery which supplies all Palestine with goat-skin bottles. A second industry is the manufacturing of glass vessels and ornaments. Bracelets, hot from the furnace, were dropped, in exchange for a liberal baksheesh, into our satchels, but the workmen claimed that they had not received sufficient remuneration, and some altercation arose. The wordy strife grew and our guides advised us to hasten to our carriages. We needed no second admonition, and left the town, followed by imprecations from the fanatical mob of Mohammedans and the rattle of stones against our carriage wheels, which advised us that our stay could not with safety have been prolonged.

The Passage

BY JEAN BLEWETT

O SOUL on God's high seas! the way is strange and long,
Yet fling your pennons forth, and spread your canvas strong;
For though to mortal eyes so small a craft you seem,
The highest star in heaven doth lend you guiding gleam.

O Soul on God's high seas! look to your course with care,
Fear most when winds are kind, and skies are blue and fair;
Thy helm must sway at touch of no wand save thine own,
The Soul that sails on God's high seas must sail alone.

O Soul on God's high seas! sail on with steady aim,
Unmoved by winds of praise, untouched by seas of blame,
Beyond the lonely ways, beyond the guiding star
There stretches out the golden strand, the harbour bar.

A FLIGHT TO FLAMELAND

BY E. P. MEDLEY

Illustrations by Emily Hand

CHAPTER III

THEY started for the Salamandar's palace.

"Have we far to go?" asked Josh.

"No; we shall be there in a minute or two. It is only eight miles distant."

"Eight miles in a minute or two! You mean an hour or two," said Josh.

"I mean what I say," replied the Cyclop. "You said you would go like a shot, and so you shall."

Josh longed for another fast ride, and wondered what it would be like this time.

"You are going by our Pop-gun shute," said the Cyclop. "You must hold tight."

"Are you coming too?"

"Yes, I will follow you, but only one can shute at a time."

They had now reached the brow of an immense hill of sandstone.

"You see that thing there?" said the Cyclop. "It is a cradle. You must lie down in it."

"Do you take me for a big baby?" asked Josh.

"I have told you that I take you for a precious bright boy. But I expect you were a baby once. Now, lie down."

Josh lay down in the cradle, which was made of iron.

"I don't fit very well," he said.

"There is no time for a fit. What do you want a fit for? Lie down."

Josh lay still, but his heart beat fast. The Cyclop wheeled the cradle towards the edge of the hill and pushed it backwards into a round iron pipe, just large enough to hold it. Then he went to the back of the pipe and pulled a chain. This drew the cradle further into the pipe. Still, Josh was not frightened, he was too excited. He only waited a few seconds, then he heard the Cyclop sing out:

"That's the way the Pop-shute goes, and pop—goes the cradle!"

Josh was sliding down the incline like a streak of lightning. He tried to open his eyes, but had no time before he was pulled up with a sudden jerk. This did make him open his eyes, and he found two little black dogs squinting at him. He jumped out of the cradle, which swiftly returned up the hill, and immediately a pack of little black dogs came round him. "You are horrid little animals," he cried, "and I declare every one of you has a squint!"

It was quite true; all the dogs were cross-eyed, and snarled and yapped in a most disagreeable manner. One tried to jump on Josh's shoulder, but he pushed it off, saying: "None of that! I like a jolly dog, full of fun and good temper, but as for having a yapping little cur sitting on my shoulder, it gives me fits."

At once all the little squinting dogs shrunk away snarling, and the Cyclop came and stood beside him.

"I see you have no use for our cross-eyed dogs," he said. "But lots of children are fond of keeping them."

"What for?" said Josh.

"It helps them to be snappy and cross, too," said the Cyclop. "Especially about bed-time. In fact some children take them to bed with them."

"Stupid kids!" said Josh.

By this time they had arrived near a wonderful building made of glowing crystalline.

"This is the palace of His Might the Mighty Salamandar," said the Cyclop. "But you cannot go inside. If His Mightiness welcomed you in his warmest manner you would be turned into a cinder."

"I will risk it," said Josh, going towards the great door, out of which sparks were thickly flying.

The Cyclop seized him roughly.

"No one but the Mighty Salamandar can stand the heat of his palace. He has lived there for ever, and will go on living there for evermore."

"But I want to see him," said Josh; "that is why I came here."

"You shall see him at lunch time. He expects you then. It will be prepared in the grill-ground."

"Are any more fellows coming?" asked Josh.

"Ever so many more," said the Cyclop; "the tables are several miles long."

"You mean several feet, not miles," said Josh, grandly.

"It is an extraordinary thing that you always think you know better what I mean than I do myself. I said miles, and I mean miles. Do you smoke?"

"Not yet," said Josh.

"You soon will," said the Cyclop. "Everyone smokes, after a time, in Flameland."

"Pipes?" asked Josh.

"No, not pipes."

"Cigars, perhaps?"

"No, not cigars."

"Cigarettes, I suppose?" said Josh.

"No, not cigarettes."

"What then?" asked Josh. "It must be one or the other."

"*Every one smokes himself*," said the Cyclop, mysteriously. "Wait and see."

"What twaddle!" said Josh, crossly. "No one can smoke himself."

"Do you happen to have put one of our little dogs in your pocket?" asked the Cyclop. "It sounds like it."

"No, I have not," said Josh, crossly.

"You get on pretty well without one," said the Cyclop. "You manage to snarl pretty well."

Josh laughed at that. He never could be cross long. "I am getting rather warm I fancy," he said. "I wish His Mighty Mightiness would hurry up."

As he spoke the heavy doors of the palace burst open. For several seconds Josh saw only rolling clouds of smoke, but as these cleared off he gazed in astonishment at sight of the Burning Being which met his view.

His height was enormous. His body was flat and broad, covered with scaled skin, the colour of burnished copper. He had seven heads on seven necks, and the hair of his heads was yellow, and stood up like flames of fire. He had fourteen glittering eyes, and fourteen ears. His seven mouths had fourteen rows of sharp teeth like iron nails. He had only seven noses. His fourteen arms had fourteen hands, and on the hands were twenty-eight thumbs, and one hundred and twelve fingers. He had fourteen feet on fourteen legs, and one hundred and forty toes. At his back was an immensely long tail, narrowing towards the end, and to save trouble he twisted the tail into a huge knot, on which he sat, instead of carrying a camp-stool or a garden-chair. As he approached sparks were flying from him in every direction.

"Like a blooming bonfire," said Josh to himself, "or a jolly old firework show. Must I shake hands with him?" he asked the Cyclop.

"Yes," he replied.

"Which hand?" asked Josh.

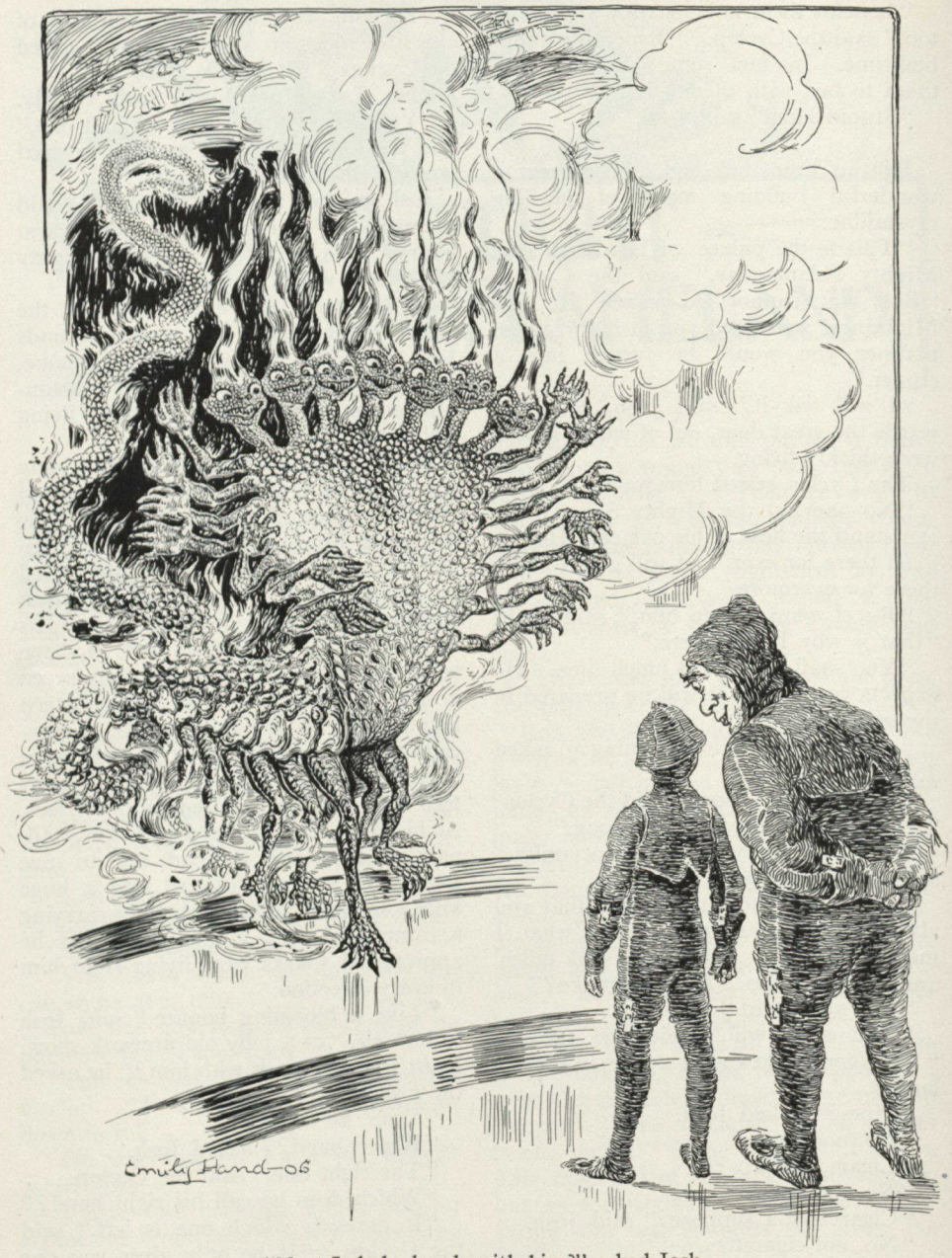
"The right one," said the Cyclop.

"Which does he call his right hand?"

"It depends which one is left," said the Cyclop. "If he only gives you one to shake all the others are left."

Josh had no time to argue this out before the Salamandar stood still and seemed about to speak, but—he sneezed.

It was indeed a sneeze! Seven sneezes



"Must I shake hands with him?" asked Josh

Drawn by Emily Hand

rolled into one gigantic sneeze from seven gigantic mouths.

"Influenza!" said Josh promptly.

"I hope not," said the Cyclop, "or he will not be able to sing at the concert."

"What concert?" asked Josh.

"Our Grand Flare-up Concert, but, hush! he is going to speak."

In vain Josh tried to understand what

the Salamandar said, as each of his seven heads chose a different thing to talk of. When the talking ceased Josh could only think of one word to say, and he said it.

"Conversazione!" he shouted.

The Salamandar smiled all over his seven faces, and clapped his fourteen hands.

"He likes you," said the Cyclop. "Look, he beckons you to follow him."

The Salamandar turned himselves, and Josh followed, keeping as far as possible from the sparks which sparked incessantly from the monster.

At last they came to the grill-ground, and the Salamandar stood still.

"Keep behind him," said the Cyclop. "Though nothing really puts him out, he is a scorcher to flare, and something has gone wrong with the gridirons."

"What are twice one?" demanded the Salamandar in his seven loudest voices.

"He is asking for the tables," whispered the Cyclop. "When he once begins he goes on till twelve times. I am afraid there will be no lunch to-day."

"Why not?" asked Josh.

"Because the tables are forgotten."

"What are twice two?" screamed the Salamandar.

Josh could stand it no longer; he ran and stood before the mighty monster and shouted: "I know all about the tables."

He almost wished he had not spoken, for the Salamandar held out seven hands to him and he did not know which to shake first. But he grasped one, and much to his delight he found it was the right one, for he saw all the others were left.

Never had he received such a warm hand-shake. It was warm enough to last all his life.

"Twos into three?" asked the Salamandar, with all his seven smiles smiling.

"Won't go," said Josh, promptly. "Only one two will go in three and one over."

The Salamandar raised one of his feet and kicked Josh down.

"Hullo! I am the one over," he said, as he jumped up again laughing. The Salamandar was evidently very pleased at his pluck, for he tried to pat him on the head, but Josh dodged away from the seven hands and ran back to the Cyclop.

"When is lunch coming?" he asked.

"I tell you there is something wrong with the gridirons and the fires won't burn. I expect, as usual, His Mighty Mightiness's party will end in smoke."

"A cheap way of giving parties," said Josh. "What are we to do now?"

"Wait and see what he wishes. Perhaps he will have a performance of the match-top dance."

"That will be a spree! May I dance, too?"

"Certainly, if you can."

"If I can? Of course I can. Any chap can dance."

The Cyclop smiled and said nothing.

The Salamandar had now sat down on his tail with his fourteen hands on his fourteen knees, and screwing up his seven mouths he began to whistle.

"I thought so," said the Cyclop. "You are going to see the match-top dance."

Gradually the Salamandar whistled more loudly, till the sound was like an organ and it seemed as if it must reach to the end of the world. Suddenly he changed the tune to one in quick time.

"Here come the dancers," said the Cyclop.

"It is getting dark," said Josh.

"The dance is better in the dark," said the Cyclop.

Soon all was darkness except the Salamandar, who never ceased sending out sparks and whistling. Then Josh saw hundreds of beings coming through the darkness. They appeared like ghosts, and as they came nearer he saw they were not substantial, but figures of bright shining clouds. They waved their arms as they danced, and sometimes they were thin and tall, and again short and broad. At times they were so tall their heads disappeared, but when they came to the ground again they lay down and were level with it. All the while they shone with a strange yellowish blue brightness.

"It is jolly pretty," said Josh. "Why is it called the match-top."

"Because they are phosphorous or sulphur spirits," said the Cyclop, and was going to say more about them when, without a word of warning, Josh darted in

amongst the dancers. In vain he called on him to come back.

"What a cheeky boy he is! His Majesty will be furious."

But there was no doubt the Salamandar had taken a great fancy to Josh, for when he saw him in the midst of the dancers, he whistled more loudly and quickly. Josh capered and pranced madly while the spirits circled and wreathed round him. Faster and faster they went till, with a last wild shout, Josh sprang into the air and then fell on the ground utterly exhausted.

"Firebrandy hot," screamed the Salamandar with four loud voices, while with the other three he thundered loudly for "Gunpowder-tea," which they gave him. Josh never knew, but it must have been very strong, for he quickly fell asleep, feeling happier than he had ever been in his life before.

CHAPTER IV

HE wakened gradually, to find himself being carried, and by the time he was wideawake, he saw he was in quite a different part of Flameland. He was also pleased to see that one of the Cyclops who carried him was his first one-eyed friend.

"We have brought you to our Concert Crater," he said. "We have the Irruption Concert first, and end with our grand Flare-up. That will astonish you a bit, my bright boy."

Josh smiled a superior smile, as if to say nothing could astonish him, and as they set him down he looked round what they called the Concert Crater. It was such a large and spreading place that he could see no end to it. Running about in every direction were funny little creatures, black as coal, with heads shaped like a golliwog's, but their eyes went right through their flat heads, so that they could see both ways at once, behind and before them, and the eyes were bright sapphire blue. Josh caught one of the little creatures and held him fast.

"You are a droll imp," he said. "What do you call yourself?"

"Salam," said the imp, as he wriggled out of his clutch.

He caught another and asked the same question.

"Salam," said the imp, and also ran away. Then Josh saw they were all busy lighting hundreds of fires, and beside each fire stood a cauldron or large pot, ready to be placed on the fires.

"What are they cooking?" asked Josh.

"Lava," said the Cyclop.

"Is it good to eat?"

"Try if you like it," said the Cyclop.

Josh lifted his helmet and put a piece of lava in his mouth. He expected to find it like candy, so put quite a large piece in. He wished he had not, for he had to splutter a great deal to get rid of it.

"I shall make you eat some of it," he said to the Cyclop, taking a piece and going towards him, and no doubt there would have been a struggle between them if something very extraordinary had not happened.

Suddenly there was a blast of trumpets,

"When hundreds of cooks beat kettle-drums

and Josh saw a tremendous crowd approaching led by a band. The trumpets were played by long, thin men dressed in white paper with red paper collars. They were all very thin, but some were short and others tall, with spindle legs and curious twisted feet in paper shoes.

Josh thought they looked like walking-fireworks, and told the Cyclop the impression they made on him.

"Right you are, bright boy," said he. "It is our squib-cracker-rocket band. The blasts of their trumpets and flare of their horns are noted in Flameland and they play set-pieces at the concerts. They also accompany His Mighty Mightiness's songs. See, he comes."

The scorching Salamandar was marching with the music, and behind him marched everybody who lived in Flameland, including all the cooks. Evidently everyone had a holiday.

"Are there any drums?" asked Josh. "I would like to play a drum."

"Of course there are drums. Don't you hear the cooks playing their kettle-drums?"

As they came nearer, Josh wished he could not hear. When hundreds of cooks play kettle-drums there is no time to hear anything else. In front of the cooks marched one alone, holding up a huge kettle with a wreath of sunflowers round it; it was evidently considered rare and beautiful.

"What is wrong with the lonely cook?" asked Josh. "Why does he make such a show of his dressed-up kettle?"

"That is the much talked of 'Pretty Kettle of Fish,' often mentioned in history," said the Cyclop.

"What a silly old fusser!" said Josh. "I am half a mind to upset it over his silly old head."

"Do so if you like," said the Cyclop. "But you will offend His Majesty and spoil the concert."

"What time does it begin?" asked Josh.

"In double-quick time," said the Cyclop; "when nobody is expecting it."

"How jolly!" said Josh. "Then there are no programmes. I hate programmes. Are there any comic songs?"

"Yes, and His Majesty ends up with a break-down. It will make you laugh."

"I can dance a break-down," said Josh.

"You can if you like," said the Cyclop. "I forgot to tell you it is a smoking concert. You will have to smoke whether you like it or not."

Josh was very impatient for the concert to begin, and was glad to see the Salamandar had sat down on his tail with the fire-work band all round him. The rest of the crowd found places as near as possible. The little black imps had put their cauldrons on the fires and were stirring the lava. It bubbled and squeaked and smoked red-hot. The noise when the band tuned up and the Salamandar cleared his seven throats, and the cooks tried their kettle-drums, and the crowd talked loudly, made Josh wonder if there could be any noises left for other places.

"Do you like it?" asked the Cyclop.

"I have not begun to be fond of it yet," said Josh. "What are they waiting for?"

"The conductor, of course," said the

there is no time to hear anything else"

Cyclop. "We expect Lightning, our famous conductor. He keeps them in order a bit."

"I could play a big drum," said Josh, anxious to take part in the concert.

"You can if you like," repeated the Cyclop. "They will come along soon. You won't mind if your drum bursts with a bang, will you?"

"Not a bit, but why should it burst?"

"Because our best drums are filled with petroleum and dynamite; but you will get used to them."

Josh longed to begin playing a drum, it was so dull doing nothing, while everyone else was so busy. He had just decided to have his joke and tip over the "Pretty Kettle of Fish," when there was another blast of trumpets, and the conductor suddenly appeared riding on an electric motor. He was a thin, sharp person, but evidently thought himself very important. As he took up his position he bowed to the mighty Salamandar, who was fuming and fussing, and sending out showers of sparks faster than ever.

"His Majesty is preparing to sing," said the Cyclop.

Josh could think of nothing but playing the drums and was watching eagerly for them to appear.

Soon a terrific rumbling noise was heard in the distance.

"There are the drums coming," said the Cyclop. "They are not far off, only about 1,000 miles."

"You are a silly one-eyed duffer," said Josh. "You don't mean a thousand miles, I am sure."

"Very well," said the Cyclop, cheerfully. "Of course you know best what everyone means, because you think yourself even a brighter boy than you are."

"O hush up!" said Josh crossly. He was getting warmer and warmer every minute. His head felt six times too large for its skin, and he almost tore off his helmet in his excitement.

Again the terrible rumbling was heard, nearer this time, and the conductor held up a wand, which he waved in a zig-zag fashion, so that it flashed like lightning in double-quick time. The trumpets blared and blasted and the horns flared, and then—then the Salamandar began to sing.

Never as long as he lives will Josh forget the Salamandar's song. His low notes reached to the lowest depths of the earth and made it tremble beyond any trembling that ever had been trembled. His top notes! Well his top notes were the tip-toppest-top notes that ever have been or ever will be topped. Then when the chorus came and every one joined in, just as the fancy struck him, Josh howled. He did not know why he howled or what he howled, he simply howled and looked wildly round for a big drum.

The conductor flashed his wand and between each flash could be heard the rumbling coming nearer and nearer. The coal-black imps, looking sharply both ways at once, stirred their fires for miles round. The cauldrons almost boiled over, but were kept from quite doing so by the char-men, who threw cinders into them just at the moment they seemed to be running over.

"Do you like it now?" asked the Cyclop, who kept his crimson eye on Josh.

"I shall—burst," cried Josh; "I shall go bang. Give me a drink of cold water."

The Cyclop laughed. "Everything is hot here," he said; "even the cold water."

Josh was about to reply when the conductor flashed a flash more vivid than before, and at last the big drums rolled into sight, but so different to what he had expected.

"They are *not* drums at all!" he said hoarsely. His throat was so dry, he longed for an ice-cream.

"Poor boy! Poor, bright boy," said the Cyclop. "I fear you are a little upset; but you will be more so before the end."

"Shut up!" whispered Josh, faintly.

He had no wish to play the drum now. There had been a slight lull in the noises after the drums were placed, but now once again they all started, louder than before, and the Salamandar prepared to sing his last song.

"Our grand Flare-up comes with the chorus," said the Cyclop. "I think you had better sit down on this."

Josh allowed himself to be led to a seat and plumped down on to it.

"You will be all right, if you sit tight,"

rhymed the Cyclop. "When the chorus starts hold on to the handles."

He showed him two handles at the sides of the iron seat, and though Josh was not at all frightened—oh, dear, no, of course not—he took hold of the handles at once and began to wonder if the Flamingo would be waiting for him outside when he left Flameland. He was very eager to be sure about the Flamingo, and turned to ask the Cyclop what he thought, and if he could leave before the end of the concert, but to his dismay his one-eyed friend had disappeared.

What happened after that Josh cannot clearly remember, nor what the Salamandar sang, or if he joined in the chorus, but he does remember that the conductor suddenly flashed his wand right in his eyes, which blinded him. An instant afterwards every fire flamed high, the cauldrons all boiled over, the trumpets blasted, and the kettle-drums drummed, and the big drums ——. Josh supposes they burst, but with a howl, which he had never howled before, nor can repeat, he grasped the handles of his seat as he felt himself lifted suddenly and rising swiftly. Up, up, up he went, as if he were pushed by thousands of burning hands.

When he opened his eyes he was lying where the Flamnivorous Flamingo had found him, and strangely enough the great bird was looking down on him. Josh blinked at him. "How did I get here?" he asked.

"I was waiting for you," said the Flamingo. "Did you enjoy your visit?"

"It was a shade hot," said Josh.

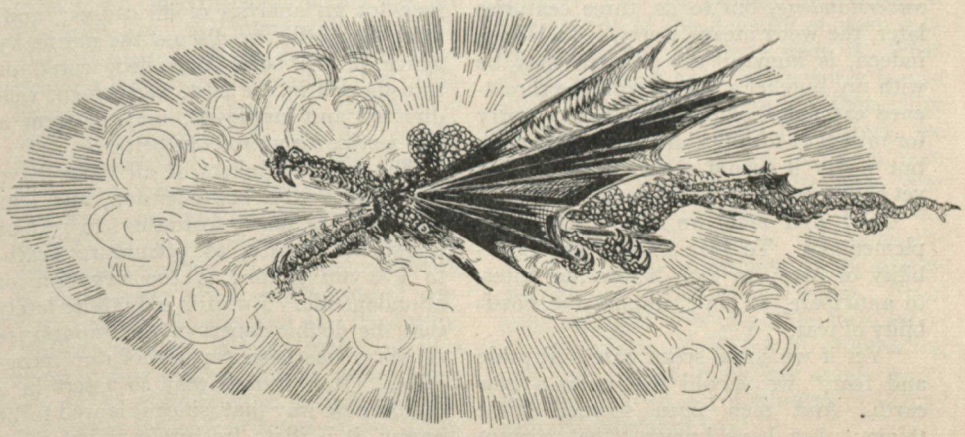
"Made your hair curl, eh?" asked the bird, twisting his neck. "Tell us all about it, there's a good boy."

If there was one thing Josh disliked more than another, it was to be called a good boy. It was so childish. So he rose quickly, said "shan't" as rudely as possible, and walked off with his hands in his pockets.

The Flamingo watched him a minute, wriggled his neck straight, then flew to spread the news of a terrific volcanic irruption in a land far away.

Josh heard everyone speaking of it and laughed loudly at the silly things old wiseheads explained about it, for, did not he know better than them all what had really happened, having been to the concert of the Mighty Salamandar King?

THE END



THE DRAGON

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Introduction to a Series of Six Articles

OUR "being's end and aim" is happiness—not necessarily the material happiness of the inebriate or the epicure, but happiness of some kind, having its highest form in the spiritual exaltation of those rare souls who, in this world of shadows and half-lights, have seen a vision and follow the gleam. Thus to worry is to miss the purpose of one's being: it is to fail—to fail for self, to fail for others, and it is to fail gratuitously. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder"; but the blunder is almost universal, and is the characteristic symptom of an age which—the *laudator temporis acti* notwithstanding—I believe to be the greatest in human history hitherto. To the evolutionist no other belief is open.

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! . . . . . in apprehension how like a god!" Certainly none has a greater right to praise him than his greatest poet. But alas, how significant is the change in meaning of one of Hamlet's words! When Shakespeare wrote "apprehension," he meant *understanding*, but to us, three centuries later, the word means *worry!* To worry, indeed, is human: my concern may be with my butcher's bill or with the threatened extinction of the sun; I may worry for myself or for my child or for my creed, but worry it would seem, I must; and yet happiness is my being's end and aim.

Good and evil, we know, are complementary. To love implies the possibility of hate; to look before and after, to anticipate, to hope, implies the possibility of fear.

"Yet if we could scorn hate and pride and fear," we should live upon a new earth. And men *have* scorned these things; they have known "that content surpassing wealth, the sage in meditation found, and walked with inward glory crowned." The wise of all ages have been the captains of their souls. Of these wise, the wisest few have founded great religions which—their substance, not their form, accepted—have redeemed many generations, and wiped the tears from many eyes. Even pagan stoicism has some claim to be counted with these. In our own time, as in all preceding times, there is necessity, but in our own time it is pre-eminent necessity, for the irradiation amongst the peoples of that fine temper, half philosophic, half religious, half intellectual, half emotional, half rational acceptance, half faith—the faith of Socrates that to the good man no evil thing can happen—the temper that possessed the soul of Wordsworth, who, whilst others were distressed, disheartened, at the betrayal of a patriot, addressed him in these great words:

> "There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

In the succeeding articles it is my purpose adequately to demonstrate, if possible, the importance of worry and of its acuter form, which we call fear; to seek for an analysis of its causes; and, more especially, to discuss the means by which it has been controlled, cured or transfigured in the past, and which, well directed and employed, may perform a like service for us and our heirs.

The wisest thinkers of all times have seen that worry, apprehension, and fear condemn the many to futility, to real or imaginary disease, to premature death, to everything that is the negation of abundant life. But it is only quite lately that the double aspect of the importance of worry has been capable of due recognition. It is indeed easy to assert in a philosophic way that since it is well to be happy, it is ill to fret or fear; but what has not been sufficiently recognised is the importance of worry, not merely in itself as implying the absence of happiness, but as the cause of ills far greater than

itself—the cause predisposing to disease which would otherwise have been escaped altogether; the cause determining the fatal issue of illnesses which would otherwise have been recovered from; a potent cause, probably the most important of all causes of sleeplessness; a great consumer of the bodily energies, both directly and by reason of its effect upon sleep. This brief list is very far from exhausting or even adequately suggesting the physical consequences of worry. It is quoted merely as some indication of the influence of the mind upon the body, an influence which has always been credited, and which unfortunately has given rise to innumerable mysticisms and superstitions, but which has only lately, only indeed since the destruction of materialism thirty years ago, been elevated to the rank of a scientifically appraised truth. Worry, then, is not only a disease in itself, it is the precursor or predisposing cause of many bodily diseases, as also of many mental disorders of far greater gravity than its own. But this disease, hitherto deemed unworthy of serious consideration, is not only potent in influencing the health and happiness and accomplishments of those whom it affects, but those whom it affects are the entire community, with very rare exceptions. I have said that the wise of all ages have been the captains of their souls—the masters of their fate. But the wise of any age are the minority, the numerically insignificant minority. Very few of us have time for reflection, for philosophic meditation. The overwhelming majority of men and women are unable, usually through no fault of their own, to free themselves from this ailment—an ailment which, as we shall see when we come to consider its causes, is an all but inevitable consequence of the supreme characteristic of the human mind, the power of contemplating itself, the past and the future. This is thus an ailment which plays a more or less malign part in almost every life. The variations of its influence are very wide, depending largely upon differences of what we vaguely call temperament. But I question whether there is any life in which it does not have some say. One man it may merely prevent from the full enjoyment of his work and play. Another man it hurts rather in interfering with the quality of his work, causing him to make mistakes due to over-anxiety or want of sleep. In another case it interferes with the sum total of a man's output; in yet another and a very frequent case, it interferes with his domestic happiness or his sociability, making him an irritable husband and father and an unloved guest. But it would be absurd to attempt to discuss here in detail the multitudinous consequences of worry or to insist upon their many ramifications. Merely I would insist at the moment upon the importance of worry, afterwards to be demonstrated, not so much in the melancholic nor in persons having vast responsibilities nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a common, constant, commonplace fact, influencing body and mind, in greater or less degree, throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordinary affairs, who constitute the overwhelming bulk of humanity.

I have, therefore, deliberately avoided the more obvious of this too logical arrangement which the series might display. I propose to deal not first of all with the causes of worry and then with its consequence and cure, but first of all with its consequences and subsequently with its cure and causes. This order, however, may be logically defended; it corresponds to the defining of your subject before you expatiate upon it. First of all, we must know what worry is and what it signifies to human life; then, since its curableness is a matter of history, we must observe the modes in which men have cured it, and consider how their experience may serve our own need. Lastly, we shall consider the more abstract problem—a problem in pure psychology—of the causation of worry. From some points of view this is the most interesting question of all, but it is interesting only because we know how much worry signifies, and so our discussion of it may logically be placed last.

In seeking the fundamental, though not the only cure for worry, our guide, I believe, will be the closing lines, which I have quoted, of the sonnet to Toussaint

L'Ouverture. Mind and body, as we shall see, are inextricably one, and yet are not identical. Primarily, worry is a mental fact, and is to be dealt with by mental, not material, means, by dogmas rather than by drugs.

They must be true dogmas, else they cannot survive the onslaught of "man's unconquerable mind." Yet more, our philosophy must recognise that the soul of man has more than its intellectual component; it has "exaltations, agonies and love." These, as well as our mind, our emotions as well as our reason, are our friends, if we will have them. We shall cure worry neither at the cost of our intellectual chastity, as by cozening ourselves to believe that which we know to be untrue, nor by striving to effect our end with the aid of the dry light of reason alone, casting scorn on the emotional nature. If we are to live completely and throw worry to the dogs, we must honour and recognise our complex nature in its completeness. The stoicisms have failed because they denied the emotions, and the emotionalisms have failed because they were opposed to man's mind and the truth which it worships. The cures that have endured, the optimisms that have survived, are those which have affronted no essential part of human nature, the sufficient vindication for *both* aspects of which, the intellectual and the emotional —for the evolutionist, at any rate—is the fact of their survival, their survival with increase, their triumph indeed, after the supreme test imposed upon them for countless ages by the struggle for existence.

FIRST ARTICLE IN JANUARY

The British Civil Service

By H. LINTON ECCLES

The author of this article outlines both the faults and the excellences of the British Civil Service, and indicates wherein it differs from the system in force in Canada.

THE Civil Service in Great Britain is a fearful and wonderful organisation. It is fearful because it would need a man of strong moral courage and much pertinacity to change or amend it; wonderful not so much because of its principles as of the way in which those principles are manipulated. Still, it *is* the Civil Service, and in the present case we have to consider what it is and not what it might be.

In comparison with the civil services of the two other great English-speaking countries, Canada and the United States, the balance of advantages rests with the British system, capable of improvement as it undoubtedly is. The principle of open competition has been more widely adopted in Great Britain, consequently the display of "log-rolling" appears quite mild and inoffensive compared with the two "halves" of North America. It would be a severe task on one's imagination to picture a government governing quite without patronage, therefore we must needs add this method of easy preference to the list of "necessary evils," and not waste words in deploring it. But all evils can be lessened, and the end of good government is served when it wisely controls patronage instead of being unwisely controlled by it.

In Great Britain previous to 1855, patronage stalked unchecked in all branches of Government service. In those days, if a man wanted to "get on" and incidentally reap a fat salary from public money, it was not at all necessary that he should be gifted with any but the most ordinary ability. He was not required to know the "ins and outs" of Latin, mathematics, and English —this was mere "polish" which he could afford to disregard. The one thing needful consisted in having someone well placed—the higher the better—with the

Government of the day; someone, say, who was a Lord of the Admiralty, or, failing that, the intimate friend of one; or a member of the inner council of state, or at least a man to whom that member was under some sort of obligation. Then, indeed, might the sun shine! Of course, many good men and true succeeded in getting over the fence—with more or less difficulty—and we have handed down to us the historical spectacle of such men as Nelson waiting the pleasure of the powers that were, at each step of their earlier careers, before they could make the advance their talents and performance demanded. The word which officially described this system was "nomination," so by nomination, up to 1855, were all positions in the Civil Service filled. There was even an examination to be passed—one which the twelve-year-old schoolboy of to-day would laugh at; but it was whispered that a man "in the know," or in the counsels of someone else "in the know," might easily get round this examination by another door.

In the year 1855 a qualifying examination of a more or less difficult nature was introduced, and this held good until, in 1870, the system of open competition was generally adopted. The success which followed the introduction of this system was immediate and salutary in effect, as will be seen from the following details: From May, 1855, to June, 1870, the period during which a qualifying examination was made a necessary preliminary to appointment—there were 1,594 candidates for 37 appointments, averaging 43 for each appointment. From June, 1870, to December, 1885, following the introduction of open competition, there were 108,400 competitors for 14,717 appointments, averaging 7 for each appointment. Since 1885 the number of competitors has increased with the additional vacancies, and the average number of candidates for each appointment in open competition is now about eight.

By an Order-in-Council, dated February 12, 1876, following the report of the Playfair Commission, the Civil Service was split into two divisions, upper and lower, and the Civil Service Commission assumed control over entrance to the service. From the first there was evidence of a good deal of friction and dissatisfaction between these two divisions, and the men of the "Lower Division" found plenty of cause for grumbling in the preferential treatment and the privileges meted out to those of the "Upper Division." At last, in 1886, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire fully into the working of the service. In the first place the Commissioners recommended that the distinguishing terms "Upper" and "Lower," which had become objectionable to members of the Lower Division, should be altered to "First" and "Second" Division respectively. It was also recommended that the salaries of the First Division begin at £200 and rise to £1,000 a year, and that those of the Second Division begin at £70 and rise to £350 a year. It was thus hoped to secure uniformity in the Service, and to facilitate transfers from one department to another. There was an additional proviso for a revision of the pension system. These recommendations of the Commission were never completely adopted, and as a consequence there has ever since been subject matter for grievance on the part of civil servants, especially in the lower divisions. The excellent principle of uniformity aimed at in the report of the Commission of 1886 has not yet been fully realised, but the salaries paid nowadays are more in harmony with the work of each department than they previously were.

The Civil Service Commission, called into being by the Order-in-Council of 1876, is administered by two permanent Commissioners, who are appointed by the First Lord of the Treasury. It is their duty to fix the regulations as to age, health, and character of candidates, and they also arrange the different literary examinations for the Home Civil Service, for the Indian Civil Service, and for the admission of students to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The Indian branch of the service is quite distinct from the English; it has its own peculiar conditions and problems, and must be considered apart from the Home Service. The examinations for the admission of students to the Royal Military Academy

and the Royal Military College are arranged by the Civil Service Commission for the convenience of the military authorities, and do not concern us here.

The best positions in the English Civil Service are, of course, to be found under the heading of Class 1, or First Division. The age limits for entrance are 22 to 24, and the successful candidates are mostly graduates from a university or those who have had special advantages in the way of education. This, one is informed, is desirable because Class 1 of the service must be rendered exclusive, and the successful candidate, when he has succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles which guard the way of entrance to the First Division, is enabled to move in what is really a very superior grade of society. That there are other compensations will be gathered from the following scale of salaries attached to some of the principal offices where Class 1 clerks are employed:

TREASURY—£200, rising annually by £20 to £500; £700 to £900; £1,000 to £1,200. In addition, extra allowances are given, varying from £150 to £300 per annum.

COLONIAL OFFICE—£200, rising by £20 to £500; £700 by £25 to £800; £850 by £50 to £1,000.

HOME OFFICE—The same as Colonial Office to £800; £900 by £50 to £1,000.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £500 by £20 to £600; £625 by £25 to £800.

BOARD OF TRADE—£150, rising by £15 to £350; £400 by £20 to £600; £650 by £25 to £800.

ADMIRALTY—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £800; £825 by £50 to £1,000.

POST OFFICE: SECRETARY'S OFFICE—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £800.

INLAND REVENUE—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £700; £725 by £25 to £800; £825 by £25 to £900.

WAR OFFICE—£150, rising by £15 to £400; £450 by £20 to £650; £700 by £25 to £900.

There are further opportunities for a First Division man—needless to say, with influence at his back—in the shape of Assistant Secretaryships, Permanent Under-Secretaryships, and Private Secretaryships, which carry additional salaries varying between £100 and £300 per annum.

The bulk of the ordinary clerical vacancies in public departments are now filled by Second Division (or Class 2) clerks. The age limits for these appointments are 17 and 20, and the salary attached to them commences at £70 and rises by £5 annually to £100, then by £7 10s. to £190, and from £190 by £10 to £350. When a Second Division man's salary by this method reaches £250, his further advancement depends upon merit and not upon seniority. The qualifying examination for appointments to the Second Division is severe, and the competition of candidates very keen.

The official regulation says that Second Division clerks *may* be specially promoted to the First Division after eight years' service—the promotion presumably depending on the favourable recommendation of the heads of departments. The italics are quite justified, for careful enquiries have discovered the fact that this option of special promotion is but sparingly exercised by the powers that rule the different departments, either to the advantage of the general body of Second Division men or of the service. It is unfortunate that promotion from the Second Division to the First depends upon the whim and fancy of a higher official, because, like every human being, that official is bound to have prejudices and to be subject to the temptation to serve someone whom he naturally enough desires to see promoted. That is just one of those little crevices where patronage, ever insidious in its application and methods, creeps in. The remedy, of course, lies in the direction of making promotion dependent upon the judgment of not one official only, but upon two or three independent officials. The worst examples of the abuse of this option of promotion are seen in the War Office, the Post Office, and the Admiralty.

There are considerably over three thou-

sand Second Division clerks employed in the service, and the great majority of them are distributed over the various Government offices in London. The Post Office alone, with its various sub-departments, employs about half the number.

In addition to the two Divisions of the Civil Service already mentioned, there are large, and in some directions increasing, numbers of boy copyists (boy clerks), abstractors (or assistant clerks), and temporary clerks engaged. There is also a growing number of women employed in the service, though they are chiefly confined to the Post Office and the Post Office Savings Bank. In London Post Offices, independently of the Savings Bank, there are about a thousand women clerks, telegraphists and sorters.

The British Civil Service costs well over twenty millions of pounds annually. A Parliamentary return, issued in January, 1903, showed that the total number of persons employed in the Civil Service on March 13, 1902, was 107,782, including 77,035 employed in the postal service, and 8,869 in the Admiralty. These figures are now largely increased. It is worthy of notice that the total number of persons in the Classified Civil Service of the United States is less than one hundred thousand.

During 1904 there were ninety-seven open competitions conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners in connection with the Home Service. Eight of them were of a professional or technical character, and the remaining eighty-nine non-technical. Of the non-technical competitions, sixty-four were for appointments in the Post Office. In twenty-eight of these sixty-four examinations, 3,096 female candidates competed for 349 situations, averaging nearly nine for each appointment, and in the remaining thirty-six examinations, there were 2,512 male candidates for 312 situations, or eight for each appointment. The figures show a slight, though apparently steady, falling off in the number of candidates competing for each situation since 1904.

It will readily be seen that the principle of open competition governing entrance to the English Civil Service has been abundantly successful ever since it was first put into practice over thirty years ago. Certainly the service gets the pick of the candidates, if the numbers who enter for the preliminary examinations are any indication. In fact, the Civil Service Commission has literally had to defend itself against the rush of candidates by imposing more and more restrictions and by stiffening the examinations, until it is almost necessary, in order to pass a popular examination like that for the Second Division, to avail one's self of the services of an experienced tutor for at least twelve months beforehand.

Here then should Canada learn the first step towards placing her Civil Service in a healthy and efficient state. Appointments made solely on the strength of nomination are not, in nine cases out of ten, the best appointments. There must be a trial of strength between candidates for the appointments, so that the best may win. The qualifying examinations must be ruled on the principle of open competition, and the ruling must not be tinged or influenced in any way by politics. That is the ideal to work for! Just as a great railroad lasts out administrations, so must a permanent Civil Service outlive elected Governments, and what is a Civil Service that is not permanent but a chaos? Just as the railroad can carry on its business and preserve its usefulness quite independently of the winds of ordinary political doctrines, so can a Civil Service be organised and carried on independently of whatever party is in power. In fact that is the only successful way in which to organise and carry it on. In England, a Civil Servant placed in a responsible position is expressly forbidden to take any active or public part in politics, and is liable to instant dismissal on infringement of this rule. This is the principle which should be in operation in Canada. Purge the Civil Service, as far as is humanly possible, of politics and patronage—a reform not at all outside the bounds of possibility—and the first great step towards economy and efficiency is taken. Before anything else is thought of, this must be accomplished.

Old Christmas Customs in England

By SARAH A. TOOLEY

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

WHILE the celebration of Christmas has largely become a stereotyped national holiday at which everybody eats turkey and plum pudding and sends cards with the season's greeting, there still lingers in ancient townships and remote hamlets customs which survive from the days when each county had its separate dialect and usages.

Hoary and classic Oxford has preserved in its original form the Boar's Head Feast, an old Christmas custom of the northern counties which is celebrated at Queen's, the college founded by Robert de Eglesfield, rector of Brough, in Westmoreland, in 1340, for the benefit of scholars from Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Let us, in imagination, enter the old oak-panelled Hall of Queen's College on Christmas afternoon. A huge fire blazes on the hearth, and casts a cheerful glow over the holly-decked walls and the crowd of townsfolk, who, according to established rule, are admitted to see the celebration. All eyes are fixed on the door, and there is a flutter of expectancy when the blast of the trumpet is heard which heralds the approach of the procession. First come the Provost and the Fellows in their black gowns, and then the bearer of the feast follows, holding aloft on a great silver dish the boar's head gaily decked with tiny banners and crowned with garlands of bay and rosemary. The Chaplain and the choir boys follow, chanting the old carol, beginning:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

On moves the stately procession to the rhythmic sound of the carol, the chorus,

"Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino,"

swelling at the end of each verse, until the high table at the further end of the Hall is reached, where the Boar's head is set down amidst a thrill of admiration. The Provost distributes the decorations amongst the townspeople, who now withdraw, while the Dons and Fellows sit down to dine. Round goes the old wassail bowl, and the wine tankard, with the useful whistle in the handle, and the great Black Jack, and the feast proceeds as it has done these 500 years, since it was instituted, as the legend goes, in honour of a scholar of "Queen's," who killed a wild boar in the woods by thrusting his Aristotle down its throat, as he cried "*Accipe! Græcum.*" However, the boar's head was honoured long before the advent of this valiant scholar, and is a relic of a Scandinavian rite which took firm root amongst our Saxon forefathers. In the old halls and manor houses of the northern counties was the Boar's Head Feast observed in days of yore, and the custom preserved at Oxford has found followers in modern times in mansions where the owners, like Squire Bracebridge, recall its celebration in the noble old college hall of their youth.

Oxford has also kept alive the ancient carol service. This takes place on Christmas Eve in Magdalen College. At eight o'clock the hall presents a gay and festive appearance, with the burning logs and Christmas decorations. At the Fellows' high table at one end of the hall supper is laid for the choir boys, who are the chief guests of the evening, and there is a giant Christmas tree, sparkling with gold and silver bells, and lighted with coloured tapers. Visitors from the town are admitted to view the scene, and there is always a good gathering in the ladies' gallery. At the appointed hour the President, choir-master, organist, and choris-

ters procession into the hall, and open the ceremony with selections from the "Messiah." Then the boys sit down to supper. Frumety, the time-honoured dish of Yorkshire at Christmas time, is passed round in silver tureens, after which the banquet proceeds with more substantial and, it must be admitted, more popular dishes. At the conclusion of supper the tree is illuminated, and the choristers, standing round, sing "Many a Carol, Old and Saintly." The carol singing continues until a little before twelve o'clock, when the *Adeste Fideles* is rendered in Latin and followed by some moments of profound silence. Then the chimes which tell the hour that ushers in the Christmas morn break the stillness as the bells clang out a merry peal from Magdalen Tower. The choristers raise the triumphant notes of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and as it ceases one hears "A Merry Christmas, Sir," and the President, raising the old silver tankard to his lips, gives the time-honoured toast. There is no Master of the Revels or Lord of Misrule among the stately Dons, still, the choir boys have a merry time and depart, bearing gifts from the Christmas tree, while the company, who, in accordance with the old tradition that all comers shall be freely entertained, having partaken of mince pies, sandwiches, and hot negus, wend their way through the stately old quadrangle back into twentieth century life. This festival was instituted for the choir boys many years ago by a patron of the college who desired to promote the singing of carols.

One may mention, in passing, the ancient candle socket preserved in the buttery of St. John's College, Oxford, which was formerly used to burn the Christmas candle on the high table during the twelve nights of the festival, and was also used at the College Sealings. It is of stone, carved and painted and ornamented with the figure of the Holy Lamb. It is about twelve inches high and will hold a large two-inch candle. This is a relic of the times when each householder lighted his candles from the great church candle. In many country places the custom of Christmas candles is still observed along with the burning of the yule log. At the ancient village of Barley, in Hertfordshire, there is a tract of land called "Plough Candles," the rent of which went to furnish the candles which were kept burning before the high altar in pre-Reformation times, from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Day. After that came Plough Monday when the rustics returned to work.

Another nteresting, though not quite so charming a survival occurs at Dewsbury in Yorkshire, where the Devil's Knell is tolled on Christmas Eve. The custom was discontinued for many years, but was revived by the vicar in 1828, and has continued to the present time. The bell is tolled the same number of times as the year, viz., 1902, on the last occasion. The practice is supposed to signify that when Christ was born the Devil died, hence the ringing of his death knell. At East Dereham in Norfolk; Woodchester, Gloucestershire; and Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire, muffled peals used to be rung during Chri tmas week.

Yet ano.her old Yorkshire custom must be noted in the "Christmas Cheers," or raffles for provisions, which take place among the working people. These principally prevail in the North Riding. About ten days before Christmas the "Cheers" take place in the public houses, where geese, ducks, turkeys, bottles of gin, and barrels of ale are raffled at a shilling a "shake." A year or two ago, the Countess of Carlisle and Lady Cecelia Roberts tried to suppress the 'Christmas Cheers," in the interests of temperance. But the Yorkshire folk love their feasting, and the "Cheers" will die a hard death. Pleasanter to contemplate is the typical Christmas Eve in this ancient county, when the yule "clog" blazes on the hearth, the yule candles are lighted, a yule cake is made for each member of the family, and from mansion to cottage is served the time-honoured dish of frumety, while good Yorkshire pies are not wanting.

The Staffordshire folk are a lively people, and one finds at the decayed market town of Abbots Bromley, about ten miles from Stafford, a most interesting survival of the Horn and Hobby-horse dancing, which used to be so generally observed in the days of Merrie England at Christmas and other festivals. The dancing was generally connected with the church, and

often began in the church porch, and this association still prevails at Abbots Bromley. The reindeer antlers, with which the dancers surround their heads, until each man seems an impersonation of Herne, the phantom hunter, and the old hobby-horse are kept in the parish church of St. Nicholas, being deposited in the tower each year after the celebration of the dance, which now, however, takes place at the Wake on the first Monday after September 1st. Still, though the fact does not appear to be recognised locally, so far as my enquiries go, the Horn Dance was originally a Christmas custom, and might for old association's sake be again revived at that season. Plot, in his history of Staffs, 1686, says: "Within memory, at Abbots or Pagets Bromley, they had a sort of sport which they celebrated at Christmas, on New Year and Twelfth Day, called the Hobby-horse Dance from a person who carried an image of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hands a bow and arrow, which, passing through a hole in the bow and stopping upon a shoulder it had in it, he made a snapping noise as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the musick; with this, men danced, six others carrying on their shoulders as many reindeer heads, three of them painted white, with three red, with the arms of the chief families (viz., Paget, Bagot and Wells), to whom the revenues of the town chiefly belonged, depicted on the *palms* of them, with which they danced the hays and other country dances." The historian goes on to describe a pot which the dancers carried, and into which they received gifts of cake and ale, also money, the latter being used to repair the church and feed the poor. Such was the original Christmas custom at Abbots Bromley.

To-day, the Horn Dancers assemble on the Wake Monday at the church, and having arrayed themselves in the deer antlers and grotesque garments which they receive from the parish clerk, they go round the village and outlying parts performing the dance. One of the number leads with the hobby-horse, and another plays an accordion. After each performance they send round the hat and receive a nice little sum of money, which they divide amongst themselves. They keep up the dancing until nightfall, when they return to the church and deposit the horns and hobby-horse until the next anniversary comes round.

A modern revival of the Mummers, or old Christmas play, formerly general throughout the country, takes place in Warwickshire, where the spell of "Will of Stratford" keeps the play-acting spirit alive. Rugby, and the neighbouring village of Newbold, are the scenes of the revived Mummers' plays, in which the time-honoured fight between St. George and the Turkish Knight takes place, with the attendant drolleries of Dr. Brown, and other characters. Mysterious minstrels, I am told, also parade the town of Rugby at Christmas, and give much pleasure to the people. In many parts of Warwickshire, especially in the houses of the gentry, the ancient mumming has been revived of late, and exhibitions of masks and mummers are still occasionally seen in the farm kitchens.

Indeed, Shakespeare's "Greenwood" is rich in old-time customs. The festivities begin on December 21st, St. Thomas's Day, when the children go a-Thomasing round the hamlets and villages, begging gifts for Christmas, and often furthering their claims by singing old carols, such as

> "Little cock-robin sat on a wall—
> We wish you a merry Christmas
> And a great snow ball."

The yule-log is still dragged in procession from the woods to stand in the inglenook until the auspicious eve, and the great melon or marrow decked with ribbons hangs from the rafters of the farm-house parlour ripening ready for the festival. On Christmas Eve, it is prepared and stuffed ready for the table. The stuffed chine of pork is another dish which the Warwickshire housewife prepares for the season, as also the stewed crab-apples, which live in Shakespeare's verse:

> "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."

The old people set great store by this dish and offer it to their friends in the winter evenings when Christmas approaches, and on Christmas morning elder wine is drunk in the rustic households with unfailing regularity, a custom which Squire Cass observed in "Silas Marner."

Kent was a county noted for "hodening," or going round with the "hodening" horse, a fearsome creature made of wood with great jaws studded with hobnails for teeth. A boy carried the head, having his own person concealed by a horsecloth. He held a cord which worked the hinges attached to the hideous jaws and made them open in a ferocious manner; at the same time he kept up as much kicking and plunging as possible. Young men from the farm stables usually went round with the horse, to the terror of small children. The custom was kept up at Walmer and Hoath until comparatively recent times at Christmas, and also at Sittingbourne.

Essex had its own peculiar custom of wrestling for the boar's head, formerly observed at Hornchurch, on Christmas Day. The lessee of the tithes, which belonged to New College, Oxford, used to supply the boar's head dressed and garnished for the contest, which took place in a field adjoining the church. The boar's head, decked with ribbons, was elevated on a pole and brought into the ring to be wrestled for; the prize being awarded to the winner. The custom was by ancient charter, and although the practice has been discontinued, the bull's horns and head are still exhibited on the east end of the chancel of the church.

Haxey, the ancient capital of the Island of Axholme, in the Lincolnshire Fen country, which the author of "The MS. in a Red Box" has rendered famous, is the scene, on old Christmas Day, of an interesting survival of the custom called "Throwing the Hood." In his "History of Axholme," Peek relates that the custom was first instituted by the daughter of one of the Mowbrays, a landed family residing in the neighbourhood of Haxey. It chanced one old Christmas Day, that the young lady was out riding and had her hood blown off by the wind. Twelve men, working in the fields, ran to pick it up, and their efforts afforded Lady Mowbray so much merriment, that when at length the hood was captured she gave the men money and promised that a piece of land should be vested in trustees for the purpose of annually carrying out a sport on old Christmas Day to be called "Throwing the Hood." The land consisted of forty acres, and to-day bears the name of Hoodlands. Formerly a mill stood there, but only the old mill-house remains, and the field surrounding it is the scene of the quaint survival

There is locally, I find, another version to the effect that the lady of the manor was on her way to Mass on Christmas morning, and while crossing the mill field her hood blew off and the villagers, also on their way to church, joined in trying to recover it. The wind blew the hood hither and thither, and the fun grew fast and furious, to the amusement of the lady, who, after the hood was restored, commanded that the game should be annually commemorated, and left at her death an endowment of lands for the purpose.

Haxey has most chivalrously stood by the lady's wish, and the good townsfolk to-day hunt the hood with all the old-time zest and observance. At three o'clock in the afternoon of old Christmas Day, the "Boggans," four or six men dressed in red and having the real hood and several sham hoods, march in order to the remains of the old stone cross by the church, led by the "fool," who is dressed in rags stuck about with birds' feathers. Arrived at the cross the fool mounts it and makes a humorous speech to the people. Then he leads the way to the field where the "sham" hoods, made of red baize or flannel and stuffed with sawdust, are thrown amongst the crowd. Any one who secures a hood and escapes without being touched by the boggans, stationed at the corners with long sticks, runs down to the village with his trophy and is entitled to free drinks at any public house he chooses to enter.

At four o'clock the real hood, which is twenty-five inches long, nine inches in circumference, shaped like an elongated sausage and made of stout leather stuffed with straw, is thrown, and the sport becomes boisterous. One end of the hood is seized by one side of the parish and the other end by the opposite side, and the "sway" begins, the rival villagers trying to drag the trophy to their particular end of the parish. Prudent folk put up the shop shutters and barricade their windows, as there is no knowing to what length the sport may go, for though the swayers are not malicious in intention, the vigour with

which each side strives for the hood, and the number of people engaged in the struggle, make the affair rather dangerous. Anyone standing in the street is regarded as legitimate prey, and is liable to be dragged in o the "sway." Women and children view the scene from the privacy of their bedroom windows, or if they venture out obtain sanctuary for the time being behind the churchyard wall. On this day the local laws are popularly supposed to be suspended, and Haxey runs the gauntlet of established order in as free and easy a spirit as it did in days of yore, when the hero of the "MS. in the Red Box" flourished. If shutters are battered in or windows broken, not even the grim Earl, who tortured offenders on the rack at Castle Musgrave, were he alive to-day, would venture to punish an offender on Old Christmas Day. The present vicar, the Rev. H. Clifford, tells me that when he first came to Haxey, his gardener insisted on barring and bolting up every entrance to the vicarage preparatory to the "Hood" celebration, asserting, as a native of the place, that no damage for trespass could be punished on that day.

The game lasts till dusk, and the victors bear the hood to their part of the parish, where it remains for the ensuing year. The evening closes with much merry-making, and copious healths are drunk to my Lady Mowbray, who instituted such good sport. On the following day it used to be the custom for the revels to be continued at West Woodside by the smoking of the "fool." A fire was made of straw, and the fool, fastened with a rope, was swung to and fro over the fumes until he was properly smoked (or choked?), after which he was liberated and went round with the hat.

Although the generally accepted origin of Throwing the Hood at Haxey is traced to Lady Mowbray, some antiquarians assert that the custom is connected with the ancient rites and ceremonies of sun-worship. It seems, however, that if such were the case the custom would have been observed in other places besides Haxey.

Cornwall is a county rich in folklore and old traditions, and still retains distinctive Christmas customs, several of which are associated with the mining industry. The festival practically begins with Picronsday, the second Thursday before Christmas, when the Cornish miners feast in honour of St. Piran (*alias* St. Kinan), the supposed discoverer of tin. On the Thursday before Christmas is observed the feast of Chewidden, in commemoration of the first manufacture of smelted (white) tin. The name is Celtic, and signifies "white house." The factories where the smelting is done are always spoken of as "houses." Some places celebrate one of these days and some another, but Mr. Thurstan C. Peter, of Redruth, an authority and enthusiast regarding the customs and traditions of his native country, tells me that he does not know of any place where the two "tin" festivals are kept. It would seem that in some districts the miners choose to honour the discoverer of tin and in others to celebrate the first process of melting.

The Cornish miners have a superstition against working underground on Christmas Eve, because of the tradition that on that night the fairies meet at the bottom of the mines to hold a Mass in celebration of the birth of Christ. Sounds of melodious singing are alleged to have been heard. This is not, however, peculiar to Cornwall; I have known a similar superstition repeated by old miners in the Black Country.

Among other practices still observed in Cornwall is Going-a-Gooding on Christmas Eve. Parties of poor women, sometimes as many as twenty-five in a party, go round from house to house begging for something to celebrate the festival. Money is sometimes given, but more frequently the "goodys" return home with gifts of clothing and eatables. The yule-log, or "mock" as it is locally called, is still dragged in triumph from the wood to many farmhouses and country halls in Cornwall and burned on Christmas Eve, with all the old traditions. The "mock" was never supposed to be bought, and those who did not own land obtained it for the fetching from their neighbours' woods. A modern survival of this custom is the load of firewood which many timber-sellers in Cornwall send to their customers at Christmas. The pleasant practice of the tradespeople sending Christmas boxes in kind to their patrons still obtains in the

county. One might suggest that it is worthy of being revived in London.

In days gone by every Cornish housewife provided "the Christmas" for her household. This was a small saffron and currant cake, given on Christmas Eve to each member of the family and to each guest, and the custom was for everybody to taste everybody else's cake by way of good-fellowship. The practice has gone out of fashion for the most part, but was observed so recently as last year in some cottage homes about Redruth. Another vanishing custom is "Giglot Fair," which used to be celebrated with great spirit at Launceston the week after Christmas. It savoured of leap year customs, for every one was free to speak to one of the opposite sex without the formality of an introduction. Chaperones were rigidly excluded from the fair. They have had their revenge, however, for I am told that the merry-making which still struggles to survive amongst the young people is being suppressed "by the better sense of the elders, who see the ill consequences which too often result from such liberty."

Carol-singing is less risky, and is observed throughout Cornwall by special services in the churches and chapels. In days gone by family parties on Christmas Eve sat round the blazing "mock" eating the special cakes already referred to, and singing quaint carols far into the night. On Christmas Day, carols took the place of psalms in the churches, and at the end of the service the parish clerk in a loud voice wished the congregation a "Happy Christmas." A few years ago Mr. Heath, organist at Redruth, discovered a collection of old carols in MS. hidden in a chest in the church. These gave evidence that they had been written and set to music by some village worthies for local use. Similar collections of original carols were afterwards discovered in some of the Devonshire churches, pointing to the old custom of districts and counties having their own special carols. The rhymes of the village composers were more curious than edifying, having been handed down from mouth to mouth with accumulated corruptions of words and expressions, and are still sung in the country districts of Cornwall. Locally it is called "curl" singing. The late Mr. Davies Gilbert published some of these ancient carols set to music.

The Guise-dancing, which used to be observed in the Land's End district, has now degenerated into a romping game by

THE PROCESSION OF THE HORN DANCERS AT ABBOTS BROMLEY

Photo by A. W. Hill, Abbots Bromley

THE ASSEMBLY OF HORN DANCERS AND THE HOBBY-HORSE AT THE CHURCH DOOR, ABBOTS BROMLEY

Photo by A. W. Hill, Abbots Bromley

children, who go round the villages and smaller towns with whistles, beating iron tea trays and making as many discordant sounds as a "cat's concert" would supply. The police, not being troubled with antiquarian sentiments, suppress the "survivals" in the larger towns.

The ancient superstition of "wassailing" the apple trees on old Christmas Eve for good luck is still observed in a few places in East Cornwall, but the practice has survived more generally in the neighbouring counties. In West Somerset, in the Bridgwater district, for example, wassailing the apple trees is still observed, and has been described by Mr. Walter Raymond in "Young Zam and Zabina." The idea is to drink wassail, which, according to its Saxon derivation, is waes-hael (health be to you) to the apple trees at the time of the winter solstice, so that they may bear a good crop of fruit in the coming season. The poet Herrick has a verse:

"Wassaile the trees that they may beare
You many a plum and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you do give them wassailing."

The custom is thus described by a local resident. On old Twelfth Eve (Jan. 17) a small band of farm labourers, sometimes reinforced with the local blacksmith or carpenter, pays a visit to all the orchards in the neighbourhood to carry out the old custom of wassailing.

The tour begins at 7 p.m., when the men have left work. On entering the orchard they form a circle beneath the largest tree and sing the wassail song, the quaint words of which have been handed down orally from father to son for many generations. The whole company join in the singing. Formerly an old musket was fired at the end of the song, but of late this part of the ceremony is omitted. When the singing ceases the owner of the orchard, whether squire or farmer, sends out a bucket of hot

THROWING THE HOOD AT HAXEY: THE "FOOL" MAKING HIS SPEECH AT THE OLD STONE CROSS, PREPARATORY TO THE THROWING OF THE HOOD

Photo by George Hammond, Haxey

cider with toast floating on the top. The toast is placed on the apple trees for the robins to eat, while the cider lubricates the throats of the singers. The scene is a curious and picturesque sight with the rustics in their rough working clothes standing beneath the bare, rugged branches of the apple trees, chanting their quaint song by the light of lanterns; but if the moon shines, and there is hoar frost on the tree and snow on the ground, the sight is perfect. It might be a Druidical function of the dark ages. The ceremony completed, the company march up to the house of the owner, where more cider and good cheer await them. Old men still believe that if this custom is not observed a bad crop of apples will be the result, and if a farmer is unpopular his orchard is left unwassailed.

I have before me several local versions of the rhymes sung to the apple-trees, but the Halse Wassail Song is the most complete, and owes its preservation, I believe, to Dr. Prior, of Halse, who died last year. It is partly in Somersetshire dialect:

"Wassail, wassail, all round the town,
The zidur-cup is white, and the zidur is brown,
Our zidur is made from good apple trees,
And now, my fine fellows, we'll drink, if you please.
We'll drink your health with all our heart,
We'll drink to'e all before we part,
Here's one, and here's two,
And here's three before we goo.
We're three jolly boys all in a row,
All in a row, boys, all in a row,
And we're three jolly boys all in a row.

CHORUS—
"This is our wassail, our jolly wassail,
And joy go with our jolly wassail.
Hatfuls, capfuls, dree basket, basketfuls,
And a little heap in under the stairs.

"Down in a green copse there sits an old fox,
And there he sits a-mopping his chops.
Shall we go catch him, boys—say, shall we go?
A thousand to one whor we catch him or no.

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And for to keep her he couldn't tell how,

THROWING THE HOOD: THE SPOT WHERE THE SPORT COMMENCES

On the left of the "Fool" is standing the "Lord" holding the mock hoods

Photo by George Hammond, Haxey

So he built up a barn to kip his cow warm;
And a liddle more liquor'll do us no harm.

"And now we'll go whoam and tell our wife Joan,
To put in the pot the girt marrow bones,
That we may have porridge when we do cum whoam.

"There was an old man, and he lived in the West,
The juice of the barrel was what he loved best.
He loved his auld wife as dear as his life,
But when they got drunk, why, thay soon cum to strife."

The chorus is repeated after each verse, and the "Hatfuls, capfuls," given with great gusto.

The Rev. C. M. Whistler, of Stockland, in Devonshire, says that the custom of wassailing the apple trees was practised in his neighbourhood when he came eight years ago, and the wassailers wanted to "do" his apple trees. He was, however, from home, and his man drove them off, and he has not, to his regret, been again approached on the subject.

Among other Somersetshire customs which have survived to modern times, is the drinking of Flap-dragon at dinner on Christmas Day. The practice is for the company to float almonds, cut in the form of boats, in their wine glasses, then to set fire to the almond and toss off the wine with it alight. This is a modified, and certainly pleasanter, form of the ancient custom of drinking while candle-ends floated alight in the wine, as an offering to the Sun god.

The superstition regarding the blossoming of the white thorn which Joseph of Arimathea planted at Glastonbury, and from which plants have been propagated in many parts of the country, survives in remote districts in Somersetshire. A gentleman relates that on Old Christmas Day in 1891 he met a young girl in a North Somersetshire village, who told him she was going to see the Christmas thorn in blossom. He accompanied her, and found, to his surprise, a tree propagated from the Glastonbury thorn, and gathered sprigs in blossom. He was told that it used to be the custom for the young people of the district to assemble under the tree on Christmas Eve to hear the popping of the bud as it burst into bloom. Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, has a local thorn which flowers at Christmas.

Devonshire is a county where old cus-

toms die hard, and the peasantry hold fast to their ancient rites and ceremonies. Folklore and picturesque superstition permeate the atmosphere of Dartmoor, and have not been completely eradicated by the prosaic invasion of the convicts and warders of Princetown, or the unbelieving Board Schools. Coy maidens still go to church on Christmas Day wearing last midsummer's rose, and doubtless find the right swain waiting to claim it; while careful housewives bewail the pranks of the "pixies," those Devonshire "Robin Goodfellows" who are always alert for mischief There may even yet be in some isolated cottage of Dartmoor a young person untroubled by a knowledge of the Ten Commandments. It is related that some sixty years ago, a girl preparing for confirmation gave the Commandments as: "Crismis, Lady Day, Aister, Whitsuntide, our vair, and brither Dan's birthday."

"Crismis" evidently figured first in her imagination. The word recalls the Ashton faggot, which on Christmas Eve blazes on the wide hearths of the moorland farms. It differs from the yule-log in being composed of separate sticks and branches of wood securely bound together with bands of ash. Round the blazing pile the family sit cracking jokes, playing games and partaking of good cheer. The timber being green, the hoop bands of the fagot burst with a loud report, and at each bursting the farmer calls for a quart of cider and toasts his friends. Later, if there is an orchard, the company go out with a bowl of hot cider and wassail the apple trees.

Mrs. Bray, in "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," refers to this custom still surviving in the villages on the borders of Dartmoor. "On Christmas Eve," she relates, "the farmers and their men take a large bowl of cider with toast in it and carry it in state to the orchard, and salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well next year. The salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the trees, placing bits of toast in the branches, and then forming themselves into a ring, like the bards of old, they sing:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and where thou may'st blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow."

Special honour is paid to a tree on which mistletoe is found, and the fact that this sacred plant of the Druids occasionally grows on apple trees may connect the wassailing custom with the Pagan rites. The custom is not confined to Somersetshire and Devon, but has survived within living memory in Hertfordshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and in the New Forest, Hampshire. At Chailey, in Sussex, too, the custom has lingered on, and the wassail song of that district begins:

"Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray the God send us a hood howling crop."

Shooting the apple trees is another custom observed n Devonshire. Mr. F. G. Snell, M.A., writing n the "Antiquary," in 1894, relates that while residing at Bolham, a small Devonshire hamlet, he was startled when sitting up late one January night (presumably January 17th, Old Twelfth Eve) by the report of a gun which was reported at intervals. Next morning he learned that some villagers had been firing at the apple trees. From recent enquiries, I find that an old man in Moretonhampstead, Devon, recalls the practice of shooting the apple trees as having been common in his youth. One fails to understand the reason for shooting the trees, unless it was in the nature of a threat akin to a custom in Poland, where the farmer goes round his orchard with a hatchet, and threatens each tree if it does not bear. Antiquarians trace the custom to the Pagan ceremony of casting a spear, or shooting an arrow over the tree to dedicate it to Odin.

The Isle of Man is a separate kingdom, and not a county, but in concluding the account of old Christmas survivals one may mention he Manx custom of "Hunting the Wren," on December 24th or on December 26th. The men and boys of the island used to set out in companies and chase the poor little wrens all day long, because of some superstition of the past. At the end of the chase one of the birds

was fixed on the top of a long pole, with wings extended, or sometimes hung by the leg between two hoops crossed at right angles and decked with ribbons, and carried by the wren boys in procession, from house to house, as they sang:

"We hunted the Wren for Robin the Bobbin,"
etc.

Afterwards the wren was laid on a bier, and buried with full rites in the parish churchyard.

Mr. Hall Caine tells me that the wren boys still go round singing on St. Stephen's Day (December 26th), but the actual hunting of the wren does not now take place in the Isle of Man.

The Goal

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

I STOOD at the foot of a mountain
On a lovely morn in June,
Gazing aloft at the gilded peaks
In the glare of a summer noon.

The mountain was massed with verdure,
And almost hidden from view
A narrow pathway ascended
To a haven beneath the blue.

The course stretched steep and stony,
And the way lay lonely and drear,
But the madness of youth and summer
Had blotted out faintness and fear.

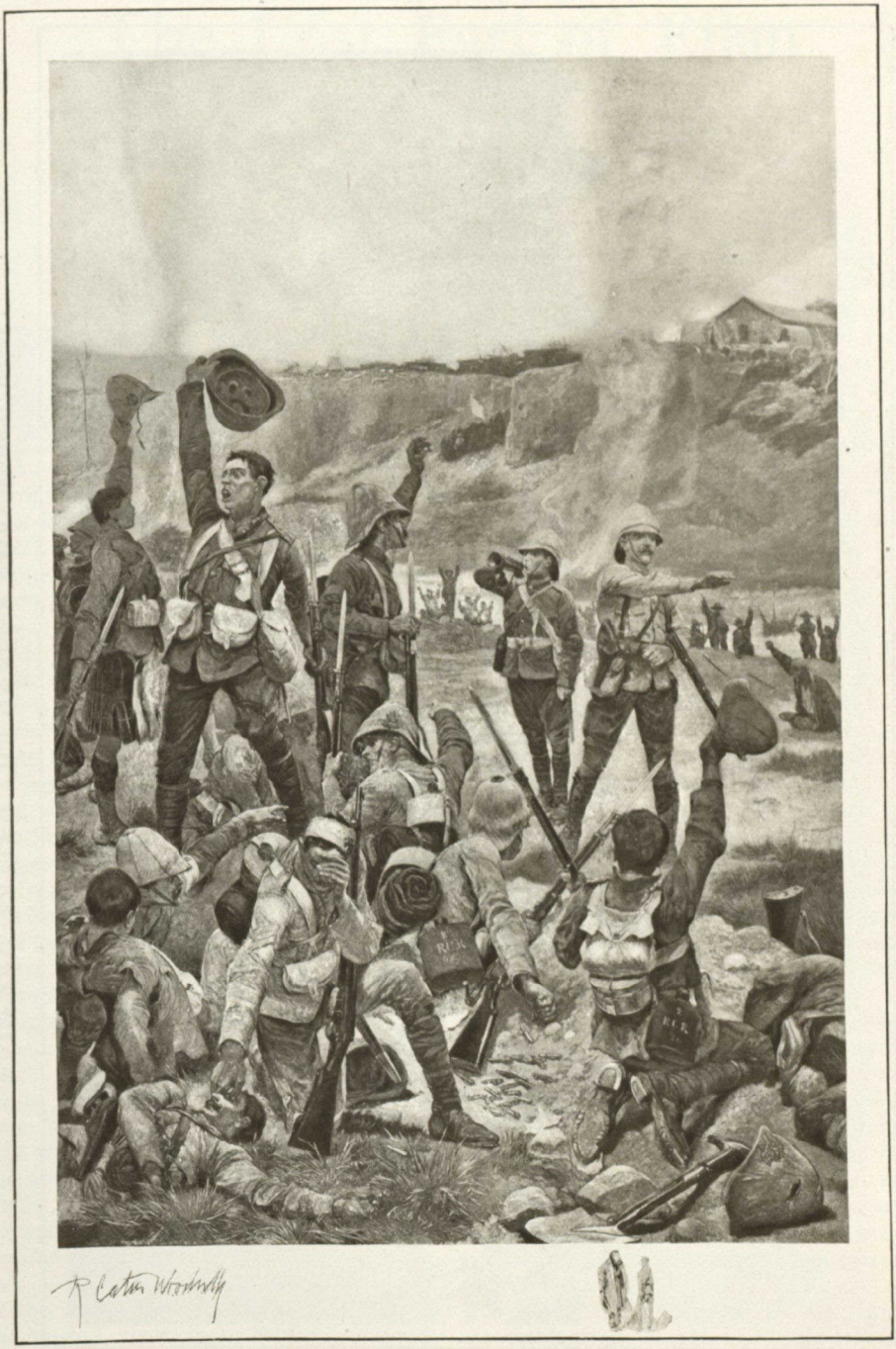
So, boldly courageous I started,
And all through the golden day
I climbed and struggled to reach the top
'Till the darkness blinded the way.

My heart grew weary and timid,
And the ardour within me was chilled,
But the thirst for that haven could not be slaked,
Nor the longing for fame be stilled.

So again and again I endeavoured,
And the summer glory waned,
But still I gazed at the distant goal,
And Ambition was not restrained.

Till at length the gold all faded
And paled on December's cheek,
Then with one last mighty effort
I gained the topmost peak.

But why was the brightness clouded,
And where was the haven of gold?
Alas! the glitter had vanished,
And the light had grown cold.



THE DAWN OF MAJUBA DAY—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The Canadians at the Battle of Paardeberg, when Cronje surrendered. This painting was purchased by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association and will be presented to the City Art Gallery

MAIWAND, SAVING THE GUNS—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

MICK'S SHAFT

APART from the personal consolation of Susan, Brian's arrival at Narrawan was opportune, for it relieved the tension of suspense that had followed upon the receipt of the mail, and forced Mr. Galbraith out of his dreary brooding in the "office" to welcome his guest. Susan's father had gathered easily enough what Brian's visit portended, and perhaps nothing short of a suitor for the hand of his favourite child would have made him put aside for the moment the futile speculations roused by Mr. Kirby's letter, or have given him a short respite from the gnawings of self-reproach.

As the dinner hour drew on, however, he began to worry over Oora's absence, and sent for Tommy George to ask if anything had been seen of Pintpot. Then it appeared that the horse Oora had ridden to Iron Bark Camp was running lame in the Home Paddock, and that Gipsy Girl and two other hacks were missing, so that when Mr. Galbraith came in, angry and alarmed, to consult Patsy, Susan was obliged to tell him part of what had happened. So she related how Oora, having heard a story from the blacks of a sick white man, whom a Bundah tribe had brought down with them from the north, and who was now in the native camp at the foot of the Range—had foolishly insisted on going off at once to see into the matter, in case this unknown white man could possibly be Harry, and how, as Susan was seeing her start, they had met Wolfe at the Bunyip's waterhole on his way to the house. Here Susan became confused and reticent, and Brian came clumsily to her rescue, explaining that Mr. Wolfe had evidently considered it unfit for a young lady to be riding at that hour through the bush with no better company than a blackboy, and had very properly given her his escort. There was nothing extraordinary in the latter part of the tale, except indeed the coincidence of Wolfe's unexpected arrival, and that, after all, was what Mr. Galbraith had been hoping would happen, for he had taken it badly that Wolfe should have repaid his kindness with apparently such ingratitude. He was now glad to think he had misjudged him and also extremely glad that he had got an efficient stockman back again. It was perfectly natural too that Wolfe should have taken upon himself the responsibility of guarding Oora, seeing that he knew the wild country beyond Iron Bark Camp, having mustered cattle and hunted brumbies on the lower spurs of the Range. Mr. Galbraith was therefore mollified concerning Wolfe and commended his action, but the others had to listen to some severe condemnation of Oora's reckless impulsiveness and madcap ways.

"Why," the Boss asked querulously, "must she be always running after single-handed adventure? Why couldn't she have come in and consulted him, and then they might have gone sensibly into the business, have questioned the blacks, made suitable preparations and, in short, have done all the things Oora had been anxious to avoid. Still Oora was Oora, and as Patsy good-naturedly tried to point out, there was no use in expecting her to do anything after the manner of an ordinary girl. She was a half-wild creature, and whether on the sea or in the bush she was bound to be as much at home as a fish or a kangaroo.

Nevertheless, dinner was not altogether a sociable meal, though Cordeaux felt far too content at the success of his own love-affair not to try and appear cheerful; and painfully embarrassed though he had been at some of Susan's confidences, he did his

best to entertain the little company with an account of the *Clytie's* recent voyagings along the coast. But everyone else was more or less pre-occupied. Even the Pickaninny, as a rule the most conversational of mortals, sat silently staring at the new-comer with solemn black eyes shadowed by elf locks that hung down over her night-gown in which she usually appeared at this hour. She was puzzled and awed by this "new feller Benjamin belonging to Susan,"—as to her sister's intense discomfiture she described Brian—having divined with the sharp intuition common to children and to the blacks, that he was Susan's lover.

When the meal was over, Patsy retired to put her children to bed and the Boss went back to the office and his solitary self-communings, while Susan took Brian to the verandah and thence into the moonlit garden.

She had already opened out her heart to him and found delicious salve for her wounded feelings in his tenderness and consideration, which were greater to-day than ever. He would have liked to ask her a good many questions concerning this James Wolfe, of whom he had just heard so much at Narrawan, for a certain letter in his pocket from Craies, the solicitor who had got on the track of his missing cousin, had intensified Brian's suspicion that the Lost Earl of Ellan, James Wolfe and James Robinson, were one and the same individual. Now, judging by what Brian learnt from Susan, it seemed to him an undoubted fact that this James Wolfe was the James Robinson whom he had seen at Thursday Island, and also, that he was really James Wolfe Cordeaux. But though Susan in her first indignant confidences, sobbed out on Brian's shoulder down by the waterhole, had told him enough of Oora's acquaintance with the man to make this clear to Brian, she shrank from personal questions concerning Wolfe, and Brian wisely determined not to press her in the matter. Thus he never quite knew the rights of Susan's share in that story nor how she had once believed that she loved James Wolfe.

Of Harry Galbraith, Brian, of course, had known nothing; but when Susan sobbingly recounted Wolfe's confession that he had killed her brother, Brian was deeply dismayed, and could not forbear showing close interest in the matter. But Susan, blinded by her own grief, supposed that his evident distress was entirely on her behalf. It never occurred to her that the trouble could concern Brian except through her. And as things were, he did not care to tell her who he supposed James Wolfe to be. Better to wait, he thought. Susan had been through enough already, and further suspense and uncertainty would but add to the load she had to bear. Then there was the chance of the recovery of Harry Galbraith, which would relieve James Wolfe, or Jem Cordeaux—as he might be—from the terrible stigma of murder, for Susan had told Brian all about Oora's wild project to seek out the Bundah tribe of blacks who were camped at the edge of Razor-back Gully. And though Susan still professed disbelief in the possibility of Harry being among them, the idea had begun to take some hold upon her, and she talked over it unceasingly with her lover. Thus, though Brian looked unusually grave and certainly considered the whole situation very serious indeed, he was nevertheless inwardly happy, as far as he himself was concerned, at the turn affairs had taken.

It was a glorious night, the moon almost bright enough to read by, yet casting fantastic and deceptive shadows that made trees and shrubs seem things of a dream. The lagoon below, with its silvery reflections, and the ghostly trunks of the white gums surrounding it, looked like some enchanted lake. The dim stretch of plain and clumps of sandalwood and eucalyptus upon it; the mournful gidya forest growing towards it, and the strange night calls of the bush—the screeching of waterfowl, the wail of curlews, the distant howling of dingoes, the cry of the more-pork, and all the many eerie sounds added to the sense of weirdness and illusion.

Susan and Brian strolled along the garden paths between orange trees and aromatic shrubs, which were pale pillars of blossom; here were stumps twined with monstrous cactus plants, and a night-blooming cereus opened its enormous white heart to the moon beams. The night was heavy with perfume, and the scent of the

gardenias and stephanotis, blending with other tropic odours, was almost overpowering. But there were many mosquitoes amidst the greenery, so she took him by a gate set in the passion creepers that covered the garden paling, out on to the open path leading to the slip-rails. While they were leaning upon the paddock fence and looking over the plain, they saw a man riding towards them. He was alone, and from the movement of his horse they could tell that the animal was dead-beat. The rider came straight to the slip-rails and before dismounting looked steadily up to the cluster of buildings on the hill brow, evidently taking stock of the head station. He had not noticed Brian and Susan, who were in the shadow of a thick clump of sandalwood trees that grew close to the fence, and who, being both in black, did not readily attract attention. Moreover, the stockman, as he seemed, would scarcely have expected to meet a lady in a dinner dress and a gentleman in a lounge suit so far from the house at this time of the evening. It was not till he had put down the slip-rails that he saw there was somebody there.

"Hello!" he cried, and retreating a step, he took off his cabbage tree hat in confusion. "G'd evening, Miss. I'm on the look out——" he stopped suddenly, recognising Brian who had followed Susan out of the circle of shadow. "Oh! My word! I'm dashed if this isn't the sailor gentleman. G'd day, Mister; it's a rum start seein' you here," he added, with his drawling colonial laugh.

"Good evening, Mr. Flinders Dick," returned Brian. "Yes, people in the bush do seem to have a queer knack of turning up several hundred miles away from where you might expect to see them. Last time we met was at Thursday Island."

Flinders Dick seemed embarrassed at the recollection, and occupied himself in trying to persuade his horse to walk over the slip-rails which were lowered at one end, but the beast seemed stupefied from having been over-ridden, and shied at the shadows of the poles on the ground. Susan moved aside from its heels.

"Don't you be afraid, Miss. The poor old crawler hasn't got a kick in him. He wants to lie down, that's all."

"Have you come from Wooralba with a telegram?" she asked.

"Wooralba! No fear. I reckon I've come more'n ninety miles further than that, riding hard and soldiering a horse wherever I got the chance. A cattle-boat took me to Rockingham Bay. I couldn't wait for the steamer, so I over-landed the rest from Cardwell."

"Miss Galbraith, I see you're not acquainted with my friend, Mr. Flinders Dick," said Brian genially.

"At your service, Miss. I'm pleased to see you, for maybe you can tell me if my mate has been up this way."

"Your mate?" asked Susan. "What is his name?"

Flinders Dick found himself confronted with an unexpected difficulty. He looked sheepishly at Brian. How was he to say James Wolfe, when Wolfe had announced himself to Cordeaux as James Robinson, and had warned Dick against disclosing his identity.

"Wa-al—I dunno—it's a bit awkward to explain," he stammered. "It's this way, Miss. My horse is knocked up, and I wanted to get on to the Iron Bark Bore, which is seven miles about, I b'lieve—I—I haven't been up in this part lately."

"But why do you want to go to the bore?" asked Susan. "It's not being worked now, and there's no one at the humpey."

"My mate wired me from Townsville that I should find him there, and that if I didn't he'd leave word where he was gone," said Flinders Dick.

Susan suddenly guessed who his mate was. Her face stiffened and her voice changed as she asked in a constrained manner:

"Is it Mr. Wolfe that you want?"

Again Dick hesitated. Brian, remembering the interview at Thursday Island, struck in:

"James Wolfe or, as he called himself when we met, James Robinson. You need not mind speaking out before me, Flinders Dick, if there's anything you wish to say. I sha'n't harm your friend. I understand

his reason for preferring to use a different name, and I fully sympathise with it."

Flinders Dick glanced at Cordeaux gratefully. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other in a puzzled way. "I see you've got the hang of something beyond me, Mister," he said simply. "But I reckon it's an all-right mix, for as far as I can tell nothin' can make any odds naow. Jem can spit out the whole back lot and chuck this thundering old show and clear to England if he jolly well pleases, and float the Shark's Tooth Gold Mine Company, and keep half the shares .....Queer name to choose, ain't it, Mister, but a shark's tooth brought him luck, d'ye see?"

Neither of the other two spoke.

"My mate 'ull be a rich man," went on Dick. "It's another Mount Morgan, I b'lieve. D'ye understand?"

"I understand that you must have struck gold," answered Brian stiffly. There seemed something in Flinders Dick's levity that jarred upon both Susan and Cordeaux. Then a wild hope sprang up in Susan's breast. Was it possible that Oora was right after all? Could the black's story be true?

"Mr. Flinders Dick," she said tremulously, "I don't think you *could* speak like that if you knew everything. You couldn't seem so glad about your mate if you understood what Mr. Wolfe told me himself to-day about—about——" her voice died off sadly. Dick only caught the murmured words, "my brother."

In a moment he was subdued and utterly remorseful. "I've done it now!" he cried bitterly. "I'm a blunderin' jumpt-up brute. I deserve a hidin' fer my dashed keerlessness. I was carried off my head for the minute and I clean forgot that poor Harry the Blower was your brother, Miss."

Susan turned, sobbing, away, and Brian put his arms round her.

"Don't you let her fret, Mister," pleaded Dick anxiously. "So fer as I can make out pore Harry's all right. Leastways——"

"You cannot be aware," interrupted Brian, "that only an hour or two ago, Miss Galbraith had the terrible shock of hearing from Jem's—from your mate's—own lips, that he had killed her brother."

"Naow—Naow!" exclaimed Flinders Dick. "Jem didn't know himself what I've come all this way, quick as I could, to tell him and the rest of you people here. I've got a lot to explain to the Boss. But first I want to know—is my mate up there? He jerked his thumb towards the head station.

"No, he isn't," answered Brian. "Up there they don't know anything about him."

"Where is he then?" asked Flinders Dick excitedly. "The police haven't caught him, have they? I know they have been put on to him, but I reckoned I'd be in time to set things straight. Where is Jem?"

"He has gone with Miss Oora Galbraith to the blacks' camp, at a place called Razor-back Gully, in search of a sick white man, who they heard had been brought down there by the natives."

Flinders Dick threw out his long, loose-jointed arms in jubilation.

"Oh, Jiminy! they've got hold of him. That's fine. Dash me, if it isn't Harry himself?"

"We don't know that it is. We don't know anything except that one of the blacks in this neighbourhood declared that this white man was something like Harry Galbraith," interposed Brian.

"Blow me if it isn't Harry! It *must* be Harry!" cried Flinders Dick. "The blacks were making for Narrawan. But who could ha' hoped that they would have turned up to time like this."

Susan appealed to him agitatedly.

"For God's sake tell me what you know. Do you really think that my poor brother is *not* dead and that he is with the blacks? It seems incredible. Tell me what makes you think it?"

"Wa-al, Miss, I got on the track of him outside Cardwell—all of a sudden. It was a Hinchinbrook Island boy—one of the Bundah blacks, and he told me his tribe had all gone on the walk about up Narra way to the bunya country, and that they'd got Harry Galbraith with them. He was alive all right then, but a bit queer in his head, the black-boy told me—said he talked 'like it lil feller pickaninny'."

Susan looked eagerly at Brian. "I

told you how Birraboi told Oora that the white man had got scrub madness—but surely that couldn't mean that he was really out of his mind. He might have had a bad attack of fever. Oh, Brian, Oora may have been right after all!"

"You can take my oath, Miss, that so fer as I know at this minute what *I've* said is gospel truth," broke in Dick. "If I was to begin giving you the whole blessed lay-out I'd have to start a good way back, and it seems to me I'd best get hold of my mate first. If the Boss will let me have a fresh horse straightaway I'll tell him while they are changing saddles as much as will set his mind at rest, and then I'll ride like blazes after Jem. How do I know that the troopers haven't spotted him through the telegrams we sent? Dang my stupidity! I only thought of that afterwards. And they may be making to the bore same as me.....By Gosh! listen!"

Flinders Dick's trained Bush ears were on the alert in an instant, and his dog-like eyes strained into the night; but it was several seconds before either Susan or Brian could hear the muffled sound of horses' hooves approaching the head station from the opposite direction—that of the Bunyip's waterhole and the bore track. As the sounds came nearer, it was easy to tell that they were made by a company of horses going at the quick, steady pace of mounted and well-ridden beasts. The men who rode them were drilled men; the horses knew their work. There was no mistaking the even hoof-thuds. Only a band of troopers could ride like that.

Flinders Dick pulled the bridle off his own jaded beast and guided it gently over the lowered ends of the slip-rails, but with the instinct of the bushman he stopped to lift the top rail and slip it back into the morticed holes, and then with a quick jerk fixed the lower one.

"My word!" he said, "there's the troopers, sure enough, but they ain't ridin' as if they'd got their man. They're in too damned a hurry for that."

Susan's first thought was of the shock to her father in this unexpected onslaught of the police.

"Oh, let us go back quickly!" she cried. "Dad doesn't know. He is buoying himself up with Mr. Kirby's letter, and these men will tell him that Harry is dead. Come, come, I must speak to him first."

She darted ahead of the two men, her light feet seeming scarcely to touch the grass. Flinders Dick did not stop to mount his horse but tugged him by the bridle as he ran beside Brian. Before they had gone many paces they saw the troopers turn round the bend of gidya and ride at a rapid trot towards the head station. There were five, the sergeant leading, and in the moonlight, as Susan ran, she could see the steel on their rifles and could also distinguish that three of the men were white troopers and the other two black trackers. In a moment, she realised that it was out of the question she could get to the house before the policemen. But she had not run half-way up the slope from the slip-rails before the trooper pulled up at the railings of the back yard. Susan heard them dismount, heard the sergeant address the frightened Chinamen and ask for Mr. Galbraith. Almost immediately her father's voice sounded from the back verandah, enquiring peremptorily what business the police had on his station at that hour of the night.

Susan stopped, breathless and dismayed, to catch the sergeant's reply, but it was lower-toned and she could not hear what he said. A wave of despair swept over her. Yet there was immense comfort in the knowledge that Brian Cordeaux was at her side, his strong arm supporting her, his kind voice speaking words of encouragement.

"We are too late," she gasped. Don't you see they've gone in? They are telling father. Oh! it will kill Dad to hear that awful news in this sudden way. You don't know how he has been feeling about poor Harry, and how he has been blaming himself."

"Have faith, dearest," said Brian tenderly. "Anyway, I'm here to be all the comfort I can be to you and to your father, if he will let me. Besides, this good fellow, Flinders Dick, seems fairly sure he is going to get things straight—and somehow, I believe him. Who knows! your brother may soon be with us to tell us his own tale."

"Oh! if only Oora would only come!"

murmured Susan, turning in her despair to the wild hope she had at first refused.

She stopped at the gate set among the passion vines, through which she and Brian had gone forth. Flinders Dick was close behind them, vituperating his broken-down hack, which was sulky and would not answer to the bit. Susan spoke hurriedly to the bushman: "Will you go round with your horse? No," she added on a second thought "you'd better hang him up to the palings and come this way with us."

She did not wait for Dick to reply, but flew along the garden path, Brian with her. Already, the troopers' arrival had made a small commotion at the place. Some men were coming up hastily from the huts. Late as it was—the time was near eleven—it appeared that nobody had gone to bed, for most of the rooms were lighted. Half-caste Charlotte was in the verandah gangway of the nursery wing with the pickaninny, roused from sleep, in her arms. She was pointing out to the child the troopers' budgery yarraman. The old black gin employed by Ah Hong gibbered in terror, crying "Marmi, Marmi!" the blacks' name for the native police. Doubtless he remembered some old-time camp raids. Tommy George, at the other end of the gangway, was busily conferring with the two black trackers. The Chinamen were there also.

Light streamed onto the verandah through the open French windows of the parlour, and Brian and Susan, as they mounted the steps, saw clearly into the room. The sergeant, whose name was McGrath, a lean, wiry Irishman, with a scrubby black beard and vulpine countenance, stood before a small table. Behind him stood the two other troopers, erect in their uniforms, but with interested, impatient expressions. At the first glance into the room, Mr. Galbraith was not visible, though he might be heard arguing in shaky, querulous tones with the officer, who had already produced his warrant. At the moment, Patsy came hurrying along the verandah, a small kerosene lamp in her hand.

"Oh! Su, what has happened?" she cried in perturbation, but without waiting for an answer she hastened into the room and put her lamp down upon the table where the sergeant had laid his warrant, while she bent over beside her husband and tried to read the paper with him. A circle of hovering, winged things collected at once round the lamp which smelt of kerosene, and Susan noticed that unimportant detail and wondered at herself afterwards for having done so. She went quietly up to her father on the other side. He had his back to the French window, and stood opposite to the sergeant, but in that short time he seemed to have become old and almost senile. His strong, bony frame had suddenly shrunk, his shoulders were huddled together and he was stooping so low over the table that his reddish grey beard swept the edge of the warrant which he was laboriously spelling out, his trembling forefinger tracing the writing upon it.

"I cannot make this out," he was saying in a voice that quavered, with the Scotch accent very pronounced, as was his way when under stress of emotion. "Ye must be daft, man, or else this is some sort of silly devilry ye're playing on me, McGrath."

"Faith, and I wish it was only that, for sorry I am intoirely to be bringing you this bad news, Mr. Galbraith," replied the sergeant compassionately. "I'd not have blurted it out like that, av I'd thought you wasn't prepared. Ye'll see, sorr, that the document is in regular order, and that it is a warrant for the arrest of one James Wolfe, formerly in your employment here, on a charge of murder."

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Patsy. "What's that you're saying, McGrath? Wolfe a murderer! Why, he came up this very afternoon, and he's gone out with Miss Oora to fetch a white man they are telling of that's at the blacks' camp. Sure, you'll be out of your mind, McGrath."

"And where moight the blacks' camp be, Mam?" asked McGrath eagerly, ignoring the last half of her remark. "I've got to foind me man, and I mustn't waste me toime in talking."

"I canna mak' this oot," Mr. Galbraith repeated, helplessly raising his head and looking round with a blank stare. "Pat, my woman, can ye mak' this oot?"

Patsy caught up the warrant and pored over it absorbedly.

Susan sprang to her father's side. "Dad, dear Dad. Let me explain it all to you. But come away, come outside."

She clung to him and besought him, trying to draw him with her into the verandah, but he shook his head stubbornly.

"No, no, lassie, I maun hear what explanation McGrath has got to give, but, 'deed, that it's no fitting for you to be mixed up wi' such things..... Weel, weel, if you must be wrastlin' with trouble, Su, then mak' out the meaning of this! The laddie's name is put down there—Henry Galbraith. That's oor Harry right enough—but what's a' this talk of murdering? Who says that Harry's murdered? Didn't Kirby write me to say he'd tracked oor bonnie lad up into the Yellaroi country, and he was only waiting—just waiting to make sure, and forbye he'd send the full particulars of where to find him?"

"Oh, Kirby meant you'd never find the boy! Duncan, old man, it's a cruel blow that they've dealt you!" cried Patsy, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she pushed the warrant fiercely across to McGrath. "Kirby had best have told you the truth at once instead of letting it come on you like this. Sure, he must have known it himself, for here the place is written plain, 'Coolibah Gully, Yellaroi Range.' But I can't believe that Harry's dead. And I'll never believe Wolfe meant to kill him."

"My word! M'am, you're in the right there," shouted Flinders Dick, stepping in from the verandah with his slouching stride and taking up a determined position among the group. All eyes turned upon him, but he was in no way disconcerted by the scrutiny.

"Cheer up, Boss!" he said stoutly to Mr. Galbraith, who had sunk into a chair, his head upon his hands. "Your boy's alive, to the best of my belief; and *yeou know*, Mr. McGrath," he added, addressing the sergeant, "it's agin the law to hang a cove fer murderin' another cove who's walking about the Bush."

Mr. Galbraith looked up slowly and McGrath stared at Flinders Dick. "Faith I'd loike to be sure he was, my man," said the sergeant drily.

"All right. So you shall. I've been waiting for the Boss to hear my say, after you'd done yours. But you'd better look at *my* dokkyment, sergeant. It's drawn out reg'lar too, and signed and witnessed. Last Dying Confession of as big a scoundrel as ever peached on a pal—commonly known as Flash Sam. God have mercy on his soul! Run your eye down this, captain, and you won't be in such a hurry perhaps to make tracks after Jem."

Flinders Dick drew a dirty blue envelope from a pocket inside his jumper, and took from it some rough sheets of paper, evidently torn from a bushman's notebook, which he handed solemnly to the police officer.

McGrath opened out the paper and perused it intently for a minute or two, while the entire party hung upon words they expected him to say, but which did not come with readiness. Clearly, McGrath was exceedingly astonished and perplexed—and, if the truth were known, a little disappointed.

"This seems all right," he said at last.

"Can't you tell us what it's about?" asked Patsy impatiently.

Now, Brian Cordeaux standing close behind Susan, stepped forward, saying in a quiet, commanding way:

"Let me have that paper!" Turning to Mr. Galbraith, he added: "I think, sir, perhaps it's best for me to look at this first and give you an idea of what it's about."

He took the document from Sergeant McGrath and in his turn mastered its contents. It may be remarked that his rapid mental digest of the substance of Flash Sam's complicated deathbed statement was good testimony to the clearness of Brian's brain.

"This is, as my friend, Flinders Dick, has told us," he said, "the dying deposition of a fellow called Flash Sam—otherwise, it appears, Samuel Burdon—taken down from his own lips and duly witnessed by a certain Peter Rawlins, described as partner with Richard Cross at the Shark's Tooth Claim, and by Joseph Cassidy of Little Caroline Reef on the Palmer Diggings, and sworn to on affidavit before John Parkinson, Police Magistrate in the Palmer District. That's right, sergeant,

isn't it?" And he looked enquiringly at the police officer, who had a discomfited air.

"Better read it over, sorr—as much as you can make head or tail of," responded Sergeant McGrath sulkily. "Seems as if I and my men had been made fools of intoirely."

"My word! I believe you, captain," said Flinders Dick, in irrepressibly cheerful tones. "Yeou read it, Mr. Cordeaux. It's all square, for I took it down mysel'. After you've done, I'll gev up my show."

Brian read obediently, with frequent skippings of irrelevant matter, relating to Ratty Bill's ghost, who, according to Flash Sam, had lured him to his destruction.

"I, Samuel Burdon, being done for by Old Dave, and hoping for mercy on my soul, do make my dying confession. I declare, on my sacred oath, so help me God! that the charge I laid against Jem Wolfe for having murdered Harry the Blower—who was Harry Galbraith that I knew at Bundah Station—was a lie. I swear that the tomahawk Gentleman James—that's Wolfe —threw at Harry the Blower didn't kill him, but only stunned him, so we thought he was dead. I swear I found it out after the lot had cleared, and I swear Harry was alive when I left him in my hut for to go and bury Ratty Bill. Likewise, I hereby make my solemn confession that I killed Ratty Bill previous to this by sticking my knife into him when we had a scuffle over Old Dave's nugget. I swear likewise that it was me that shook Old Dave of his nugget, which a damned Chinky collared from me and made off with afterwards. I swear that Ratty Bill's body is at the bottom of Mick's Shaft in Coolibah Gully—the shaft that duffered out. I swear that since I done it, Ratty Bill's ghost has been haunting me and drove me to Mick's Shaft to-night on purpose for Old Dave to get hold of me and do for me."

Brian paused a moment. Flinders Dick's handwriting was difficult to decipher, and at this point, there was a good deal about Ratty Bill's ghost, which it seemed unnecessary to read aloud. All present, except perhaps McGrath, who had the injured, half-resigned look of one defrauded of his just dues, had been listening with strained nerves, and in the short silence, Mr. Galbraith's voice cried hoarsely: "My son—what did they do with my son?"

"Flash Sam goes on to tell that he went back to his hut, thinking to find Harry, but that your son had disappeared," said Brian with deep pity in his tones, and he resumed his reading:

"I wanted to know where Harry had gone, because I was afraid he'd peach, for he knew I'd killed Ratty Bill. When I come back near morning, from burying Ratty Bill, I looked all about the Gully but I couldn't find Harry. Then, I saw his horse was gone, so I made out he'd cleared too—most like to catch up the rest and be in at Hogan's Show. I never had much idea of Hogan's Show, which has duffered out since, but I thought I'd best get out of the place. So I up and cleared too, and made cuts outside the Diggings Country in case the police might have got wind of the job. Seemed as if Harry had got the same notion, and as if we was bound to hit each other, for I come across him on a dry spell a little while after, when I was making for a 'dead end' I knew of. It turned out he'd been trying for the same waterhole, but when I come up to it there was not a drop of water in it. Harry had got no horse—I made out it had dropped dead under him, and there we were. My horse was close up done, and my water-bag had only half a pannikin left. Harry was mad with thirst, and as naked as when he was born. And that means a chap is near the end. So I thought to myself where was the good of my half-pannikin of water, and not another billabong within fifty miles that I ever heard. It must be certain death for both of us unless I put my spurs to my horse—which I did, and left him."

A bitter cry rang from Mr. Galbraith; he had been leaning forward in the chair, his elbows on the table, supporting his chin, and his bloodshot eyes staring out of red eyelids. Then he covered his face, and groaning like the Hebrew father of old, cried: "My son! my son!"

"Naow, Boss, don't take on like that. Your son's not dead." Flinders Dick put his rough hand on Mr. Galbraith's shoul-

der and urgently addressed Susan and Brian.

"You know what I told you, Miss—you know Mr. Cordeaux—the Bundah blackboy, Hinchinbrook Island way, gev me the rights of the story which I told to Flash Sam before he was a gone 'un, thinkin' it 'ud be a comfort to him to know his mate wasn't dead through him leaving of him. But he was past caring then, was Flash Sam. But yeou know—I telled you, Miss—there came a tribe of Bundah blacks in the very nick of time and they reckernised Harry and took him along with them. Yeou know how the rivers run in these parts in a dry season. Why, you may see nothing but a dry four-mile wide bed, and yet there'll be branches all alongside of it and you might be quarter of a mile from a waterhole in one of the branches and not know it. That was how it was with Harry. Yeou know the blacks can find water when a bushman can't. I expect that's when it was Harry went off his head, for he's a bit dotty the blackboy said. Wa-al, no doubt it was jest one thing on top of another, or maybe he ate some of them maddening berries that grows along dry river beds. A chap's as like as not to when's he's starving, and the damned things acts straight on a chap's brain when there's nothing else in his pore stomach. Harry'll come all right—they mostly do. I have known cases cured all right. Never fear! Buck up, Boss! And jest you wait a bit, Mr. Sergeant. Harry Galbraith'll be facing the lot of you like a man."

Flinders Dick looked round triumphantly. It must be confessed that he rather enjoyed the situation and his explanatory speech flowed all the freer for his previous self-repression. Thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, he lolled complacently back on his heels.

"I reckon it's about my turn to spout naow," he began.

"Wa-al, after that row you've heard of in Flash Sam's humpey, I cut. I didn't want to think no more of what had happened. But Jem had a tenderer conscience than me. *He's* a gentleman—yeou know, Mr. Cordeaux—and he went up in the *Quetta* thinking to spot Flash Sam at Thursday Island, and to get the truth from him, and was wrecked in the straits and pretty near done for. But I come across Flash Sam myself at the settlement, and he told me Harry the Blower was killed for certain by that dashed tomahawk and I believed him, like a jackass, and I told Jem. Wa-al, Jem was terribly down in the mouth. He was sweet on a gell, yer see, but o' course he couldn't marry her with the gallers hanging over his head. But blow me if he wouldn't go and see that gell, just to smooth her down a bit—women being so contrary, and then dashed if he didn't want to come up this way jest to keep a promise to another of 'em..... Dang women, I said to him. Chuck females, I said to him. We've got a good chanst now for to make our fortunes and clear out of this rotten old country. Let's go up, I said, to the place where I'd been prospectin', I said, where I'd struck the colour—fair, my word! But Jem had got some gentleman's notion about doing the right thing, and so we parted company. I went up to the claim and he come south. But he was laid down again at Cooktown with fever, and when he pulled up at Townsville afterwards he was that bad again, he couldn't move for a week. Wa-al, *I'd* gone to put things straight with the Goldfields Warden at the Palmer Diggings, and there I come across Wall-eyed Bill and Californian Joe—Joe Cassidy, yeou know—and Wall-eyed Bill he put me up to Harry the Blower being the son o' the Boss here, and made out he and Old Never Despair, and Joe Cassidy—who was in it too by that time—'ud get the reward Kirby was offering for information. Wa-al I wrote off straight to catch Jem, thinking I'd stop him from going further. But he wired me back that he was starting south and that he was jolly well going to kerry out his plans. So then I thought I'd nip along Coolibah Gully, where I'd heard Flash Sam was and see how the cat were jumpin'. Flash Sam was there sure enough, prowling about Mick's Shaft. There was something he'd made to do at that shaft and I never could tell what it was, though I can gev a pretty good guess naow. Old Dave was up there too. Yeou know, he'd turned hatter since

Ratty Bill disappeared, and he was just mad over losing his nugget."

At this juncture, Dick, observing signs of anxious impatience among his hearers, brought his story to an abrupt close.

"Hold on half a minute," he said, with a bland and imperturbable smile, "the plum's jest a comin.' One night when me and Lean Peter, a pal of mine, was scootin' round on the quiet, we seen the pair of 'em —Flash Sam and Old Dave—who'd a devilish stiff arm, though you wouldn't think it, having a hand-to-hand fight on the edge of Mick's Shaft. But when we come up we was too late to stop it, for Old Dave had somehow managed to pitch Sam down the shaft, and there he was with his back broken, swearing like hell that it was Ratty Bill's ghost who'd helped Dave do it. But we got him up, and we done the best we could for him and I went at him—I did —to confess the truth before he died, me and Lean Peter between us, *and there's the dokkyment.*"

Flinders Dick stopped from sheer lack of breath. But the attention of the people in the parlour was suddenly distracted from him. They had become aware of the entry of two other persons who had appeared noiselessly on the scene. No one had heard them come, for in the excitement of the troopers' arrival, and of the disclosure which followed it, other sounds had passed unheeded. So the faint echo of horses' feet was not noticed by any one, as a little party rode quietly and carefully round the fringe of gidya scrub towards the house.

Now Wolfe, gaunt and haggard, leant against a lintel of the window, and at sight of him Dick gave a cheerful crow, which, however, broke in his throat. "Hello! Jem, old mate!" he mumbled, leaning forward with eager, outstretched hands, but Wolfe remained motionless, his weary eyes passing enquiringly from figure to figure as if questioning dumbly what each present thought of him. There was nothing of assurance in his gaze. Nothing of triumph, but he looked like a man who after long stress beheld, even in that troubled scene, a vision of peace. Beside him stood Oora, erect and smiling, though pale as a wraith herself. One hand raised to ensure silence, she swiftly crossed the room.

"Father," she said. And with gestures that were gentle but insistent she drew the old man's hands down from his face. "We have found Harry, Mr. Wolfe and I. We have brought him home. Come and see him."

The old man stared at her blankly.

"Come and see him," repeated Oora. "He is in his own room. We took him there because his head is very weak, and he talks like a little child. But he would like to see you, Dad. Won't you come to him?"

The old man tottered to his feet. He, too, was weak and shaken after the blow he had received, and that terrible picture his fancy had conjured up of Harry dying alone of thirst in the Bush. But at Oora's words he became more like himself. A fresh flow of energy seemed to be surging through him.

"Harry asked for you," said Oora. "He recognised your picture, the one that used to hang in his room when he was a boy. Come," and she drew her father towards the French windows. This time he was eager to be gone. Susan attempted to follow, but Oora sharply motioned her to remain, and she shrank back into the shadow, while their father stumbled hastily over the threshold and, led by Oora, passed along the verandah to a skillion room that was never used, for it had Harry's things in it. Every one in the parlour heard the door open softly—heard the muffled cry, "My son! my son!" and heard the queer, broken, husky response, like the voice of some wounded creature that had found rest. And then the door shut, and Oora stole back along the verandah.

Brian had drawn Susan's arm within his own and led her up to Wolfe.

"You won't refuse to shake hands now," he said cheerily. "We are cousins, you know, Jem. Let me be the first to tell our kind friends here who you really are. They ought to know. But, perhaps you haven't heard?"

"About Uncle Ellan and poor Linne?" Wolfe held out both hands warmly. "Yes I saw it in the papers, but as things were

I could scarcely put forward my claim. Now," and he turned tenderly to Oora, "I have some one else to consider, who will make it well worth my while to do so."

Brian was looking at Susan and in his mind was the thought that she would have made a fairer Countess of Ellan. But any shadow of constraint was dissipated by little Polly, who had been solemnly watching the progress of affairs from half-caste Charlotte's arms. Now she clapped her hands to claim attention:

"I b'lieve mine been get 'im plenty brother belonging to me," she remarked.

THE END

A Little Immigrant

By ALICE JONES, author of "Bubbles We Buy," "The Night Hawk," etc.

IT was midwinter, and once or twice a week the great liners were disgorging their forlorn steerage crowds into the new Canadian land of their seeking.

From thatched English villages, or sordid town streets; from remote Swedish farms and far-off unpronounceable places in Eastern Europe they came, some with youth and high hopes, some worn and middle-aged, with as little conscious volition as driven cattle. After the steamers, the waiting cars engulfed them, though here and there, from illness or poverty or accident, a forlorn waif dropped out of the stream, perhaps to be sent back across the just traversed weary waste of water, perhaps to find temporary refuge or friends in a hospital.

"Please, miss, can you tell me if this here's the ward where I'll find the little English boy as broke his leg on the viyage?"

The speaker was a ruddy artilleryman, looking very big in his rough khaki uniform, bigger perhaps from his environment of puny, pale faces and shrunken forms stretching down the vista of little white beds in the children's ward of the city hospital. As though to draw a vicarious strength from his hearty manhood, each weary face was turned to watch him where he stood, in flushed good-nature, confronting pretty nurse Rosalie whom the children looked on as their peculiar property.

They dimly felt a pride of ownership in the dark hair that curled all round the white cap as though to escape from its bondage, in the soft curves that made the blue cotton dress fit so smoothly, in the rosy tinted face with its pleasant smile.

"When I looks at you last thing fore I shuts my eyes, then I dreams of the ripe apples in the orchard to home," said a small country boy lying for weary months with a weight fastened to his leg.

That pleasant smile was well in evidence now as she held out her hand for the ticket he had received in the office. Misunderstanding the gesture he solemnly took that hand in his own and gave it a ponderous shake.

Nurse Rosalie's colour deepened, and she felt the scrutiny of rows of eyes eager for new sensations.

But, used to live under the public gaze, and perhaps feeling, like the children, a pleasure in the contrast of his stalwart strength, she responded graciously to his question:

"Little Nat Converse? Oh, yes; he over dere by de end window. I'm glad, me, dat you know him. He lonely and frets when de oder children have friends come to see dem."

Her eager brown eyes and her queer English flustered the artilleryman a bit, and he shifted a brown paper parcel from one arm to the other as he answered:

"Well, it's not to say that I know him exactly, but I seen in the paper as he and his pa come from Maidenhead on the

Thames, at home in England, and my father being a waterman, it was there as I lived when I was a boy, afore I listed and got sent near all over the world, ending up here in Canady, so I thought——"

"Oh, dat was kind of you!" she interrupted, not seeing an immediate prospect of coming to the point, and being a busy person. "If you'll come over to his bed," and she led the way towards a far corner, the sergeant following with somewhat the sensations of an elephant marching through a sheep pasture.

A pair of shining blue eyes, enlarged by illness, and a shock of red hair above a peaked face, were what the sergeant looked down on.

He had seen the sudden illnesses of Cape and Egyptian campaigns and his smile lost something of its breadth as he marked the flush on the hollow cheek and the hurried rise and fall of the narrow chest.

As if in answer to his thought the nurse said:

"Nat has had what de doctor call pneumony"—she pronounced the word with proud distinctness. "That make him bad beside his broken leg, but now he get all right, don't you, Nat?"

"I s'pose so," said a thin, husky voice. "Who's that?" the blue eyes taking in with interest every detail of button and strap. The big hand was again thrust forward, this time engulfing the bony one surrendered to it in a non-committal fashion.

"I'm Sergeant Stubbs of the Riyal Artillery, and seein' as I come from Maidenhead myself, I just thought I'd look in——"

The critical inspection changed into an eager stare.

"Not Maidenhead, in *England?*"

"The same. And I hopes before I die as I'll take a punt up-stream to Cookham or Marlow again. Who eat puppy-pie under Marlow bridge, eh?"

A rapturous if hoarse laugh caused several heads in neighbouring beds to be turned. It was the first time that a laugh had been heard from that bed since little Nat Converse had occupied it.

This local shibboleth, for some forgotten reason deadliest insult to any Thames bargeman, effectually broke down the barriers.

"Oh, did you ever call that out to a bargeman? I did, *once*, and then I ran—didn't I run—" and little Nat beamed at the memory, though he added with a sigh: "Oh, I do wish I was home again!"

But the nurse still lingered and the sergeant felt that it would be advisable to include her in the conversation.

"You see, miss, I think folks as lives on rivers gets fond of them," he explained; then with a happy thought: "Perhaps you might happen to have lived by a river yourself?"

Nurse Rosalie, who was of a French Acadian family, shook her pretty head with national vehemence.

"Oh no, I live by the sea, me! Dere are big rocks and de waves dey make a great noise in de storms. It is near de big coal mines where my fader and my broders work. Ah, but first I was home-sick sometimes, me!"

The sergeant stared at this new and attractive type with all his honest eyes, and the little immigrant watched his two friends with the proud complacency of a showman.

"You don't happen to think of going back though?" the sergeant asked with a hint in his voice that such a course would be regrettable.

But this suggestion was too much for little Nat, who put in eagerly:

"Oh, no, please sir! When I'm well she's going to take me out to the country where father's gone—such a hard name they call it—Sas-kat-che-wan" he pronounced slowly. "She'll have to, for she said as it would be a shame to send me all the way alone with my name sewed on to me, like they told father they'd have to." He paused as if to consider the situation and then added finally:

"Besides, I want her to stay there and take care of me. Mother's dead and father an' me are so lonely. So she could be my mother."

At this the sergeant laughed and looked at the nurse who blushed finely.

"I guess you'd better see what your father says before you give them sort of invitations, my man," he said.

To change the subject he proceeded to

open his paper parcel, and produce a Noah's Ark, which was hailed with rapture, and the animals were set in riggly marches on the level edge of the bedclothes.

This was the beginning of many more such visits, though as the winter days went on the small immigrant seemed to be slackening his hold on life, the toys that the sergeant brought often failing to rouse him, though he nearly always had a smile for tales of his friend's youth on the familiar Thames banks he was to see no more.

Besides reminiscences of England the sergeant had fallen into a way of descanting on his neat little cottage within the precincts of the fort down at the harbour's mouth between the thick spruce woods and the sea.

"From what you say, I'm blest if I don't think it would remind you of your home, miss; that I've never seen any coal mines round, more's the pity, for they'd be handy in this bitter, bad weather."

Nurse Rosalie laughed and blushed and seemed to think that the cottage must be a very nice place, even if it did lack coal mines.

It happened one week that visiting days at the hospital clashed with military duties, so that little Nat did not see his friend.

On the Saturday, an envelope directed in a big, childish hand reached the artilleryman. It contained a laboriously written letter:

"DEAR MISTER SERGENT,—I think I'm never going to father. Too far for a little chap like me. Pleese mary nurse Rosalie, and I'll come stay with you. Get her to were her red Sunday dress.

Yours truly,

NATHANIEL CONVERSE."

The sergeant was by now familiar with the nurse's Sunday hours, and the next evening about dusk he joined the groups going to vespers in the grey granite cathedral.

It was not the first time he had been there, and to the English-bred man, the lights, the music, the movements of this alien service were vaguely impressive and seemed part of the exotic charm which the French girl had woven round him. To-night he was doubtful if she would be there, for the lights from the open church door streamed forth on a white whirl of snow driven on a bitter north-east wind.

All day the snow had fallen, and towards night the wind rose, piling the peaked drifts high at the street corners. The trams, after struggling for an hour or so, had stopped running, and the great bulk of the dull red snow-plough, looking like a huge guillotine, moved alone through the deserted streets amidst its own white whirlwind. But for all the storm the nurse's red hat was there in its usual corner, and the sergeant got a seat a little to one side where he could watch the curve of her cheek, and the loose dark hair above it.

Surely the red hat was, to-night, bowed lower than usual; surely the whole pose of the figure revealed a more devout absorption; and yes, surely the light caught something on her cheek which must be a tear. The stolid Saxon heart stirred with a responsive tumult, a tumult tender and protective at this hint of some unknown trouble.

A new shyness made the sergeant hang back as the crowd bore the red hat out with it, but he was close on her traces as she went up the hill. There was no pretence at a path left on the sidewalk, and the returning church-goers followed the space between the rails temporarily cleared by the snow-plough.

This was all right as long as it lasted, but the way to the hospital lay over an exposed open slope, and soon the nurse was floundering in the drifts that taxed her all lifelong skill. This sight quenched the sergeant's new bashfulness, and a familiar voice sounded at her ear:

"I expect, miss, you'll be needing my arm if you're going to get back to the hospital to-night. You haven't got a friend as lives handy, by any chance, have you?"

"Ah, but I been out worse nights dan dis, and besides I must get back for sure!" she ended in a distressful fashion.

"Nothing wrong, eh?"

Her arm was now tucked under his, and they were making better progress.

"No—only—" she had to get her breath in gasps, for the wind—"little Nat died dis afternoon and I want to see him again before dey take him away."

For all the storm her sob was plainly perceptible and his grunt echoed it.

"Dear, dear, and I never saw the poor

little chap to say good-bye! That's too bad! You didn't happen to see the letter he wrote me, miss?" he demanded valiantly.

"No! A letter? I never knew!"

"Well, then," with a sudden resolution, "I'll show it to you. He's left me a legacy, you see, miss. Here's a lamp-post. I'll hold up my coat to shelter you if you'll try to read it."

With the night's wild swirl around her, the white electric light on her face, and the sergeant's big figure between her and the driving snow, the nurse did her best to decipher the little immigrant's letter.

"Oh, dear!" she said with a gasp, that was something between a sob and a laugh, and the sergeant took this as a signal of comprehension.

"Well," he said, "I ain't goin' to be done out of poor little Nat's legacy, am I?"

"I s'pose not," were the words he made out by bending his head, and then the big military overcoat engulfed her altogether.

Canadian Resources Plus American Capital

By E. W. JOHNSON

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land"; and yet the old adage of "What we have we hold," the boast of all true Canadians, sinks into oblivion when the dollars and cents that dominate the world of to-day are brought into play to clinch the bargain.

Perhaps in no part of the world at the present time is this more noticeable than in the Dominion of Canada, particularly in the western section, where from Ontario to the Pacific Coast, two-thirds of the country is in the hands of influential American capitalists.

Ask the loyal Canadian to-day what he thinks of selling Western Canada or any part of the fair Dominion to his Yankee cousins, and immediately his face will grow red with indignation at the thought of such a transaction; yet before the ruddy hue has died from his countenance, he has well under way a deal whereby many acres of Northwest wheat district, Pacific coast timber lands, or British Columbia mining territory will be transferred from the hold of this staunch British subject to the same American friend who was so unfortunate but a short time before to offend the loyal dignity of Canada's faithful property-vendor.

In British Columbia, the life and enterprise of the American capitalist is most marked. Their syndicates control the development of our mining and timber properties, our tanning and pulp manufacture, and are gradually securing railroad rights that will permit of their offering to the producer in the Dominion of Canada prices that will give the American railroads the major portion of the seaboard-bound traffic, both east and west.

Selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage has always been considered a sin, but the face of selling one's country for a few paltry dollars is featured with an appalling future, when should international complications arise at any time, the wheels of industry in the Dominion of Canada could be suddenly stopped and the country left in one vast idleness. American capital has been a large factor in the development of the Dominion of Canada, but the hand of the United States financier controls our industries, particularly in British Columbia, where less than half a dozen sawmills out of the several hundred plants in operation, and but four operating mines are under the control of Canadian or British capital. Financiers in France hold the stock of one mine, and without exception the remainder belong to American syndicates.

The question is frequently asked: "Where is British capital?" that it is not invested where the returns are as good as those from Canada, but the explanation has been found in the fact that British

capitalists, trusting to the honesty of the middlemen, have been too often duped by the wily gold-brick man, who, realising the possibilities in distance, has found a ready field in which to sell stock in fake prospects. Thousands of dollars have thus been sunk in baseless mining propositions supposed to exist in British Columbia, and the failure of these stocks to give any returns has made the trans-oceanic financier leary of British Columbia mines and mining.

On the other hand, the proximity of the United States made it possible for the capitalists of that country to supervise every investment in Canadian mines by expert engineers, who bought nothing but the best, and in this manner, British Columbia gold, copper, silver, iron and coal properties, together with our best timber limits and largest sawmills, have gone over into the hands of the shrewd American financier or the influential syndicates that control the largest mines in the United States. These people have made mining in British Columbia pay, because of the expert supervision given it.

The general feeling has been against the appropriation of American capital to develop the Dominion of Canada, but individual deals have appeared so small in the eyes of the vendor that it was not realised until too late the enormous hold the United States was getting on Canada on the plan of "get the acres and the miles will look after themselves."

At William MacLennan's Grave*

NEAR FLORENCE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

HERE where the cypress tall
Shadows the stucco wall,
Bronze and deep,
Where the chrysanthemums blow,
And the roses—blood and snow—
He lies asleep.

Florence dreaming afar,
Memories of foray and war,
Murmurs still;
The certosa crowns with a cold
Cloud of snow and gold
The olive hill.

What has he now for the streams
Born sweet and deep with dreams
From the cedar meres?
Only the Arno's flow,

*The last days of William MacLennan, poet and novelist, were spent in Italy seeking ease from suffering. Under those sunny skies, far from the Canada he loved, he breathed his last. The magnificent legacy of song and story which he has left us, must be our solace.

Turbid, and weary, and slow
With blood and tears.

What has he now for the song
Of the boatmen, joyous and long,
Where the rapids shine?
Only the sound of toil,
Where the peasants press the soil
For the oil and wine.

Spirit-fellow in sooth
With bold La Salle and Duluth,
And La Vèrandrye,—
Nothing he has but rest,
Deep in his cypress nest
With memory.

Hearts of steel and of fire,
Why do ye love and aspire,
When follows
Death—all your passionate deeds,
Garnered with rust and with weeds
In the hollows?

"God that hardened the steel,
Bid the flame leap and reel,
Gave us unrest;
We act in the dust afar,
In a star beyond your star,
His behest.

"We leave you dreams and names,
Still we are iron and flames,
Biting and bright;
Into some virgin world,
Champions, we are hurled,
Of venture and fight."

Here where the shadows fall,
From the cypress by the wall,
Where the roses are,—
Here is a dream and a name,
There, like a rose of flame,
Rises—a star.

SOME CANADIAN COUNTRY CLUBS

CALEDON MOUNTAIN TROUT CLUB
Inglewood, Ont.

CLUB HOUSE OF THE OTTAWA GOLF CLUB

Photograph by Jarvis

THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB, METAPEDIA RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

DIXIE GOLF LINKS, NEAR MONTREAL

Photograph by Notman

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB

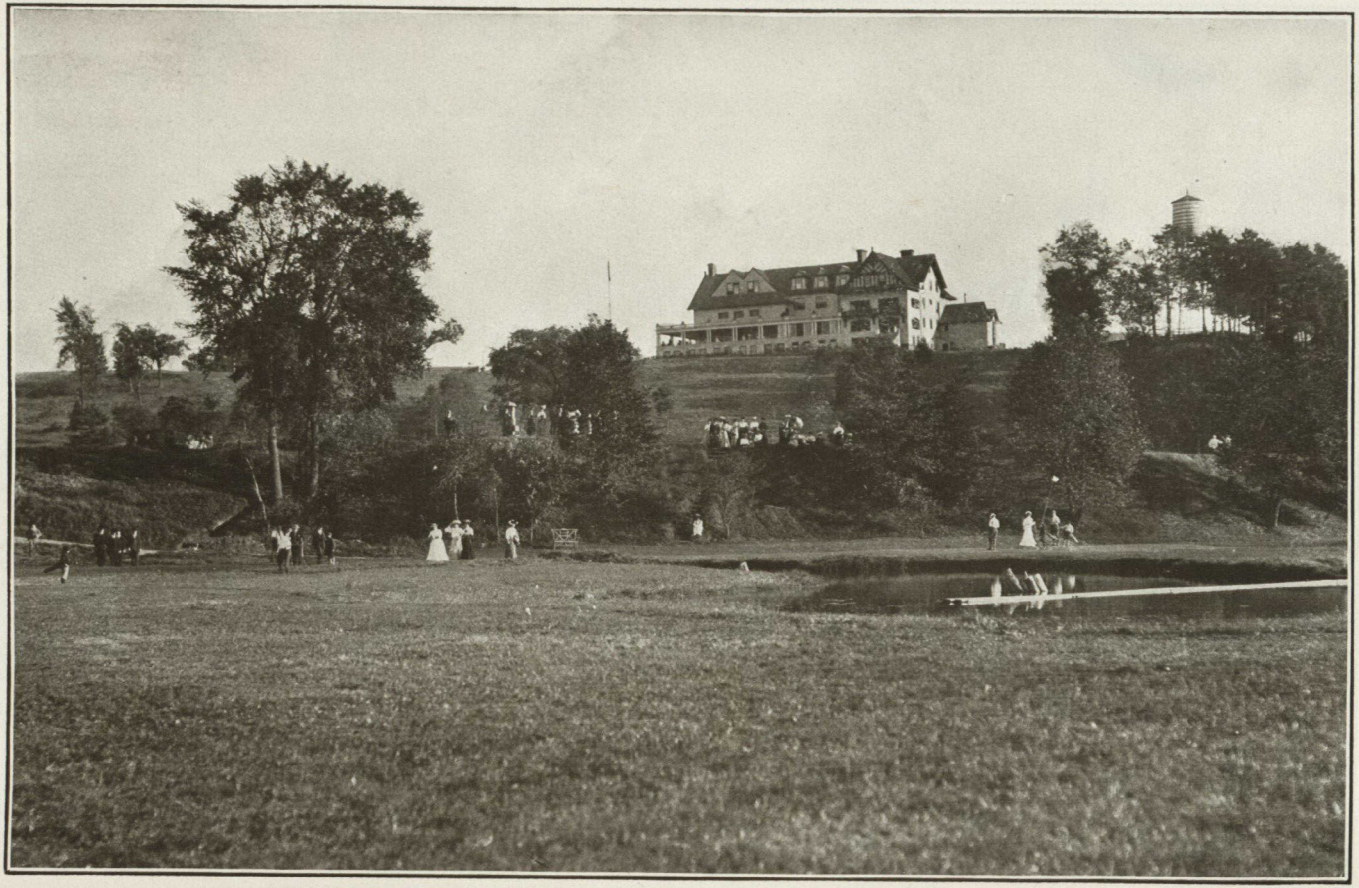
Photograph by Notman

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE YACHT CLUB, MONTREAL

Photograph by Notman

THE TORONTO GOLF CLUB, NEAR TORONTO

Photograph by Pringle & Booth



THE LAMBTON GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, NEAR TORONTO

Photograph by Pringle & Booth

TAKING CACAO BEANS FROM THE PODS IN TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

The Making of Chocolates

By NORMAN PATTERSON

IT will be the purpose of this article to show the origin of chocolate; to give the history of the famous Cacao Bean from which chocolate is made; to investigate chocolate as a food; to describe its uses in the making of confectionery, and to illustrate the whole with pictures and particulars of a Canadian confectionery factory of the best type.

THE BEGINNING

The modern history of chocolate is as romantic as the introduction of tobacco smoking among the Anglo-Saxons by Sir Walter Raleigh. When Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1519, he found the Mexicans making a drink from ground beans. He introduced it into Spain, where the secret was closely guarded for some time. Later, information regarding this popular drink passed over Europe and into England. The first English advertisement of it is said to have appeared in a London paper in 1657. It was nearly one hundred years later that the people of Massachusetts acquired the habit from the West Indies.

It is said that among the Indians of Mexico it was more highly regarded than wine. It was probably more of a drink than a food with them. In their preparation of it they used it cold, beating and stirring it until it frothed. These beans grow on a tree technically known as the "Broma Cacao." The word "Cocoa" is a corruption of "Cacao," and "Chocolate" is a further development. The name of the Mexican drink was "Cacahualto." The cacao is a tender tree, growing in tropical districts, requiring the umbrageous protection of larger trees. It grows from seed, bears its first fruit when about six years old, comes to maturity at ten years of age, and finally grows to a height of twenty to thirty feet. The weight of seeds produced annually runs from one to

PODS ON BRANCH OF CACAO TREE

eight pounds, but probably averages two and one-half pounds. The blossom is small, pinkish-white, and wax-like in appearance. It grows out of the main trunk or older branches. When the pod is formed it is of a golden colour, is from eight to fifteen inches in length, two to six inches in thickness, and is exceedingly hard. Each pod contains from twenty to thirty-five "beans" or seeds. They are cut from the trees by pruning knives on the ends of long poles, split open and the "beans" extracted therefrom.

SOURCE OF SUPPLY

The world's demand for cacao beans, as they are called, is quite large. A quarter of a billion pounds are required annually, made up approximately as follows:

Great Britain	45,000,000 lbs.
France	48,000,000 "
Germany	60,000,000 "
United States	73,000,000 "

The sources of supply are various. The stocks received in New York in 1905 ran thus:

Trinidad	106,000 bags
Africa	82,000 "
Bahia	61,000 "
Sauchez	46,000 "
Venezuela	45,000 "
Cuba	14,000 "
Grenada	12,000 "
Para	11,000 "
Haiti	11,000 bags
Surinam	10,000 "
Ceylon	10,000 "
Others	17,900 "

Of course the quality varies. Venezuelan cocoa is probably the best and sells as high as thirty-five cents a pound, while that from Africa and Haiti brings about eight cents. A cocoa or chocolate may thus be pure and still vary considerably in value on account of the flavour.

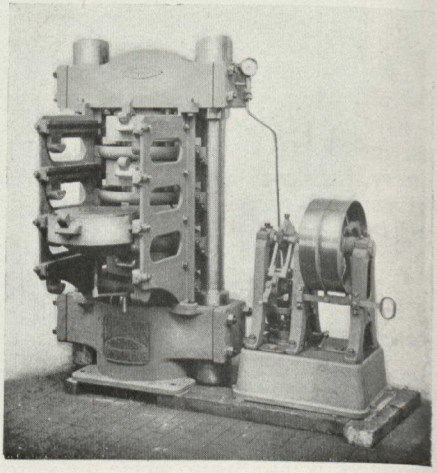
An analysis of the cacao bean or raw cocoa gives the following result:

Fat—Cocoa-Butter	50.00
Nitrogenous Compounds	20.00
Starch	10.00
Cellulose	2.00
Theobromine	2.00
Saline Substances	4.00
Water	10.00
Others	2.00
	100.00

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

Cocoa and chocolate, as the housekeeper knows them, are each produced from the cacao bean. These beans contain fifty per cent. of fat or "cocoa-butter," as it is called. To produce breakfast or commercial cocoa, the oil is taken out of the beans; to produce chocolate, the oil is left in and sugar, spice or vanilla added.

To produce breakfast cocoa, the seeds or beans are shelled and then ground in



AN HYDRAULIC PRESS WHICH REMOVES A PORTION OF THE COCOA-BUTTER FROM THE BEANS—THE RESIDUE IS "BREAKFAST" COCOA

stone mills, being at the same time slightly heated. The result is a syrupy fluid. The oil has been liberated by the grinding and liquified by the heat. If the oil is pressed out, the cocoa of commerce remains.

If the oil is not pressed out, and if the liquor is treated with sweetenings and flavours, ground further in stone mills, and "worked up fine," it becomes a smooth and mellow chocolate. Perhaps a certain percentage of extra "cocoa-butter" may be added to still further increase its smoothness and adaptability for covering candies of one kind or another.

It is in the substitution of other vegetable or animal fats for the pure cocoa-butter, that much of the adulteration of the coverings for chocolate confectionery occurs. These substitutes invariably are more or less affected by heat, which decomposes them, spoiling the flavour of the goods, which frequently turn rancid.

Cocoa is used to make a beverage; chocolate is used directly as a confection or as a food.

CHOCOLATE AS A FOOD

It is only in recent years that the world has learned the food-value of chocolate. When people read that Queen Victoria had sent a box of chocolates to each of the soldiers in South Africa, they thought she had sent them a "confection." She herself probably knew that she was sending them a splendid food.

Comparing the percentage of fat in certain foods, we find chocolate second only to butter. Take this list:

Steak	14	per cent.	fat
Eggs	9	" "	"
Bread	4	" "	"
Butter	85	" "	"
Chocolate	40	" "	"

Chocolate is therefore a splendid producer of energy and heat. As a tissue builder it is almost equal to eggs and steak, containing as it does considerable protein.

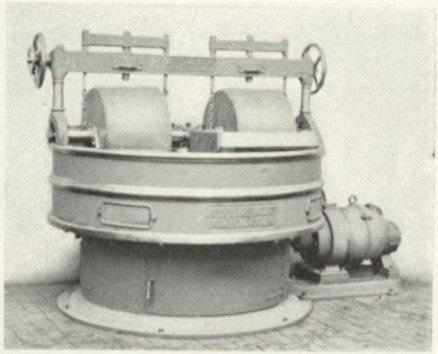
The following are approximate figures:

Steak	14	per cent.	protein
Eggs	14	" "	"
Bread	9	" "	"
Butter	3	" "	"
Chocolate	11	" "	"

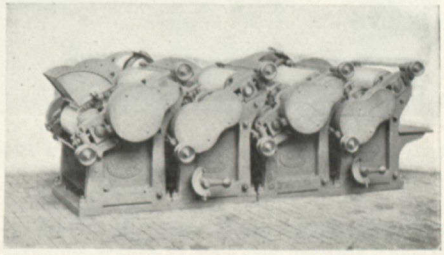
It would seem, therefore, that chocolate properly prepared is both a tissue builder and an energy producer of high value. Hence, one may understand why it is supplied regularly to the German army.

M. Payen, writing in "Des Substances Alimentaires," says:

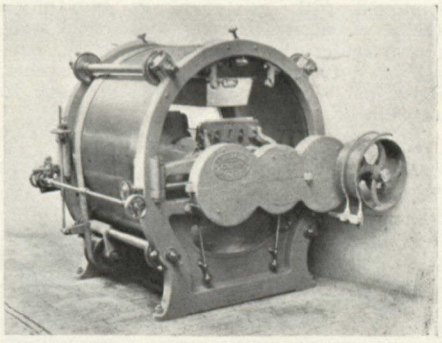
"The cocoa bean has in its composition more nitrogen than wheat flour, about twenty times as much fatty matter, a considerable proportion of starch, and an



A MELANGEUR

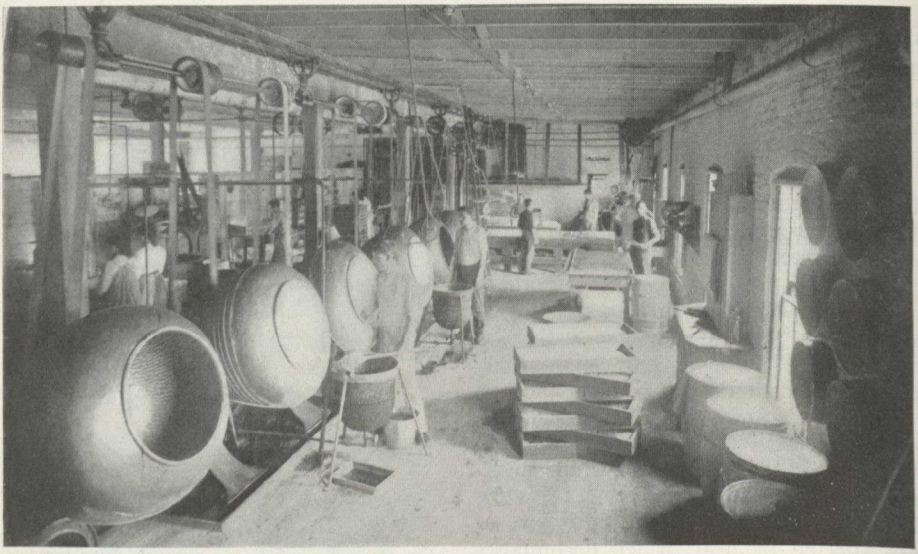


A 12-STONE REFINER



A CONTINUOUS REFINER

These three machines are employed in the grinding and refining of chocolate coating



PAN ROOM—IN THESE REVOLVING PANS CERTAIN FILLINGS, SUCH AS NUTS, ARE COATED WITH CHOCOLATE

agreeable aroma which excites the appetite. We are entirely disposed to admit that this substance contains a remarkable nutritive power. Besides, direct experience has proved this to be the case. In fact, cocoa, closely combined with an equal or two-third's weight of sugar, forming the article well-known under the name of chocolate, constitutes a food, substantial in all respects, and capable of sustaining the strength in travelling."

And a little further on, he adds:

"Cocoa and chocolate, in consequence of their elementary composition, and of the direct or indirect addition of sugar before their consumption, constitute a food, respiratory, or capable of maintaining animal heat, by means of the starch, sugar, gum, and fatty matter which they contain; they are also articles of food favourable to the maintenance or development of the adipose secretions, by reason of the fatty matter (cocoa-butter) belonging to them; and, finally, they assist in the maintenance and increase of the tissues by means of their congeneric azote substances, which assimilate therewith."

CANADIAN IMPORTATIONS

The customs classification is hard to understand and analyse, but the importations of cocoa and its products show a rapid increase. In 1874, the importations amounted to less than $5,000. In 1881, it was about $10,000. The figures for the last five years are as follows:

1901	$438,417
1902	414,351
1903	561,270
1904	654,500
1905	744,637

About seventy-five per cent. of these importations came from Great Britain and the United States, with the British West Indies a poor third. Holland and Switzerland come next—these being principally milk chocolates.

While the imports of cacao beans, cocoa and chocolate have thus enormously increased, we find the importation of confectionery declining. For example, in 1901 Canada bought $228,000 worth from the United States, and in 1905 this had fallen to $124,000 worth. This is due to the growth of cocoa and chocolate factories in this country. These import the raw product and manufacture it into various forms suitable for the nation's taste and demands.

SUGAR AS FOOD

Mr. R. Bannister, of London, in a lecture said: "The sense of taste, which resides in the gustatory nerves of the tongue, seems to have been provided for the purpose of guarding against the taking into the system, through the mouth, of any injurious substances, and also for the purpose of

A CORNER IN A BON-BON DIPPING ROOM

imparting pleasure to the necessary act of eating and drinking. The instinctive love of sugar seems to point out how well it is adapted to our natural wants. This love is not confined to one nation; wherever it is most easily obtained, there its consumption is found to be enormous."

Sugars are more speedily dissolved by the saliva and more quickly assimilated than any other food, and the energy therefrom is more immediately available. It also very materially assists the digestion of other foods. When sugar has been inverted or changed from its crystalline form, which occurs in the manufacture of confectionery, and has been combined with pure chocolate, then we have an absolutely natural food. A child's desire for candy is perfectly natural and should be gratified within reasonable limits, as there is no more wholesome food. In young men it has become a very noticeable fact that few, if any, who are fond of confectionery are likely to carry the aroma of "Cocktails." The candy-eating habit is a fair evidence of temperate habits.

With access to every market in the world for raw products, such as cacao, vanilla beans, essential oils, fruit for flavouring, and shelled nuts; with refined sugar of the finest quality as a basis, and with latest type machinery and highly-skilled workmen, there is no reason why Canada should not produce confectionery of as fine flavour, texture, and finish as any country in the world. In fact, the decreasing imports give evidence that her own people are appreciating this fact, and are giving home productions the preference.

A TYPICAL FACTORY

Of these Canadian factories, that of Ganong Bros., of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, may be taken as typical. St. Stephen is a lively little town, situated on the St. Croix River about twenty miles from the Bay of Fundy, and at the head of the navigable part of that river. It is a place where one might more naturally expect saw mills than a chocolate factory and a cotton mill. Yet it is the latter one finds. Men as well as nature are an element in determining the characteristics of a community,

DIPPING BON-BONS

and this town and its twin neighbour, Milltown, owe their prosperity and fame to the energy of several enterprising citizens.

The Ganong business has been of a steady and natural growth. The two brothers were in the commission business about thirty years ago, and incidentally handled confectionery. A small candy-making business came on the market, and they bought it out and developed it until they have a factory employing over three

A SECTION OF "DIPPING ROOM" WHERE G.B. CHOCOLATES ARE COATED

hundred hands and turning out tons of confectionery each day.

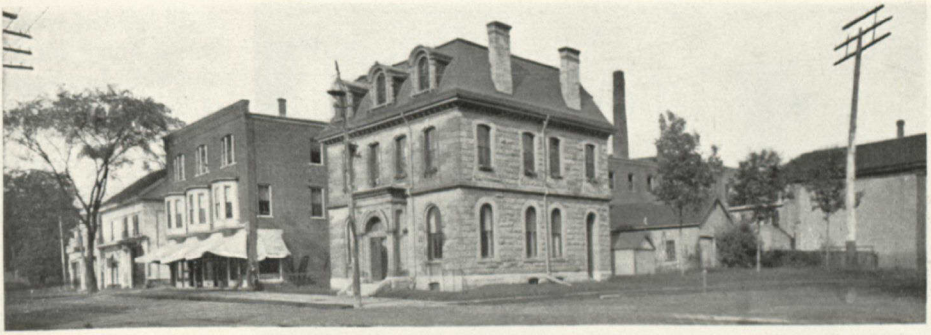
MAKING CHOCOLATE COATINGS

In the factory of Ganong Bros., all the chocolate that is made is used in coating confectionery, or in the making of sweet chocolate, and good chocolate coating is much more difficult to make than any other form of this substance, with the possible exception of milk chocolate. Success in making chocolate coatings depends largely on skill and taste in blending the products of different countries, all of which differ in flavour. This is quite as, if not more, difficult than the blending of teas and coffees, and requires men of great experience. It is along this line that this firm especially excels. From the hard bean to the smooth liquid is a far cry, because neither alkali nor acids nor foreign substances may be used to assist in the dissolution.

The first step in the process is the sorting and cleaning of the beans. As they come in sacks from foreign forests, there is necessarily some dirt mixed with them. This must be absolutely removed, either by machinery or by hand, or by both. As the beans are to be roasted, the different sizes must be separated, otherwise the small beans would be burnt while the large ones were getting sufficient heat. Exactness in roasting means much for the flavour and colour of the chocolate. It requires about forty-five minutes to roast a batch of beans in the large revolving cylinders used for that purpose, the heat being applied by gas jets under forced air draughts.

After roasting, the beans are broken and shelled. After passing through a breaker the broken beans drop into a cylindrical sieve, through which fans are continually forcing enough air to blow out the lighter "shell." The cleaned and broken interior drops into receivers below.

From here it passes to a mill, not unlike a flour mill, where two sets of stones grind it still smaller. At the same time it is slightly heated so as to release the oil or cocoa-butter which forms one-half of its substance. From the mill it passes as a slightly gritty liquid to a refiner consisting



FACTORY AND OFFICES OF GANONG BROS., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

of from six to twelve granite rollers set close together, which still further adds to its smoothness. The stones work in sets of three, each with a different speed.

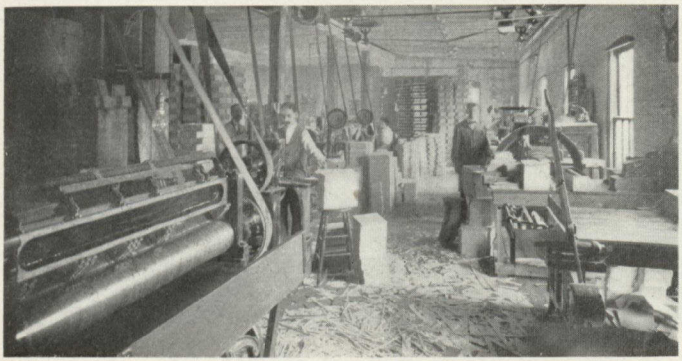
From here it passes to the "hot-room," where for several hours it is subjected to heat in order that the "butter" shall be fully melted and mixed with the other substances which the bean originally contained. From the hot-room it goes to the melanguers to be still further stirred, rolled and mixed; then to huge drum continuous refiners for the finishing process. The liquor is now ready for chocolate coatings.

Even yet the process is not complete. If required for immediate use, it is placed in another melanguer and mixed with a certain amount of finest pulverized sugar and flavouring. It then goes through another set of refiners to make sure that the sugar and chocolate liquor are thoroughly mixed. At this stage, when necessary, and it always is in the best chocolate coatings, more pure cocoa-butter, is added to still further increase its mellowness and plasticity.

THE FILLINGS

Chocolate coatings are made several weeks before using, as when properly made they improve with age. The next step is to have proper fillings or centres. These may be of cream, jelly, nuts, etc. The ordinary cream filling is made from high-grade sugar. Some chocolate-makers use a high percentage of glucose, and thus cheapen and deteriorate their goods. Not

GENERAL OFFICES



SECTION OF PAPER BOX ROOM

so with the "G.B." fillings—they have only one standard. The sugar is melted and then beaten or "creamed," then re-melted, flavoured and moulded. When ready for the finishing touches they are slightly hard, just sufficient to keep their shape while being rolled in the warm chocolate, but in a few days after coating this hardness disappears and the shape of the chocolate is preserved only by the hardness of the outing coating.

The coating may be done either by machinery or by hand. The chocolate used in machine-coated goods is of inferior grade, and the centres cannot be coated as heavily as by the "hand-dipping" process, as the liquor used for coating has to be much thinner, that the machine may thoroughly cover them.

All "G.B." chocolates are "hand-dipped." Long rows of girls sit beside tables containing small vats of warmed chocolate. Each centre is immersed or rolled in the chocolate, lifted out separately, and placed on placques stamped "G.B.," thus giving to each chocolate the "G.B." imprint, without which none are genuine. These girls acquire great skill in this work. A new girl will waste and spoil more chocolate than her work is worth. An experienced hand will spoil none. She works by "the piece," in this case by the number of pounds she handles. She will deftly add some little ornamentation across the top of each chocolate, which removes the otherwise plain appearance of even a "hand-dipped" drop.

From here, the trays of chocolates are rushed to a cooling room, where in a few minutes they are sufficiently chilled to go into the packing room. The "packing" room is kept at an even temperature, and here the chocolates are put in half-pound, pound, or five-pound boxes, all one kind, or mixed, as the occasion or the trade requires. They must, however, be packed at once. Chocolates left lying around would be liable to accumulate a slight quantity of dust, or lose their finish.

Of course cream centres are not the only kind that are coated. Cocoanut centres are used and cocoanut must not be confounded with the cacao bean from which chocolate is made. For the other centres, Ganong Bros. import ginger from China, dates from the Nile, figs

WEST WING AND SITE FOR NEW POWER HOUSE

from Smyrna, raisins from Spain, cherries, apricots from France, pineapples from the Bahamas, and nuts from Sicily, Spain, France, Brazil, and the United States. Caramels, cordials such as coffee or ginger, nougatines, and biscuits add to the variety, one of the greatest favourites being made from our own Canadian maple.

BOARDING-HOUSE—ACCOMMODATION FOR FIFTY GIRLS

The Ganongs have a strong objection to incorporating liquors of any kind in their manufactures, and absolutely refuse to make brandy or other cordials of this nature.

The dipping or coating of all these is much the same, though slight variations are required. In all this work, mechanical cold storage plays a very important part in regulating necessary temperatures. For this purpose, this factory is equipped with a plant up-to-date in every particular.

BOXING

The Ganongs manufacture all their own boxes. They have a well-equipped box factory, with all the latest machinery and a supply of expert workmen and workwomen. Boxes of all sizes and shapes are produced, from the plain five-pound boxes, in which the grocer or confectioner buys his general supplies, to fancy boxes from half-pound and one pound up to five pounds, tied up in ribbon, which are sold unbroken by the same dealers.

For the holiday trade, fancy boxes of assorted goods to sell at prices varying from one to ten dollars are prepared. The demand for these is extensive, and the markets of the world are searched for novelties and dainty designs to work up into fancy baskets and boxes. The standard box used for G.B. chocolates has a picture—a fine conception of Longfellow's Evangeline—on the cover. New Brunswick was formerly a part of Acadie, though not that part around which the famous romance has thrown a cloak of sentiment. The famous valley of Grand Pré is a few

G.B. CHOCOLATES FOR VANCOUVER

Part of a 15-ton car on the way to the railway station. Note the characteristic lorry of the Maritime Provinces

RESIDENCE OF G. W. GANONG, M.P., ST. STEPHEN

miles from St. Stephen across the Bay of Fundy. Nevertheless, wherever the G.B. chocolates go, there goes with them a reminder that down by the Atlantic is a land of romance, of sentiment and of sweetness.

CLEANLINESS

In the making of confectionery absolute cleanliness is essential. The Ganong factory is a roomy set of buildings, well lighted, with high ceilings. Every room is painted white and is gone over with a brush at least once a year. Every utensil, every pot, every pan, every tray must be kept spotlessly clean. Employés must keep themselves tidy and must come from homes where neatness and cleanliness are part of the daily creed. Negligent or careless employés are not tolerated.

In order to insure a constant supply of first-class women the firm has recently established a large boarding-house. This is in charge of a competent matron, and the highest class of accommodation is afforded. Here the girls may board at low rates and may have many privileges not found in an ordinary boarding-house. Lavatories, bathrooms, washing rooms, ironing rooms and reading rooms are at their disposal. A croquet lawn has been in use this year, and a tennis lawn will be ready next year.

THE DISTRIBUTION

That Canada is a growing country; that Canadian manufacturers are gaining ground rapidly is well exemplified in the growth of the Ganong business. Situated though it is in a small town, in the far east of the Dominion, it yet distributes its products in every province. When the writer visited the factory they were just about to ship three carloads, one to Vancouver, one to Winnipeg and one to Quebec. The small town is no handicap where the manufacturer is enterprising; distance is no bar when he understands his business and has it well organised.

When asked why their business has grown so rapidly, the manager modestly said he was not certain, but thought principally because the firm believed the people would pay reasonable prices for goods of high quality."

"Our candies are good to eat, of that I am certain," said he. "I eat large quantities every day myself, and so do my associates. Therefore I am not surprised that the people eat them. We try to make good eating chocolates, that are suited to the Canadian climate. We are proud of all our goods and have never found it necessary to lower the standard to make sales."

There is an impression abroad in the land that chocolates should be bought fresh. The "G.B." chocolates are made in such a way that they do not attain their greatest "mellowness" until about thirty days after they are ready for shipment. This gives plenty of time to send them the long distances which they must be sent in Canada. They also retain their mellowness and full flavour for a long time when properly cared for. The greatest care is taken to secure evenness of quality, so that the purchaser anywhere in Canada may be reasonably certain of getting the highest grade chocolates when he buys anything stamped "G.B."

It is gratifying to see Canadians turning out so high a grade of goods that "Made in Canada" is becoming a synonym for good quality. This is a tribute to the nation's honesty as well as the nation's enterprise.

Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER

"THE Kreutzer Sonata" of Jacob Gordin had the honour of opening the present dramatic season in New York, an English version of the sombre Yiddish play, with Miss Blanche Walsh in the leading rôle, appearing in mid-August, while the world of folly was still occupied with Coney Island and Roof Garden entertainment. Further interest lay in the fact that a rival production of the piece was in preparation, and the early appearance of Miss Walsh proved a tactical move on the part of her management to forestall Mr. Fiske's plans for presenting Mme. Bertha Kalich—for whom the play was originally written and in whose repertoire it had a prominent place for several years at the Yiddish theatres—in an English adaption of her old rôle. Mr. Fiske's more careful preparation, however, followed in due course, and the result to the public was an opportunity to compare two very interesting and capable presentations of the play.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," which by the way must not be confounded with Tolstoi's well-known novel, is of the old melodrama type, with strong acting scenes, some very interesting character work and of thrilling emotional interest. The characters are Russian, and with one exception Hebrew, and the story is based on the love of a Jewish girl for a Gentile officer who, barred by race prejudices from marrying her, has committed suicide. The usual complications disclose themselves, and the action begins with the disposal of the "ruined" girl to a young, ambitious musician, and the departure of both for America. The rest is a story of domestic unhappiness, wherein cruelties, indignities and infidelity that compromises the wife's younger sister, are exposed; all meekly borne by the unhappy victim of our "woman damnation" theories, until patience can bear no more—and the double tragedy follows. Some excellent comedy scenes are furnished by an eccentric old musician, and the humour he imparts is a welcome lamp in the gloom of the woeful tragedy.

Madame Kalich had the advantage of appearing in a rôle long familiar to

BERTHA KALICH IN "THE KREUTZER SONATA"

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "CLEOPATRA"

FORBES ROBERTSON AS "CÆSAR"

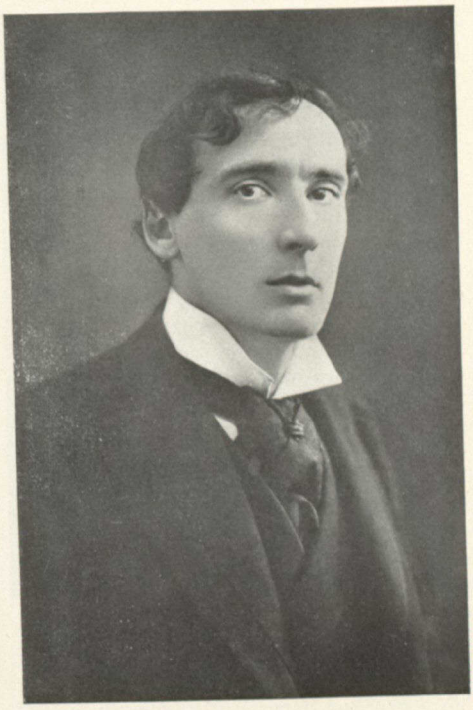
her, and one for which she is peculiarly fitted, physically and temperamentally. Her performance was very finished and artistic, and the portrait well toned down to the tastes of her English audience. Miss Walsh, on the other hand, seemed to revel in emotional opportunities, and the result was a highly coloured picture, graphic, crude, and in a certain physical sense forceful. The supporting companies were in each case so excellent that there is little to choose between them. Special mention should be made, however, of Jacob Katzman's characterisation of the eccentric musician in the Kalich company and of Miss Helen Ware as the sister in the other.

Notwithstanding this early and somewhat sober start, the season had not found itself up to October. But with October—the month when in the course of nature the gay first colourings of early autumn have sobered and deepened to brown, when ripened fruits hang ready for the wine-press and the corn is garnered for the gleaners—in this month of nature's fulness came such rich October offerings as Mr. H. B. Irving in Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in Wm. Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," Lena Ashwell in "The Shulamite," Mr. E. S. Willard in his admirable portrait of "Colonel Newcome," and Mr. Mansfield in an imposing production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." With these offerings the

note of serious dramatic interest, for which we had been waiting, was firmly and unmistakably struck.

The appearance of Mr. Forbes Robertson, too, in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," marks a revival of the intellectual—as opposed to emotional and pictorial—drama, which distinguished the early months of last season when the Shaw vogue was at its height. It also marks a further, and let us hope decisive, step in the moral rehabilitation of the prince of humorists, whose sensational banishment a year ago proclaimed our Comstockianism so loudly to the world. This banishment, we may remind ourselves, however, was followed by a more or less triumphant return in the late spring, when Mr. Arnold Daly rounded up the season's work with an excellent presentation of "Arms and the Man." Since that time, also, the courts have decided that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not an immoral play at all. And now that an ally has been gained of such unquestionable standing as Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Shaw's entire respectability will surely be grudged no longer. If this is not enough, there still remains the announcement of Miss Ellen Terry in a production of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." We have mentioned these names for the reason that example is so often more potent than argument.

In the somewhat conspicuous absence of Mr. Shaw up to this time, English drama had been fully represented by such of his leading contemporaries as Mr. Pinero, whose admirable "His House in Order" is one of the most important plays of the year; Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypocrites," and Mr. Alfred Sutro in "The Price of Money." Following these leaders at varying intellectual distances we had Michael Morton in "The Little Stranger," St. John Rankin in "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," Inglis Allen in "The Dear Unfair Sex," Harold Heaton in "Lady Jim," and Alicia Ramsey in "John Hudson's Wife." Of these only two, "His House in Order" and "The Hypocrites," can be classed as popular successes, though one or two others were complete artistic successes, and under other conditions might have found more favour with the public. The terms, unfortunately, are not always synonymous and the public mood is variable and fleeting.



MR. H. B. IRVING

"The Two Mr. Wetherbys" was described as a domestic fact in three acts, taking for its text the familiar

> "Life is a comedy to those who think,
> A tragedy to those who feel."

The piece is said to have had a very long run in London last season, but the sea voyage apparently impaired its vitality. There were some very agreeable acting moments, certainly some witty lines, as for example—"She is a good woman and she has a grievance. What more can she want?" But its chief claim to notice is Mr. William F. Hawtrey's impersonation of the (conventionally) bad *Mr. Wetherby*. This was wholly delightful and flawless, and its impressions will remain when much of this season's work is forgotten.

"The Dear Unfair Sex," in which Miss Ellis Jeffreys appeared for a time

this season, would seem to be a modern variation of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Mrs. Haviland Brooke, spoiled, capricious, petulant and unreasonably peevish toward a kind-hearted husband who adores her, is finally brought to bay and becomes, for the time at least, a most dutiful and meek spouse. The chastening is accomplished by means of an old theatrical device, her discovery in a compromising situation to which her vanity has brought her. Suspecting that Melville, whom she fancifully supposes to be in love with herself, is marrying another against his desire, she goes to his room to intercede. Melville, learning the truth, promptly sends for her husband, but before he arrives a mutual friend, Captain Gleinster, in an advanced state of conviviality, unexpectedly arrives on the scene. Other complications follow, and by the time the captious wife is extricated, the taming is complete. Not as important a comedy by any means as Mr. Sutro's "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," although the rôle of Mrs. Brooke in the variety of its moods affords Miss Jeffreys a wider score for the display of her talents than any other in which we have seen her. A lady of breeding Miss Jeffreys is, in all her parts, and she is able to suggest this quality to a degree that no other actress we know can.

"The Dear Unfair Sex," in spite of a rather distinguished cast that included Mr. Chas. Cartwright and Mr. Geo. Giddens, found only moderate favour, however, with the dear, unfair public, and withdrew.

Miss Jeffrey's non-success with this piece and Mr. Crane's similar experience with the "Price of Money," has resulted in their joint appearance in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Mr. Crane as *Mr. Hardcastle*, and Miss Jeffreys as the winsome *Kate*, in which happy outcome, the proverb of the ill wind will be once more recalled.

In some respects Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Hypocrites" shows the author at his best. In other respects, he is equally at his worst. There is the inevitable pulpit, for instance, conspicuously placed in the foreground, and appropriately enough, a high-minded, uncompromising young curate to occupy it. He, of course, is the author's mouthpiece, and proceeds to expound the author's text, "Expediency is man's wisdom, doing right is God's." The scene of the play is Weybury—peaceful, remote, exclusive, hypocritical Weybury, whose church-laden respectability is one day rudely upset by the intrusion of a pale-faced young girl. We know her story at once without the unnecessary details that follow, even to the matter of dates. We know, too, that the son of the Lord of the Manor of Weybury is implicated. And the dramatic conflict revolves round the duty of Weybury in the matter as Weybury sees it, and its duty as the high-minded curate conceives it. The issues broaden, however, as the play progresses, until the initial motive becomes a mere incident in the arraignment of our social hypocrisies. In inventiveness and a keen sense of his dramatic opportunities, Mr. Jones has never appeared to better advantage. The play is in the hands of an exceedingly capable and well-balanced company, and much of its success is due to their able presentation.

Why Mr. Sutro's "The Price of Money" was not a success is hard to say. With Mr. Crane in the central rôle, the piece had a worthy presentation, and in point of dramatic interest is a better offering than the same author's "Walls of Jericho," which ran so well last season. It deserved a much better reception.

American dramatists have met with better success in proportion than their English contemporaries, three of the season's hits, "Clothes," "The Chorus Lady," and "The Great Divide," owning to American authorship. "Clothes," by Mr. Channing Pollock, with which Miss Grace George has inaugurated her present season, is a strong play of very evident popular appeal. Though it quotes the immortal Sartor Resartus, it is not a philosophy of clothes by any means, but a timely preachment against the modern social peril variously expressed in "Clothes." It follows—though somewhat afar off, we fear, in point of literary interest—Mr. Sutro's stirring appeal in "The Walls of Jericho." Miss George

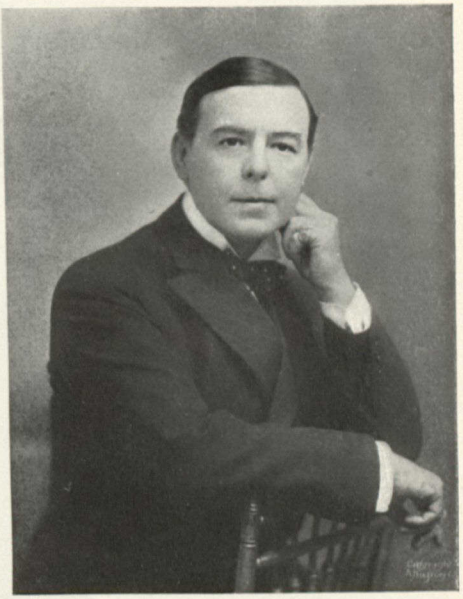
has been provided with an excellent part and much of the success of the piece is due to her splendid work. Mr. Frank Worthing also adds distinction to the performance.

"Nurse Marjorie" is an interesting comedy, written in one of Mr. Zangwill's lighter, happier veins, and the rôle in which it presents Miss Eleanor Robson, if somewhat familiar though repeated association, is an ever charming one.

The performance, as we have it, was somewhat hurried, perhaps, for the perfect enjoyment of certain little subtleties that are peculiar to Mr. Zangwill, and the characterisations, especially of our English peers, were not always happy. On the other hand, the fish market scene in Whitechapel was capital. Miss Robson is billed for a season of thirty weeks, and during that time will present a large repertory of new plays.

"The Love Letter," an adaption—very much an adaption one would say—of Sardou's "La Piste," offers Miss Virginia Harned golden opportunities for the display of her many personal charms, to say nothing of the display of hats and gowns that are the envious delight of the feminine portion of her audience. There are charming bits of comedy, too, that afford momentary glimpses of Sardou's bright original, but for the most part the American version is too obviously discreet to be either interesting or plausible. An old love letter turns up unexpectedly, and though the indiscretions brought to light refer to the period of husband number one, now divorced, the testimony of dates is unfortunately lacking. Before this lack is supplied many farcical situations are introduced, and in the original some convincing comedy. The popular success of the play is a personal triumph for Miss Harned, who is invariably delightful in comedy rôles.

Shakespeare has been well represented so far, first in a lovely production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Miss Annie Russell as "Puck," and later by Miss Viola Allen's equally beautiful production of "Cymbeline," both at the New Astor theatre, recently opened. Miss Allen's return to Shakespearean rôles will be especially welcomed by lovers of classical drama everywhere.



MR. HENRY MILLER IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

One unmistakable beacon light in the earlier dramatic fog we have referred to was Pinero's "His House in Order," in which John Drew and Margaret Illington have been appearing with marked success since the season opened. Pinero is probably the most finished playwright we have, and "His House in Order" reflects these qualities in their perfection.

Filmer Jesson's first wife has been dead three years, but notwithstanding this lapse of time and the fact that her successor has been installed for six months, "Filmer's" house is still a house of mourning for the dear departed "Annabel," and he himself the pathetic slave of her snobbish, cruel relatives. This is the situation that confronts the second wife, and after enduring for some time the indignities that such a situation would naturally provoke, the power, in the form of compromising letters, is suddenly put into her hands to destroy this dead idol, and take her own lawful place in the home. The husband's brother, "Hillary," who has been her sole friend, pleads with her in a beautifully impas-

MARGARET ANGLIN AS "RUTH JORDAN" IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

sioned speech either to destroy the letters or give them to him.

She hands the letters to "*Hillary*," and through him the husband finally learns the truth and offers reparation. This offer the wife complacently accepts. Dramatic justice would have dealt otherwise we think, had the Pinero we knew aforetime held the scales. Nor, in that event, would the lover of the dead Annabel and father of the child before us, have complacently allowed himself to be kicked out of doors for a villain. And as it proves, the cold, rather insufferable, order-loving "Filmer" had driven the ardent "Annabel" elsewhere for consolation. In spite of these weaknesses the drama is a powerful one, and is presented with every appreciation of its dignity and fine literary qualities. Mr. John Drew as "*Hillary Jesson*" has never been seen to better advantage, and Miss Margaret Illington as "Nina" is wholly admirable and charming.

The visit of Mr. H. B. Irving to this country has been in pleasant contemplation for some time. Part of the interest was due to the excellent reputation he had already made for himself in England, but still more undoubtedly to the fact that he was the son of the beloved Sir Henry, that prince of actors, at whose

shrine every devout lover of the drama will long kneel in reverence. Comparisons between son and sire were in the nature of things inevitable, but beyond a haunting likeness occasionally noted in gesture or look, we had soon forgotten the old in the contemplation of the new personality before us.

His first appearance in Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," showed not only a scholarly appreciation of its poetic qualities, but was full of those human touches that appeal so strongly in Mr. Phillips' rare and beautiful version of the Dante theme. And not since Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet" have we seen a more moving tragic picture than his "Malatesta," every note of whose character is sounded from love for his brother "Paola" in the first scene, to that top note when he staggers back from the murder, his hand stained with blood, and tells us in tones of unutterable pity: "They look like children fast asleep." No more poetic drama has been seen on the American stage since Mrs. LeMoyne's exquisite productions of Browning's "In a Balcony" and "A Blot on the Scutcheon," both of which are being revived, by the way, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Miller.

As if to emphasise his versatility by contrast, Mr. Irving's next appearance was in one of Sir Henry's old successes, "The Lyons Mail," that fine old melodrama of Charles Reade, Mr. Irving assuming the double rôle of "Joseph Lesurques," Merchant of Paris, and "Dubose," captain of a gang of thieves. Both characterisations were excellent, but Dubose in the last act, the scene of the fatal debauch, when his hilarious triumph is cut short by the arrival of soldiers, was especially powerful in its grim, sardonic, malevolent humour.

His "Charles I," by W. G. Wills, which followed, is tender and dignified, with a nice kingly poise, lighted up by most playful touches, as when he lays aside affairs of state to romp with the children. His best scene is when he meets Cromwell face to face at Whitehall, and with fine kingly scorn reproves him for his duplicity. There is a still deeper note of poignant sorrow in the scene with Moray when he paints the portrait of the traitor. The final scene, his parting from wife and children, is tender and affecting in the extreme.

"The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, as presented by Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, is perhaps the richest experience of the present dramatic season. The only possible exception would be "His House in Order," just noticed, and while Mr. Moody's is a less finished play than the Pinero offering, it is of far deeper import and of more sincerity. It is also well within the limits to claim that the Moody piece marks a most important epoch in the drama of this country, if it be not indeed the great event in our dramatic history. The fact is notorious that men eminent in letters have almost invariably aspired to write in the dramatic form, and men as famous as Henry James and George Meredith have failed altogether in the attempt, while Browning and Tennyson succeeded only in a measure. But the author of "Gloucester Moor," who holds a leading place among American poets, has in "The Great Divide" added to this fame that of a truly great dramatist also. In this offering he has also abandoned his earlier classical form represented in "The Fire Bringer," and "The Masque of Judgment," and treated modern life in a highly original and unconventional manner.

One would like to linger over this play lovingly and appreciatively throughout the course of an entire article instead of trying to condense its impressions into a paragraph or two. Towering as the play does in its own mountain solitude, it offers sides of approach so many that a choice is bewildering. There are its human interest, its psychology, its drama, its literary and poetic charm, and having exhausted these there would still remain its great spiritual interest dominating all the other and lifting us farther into its own solitude. It has been called the great American play, and while it is great and of American authorship, in its more important sense it is no more an American play than "Ghosts" is a Norwegian play, or "Magda" a German play. For like "Ghosts" or "Magda," or any great continental play, its theme is universal, and its

truths as eternal as the hills, which Mr. Moody has so well chosen for the play's setting. The author, it is true, takes his inspiration from the West, but only the West, by which we mean the new Western World of broader opportunity, where life is lived somewhat at first hand—could supply either the background or the elemental brute force necessary to the struggle which he precipitates with our own conventionally spiritual life. And in this connection we have sometimes wondered if Mr. Moody's fine poem, "The Brute," does not offer a suggestive clue, if not to the theme of "The Great Divide" itself, at least to his own larger appreciation of the physical elements of life. For the play is above all things an attempt to breathe the larger spirit of the West, with all it stands for, into the effete East, and to see spiritual truths in a much broader relation to the physical universe than our pious prayer-books permit. But this delays the story.

"Ruth Jordan," left alone one night in her brother's ranch house, is attacked by three roystering, drunken ruffians, whose criminal intent toward her is soon made obvious. To save herself she offers to go away and be married in due form with the least offensive of the three, "Stephen Ghent," a major promise which, as it stands, lacks plausibility and is the weak point in the dramatic structure. But, the situation had to be created even at the cost of a little intellectual brutality, if one may so describe it, and once created, it abundantly justifies itself. This somewhat melodramatic opening furnishes only a very slight clue, if any, to the dramatic conflict that follows. The issues are essentially spiritual, as already stated, and the nominal factors in the struggle are the Puritan conscience represented in "Ruth Jordan," and the brute force of physical nature represented in "Stephen Ghent." And out there on "the great doorstep of the world," as it is more than once beautifully described, where Ruth Jordan and Stephen Ghent take up their life, the eternal conflict, the adjustment of the physical and the spiritual, is waged. To Ruth the situation is odious, and in the second act where her brother and friends come upon her in a scene full of most exquisite human touches—she is secretly weaving baskets to buy back her freedom from the man who now loves her, and treats her with the utmost consideration and kindness. "Stephen Ghent's" natural nobility of heart, touched by spiritual truth, has become pure gold, passion and impulse are bowed down in sorrow, and though he cannot understand his wife's unhappiness, the scene closes with her surrender to her brother.

The next scene finds her in her little New England home whither "Stephen," blundering as ever, has followed her and, unknown to her, cared for and saved herself and family from ruin. The discovery of all this finally results in her own awakening to the larger nobility of the uncouth man whom she has unconsciously loved all the time, but between whom and herself, as between East and West, yawned "The Great Divide."

Of the acting of Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller in their respective rôles too much praise can hardly be given. Mr. Miller's "Stephen Ghent," while it misses nothing of the recklessness and daring of the western frontier man, compels your honest admiration and sympathy in spite of the original deed of violence. The characterisation is full of strength—the strength of bone, brain and muscle—with the simplicity of expression that is often associated with physical strength. The quiet, subdued note of his performance was precisely the note the play demanded for its deeper significance.

Miss Anglin's "Ruth Jordan" marks the most important step in her upward career. There are no bursts of frenzy, such as characterise "Zira," to dazzle us with their brightness, but a difficult, sustained performance such as only an artist in the fullest sense of the term could carry through convincingly. No severer test, unless it be the "Electra of Euripides," could be imposed on an actress perhaps, than the prolonged note of the second act, that runs almost the entire scale of human emotion. It is all the more difficult from the fact that the action is almost entirely psychological. Yet, Miss Anglin not only carries the action successfully, but holds her audience as if in a thrall.

The Glove Stakes

A Race-Track Story

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

EIGHT riders galloping on the parapet of eternity; seven men, beckoned by the hand of fate truant in a lady's glove, and the silent horseman: that was the "Glove Stakes"—the "extra" at the Belmont Hunt Race meet. It was Kathleen Braund's proposing, and fate's disposing.

The Braund acres, lying broad and many about the old manor, "Twin Elms," stretched away in luxuriant verdure and the golden drape of grain-fields to the bordering lands that had been Patrick Raeburn's. Raeburn the elder had toyed with the gods of chance with fatuous insistence to the end that there had come an intermission in the ownership of Killahoe; and James, the son, had started out in life capitalised only by his inheritance of the gambling taint.

Perhaps fate had tired of his surly mood; perhaps Dame Fortune liked the happy, smiling, Irish face of the younger Raeburn; perhaps the youth's clear-cut decision had something to do with it; however that may be, Jim Raeburn had steadily drained from the race-course a little stream of gold, and now "Killahoe" knew a Raeburn again. In the rich pasture-fields thoroughbreds begot thoroughbreds, and, like all else that the lord of the manor touched, profit accrued.

Belmont County was a land of horse and horsemen; and the Belmont Hunt—well, it *was* a hunt.

The week of the race meet, quite appropriately, the play "Caruth Hall," splendidly begilt with red coats and velvet caps and knock-kneed horses, eventuated in the little theatre of Belmont town. Nobody knew that Raeburn owned the company, lock, stock, and barrel—or, rather, coat, cap, and horse, but he did. The characteristic of Raeburn's way of going was secrecy, which is highly commendable on the turf.

In the stage hunt, the master of hounds, *Lord Caruth*, was Banfield Leigh, whose chief qualification for the leading part was that Raeburn admired him as he did a stake-horse, which was regard *in excelsis*. Leigh was a gentleman; not only because his pater, like Raeburn's, had had money and lost it, and had schooled Banfield only in the gentle art of doing nothing gracefully, but because he was thoroughbred—wind, limb, and brain.

Now we come to the night Kathleen Braund, Fenner, Barry, and two others sat in a box trying to follow the tortuous plot of *Lord Caruth's* wondrous career. Fenner was an egoist, an egotist, a prig—he was many more disquieting things; and, being all this, his worst sin was an insistent attention to the young mistress of Twin Elms.

Banfield could look the part of *Lord Caruth*, or Lord Anybody, for he was handsome—tall, lithe, and supple as an Indian. And Kathleen, imaginative, susceptible, as the big violet-gray eyes proclaimed, grew blind to the incongruity of the cheap play, and, after a little, Fenner, with jealous intuition, felt the presence of an annoying influence, and, unwisely, grew brutally captious. It was the egoist's evil destiny that Raeburn should have come into the box, to sit through his sneering arraignment of the make-believe M.F.H. and his knee-scarred hunter.

Raeburn, listening, knew that Fenner ought to be punished for his own sake; and in the violet eyes that had darkened to ultramarine he read that the man ought to be punished for the girl's sake. So, in his room that night, he drove his mind along the tortuous trail of Fenner's gratuitous affronts, which was altogether unlucky for the captious one; and the next morning he went to Twin Elms with

anger in his hot Irish heart, and a plan in his cool American head.

He smiled inwardly when talk of the play, which he started, passed prematurely into an admiring eulogy of *Lord Caruth*. Then he knew he was on safe ground, and said: "Miss Kathleen, your friend Fenner is considerably a bore, isn't he?"

"He was uncomfortably facetious last evening."

"Generously rude. He ought to be punished—don't you think so?"

"I haven't thought about it—I never do, about Fenner. It would be a life's work for somebody to take up."

"I'll take it up gladly if you'll help—for a day."

"Why—how? Why worry? It doesn't matter."

"He poked stupid fun at Banfield Leigh. Leigh's a gentleman"—the fugitive flush that faintly rosed the girl's neck and cheek was not too short-lived for the speaker's sharp eye—"and, worse—I mean also—he sneered at Smuggler."

"Who is Smuggler—the villain of the play, or the bailiff?"

"Smuggler is Leigh's hunter. Here, Miss Kathleen, I'll tell you all about it. There's sport ahead, I can promise you. Smuggler is my horse——"

"*Your* horse?"

"Oh! I forgot. The whole outfit is mine—yes, I'm fairy godfather to that melodramatic entanglement. I'm a theatrical promoter. I don't know anything about the profession, and neither do they, but that doesn't matter, we're having a lot of fun out of it; and—well, I like Leigh. He's not a bad actor—I've seen worse—though Booth's fame is safe."

"This grows interesting, Mr. Raeburn. Mr. Leigh certainly is a gentlemanly actor, anyway."

"Yes, and he can ride; and that beast Fenner said Leigh sat his horse like a tailor. I'm going to tell you a secret. Oh, don't expostulate! I don't need it as a secret now, or I wouldn't tell you—any woman, I mean."

"Thanks, from all of us."

"Smuggler is a rare steeplechase horse—or he was till he broke his knees. He jumped so well that he grew overconfident—understand?"

"Yes I know; Black Diamond is like that. He has got to skimming his jumps till he is unsafe."

"Well, Smuggler hit the rails once too often, and came down with his knees on a granite monument or something, and cracked them. I've nursed him for over a year; stuck him in that play just to keep him from moping; he's got brains—he's like a human. He's all right now—I was saving him for a big coup, I don't mind telling you; and that—that——"

"Mr. Fenner?"

"Yes, *that* called Smuggler—the best steeplechaser I ever owned—a broken-down cab-horse; and——" Raeburn broke off and clenched his fist at an invisible enemy.

"Well?"

"The coup is off, that's all. Your hunt meet commences to-morrow, and if you'll make a social hour for the hunt chaps and invite Leigh and me—why couldn't we make an extra race—a special?"

"I see; for the undoing of the critical one, eh?"

Raeburn nodded eagerly, saying: "It will be easy; I'll put Barry up to draw Fenner to disparage what he styled last night the equine bric-à-brac at Caruth Hall."

"Mr. Fenner has a very good hunter, Firefly; do you think Smuggler up to beating anything we have here? Because, if we made a race, and Fenner won—you don't know what he really is like—we'd simply have to sell off the hounds and abolish the hunt. He *can* ride, too; though, for the sake of content, there is a sworn compact in the club never to admit this."

"Smuggler can beat Firefly or Wasp, or any other ornithological quadruped Fenner owns; and Leigh can outride him. Smuggler is fit, too—fit enough; and his class will more than make up any little difference in condition. He's been galloped regularly—long, slow work, of course—by the boy who looks after him; besides, Leigh rides him a great deal, so he's had plenty of work."

"Mr. Leigh knows, then, about Smuggler's qualities?"

"Not a bit of it. I don't work a coup

by telling everybody what I've got. Smuggler broke down before he advertised himself to the public, and I sha'n't tell Leigh of the horse's quality till he is in for the race. I want to try out his nerve."

"I like it; it sounds like those impossible racing stories I've read in the magazines, where the horses and the people all play into each other's hands. I'll do the social, and you the horse part. You want me to write a note inviting Mr. Leigh, I suppose?"

"Make it a man affair," Raeburn added. "D.O., demi-official, to drink tea and arrange about the hunt races. If you had women, they wouldn't give us a chance to pit Leigh and Fenner together; they'd mob the boy—they always do. He's handsome off the stage."

As Raeburn left Twin Elms he chuckled. "Two birds with one barrel," he muttered. "Mr. Critic will get the surprise of his life, and Kathie—she's too good for such a creature—she'll—well, I won't say what will happen—I hope it does. I like the boy; he's like herself—a thoroughbred."

Kathleen sent a horseman about with an invitation that was like a summons, and when Raeburn and Leigh arrived at Twin Elms, on the stroke of four, there were a dozen men of the Belmont Hunt in the drawing-room. As Raeburn drew Leigh toward the corner of the room where Kathleen was holding a little court, he said: "Keep your temper, Leigh, if that sallow, hawk-faced individual beside Miss Braund says stupid things. It's his way, and he's a bit jealous. Just leave his punishment to others—he'll get it."

"Ah, Mr. Leigh, so good of Mr. Raeburn to bring you," the girl welcomed, and the violet eyes made stronger the greeting. "Now, we'll have something besides horse to talk about. Sit beside me."

But presently she rose and, slipping her hand through the arm of Barry, said:

"Come with me. I want you."

"At last!"

"No, not yet, that way." She drew him into a recessed window.

"What's the game, Kathleen?" he asked. "Raeburn looks as mysterious! There's something up—what is it?"

"You love me, Barry, don't you?"

"If I say yes, you won't believe me—you never do; if I say no, you'll know it's a lie."

"Don't be stupid; I want you to prove it."

"That I'm stupid?"

"You have; that you love me. Fenner was beastly last night."

"He's such a natural chap—never hides anything."

"Well, we've got to put him through a kindergarten course in manners; Raeburn thinks so, so do I. You're to make the running, Barry. Draw him; give him a chance to be witty—over the play, you know; that horse, and Mr. Leigh yonder. It's all Raeburn's idea." This explanation was an answer to a quizzical gleam in Barry's blue eyes. "Then start the idea of an extra race, keep Fenner going. He's sure to corner Mr. Leigh to enter his stage hunter. He had some wretched joke last night that it was a sawhorse. Oh, he *is* witty, Barry! Now, come."

"I don't understand it, Kathleen," Barry complained, wrinkling his brows as they moved toward the men. "Who's the joke on? What chance will the stage horse have against Firefly if we make a race for them?"

"Do your part, Barry. And leave it to the gods."

"And the Lady of the Silver Veil."

As they joined the group, Leonard, of the hunt, was saying: "We're shy of horses, and fellows, too, by Jove! Half the Padoug Hunt chaps have gone down to Brookline to back that crazy rack of bones, Topsail, in the International. The Foxglove Annual has fallen through; it had bad conditions, anyway."

"Have to make up another race to take its place," Barry suggested casually.

"Where are the horses to come from?" Stanton asked in objection to this.

"Change the conditions—throw it open to anything. There are no fliers coming to Belmont."

"We're shy of riders, too," Fenton wailed.

"Mr. Leigh might take a mount," Kathleen lisped tentatively; "that would be one more."

"Capital!" exclaimed Fenner, who had

been watching for an opening. "Mr. Leigh might also enter that chestnut of his; he'd qualify, regularly ridden to hounds in the Caruth Hunt."

The girl smiled. It was lovely; the ready rise to the bait. Barry laughed outright, maliciously.

Leigh coloured, his smooth face showing stronger under the brick red.

And Fenner, not knowing, returned cheerfully to the attack:

"I should say he was a safe sort of beast, that hunter of yours, Mr. Leigh; no nonsense about him—go straight as an arrow."

Raeburn smiled indulgently. "You have a good eye for a hunter, Fenner," he drawled approvingly; "the chestnut is as fine a made one as I've seen for many a day. I shouldn't be afraid to bet a thousand he's seen the real thing in his time. He looks it. Have you ever put him over the jumps, Leigh? He takes the bars on the stage like a cat."

Kathleen had most esoterically come by a paper and pencil, and she said: "We'd better arrange this race at once. Who'll enter—who'll ride—what's it to be? An extra to take the place of the Foxbrook Annual, not filled? What's it to be? Distance, weights, and all, first."

The girl's earnestness spurred the men to eager suggestion. Every one contributed.

Kathleen wrote rapidly, filtering the buzz of miles, pounds, conditions, simplifying the interminable mass. "Listen!" then aloud she read: "A steeplechase for horses owned by members of the Belmont Hunt and——" she hesitated, her eyes had wandered toward Leigh; they ran cognizantly over his lean, sinewy figure—"and members of the learned professions; catch weights over one hundred and sixty pounds; two miles."

"Oh, Augustus!" muttered Barry. "If that isn't clever! I'll bet Leigh can scale it, and Fenner can't ride under one hundred and seventy to save his neck." Aloud he queried: "What do we run for?"

"That's so," added Raeburn. "Who donates—what's the prize?"

"We must make the stakes worth while," came with Fenner's disagreeable voice. "Mr. Leigh's horse, I suppose, draws a large salary, doesn't he? He can't take a chance of breaking a leg for nothing."

Leigh had a strong temptation to reach over and tweak Fenner's nose, but even the angry retort that rose to his lips was checked by the girl's voice saying: "This is to be an affair of chivalry. Belmont is many hundreds of years behind, so this is tournament days. You knights shall ride for My Lady's Glove—I donate it—the Glove Stakes."

"My best horse, Oregon!" exclaimed Barry; "I'll win that glove or——"

"If you beat Bluepoint," interrupted Stanton.

"Wait, please," Kathleen pleaded; "I shall get the sentiment and the boasting and the horses all mixed. Now—Firefly, Mr. Fenner?"

He nodded eagerly.

As the girl's slim, tapered fingers limned the outline of the plot, the men, enthused, made entry with clamour—all but Banfield Leigh, who sat silent in astonished, sullen anger. He was evidently being baited; and it was altogether execrable form, or else he had lost all bearings as to what constituted sport or good breeding. He was like a captive among brigands, about to be made to dance for their amusement. But Raeburn! That was the confusing part of it—that Raeburn, his friend, was one of the insistents. If he had not been there, Leigh would have flung himself from Twin Elms without the grace of a farewell—indeed, with an imprecation on his lips.

"Now, Mr. Leigh, your horse?"

It was the soft voice Leigh had linked so pleasantly with the violet-gray eyes. Yes, they had looked thoroughbred; but if their owner was not heartless—well, she was lacking in other qualities equally desirable.

"It would be nonsense," he objected. "My horse, Dick——"

"Dick?" Fenner re-echoed the name in a voice that might be interpreted to mean anything of derision.

"That name won't do at all," Raeburn declared—"not for a classy race like the Glove Stakes. Enter him as—

as—Smuggler, Miss Kathleen; that's his name, I'll be bound."

The violet eyes drooped over the paper, and only the name-horses saw the malicious merriment that ran riot in their depths. "It's delicious," she whispered to her pencil. "Poor chap—I mean Fenner. There, gentlemen," she cried, passing the entry list to Barry.

The men crowded around him and saw:

THE GLOVE STAKES

A Steeplechase for horses owned by members of the Belmont Hunt and the Learned Professions. For a Lady's Glove. Catch weights over 160 lbs. Two miles.

1. Mr. Barry's Oregon.
   Blue, White Cap.
2. Mr. Fenner's Firefly.
   Cerise.
3. Mr. Stanton's Bluepoint.
   Magpie.
4. Mr. Leonard's Tally-Ho.
   Old Gold.
5. Mr. Stewart's Mars.
   Silver Gray.
6. Mr. Loudon's Red Rose.
   Green, Black Sleeves.
7. Mr. Leigh's Smuggler.

"By Jove!" cried Barry. That'll make a corking fine race. What are your colours, Leigh? There's none here."

"Leigh will ride in my jacket—crimson and black cap," volunteered Raeburn.

"To be run the last day, Saturday," Kathleen added; "that will give Mr. Leigh a chance to school his horse."

"I can't make one hundred and sixty," growled Fenner; "I can't ride a pound under one hundred and seventy."

"You've got to waste or carry overweight, that's all, then," Barry declared. "I can't make it either. Firefly ought to be handicapped at one hundred and eighty, anyway. For my part, I'm going to get down light—I'll live on cream-puffs between now and Saturday to win Miss Kathleen's glove."

In reality, the raison d'être of the afternoon tea had been realised, so soon the broad avenue, with its double file of soldier elms, echoed to the grinding whirr of wheels, and the metalled tramp of eager hunters. As Raeburn and Leigh bowled along in the master of Killahoe's trap, the younger man said: "It's all devilish fine—damn funny, I must say—but I tell you this, Raeburn—it's not startlingly original, but it's trite to the occasion—you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"Trite as related to anything in particular?"

"Yes, that I don't play the goat Saturday, and I won't play the inhuman with old Dick by giving him the chance to crack a leg. What the devil does it all mean, anyway? The laugh was on me, of course, but why? That's what I want to know—why?"

The master of Killahoe looked quizzically at the flushed, angry face of his companion. "My dear boy," he said presently, "you've got the loveliest chance! Heavens! It's glorious. That girl's all in, I tell you; you're a three to five chance."

"In the race?"

"Yes, even in the race, but I meant something else. Let me tell you—you've got to know, of course. Smuggler, if it weren't for those knees, would now be the best steeplechase horse in America. He's that now, because the knees are all right again, only he'd need six months' schooling to beat the cracks; but he can win from these hunters or I'll eat crow."

"Does Miss Braund know this?"

"Of course she does. Together we've cooked this little business to trim that objectionable cuss, Fenner. And from now on everything rests with you, and I'll back you to make good. When you've won that glove, you'll have landed one of the biggest stakes ever ridden for in this country. I know what Kathleen Braund is—she's a Braund, and they're all alike, thoroughbred. You've got four days to show Smuggler the Belmont course. You needn't worry over his jumping; he knows every trick of the game. Just lift him a bit at the mud walls; he likes to race over them—jumps too close."

As the horses were being saddled for the Glove Stakes Saturday, Kathleen stood beside Raeburn, looking at Smuggler. Somehow, the two, rider and horse, made up a picture that sent the girl's eager blood galloping. The sun drew little rainbows of bronze and green and purple from the vein-mapped satin skin

of the big chestnut; and the perfume of the clovered inner field, the indefinable scent of battle that was in the soft summer air, wafted through the big, thin, coral-lined nostrils of the blooded horse, and roused his racing spirit, ennobling him into a dream of equine beauty.

As the girl looked, she understood why Raeburn had said that Smuggler was one of the grandest horses he had ever owned. Surely it was in those powerful loins, the great quarters, and the sweet-lined neck to gallop so strong that the humiliation of Firefly and his owner was assured. And as she passed her small gloved hand down the seal-brown neck, the horse turned his lean, bony head and snuggled her shoulder with a gentle pressure of his lips.

"What an eye, Miss Kathleen!" Raeburn cried, in the voice of a horse lover. "Isn't that courage for you? And wise—he knows more than a great many men, I can tell you."

Just beyond, talking to Smuggler's boy, was Banfield Leigh.

The girl felt that some strange necromancy must have transformed everything into a complement of beauty lines. How wide and square the shoulders looked under the crimson silk; how the limbs tapered in the riding gear, fined down in lines of suppleness and strength, and beneath the black cap, the clear-cut face was like an eager, confident boy's!

Yes, surely those two actors in the little drama plot would play their part well, whatever happened.

"Ah, now they're going to mount!" Raeburn cried, and as Leigh swung himself leisurely into the saddle on the strong-backed chestnut, the girl said: "My good wishes, Mr. Leigh." He smiled in happy gratefulness, and when his face was turned towards the course she flicked Smuggler's quarter with the glove of desire—just a foolish touch for luck.

Raeburn walked on at Leigh's stirrup, saying: "Watch that beast on Firefly; I know what he's like. If he thinks you can beat him, he'll try to bring you down. Keep clear of him. Smuggler can stay forever, so don't be in a hurry."

As Fenner passed Kathleen, he checked Firefly, and, bending down, with an ugly look in his eyes, said: "This was to have been a *gentlemen's* race, but now it's the best man wins. Oh, I'll give them enough of it! I'll come for the glove; the actor will find he's not on the stage."

He was crowded past by Barry calling to him to go on.

"Barry," the girl whispered, "Fenner's ugly; don't let him bring on any accident."

"I'll put him over a wall if he cuts up! Never fear, Kathleen; I'll watch the sweep. I'm still in this game to draw Fenner, Kathleen. I know I'm not in it to win, but I don't mind. I'll race Firefly off his legs for a mile; I'll make the pace so hot that he'll be staggering the second time round. Firefly is high-strung—he'll want to race. If Fenner attempts to take him back, he'll sulk and blunder. I know—so does Fenner."

"You do love me, Barry; you've proved it," the girl answered. "I'll be a sister to you."

From the stand, sitting beside Raeburn, Kathleen watched the splash of colour that was like a great square of tapestry let into the green background of the course. The horses were at the upper turn for the start. A crimson dot claimed her eye always. How quiescently restful it was in that irritating, ever-changing woof of green and blue and old gold, that wove in and out interminably!

Raeburn, watching through his glasses, kept up a monologue. "That Fenner's an exquisite beast! That would have been a good start, but he calmly swung Firefly about, just to rattle Leigh; cannoned into Smuggler, too. He *is* a beast! There they go! The only way they'd ever get off—Fenner in front. He's just a cheap jockey!"

A horn sounded on the lawn; a yellow flag fluttered to the turf just in front of the rushing charge of eager horses; there was a shuffling of feet in the stand; the air came up off the course carrying soft symbols of struggle as though it felt the press of straining muscles against its back.

As the big chestnut, swinging along in easy stride, took the first mud wall as though it were a shadow across his path, Raeburn looked at the girl with a smile in

his eyes, and said: "He'll do! Isn't he a great one?"

"But he struck! It was too close!" The girl's voice carried a wail of apprehension. Across at the mud wall, where Smuggler had skimmed its top, a cloud of dust rose in the air like a puff of rifle smoke. Raeburn looked curiously at the drawn face of the girl, and as he turned to the field again he muttered: "Gad! She's harder hit than the mud wall."

Down the back they raced with the speed of horses that strove on the flat, Barry driving at Oregon, drawing the high-metalled Firefly into foolish haste. In vain Fenner soothed at the bay with gentle restraint of the rein—he dared not do more; strong-checked, Firefly, rattled, would surely blunder at his jumps.

Out in front the two swept around the lower turn, and up the green-swarded course toward the stand the seven horses, eager of strife, thundered, their hoofs rolling from the turf a merry tattoo, the green and crimson and magpie and blue silks coloured against the sombre background of the distant trees like a memorial window in some vast cathedral. Now the leaders, Firefly and Oregon, were abreast the stand; now they gathered their loins to fly the water jump.

"Fenner's over! That Firefly *is* a good horse. And *Barry*, too," Raeburn drawled. "Ah-h-h!"

The "Ah" ran through the stand as though it were a living thing that shivered in apprehension, as Red Rose, jumping short, reeled, shot downward shoulder first, blotting Loudon, her rider, from view. But a sigh of relief went up as something in green, draggled and wet, sprawled drunkenly from the ditch. Loudon was alive.

Almost at the mare's heels Smuggler, with lean, far-stretched neck and ears pricked inquisitively, gathered his mighty muscles, crouched; then, rising, his knees well clear of the hedge, shot forward and landed many feet clear of the water that lay like a huge flat mirror in the green-sward.

"That'll do for riding," Raeburn said, soft joy in his voice. "Did you see Leigh ease his weight from the horse's quarters, and crouch over the wither? When they landed he wouldn't have crushed an egg in the saddle. He'll do!"

On the upper turn Fenner failed to steady Firefly, and Oregon shot across to the inside. Barry's blue jacket blotted out the cerise for a moment, then flickered derisively in front.

Down the backstretch, like a yacht's pennant, floated the parti-coloured silk streamer—Barry's blue, then Fenner's cerise, the checkered magpie of Stanton, and, trailing the others, a splash of crimson that was Smuggler. The great chestnut's slender ears were pricked in the happy content of conscious power, for on his rein rested a hand as light as a woman's.

Just before the lower turn Firefly and Oregon took the first jump of the in-and-out together, and blue and cerise blended as one. As they rose for the second, Oregon hung, wavered, a cloud of dust almost hiding the horse.

"Fenner crowded Barry," Raeburn began. "He's down! No, he's not. Good! My God! something else gone. Smuggler's in on top of them—they'll bring him down!"

Kathleen held her breath, her eyes strained on a blotch of colour that lay quiescent on the grass; her hand clutched at Raeburn's arm. "Who's down—oh, my God! who's down?"

"Leonard. There goes Tally-Ho riderless; poor Leonard's out of it! *Smuggler's* all right. See him come!" Raeburn's voice was a squeal of unholy triumph—selfish, indifferent, claiming interest in nothing but the big chestnut.

Then sobered, the two sat silent, and up the course for the last round, came the bay horse Firefly, still in the lead. At his heels Barry urged Oregon, cursing the man who had tried to bring him down at the in-and-out. Just behind Mars and Bluepoint raced Smuggler, with his long, swinging stride. With a weary lurch as he galloped, Bluepoint crossed his legs on the flat and fell, shooting Stanton under the very nose of Smuggler. The stand held its breath and shuddered. But the chestnut lifted over the sprawled man as though he took a low wall in his stride, and a chorus of praise vibrated the air.

And now Leigh drove his horse, and Smuggler spread his muscles till the turf

floated by, a smooth sea, a many-acred mantle of green velvet. Leigh knew that he must pass Mars, who was rolling groggily in his gallop, before he reached the water jump, or the tired horse might bring him down. Now Smuggler was clear of Mars, and at Oregon's quarter; now Leigh raced shoulder to shoulder with Barry; and in front beckoned the cerise jacket of Fenner.

"Go on, Leigh!" Barry panted. "I'm done! My mount's—dead beat."

Fenner heard the pound of eager hoofs. He shot a look backward, and saw the golden head of the horse he had jeered at. He swung at Firefly with arm and knee, he drove his spurs into the bay's flank; but inch by inch the chestnut head thrust forward till it was at his girth.

"Curse that lumbering chestnut!" he muttered. "I'm beat."

Just ahead, a dozen strides, the brushed rail of the water jump showed, and the angled, guarding wing. A small devil whispered: "Put the chestnut over the wing. All's fair in love and war. You're beat, you're beat, you're beat!"

The drumming hoofs of the chestnut thundered the dreary monotone: "You're beat! You're beat! You're beat!"

Fenner's shoulders swung low over the bay's withers, his right hand hung heavily on the rein, and Firefly, boring to the right, blotted from Leigh's eyes the jump-guarding hedge till he saw only the white rails of the wing, and they were two lengths away. "Pull out—give me a chance!" he yelled; and Barry, a length behind, saw the deviltry afoot, and drove at Oregon.

A stride; too late to pull back—a fall is inevitable! Leigh will be put over the wing and out of the race!

A fury of strength made strong his heart. If fall he must, they would come down together; he would bring down Fenner.

As the head of Firefly rose in the air for the jump, Leigh, with a drive of the spur and a swing of his arms, lifted the chestnut and swung him full at the bay. Down they go, cerise and crimson, like splashes of spurting blood; bay horse and chestnut brought to earth like fighting stags.

And Oregon, with a lift from Barry, swerved to the left and landed clear.

The stand echoed a moan that was a smothered cry of fright.

"Hurrah, they're up!" somebody yelled, in an exultant tone of relief, as the bay struggled to the grass, dragging his rider. Now Fenner, one foot in the stirrup, pulls drunkenly at the rein, and Firefly spins around in a circle. Leigh has been thrown clear; the chestnut struggles to his feet, plunges, is off. Just in time! Barry, who had pulled up Oregon, grasps Smuggler's reins. Leigh is in the saddle; Fenner is up. "Hurrah!" shakes the stand in a roar of applause.

Down the backstretch, bay and chestnut and gray, the three race; cerise and crimson and blue sitting atop. Over the two jumps of the in-and-out the trinity of colour undulates, the cerise first. Firefly is surely drawing away; he has a length the best of it. Into the stretch they come, and it *is* a race. Even there on the turns Leigh has nursed the chestnut in wisdom; now he calls: "On, boy, on!" He lifts the horse with his knees—he gains.

The golden chestnut and the bronze bay now blur into one.

The stand shouts: "Smuggler wins! Firefly wins!"

It is anybody's race. The turmoil in the stand dies away, the tongues are hushed; the fierce struggle between bay and chestnut has silenced the clamour.

Smuggler's head, lean, eager, black-wet, pushes past the bay's quarter, past his girth, past his shoulder; they take each other's breath. Fenner's whip-hand falls useless at his side—the chestnut blocks the sweep of his lash. A dozen strides, a last effort; then Raeburn, slipping his glasses into their leather case, turned to Kathleen with a sigh of relief: "Gad! it was a close thing, but we won."

And presently a man in a crimson jacket came across the lawn from the judge's stand, and over his face, still drawn from the grasp of strife, flitted a happy smile as the girl, looking into the tired face out of deep violet eyes, gave him a glove that was crumpled and twisted out of all semblance to a gage of love.

A SEQUEL TO THIS WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY

FRITHIOF NANSEN'S "Farthest North," was the last word about Arctic exploration in 1895. Then the Duke of Abruzzi pushed a few more miles beyond eighty-six degrees in 1900, and now Commander Peary has written the latest edition of "Farthest North," with the record of 87.6 degrees. To be thirty-four miles ahead of former Arctic explorers is a proud position indeed, for the north is a test of those qualities of pluck and endurance which are deemed manly even by this commercial age. One of the earliest congratulatory messages to the Peary Arctic Club came from William Bruce, of Edinburgh, who spent two years exploring the Arctic regions with the *Scotia*. To the absolute utilitarian, the spirit of Nansen, Peary and Abruzzi is something to marvel at, if not to despise. But in every age there are some natures to whom the long trail is irresistible; and to these adventurous spirits civilisation owes many a new highway and fresh territory. The Arctic snows have drawn explorers from all latitudes; the Italian nobleman has felt the lure as keenly as the Norseman. Commander Peary of the *Roosevelt* at present holds the distinction of having been nearer the Pole than any other of the adventurous band. But his supremacy is already threatened by Walter Wellman, who has strong hopes that his airship will cover, next summer, the two hundred miles between Peary's stopping-place and the Pole. Wellman's base is to be Spitzbergen and he is to have every aid of modern science and finance. Should he succeed in his aerial trip, it will be like a Jules Verne tale come true. The explorer appeals to cosmopolitan sympathies and his success means international congratulation, for all the world will be in debt to the man who reaches the Ultimate North.

The work of the National Congress party in India has lately been attracting European attention, and strangely enough the French journals have shown more active interest in the matter than those of Germany. The defeat of Russia by Japan has had the effect of making more remote the danger that always threatens England from beyond the Khyber Pass. But it has also had the effect of rousing the Hindu to a realisation of the possibilities of Oriental resistance to an European power. The authorised programme of the National Congress party includes increased representation of native opinion on the councils of government, a larger share in the administration and a more effective control of public expenditure. However, a matter that has touched the Hindu people much more closely than the questions of representation or finance is the partition of Bengal, which act, according to a French critic, "divided a territory ethnically one, and hurt the pride of a race of fine civilisation." What may seem entirely reasonable and practical in Western eyes may be to the Oriental an insult to his faith or an outrage of his prejudices. Half a century ago innocent English women and children paid a fearful price for the blundering of unimaginative officials.

But it must be remembered that this National Congress party can hardly represent the complex millions of India, peoples of different races, creeds and languages. The warlike tribes are almost contemptuous of the political aspirations of native teachers and professors, and the body of barristers and pleaders. There is no question about the spread of a restless desire among the Hindus to take a more active and conspicuous part in the public service, and Home critics of the Government have not been altogether judicious in the attitude they have assumed towards native agitations. The British electorate understands the "Pickwickian" interpretation of campaign oratory, but the Hindu is too likely to think that the politician is as sincerely downright as the soldier. The statement made by a writer in the London *Times:*

A SOLACE FOR DISHONOUR

GENERAL OFFICER: "I see some of our fellows have got the punishment they deserve for this job. What have you got?"

ARMY CONTRACTOR: "A *pot o' money*, my boy!"—*Punch.*

"The English educational system, combined with the introduction of representative institutions, has created new political forces antagonistic to English Rule," recalls the reflection of the historian Green, that the success of Thomas Cromwell's policy involved its final defeat. England may discover that a little Occidental learning in the school of politics is a dangerous thing for the Hindu.

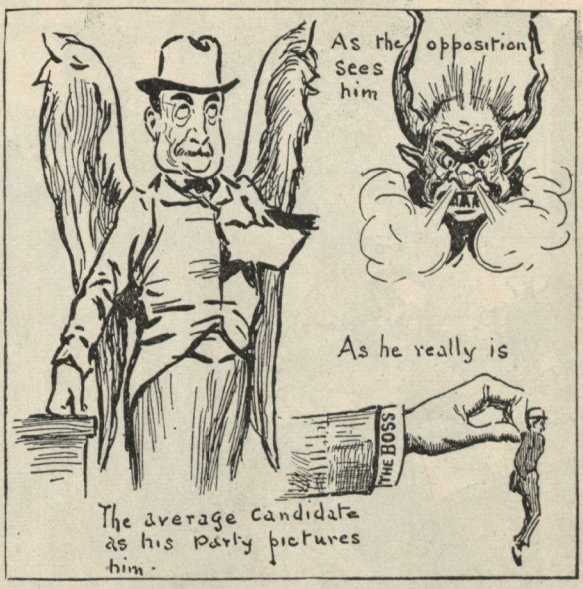
However, the comment of an American observer: "The natives of India seem to be working for the same objects as really occupied the minds of our forefathers when they took part in the 'Boston Tea Party'," is highly amusing. To compare the Hindu political conditions of 1906 with the ferment in the American colonies of 1776 is to mistake entirely the peoples and their problems. The Americans who revolted were chiefly men of British and Dutch descent, with traditions of centuries of political conflict and conquest in their blood. The Hindu has but a vague idea of representation and a still more nebulous conception of ministerial responsibility. We have Mr. Kipling's authority for it that the East will never learn to vote save with swords for tickets. He also represents the late Marquis of Dufferin as declaring that the Viceroy of India is a man who smokes in powder-magazines. The present situation, no doubt, calls for all "that singular sagacity with which England has retained her hold on the Eastern Continent." But it is comforting to British subjects in the self-governing colonies to reflect that England has seldom lacked the farvisioned statesman who knows when and how "to make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

French ministries change so often that it is difficult for a Canadian to keep familiar with the names of the Premiers, much less with the various members of the ministry. In the recent Sarrien cabinet, there was one name better known than that of the Premier; M. Georges Clemenceau, Minister of Interior, has long been a notable figure in French politics. When, therefore, it was announced that, owing to poor health, M. Sarrien would retire, public opinion at once concluded that he would be suc-

ceeded in the reconstruction by M. Clemenceau, and the surmise proved correct.

M. Clemenceau is a highly cultured scientist and philosopher. He is known throughout Europe as a scholar and a man of affairs. Though he entered Parliament in 1870, he only recently became a cabinet minister, but his progress to the leading position was rapid and decisive. By education he is a medical man; by experience he is a journalist and a professor of literature; by choice he is an administrator.

When the Empire fell in 1870, Arago made him Mayor of Montmarte, where he had some rare experiences for even those troublous times. He was a conciliator and as such narrowly escaped extermination because of his opposition to Thiers. In 1876, he entered the Chamber of Deputies, and has since been a brilliant exponent of strict republican principles. He has laboured strictly to give France industries, schools, roads and the highest domestic prosperity. He has protested against all colonial ventures as dissipating the strength and effort of the republic.



FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK

—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*

He became editor of *L'Aurore* just when the Dreyfus case was first heard of, and *L'Aurore* struck the first blow for revision. Through this journal, Zola spoke his protests. Zola is dead, Dreyfus is vindicated, Clemenceau is Premier —but what a ten years' struggle! What a conflict of honour and dishonour! Until that case was settled, M. Clemenceau could not have become Premier. When a man unites with a cause, he cannot reap personal reward until after his cause has won. And it is best so.

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M. Clemenceau must take up the continuous struggle with the Pope. Like his predecessors, he believes in disestablishment, and will carry out their policy. Because of his bulldog character, his forcible methods, his undoubted courage, the Church has little to hope from him. Yet he is not a socialist. He has no sympathy with that extreme movement, and he will not even dally with it in the manner of the present British ministry. He considers that movement to be anti-republican, and that is enough.

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Germany has had a month of excitement over the publication of excerpts from the diary of the late Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. These were published in two periodicals, and afterwards issued in book form. They throw new light on the career of the late Prince Bismarck, and prove that he was a great menace to European peace, that he desired a second war with France five years after the first had closed, that he was continually aiming at an aggressive policy which would increase his own power. It is also made plain that during the short regime of Emperor Frederick, Bismarck caused him much trouble by his autocratic methods. He was rude to the late Empress Frederick, and aroused

REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

KAISER WILHELM: "Donnerwetter! I thought I'd seen the last of you!"

SHADE OF BISMARCK: "The last of me? Wait till you see *my* revelations!"—*Punch.*

the even temper of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Finally, the young Emperor found it necessary to get rid of him because of the incompatibility of their aims. In a word, a rude and ambitious Bismarck stands revealed.

Even more interesting to Britishers, in these Hohenlohe memoirs, is to be found a declaration by the late Czar, Alexander II, that the reputed will of Peter the Great, which has caused so much antagonism between Russia and Great Britain, is a myth. It is stated that the Czar told this to Lord Augustus Loftus, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and asked him to remember three points: (1) The will of Peter the Great does not exist; (2) I shall never make conquests in India; and (3) I shall never go to Constantinople.

On the whole, it would seem that the publication of these memoirs will tend towards a better understanding in Europe. In spite of the *Times'* protest against such disclosures as not being in the interests of diplomacy, it would seem as if the secrecy of the diplomacy of the past allowed nations to be plunged into conflicts which they did not understand. With more information, the people would have been less likely to be misled, and conflict would have been avoided.

The continental press is still busy with the alleged relations between Great Britain and Germany. Those "Pan-German" alarmists, who believe that the Anglo-French *entente* means antagonism to Germany, have been disturbed by the visit of the Lord Mayor of London and certain aldermen to Paris. The Parisians proved admirable hosts to the visiting Britons, while the lavish display in entertainment reminded one of the historic description, "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the brave days of old when Henry of England and Francis of France met for a friendly conference. The unfortunate *Meteor* episode proved that the visit of the German editors to England had been swiftly forgotten by the guests, who were at no pains to allay the popular irritation and misunderstanding.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

OLD friends, old hopes for Christmas,
And the dreams of days gone by!
Hark how the bells are clanging,
Beneath the frosty sky;
The world is full of gladness,
Greeting and clasp and song;
And in our hearts a music wakes
That has been silent long.

Old ways, old words for Christmas,
And the love that knows no bar;
Though some true hearts are near us,
And some are scattered far;
The world is full of partings,—
But space and time are vain
To blur the glass that memory holds
When Yule-tide comes again!

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

"WHAT was the nicest present you ever received?" was the question asked of a popular woman. "A long letter from a busy friend," was the reply. "I received it the day after Christmas and I was just beginning to feel the blueness of the next morning when it came to me, full of jolly 'don't you remembers!' and little evidences of not having forgotten the old times and associations. It was so brimful of thought for me that I put it away more carefully than I did the silver toilet set that had come the day before."

We are all affected by the fact of a friend's remembrance of our individual tastes and preferences; and the woman who is quite superior to being appreciated and considered is altogether too impersonal for human nature's daily diet. The small gift tied with ribbons of your favourite colour and accompanied by a message which belongs to you alone is more to be desired than the richer gift, chosen carelessly, with no thought of the dainty intimate touches that make the better part of the present. "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind," was the English poet's judgment, and an indifferent giver is almost as bad as one that proves unkind.

In spite of the ridicule of wedding gifts and Christmas presents, the custom of bestowing gifts on a bride, and of interchanging friendly remembrances at Christmas time are among those traditions which touch life with a glow of unselfishness. Like everything good, these practices may be abused; but only a Scrooge, as that crabbed old chap was before his change of heart, could wish a bride to go giftless or could rejoice if the Christmas candles remained unlighted. But we have got into a foolish way of thinking that a present must suggest money, or, in other words, show its price. That idea kills all the real Christmas joy, while it soils and spoils the custom that sprang from "good-will to men." That which shows thought and time bestowed by the giver is the gift that kindles and brightens the blaze of Yule-tide.

TIMELY DON'TS

CERTAIN columns for women have a cheerful way of suggesting little gifts for the men of the household—ties made out of discarded piano drapes, and such dainty fancies. It is always easy to choose a present for a woman friend, for the small feminine wants are so many that it is difficult to make a serious blunder. But a present, however insignificant, for a man is entirely another story, sometimes with a sad or profane sequel. Whatever you experiment with, refrain from My Lady Nicotine. What is said by the professional humorists concerning man's despair over woman's choice of tobacco is pro foundly true. The woman does not live

who can please a man by her tobacco tributes. "A woman is only a woman; but a good cigar is a smoke," sang Kipling defiantly. There is an inherent feminine inability to tell what cigars make a smoke; and the wise woman refrains from the attempt to choose the "dusky brides."

Then it may be remembered that men dislike fussy things. Whisk-holders that are chiefly pink ribbon, hand-painted inkstands and highly-decorated Stevenson's prayers are not among the things that make for masculine comfort. Pictures also are not to be bought in an idle moment, for the average man has weird notions about art and is likely to prefer a cartoon or a football photograph to "The Angelus," or the Sistine Madonna. Perhaps a good dinner or "just being let alone" is the greatest favour that can be bestowed upon man by his feminine relatives.

WOMEN AND THE WEST

A GREAT deal is being written just now about the golden opportunities that are lying about, all unseized, in the West. A correspondent has written a word of warning about the chances for enterprising women to make good livelihoods in Newest Canada. While she admits that a woman possessed of strength and pluck may make a place for herself and prosper greatly, she asks would-be Westerners to remember that Manitoba and the two new provinces are not the home for weaklings, or for those who consider work a hardship. You must be prepared to labour and to wait, and even to smile, "when everything goes dead wrong." The woman who cannot cook, who cannot sew, who cannot enjoy long walks and rides is better away from the West. There is no room there for the loafer or the grumbler. Wherefore, if pink teas and bridge parties are essential to your happiness, do not take the express for the prairies. For advice on the subject, given by one who has recently had an excellent opportunity to find out the openings of Western life, the letters written for "Woman's Kingdom," by "Kit" of the *Mail and Empire*, are timely and valuable.

A writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* says: "In my own case, I may add, I came to the Canadian West with exactly thirty-five cents in my purse; just enough to buy my first breakfast. In three hours I got work; in two years I began to have a small bank account, and after twenty-six years' experience of wait and work, as a journalist, I can say to all other women, come to Canada the golden—come with means or come without means; but if you do come, come prepared to work, for the reward is sure."

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING

THE Women's Institutes of Ontario now have quite a considerable literature of their own, issued by the Department of Agriculture. The "Hand Book" contains much interesting information, among which is a series of articles by Ellen H. Richards concerning modern housekeeping. The following remarks on co-operative methods are of interest, in view of the frequent advocacy of such a course:

"Those who advocate co-operative housekeeping, often forget the infinite diversity of American habits, tastes and incomes. Even in an industrial or trade centre, where there are thousands of operatives or clerks doing the same work and receiving the same wages, the homes of the majority of those earning more than a living wage will be found to differentiate into infinite variety: one family spends all its surplus on clothes, another on food, another on pleasures.

"It is the very freedom which we boast that our air is carrying into everyone's lungs and with which everyone's brain is being intoxicated, that favours the diversity of appetite which is the bane of every boarding-housekeeper's life and every shopkeepers' balance sheet.

"To one who has listened to the caustic criticism of a group of housewives upon the methods of an absent acquaintance, the praises of co-operative housekeeping provoke only an incredulous smile. No painstaking, conscientious woman who likes housekeeping, who feels a pride in the power she wields in her domain, will ever take kindly to any plan which compels her to subordinate her will to that of any number of others. We may as well acknowledge defeat in that direction; but there are, if rumour be correct and appearance not deceitful, many women who find housekeeping irksome, and who do not care to have things as their grandmothers had them, and who are deaf to their husband's pleadings for 'mother's mince pies.' There

are women who would welcome any relief from the constant strain upon nerve and temper and purse which modern conditions are imposing on the city housekeeper. These women are now seeking the comforts of 'a home' in boarding-houses, changing them with Easter hats and winter cloaks. To my mind the worst evil of this habit, after its deleterious effect upon the health and character of the children, is the license it gives to a woman to grumble about everything without lifting her finger to improve anything. Chronic complaining has come to be a familiar spectre at gatherings of women."

This is not a rosy picture of co-operative conditions. Of course, the latter arrangements are artificial, but city life is a poor thing, at best, for small people, who ought to have somewhere to skate and run and shout, instead of being fed and housed in a stuffy flat and educated upon the street with such stray crumbs of culture as the ethics and art of "Buster Brown" may provide, but if one is obliged to live in a city, co-operative housekeeping seems to afford one solution of the difficult problem of "keeping up the table." It is not likely to become decidedly popular, for it is against the strong desire most women have to do things in their own way. Two women may be excellent housekeepers, but they will differ in small ways and trivial tastes, so that trying to work together is not likely to be a domestic triumph.

"Looking Backward" and similar novels were widely read and discussed during the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. They depicted a condition of affairs in which everything was done by electricity and everyone was clean and calm. The whole arrangement was deadly and mechanical, even to the music that went by springs and buttons. "A poor thing, but mine own," was Touchstone's sprightly reference to his rustic wife. Most women would prefer the tiniest kitchen where the rulership was undisputed to the dreary sameness of having and eating meals in common. Give us individuality and indigestion therewith rather than the stalled ox of co-operative housekeeping.

EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

ALTHOUGH the life of a generation has passed since Eugénie, as the consort of the Emperor of the French, held one of the proudest positions in Europe, her name still occasionally appears in the journals that keep track of forgotten celebrities. Her fondness for Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg or Princess Beatrice, has been frequently manifested; and this affection she has extended to a

SOME LEADING STAGE BEAUTIES

later generation in the person of the present Queen Victoria of Spain. The woman whose life was once a round of the most brilliant gayeties now spends her days in nun-like seclusion, and is said to present a pathetic appearance with her robes of heaviest black and her face lined with age and sorrow. One reason given for her extreme fondness for Princess Beatrice is the attachment said to have existed between the late Prince Imperial and the English princess. Long ago, before the son of Napoleon III went out to fight for England in Zululand, it was rumoured that Queen Victoria would not oppose a match uniting the exiled French royalty with her own household. But the young Prince was to give his life for the country which was the great Napoleon's premier foe and for many years the love and joy of her earlier life must have seemed to the lonely Eugénie nothing but a shadow.

FOOD FASHIONS

THE meat packing disclosures have resulted, as was prophesied, in women turning their attention to home-made meat jellies, veal loaf and other luncheon dishes that are never as good when manipulated by a can-opener as when they are turned out of the familiar mould. These revelations regarding Chicago's little way of "using everything" have also given the rigid vegetarian a chance to decry the diet of his carnivorous friend. It is an interesting fact that never has there been such a variety of vegetable dishes as we now enjoy. Even in these days, however, there are many people who are quite unacquainted with more than half a dozen vegetables. Our grandmothers thought that the tomato was deadly poison, called it the "love apple," and used it as a ruddy ornament for the mantel. Unknown to them was the piquant salad, the delicious baked tomato, the comforting cream soup and the scooped-out receptacle for the latest concoctions with fruit and nuts, crowned with a whisk of mayonnaise dressing. We are glad that someone was brave enough to experiment with the tomato and discover its virtues.

But for the very latest fashion in foods we must look to London. There the currant fad is at its height, and there are already currant cups and dishes with small silver currant forks. But the fashionable currant is not at all the small black affair which adorned the plebeian bun of our childhood. It comes in the daintiest wrappings from Zante and Corfu, or whatever classic islands are noted for that toothsome product. Its virtues are being extolled daily and its value as a complexion purifier has put cold cream and skin food in the background. A hopeful article has appeared, declaring that the poet Shelley was in the habit of dining upon raisins exclusively, and suggesting that a course of currants may provide poetic stimulus. But such a consummation is hardly to be expected. Mr. Balfour said in criticism of Mr. Winston Churchill: "Unfortunately good taste is not to be acquired by industry." Likewise, a diet of currants will hardly prove stimulating to the dull or the uninspired. But whatever powers are behind all the shifting fashions in food must be highly entertained by the seriousness with which society takes up each new doctrine of diet and preaches it with earnestness for at least a month.

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ART AND THE PUBLIC

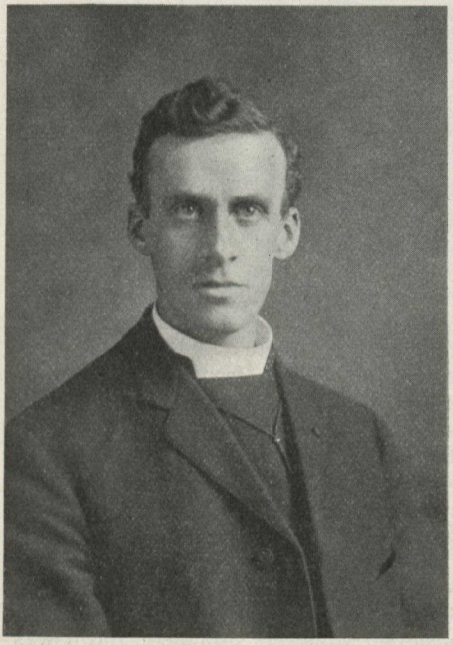
DURING the present year, art exhibitions in this country have been conspicuous by reason of their number and their excellence. Those held by the Ontario Society of Artists and the Royal Academy were more notable than their predecessors, yet almost futile because of the poor buildings in which they were held and because of the lack of public attendance. The artist associations have placed themselves on a very high pedestal so far as their own exhibitions are concerned, with the result that they are difficult to see. The public are fairly busy founding new families and new fortunes, and they are not inclined to gaze any great length of time at a body of people that cannot be understood nor criticised. They go to see the drama, but they do so under decidedly attractive conditions—music, coloured lights, graceful action, cushioned seats, and the approbation of their neighbours. To go to a deadly dull gathering of canvases, even though some of them be "speaking" likenesses, is not to be compared with an evening in a fashionable theatre.

On the other hand, the art displays at the Winnipeg, Ottawa, Halifax and Toronto fairs, were much more important, simply because the public saw the pictures. At Toronto some excellent canvases were displayed under favourable conditions in a suitable gallery. Some of these were Canadian, some were by other British artists and some were by foreigners. People gathered from all over the Province of Ontario to see this notable collection selected from the art galleries of Great Britain and from the private collections of Lord Strathcona, Sir George Drummond and Earl Grey. There is a lesson in this for the Canadian artists, but it is doubtful if they will see it.

Three of the pictures exhibited at that time are reproduced in this issue. The two by Caton Woodville are not of the highest form of art, but they are excellent examples of paintings made primarily for illustrating and plate-making. The painting by Jules Briton, from which the frontispiece in this issue is made, is one of the most celebrated of modern canvases. The story is told of a keen contest for this picture, some years ago, when it was sold at auction in New York. The rival bidders were Lord Strathcona and Mr. J. J. Hill. The value was supposed to be $18,000 and when Mr. Hill's agent got to $20,000 he proposed to stop. Mr. Hill, however, would not stop there, and it was bid up to $45,000. Then Lord Strathcona made a bold bid of $50,000 and secured the prize. When he afterwards learned that Mr. Hill had desired to secure it for his wife, who is a devout Roman Catholic, Lord Strathcona offered to present it to her. The Hills would not hear of this too generous offer and so the picture remains with its purchaser. For a while it was kept in Montreal, but recently it has been housed at Knebworth Park, Lord Strathcona's near-London residence.

A BUDDING BISHOP

ON the second of October, at a meeting of the diocesan synod of Fredericton, Rev. Canon Richardson, rector of Trinity Church, St. John, was elected coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton. Canon Richardson was born at historic Warwick, England, in 1868, and came to Canada in 1888, going to the West. He took his arts course at St. John's College, University of Manitoba, graduating in 1895 with first-class honours in mental and moral science. He received his M.A. in 1898. In 1897 he became rector of St. Luke's, Winnipeg, and two years later he was appointed rector of Trinity Church, St. John. He is a Churchman of broad



REV. CANON RICHARDSON

The newly-elected Coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton

views, evangelical earnestness and practical common sense and should find a wide field for his episcopal activities in the Cathedral City.

John A. Cooper

THE STEEL-COAL CONTROVERSY

THE friction between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company, which resulted recently in open hostilities, might almost rightly be described as a pitched battle between two of the largest industrial concerns in the Dominion. There is, however, a modifying influence: the fact that some of the directors of one company are directors also of the other. But in face of that there is much significance in the announcement made the other day by Sir William Van Horne that he had resigned from the directorate of the Dominion Coal Company as a protest against the action of that company in supplying to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company what was claimed to be an inferior grade of coal to what had been previously supplied. To some persons it might be quite as significant also that Sir William was at the time of his resignation only a small holder of Dominion Coal stock, and it might reasonably enough be inferred that the resignation was made in order that a greater interest in the Steel Company might be served without a conflicting interest in the Coal Company. At the same time, while there may be some reason in that, it should be borne in mind that Sir William Van Horne is not a man to be lightly moved, nor is a matter like a few shares of stock in an industrial enterprise at all likely to induce him to sacrifice the principle involved.

One would naturally suppose, in view of preceding facts, that this dispute has involved a good deal of personal feeling. Mr. James Ross, the President of the Dominion Coal Company, has not been kindly disposed towards the Steel Company ever since the two companies were separated about two years ago. The Steel Company had leased the Coal Company's properties for a term of years, but Mr. Ross had wished to cancel the lease in order to develop the coal properties as a separate industry, untrammelled by the weaknesses of the Steel Company. About this time Mr. J. H. Plummer, late of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was induced as an expert financier to guard the interests of the steel companies in the negotiations that were about to begin, with a breaking of the lease in view. Seldom in Canada has a keener contest taken place between big men of affairs than took place then over the separation of these two chief mainstays of prosperity in Cape Breton. Mr. Ross did then almost precisely the same thing that Sir William Van Horne did a few days ago. He was President of both companies, but his chief interest was in coal, and he therefore abandoned steel. He would have liked to break the lease without any binding agreement as to the future supply of coal to the Steel Company. But Mr. Plummer, who was closely in touch with Mr. Frederick Nicholls throughout the negotiations, held out for months, and finally secured for the Steel Company what at the time was considered to be an almost perpetual supply of coal for smelt-

ing purposes at a very low price. The agreement was to last for 999 years, and the coal was to be run of mine, suitable for use in smelting, and was to cost $1.24 a ton, but subject to an advance every five years in proportion to the advance, if any, in the cost of labour. Lately, however, the Steel Company complained that the coal then being delivered was inferior to the usual supply, and on that claim they absolutely refused to accept any more. As the President of the Coal Company, Mr. Ross offered to risk $50,000 on the question of whether the coal was of the grade defined in the agreement or not, accepting the decision of a committee of coal experts as final, the issue assumed an interesting stage. Unless those who are directors of both companies can bring about a reconciliation, the dispute threatens to be unfortunately acute, and to result in a period of negotiation, if not litigation, causing much unrest, not only in Cape Breton, but in many other parts of the Dominion.

RT. HON. SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, G.C.M.G., P.C.
Who has resigned the post of British Ambassador to the United States

STUDENT ROWDYISM

AUTHORITIES of McGill University, Montreal, have decided to hold a number of students responsible for inexcusable conduct on what is known as "Theatre Night." When this naturally fascinating custom was observed recently, bodies of students marched through the streets, before and after the performance at the theatre, and not only did they indulge in what might be described as highly boisterous, yet generally harmless demonstrations, but they actually found cause for merriment in wantonly destroying property. That is why students often fall into disrepute. And that is a regrettable fact, because if any body of young men should be looked to for assurances of general culture, good-breeding and refinement, it is the young men who go up to our seats of learning. Following the outburst of rowdyism by McGill students, Principal Peterson took the first opportunity to express his extreme disapproval of this reckless conduct and to announce that thereafter "Theatre Night" would have no official recognition. While "Theatre Night" is now, as it were, under the ban of the faculties of McGill University, that fact will scarcely strike terror to the heart of the average student, and to those whose tendencies are towards rowdyism the absence of the professors from the boxes will likely merely serve to cause a further loosening of the cord. Official recognition would almost always be acceptable, but official presence would be readily excused. It

should not be misunderstood that these observations apply solely to McGill University, because there are other halls of learning in Canada where student rowdyism is not unknown.

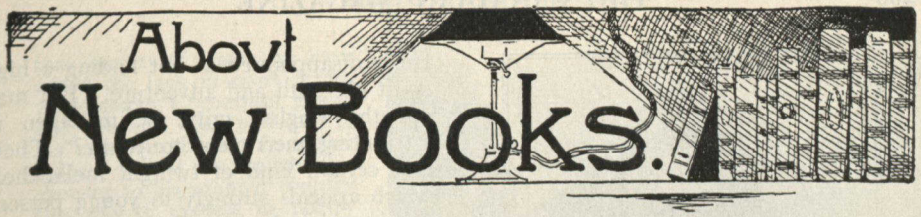
In considering this subject seriously, and it is really a very serious subject, one naturally wonders whether student life at Canadian universities will follow the example set at some American universities, and go on to downright brutality and ruffianism, or whether it will mellow out into the more sedate and becoming characteristics of the universities of Great Britain. Close proximity to the United States is against us, but, on the other hand, our professors and lecturers are drawn largely from those whose training has been received at the older universities, and they undoubtedly have had and should still have a tempering influence. It would be an unfortunate thing indeed were the ones who are largely responsible for the manners of university students to neglect an opportunity to check unbecoming tendencies. Principal Peterson took a stand against rowdyism at the peril of his own personal popularity, but it is only by such action that the good name and integrity of our universities can be safeguarded.

But there is, after all, a word for the student. The young man who comes to the city fresh from the farm or the country village and finds himself in a class apart from other people naturally and imperceptibly feels that the rules that govern the ordinary members of society do not apply to him. He cannot help wishing to shout when the lecture is over, or to pound the desk with his note-book before it begins. Nor can he prevent himself from being described as an untethered steed which, finding itself loose from the ties that have hitherto bound it, dashes recklessly forth and causes damage, not only to itself, but to almost everything with which it comes into contact. It is not altogether the animal's fault, nor is it altogether the student's fault. Neither intelligently realises the situation. A horse that is docile and obedient will sometimes become fractious under strange hands. A young man who carries himself becomingly under parental or communal restraint, oftentimes defies the law or the canons of respectability when he passes out into new fields. And when we get together a large number of young men undergoing the same transition, it should astonish no one if enough of them should combine and encourage their waywardness until the whole company has been disgraced. Still, it is a poor sample of humanity that cannot sympathise to some extent with the student, and it must be admitted that in a new country like Canada, or even like the United States, many of the students, and frequently the best students, come up from an environment where there is necessarily a limited opportunity to practise the graces and refinements that usually come in after years. Increasing university "residence," and a broader consideration of the advantages of club life and mutual intercourse, are among the things that are likely to give the student a better understanding of his place in the community.

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

TO have served under every Prime Minister of Canada since Confederation, and under every Minister of Finance, save one, is a remarkable record, and yet that distinction can be claimed for Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.M.G., who recently resigned the post of Deputy Minister of Finance. Mr. Courtney observed that fact himself, in addressing the Canadian Club at Toronto, and as a little sidelight on this unique experience he called attention to the fact that in 1869, when he entered the public service of Canada, the entire revenue of the Dominion was but thirty million dollars, while last year it was more than eighty millions. It is interesting to note in this connection that while the population of the country has not quite doubled since the time of Confederation, the total annual revenue has been multiplied by six. But there was something of even more significance in Mr. Courtney's address, his avowal that while the public service of Canada is efficient, comparing well with any other public service in the world, it is miserably underpaid.

Newton MacTavish



A BOOK OF CONJURY

THERE is only one thing certain about Mr. Kipling—that he will write the unexpected. Just as the critics are deploring his prosaic motor verse and his political lyrics, a volume is produced, so full of the "careless rapture" of childhood and fairy lore, that hostile voices are silent, and there is nothing to do but listen with Dan and Una to the stories told by "Puck of Pook's Hill."* In one of his later volumes of verse, Mr. Kipling writes lovingly of his new English home in "Sussex by the sea," and it is the very spirit of ancient Sussex that takes us back to the days of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and makes us breathless eavesdroppers as the "Old Men at Pevensey" tell of the dangers they have passed. There is a history of England in these ten magic chapters, only the author did not intend to write anything so dull as a mere history when he set out on

> ". . . . the dimpled track that runs
> All hollow through the wheat."

"Puck of Pook's Hill" has been called a book for children; but, like "Alice in Wonderland," it is for all those readers who have the luck to remain boys and girls, so far as the enjoyment of a real story goes. We have not forgotten the "joy of life unquestioned" in the wanderings of "Kim," or the multifarious wayfarers that thronged the Great Trunk Road of India. Mr. Kipling knows the way to the heart of youth, and this time he has allowed a small sister to accompany the boy who strays into the domains of the "People of the Hill." In the dreary wastes of popular fiction, this is a place of enchantment, where the flowers are always fragrant and the river murmurs just enough to let us know that it is on the way to the great restless ocean. Stupid children, surfeited by the vulgarities, to say nothing of the inartistic atrocities of the "comic" supplement, may fail to be captivated by "The Knights of the Joyous Venture," but to them of unspoiled imagination, these tales of gentlemen unafraid ought to be rare reading.

There are bits of verse, slipped between the stories, that are as daintily fanciful as any of the author's earlier lines. There are three leaves that bring the children back to the everyday world—leaves of oak and ash and thorn:

> "Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good Sirs,
> (All of a Midsummer morn)!
> England shall bide till Judgment Tide,
> By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!"

In "The Children's Song," which concludes the volume, we have the poet of the "Recessional" and "Envoi to Life's Handicap":

> "Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
> By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
> That under Thee, we may possess
> Man's strength to comfort man's distress."

"Puck of Pook's Hill" is the work of an artist, of a man who has written for the joy of the writing. He has kept the promise made to us by Puck:

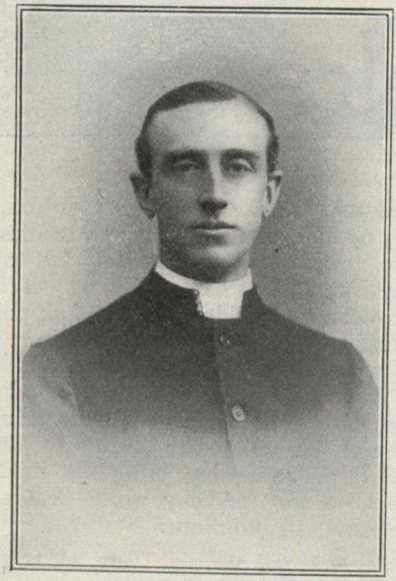
> "She is not any common Earth,
> Water or wood or air,
> But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
> Where you and I will fare."

May it be long ere he betakes himself to that "separate star" where he will "never be tired at all."

*Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

GASOLINE FICTION

THE motor car has undoubtedly come, as the Americans phrase it, "to stay." But. whatever may be public sentiment towards the latest thing in locomotion, the automobile novel is becoming a weariness to the reader of magazines and popular fiction. There is such a deadly monotony about the whole range



FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT
Author of "A Hymn of Empire"

of gasoline stories. The *chauffeur* is usually an English duke or a French marquis (an Italian count is rather below the notice of the up-to-date novelist), who is wonderfully and fearfully in love with the incomparable American heroine, who has a beauty which shines even through a motor veil and a wit which sheds sparkling epigrams, though the motor car may be whirling along at fifty-something miles an hour. The Canadian writer is, as yet, comparatively unversed in the moods of the machine with a wild-goose note. The plebeian ways of the bicycle and the buggy are more familiar to the native teller of tales. But as large fortunes are made in Cobalt and Addington, even the writer of ephemeral fiction may add unto his possessions an automobile and the Canadian writer will no longer be forced to go to northern woods and western streams in order to get local colour and odour.

AMERICAN BARDS AND AN ENGLISH REVIEWER

A LONDON critic, dealing with two recent anthologies of American poetry, is somewhat concerned to find it both timid and mournful, with a message of "the triviality of mundane things." He is disappointed at not finding a high spirit of youth and adventure. But may not the English critic be mistaken in attributing merriment to youth? There is a certain kind of twilight melancholy which appeals strongly to young persons and in which the juvenile bard frequently indulges. We have the high authority of Robert Louis Stevenson for the dictum that the Jubilate Deo belongs rather to age than to youth. No greybeard can be so utterly in despair as the youthful hero of "Locksley Hall." The French writer was quite within the truth when he referred to those delightful days when we were so miserable.

The English critic accounts for some of the unpleasant wailing in American verse by the "Calvinism" inherent in the American temperament. John Calvin has been blamed for a great many speeches and principles that he would have blushed to own; but to make the great theologian responsible for the maudlin despondency of much of our modern poetry is to perpetrate a great injustice. Blame it on our politics, our diet or our climate, but not on our theology. In fact, the English critic at this point shows that lack of accurate information on matters trans-Atlantic which occasionally pains us in the criticisms, geographical and otherwise, made in the columns of the British periodical. The observer of the modern Americans who can go back to Europe and declare that 'Calvinism" is characteristic of their temperament must have viewed New York and San Francisco through smoked glasses.

It is not surprising that the Southern poets, Lanier and Poe, have been more sympathetically studied in England and even in France than in their own country. The *Times* critic says of the former:

> "He was the most considerable of all the poets who came after the war. . . He remains the most fearless and passionate, the widest in range, the greatest master of melody of any of the American poets."

Bliss Carman is regarded with more favour than most of his brother bards:

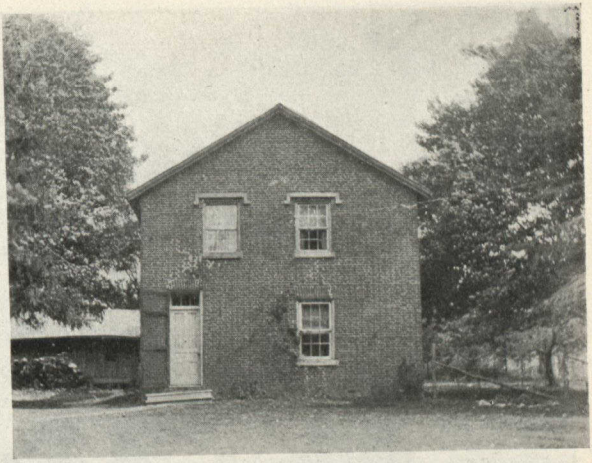
> "The poet of the immortal 'Eavesdropper' has too often written nonsense. But with all his lamentable extravagances, weaknesses and lapses from true taste, he has

that quality of which we have noted the lack in most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery, due, perhaps, to his Canadian birth. It seems, indeed, as if he might be showing to his adopted country the way to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit, which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs.

"At least, he is never sentimental, never afraid of passion, any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses."

A POET'S BIRTHPLACE

ON the north shore of Lake Erie is found the village of Morpeth, which is a picturesque spot in summer with its spreading shade trees, its old homesteads and wharf, where juvenile fishermen may usually be seen. From Morpeth to Rond Eau is a pleasant drive on a summer afternoon with the sparkling lake to the left and the vineyards of Kent to the right. In this quaint village of one of Ontario's most fertile counties the poet, Archibald Lampman, was born. He has been called the gentlest of our poets, and his temperament and work deserve the epithet. The house in which he was born is, as may be seen, the plain, old-fashioned frame structure, familiar in small towns of this continent. It was then the Church of England parsonage. There were old trees near it, and we hope there was a garden. The lake, so sudden in storms, and so beguiling in calm, was not far away. Thus, however brief may have been the poet's experience of quaint old Morpeth, its memories may have lived in his lines. The house remained standing until a few years ago, when it was torn down to give place to a more modern, up-to-date structure. It is matter for regret that some steps are not taken to preserve places like this—connected in sentiment at least with the beginnings of our Canadian literature. In the broken-down village of Morpeth there are scores of building lots that might have been secured for a new parsonage site almost for the asking, without interfering with a building which should now be the property of the nation.



WHERE LAMPMAN WAS BORN

VIA BOREALIS

BOUND in a forest-green cover, with a woodland vista, comes a booklet of twenty-one pages. And of each of these pages it may be written: "This is poetry." Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott has followed the northern trail and verily it has led to a land of surprising treasure, from which he returns with such songs as seldom fall from modern lips. Here are seven magic poems, rich and full and sweet as the notes of the April thrush. From "Spring on Mattagami" to the eight lines of "Ecstasy," which form the closing chords, there is a strain of deep earth-gladness which reveals and stirs the best in humanity. The exquisite association of the earth's new life, with the purest passion of manhood, thrills into sheer poetic rapture in the lines:

> "What I dream is mine, mine beyond all cavil,
> Pure and fair and sweet, and mine for evermore."

Even through the sombreness of "Night Burial in the Forest" gleams the final triumph of "The Angel who gathers the souls from the wastes of the world."

The charm of these poems comes largely from the contact of a delicate, discerning nature with the strength of primitive things. "Afar from the fret, the toil and the din" the poet has dreamed, and wrought his fancies into forms of art so rare that we almost think them effortless. "The gold-moted wood-pools" is a phrase

"Now Good-bye, and Go On"
From "Benita" by Rider Haggard. Courtesy of the Copp, Clark Co.

to delight your true forester and to bring a throb of boyhood memory to the heart of the city toiler.

In feeling, rhythm and colour, "Via Borealis"* represents the best work of the poet whose art has never been "without the vision." In fact, no former production of Mr. Scott's ranks in depth and tenderness with "Spring on Mattagami," which for some subtle reason associates itself with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers."

The illustrations by Mr. A. H. Howard are as airy and fantastic as the winds and the shadows that sweep and haunt the forest ways. He has the rare good sense to know when to suggest, rather than to depict, and pays the reader the nice compliment of crediting him with taste and imagination. Altogether, "Via Borealis" takes us along a path where we

> "Feel the gipsy airs that gather up and tangle
> The woodsy odours in a maze of myrrh and musk."

*"Via Borealis," by Duncan Campbell Scott, with decorations by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co. 50c.

NOTES

"Inventors at Work," by George Iles, author of "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," is the work of a writer well known in Montreal, now living in New York. The recent technical improvements in the building of bridges, ships, tools, telephones, electrical machinery, gas engines and other modern mechanical inventions are admirably described and explained. The volume is large, comprehensive, well-conceived and profusely illustrated. It might justly be described as a popular handbook on mechanics. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Cloth, 503 pp.).

"Set in Authority," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), is a novel of Indian life dealing with the trials of an idealistic Viceroy whose views regarding the natives are opposed to the ideas of all other Europeans in the state. The book is characterised by

the subtle humour, the quiet fashion of exposing "life's little ironies," which make Mrs. Cotes' fiction a source of genuine and gentle enjoyment. (Toronto: William Tyrrell and Co.)

"The Flock," by Mary Austin, is beautiful in illustration and design. It deals with sheep-herding in the Western States, and may justly be described as an idyll of the shepherd's life and work. It is a story, but is not fiction. The "get-up" is like that one of Thompson Seton's animal books. (Boston: Houghton, Miflin & Co. Cloth, $2.00).

"Quiet Talks About Service" is the third book in a series by Dr. S. D. Gordon, dealing with the elements of the Christian life. Its earnestness of spirit and purity of literary expression make it a suitable companion to "Quiet Talks on Prayer" and "Quiet Talks on Power." (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The Art books of the year are limited, but "The Old Testament in Art," edited by W. Shaw Sparrow and published by a reliable English firm, is worth mentioning. The selections are representative and the mechanical work is creditably done. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $2.50.)

"Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci" belongs to a series of drawings by the great masters, published by George Newnes, Limited, of London, England. The present volume contains forty-eight plates, which amply show that "Leonardo da Vinci found in drawing the readiest and most stimulating way of self-expression." Among the reproductions those which are studies for "The Last Supper" will have the greatest artistic interest. But the "caricatures" are of unique value in displaying the versatility of "that continent called Leonardo."

"The Woman Thou Gavest," by Lady Troubridge, is a story of cheap melodrama, in which a fair creature with purple-black hair plays the part of persecuted heroine, and a most unpleasant "misunderstood" wife makes a villain of exceeding depravity. (London: T. Fisher Unwin).

Of all the women who write advice for girls, Margaret E. Sangster is easily the foremost. She leads both in quantity and in quality. "Fairest Girlhood," her latest volume, deals with various topics—a liberal education, an even mind, right and wrong in recreation, conversation, our restless girls, and so on. The book is daintily printed in brown ink, with charming ornament and illustration, and a dainty cream-yellow cover with gilt lettering. (New York and Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Hunting big game in the Rockies with camera and rifle is an alluring sport. For those of us who must stay at home, William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, has written an admirable account of some of his recent "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," illustrated with some magnificent photographs taken by John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania Game Commissioner. It is a book to thrill the amateur sportsman, delight the lover of adventure, and add to the sum of knowledge possessed by the student of Canadian natural history. It is well printed, handsomely bound, and altogether an admirable and desirable volume. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $3.00).

The Van Dyke "Friendly Year" will attract any person looking for daily readings. The quotations are not too short, and Dr. Van Dyke's wisdom and style are away above the average. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25).

"Frank Brown," the Sea Apprentice, by Frank T. Bullen, is a splendid story for youths. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Nelson, the Adventurer," by Nora Archibald Smith, is a story for boys. It is breezy because it is told in the first person singular, and because it deals more or less with Nelson and the sea. (Boston: Houghton, Miflin & Co., Cloth, $1.00).

"In the Van," by Price-Brown, is a reprint in book form of a story published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as "The Builders," by Eric Bohn. It describes some incidents in connection with the War of 1812-13-14. The illustrations are by F. H. Brigden. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

IDLE MOMENTS

THE FAULTFINDERS

THREE men took joy in finding fault,
And thus it came to pass
The gods upon each one of them
Bestowed a piece of glass.

The fool contrived of his a lens
Wherein to gloating eyes
The smallest blot that could be found
Was magnified in size.

The just man made of his a pane
All clear without a flaw,
Nor summer sun nor winter rain
Affected what he saw.

The wise man pondered long and well
How best the search to aid,
Then taking up the crystal gift
Of his a mirror made.—*New York Sun.*

REMARKABLE RENTALS

STRANGE rents were being discussed—how this church paid one red rose annually and that convent paid two doves. A real estate man said:

"We have some remarkable rentals, but England beats us here, for she is the older country, and she delights in maintaining the quaint customs of the past.

"The splendid manor of Farnham Royal is held by the service of putting the glove on the King's right hand and by supporting the arm that holds the sceptre on Coronation Day. There is no other payment.

"The rental of the manor of Aylesbury is three eels in winter and three green geese in summer, besides a litter of straw for the King's bedchamber thrice a year if he come that way so often.

"The manor of Addington's rental is a pair of gilt spurs, a pair of tongs, a snowball on Midsummer Day, and a rose at Christmas.

"The rental of the manor of Coperland is the holding of the King's head, if needful, as often as he crosses the sea between Dover and Whitsand."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE WILLIE BOYS

(Compiled for the Baltimore American by Ralph A Lyon)

WILLIE to the circus went,
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Willie put his stocking on
Wrong-side out and thought it fun,
Mother didn't like his whim,
So she turned the hose on him.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Loud the baby screamed, and louder;
Willie fed her insect powder.
Scolded, answered with a shrug,
"Little sister acted bug."
—*Anonymous.*

She sits in sorrow, her refined
And still unwrinkled face is grave,
Though Time to her has been most kind—
Her Willie has begun to shave.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Willie saw some dynamite;
Didn't understand it quite;

Poked it with his little stick;
Rained little Willie for a week.
—*Anonymous.*

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By-and-by the room grew chilly—
But no one liked to poke up Willie.
—*Harry Graham.*

Willie ate a tablet
The family doctor gave;
Now he's got a big one
On his little grave.
—*Anonymous.*

Willie, on the railroad track,
Failed to hear the engine squeal;
Now the engine's coming back
Scraping Willie off the wheel.
—*Anonymous.*

With green apples little Willie
His interior precincts piled;
For the first time since he toddled
Willie's now an angel child.
—*Baltimore American.*

APPRECIATED

LITTLE Kathleen was being put to bed during a heavy thunderstorm, after being assured by her mother that God would watch over her. She seemed much concerned for a time and then said:

"Mamma, does God make all this thunder and lightning?"

"Yes, dear."

"And can he see me here in bed?"

"Yes, dear."

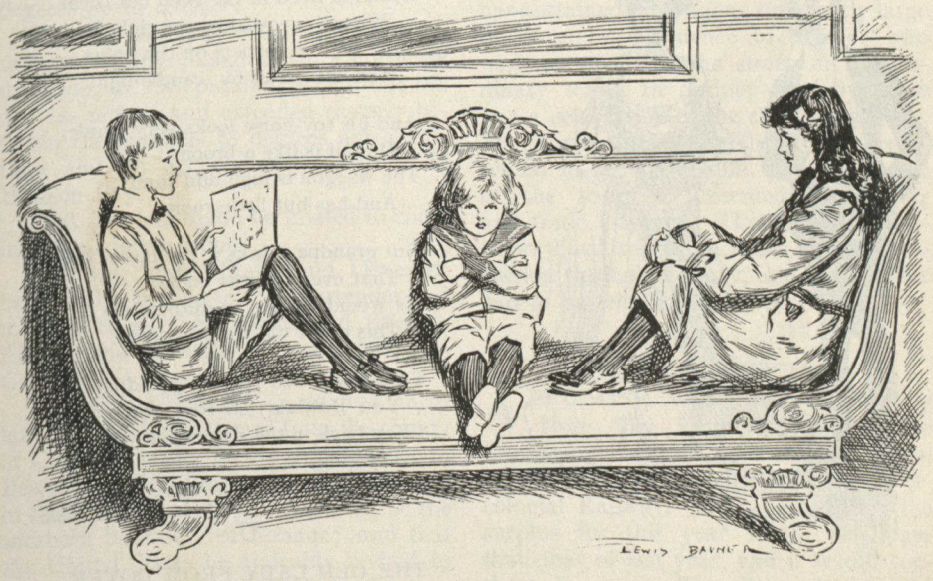
"Not if I cover up my head like this?"

"Yes, my child. God can see you at all times."

Her little face looked serious for a moment, and then she said: "Well, mamma, He must be a smarter man than my papa." *P. C. S.*

THE SEQUEL

IS it true that at one of Dr. Reich's recent lectures he exclaimed: "Take away woman, and what would follow?"



DICK (*looking at picture-book*): "I wonder what the Noahs did with themselves all day long in the Ark?"

MABEL: "Fished, I should think."

BOBBIE: "They didn't fish for long."

DICK AND MABEL: "Why not?"

BOBBIE: "Well, you see, there were only two worms!"—*Punch.*

Is it also a fact that a male voice cried out: "We would"?—*Tatler.*

"I DREAMED I WAS A KING"

TWO darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum ya-h! Dat would suttenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hundred watermellions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggar, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caihn't wish fo' yo' own watermellions."—*Selected.*

HE: "Fond of bridge?"

SHE: "Awfully!"

HE: "Do you know I always think there's something *wanting* in people who don't play?"—*Punch.*

THE LUCKY RICH

MAMMA ROXTOBURN: Ethel will be five years old in a week.

PAPA ROXTOBURN: True.

"Of course, she will have to have her own footman now, as well as her three maids."

"Of course."

"And I've been wondering"——

"Well?"

"If she oughtn't to have her own social secretary likewise, what with all the affairs she will be invited to."—*N.Y. Life.*

GRANDPA'S TOY

WHEN grandpa was a little boy—
And that's a far-off day,
For now grandpa is very old,
And never thinks of play—

Grandpa lived in the good old times
When "everything was right";
They had no carpets on the floors,
And they read by candle-light.

And his toy-horse looks very crude,
Its tail is like a broom;
The waggon is high and funny,
And has but little room.

But grandpa thinks it the nicest toy
That ever yet was made;
He would not for an automobile
This queer old waggon trade.

I suppose when *you* are grandpas
You 'll think *your* toys were great
'Way back in the days when you were young;
But *you'll* be out of date.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE OLD LADY FROM DOVER

THERE was an old lady of Dover
Who baked a fine apple turnover.
But the cat came that way,
And she watched with dismay
The overturn of her turnover.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

WOULD EXTEND OUR TERRITORY

DR. R. J. WICKSTEED recently delivered an interesting address before the St. George's Society, Ottawa, on the delimitation of the Canadian boundaries. He took the stand that the time has come for the necessary and natural extension of the territory belonging to Canada; the delimitation of the boundaries of the Dominion, and the more equitable rectification, adjustment and delimitation of the several provinces and territories.

He recommended in effect as follows:

That Ontario be extended to Hudson Bay until it reaches the parallel of 58 degrees north latitude.

That Manitoba be extended within the same meridians of longitude in a northerly direction to the parallel of latitude 60 degrees north; and extended easterly between the parallels 58 degrees north latitude and 60 degrees north latitude to Hudson Bay.

That Newfoundland be invited to come into the confederation.

That the United States and Denmark be amicably invited to cede, surrender and make over all their claims and titles to Alaska and Greenland, respectively, to Canada.

That the parallel of 45 degrees north latitude running eastward from the county of Compton in the Province of Quebec to Passamaquoddy Bay or the Bay of Fundy in the Province of New Brunswick, be the southern boundary of Canada; and that the United States be amicably invited to cede, transfer and make over to the government of Canada, with the free consent of the legislature of the State of Maine, all claim and title to all the territory lying and being to the north of the said line of 45 degrees of north latitude.

That New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island be united under one name and provincial legislature.

That Canada and Russia construct and operate a line of ferry boats across Behring Straits, or a tunnel under the straits, or both; and also lines of railway connecting the Trans-Siberian Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with the ferry or tunnel across or under the Behring Straits; thus connecting the continent of America with the continent of Asia.

PARADES ELSEWHERE

ACCORDING to a New South Wales exchange, Canada is not the only country where certain popular parades have attained dimensions sufficiently large to cause inconvenience to persons who wish to go about the streets in the ordinary way. In Sydney recently there was a celebration of the eight-hours' day. Fifty-three trades unions were represented in the procession, and a number of the societies presented spectacular and trade displays. Thousands of spectators lined the route taken by the procession through the city, and tram traffic had to be temporarily suspended.

NO MORE DEFICITS

A PROMISE was made recently by Hon. Mr. Emmerson, before the Canadian Club at Ottawa, that there would be no more deficits on the Intercolonial Railway. He observed that the surplus for this year would be larger than that of last year, and it would continue to grow. The Intercolonial was Canada's greatest national asset, and as a consequence of its construction and operation, the Canadian Provinces had been welded into one harmonious whole. Had past deficits been ten times as great, still the road, from a patriotic and sen-

timental standpoint, would have been a good investment for the Canadian people. While predicting surpluses in the future, Mr. Emmerson vehemently combatted the idea that the Intercolonial should ever be expected to be a great revenue-producer. The profits should go towards its improvement. Eighty million dollars had been spent on the railway for the development of trade in the same manner that one hundred millions had been spent on the canal systems, one hundred and seventy-five millions on railway subsidies, and twelve millions on steamship subsidies.

THE NEW TARIFF

IT is easy to be a Free Trader in Nova Scotia, but it is difficult to remain one in Ottawa. If Canada will continue to bind us by tariff walls so as to prevent us from winning ocean trade with other lands; if Ottawa will go on making all its transportation and immigration plans for the West to the neglect of Nova Scotia, where are we to come in? Just now our people are preparing to ask for a piece of pie by way of a shipbuilding bonus, but you can see by the backwardness in asking, and the manner of going about it, that there is not a strong hope of succeeding.—*The Suburban.*

WELL DONE, MR. TAIT

FOUR years ago Mr. Thomas Tait, a prominent official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, left Canada for Australia on what many people called a fool's errand. He had accepted an offer to become chairman of a Commission to manage the Government railways of Victoria. For years the lines had been a continuous drain on the colonial exchequer and expert railway men were ultra-pessimistic as to the probable success of Mr. Tait's efforts. At the end of the first year under the new management (1902-3), there was a deficit of $1,778,787. Last year, which ended on June 30th, there was a surplus after all expenses and interest charges were paid of $968,960. Moreover, the service has been the most efficient in the history of the country, and the freight rates have been reduced considerably. Besides this, the Commission has wiped out an old liability of $3,000,000. While in the blue book the reason for these figures is said to be the general prosperity of the country, it cannot be doubted that much credit is due to the brilliant abilities of Mr. Tait and his colleagues, Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Hudson. It is no small achievement to make a railway pay. It is a task of herculean proportions to provide a surplus for a Government railway. Floreat Tait.—Toronto *News.*

READY FOR THE HUSBANDMAN

ACCORDING to Mr. William McInnes, of the Geological Survey, there is a tract of land lying north of the lower Saskatchewan, between the river and the valley of the Upper Churchill, which is wooded and available for agricultural purposes.

Here is what Mr. McInnes has had to say about it: "This country is essentially a rolling, clay-covered plateau, from seven to nine hundred feet above sea-level, the valleys of its streams and lakes lying generally but little over a hundred feet below the level of its uplands. This clay mantle, a hundred feet deep in the eastern end and gradually thinning out westwards, is the result of sedimentation over the bottom of an ancient glacial lake that has been named Lake Agassiz, once covering all the lower parts of Manitoba. Throughout the whole northern part of the area the Indians grow potatoes with good success, and to any one who is at all familiar with Indian agricultural methods this means that the potatoes are grown without a great deal of trouble, to say the least. Some of these crops are quite abundant, and at times produce tubers of exceptional size. I believe that all the common vegetables might be grown there as well as potatoes.

"The climate is not at all so cold as is commonly imagined. Records were taken during the summer, from the middle of June to the 29th of September, and, with the exception of one night in August, when the thermometer fell a little below freezing point, there was no frost during that time."

NEWSPAPERS PERMIT A TRADE CONSPIRACY

ERNEST W. MacMAHON

RECENTLY one of the prominent manufacturers of Canada took a forcible position on the tariff question, and he antagonised every one of his colleagues in the same line by doing so.

Because some cheap American shoes are imported into Canada, and sold at high prices on their "finished" appearance, the shoe manufacturers appeared "en masse" before the Tariff Commission and advised a higher tariff. The one man who objected to such a proceeding did so, he claimed, because the fault lay with the manufacturers themselves.

He advised his colleagues that they lacked initiative and strenuous endeavour. The remedy was in their own hands—did they but apply it.

"Don't imitate. Originate!"

In the newspaper controversy which ensued, the interested shoe men agreed that the one man had the best of the argument. His logic was backed by a record of success.

"There are manufacturers of shoes," said President Charles E. Slater, of the Slater Shoe Company, "who spend their valuable time in trying to imitate the Slater shoe. They would reap a larger measure of success did they but originate a few ideas, styles and trade designs of their own."

"We suffer," said he, "more from the rank imitations and carefully planned campaigns of deceptive substitution than from any competition of foreign or American shoes which cannot last. People soon learn that they are buying second-grade goods and paying the customs duty in addition. Dealers soon reap the discredit of such sales. Every year the dealer gets a new foreign shoe; there are thousands of makers. He cannot guarantee a single shoe, because of the tariff wall, and his own knowledge that they are "seconds'." When a dealer imports a first grade shoe he has to get too high a price for it.

Mr. Slater's position was so forcibly presented that the Government has informally allowed it to be gleaned that the Tariff Commission will adopt a "stand pat" policy, making some careful revisions in specific instances.

The new tariff will not be a high tariff, in that prohibitive sense of which the advocacy brought about the downfall of the only journalist in the Laurier Cabinet.

"The newspapers of Canada are to blame for much of the imitation and substitution in the shoe business as well as in other lines of trade," said Mr. Slater, and he said he had often been advised by his counsel to make the publishers parties to actions which were to be taken to put a stop to the wholesale deception.

One small firm in Quebec Province is being prosecuted for printing the name of a young man named Slater in big type on the sole of some tawdry shoes.

Another retail man in Winnipeg is defendant in an action for damages. His offence was in printing advertisements calculated to deceive the buyer and to trade on the reputation of the Slater shoe.

"Every day our agents send in clippings from the newspapers, where some dealer is trying to lead the public to believe that he has the Slater shoe agency," said the Sales Manager of the Slater Shoe Company.

The publishers are equally liable with the dealers. Without their consent such offences as the Slater Company have to treat with would not occur.

There are some publishers, notably the proprietor of the Toronto *Telegram*, who will nip this deception in the bud. A few years ago one of the largest advertisers in that city sought to evade the trade name by announcing "Slater's Shoes." Every paper in Toronto accepted the advertisement, with one exception. The *Telegram* advised the advertiser that he was liable to prosecution, and the paper did not desire to risk being made a party to an action.

How many newspaper publishers in Canada are as careful, and as fair to the owners of a trade mark?

How many publishers will so carefully protect their readers against attempted deception?

Chancellor Boyd, in 1902, gave judgment against an Owen Sound shoe dealer who advertised "shoes made by Slater's," and then offered his customer a shoe which was not the Slater shoe.

The Slater shoe has a trade mark—the slate frame and the Slater name—which has been adjudged with half a million dollars. That is good-will value, earned by the Company in half a century of good, careful shoemaking.

Not every shoe they make can be infallibly perfect, and that is why they put their name and trade mark on the shoe.

Vigilance, careful selection of good leather and constant inspection of the shoe-making by the incomparable Goodyear process can produce a perfect shoe 999 times out of a thousand—the thousandth shoe may go wrong. "Bring it back and get a new pair," says the trade mark. That is merit backed by faith.

When a man is deceived, and brings an imitation Slater shoe to a Slater Shoe Store and tells how poor and unsatisfactory he has found it, he learns the value of that trade mark. It is the man who buys an imitation, swallows his wrath, condemns the shoe unheard, who does the real Slater shoe harm. He talks. He does not take the shoe to a Slater Store, and never learns that he was the victim of some slick shoe salesman who grinned when the customer went out of the store.

There is only one Slater shoe.

There is only one Slater shoe agent in a town, with the exception of three big cities

The Slater sign on the store is the facsimile of the Slater trade mark on the shoe.

No man or woman seeking a genuine Slater shoe need be deceived if they find the sign of the slate.

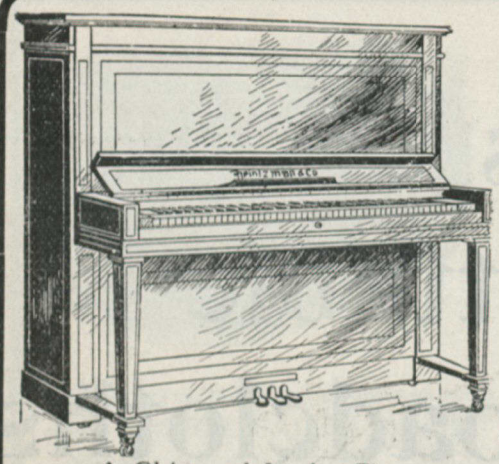
There are 330 cities, towns, and villages in Canada where may be found the Slater shoe agency—the "Slater"—not a Tom, Dick or Harry Slater—but the "Slater" shoe.

This is the sign of the slate which is affixed on every Slater Shoe Store, and is stamped on every Slater shoe:

Priestley's Unspottable West of England Broadcloths

These are the lightest weight Broadcloths in the world. Strong in texture, soft in handle, and with a permanent, unspottable lustre. Will be extensively worn this Fall. Made in England.

For sale at all the best Dry Goods Stores.



A Chippendale Art Piano

Canada's Art Piano

One of the several really artistic pianos bearing the name and guarantee of the old firm of

Heintzman & Co.

Makers of Canada's Greatest Piano

115-117 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CAN.

The most attractive part of a room should be the fireplace. The

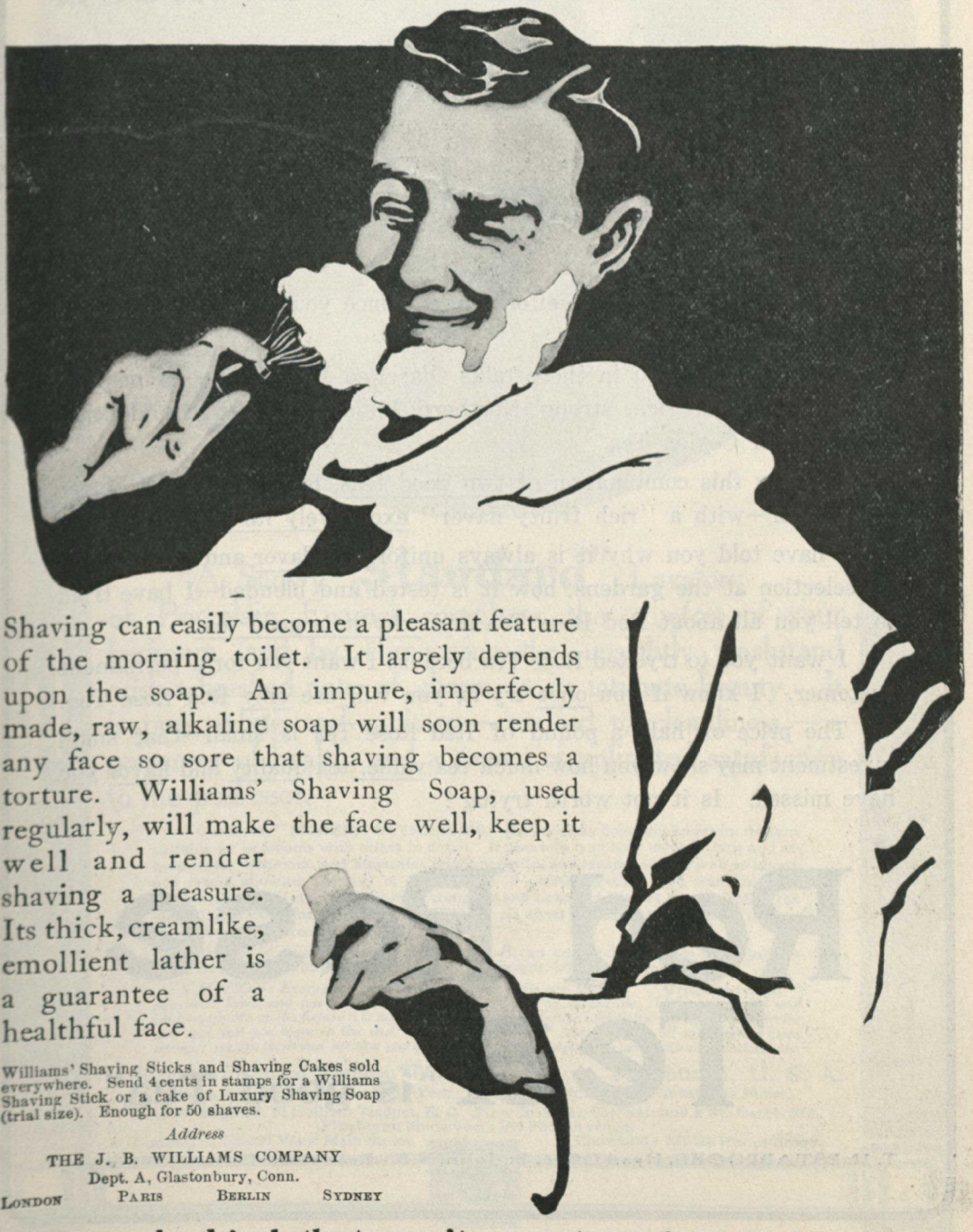
Brick Fireplaces

manufactured by the Milton Pressed Brick Company are not only ornamental but useful. For offices, club houses, summer residences, etc., they are the correct thing. The cost is reasonable. Send for free catalogue.

Milton Pressed Brick Co.
Limited

Works and Head Office: MILTON, ONT.

Williams' Shaving Stick



Shaving can easily become a pleasant feature of the morning toilet. It largely depends upon the soap. An impure, imperfectly made, raw, alkaline soap will soon render any face so sore that shaving becomes a torture. Williams' Shaving Soap, used regularly, will make the face well, keep it well and render shaving a pleasure. Its thick, creamlike, emollient lather is a guarantee of a healthful face.

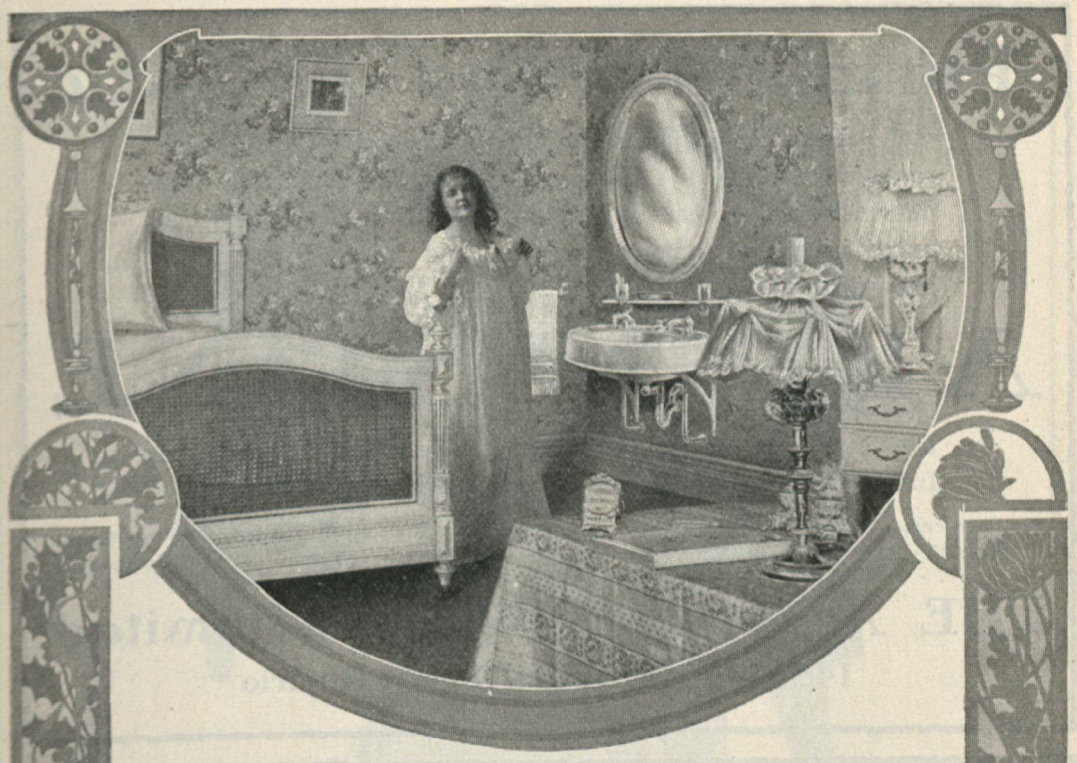
Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size). Enough for 50 shaves.

Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."



A Snowy **"Standard"** Lavatory of Porcelain Enamel completes the comfort of your bedroom, and by eliminating the unsightly washstand adds a finished note of charm to its intimate beauty. It is pure white and sanitary — an aid to cleanliness — a preserver of health, and a source of unlimited satisfaction to the possessor.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," shows many beautiful Lavatory designs suitable for bedrooms with prices in detail. It also tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE *"Copley"* Lavatory, *Plate P503-B* can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $34.00 — not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of **"Standard"** *Ware bears our* **"Standard"** *"Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not* **"Standard"** *Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word* **"Standard"** *is stamped on all our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.*

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Strs.
Pittsburgh Showroom: 949 Penn Avenue.
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street. Cleveland: 208-210 Huron Street.

¶ The all-wool standard of the cloths in Semi-Ready Garments is not so much a matter of pride as the artistic design and real art workmanship. One is honest cloth, tested by mechanical methods, but the making is an achievement to which 39 expert tailors each contribute some part.

Semi ready

Trade Mark

If you cannot get a Semi-Ready Overcoat in your town, write us for the nearest Semi-Ready Tailoring House.

Semi-Ready Limited

70 Stores in Canada

472 Guy Street, Montreal

Secret of The Steinway

To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.

A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.

This makes the Steinway, not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.

The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.

For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.

MINIATURE GRAND

The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price **$925**

VERTEGRAND

The Vertegrand, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for **$600**

THESE PIANOS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES

NORDHEIMER'S, Limited

Head Office: 15 King Street East - TORONTO

COWAN'S

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

VICHY CÉLESTINS

THE
NATURAL CURE
AND
PREVENTATIVE

for all Kidney and Liver Complaints, Disordered Liver, Indigestion, Gout, Rheumatism, etc. Bottled and sold under the approval of the French Government and endorsed by the highest medical authorities everywhere.

Vichy Water

REMEMBER THE WORD

CÉLESTINS

The Supreme Question To Every Woman

is the question of beauty. And in the last analysis beauty is largely a question of skin health and skin cleanliness.

To improve the condition and texture of the skin, to give to the complexion that transparent clearness of perfect health, is to become beautiful.

Castile Soap is admitted to be the purest and most natural Soap made.

"Shell Brand" Castile Soap

is one of the purest and most refined Castile Soaps made.

Made only by **"Couret Freres," Marseilles, France.** It does not contain any resin, animal fats or impurities. It is a perfect soap for the toilet or the bath.

By its means all dead waste matter is removed from the pores and from the surface of the skin—leaving it smooth, soft, refreshed and thoroughly cleansed—in the best condition possible.

If you have never used it, begin to-day. You cannot have a better soap or toilet aid. Ask for **"Shell Brand."** **Sold Everywhere.**

Have you ever noticed the paper bag that forms a lining in every package of **Orange Meat?** The manufacturers of this famous whole wheat food demand extreme cleanliness in the whole process of manufacture, and in order to preserve the nutty flavor so peculiar to **Orange Meat** they have secured a specially prepared mercerized bag for this purpose. The peculiar paper in this bag is manufactured by only one paper mill in America by a secret process, and is guaranteed to preserve its contents from moisture, taint or odor, from contact with any other goods.

The **Orange Meat** Company have spared no expense in order to retain the delicate flavor and delicious taste of **Orange Meat.**

The Velvety Smoothness

of SUCHARD'S COCOA strikes you at the first sip.

Ordinary Cocoas show plainly a considerable amount of powder only partially dissolved. Perhaps you have never liked Cocoa for that reason. But a cup of

Suchard's Cocoa

is as smooth as velvet, showing that it is perfectly dissolved, not merely mixed. To a discriminating taste that makes all the difference between a delicious drink and a poor one.

Try a tin of SUCHARD'S

CANADIAN AGENTS

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO.,

MONTREAL

Honorable John Costigan

NEW BRUNSWICK'S "GRAND OLD MAN" COMES OUT STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. To-day, at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always reckoned with in Parliament. When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvellous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my lifetime from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives," and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public, as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)

JOHN COSTIGAN.

Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this? Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation, made absolutely well in three months.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills, and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc. —"Fruit-a-tives" act like fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach —regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES, LIMITED, - OTTAWA

Malta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"

MALTA-VITA provides the body with all the valuable nutrition of **malted** whole-wheat without giving the stomach a lot of hard work to do, for MALTA-VITA is practically predigested when we eat it. All its food elements are quickly taken up by the system, forming rich blood in abundance and bringing strength and health to the body. You never tasted anything quite so good as MALTA-VITA. Every grain of the **malted** whole-wheat is a little wafer flake, baked crisp and brown, that simply melts in the mouth. Get some MALTA-VITA to-day. Eat it with milk, cream, or fruit. Delicious for breakfast. Just as good at any other time. All grocers.

The morning cup of coffee often shapes the day. It should be Chase & Sanborn's.

ALL GROCERS 78

Paris Style-Touches for this Season

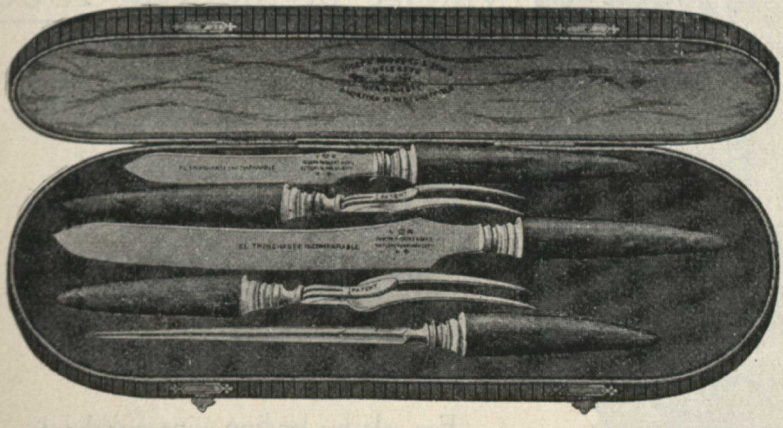
Every single new-style idea that Paris has sanctioned for this Fall is embodied in the celebrated

D & A

"Tapering Waist" Corsets

A "D & A" Model furnishes the best foundation for the Fall and Winter Gown. They are artistically and anatomically correct. They are the realization of Corset Idealization.

Prices, $1.00 to $3.50



For an Xmas Gift

A SET OF "RODGERS" CARVERS

Or any other article of cutlery bearing the "Rodgers" trademark, is a most appropriate gift; one which will be appreciated for its usefulness and durability. The designs are neat and will grace any occasion.

LOOK FOR THE "RODGERS" TRADEMARK ON EVERY BLADE

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, Cutlers to His Majesty, SHEFFIELD, ENG.

Champagne
"BRUT IMPERIAL"
AND
"WHITE SEAL"

The Champagne

of the 20th Century

Moët & Chandon White Seal

of the marvellously grand vintage of the year 1900

Superior in quality, dryness and bouquet to any Champagne produced since the great vintage of 1884

For sale by leading wine merchants

John Hope & Co. - Montreal
Agents for Canada

When you say

"Sewing Machine for Christmas"

You've named the one best present for a woman; and

When You Say "SINGER" You've Said It All

A Singer Sewing Machine is the best present for a woman because it enables her to *clothe herself better than she could before*, and on the same allowance.

A Sewing Machine should be selected with the greatest care. It's going to be a part of her household furniture for a lifetime.

BY THIS SIGN YOU WILL FIND

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

IN EVERY CITY

Singer Sewing Machines continue to be sold all over the world because they are used all over the world—a striking proof of their superiority.

G·B·

35 Years' Experience

G·B·

35 Years' Experience

For a **Christmas Gift**

A box of Chocolates is good taste; a fancy box of G. B. Chocolates is perfect taste

The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts.

In ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B., CANADA

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

3 Home Comforts and Conveniences

REINDEER
Condensed
MILK

Sweetened

REINDEER
Milk and Sugar
COFFEE

Ready to use

JERSEY
Sterilized
CREAM

Unsweetened

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED
For Purity and Quality

TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited
Truro, Nova Scotia

If you wear

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

once you will always be our customer

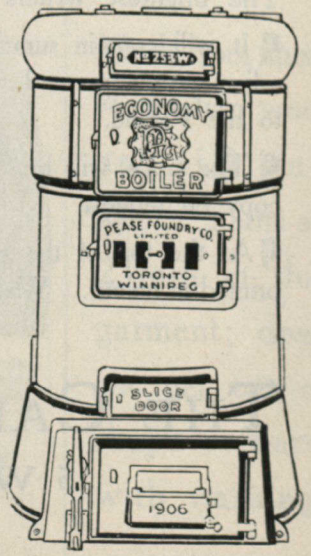
Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool; guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT LIMITED

Made from finest Australian wool and silk and wool. Yarns all 2 fold in this garment; does not get out of shape or hard with washing.

Are You Surprised?

ARE you surprised at the popularity of the "Pease"? If you are it is because you never used one in your home. ¶ The "Pease" stands for everything good in Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam or the Combination Heater line. They are built to wear for years, to give good, healthy heat at a low cost for fuel. Fifty thousand Pease Heaters, Furnaces and Boilers in use in Northern United States and in Ontario. That's a recommendation. ¶ If you have a furnace or boiler that does not work properly, consult us about the "Pease." It won't take long to make the change and then you'll get everlasting comfort.

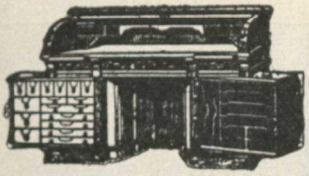


WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Pease Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVES

PEASE-WALDON CO., Limited - WINNIPEG, MAN.
HODGSON & STEARMAN - - VANCOUVER, B.C.



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

☞ Onr Catalogue goes in detail.

Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.

Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. Address

The Arnott Institute

BERLIN, ONT. CAN.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 910, WINDSOR, ONT.**

LADIES to work on piecework, $3.00 per doz. All materials furnished. No canvasing; steady work. Stamped envelope. **BEST MFG. CO., Champlain Bldg., Chicago.**

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Makes a rich and abundant growth of hair. Quickly stops falling hair. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Prevents the hair splitting at the ends. An elegant dressing for the hair, making it soft and smooth.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Underwood

¶ Once more the Underwood has proved its absolute supremacy. At New York on Nov. 1st Miss Rose L. Fritz, the Underwood expert, again won the Championship of the World in the severest test of speed and excellence of mechanical construction to which a typewriter has ever been subjected.

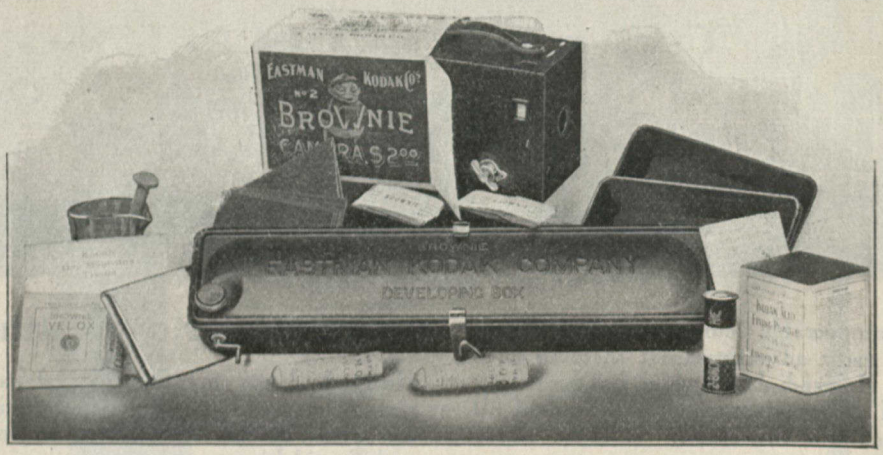
¶ She wrote at the rate of 85 words a minute for one hour, distancing her nearest competitor by more than 1,000 words. This marvellous record has never been approached on any other machine. The Underwood secured not only first place, but also second and third, and it should be noted that the Underwood was the only make of typewriter which came through the contest without a break-down.

¶ We have full particulars of the contest, as well as interesting Underwood literature, which we shall be pleased to supply on request.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

7 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

And in all the principal cities



For every boy or girl there's a
Merry Christmas in the

Kodak Box

A No. 2 Brownie Camera for taking 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, a Brownie Developing Box for developing the negatives *in daylight,* Film, Velox paper, Chemicals, Trays, Mounts—Everything needed for making pictures is included in this complete little outfit.

And the working of it is so simple that anybody can get good results from the start. No dark-room is needed and every step is explained in the illustrated instruction book that accompanies every outfit.

Made by Kodak workmen in the Kodak factory—that tells the story of the quality.

THE KODAK BOX NO. 2

CONTAINING :

1 No. 2 Brownie Camera,	$2.00	1 No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame,	.15
1 Brownie Developing Box,	1.00	1 Doz. 2¼ x 3¼ Brownie Velox,	.15
1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, 6 ex.,	.20	2 Eastman M. Q. Developing Powders,	.10
2 Brownie Developing Powders,	.05	3 Paper Developing Trays,	.30
1 Pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder,	.15	1 Doz. 2¼ x 3¼ Artello Mounts,	.10
1 Four-oz. Graduate,	.10	1 Doz. Kodak Dry Mounting Tissue,	.05
1 Stirring Rod,	.05	1 Instruction Book,	.10
			$4.50

$4.00 Price, Complete $4.00
At all Kodak Dealers

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Can.

Write for Booklet of the Kodak Box

Gourlay Pianos

CAN BE DEPENDED UPON AT ALL TIMES

¶ If you possess a Gourlay Piano there's no need to send for a tuner whenever you expect company, nor apologize for your piano's shortcomings when a friend sits down to play.

¶ The Gourlay non-varying end-wood pin-block system of construction provides a bearing from the tuning-pin right to the iron plate that is non-varying sectional end-wood. Hence the need for tuning even under severe climatic changes is reduced to a minimum, and your certain pleasure in its exceptional tone quality assured.

Write for Our Booklet on Piano Construction

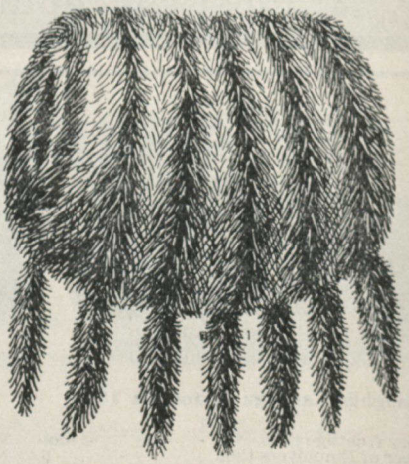
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge St., Toronto

BRANCHES AT HAMILTON AND WINNIPEG

"Simpson's" Excel in Furs

Look at the illustrations on this page. These are first quality and perfect in every respect, and they look the part. But see the prices! You can save money buying furs at this store. If you cannot come to Toronto conveniently order by mail. It is just as safe, just as cheap and it's even less trouble than ordering right here in the store, and furthermore, you have the advantage at this store of returning any purchase that is not entirely satisfactory to you and your money will be refunded.

G3-806 — **Natural Labrador Mink Throw Scarf**—Made from six whole skins with double ends, solid, for..... $37.50

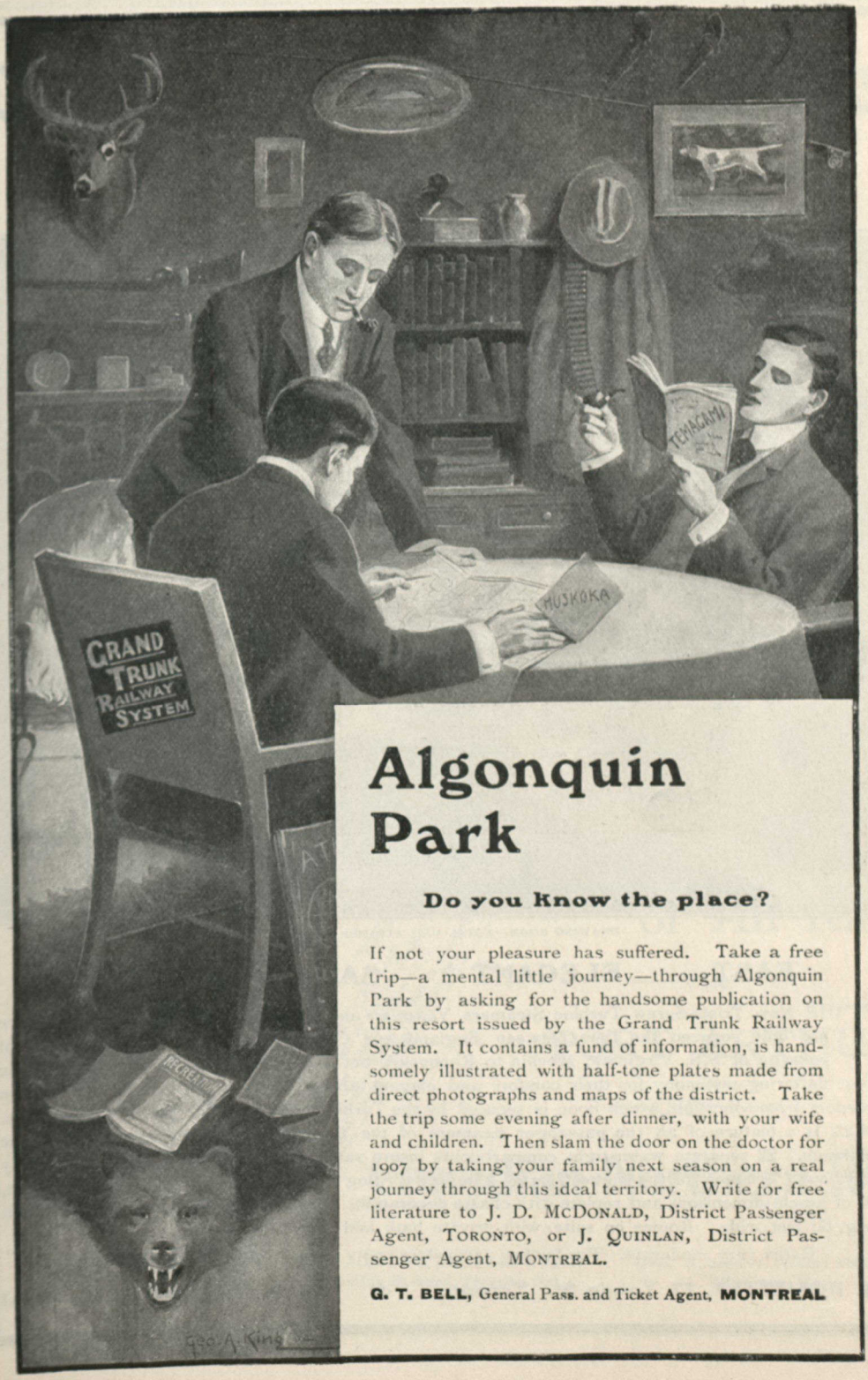


G3-840— **Natural Eastern Canada Mink Muff,** Imperial shape, six continuous stripes, soft down filling, with or without tail trimmings..... $37.50

H. H. FUDGER
President

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

J. WOOD
Manager



Algonquin Park

Do you know the place?

If not your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip—a mental little journey—through Algonquin Park by asking for the handsome publication on this resort issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It contains a fund of information, is handsomely illustrated with half-tone plates made from direct photographs and maps of the district. Take the trip some evening after dinner, with your wife and children. Then slam the door on the doctor for 1907 by taking your family next season on a real journey through this ideal territory. Write for free literature to J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO, or J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.

G. T. BELL, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, **MONTREAL**

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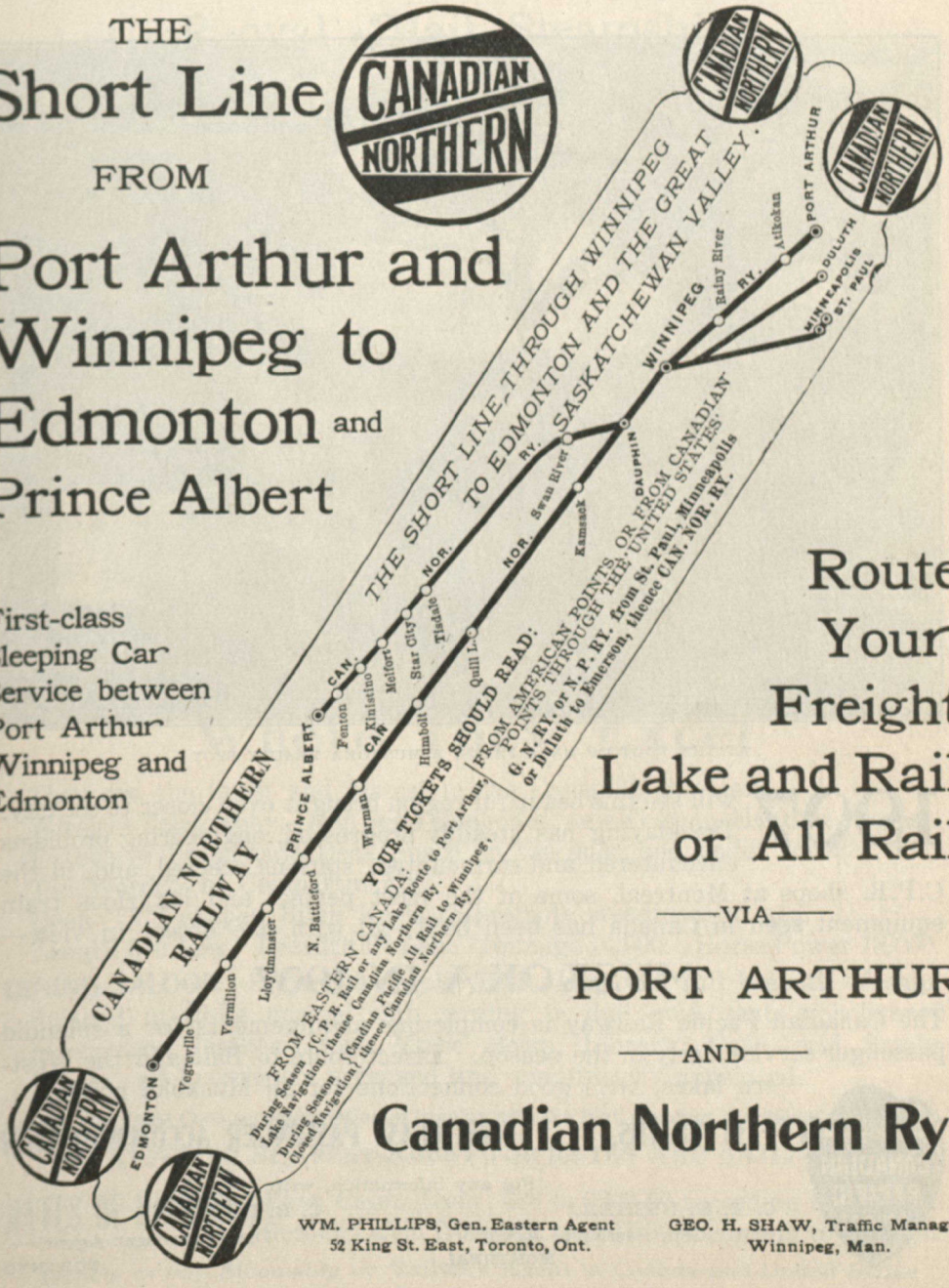
Short Line
FROM
Port Arthur and Winnipeg to Edmonton and Prince Albert

First-class Sleeping Car Service between Port Arthur Winnipeg and Edmonton



Route Your Freight Lake and Rail or All Rail

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Royal Mail Steamships
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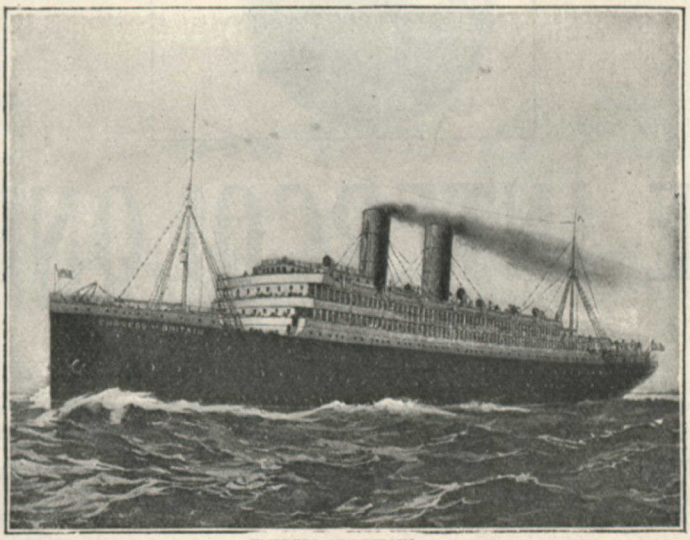

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They are the finest and fastest in the Canadian service.
Wireless Telegraphy, Deep Sea Telephones, new Thermo. Heating Process.
Extensive Promenade Deck Space, in the open and under cover.
Ten Watertight Compartments.
Deep "V" shaped Bilge Keels to promote steadiness at sea.
Length 570 feet. Breadth 67 feet. Tonnage 14,500. Horse Power 18,000.

DINING SALOON—Seats 300 people, 75 ft. long and full breadth of ship, finished in white enamel with carving in dull gold, seats upholstered in crimson leather. Also Music Room, Library, Cafe, and Smoke Rooms, all luxuriously arranged and sumptuously appointed.

Second and Third Class accommodation in keeping with the high standard maintained throughout.

APPLY TO NEAREST AGENT FOR RATES AND SAILINGS

RATES OF PASSAGE { First Cabin from $80 to $500.00 according to location.
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is an instructive and fascinating pursuit in which hundreds of thousands of collectors throughout the world find a delightful recreation. A collection is within the reach of everyone, and judiciously bought is a splendid investment, as stamps are constantly increasing in value. Start a collection now by purchasing one of the following packets or a few sets.

50 Picture Stamps from the British Colonies, including views of world-famed Waterfalls, Mountains, Cities and Views; pictures of animals and birds, all different; an interesting and instructive packet. Price, 52c.

200 different, being a representative collection of British Colonial stamps, carefully selected, and including many scarce stamps. Price, only $2.50.

100 different Colonials from Gold Coast, Transvaal, Mauritius, Australia, New Zealand, etc. An excellent packet. Price, 52c.

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STAMPS IN SETS, 10c EACH

25 Australian—5 Bermuda—7 Br. Guiana—7 Ceylon—4 Cyprus—5 Gold Coast—8 Hong Kong—10 Jamaica—15 India—5 Malta—6 Westralia—5 Natal—3 New Brunswick—6 Newfoundland—5 Orange River—4 Sierra Leone—6 Tasmania—5 Transvaal.

Our stock of British Colonials is the finest and largest in the United States. **Descriptive Catalogue Free.**

THE ROYAL STAMP ALBUM

This beautiful album contains spaces for all postage stamps issued since 1847 (when stamps were first issued), including all stamps of King Edward issues, being **the latest and finest album published** in the world.

Handsomely bound in full cloth, gilt lettering, embossed, $1.00 net, regular price, $2.00; bound in extra cloth, gold embossing and lettering, extra blank pages and stubs $1.50 net, regular price, $3.00. All post free.

Send for booklet and sample page of this world-famed album.

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MAKE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Write at once for Bookcase Catalog—sent Free, postpaid.

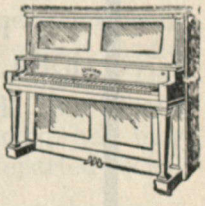
A large stock on hand for Prompt Delivery.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

MAKERS OF Card *AND* FILING SYSTEMS

97 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

The Growth of Culture



The day is past when culture and true social enjoyment were confined to the few—to the privileged classes. We live in a day of enlightenment and democracy. Equal educational advantages, equal opportunities for culture and enjoyment of those things in life that are best worth while.

The luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of to-day, and in the musical world nothing is more noticeable than the demand of all classes for the highest possible grade of piano. The piano manufacturer who meets this demand is never slack for want of orders.

THE NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO

is Canada's foremost instrument. Its improvements and latest features have gone far toward creating a better appreciation of good music all over Canada. It more nearly approaches the ideal piano than any other.

Its tone, quality, construction and architectural beauty are unexcelled. For good music, for accompanying the solo voice or chorus of song, great artists all over the world are loud in its praises. And yet it is a Canadian instrument—perhaps the highest exponent of Canadian industry.

If you will fill in the coupon below, cut it out and take to your dealer or send to the Williams Piano Co., we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL BOOKLETS, "The Making of a Great Piano," etc. We will also tell you of easy purchase plans that will interest you.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited

OSHAWA - - ONTARIO

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy payment offer.

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Address.....

C.M.

Burn Gas in Summer and Coal in Winter

You don't have to replace your coal range with a gas range for the summer if your coal range is a PERFECT IDEA.

It is fitted with gas burning lids, that are quickly put in position, and converts it into a perfect-working gas range.

Only necessary to buy one range, and saves the moving of two ranges twice a year.

This gas attachment is found only on the PERFECT IDEA, the most perfect range built.

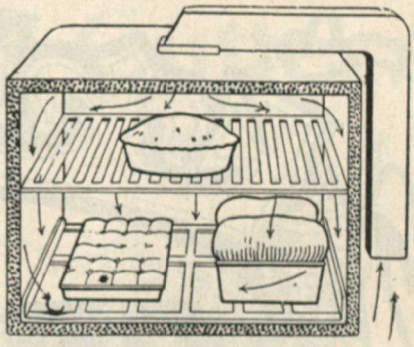
If your local dealer does not handle it, write us direct.

GUELPH STOVE CO., Limited.

BRANCHES AT

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, TORONTO AND CALGARY.

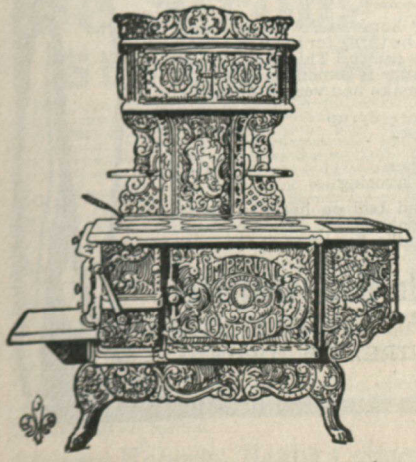
PERFECT IDEA RANGE



THERE has only been one real improvement in cooking ranges in many years. That improvement is the Imperial Oxford Diffusive Oven Flue. ¶ While other makers were adding dampers, racks, door openers and shakers in a vain attempt to make improvements, we studied the heart of the range. We knew that the only improvement you wanted was a better oven, an oven that would help you bake better bread, pies and cakes, roast beef to a turn, retaining its juice and flavor. ¶ Our investigations and experiments produced the oven-heating system of the

Imperial Oxford Range

The important feature of this system is the diffusive flue which draws in fresh air, superheats it and distributes it evenly throughout the oven. The article on the bottom shelf farthest from the fire is getting as much heat on all sides as the article on the top shelf next the fire. ¶ We would like to explain this more fully. If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford Range, write us for particulars. We will send catalogue and tell you where you can see the range.



THE GURNEY FOUNDRY

COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto Montreal Hamilton
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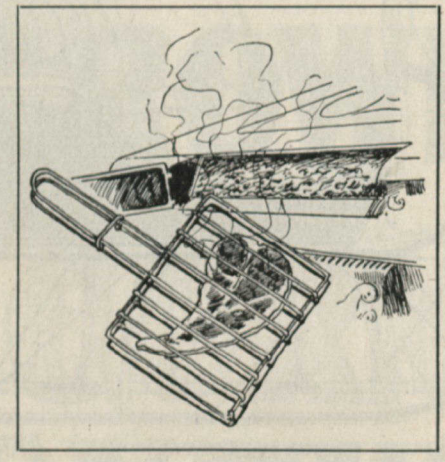
PANDORA RANGES

Have Large Roomy Broilers

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

The biggest steak is not too big for the Pandora Broiler door. Successful broiling must be done quickly over a hot fire. You can get the hottest fire you want in five minutes by the drafts of the Pandora Range, and without waste of coal.

The best way to cook a good steak is to broil it, and the best way to broil it is on a Pandora Range.

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John Hamilton

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Solves the Xmas problem

Styles A and D
Plain and Chased

No.	No.	Price
A 12 or D 22		$2.50
A 13 or D 23		$3.50
A 14 or D 24		$4.00
A 15 or D 25		$5.00
A 16 or D 26		$6.00
A 17		$7.00
A 18		$8.00

Style B
Plain or Chased
German Silver Clip

No.	Price
B 12 With Clip	$2.75
B 13 " "	$3.75
B 14 " "	$4.25
B 15 " "	$5.25
B 16 " "	$6.25
B 17 " "	$7.25
B 18 " "	$8.25

Style C
GOLD BANDS
Plain or Chased

No.	*Price
C 12 G.M.	$3.50
C 13 G.M.	$4.50
C 14 G.M.	$5.00
C 15 G.M.	$6.00
C 16 G.M.	$7.00

**See price of Clips in next column*

Style E
GOLD BANDS
Plain or Chased

No.	Price
E 22 G.M.	$3.50
E 23 G.M.	$4.50
E 24 G.M.	$5.00
E 25 G.M.	$6.00
E 26 G.M.	$7.00

Style F
SILVER FILIGREE
With Nameplate

No.	Price
F 12 Fil.	$ 5.00
F 14 Fil.	$ 7.00
F 15 Fil.	$ 8.50
F 16 Fil.	$ 9.50
F 18 Fil.	$12.00

Style G
GOLD BANDS
Plain or Chased

No.	Price
G 2 G.M.	$3.50
G 3 G.M.	$4.50
G 4 G.M.	$5.00
G 5 G.M.	$6.00
G 6 G.M.	$7.00

CLIPS ADD TO COST—

German Silver	$0.25
Sterling Silver	$0.50
Rolled Gold	$1.00
Solid Gold	$2.00

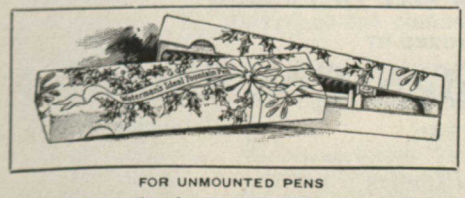
All dealers — Everywhere

Unit figure in number indicates size of gold pen contained in holder.

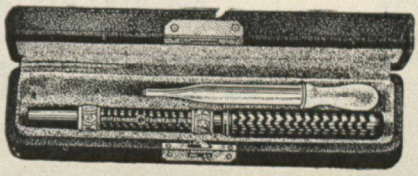
For Man or Woman, Boy or Girl

The Christmas problem is to find a **Suitable** gift. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen solves this problem because it means pleasure to the giver and satisfaction to the user, whether man or woman, boy or girl. To the woman in search of a gift for a man this pen will come as a particularly appropriate suggestion. It is of service everywhere and becomes more valuable as time goes on. With a present of this kind goes the satisfaction of having given the best because—there are imitations. Insist on the genuine.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION BOXES



FOR UNMOUNTED PENS



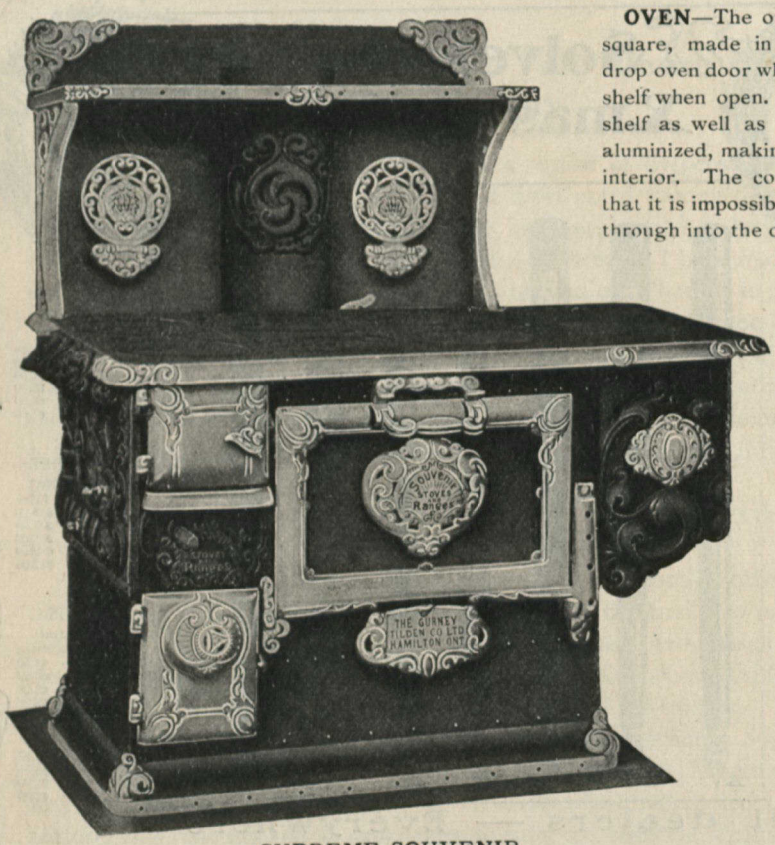
FOR GOLD MOUNTED PENS

For sale almost everywhere. If your town has no dealer write for Xmas booklet.

L. E. Waterman Co. of Canada, Limited, 136 St. James St., Montreal
173 Broadway, New York — 12 Golden Lane, London

Souvenir Steel Plate Range

Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range



SUPREME SOUVENIR

OVEN—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

FIRE BOX—The construction of the fire box is such that the parts which are exposed to the fire are made exceptionally strong and simple, and the duplex grates can be taken out and replaced through the side door without disturbing the rest of the fire box.

"AERATED"—This Range, as is the case with all Souvenirs, is fitted with the celebrated **"AERATED OVEN"** by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular **"AERATED"** feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

MANUFACTURED BY

The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited

HAMILTON MONTREAL VANCOUVER

WESTERN AGENTS

TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Limited - Winnipeg, Man.

Libby's

Christmas Plum Pudding

The delight of the Christmas feast in the good old days, was the plum pudding that had been prepared by the thoughtful housewife weeks in advance, to be the fitting finish of the Christmas dinner.

Libby's Plum Pudding

is made after an old English recipe, from the choicest of selected meats, fruits and spices, by the famous Libby chefs in the spotless Libby kitchens, and is ready to serve at a minute's notice.

Libby's Plum Pudding has a delicate aroma, a delicious flavor and a satisfying taste that leaves nothing to be desired to the climax of the enjoyable Christmas feast.

Ask your grocer for Libby's Plum Pudding, and insist upon getting Libby's.

The 84-page booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives many delightful recipes for luncheons, dinners and evening spreads, that every housewife will appreciate. It is sent free on request.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Mental Activity

is dependent for its success-making results, upon the way the brain cells are fed.

Right food turns "mental activity" into pleasure and profit.

The natural, wholesome food elements from field grains, such as Albumen, Phosphate of Potash, etc., scientifically combined in GRAPE-NUTS, are quickly taken up by the human machinery for rebuilding worn-out brain cells.

The practical demonstration of this scientific proposition may be proven by a 10 days' use of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

1780 The Leader for 125 Years 1905

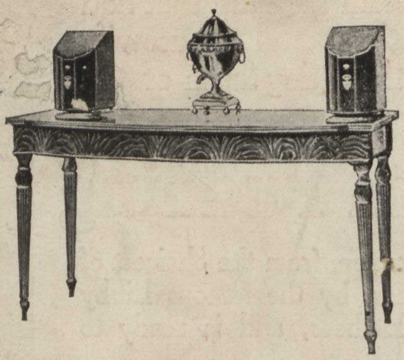
Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
45 Highest Awards in Europe and America
Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.



Charming Rooms

Are not obtained by the *Amount of Money Expended* upon their treatment, neither is their effect produced by *Sheer Simplicity*. They are the result of a discriminate and individual selection of every article of furniture, piece or ornament, and note of color within their walls, all of which being chosen for some particular purpose, combine to produce a sense of *Harmony, Comfort and Repose.*

W. & E. Thornton-Smith & Co.

INTERIOR DECORATORS

...g St. W., Toronto, and 123 Oxford St., London, Eng.