

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

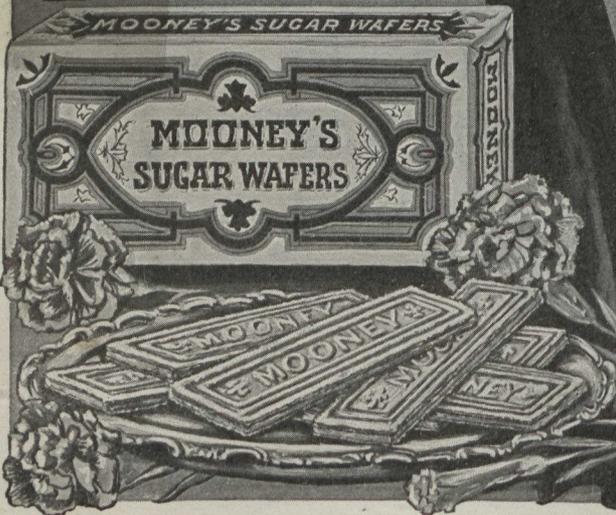
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI.

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THIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground.

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The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible

or some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

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Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU
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THE SEPTEMBER CANADIAN

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY

By C. LINTERN SIBLY

This great railway builder, without a charter, put a railway across the Island of Cuba. The story of how he did it, as here told by Mr. Sibly, reads like a romance and is full of incidents of intense interest.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY IN CANADA

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

Dr. Campbell's discovery at the McGillivray homestead, in Glengarry County, of the long-forgotten papers and record books of the Highland Society of Canada brought to life an interesting chapter in Canadian history. It is here told for the first time.

A HEROINE OF LUCKNOW

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

This charming writer has for the moment set fiction aside to record a thrilling chapter from the life of Mrs. Emma E. Prentice of Vancouver, who as a girl was one of the refugees at Lucknow who succeeded in escaping in safety. Mrs. Prentice's recollections, as recorded by Mrs. MacKay, are extremely vivid.

THE BLIND MAN'S BROTHER

This is a translation by Bernard Muddiman from the German of Arthur Schnitzler. The story is a particularly fine example of this author's work, and seems never before to have been published in English.

THE ROMANCE OF CHIMNEY ISLAND

By FREDERICK C. CURRY

In the St. Lawrence there are two islands that claim the name "Chimney Island." One is in the United States; one in Canada. Around them there is an interesting bit of history, which Mr. Curry here records.

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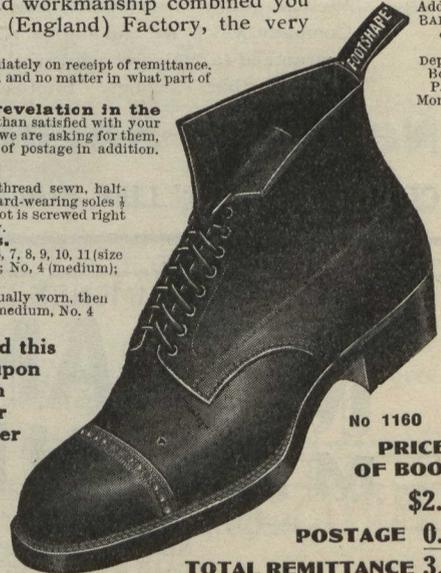
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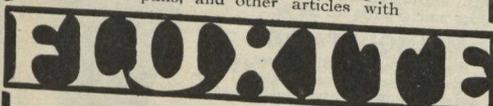
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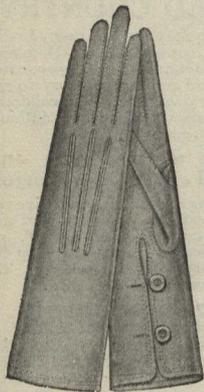
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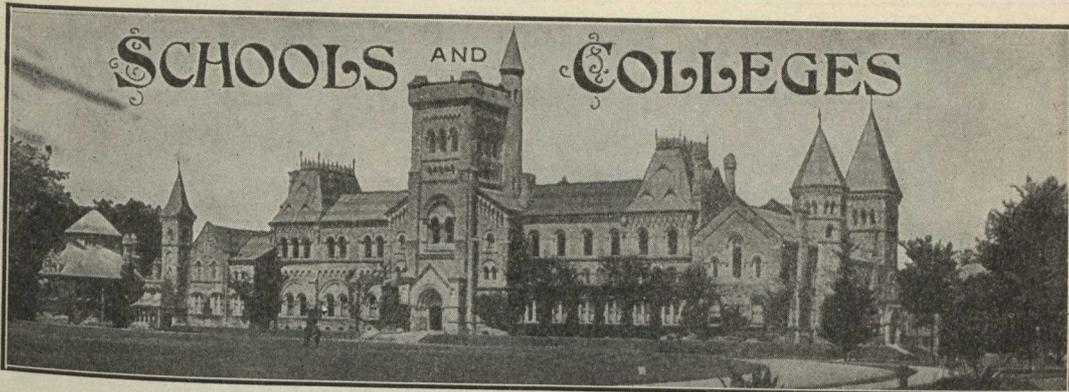
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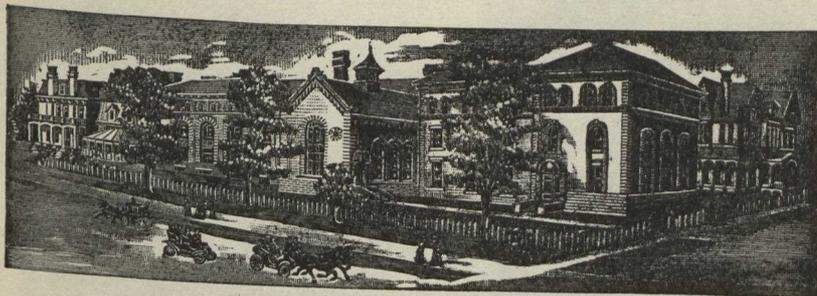
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A FOREWORD

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS SAYS THAT "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE HAS BECOME A PUBLICATION OF WHICH CANADIANS MAY WELL BE PROUD. IT HAS BEEN IMPROVING UNTIL IT IS BOTH HANDSOME AS TO APPEARANCE AND HIGHLY CREDITABLE IN CONTENT." THAT STATEMENT, OF COURSE, WAS MADE OF OTHER NUMBERS THAN THE PRESENT ONE, BUT THIS AUGUST ISSUE SEEMS PARTICULARLY WORTHY OF PRAISE. APART FROM PROFESSOR MACMECHAN'S ENTERTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHANGES THAT ARE TAKING PLACE AT HALIFAX, AND MR. GYRTH RUSSELL'S EXCELLENT DRAWINGS, THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS OF UNCOMMON MERIT. ALL THE SHORT STORIES ARE BY CANADIAN WRITERS (LLOYD ROBERTS, ED. CAHN, D. DOUGLAS EPPES, W. C. GAYNOR, CLARE GIFFIN, RENE NORCROSS, AND GEORGE W. HALL), AND AS A COLLECTION OF NATIVE FICTION IN ONE ISSUE OF A MAGAZINE THEY COMMAND ATTENTION. "THE HOME-COMING OF JIM SAUNDERS," "REGAN'S DEL," "HER POINT OF VIEW," AND "UNQUIET SPIRITS" ARE PECULIARLY CANADIAN, AND THE SCENES ARE LAID RESPECTIVELY IN NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, ALBERTA, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. ALTHOUGH "THE EDICT UPON THE WALL," "ELINOR," AND "THE RABBIT" ARE NOT CANADIAN IN SUBJECT, EACH ONE IS A WORK OF HIGH QUALITY. THE THIRD ARTICLE BY DR. WORKMAN ADDS MATERIALLY TO HIS DISCUSSION OF CRITICISM, AND THE VERSE BY MRS. MACKAY, MR. MACKINNON, AND MISS CRERAR IS BY NO MEANS COMMON-PLACE. OF THE PAINTERS REPRESENTED, MR. BEATTY, MR. JOHN RUSSELL, MISS DES CLAYES, AND MR. GYRTH RUSSELL ARE CANADIANS.



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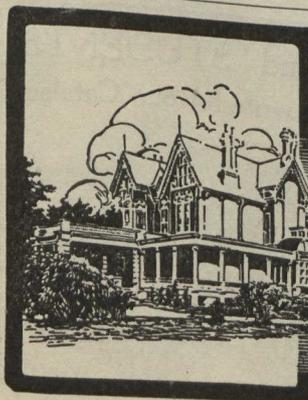
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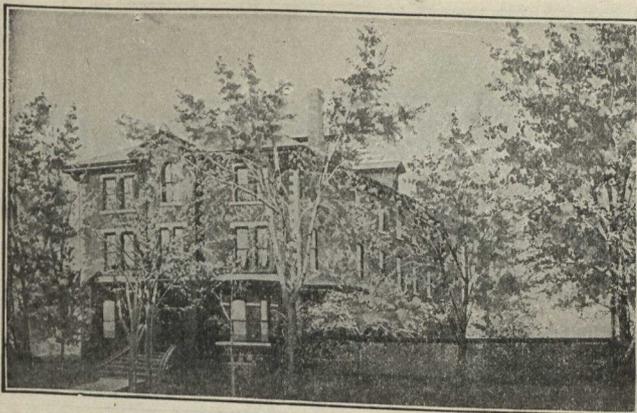
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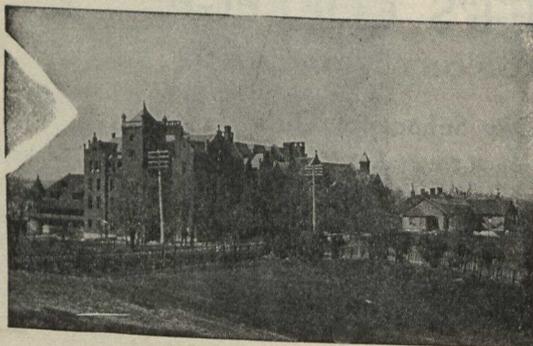
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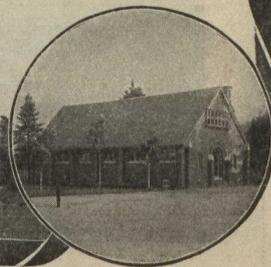
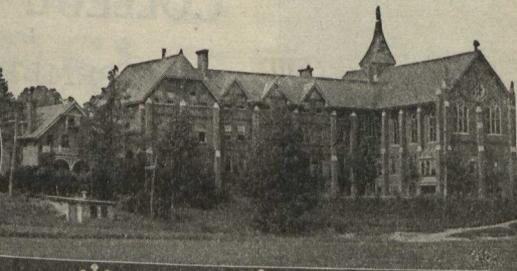
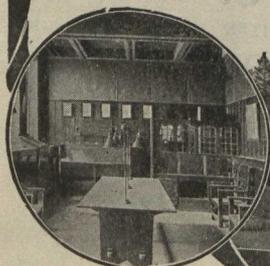
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

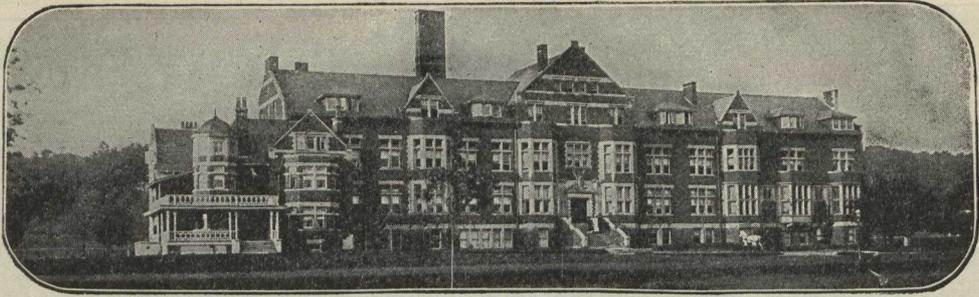
All B.C.S. candidates for Matriculation into the Royal Military College Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

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A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. **UPPER and LOWER SCHOOLS.** Calendar sent on application. **Autumn Term Commences Sept. 11th.**
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A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson
Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

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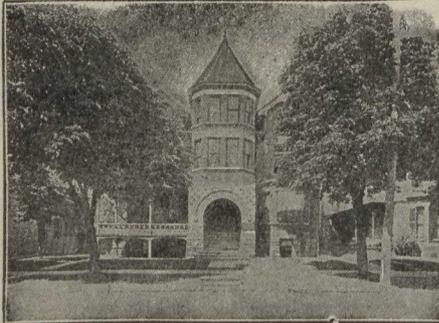
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And Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art, Whitby, Canada, Stands For Efficient and Cultured Young Womanhood

The new \$25,000 Gymnasium, with swimming pool, etc., together with a large and attractive campus, affords facilities for Scientific Physical Education unequalled in any Ladies' School in this country. The strength of the staff may be judged from the fact that Seven University Graduates, all Specialists in their subjects, give instruction in the Literary Department. All the other Departments are equally well provided for. Send for new illustrated Calendar to

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Thorough education on modern lines. Preparation for honor matriculation and other examinations. Separate Junior School, Domestic Science Department, Gymnasium, Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

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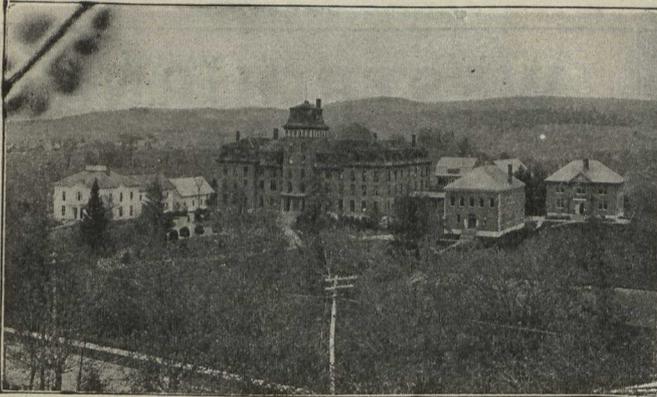
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For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

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R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.



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A Residential School for Boys and Girls. Students prepared for the University and Military College. Thorough courses in English, Music, Business, Household Science and Manual Training.

Affiliated with the Toronto College of Music and McGill University.

Situation, beautiful and healthful, with large campus and good gymnasium.

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G. J. Trueman, M.A., Principal
Stanstead, Que.

Fall Term opens September 11th, 1913



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

Royal Victoria College

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL.

For Resident and Day Women Students. Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For all information apply to the Warden.

REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

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Thorough courses in
Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and all kindred subjects. Graduates successfully placed. *Catalog free.*

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO



Premier Boys' School of Canada

Founded 1829 by SIR JOHN COLBORNE,
GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate modern buildings.

50 acres playing and athletic fields, with rinks, gymnasium and full equipment.

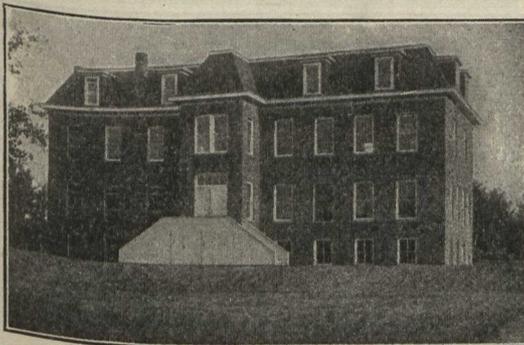
Specialty constructed detached infirmary, with resident nurse.

Summer Camp at Lake Temagami, conducted by the Physical Instructor of the College, trains boys to take care of themselves in the open.

SUCSESSES 1912—Scholarships 2, Honours (Matriculation) 23, Pass Matriculation 12, Royal Military College Passes 5.

All particulars and historical sketch on application. Autumn term begins September 11th, 1913, 10 a.m. Boarders return on the 10th.

Arnold Morphy, Bursar



A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls St. Alban's Ladies' College PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan
Regular Course of Study—That laid down by the Department of Education. Pupils prepared for the Universities for the Normal School, for the Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for the Royal Drawing Society. Fully Qualified Staff. Special attention given to Language and Music. High and healthy situation. Good grounds and Tennis Court. Steam Heating and Electric Light. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

A large new wing will be opened in the Autumn.

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Have you literary inclinations? Have you ever tried to write a story? Do you know the demand is simply unlimited?

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for bright interesting stories. This appeal is to YOU. Let us teach you HOW TO WRITE. Get our booklet, it will interest you. Address,

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393 YONGE STREET - - - TORONTO

TRAFALGAR INSTITUTE

(Affiliated to McGill University.)

83 SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

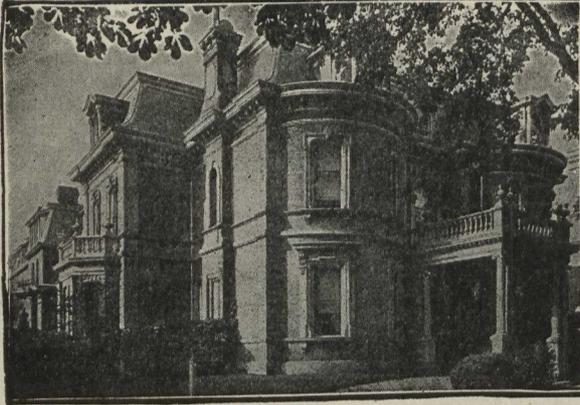
For the Higher Education of Young Women, with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years of age. President—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., LL.D. Vice-President—Ven. J. G. Norton, D.D., Archdeacon of Montreal. Principal—Miss Charlotte S. Hardy, M. A., Cambridge.

The Institute will re-open TUESDAY, 16th September, at NOON. Entrance Examinations for new scholars will be held at the School on Saturday, 13th September, at 10 o'clock a.m.

For Prospectus, etc., apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, North British Mercantile Building, 80 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

MOULTON COLLEGE

*A high grade Residential School
for Girls and Young Women*



Courses—

MATRICULATION

ENGLISH

MUSIC

ART

Careful Training under Competent
Teachers.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 11th

Write for Calendar and Special
Information to

THE PRINCIPAL,

Moulton College

34 Bloor St. East - Toronto

What College for Your Boy?

That's the *all-important* question in thousands of homes these days. You have *decided* that it is *your duty* to give the boy a college education. His future success demands *that much* from you. But—*what college* will you send him to? Consider the following *facts* regarding

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

before answering that question definitely. Thousands of parents have sent their sons to *Woodstock College* and a *large* number of our graduates are holding *responsible* positions to-day. The college is *ideally* situated in a 30 acre park, a *thousand* feet above the sea level. Climate and environment are both splendid. The curriculum is *varied*. The teachers are *all* university graduates and *thoroughly* practiced. The College has the *finest Manual Training* equipment in Canada; This and the *Physical Culture* department are under the supervision of *skilled* directors. A *Woodstock College* training will make a man of your boy. But—write the Principal for Calendar and particulars. College re-opens September 2nd.

A. T. MacNEILL, B. A.

Woodstock College

Woodstock, Ont.

The Right College for your Daughter

GIVE a few moments thought to what college life and education mean to your daughter. It is not enough that she be well instructed, she should have also a good school-home during the most important character-forming period of her education.

Alma (Ladies) College

is a delightful Christian Home as well as an educational institution of recognised merit. Moral and physical training are combined with intellectual development. Buildings and equipment are an endowment representing \$150,000 given.

Write for Prospectus to the Principal

Robt. I. Warner, M. A., D. D.
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

52

There's Money in Art



Practical Illustrators earn good incomes. We teach you **RIGHT AT HOME** this very interesting profession.

Our courses are the products of the best artists in America — a staff of six specialists.

We will gladly furnish particulars and references if you are interested in this money-making work.

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The Shaw Correspondence School
393 Yonge Street - Toronto



FOR BOY
AND GIRL

ALL TERM
OPENS SEPT. 9

A RESIDENT SCHOOL. PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL AND COLLEGIATE COURSES. MUSIC AND ART.
Newly built and equipped, ideal site, easy access from Toronto. Full information in illustrated year book.

Write:—W. P. Firth, M.A., D.Sc., Principal,
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Your name and address on a post-card are all that is necessary.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

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ESTABLISHED 1855

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—asks Shakespeare.

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In a *Mutual* Company there is no stock, there are no special dividends: the policyholders are credited with the whole surplus. It is co-operative and economical life insurance---“straight from the Manufacturer to the Consumer.”

The Mutual Life Assurance Co.
OF CANADA

Waterloo

- - - -

Ontario.

CANADA'S ONLY MUTUAL.



“Solid as the Continent”

When applied to the North American Life these are not empty words. They are substantiated by facts.

Insurance in Force	-	Over \$50,000,000
Assets	- - -	“ 13,250,000

Since organization the North American Life has paid to Policyholders:

Death Claims	- - -	Over \$4,600,000
Profits to Policyholders	- - -	“ 1,570,000

Efficient and conservative management along with a favorable mortality experience combine with first-class investments in producing an increasing rate of interest earned.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

“SOLID AS THE CONTINENT”

Head Office - TORONTO

AN EDUCATIONAL POLICY

The essence of Life Insurance being care for dependents—it is not surprising to see an increasing tendency to provide, through carefully arranged Life Insurance, for the education and

ESTABLISHMENT IN LIFE

of children. Finding a decided demand for a definite form of “Educational” Policy, a plan of this type has been prepared by the Great West Life Assurance Company. It would be difficult to find a more attractive plan for the man anxious to ensure to his children the advantage of a good education—whether he lives or dies.

Rates and full information on request.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.,
Head Office - - - Winnipeg.

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**Government — Municipal
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Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

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CORPORATION-LIMITED**
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PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

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Issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of

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with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe, self-identifying and easily negotiated.

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New York Agency: 16 Exchange Place. Mexico City: Avenida San Francisco, No. 50

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Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000
Total Assets - 180,000,000

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POLICIES



"GOOD AS GOLD"

Have you provided for those who are dependent upon you? Good intentions or good resolutions will not count for much when your widow is struggling to make a living. Ask for booklet, "Endowment at Life Rate."

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26 styles



Finished in a new way that gives a new smoothness and a new durability.

Triple silver-plated—won't corrode or tarnish; makes writing easier; insures longer wear.

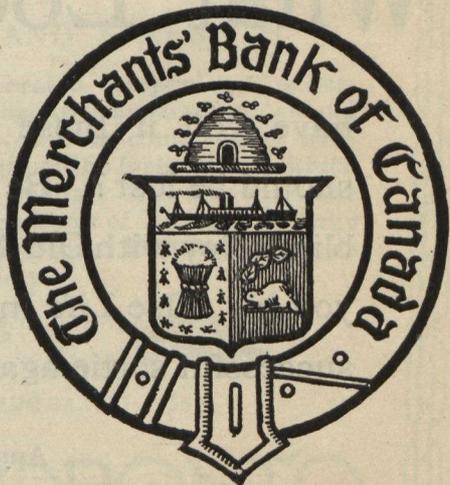
Put up in handsome leatherette gold-embellished cases—a highly artistic packing which they truly deserve.

At all stationers.

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Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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have you if those invested funds of yours should be lost? Be careful you are not up a blind alley with Old Age and Poverty hemming you in. Use Life Insurance as a means of a successful sortie against these inevitable foes.

Apply to the

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New Head Office Premises of The Bank of Toronto,
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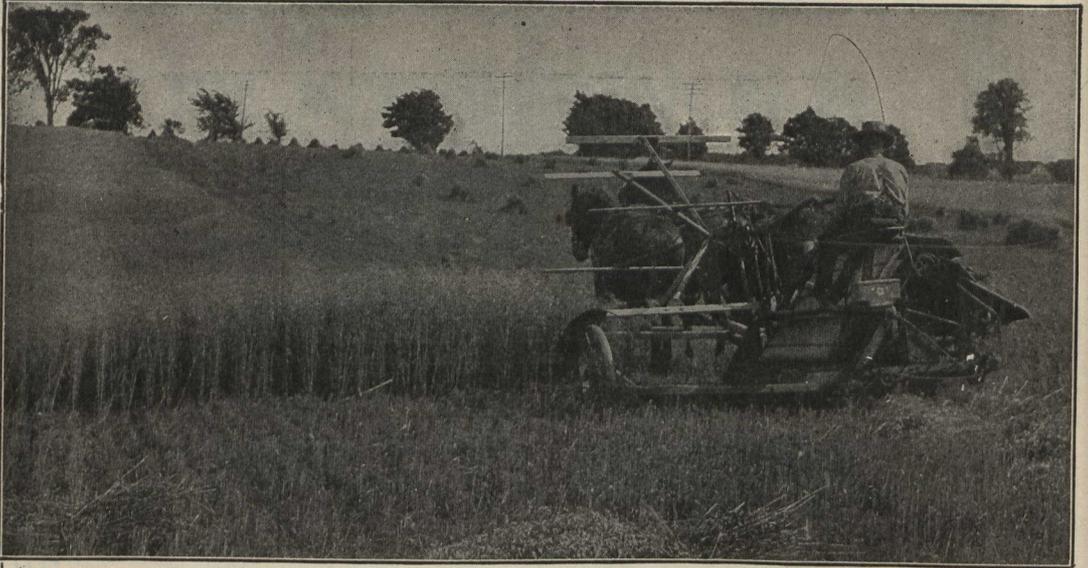
Individuals, firms, or incorporated companies considering a bank with a view to opening an account, should thoroughly convince themselves of the conservative management and financial strength of the institution to which they propose to entrust their funds. The names of the Directors and Officers of The Bank of Toronto, its large Reserve Funds, and its Assets of over \$58,000,000, are its depositors' guarantee of safety.

Paid-up Capital	\$5,000,000
Reserved Funds	\$6,176,578
Deposits, over	\$41,000,000

INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Head Office:
TORONTO - CANADA



**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of
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**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest
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In Spotless Town they furnish aid that's suited to the ready Maid.
 The sudden suds from every piece remove the slightest trace of grease.
 It means a rest with pans aglow—
 You know the rest

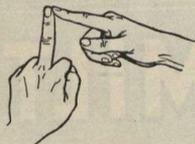
SAPOLIO



(1) Sapolio's rich suds quickly clean dirt and grease from kitchen utensils and wood work.



(3) Sapolio quickly gives tinware and metals a brilliant, lasting polish.



(2) Sapolio thoroughly scours kitchen knives, forks and spoons—quickly removing the dullness and rust.



(4) Sapolio does not roughen the smooth surface of tins or kitchen enamel ware. It does not dry or roughen your hands.

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. Not a particle scatters. *It cannot waste.*



(Silver wrapper—blue band)

If you value your kitchen ware and wish to retain soft hands use nothing but Sapolic—the economical cleaner.

FREE TOY for the CHILDREN

On request, we will mail a Spotless Town Cut-Out for children. It consists of the Spotless Town background, 8 1/4 inches long, and nine Spot-

less Town characters in color, which cut out to stand as placed in front of the Town. This makes a very attractive miniature town for the playroom.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company Sole Manufacturers **New York City**

100% PURE

IT is our proudest boast that every article carrying the well-known "E.D.S." Trade Mark is absolutely pure, no coloring matter or preservatives of any kind being used. But don't accept our unsupported statement. Send to the Department of Inland Revenue for Bulletin 194 which tells how

"E.D.S." BRAND GOODS

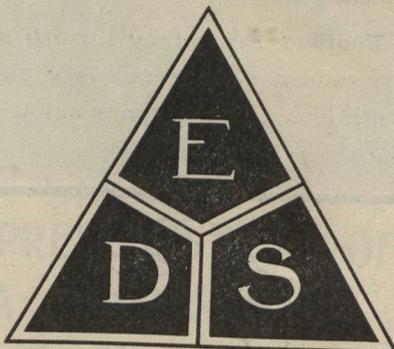
under the most exhaustive tests, have proved to be of unvarying purity.

Here are a few "E.D.S." leading lines which all good grocers handle:

"E.D.S." BRAND JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE
CATSUP AND GRAPE JUICE

INSIST ON GETTING "E.D.S." GOODS

E. D. SMITH - WINONA, ONT.



BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

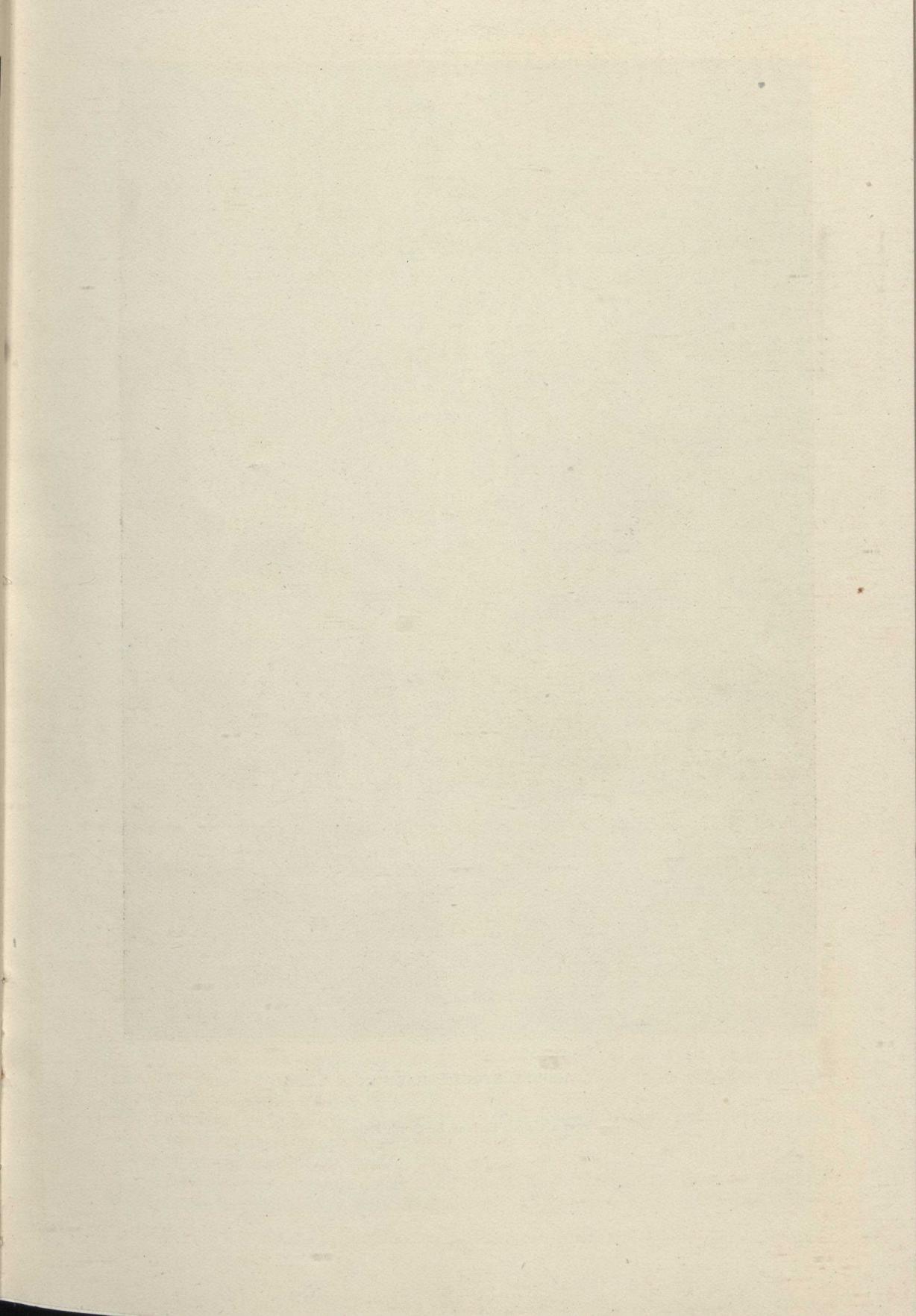
RESERVE AND UNDI-
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

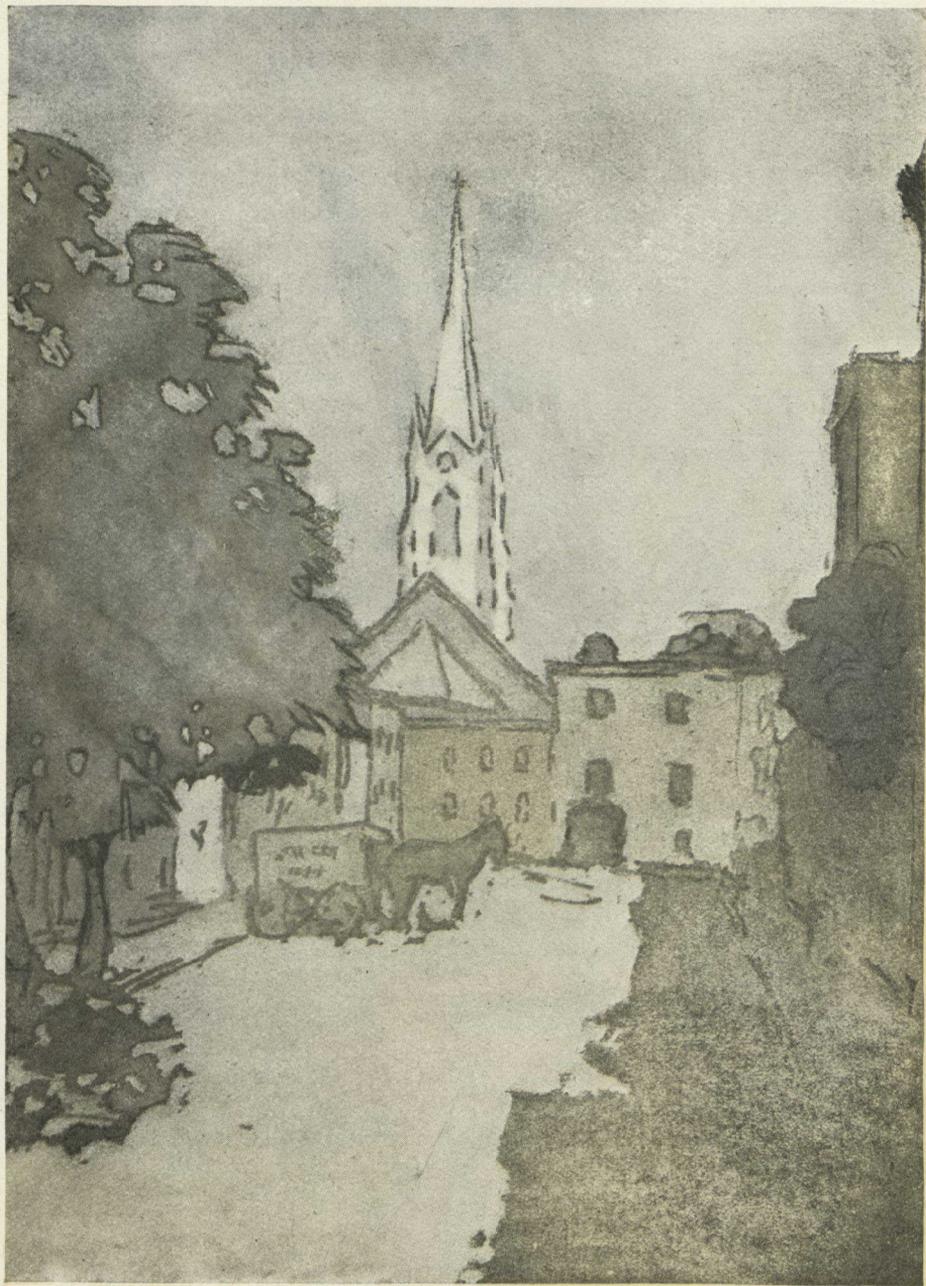
\$6,750,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES







ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX

From a Colour Etching by Gyrrh Russell



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1913

No. 4

CHANGING HALIFAX
BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

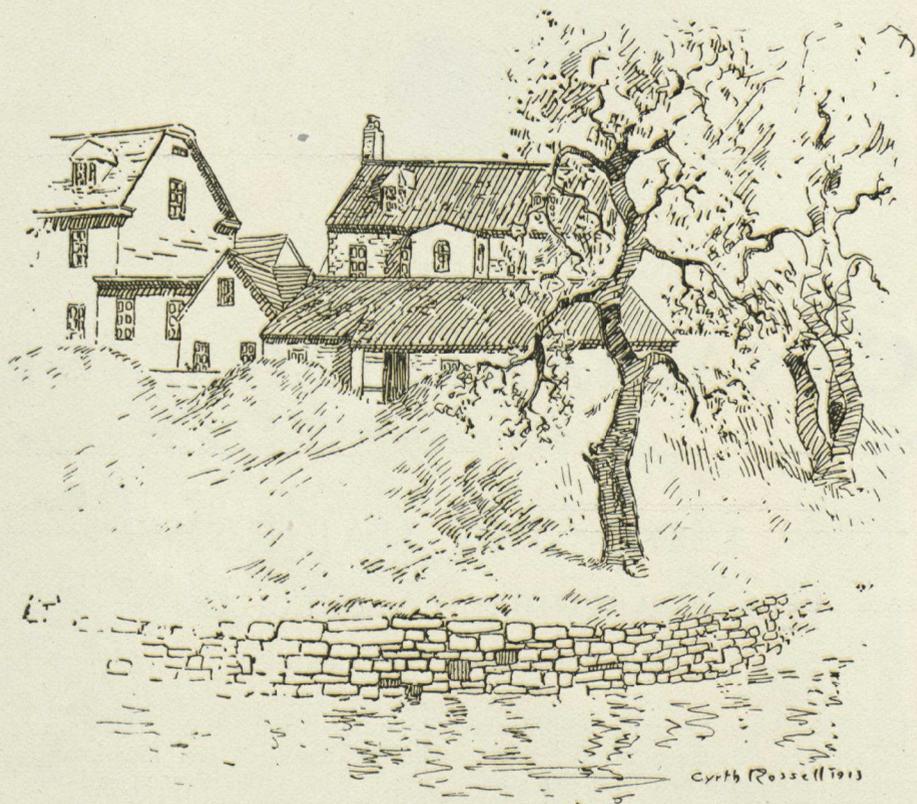
WITH PICTURES BY GYRTH RUSSELL

THRONE^D on her rocky peninsula between the Harbour, the Basin and the Arm, crowned with her star-shaped citadel, and girdled by the blue salt water, Halifax, the City of the Triple Haven, looks eastward over the Atlantic. In the very middle of the eighteenth century the Honourable Edward Cornwallis had the original town hewed out of the spruce wood which clothed the hillside sloping steeply to the beach. City-planning was still medieval. The ideal was a fortified enclosure, designed to accommodate the maximum number of inhabitants within the minimum of space. So Halifax was laid out by military engineers, with narrow streets, fenced in by a rough abattis of felled trees and block-houses. Those were dangerous times. The Micmacs captured or shot and scalped the unwary soldier or settler who ventured "outside the pickets," and soon the Seven Years War broke out and life was still less secure. The fortifications were strengthened and stone-faced batteries were built along

the water-front. From the harbour, Halifax used to look like a walled town. Along the water-front ran a line of embrasures, each with its black-mouthed gun.

From 1749 to the present day the business centre of Halifax has been the original nucleus about George Street, at the foot of which stood the pillory and the gallows. The city expanded in the only two possible directions, northward and southward. The north suburbs were named Göttingen by settlers from the Rhineland and the south suburbs were called Irish-town. The huge central boss of land which dominated all was naturally used as a fort from the first, like the acropolis of the most ancient city. Between its base and the water, Halifax has grown, decayed, has been built and rebuilt for a century and a half.

The middle of the nineteenth century brought in the age of steam, a magic power the city founder never dreamed of. Halifax must be joined by iron bands, first with the chief

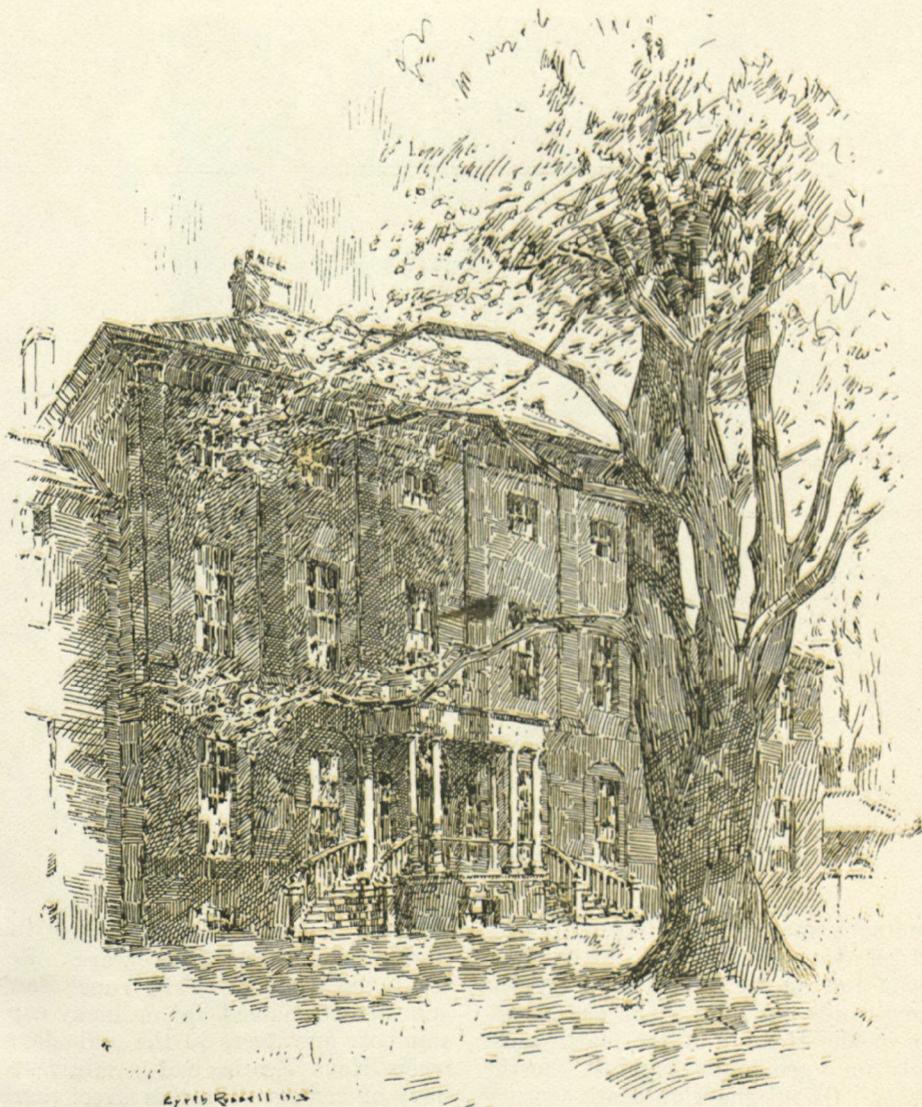


Drawing by Gyrth Russell

THE LUMBER YARD, HALIFAX

towns of the Province and then with the sister states of Canada. The natural entrance for the iron horse and his long strings of Gargantuan waggons was by the northern ends, where old redoubts used to guard the dock yard. Then by the beginning of the twentieth century, the new Dominion had grown so rich and prosperous that the old gateway was cramped and narrow. The swiftly growing traffic choked it and a new entrance must be found. The government engineers have solved the problem by sweeping round the back of the city from the north to the south, and planting their breakwaters, wharves and feeding rails beside the harbour for the convenience of the great steamships which make the ocean a ferry. Here is the one level ample space on

the whole peninsula fit for the service of modern commerce. A space nearly two miles long, stretching from Point Pleasant park to the very heart of old Irishtown will be needed for the improvements proposed. Hundreds of dwellings must be razed to make room for the huge new station. Steele's Pond, where young Haligonians skate and play hockey in the winter, will be filled in, and Green Bank, where happy bathers used to take refreshing morning plunges in the summer sea, will be merged in flat level wharves and piers. The railway slices through the fine old properties bordering the Arm, which is a pity; but imagination pictures the rails sunk in deep cuttings, spanned by fine bridges and bordered with trees and pleasant drive-ways, after the manner of



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

Paris. Imagination conjures up a waterfront as stately as Genoa's, a terminal station with a noble facade, over-looking a square and a space of flowers, in the centre of which stands Sir Samuel Cunard in bronze, the Halifax merchant, who was the first to span the Atlantic with a line of steamers. Nothing is sacred to a sap-

per, runs a song of the Revolution, but modern engineers are loth to mar the unique natural beauty of ancient Halifax. They aim at enhancing it.

The stone-faced batteries that guarded the water-front have long since disappeared. Modern artillery and high explosives made them obsolete. Even the great citadel in the



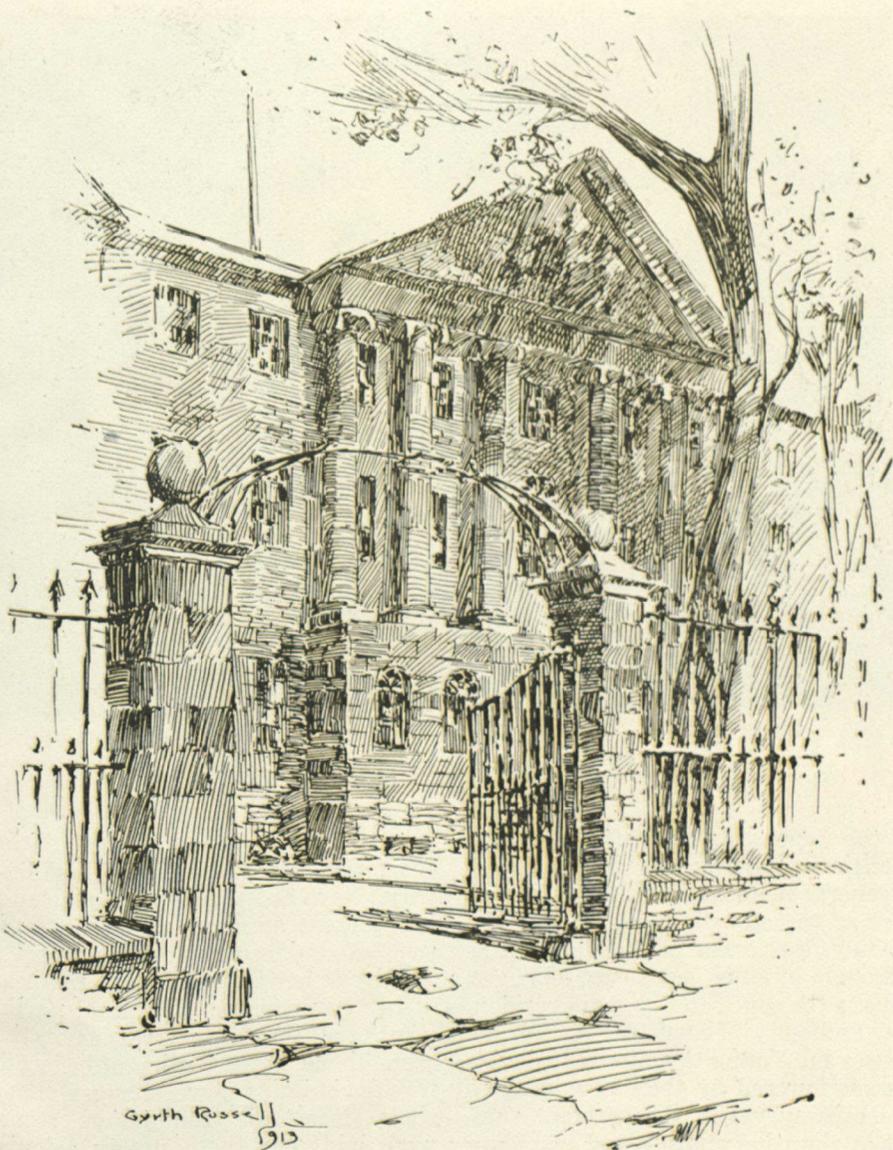
Drawing by Gyrth Russell

INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBER, PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX

centre is now useful only as barracks. Miles away at the mouth of the harbour and on McNab's Island are the long-range guns, on which the Warden of the Honour of the North must rely for protection against hostile fleets. Of all the eighteenth-century defences, the earth-works in the Lumber Yard are the last relic. The grass-grown mounds represent the old embrasures, from which the guns have long since been dismounted. Any attacking force in the old days would have had to run the gauntlet of fire from this battery as well as from York, Cambridge, Ogilvie, George's Island, to say nothing of the guns above the town and well sheltered batteries across the harbour. No fleet ever attempted to force its way in. Halifax, like Edinburgh,

remains a maiden town, after the dangers of three great wars. Behind the Lumber Yard runs Fawson Street, named for a lucky captain of privateers in the old days, when Nova Scotia had a miniature navy of her own. In this street there are quiet, low-ceiled rooms where Haligonians may sit by the fire-side and see the great ships and the white sails come and go, inward bound from foreign ports or outward bound beyond the skyline.

What this great expenditure of government money will do for Halifax is a moot question. Some optimists cherish visions of everyone becoming suddenly rich. Cooler heads argue that if Halifax is to serve only as a meeting point for the ships and the rails, if goods and passengers only

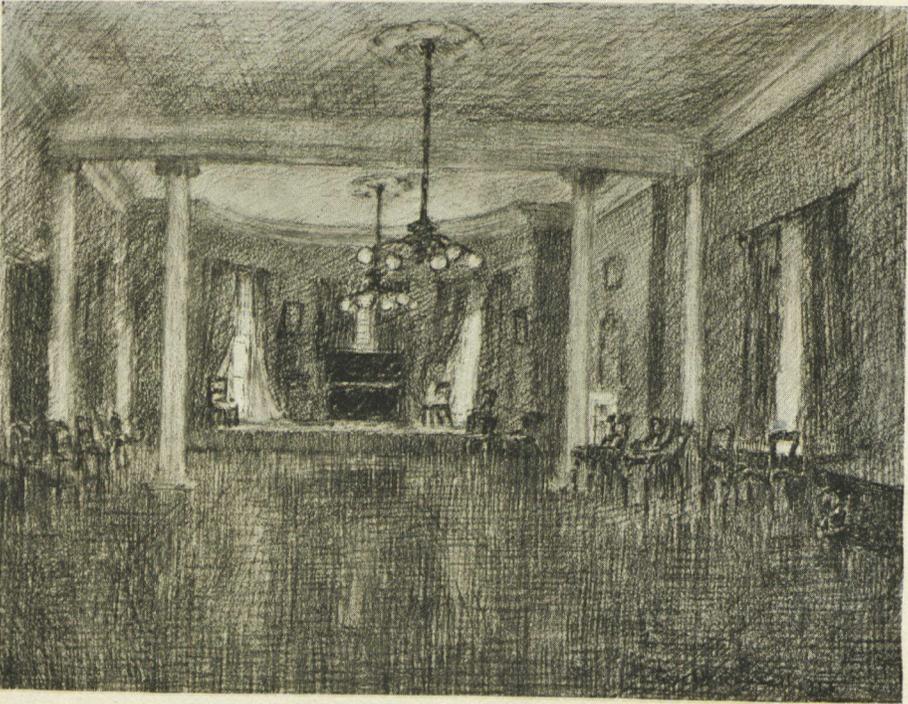


Drawing by Gyrth Russell

THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX

touch port to be transferred, the benefits of such traffic to the city will be very slight. Only as Nova Scotia becomes a thickly populated manufacturing province will the projected terminals add perceptibly to the wealth of the Capital and the Province. The industrial development

of Sydney and New Glasgow seem to point out the path of Nova Scotia's future progress. If the Mayflower Province is to prosper, or even to hold her own, she must become a manufacturing province, the New England of Canada. Some argue up and some argue down. One immediate effect



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

THE BALL-ROOM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

of the impending changes is a rather factitious "land-boom," which means a general increase in rents and therefore in the cost of living.

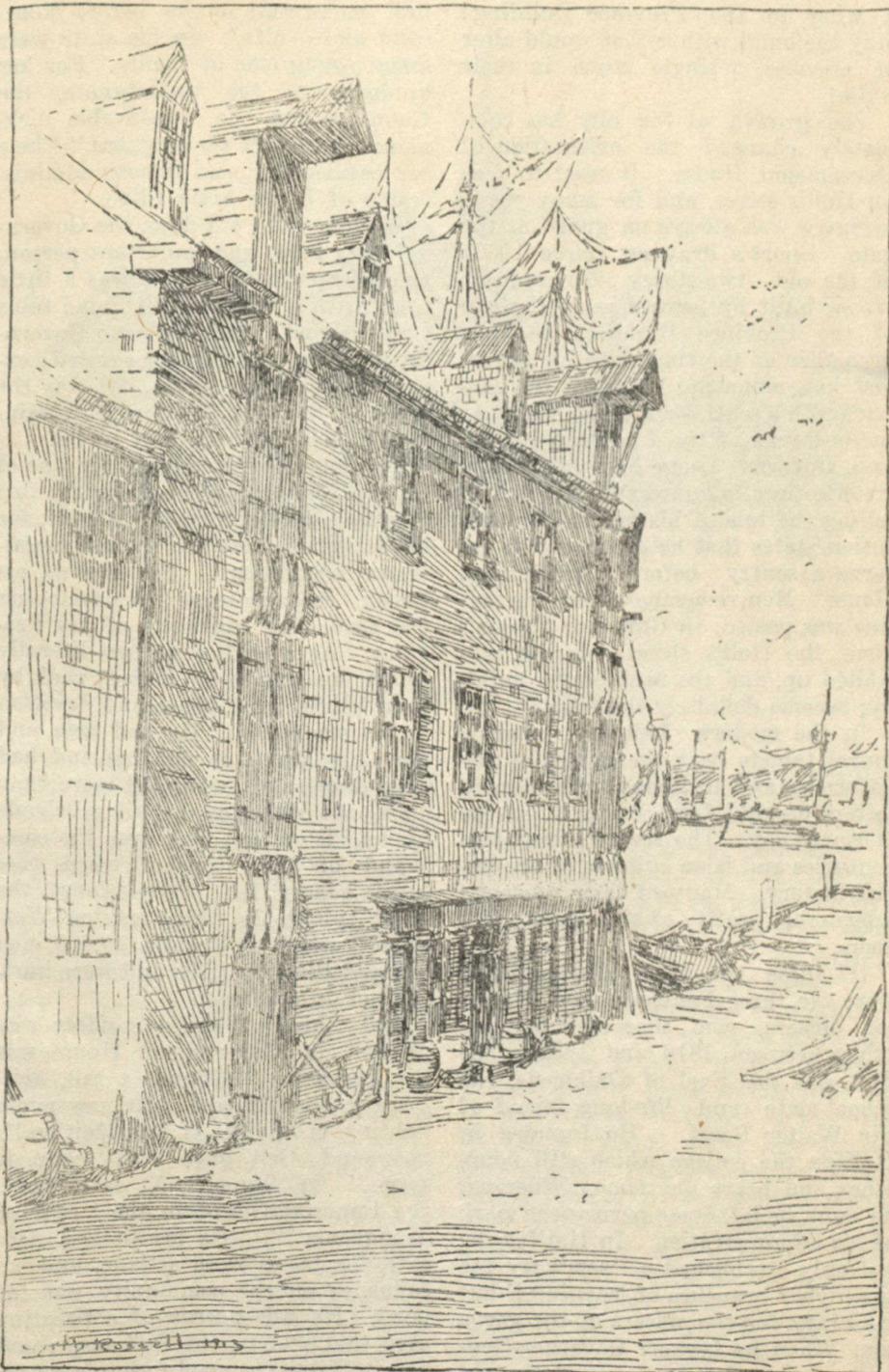
Only one corner of Halifax will be affected by the proposed changes. This is the south end or main residential section. The value of the fine houses on Young Avenue will doubtless be lowered by their proximity to the railway yards, the constant tumult of shunting engines and rumbling cars. But you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. The houses of the quarter to be demolished, old Irishtown, can well be spared. The heart of Halifax will not be changed, or even touched, let us hope for ever.

The human heart is a double-celled affair, and the two chambers of the civic heart of Halifax are Government House and the Province Building.

Both are fine old Georgian struc-

tures of hewn native stone, dating from the first years of the last century. Nova Scotia had not a quarter of her present strength when she made such magnificent provision for the dignity of her law-givers and the head of her government. The local parliament and the King's representative were to be housed splendidly. Fashions in building have changed many times since their foundation stones were laid, but these stately colonial fabrics do not look obsolete. Rather they silently rebuke the tawdry, flimsy, modern structures, like two aristocrats of the old school in a crowd of vulgarians. New Dalhousie has adopted this plain but satisfying style.

Once upon a time a certain thrifty set of legislators proposed to sell Government House to an American syndicate for a summer hotel! Another statesman planned to add a storey or



Drawing by Gyrrh Russell

STAYNER'S WHARF, HALIFAX

a wing to the Province Building! May the hand wither that would alter or alienate a single stone in their walls!

The growth of the city has completely changed the orientation of Government House. It used to face on Hollis street, and for many years, a sentry was always on guard at the gate. Short's drawing (*circa* 1760) of the old two-storey Government House built by Lawrence on the site of the Province Building, shows a grenadier of the time with his sugar-loaf hat, mounting guard at the sentry and his sentry-box beside him. At the outbreak of the American revolution, Governor Legge had just thirty-six effectives to guard the city, and in telling the tale of his mournful destitution states that he did not even reserve a sentry before Government House. Men remember when the last one was posted. In Governor Fraser's time, the Hollis street entrance was walled up, and the back of the building became definitely the front.

In the modern hall-way, marble mural tablets bear the names of the governors and lieutenant-governors in letters of gold from Anno X, as the Germans say. The record covers two centuries and is an epitome of provincial history. Many of their portraits adorn the walls of the great ball-room.

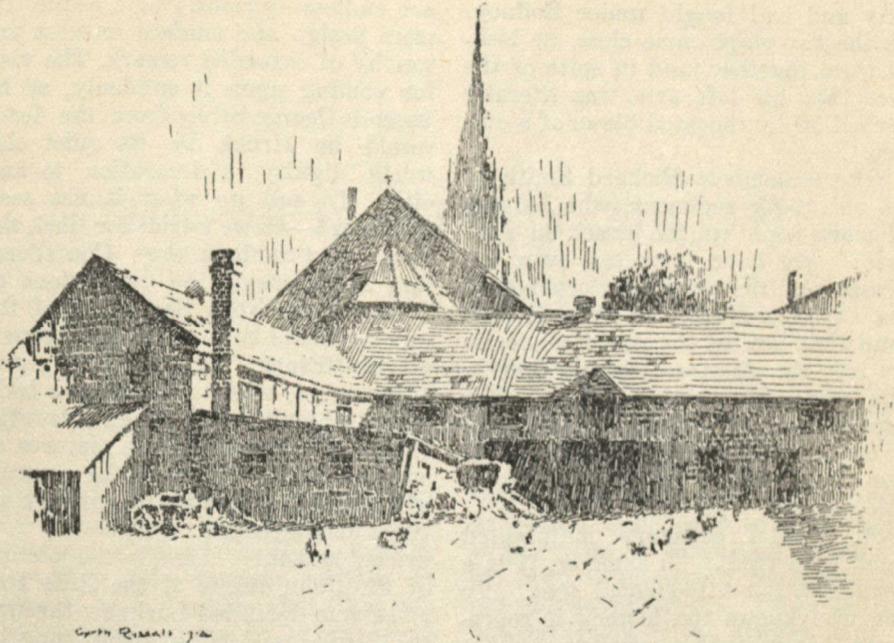
Of these the most distinguished were the three Peninsula and Waterloo officers, who succeeded one another between 1816 and 1832. The first was the Earl of Dalhousie, the school-mate and life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott. He founded in Halifax the college which still flourishes and bears his name. Wherever he went, he left some permanent mark of his administration. In Halifax he not only established a "seminary for the higher branches of learning," but a library for the officers of the garrison. When he became Governor-General of Canada, he founded the old Quebec Literary and Historical Society and started the fund for the

first monument to the heroes Montcalm and Wolfe. In his suite were many young men of family. For her kindness to the unfortunate, the Countess won the honourable nickname "Queen of the Beggars." Their son became the most famous administrator of India, after Clive.

In those good old days, the Governor was a great and important personage. Government House was a little court with a minutely regulated table of precedence. Admission to Government House was eagerly coveted; exclusion was social death. It was the scene of the most brilliant entertainments, dinners, balls and levees.

To Dalhousie succeeded Sir James Kempt, long remembered for the fine four-in-hand he "tooled" himself, for his dandified dress and for his magnificent hospitality. He showed his strong common-sense in developing the roads and highways of his Province. As a soldier he had literally fought his way to the highest rank by sheer pluck, intelligence and devotion to his profession. He had seen and done his share of fighting and had been desperately wounded more than once. At Waterloo, he led a brigade under Picton and took over the command of the division when that heroic general fell. People forget the great episode in "king-making Waterloo," when D'Erlon's 16,000 men charged Picton's 3,000 and were hurled back in confusion.

The third Waterloo officer who reigned in Government House was Sir Peregrine Maitland, a tall, aristocratic Guardsman. He saw much fighting in Spain. It was Maitland's command that gave the "coup de grace" to Napoleon's last hope, the Imperial Guard in the "roar of Hougomont." His health was delicate, his tastes were artistic, and his influence on the community was for good. He was patron of a painting club that met in old Dalhousie; and he set Halifax a good example by attending church on foot with all his family, and abolishing the Sunday re-



Gyrth Russell 1872

Drawing by Gyrth Russell

AINSLIE'S STABLES, HALIFAX

views and races upon the common.

Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, was lieutenant-governor at the time of Confederation. Howe and his rival Johnston were both given the same honour under the new order, but Johnston died abroad before he could enjoy it, and Howe lived only a scant three weeks after his promotion. Such memories cling to the time-stained walls of Government House.

Directly opposite to Government House is old St. Paul's cemetery, long since disused, but its old headstones, "With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked" — date far back in the eighteenth century. It holds the dust of heroes. In one neglected corner is the grave of Major-General Charles Ross, the commander of the Chesapeake expedition of 1814. To his personal character was due the rare harmony which existed between the land and sea services in those operations. He was the victor at the

"Bladensburg races," and destroyed Washington in revenge for the burning of York. He was killed in the fight near Baltimore, September 1, 1814. At Rostrevor there is a cairn to his memory and in St. Paul's a monument, but of the hundreds of Haligonians who pass St. Paul's daily, how many even know his name!

The most conspicuous object in the cemetery is the red-stone arch surmounted by a lion. It is a cenotaph to two sons of Nova Scotia who fell in the Crimea, Welsford of the 97th on the heights of Alma, and Parker of the 77th in the blundering assault on the Redan. It is a worthy monument to brave men and speaks of civic pride. Near by is the *Shannon* tombstone beneath which lie the bones of the midshipman Samwell, who died of his wounds in Halifax after the capture of the *Chesapeake*. He was only a boy of eighteen. Beside him sleeps old Stevens, the boatswain of the famous frigate. He was nearing

sixty and had fought under Rodney. As the two ships came close, he lashed them together, and in spite of the fact that his left arm was literally hacked off by repeated blows of a cutlass.

Who remembers Richard Smith of the old 104th regiment, who led the "forlorn hope" in the attack on Fort Erie? We have forgotten even the meaning of the term "forlorn hope" the *Verloren Haufe*, or little devoted band that headed the party of stormers into the imminent deadly breach. The men who volunteered for that service went to almost certain death. Richard Smith survived, but with the loss of his right arm and five honourable wounds.

St. Paul's cemetery is planted thick with trees. In summer, it is a beautiful, not a mournful spot. To one who knows the history it represents, 'tis one of the most memorable plots of ground in all Canada.

Just across the way is the stronghold of the Old Church. St. Mary's Cathedral lifts a tall white spire into the blue. Beside is the handsome Glebe House, and just at hand are St. Mary's school, the Infirmary, a solid island of Catholic institutions. Once the Old Church was proscribed by provincial law. But Nova Scotia repealed her penal laws long before the mother country. The first chapel dedicated to St. Peter and painted red stood at the end of Salter street. On the nineteenth of July, the frame was raised "in presence of a great concourse of gentlemen and other people."

Along Salter street, ran the old line of pickets. Here was also the South gate, at which George III. was proclaimed King. Just across the way stood the old main guard, which was used as a prison for the Acadians and captured Americans.

Almost every foot of Halifax has its memory and its legend. So, to attempt to crowd the story of the Province Building into the tail of an article is a vain thing. Its associations

are endless—serious, tragic, comic. Its mere design and surface interest are worthy of extended remark. The visitor coming upon it suddenly, as he ascends George Street from the ferry would be struck by its quiet old-world dignity, a decoration to any city. To call up what it has seen and heard—Howe's trial for libel, the long word-combats over Confederation and repeal, the resolutions of 1886 to take Nova Scotia out of the union—would be to write out the provincial history. In the stately council chamber, where a legislative body meets, which takes its origin from the treaty of Utrecht, hang pictures of our worthies. There is the portrait of Haliburton, who by inventing Sam Slick uncovered the rich mine of American humour. There is the picture of Sir John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who defended Lucknow through the desperate siege, so nobly sung by Tennyson, and who has never received his due honour. There is the picture of Sir Fenwick Williams, whose magnificent defence of Kars extorted the admiration of the chivalrous Mouravieff. Here are the pictures of the two Georges presented by Lord Dalhousie and,—the gem of the collection—the portrait of Chief Justice Strong by Benjamin West. In the Legislative Assembly are the full-length portraits of Howe and Johnston, whose rivalries made history. In the library are to be found prints of Sir Provo Wallis, the Halifax boy who navigated the *Shannon* into port after her ever-memorable duel with the *Chesapeake*. He lived to be Admiral of the Fleet, and died at the age of one hundred and one, a magnificent veteran. The Province Building is our local Westminster Abbey.

Changes must come to Halifax. This is a world of change. But every true Haligonian hopes that the changes will not disfigure his beloved city, but only heighten and enhance the intimate and haunting charm she borrows from the sea.

THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

III.—THE METHOD OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

THERE is a popular notion that the Higher criticism is a revolutionary view of the Bible, held by a number of extreme critics in Europe and America, but that notion has been shown to be erroneous. By prejudiced writers it is frequently identified with that view of the date, authorship, and general significance of the Biblical books that is taken by radical scholars, such as Kuenen and Wellhausen; whereas it is only a method, and not a net result, I have said. Let me explain what I mean.

According to its derivation, method is a course to be followed, or the way to do a thing. In that literal sense, each field of investigation has a method of its own, or a way peculiar to itself. But, inasmuch as there are different ways by which a thing may be effected, a method is either suitable or unsuitable, right or wrong. The ancient way of studying the Scriptures, which is usually styled the traditional way, may be loosely called a method, but it was not a scientific one. A scientific method is an orderly procedure, or an established way of doing or proceeding in anything.

Being a critical inquiry into the literary characteristics of the Bible, the Higher criticism is a truly scientific method of study. It is a scien-

tific method because it is an orderly procedure that leads to assured results. That is something which the old way of studying Scripture did not and could not do. Those are significant facts to be always kept in mind. A proper method is important in the study of any writings, but a proper method is particularly important in the study of the Bible by reason of the excellence of its literature. Its superior qualities are too well known to be disputed. Their superiority is admitted by all who are competent to judge.

As a correct method is the right choice of means to reach a desired end, and, as the end of Biblical criticism is an accurate understanding of the literary features of the books of Scripture, such a method presupposes certain canons or rules, which each critic must follow, and in accordance with which he must conduct his investigations. Those rules may also be called principles, because they are general in their character and have a general application. Though they are specially applicable to the Scriptures, they may be applied to ancient writings of every kind, whether Jewish or Christian, Pagan or Mohammedan.

In the first paper it was stated that the Higher criticism has sometimes been designated "Historico-lit-

erary criticism," because it is a combination of both the historical and the literary method. That designation imports the character of the principles to be applied to the books of the Bible. They are partly historical and partly literary; but, since this branch of criticism is chiefly concerned with literary facts, they belong for the most part to the latter class. Those who have carefully considered what has thus far been said would naturally expect that to be the case.

The province of the Higher criticism is, as has been explained, to determine the origin, date, and literary structure of each book in the Bible. The method, therefore, involves a threefold inquiry. Concerning the origin of a writing we must ask, Is it anonymous, or does it bear the author's name? If the name be given, is the ascription certain, or is it only conjectural? Concerning the date of a writing we must ask, Does the date appear in any part of it? If not, is there anything in the subject-matter to indicate the time? Concerning the literary structure we must ask, Is the writing the work of one man, or is it the work of more than one? Is it in its original condition, or has its form been altered since it left the hand of the author?

Those questions suggest the following principles to be applied in answering them: (1) If there be anything in the writing that conflicts with the date of the supposed author, that part did not proceed from him. (2) If it contain different accounts of the same event, it was compiled from different documents or derived from different sources. (3) If the writing be undated and the authorship unknown, the date may be approximately determined from the contents. (4) If the standpoint of a writer, or his historical situation, be different in different parts of a writing, it was not all written by the same man, or not during the same period, or not in the same place. (5)

If the style of one part be strikingly unlike that of another part, the writing is probably composite. (6) If the conceptions in one part of a writing be sufficiently unlike those in another part, it is certainly composed of separate elements.

Thus the principles are few and simple, and any person can apply them in a general way. Nevertheless, I believe it will help the reader if I exemplify the application of them. Before doing that, however, I must say something about the nature of critical evidence. In the case of Scripture, it is mostly of the kind known as internal, being furnished by the character and contents of each book, or of each section of a book. External evidence would be more valuable, were it obtainable and trustworthy, but unfortunately it is lacking in regard to the books of the Bible. If we had positive testimony of that kind, it would be authoritative, but it is rarely available with reference to ancient writings. So, in the absence of positive testimony, we are thrown entirely on tradition and on internal evidence.

Now tradition is testimony obtained at second hand, and traditional testimony is always open to doubt. For that reason, critics are distrustful of it. While they give it a respectful consideration, they are careful to test it by every means at their command; for, however venerable it may be, it is not authoritative, but presumptive, evidence. It is, therefore, not exempt from criticism, nor can it claim precedence over truly convincing evidence. Besides, it has long been customary to ascribe the books of Scripture whose authorship is uncertain to some prominent characters in history. This is an ancient and well-known custom. Most of the books of the Bible have, at least, one traditional author, and some of them have more than one. In every case the tendency has been to connect a sacred writing with some great name.

When men ask, therefore, what re-

liance can be placed upon tradition with regard to anonymous writings? the answer is, none whatever if they belong to a remote period in the past. In the transmission of doctrinal ideas it is comparatively trustworthy, but in the transmission of historical data it is arbitrary and untrustworthy. Sometimes, however, it may have a strong presumption in its favour. Then, unless the testimony against it be more powerful than that for it, it may be considered probable, if not true. It has some value, moreover, as a starting-point for investigation. That is to say, a tradition respecting authorship may serve as a working hypothesis to be corroborated or disproved.

Hence it stands for what it is worth, of course; but that is very little, as a rule, and with reference to the Scriptures it is practically nil. In the critical study of them we must rely almost exclusively on the evidence furnished by each book itself. That is the course to be taken with all works of antiquity. Literary productions belonging to a distant age must furnish their own evidence as to their origin and date. Before Biblical criticism became a science classical scholars endeavoured, as is well known, to determine the age of anonymous Greek and Latin manuscripts, first from the documents themselves, and then from their language and style.

Of the application of the first principle some examples were given in the previous paper. A writing must accord with the date of its supposed author. Hence Moses cannot have written the whole of the Pentateuch, nor the whole of Deuteronomy, because there are things in those books that conflict with his date; and Isaiah cannot have uttered all the prophecies in the book that is called by his name, because many of them belong to a period much later than his time. Neither can all the matter recorded in the books of Daniel and Zechariah have come from those

two men, because each of these books contains references or allusions that point to a time subsequent to that of the traditional author. For similar reasons, David cannot have been the author or editor of the entire Book of Psalms, if, indeed, he composed or edited any part of it.

Of the application of the second principle, that different accounts of the same event indicate different documents or different sources, there are many examples in the Old Testament. The account of the creation of man in the first chapter of Genesis and that contained in the second chapter were each derived from a separate source, and each represents a document having special literary or stylistic features. These two documents are skilfully combined, or strangely interwoven, throughout the first six books of the Bible, which, because they possess certain documentary characteristics in common, are called by modern scholars the Hexateuch, or the sixfold book. Besides the double narrative of the origin of man upon earth, this series of writings contains a double account, or a double record, of several other events. Only a few of them need to be mentioned, though. In the narrative of the Deluge, the wickedness of the earth described in Genesis 6:9-13 is a duplicate of verses 5-8; and verses 18-22 of the same chapter are duplicated in chapter 7:1-5, the former stating that Noah was to take with him into the ark one pair of every land animal, the latter stating that he was to take with him seven pairs of every clean animal, and one pair of every unclean animal. In chapter 17:16-19 we have one account of the promise of a son to Sarah, and we have another in chapter 18:9-15. These passages give a double explanation of the name Isaac, which in Hebrew means "laughter," the first asserting that Abraham laughed in incredulity at the promise of a son in his old age, the second asserting that Sarah laughed incredulously.

The application of the third principle, that the date of an anonymous writing may be approximately determined from the contents, is well illustrated by the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. The statement in the opening verse, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down," shows that this dramatic lyric was written by one who was familiar with the feelings of the Hebrew exiles, so that it must have been composed either before the end of the Captivity or some time afterwards. In all probability it belongs to a period subsequent to the Exile. Another good illustration is furnished by the group of prophecies, beginning with the fortieth and ending with the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which deals with the captivity of the Israelites in Babylon, and, therefore, cannot have been uttered by the son of Amoz. The mention of Cyrus in the forty-fifth chapter as a well-known man of the time, indicates that he was then in the swing of his career; and the description of the approaching downfall of Babylon in the forty-seventh chapter, together with the exhortation to the exiles in the next chapter to flee from that city, suggests that the writer prophesied towards the close of the Exile, probably about 540 B.C.

The application of the fourth principle, that a different historical situation indicates a different writer, or a different period, or a different place, is too manifest to require much illustration; for a writing must, of course, accord with its supposed historical position, both as to time and place and circumstances. A book cannot wholly belong to the time that may have been claimed for it, if we find in it proof of another or a later date. For instance, the seventh chapter of Isaiah describes the son of Amoz as directed to comfort Ahaz with the assurance that his fears of Pekah, King of Israel, and Rezin, King of Damascus, were groundless; but the fortieth chapter

of the book represents a company of prophets as commanded to comfort the Hebrew people with a promise of speedy release from the hardships and sufferings of the Exile. In the one case the situation is Jerusalem, in the other it is Babylon; and, between those two events, there was an interval of nearly two hundred years.

Examples of the application of the fifth principle, that marked differences of style suggest composite authorship, are somewhat numerous both in the Old and in the New Testament. One of the best illustrations is the book of Isaiah, which has already been used to illustrate the way in which three other principles are applied. Dissimilarity of style does not always assure diversity of authorship, because a speaker must adapt his language to the subject he discusses; but in that book the evidence is quite convincing, and must satisfy all who are willing to weigh it. The second half of the book presents a striking contrast in style to that of the first half, as the careful reading of an English version will show. In the second half we find, not only rhetorical peculiarities that indicate an author other than Isaiah — such as diffuseness and redundancy, repetition and amplification — but also words and idioms that point to a period in history later, some of them very much later, than Isaiah's time. A few of these words are as certainly late in Hebrew as "agnostic" and "boycott" are in English.

The same book may also be used to illustrate the application of the sixth principle, that conceptions in one part of a writing sufficiently unlike those of another part prove that it is composed of separate elements. The theological ideas of the second half are so different from those of the first half as to show that the author or authors moved in a different region of thought from that in which Isaiah moved. Those ideas represent, moreover, a different stage of revelation, and some of them were unique

when they were given to the world. The doctrine of Deity, for instance, is more developed in that portion of the book than in any writings previous to the period of the Captivity, Jehovah being there regarded not as a transcendent moral Being merely, but as the true and only God. Besides a purer conception of his character, we find there a broader conception of his righteousness, and a loftier conception of his purpose towards mankind. Then the doctrine of divine election, and the doctrine of a national Servant, who becomes a suffering Servant, are there found in a form in which Isaiah could not have presented them, because there was nothing in his historical situation to lead to their development.

The reader may now perceive the difference between the old and new ways of studying the Scriptures. The old or traditional way was to take each book of the Bible as being the work of the man whose name it bore, or to whom it was commonly ascribed, and as belonging to a date that was more or less arbitrarily assigned to it. No thought was given to its literary structure by asking whether it was composite or not, but unity of authorship was taken for granted in every case. Furthermore, all the books were practically placed on the same level, as being infallibly inspired, and the whole volume was treated as a single revelation duly sanctioned from beginning to end. A difference of purpose was, doubtless, discerned by all intelligent students, but each part of Scripture was considered by every one to be equally authoritative.

The Higher criticism tests tradition, and either verifies it or proves it to be false. It is a method, therefore, not only of investigation, but also of verification. There is thus no necessary contest between criticism and tradition. The sole contest is between verifiable science and unverified assumption. If tradition can be verified, its testimony is gladly ac-

cepted; but, if it cannot be verified, its testimony, be it little or much, is taken for what it seems to be worth. If, on the other hand, it can be proved to be false, its testimony is promptly rejected, of course. Tradition, however old it may be, does not settle anything. Hence the Church should not claim its support when it cannot be established by proof, and Christian teachers should be careful not to encourage such a claim. Making or encouraging claims that cannot be proved does nothing but harm.

In this connection, let me once more warn the reader against confusing the method with the results of criticism, as many have done, and are still doing. The phrase, the Higher criticism, has so often been employed to denote a set of conclusions reached by a certain class of critics that many have been led to think they were opposed to the method, when they were only opposed to some of its alleged results. To a person who has been traditionally trained, and is unacquainted with the historical method, some of those results might well seem startling, and he might justly hesitate about accepting them. All cautious scholars decline to accept any conclusions before weighing them. But no one who understands that the Higher criticism is only a method of study can rationally oppose it. Those who think they are opposed to it do not appreciate what the phrase denotes.

It is sometimes asserted that criticism is unsettling, but the assertion is unjust. Criticism corrects mistaken notions of Scripture, as science corrects mistaken notions of Nature, but that should not unsettle anyone, though it should lead him to change his mind. It does not unsettle a person to tell him that the earth is round, and not flat; or that the earth, not the sun, makes a revolution every twenty-four hours; or that the world was not made in six solar days, but is still in the making; or that the universe was gradually evolved, and

and was not constructed piece by piece. If someone says, the questions of science are not matters of faith, I say in reply, nor are the questions of criticism matters of faith. It is not a matter of faith who wrote any book in the Bible; it is not a matter of faith when any book in it was written; it is not a matter of faith what the literary structure of any book in it may be. These things have no relation to religious faith, and, therefore, have no bearing on evangelical belief.

There is nothing in criticism to unsettle a person, much less is there anything to disturb his spiritual life; and it is not criticism so much as opposition to it that has hitherto unsettled many devout minds. It is the opponents of criticism, for the most part, that have produced uneasiness and distrust. There has been reckless criticism and there are destructive critics, but most critics now are neither reckless nor destructive. On the contrary, they are both reverent and constructive. They are men who write and speak, or men who speak and teach, in the name of the Lord Jesus. They are men, in short, whose sole desire is to get the truth as it is in Jesus adequately understood. When the opponents of criticism, therefore, brand all critics as rationalists, and fail to distinguish between those who are and those who are not; when they deprecate all criticism, whether reverent or irreverent, Christian or un-Christian; when they both disregard the object of criticism, and misrepresent the work of critics, is it any wonder that good people should become uneasy? It would rather be

a wonder, a great wonder, if such people did not feel a measure of uneasiness.

Notwithstanding what I have stated, there are some who seem to imagine that the Bible is in danger, and they talk excitedly about assaults upon it and about the consequences of them. But, as no Christian critic is assaulting the Bible, all such talk is as empty as it is silly. There are also some who seem to think that the Scriptures need to be defended, and a few persons on this continent have organized an American Bible League, whose avowed purpose is the defence of the Bible. But, as the Bible is not threatened with an attack from any quarter, to organize a society for defending it is ridiculous, not to say absurd. Objections to reverent criticism are as futile as they are mischievous, and works written in opposition to it are worthless, as a rule.

We can no more keep men from investigating the books of Scripture than we can keep them from investigating the works of Nature. So long as there are Biblical problems to be solved, so long men will endeavour to solve them. Nor, apart from the futility of objecting to it, should we desire to prevent investigation. The Bible is not in danger, and it does not need defence. The Bible is its own defence, and all it needs is diligent study. One has only to understand it to appreciate it; and the greatest aid to an adequate understanding of it is what is technically called the Higher criticism, which has been happily styled "Historico-literary criticism."

"The Results of Criticism" is the title of Dr. Workman's paper for the September number.

HER POINT OF VIEW

BY GEORGE W. HALL

"NOW, Ed, what's the use of talking about it? You know I am giving you two fellows an even chance; first man there gets the job, and that's all there is to it. I know both of your routes, and it's no use trying to skip any of these small settlers to reach me first. You know that, Ed, because then you get no chance at all. So, I ain't wishing you no good luck and no bad luck. I am just looking on—just looking on."

Old man Chase turned and went his way, chuckling to himself.

Ed Warren stood looking at the small, wiry figure, a slight smile playing on his lips. Turning, he found himself face to face with a tall dark man in overalls, jumper and high-laced boots; a large-brimmed black hat low on his eyes, and with his long, hooked nose and his long black drooping mustache, making him look like an old-time pirate — Big Lou.

"You've been tackling the old man, Ed?" said Lou, with a low laugh. "Nothing doing, eh? It's between you and me—a pretty even race, Ed, I am thinking. I've got more grain to thresh, but you've got the hardest road."

"Yes," said Ed, "I guess it's pretty even, we should be there in ten days. You are pulling out tomorrow morning, and so am I—So long, Lou; there is enough to do, heaven knows, to get started."

"You bet. Say, Ed, the girl won't think much of the one that's beat, will she?"

The two men's eyes met in a quick look, as if measuring each other for a fight, and trying to read the soul. Ed answered not a word. "So long Lou," was all he said. With rapid, energetic strides he walked towards the river's front, where his outfit was.

As can be surmised, they both had a threshing outfit. By tacit agreement each had taken a portion of the fast developing settlement as his allotment, and every year kept to his route. As soon as the golden grain was being harvested, they started, both covering a large territory. They always ended in the south-west, and it so happened that this year they would probably meet at Chase's. But who was to win the old man? He was the biggest farmer and threshed 5,000 bushels—a great deal when it is remembered that this is not a prairie country, but the bushy country of Northern Alberta, where every acre must be cleared before being put into cultivation.

Yes, there was plenty to do. Ed did not want to take any chance of the machinery breaking down, and so he overhauled everything personally. A fair-haired, broad-shouldered and deep-chested man, supple and athletic, he gave the impression of unlimited strength and health as his powerful body swung easily up and down the separator, or as he was crawling with cat-like agility into the machine itself, securing bolts, tying with strong wire any parts that may jar loose, his muffled voice calling

from the inside to his helpers for tools. All the time, whether lying on his back among the shakers, or flat on his stomach, on top reaching down, these words of Lou's kept sounding in his mind: "She won't think much of the one that gets beat."

"No, she won't," he answered himself, and if it was he that would be beaten? He could imagine her hurt look, hurt and disappointed, slightly contemptuous. Strong man that he was, a strange feeling of anguish would creep into his heart. She loved him, she had said so, should he fail, she would love him yet, he knew that, but there would be pity mixed with that love; and if there is a thing these almost primitive characters cannot stand, it is pity—pity from a woman. So strong, so self-confident are they, tempered in their continual fight against nature's forces, that to woman they want to appear as conquerors, as giants, invincible in storms, in cold, in work, in danger.

*

The threshing at the Herrington's, the last place before Chase's was going on smoothly. They had plenty of help, the weather was clear, the machines, separator and engine, were working perfectly. Two more stacks, and it would be done. Already the pitchers were beginning at the top, and the big round stacks seemed to slowly melt at their touch. Ed was calculating his chances—About two hours more and he would have done. Of course, he was not going to wait for dinner or anything; as soon as the last bucketful of grain and chaff, carefully raked from under the machine by the thrifty farmer, had passed through he would pull out.

His gaze wandered down the valley. He knew every inch of that trail. For two miles good and hard. On the left-hand side of the creek, then, that corduroy—hard work, he knew. The bridge, safe enough he

thought, although there had been a slight cave-in on the right side. No; no danger there. He had investigated, the evening before, on horse-back. Then the hill—that was going to be hard on the horses, he must put the four teams to the engine, take her up and come back from the separator.

The desire for action sent the blood singing in his veins, he wanted to be there now and at the battle. He swore savagely under his breath when, as only the bottom of the stacks being left standing, the feeder on the separator lifted his hand, the signal to stop. He turned the steam off and rushed forward.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, eager to fix the trouble himself.

It was only a bolt jarred loose. The man had the wrench in his hand and was tightening the nut quickly.

Ed ran back to his engine.

Faint on the wind, yet clear and distinct, a whistle was heard, a long whistle followed by three short ones. Ed's heart almost stopped beating. Could Lou be through already at Bill Long's? Five miles of straight, dry, high road, and he would be at Chase's. Ed knew that whistle; he himself always announced the end of a threshing in the same manner. Yes, it must be Lou. He could imagine the quick hitching up of the teams, the outfit moving on while he was tied there.

How slow these men were working! One pitcher stopped in his work and shouted something at the man handling the grain sacks, they both laughed—some flippant joke. Ed cursed him vehemently, his voice lost in the roar of the machines.

There was hope yet, nevertheless, for they were handling the last sheaves; they were gathering in a heap the chaff under the separator; big forkfuls of loose straw were put on the tables burying the good-naturally laughing band cutters. Here was Herrington himself with a tub to get the grain and chaff—Would they never be done? He must wait until

they are satisfied, for that is part of the game. At last! At last! He cut off the steam, and as the engine slowed down, with a quick, strong heave of his shoulder, he threw off the belt. He also, then, gave the shrieking whistle full play.

Everybody was marching off to dinner.

"Ratty, Billy," he yelled, "come back." His men turned and retraced their steps towards him. "No dinner for us, boys, out we go. Get your horses, fix the separator. We can't lose a minute. Lou is on the way already."

"H——," said Billy, a lean, black-haired lad with laughing eyes. "I kind o' thought I heard his whistle. By heck, he can't beat us, we'll take her in at the gallop, Ed." He began to run towards the stables.

"I am sick of this," said Ratty, quietly avoiding Ed's gaze. "That's no life. I want dinner, I want my horses fed."

"You do, eh? You go and get those horses, see? And be quick about it. You know me; you know I will make it all right with you. Hurry now, hurry, for heaven's sake hurry."

Ed, thinking him going, stooped under his engine and began to untie the chains that locked the wheels together while the machine was working.

"Look here, Ed," he heard a voice say, "'Taint no use; I ain't going. I quit, that's all."

"What?" Straightening suddenly, he beheld Ratty rolling a cigarette, his small figure and shifty black eyes well justifying his name.

"What? Say that again."

Ed, pale, his teeth clenched, his great fists closed, leaned forward as the little man, unafraid, said again:

"I don't like this jumping up. I quit, that's all. You can't strike me, Ed, and you know it."

With one blow, that powerful man could have destroyed the miserable creature. But the words stopped him

—an unutterable contempt distorted his features.

"Rat, you little Rat!" was all he could sputter. His fists opened and closed spasmodically. Slowly he turned and busied himself with the chains, his hands trembling with his emotion; all the primeval instinct in him urging to kill, to crush that unexpected obstacle, while the sense of chivalry, so strangely developed in these men of the wild, made him refrain.

Suddenly he jumped up and seizing by the shoulder the small man who was lingering, lighting his cigarette.

"Get out," he hissed. "Get out quick or I can't answer for myself."

Ratty saw something in those eyes that made him dart away with a startled cry. Pale, he rushed off, while Ed with slow steps, never once turning his head, went to the stables to get his own teams.

He had two teams of his own and each assistant had one. Billy had seen to it, all the teams were harnessed, soon after they had them hitched up, two teams on the engine, one on the separator. Old man Herrington was stupefied to see them pull out without dinner.

With the great power of adaptation of the Westerner, Ed almost instantly put away from his mind Ratty's desertion. The problem was to get up to Chase's with three teams, that was all.

"Curse that hill," he kept muttering, as he urged his horses; "Curse that hill."

If he could pass the corduroy without mishap, perhaps three teams would take up the engine; the separator would go easily enough. If only he could get there at the same time as Lou at least. But not after, not after!

The road was dry, but uneven, like most Western roads. Some root would make a hard lump with a hole behind, and the machine would jar roughly, dangerously. The boiler, being so

high above the axles, made the whole thing terribly top heavy.

The first two miles were down hill ever so little, and Ed did a very hazardous thing. Instead of holding the horses, he let them go, and soon, gathering speed, they were trotting, the engine reeling drunkenly behind. The Westerner, his eyes clear and steady, sitting there tense on his small seat up above the boiler, did some astonishing driving, smiling grimly when the whole thing settled back with a dull jar after a big hole.

"Not this time, old girl," was all he said.

The horses slowed to a walk. It got to be harder pulling, for they were at the corduroy. Far behind the separator was coming. Impossible to trot with that!

Ed stopped the teams and went ahead to investigate. It was worse than he had thought. He saw at a glance the danger. The poles in the centre of the stretch were too small; nothing to hold them steady. If the horses did not go through surely the slight sticks would spread under the engine's great weight. He must chance it, but he must have all the teams on. He looked back. Billy was just showing on the last bend more than a quarter of a mile away.

The smallest thing had its importance. He knew that a few sticks thrown in at the worst places may make the whole difference. Seizing his axe he rapidly got some of the long, bare, desolate-looking dry spruces, burnt in forest fires years ago, yet always standing, and threw them on the most dangerous places.

That stretch of mossy soft ground was not very wide, yet it suggested the deep woods. Great spruces stood on both sides of the road, majestic, towering above the undergrowth. The shafts of sunlight passing through seemed of a fine golden dust, little flies darting constantly through, back and forth.

The quiet, peaceful background of deep yellow moss and sombre spruces

contrasted strangely with that machine of steel, with its iron wheels, its silvery piston rods, its steam escaping with a long monotonous hiss.

Billy came with his team, dragging a chain behind the double-tree. With the dexterity of men constantly working with horses, they had the third team hitched on in an amazingly short time.

Ed took the leading horses, Billy the wheel teams, and both walked as far out on the left as the lines would allow for a comprehensive look of the whole thing.

"All ready, Bill? Let her go!"

The horses strained as the front wheels climbed on the corduroy; then the pull was steadier. Once a horse got a foot through the poles, but got himself out quickly. It happened not so unexpectedly, but the drivers tried to save everything by a savage yell to the teams. In vain. The engine had come down heavily on the small poles, after lifting high over a thick one, and the wheel, crushing the weak sticks, settled deeper and deeper in the wet moss, half way to the axle.

No urging of the teams could budge it. There it was, inert, the great bulk seemingly possessed of some stubborn, wicked will of its own.

"Just a yank," almost sobbed Billy, "and she is safe—Get up!" he roared at his teams, "Red! Maud!"

"Now, boys," shouted Ed, at the same time. "Pete! Barney!"

The beasts strained, lowering their hind quarters in the terrible effort; a great noise of iron shoes on the treacherous poles. Nothing gave. Some relaxed, while their more tenacious mates flew forward, stopping violently against the collars; then all settled again. A great black horse snorted and began to paw and rear in its excitement, the mares shaking their heads and biting at their mates nervously. Billy made that black horse the target of his rage.

"Quiet! miserable plug!" he shouted, "or I'll brain you;" then

jerking the lines, "Quiet! the whole gang of you," his language drifting into an exasperated flow of astonishing words. He cursed everything, the threshing, the country, the engine and especially Ratty, whose ancestry was not spared.

The horses were quiet again, heads drooping, moving a foot once in a while, seeking an easier place.

Ed, still clutching the lines in his left hand, his right fist closed, stood in a deep study, his eyes fixed on that broad, shiny iron wheel.

"What I want is horses," he said, "two teams, three teams, what's the use?" He turned and looked ahead.

Beyond the bridge, at the hill's first bend, a woman was sitting on a sorrel horse. Immobile she contemplated the scene — Before Ed had time to make any motion towards recognizing her, she wheeled her horse with incredible swiftness and was gone.

It was Rose Chase. Ed blushed deeply. He felt terribly humiliated to have been seen so, with his outfit stuck in the mud, and by her! Another man might not have come half the distance he covered in so short a time, yet he felt as if he were guilty.

"Billy," he said in a quiet voice, "we are going to get out of this and up to Chase's, Lou or no Lou, if we've got to take everything to pieces and pack it there on our backs. You've been freighting, haven't you? Well, we are going to try to raise her like they do a waggon's wheel stuck in the slush.

"On the jump now, Billy, get me stakes."

Billy, although only a lad, knew what to do. He soon had three or four three-foot stakes which he threw at Ed. The latter began to drive them diagonally under the broad wheels thus making a better foundation and an easier climb on to the corduroy. Billy, all enthusiasm now, was interpellating the machine in his glee.

"You thought you would stay there, didn't you? You liked that

spot, you old pile of junk. Nice and soft and wet wasn't it? But you are coming out, see? You bet your life you are coming out!" The swearing flowed again easily, not in anger, but with the joy of an artist accomplishing some remarkable piece of work.

"Now, Billy, cut that out, take your lines, and we'll try again."

"What's that?" said Billy. "By gum, they are coming to help you out, old man. Here's Miss Chase and three teams, and by heck!" he added admiringly, "she can handle them too, believe me!"

Indeed, coming down the hill at a sharp trot was Rose Chase, handling her six horses in wonderful fashion. Four horses were abreast. She was riding the off horse of the right-hand team, which she managed with her right hand; in her left she had the lines of the left-hand team firmly grasped just where they divide. The two horses behind were led by the halter tied to the hames of the animal she was using as a mount. And so, amid a great clanging of harness and a thunder of hoofs, she came abreast of the bridge.

Stopping sharply, agile as a cat, she slid down her horse, seized the bridle of the two inside animals and stood there for a second, her slim white arms, bare to the elbows, holding these great powerful beasts in check. Her eyes were shining from her ride, her dark hair half undone curling on her smooth white neck.

The deep admiration that was plainly showing in both men's eyes she heeded not.

"Quick, Ed," she said, "get your spare double-trees, your chains, ropes, anything. Big Lou is only about a mile away, coming sharp. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

She began to separate her teams, for the bridge was too narrow to allow four abreast.

Billy was working like a fiend, untangling chains, getting an enormous coil of rope ready.

"But, Rose," said Ed, "is this fair? I can't allow it. I got stuck here. Lou is coming without help. No, I am beat, that's all."

Avoiding her gaze, he looked with unseeing eyes at the dark underbrush.

"Oh! Quick, quick!" she said. "I want you up there, Ed. Help Billy; every minute counts. Ed, don't stand there. Of course, it's fair, if I want it."

There were tears in her voice.

The man was undecided yet; not for long, though. The girl ran to Billy and seizing a heavy chain began to drag it, straining, her small hands slipping over the big links. In three bounds, Ed was at her side, pushing her off gently, his eyes moist.

"Girl," he said. "O Girl! For me!" That was all he could say.

Suddenly he was the man of action again, giving his orders clear and sharp, while Billy rushing at top speed kept whistling low under his breath. No matter how hard he was panting his breath came and went following the measures of that unknown song. That was his way of expressing joy with ladies present.

"We will put all the teams on the engine," decided Ed. All the spare double-trees had to be used, the girl herself hooking some of the traces with her strong little hands. The chains, tied together passed between all the teams from the end of the iron tongue to the front team's neck-yoke.

"You take the front teams, Rose, I the hind ones, Billy centre."

"No, no," said the girl. "We can't stop at the top of the hill and come back for the separator, we must run the engine in only. We must ride the horses. Ed, give me a hand." Docile, he stooped, and she, stepping on his hands was seated in a second.

"Hurrah," shouted Billy, "it's like taking a cannon up hill."

Ed mounted the off horse of his last team also, he could not have stayed on the engine's little seat without being strapped on.

"All ready," he said in his quiet, clear voice.

No yelling, no excitement this time, they merely chirped to their horses, holding them well in hand, and slowly the great mass of steel rose, the hind wheels falling in the same hole, but not having time to settle.

The first bend up the hill had to be taken carefully. Rose skilfully keeping her teams far out and swinging only when the engine had taken the turn.

"Now, boys," she shouted, turning her head, "some speed."

A great roar from Billy got the horses excited, they began to trot. By some miracle, the engine kept its balance and so they came into the yard, that slender girl leading, in a cloud of dust amid a storm of hoofs and rumbling steel.

Almost at the same time, just a little after, Lou came in by the North Road; engine in front, separator behind, everything orderly and business-like.

He understood the situation instantly. Getting off his engine he walked up to Ed. With a simple and dignified gesture he took off his hat to the girl, an inscrutable smile on his lips. Going to Ed, he extended his hand.

"Ed," he said, "fair play. What woman wishes, God wishes, as the French say." Saying no more he walked away.

"Ed," said the girl, coming close to him, Billy was on the other side of the horses, "Ed, aren't you glad we won?"

"We Oh, Girl!" was all he could say as he took her hands in his. "We" and his voice was husky.



AUTUMN

From the Painting by J. W. Beatty. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE RABBIT

BY D. DOUGLAS EPPES

"What virtue is to a Woman, honour to a Man, so are its Colours to a Regiment"

IF you should visit the mess-room of the Halberdiers on a certain night in the year—first putting on your cloak of invisibility, for in no other way will a non-member gain entrance—you will witness the drinking of a toast unique in British Army traditions.

Everybody knows of the Halberdiers. Their name has been writ large in British military history; their honourary colonel is always the reigning sovereign. But, outside the regiment, speaking always of the commissioned ranks, none has probed the mystery surrounding this particular toast. One thing, however, is a matter of common knowledge to the other corps of the garrison in which the Halberdiers happen to be stationed—that, annually on the 27th January, the officers, always the soul of hospitality, are At Home to no one. There is a tradition, which does not belong to this story, that, on one occasion, a royal personage intimated his very keen desire to be present on this evening. Not even, for a prince of the blood, would the regiment depart from its rule, whereat, it is on record, the royal personage went away in high dudgeon with his curiosity still unappeased. From which, it will be seen that, even at the risk of affronting great people, the Halberdiers prefer to keep their secret to themselves. In a word, the ceremony is a skeleton which they keep safely locked up in their regimental closet,

secure from the gaze of prying eyes.

Supposing, however, that you, more fortunate than others, have managed to effect an entrance into the well-appointed mess-room, you will at once note that the mess is there in full strength; from the grizzled colonel to the last-joined subaltern, not one is absent. Custom decrees that the commanding officer should assume the presidency for the occasion, and, never since the toast was first honoured, has the senior regimental officer been absent on this night. Directly the wine has been brought in, the mess-sergeant, carefully shepherding before him the waiters, withdraws, and the doors are locked.

Then the Colonel, rising to his feet, with glass charged to the brim, says: "Mr. Vice-President, and gentlemen of the Halberdiers: The Rabbit." Whereupon, the second-in-command, from his place at the lower end of the long table, rises in turn, and repeats: "Gentlemen, The Rabbit." Each of the diners, by this time standing, voices the words of the toast and thereafter drains his glass to the dregs. Then a hush falls on the assembly, while the Colonel leads the way to where the crossed colours of the battalion droop from the wall of the mess-room. One by one, in order of their rank, he is followed by his subordinates, and for ten minutes, perhaps, during which no word is spoken, the group stands in front of the King's and regimental colours;

the silken colours which tell of the twenty-four engagements—from Malplaquet to Paardeberg—in which the regiment has borne an honourable part in its two centuries of existence as a fighting unit. Thus they stand, and, if you are fairly observant, you will notice, under the cross formed by the two colour-staffs, a small cheap photograph; a photograph of a very ordinary-looking private soldier in khaki uniform. Also, you will note that far more attention is paid to the photo, which is dingy, and was evidently taken in the days when cheap photography meant bad photography, than to the more impressive background of silken standards emblazoned with battle names that fire the fighting blood.

Then doors are unlocked, and the ceremony is over. Thenceforth, however, there is no gathering around card-tables or in billiard-room. The officers, for that evening at least, seem anxious to hold commune with no one. Half an hour later, the mess room is deserted and, ere last post has been sounded, in darkness.

That is the toast. To go back to its origin, however, you have to go back twenty years, when the battalion was just completing its tour of Indian service. A very fine regiment it was then, the smartest and best-drilled in the Punjab command. Small wonder, therefore, that when a battalion was required to do a little police work a short distance from the Afghan border, the general officer commanding decided on its selection. It was merely a minor trouble. A hill tribe had got a little unruly, and, after cutting the throats of a couple of unoffending traders, had sent an insulting message to the government official despatched post haste to investigate the matter. It was thought, therefore, that the visit of a nine hundred strong fighting corps would bring them to a sense of their misdoing. Also, it was hinted that the body, dead or alive, of one Myheer Khan, chieftain of the turbulent

tribe, delivered to the Peshawur authorities, would more than compensate for the loss of the traders' lives.

Accordingly, at the head of the regiment, the Colonel started off on his two hundred miles' trek. His command were fairly well impressed with the importance of their task. It was not active service, by any means, but it was the next best thing to it, and though there would be no fighting, and, consequently, no after compensation in the way of medals, they rather hoped that they might get one chance of using the new Lee-Metfords which had been issued to them twelve months before, and had never been aimed at anything more harmful than a range target.

Thus, cheerily, they went on their way, the band playing stirring tunes, and the bugles winning echoes from the rock-clad hills over which the greater part of their path lay. Thirty miles from their objective, a village in the Karand Pass, they halted for the night on a range of rough hills below which stretched the boulder-strewn valley of the Karand, bounded northwards by another line of jagged-topped peaks. Beyond these again was the village of the marauding tribesmen.

So far they had not encountered a single hostile Pathan. Nor did they expect to do so, until they had left the valley behind them. Even then, the intelligence officer, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of guide, assured the commanding officer that it was highly improbable that the tribesmen would not immediately surrender their chief rather than risk combat with such a formidable force.

The battalion was provided with E.P. tents, for the nights were chilly in that high altitude. In company rows, at regular intervals, the canvas shelters were pitched, the officers' quarters in rear; the tent for the quarter-guard in front of the leading company's lines. A double sentry was furnished on the frontal post, while each flank was patrolled

by one man. By every rule of warfare, the heights to the right, some fourteen hundred yards away, should have been secured. But then the battalion was not on active service. As a matter of fact, the question of establishing a chain of outposts had been discussed, but the intelligence officer had pooh-pooed the necessity for such a precaution.

"We are two good days' march from Myheer Khan's headquarters," he said, "and, after all, we are not making war on him. Better let the men have a night's rest. They need it."

And, so it came, when the orderly officer made his rounds a little after midnight, and turned in his report, "All's well," the safety of the sleeping camp was dependent on the vigilance of five sentries, one of whom was Private John Martin, known to nine hundred of his comrades, as "The Rabbit."

Six foot, three he stood, with a chest measurement that stretched the tape at forty-three inches; altogether as fine a specimen of stalwart manhood as Devon county, that land of big men, had ever sent forth to follow the drum.

Yet, in spite of his Titan stature, "The Rabbit" was not a man of war. In his six years of service, he had never been known to resent an insult. And opportunity to take up the gauntlet had been his in plenty; for, since the day he joined the Halberdiers a country hobbledohoy in his teens, he had been the legitimate prey of every practical joker in the regiment. But he had never retaliated. Not even on a memorable occasion when two of his company, either of whom he could have crushed with a blow of his fist, had blacked his pipe-clayed equipment a moment before he had taken his place on guard-mounting parade. That was four years ago, but the roar of indignation with which the sergeant-major had greeted his appearance still left an unpleasant tingle in his ears. Nor

had his nick-name, bestowed a week after joining the regimental depot, outworn its distastefulness. He never showed that he resented it; but, resent it he did, with a bitterness of indignation which found vent in his moments of loneliness. He had welcomed the expedition, hoping that it would afford him one chance of showing his mettle. But, now that he was tasting for the first time the rigours of field-service, he was fain to confess to himself that soldiering in a semi-hostile country had its drawbacks. Moreover, he loathed sentry duties at the best of times, for his was a companionable nature; but, this night, with a patience that was his chief characteristic, perhaps his chief weakness, he resigned himself to withstand his ordeal of lonely watchfulness.

Two hours may not seem a long time; it depends where and how it is spent. In pleasant company, the minutes may fly on wings. But two hours of solitude in the blackness of the Indian night, with the keen mountain wind biting to the marrow, and the fear ever-present of a vengeful Pathan waiting unseen his chance to drive home the wicked Afghan knife, the triangular knife that needs no second stroke to achieve its purpose, is a period of time into which, to the imaginative mind, ten thousand hells can be compressed. And, in his first hour of lonely vigil, "The Rabbit" experienced them all.

For what he thought was a long thirty minutes—in reality, it was a scant ten — he stood almost motionless, with rifle at the ready, and nervous forefinger crooked around the trigger. And during that time his gaze alternated from the black void ahead to each side of him, and thence to the rear, where the dim outlines of the tents blurred on his imagination like monstrous tombstones. And never did he turn his head, or change his posture ever so slightly, but he caught himself listening for the echo of some lurking hostile presence. The

sergeant of the guard had impressed on him the necessity of patrolling the entire right flank of the encampment. He remembered the behest, and its thought added fresh discomfort to his already uneasy mind. But the task had to be done, and so he turned and paced his long beat. And, then standing, with neck craned forward, and nerves keyed to the utmost, there fell on his ears the slightest of sounds. Behind him he could hear the heavy boots of the sentries on the frontal post crunching over the stony plateau. But this noise was that which a snake might make worming its way through undergrowth or long grass. Calling to mind every one of the stories he had heard of the wiles practised by hillmen in a sudden onslaught on a sleeping camp — how naked, with body oiled and knife between teeth, they crawled within striking distance of an unsuspecting sentry, and thereafter, quickly and scientifically, administered the *coup de grace* which left him a mutilated horror, "The Rabbit" listened fearfully. Scarce permitting himself to breathe, he strove unsuccessfully to locate the spot whence the sound had emanated; and, then, just as he began to chide his imagination for playing him false, almost at his feet he caught the glimpse of something white; of something, which to his disordered vision, took on the sheen of steel.

He never stayed to bring the rifle to his shoulder. In an instant he had pulled the trigger, and the flash of the Lee-Metford showed him—not the expected big Pathan with uplifted knife, but one of those pariah dogs, half canine, half jackal, that follow a marching regiment as a shark follows a sailing vessel. And this one, disgruntled at his unfriendly reception, dropped the clean-picked bone which he had been gripping with his glistening fangs, and raising his voice in shrill protest, circled around the discomfited sentry to dash at headlong speed through the tent lines. In

a minute the camp hummed with activity. Roused from their slumbers by the rifle-shot and the accompanying chorus of startled yelps from the fleeing pariah, the men poured out of their tents, and formed up in readiness to resist the supposed attack. One company, that to which Martin belonged, doubled out to where he stood, its commander demanding the reason for his warning shot.

"The Rabbit" might have lied; as it turned out, he could have done so with impunity: Instead, however, he blurted out the truth, and when he had revealed it, a chorus of guffaws, which the officers made no attempt to quell, arose from the listening men. But, while the unfortunate sentry meekly accepted the angry denunciation of his company commander and the scathing comments of his comrades, there came a straggling volley from the high ground to the right which, passing overhead, punched great holes in the tents in rear. In a moment, "The Rabbit's" indiscretion had been forgotten. One company was directed to double out for a hundred yards on the threatened flank extending to two paces as it executed the movement, while another took up a position in front of the encampment. These dispositions made, it became the regiment's task to await the enemy's pleasure. But, apparently, the precautions were unnecessary, for there came no renewal of the fire, save an occasional bullet which pinged harmlessly overhead. None the less, the colonel determined not to be caught napping, and the battalion remained under arms until the first streaks of the new day split the dark clouds into ragged tiers of gray. Then, as the hill in front revealed its rugged outline, it was seen that the hillmen, under cover of night, had massed themselves on the precipitous slope and were preparing to give battle to the white men.

"This is too good a chance to miss of giving these fellows a lesson," re-

marked the C. O. "We'll drive 'em out of that before breakfast. Detail a sergeant and six men of the guard to remain behind and look after the camp, and we'll attack right away."

In lieu of artillery, the Maxim, snugly ensconced between two boulders, covered the first deployment and drew the attention of the hillmen from two companies sent down towards the plain to execute a flanking movement. Then, in extended order, the remainder of the regiment advanced to storm the hill. On they swept, halting every now and again to send in a driving volley, and then winning a few yards nearer to their objective. The troops were as cool as though they were carrying out an ordinary parade movement; more important, though, their shooting was deadly accurate. So thought the enemy, apparently, for as the lines of khaki reached the foot of the hill, there commenced a hurried movement to reach the plain below. Waiting for this were the two flanking companies, who rent the descending hordes of tribesmen with volleys at short range, and then, fixing bayonets, rushed at the discomfited Pathans as they debouched on to the low ground. Scourged now by a galling fire from those above, and menaced in their retreat by the flanking party, the hillmen paused irresolute. And while they stood there, seeking an avenue of escape, death smote them thick and fast. A tribesman is no longer a formidable antagonist when you have him on the run, and they were beaten ere the first steel-tipped wave of khaki slayers broke on them. Swift, then, to recognise the mistake which they had made in abandoning their lofty position, they turned and in little knots awaited the onslaught of the white men.

And while bayonet and butt clashed against knife and sword, down the rocky hillside scrambled the remaining companies of the Halberdiers, and flung themselves into the melee. Ten minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, and

the hillmen, a broken rabble, were fleeing along the rock-pitted plain, or seeking fresh cover on the hills. And, on their heels, the avengers followed, slaying as they ran. The officers were in no mood to call off their men. It was felt that a lesson was needed, and for many an hour the pursuit was unflaggingly kept up. Came noon, however, and with it the order to reform ranks. "The Assembly" was sounded, and the regiment, flushed with a victory achieved at surprising little loss, turned their faces again towards the encampment, now distant a good three miles.

It was not until the troops had covered half their return journey that the Colonel bethought him of the fact that, save for a guard of half-a-dozen men, the camp was undefended. Even then, as he galloped along with his adjutant at his side, no feeling of uneasiness seized him until the twain crested the hill, and, reining in their breathless horses a hundred yards from the encampment, gazed ahead. In that instant, the senior officer sensed that something was wrong. It was not the absence of any patrolling sentry; nor the unnatural quietness of the camp. It was neither of these matters, though each in itself was sufficient to tell a story of something amiss. That which made him turn with whitened cheek to his companion was the sight of a puttee-woven leg sticking grotesquely from out the sheltering curtain of the guard tent.

Dismounted now, the two officers sped like winged Mercuries towards the canvas shelter. They had just come from as thorough an exhibition of scientific slaughter as the average soldier is afforded a chance of witnessing in a lifetime. But the scene as they entered the open doorway made them recoil in horrified amazement. Inside the tent resembled a charnel house. Face down, mutilated beyond recording, lay the sergeant. His hand still clutched the bayonet-tipped rifle, which, ere dying, he had driven into the breast of a huge Pa-

than until the reddened point showed some four inches beyond the hillman's shoulders. The drummer, a lad of twenty, had fallen after a fight in which his sole weapon had been his tiny bandsman's sword, that now lay, broken and bloody, against the tent pole. Beyond him again, were the bodies of five privates, slashed and hacked with the ferocity with which, in all climes, the Mahomedan fanatic treats his conquered foe. To them, apparently, death had come while sleeping. Not a rifle, save that which the dead sergeant retained in a steel-like grip, was visible in the tent of death.

To the two shocked observers of the awesome spectacle the story of the tragedy was as plain as though related by those who had taken part in it. While the battalion had been vigorously attacking the main force, a small band, perhaps not a dozen all told, had wormed their way up on the reverse flank, crept on the unsuspecting guard, and hacked them to pieces ere the knowledge of their danger was borne on them. The sentry had probably been first disposed of, and thereafter the deadly stalkers, emboldened at the knowledge that the rest of the tiny detachment would not be anticipating attack from such an unexpected quarter, had followed up their initial success fearlessly and rapidly.

Thus the two stood for a period, contemplating the scene of slaughter, until the colonel's gaze fell on the tent pole where dangled two straps.

"My God, Barnes!" he jerked out, his face suddenly grown old. "They've taken the colours."

Blank dismay in his features, the other followed his senior's glance.

"Great Scott, sir, I'd clean forgotten about them. They were fastened to the tent pole. They've taken 'em, sure enough."

Appalled by this culminating catastrophe, each stared at the other's face, speechless. And, as they stood, on their ears was borne the clatter

of the returning regiment climbing up the stony slope to the camping ground.

"They've taken the colours," repeated the Colonel. "The Halberdiers' colours! Think of it man! A guard cut up, and the regiment's colours taken! Captured by a gang of cutthroat hillmen while the rest of the battalion's within rifle shot! Our poor fellows butchered, and the colours gone. What a story to have to tell when we get back to Peshawur! The regiment is eternally disgraced."

He broke down and wept, the enormity of the massacre of his men swallowed up in the still greater enormity—from a soldier's point of view—of the loss of the standards, the historic flags which had looked down on many a field of blood in the Peninsular War, and had been carried in triumph through the Crimean and Mutiny campaigns. Never, till this black day, had they passed into the hands of an enemy, though fierce the battle which had ofttimes waged around them for their possession.

Outside, the returning troops had halted, and the ring of their ordered rifle butts roused the two officers from their gloomy commune. With an effort, the colonel regained his self-possession, and turned to his junior. "Not a word about this, Barnes," he warned. "Not even in the officers' mess. It will never do to let the rest of the battalion know until we have had time to think of some plan for their recovery. If any comment is made about their removal from the guard tent, just say that they have been taken to my quarters."

Elated as the troops were at their victory, the news that the camp had been raided and the tiny detachment butchered during their absence brought a feeling of savage resentment which even the thought of the morrow's sure vengeance failed to appease. They had fought a good action; many of them had smelt powder for the first time in their soldiering, and the memory of the hand-to-

hand fight with the hillmen was good to dwell on. But the mutilated bodies of their hapless comrades sobered them in a way which nothing else could have done. It was hard to think that while succour had been only a short distance away they had fallen victims to the vengeance of the stalking hillmen, and not until the remains had been decently shrouded in blankets and interred a stone's throw from the encampment did they feel disposed to discuss the disaster. Then, gathered in little groups, they sought to piece together the details of the tragedy.

"What I want to know," demanded one, "is where the blooming sentry was when this happened? He must 'ave been asleep."

"They haven't found him yet," interjected a young lance-corporal. "The sergeant-major's had a search party out all afternoon, but they haven't come across the body."

"Who was he?" asked another of the group.

A voice spoke up: "Martin of 'B' Company."

"What! 'The Rabbit'!" exclaimed another. "I'll bet five bob that he cut his hookey the minute he saw the Pathans coming."

"Yes," added the lance-corporal, "and left his pals to be butchered. Mark my words, though: as soon as it gets dark, he'll come skulking back to camp again."

"If he does, they should shoot the dirty tyke on sight," remarked a shirt-sleeved sergeant, spitting venomously at a harmless lizard basking in the late afternoon sun, and the subsequent chorus of "ayes" told that the speaker voiced the sentiments of his listeners.

And while, in savagely tense tones, the Halberdiers discussed the morning's horror, and speculated on the fate of the missing sentry, in a cave, high up on the range of hills which bounded the valley to the north, "The Rabbit" sprawled his unconscious form on the stony floor. And

against him, so close that his bound wrists rested against the staffs, were the colours. Nor was he unguarded, for at the entrance to the cavern, cunningly concealed by a trailing creeper, which wound like a spider's web across the narrow aperture, were squatted two tribesmen, who, secure from observation, peered across the four-mile expanse of valley, and noted every movement of the khaki-clad troops as they searched for their missing comrade.

"Allah permits the white pigs to seek," observed one of the watchers. "Yet shall they not find."

"Ay," growled his companion, as he ran his thumb along the edge of the knife resting on his knees. "Still, do I think it were best to slit the throat of this fellow. A dead Fer-inghi is ever better than a live one."

"Tush," replied the first speaker, as he turned his hawklike visage towards the interior of the cave, and rested his eyes on the form of the unconscious Halberdier. "Heard you not Akbar's express command—that not a hair of the captive's head was to be touched? Dost set thine authority against his? Thy hatred for the white men is not greater than mine, but it is so ordained that, living, this man shall prove of the greater worth."

"How so! Oh, Jost Sing?" inquired the other.

"In this way," explained his companion. "Thou knowest that Akbar and our seven comrades are even now on their way to the village of My-heer Khan. Once there, will be told the story of the blow we struck to-day. When the chieftain learns that the sacred flags of the white men are in our keeping, together with one of their guardians, thus will he say to the Colonel of the regiment when he arrives to pillage and burn the homes of the faithful: "March your men back whence they came, and ere they have climbed the south wall of the pass, the standards and the prisoner shall be restored to you. Refuse—

and the captive shall be put to death, and the flags destroyed.' 'Tis known that these coloured emblems are as the gods of the Feringhis; that have I been told by my brother who served the Government. So it will be that the Colonel will accept Myheer's terms, not alone for this man's sake, but because the loss of the standards would be heavily visited on his own head."

"Nevertheless, he may refuse," persisted the other. "Thou knowest how pig-minded these Sahibs be."

"Then," returned Jost Sing, with a sinister smile, "do thou keep a sharp edge on thy blade, for, should mine fail in its aim, I promise thee second thrust at this white giant."

Meanwhile "The Rabbit," lying a full twenty feet from the conversing hillmen, struggled slowly back to consciousness. His head ached with an intensity of pain which at first forbade connected thought; but as he lay there, dully wondering what had happened him, and in what manner he had come to his present hapless plight, his senses were sharpened by the sight of the two sentinels at the cave mouth.

Now he remembered, how sitting on a boulder, a stone's throw from the encampment, listening to the afar-off roll of musketry in the plain below, there had suddenly burst on his startled hearing a comrade's death shriek; how turning around he had seen a melee of half-naked, dusky forms at the entrance to the guard tent, slashing and hacking at something inside. The sight had sent him running to his comrades' aid, only to come face to face with four Pathans, who, with red, dripping blades, had wheeled to meet him. Twice he had lunged at a foe, each time to see his bayonet stab the air as the nimble Pathan skipped aside. Then had come the crashing blow on the back of his head, which had robbed him of consciousness. He did not know that but for the handle of the hillman's sword turning in the sweaty

palm of its wielder, his head would have been cloven in twain; nor did he know that he owed his life to the opportune intervention of Akbar, the leader of the band of raiders, who, struck by the soldier's miraculous escape and not a little impressed by his enormous stature, had stayed the hands of those who would have administered the coup de grace as he lay helpless and stunned at their feet. Grudgingly, the order had been obeyed, and, thereafter, borne on the shoulders of four stalwart hillmen, who sweated and panted under the weight of their burden, he had been brought to the cave and deposited in the custody of his present guardians until the result of Akbar's mission was made known.

Deepened the shadows until the interior of the cave became dark as the tomb, save where the last streaks of the fading day filtered through the entrance. Here, until the swift Indian night settled down and blotted their forms from his vision, the captive kept his gaze fastened on his swarthy custodians. Once he moved cautiously to ease his position, and, as he did so, by pressing his huge fists together and forcing his elbows outwards, he sought to test the strength of the cords which encircled his wrists. Five minutes of tense struggle taught him that not by this means were his bonds to be broken. He must try some other method. Nor was he long in determining what it should be. Prodding into his back, and causing him a discomfort to which, hitherto, he had been unconscious, were a number of stones which dotted the floor of the cavern. Raising his body ever so slightly, "The Rabbit" worked himself into a position by which one of these stones rested against his bound wrists. Then, anchoring it on the ground between his knees, he commenced to saw the cords against its sharp edge. Tugging and straining at his Homeric task, all the while keeping a watchful ear for the approach of his captors,

at the end of an hour's labour he was able to congratulate himself on the fact that the stone had jagged its way through several of the encircling strands. Then, just as he was counting on having his task completed in the next sixty minutes, there came the click of flint on steel, followed by a flash of light which dazzled his vision—one of the guards had lighted a torch and was stealing noiselessly towards him. In the brief moment of his approach, "The Rabbit," back to his recumbent position again, noted that a thick cloth, or blanket, had been suspended over the entrance to shield the light from hostile eyes. Torch in hand, the Pathan advanced until he stood over the prostrate soldier, and regarded him intently. Marking his sharp breathing, he mistook the cause.

"Fear not, son of a pig," he said with a sneer. "Thy time has not yet come."

He stirred the other's body contemptuously with his foot, and, then, as though seized with an uncontrollable impulse, he bent down close to his captive and spat in his face.

So swift was the action that the Halberdier was unable to anticipate it by turning his head aside. But the insult fired him as perhaps nothing else could have done. He half raised his body, and, exerting all his strength, snapped asunder the half-severed cords around his wrists.

The hillman heard the noise of their breaking and understood.

With a fierce imprecation, he bent down to seize the other by the throat, but the white soldier was the quicker. Grabbing the huge knife, which hung at the Pathan's side, he smote fiercely upwards, and, as he drove the blade home, he rolled to one side, avoiding the falling body of his impaled enemy. The torch in the hillman's hand went sputtering to the floor, as "The Rabbit" sprang to his feet, and met the attack of the second guard. So close was the onrushing Pathan, that his uplifted knife

scarcely had play, and its edge did no more than gash the khaki jacket of his unarmed opponent. Ere he had time to strike again, the soldier had pinned his foeman's arms to his sides, and was forcing him backwards towards the wall of the cave.

Well for "The Rabbit" that he came from a country where wrestling is still accounted the foremost athletic pursuit, for now he had need of all the skill gained in many a hard-fought tussle on the village green. Strong as he was, his opponent was not one whit his inferior in this respect, and always the white soldier was called upon to guard against the knife which the other sought to thrust home. Twice the hillman, with crafty jabs, drove his blade upwards against the Halberdier's broad chest, and, each time, a spurt of blood told him that the stroke had not been an idle one. At a third attempt, however, the soldier by a quick turn of his elbow sent the weapon out of the other's hand to drop with unheeded clang on the stone-strewn floor. Thereafter, the two fought on equal terms.

And so, for a full ten minutes, these men of gigantic strength, with straining muscles and laboured breath, were locked in strife, while behind them, on the ground, the transfixed Pathan plucked feebly at the knife which had pierced his entrails. And as they fought and swayed from side to side, "The Rabbit," secure in the knowledge that his foeman was unversed in the art of wrestling, thrice shifted his grip, with the intention of hurling him over his shoulder; but, at each attempt, the hillman, anticipating the soldier's purpose, saved himself by a snake-like turn of his lithe body.

They were back to the far wall of the cavern again, from which projected an arm of rock some three feet from the ground. By the feeble rays from the sputtering torch, the soldier noted the ledge, and manoeuvred his foeman close to it. Then, with a sudden, quick swing, he twisted his agile

opponent like a sapling across his hip. Scarce one instant were the Pathan's feet from the ground, yet, short as the time was, it sufficed for "The Rabbit's" purpose, for, now, the hillman's back had found lodgement against the arm of rock. Shifting his left hand with lightning movement to the Pathan's throat, the soldier bent back and downwards with all his strength. A myriad stars dazzled the tribesman's vision. He released his hold on the Halberdier's body and sought frantically to tear loose the other's grasp. He might as well have attempted to tear down the wall of the cavern. Back, back, the white man inexorably pressed, until there came a sudden snap, and that which he held was lifeless clay—the Pathan's neck was broken.

Bleeding from the wounds inflicted by his foeman's knife and exhausted by the Titanic struggle, the soldier reeled against the wall. Though he realised that every moment he tarried in the cave added to his danger, his physical powers had been too heavily taxed to permit him to do aught but lie on the ground and gasp for breath. A glance at the other Pathan showed he had nothing to fear from that quarter; death had spared the first hillman from seeing his white enemy triumph over his comrade, and, like some monstrous impaled fly, he lay athwart the colour staffs. The sight of the ensigns spurred the soldier into activity. Would he save them, he must bestir himself, and so, after staunching his hurts as best he could, he passed over to the other side of the cave, and, rolling aside the hillman's body, took up the colours. Then, stamping the dying torch underfoot, with the staffs sloped over his shoulder, he stepped into the night.

He did not lack guidance as to the path he should shape. High up on the hill, four miles away against the inky horizon, flickered the lights of the camp, and towards those pin-points of light, gleaming like fairy

lanterns suspended from the sky, he bent his steps. But ere he had left the boulder-strewn slope behind, the weight of the colours began to tell on him in his weakened state. Reaching the low ground, he rested a while, and, then, taking up the staffs again, staggered on. Yet, though he seemed to have traversed leagues, the lights appeared to get no nearer. A fever seized him. He caught himself wondering if they were a fantasy of his brain; some will-o'-the-wisp that was beckoning him on only to mock him in the end. So exhausted he was that a dozen times he halted with the idea of lying down on the plain, now swept by a bitter wind, but the thought that, if once he rested, he could not rise again, spurred him on to renewed endeavour. He cursed the colours, whose weight, trivial enough at ordinary times, now burdened and crushed him. Time and again he told himself, that, if he was free of them, he could win his way to safety with ease. The thought obsessed him, and at last came the solution. Stopping, he felt in his pockets for his jack-knife, and, opening the blade, slashed the silken flags from the staffs. "Better bring 'em in that way," he muttered, "than not at all," and, wrapping the emblems around his shoulders, he trudged on towards his goal.

*

In his tent, the Colonel of the Halberdiers was receiving the report of his adjutant.

"No news, I suppose?" he asked listlessly.

"None, sir."

"No one knows yet?"

"No, sir. Not a soul. There is nothing to report except that the outposts have been sent out. . . . Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the search party failed to find any trace of the missing sentry."

"Who is he?" asked the Colonel.

"A man called Martin of Captain Maitland's company. He is the sen-

try who fired at the 'pi-yi' dog this morning, and the sergeant-major tells me that the men all swear that he has funkcd. Probably they are right."

"What are we going to do?" asked the senior officer, after they had sat in silence for some time. "Sooner or later the truth must come out. I have been telling myself over and over again that in a case like this the whole battalion should be taken into confidence. After all, the colours are as dear to the youngest private as they are to the oldest officer. At any rate, I have made up my mind, if nothing develops before to-morrow, to explain the matter to the regiment when they parade. Depend on it, they won't fight any the worse, when we attack Myheer Khan's village. . . . What was that?" he broke off suddenly.

"A shot from the outposts," replied the adjutant, as he sprang from his seat, and sped into the night. Ere he reached the chain of pickets, a rifle barked again.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired of the sentry. "Are they trying to rush you, or are you just seeing things?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier. "It's one of them niggers, all right. He looked like a Highlander, he did, with kilts on. I seen that much by the flash of my rifle. I got him with my second shot, though."

Revolver in hand, the officer strode forward. Behind him arose the murmur of the men, aroused from their slumbers with the wonder on their minds if another attack was impending. On he went, fifteen, perhaps twenty paces, before his feet tripping over on inanimate something brought him to his knees. Regardless of consequences, he bent down and struck a match, shielding the flame in his hands. It had burnt to his fingers ere he realised the full portent of what the tiny light revealed.

"Have a care, sir," warned the sentry, a prudent distance in rear. "He may be playing fox."

The warning fell unheeded, nor was it justified. For here, lying so quiet that it needed no pressure of the wrist to tell that his heart was stilled forever, was the missing sentry; the man who had funkcd—"The Rabbit." And around his dingy campaign-stained khaki uniform, from shoulders to knees, were wound the missing colours. Thus shrouded, he lay there as though, tired, he had fallen asleep. He might have been, so natural was his posture. But the matches, struck in quick succession, showed the kneeler a thin streak of crimson trickling from the white forehead, and dyeing, as it ran, the red cross of the regimental colour a still deeper hue.

"What is it, sir?" demanded the anxious sentry. "Shall I call the sergeant of the picket?"

Erect now, with the priceless emblems folded under his arm, wondering even in that moment how the task of restoration had been accomplished, the officer replied hoarsely: "No, it's not the Pathans, this time. You're not to blame, of course, Morris, but you've shot poor Martin."

"What! Martin of 'B' Company, sir?" exclaimed the sentry in amazed tones. "'The Rabbit'! Gawd's truth, it wasn't my fault. Why didn't he answer my challenge? What in hell was he a-doing of in front of the picket line, anyway?"

And while the word was passed back for the regiment to turn in again, two of the picket bore the motionless form on a stretcher to the guard tent, where one, holding a lantern close to the body, noted where the hillman's knife had slashed two deep wounds in the chest. "See!" he pointed out to his companions. "he did show fight after all. Good old 'Rabbit'."

But the adjutant, snuggling the silken ensigns under his arm, and passing quick-footed through the avenues of tents, heard with a deep contentment the bustle of the regiment as they sought their blankets and

sleep again. "They will never know, now," he said.

He re-entered his senior's quarters.

"What was the trouble?" asked the Colonel. "A nervous sentry?"

For answer the other drew forth his burden and laid it on the table.

"The colours, sir," he said simply.

"Private Martin — 'The Rabbit' — brought them back." Then he, one of the least emotional of men, dropped into a camp chair and burst into a gale of hysterical laughter.

Thus were the Halberdiers' colours restored to their rightful keeping.

How, after burning Myheer Khan's village and riddling that estimable gentleman's body with regulation .303 bullets, the Halberdiers returned to Peshawur with their colours streaming from bamboo poles, remained a matter of comment in that gossipy garrison until the explanation was forthcoming that the regulation staffs had been burnt in an untimely fire in the Colonel's tent wherein the colours themselves had nearly perished. But on the night of their return, in the secrecy of their mess, the officers heard the real story of "The Rab-

bit's" devotion. Heard it with shiny eyes, and parted lips, and many a murmur of amazed admiration; and, thereupon, collected a sum which kept a mother in far-off Devon in luxury to the end of her days.

And there you have the story of how the annual toast came to be honoured; the story of his regiment's colours which is told to every young Halberdier subaltern when he enters the mess for the first time. But exactly what part "The Rabbit" played in their recovery; how, sorely wounded, he had managed to win his way back to the camp; whether his hand, or the enemy's, had ripped the ensigns from their staffs; whether he had wrapped them around his breast and hewed his way to freedom, or encompassed his purpose by subterfuge, were questions which remained unanswered until a month later, when one, Akbar, surrendered himself, and, after receiving an assurance of pardon, recounted to a group of Halberdier officers the sight which had greeted him on his return to the cave wherein he had left a bound prisoner and two armed guards.



THE FATE OF THE EMPIRE

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH

BY D. CREIGHTON

PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH IN his article on "The New Britains and the Old," in the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, makes an interesting if somewhat startling contribution to the prophecies of the professors. He starts out by citing the undoubted historical fact that while in the earlier part of the Victorian period the avowed policy of some British statesmen looked to an ultimate severance of the colonies from the mother country, that policy is now supposed to be antiquated, unworthy and discreditable. Starting from such premises, one naturally looked for an inquiry into the causes which had brought about this wonderful change, with conclusions based on the evident tendency of the times. But, instead, the Professor boldly girds himself to the task of stemming the tide, and he admits that it is "by no means certain that the statesmen of the days of *laissez faire, laissez aller* were not wiser than the politicians who now-a-days have so much to say about 'The Empire' and its 'problems' and the processes variously described as 'welding' or 'cementing.'"

Those with less temerity might have paused to consider that the change in sentiment has not come through reading magazine articles, but has been forced on them through the logic of events which have demon-

strated in more ways than one the worth of the dominions to the Empire. While, however, the ordinary observer sees in the tendency of the times but a movement to draw closer the bonds of Empire, the Professor, looking beneath the surface, sees with clearer vision the seeds of disintegration already beginning to germinate, and declares that all efforts to prevent it must prove futile, for the breaking up of the British Empire is bound to come. Having to his own satisfaction settled that point, the gradation is an easy one to the consideration of how this "inevitable" event may be brought about. It may come through the unworkableness of different proposals for closer union, and the possibility of the British Parliament without our asking for it, telling us to "loose the bands and go," by an Act "declaring the complete independence of the new communities and withdrawing from them the last remnants and vestiges of the jurisdiction of the British Crown" is coolly considered. Mayhap the growing dissatisfaction of the peoples of the dominions may bring it about—for "why should the affairs of the new country and rapidly growing nation be subject to any meddling control or supervision exercised by strangers living thousands of miles away? This is coming up out of Egypt (Britain), crossing the

Red Sea (the Atlantic), and still finding oneself under Pharaoh's sceptre!" Terrible thought! And it is little wonder that with the spectre of that awful sceptre confronting us, "a civil war in which the whole Empire (real and nominal) would go to pieces," is hinted at. But whether one way or another, whether summary or of slower growth, it seems there is no escape, for all lead up to the consummation: "The certain issue and end is the emergence of these dominions as absolute separate nation-states."

With no intention of discourtesy to the professor in introducing such a homely illustration, this puts those who are foolishly going on in the thought that we are bringing the members of the Empire closer together into the dilemma of the congregation of the coloured preacher, who announced, "Dar are two paths through dis world — de broad and narrer way dat leads to destruction, and de narrer and broad way dat leads to perdition." "Golly! if dat am so," exclaimed an old darkey, "dis chile takes to de woods!" To allay the fears of such people, it may be pointed out that there is no necessity of taking to the woods just yet, for this is not the first time the fate of Canada has been positively settled off-hand, and the "inevitable" of professors does not always come to pass. It is now a good many years ago, but there are many who recollect quite well when the late Professor Goldwin Smith settled our fate in his "Manifest Destiny of Canada," which evoked a spirited rejoinder from the late Sir Francis Hincks. In it he decided—and just as with Professor Duckworth, there was no escaping from it—that our fate was to be absorbed in the United States. The "major forces," as he called them, were all working to that end. But although the majors had the active support of the Professor himself in the spasmodic "continent to which we belong" movement of a few

years after, the privates won out, and Goldwin Smith lived to see his cherished future for Canada as dead as Julius Caesar, with many of those who were temporarily led away joking at the part they had played.

The right of all citizens to amuse themselves, when they have nothing more important on hand, with academic speculations as to the future of Canada is freely conceded—nor need we accuse each other of disloyalty because we differ in our view as to what that future may be — but meanwhile a more serious task confronts us. Our lot is cast in a land of boundless opportunity and undeveloped resources, and it is ours by seizing the opportunities and developing the resources to build up a country of which its citizens may be proud—a task to which one party in the country is as honestly committed as the other. In this work we have our problems to face, and the more immediate one is that of assimilating and making good Canadians of the hordes who, attracted by our opportunities, are flocking to us from every country. But the spirit in which that is undertaken may make a difference to our future. All will hold out to them the welcoming hand, inviting them to share in developing our resources, and making them free of our citizenship. But what will be the outcome if in addition to that they are met by some with the apologetic statement that we are as yet under the rule of politicians across the ocean who are considering how we "are to be retained in a position of subordination," that these men as aristocrats have no sympathy with the common people, and "it is intolerable that we should have to bear the constraint of government" exercised by them, but it will not be for long, as forces are at work which will bring us out as a separate nation? Of course it would puzzle those who thus talk to point to a single overt act within the last generation indicating a desire to retain us in a po-

sition of subordination—to show that our public men have not always been received by those of Britain (even though some of them cannot help being lords) on terms of cordial equality—or what constraint of government we have had to bear — but imbuing the minds of foreigners who are not familiar with our institutions with such statements will bear inevitable fruit, and that not to the advantage of Canada. There are those, on the other hand, who while welcoming the foreigner will point out to him that he comes not alone to share the opportunities of Canada, great as they are, but he is made a member of the larger community, with brethren in every sea, in whose mutual co-operation and assistance there are possibilities of good for all which it would be difficult to fathom—that he is casting in his lot with a country which, as yet with a small population, fears no constraint or pressure even from the most powerful nations, and where peace is assured because the might of the whole Empire is ours without return on our part unless our gratitude constrains us to give it. They may not hope to imbue the stranger at once with their feelings toward the Empire, but they sow seeds which in a second generation will bear fruit. Which is the better way to meet the foreigners who come among us?

Even the most ardent well-wishers of closer association between the different parts of the Empire admit there are obstacles in the way, but they remember that the British Empire was not launched full-fledged with a ready-made constitution, that it is rather:

“A band of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.”

and taking advantage of each opportunity as it comes, they are content to bide their time,

.....“Nor need raw haste,.....
.....Half-sister to delay.”

Step by step much has already been accomplished, and they have confidence that the people who have solved more difficulties in the way of government than any other nation, till they have built up a system that has become a model for free peoples everywhere, whose statesmen know “to take occasion by the hand,” will in good time evolve a way out of the difficulties which to the Professor seem insurmountable. Meanwhile the goal is one worth striving for. With strong communities scattered over the globe, all having a feeling of kinship and working together, what benefits for all may not be accomplished? Already some have come, as witness the preference given by the dominions to the mother country, the helping hand held out by Canada to the West Indian sugar trade, and other things which might be mentioned, which would never have been thought of as between separate nations. With the diversified products and industries of the various parts complementing each other the possibilities of “one great Imperial commercial band,” as President Taft christened it, are enough to fire the imagination and tinge the dreams of statesmen in both the Old and New Britains. Nor will the least of the benefits be the strong position which this federation (or call it what you will — we do not quarrel about names) will occupy in the councils of the world.

Despite nominal Christianity, we all know for how little the wishes of the weaker nations count and how they are made to yield concessions to their stronger neighbours. If the British Empire went to pieces as the Professor prophesies, what would become of some of the nation-states? At best they would have their wishes ignored, even if constraint was not put upon them to yield concessions which their more powerful neighbours coveted. But united in the British Empire they need fear no foe, while their voice would have a potency unexcel-

led—not for aggression but to insure the peace of the world. Aside from all material benefits, however, Tennyson in reply to the Manchester school, whose vision was bounded by commercial advantage, struck a higher, truer note when he wrote:

“We are not cotton spinners all,
But some love England and her honour
yet.”

The trend of events has relegated politicians of the Manchester school to the background, and they are little heard of now-a-days, but it cannot be doubted there are many yet who look upon those who attach importance to considerations other than material good as sentimental dreamers. If they are dreamers they are the dreamers who inspire the soul of a nation. Who can doubt that in the past our public life in Canada has often been kept from sinking to a lower depth because of our association with an Empire which has handed down traditions of honour and in-

tegrity which our public men felt was an example for them in some measure to emulate? It is something after all to have “the storied past” for your inheritance — to feel that you have a share in all the glories of Britains down the ages, which the inspiration which that gives not to tarnish but to hand them down enhanced to future generations. If the time ever comes, as come it may, when we are threatened with any of the disrupting forces of which the Professor speaks, the number of those in Canada who will not without a struggle be wrested from the birth-right they prize so much will surprise those who calmly contemplate a change. More than his own party sympathised with the feelings of the old statesman who, in his last election, rightly or wrongly believing that the policy of his opponents meant severance from the Empire, girded himself for a supreme effort, and gained a victory, though it cost his life.

THE SONG SPARROW

By EWYN BRUCE MacKINNON

AFTER the long drawn day of dull and dreary rain,
The sun peeps out, O joyous evensong
Of pent-up pipings! How the flutes prolong
The sweetest trills—again, again, again!
Thou blithesome bird, swift thy soul leaps to the strain,
Soaring in rapture high above the throng;
And yet, these saddest notes to thee belong:
E'er in the heart, the rain, the rain, the rain,
And fitly falls the true heart shedding tears.
If could frail mortal e'er forget to feel
And raise the voice above mere manly fears,
The song no more would earthy woes conceal
Than thine, thou truly human little thing,
That show'st this sorrowing heart the strength to sing!



THE ADMIRAL

From the Painting by Rembrandt. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE EDICT UPON THE WALL

BY ED. CAHN

"**H**OW now! By the foul fiend 'tis snowing again—by way of a change."

Pierre swung back the upper half of the single door to his shop and put his curly black head out into the inhospitable elements for a brief scowl around.

"'Twould freeze the marrow in the devil's bones and set the grave worms shivering. Tut! I had better not have bespoke the devil so sharp on Good Friday. 'Tis aught he's sent me since but ill luck."

He glanced round and crossed himself repentantly, half withdrawing from the door and reaching out an arm to draw the top closed again, but paused, and once more leaned out.

Darkness was descending with a swoop. The wind was bringing on its wings a winding-sheet of cold wet snow that fell greasily upon the stones, half melting as it came.

As yet no lights were lit. All doors were closed, and already many windows shuttered. The street ran steeply up a spiral track so that the walls of the houses across the way were almost on a line with Pierre's exploring eyes, not a dozen doors beyond. Once more he drew back to stand and gaze straight ahead, his brows drawn into a fretful frown.

The snow fell steadily, cloaking the towers of the chateau on the hill, frosting the chimneys, sheeting the roofs, insidiously creeping into every nook and crevice. The wind rose in a vicious gale and went screaming by. Pierre shivered and again thrust his

head out like a tortoise's from its shell.

He looked up the hill. Yes, it was still there, its fluttering ends flapping in every gust, the King's placard, the edict which made him tremble in broad day: "Whosoever"

The street was still—none would venture forth in such a storm. Could he not take a basket on his arm and have another look at it without risk of being seen? He would barely glance at it in passing, lest prying eyes might be upon him from some unthought-of corner.

While he hesitated, a man came hurrying into sight, passing the edict with bent head, his shoulders drawn half way up to his ears, his sword just showing its shining tip beneath his huddled cloak. He had drawn his bonnet well over his brow and he was making all haste toward Pierre.

"Bad luck! Here it comes in very person, or else it be my ghost," thought Pierre and shut the door in haste. "Léon! I will be bound!" He cried, and made all haste to thrust his money pouch under a loose stone in the floor and hide the bottle he had recently uncorked behind a pile of herbs in a corner. Then he set a stone jug upon the table and at that instant the shop echoed with the noise of his visitor's knocking.

Pierre made an impious gesture and promptly answered,

"Who batters there so boldly?"

"Thy best and truest customer, Monsieur Pierre, open!"

"Alack, you are an infamous liar—

that same worthy man swings from the gallows this many a day. Begone, knave."

"Open, I say, lest I burn your filthy shop about your ears."

"Will you, truly? Follow your nose, which I'll warrant blushes red for the sins of your mouth; this is no inn," replied Pierre, laughing silently, and testing with his foot the stone beneath which lay his purse.

The man at the door put his lips close to a crack and spoke in his natural voice, which was like enough to the shop-keeper's to be its echo. "Pierre, thou vinegar-faced loon, it is thy brother Léon who awaits without, shivering to his soul, open, therefore."

"My brother!" exclaimed Pierre, "tell me no improbable lies, wily reptile. My blessed Léon is a soldier of the good King. He rides a fine horse and does not go afoot, like a beggar, such as you remind me of. Sing a better song, else you freeze unshriv- en."

"Ay, that I will; here waddles a fat dame, a monster basket on her arm; methinks she comes to buy your wormy goods, and I shall tell her to beware of—"

Pierre unbolted the door and fairly dragged the man in, heels over head. "Hush, Léon!" He spared not a moment for greetings until he had satisfied himself that it was only a ruse and the street still empty. Léon peered out also, noting with a satisfied eye that the wind and snow would soon obliterate the marks of his footsteps.

Mutual relief made their faces relax. They embraced in brotherly fashion and held each other at arm's length, each anxious to see for himself whether all had gone well or ill with the other.

"By the beard of the Pope," cried Pierre, "hast grown handsomer, Léon. Wait until I get a candle, the better to gaze upon your beauty, my brother."

"No, let the candles lie," said Léon hastily. "'Tis full light enough to

see my beauty, for 'tis like your own, you irreverant rogue, as wanting as the beard of His Holiness."

"What? Art grown modest, Léon? Now candles I must have to behold this miracle."

"Hold! Strike no light: I am here and gone upon the King's business. I pray no man, nor dame, nor yet wench see me here, so save your rush lips."

"Aha, have you been up to your wicked tricks again, Monsieur Léon? Shall I be hung up like a ham, if 'tis known I've harboured you?"

"Oh, the gallows runs in thy empty head like the beads in a nun's fingers; better get thee to a confessor soon. Hast been mixing turnips with thy butter and sand with thy sugar?" The newcomer was affectionately prodigal with his thees and thous. "No, I swear it—hush!" And Pierre started apprehensively.

Léon was now quite at his ease. He neatly overturned a tub of butter and seated himself upon it, meanwhile removing his dripping bonnet and flapping it against his knees, sending a shower of drops onto the sanded floor.

"A truce to these left-handed compliments," said Pierre, pulling the cork out of the jug and filling a pair of goblets with the ruddy wine it contained. "Here, my brave brother, I drink to you and your mission. Though you descend upon me like a visitation for my sins—without your noble war horse and very near to rags, thou art as welcome as rain in purgatory."

Léon bowed ironically and, hand upon sword, he drained the goblet, setting it down with a wry face. "Nom de nom! Do you keep your wine and vinegar in one jug, my brother?"

A step was heard outside. The visitor leaped from his seat as though pricked with a dagger, and catching up his empty goblet darted behind a huge hogshead.

Pierre hastened to the door and

threw it open, bowing politely. "What, the door closed upon the world thus early?" exclaimed the incoming customer. "Ah, Madame, never upon you. But the storm—; it darkens so early—I could scarce believe any so kind as to venture forth this weather. Give yourself the trouble to tell me how I can serve."

"Dost take me for a cat, that you light no candles?"

"Pardon, ten thousand times, madame." The shopkeeper bustled about and soon had three yellow candles flaring.

"I will have some butter, an it please you," quoth the dame. "Did you hear me, monsieur? Butter, I said, mayhap you give me more of your evil mess, half turnips and half curds, why—I shall know how to deal with you." And the dame with a significant expression upon her wrinkled countenance, took a dish out of her basket and set it down decisively.

"Madame!"

He upturned Léon's recent seat, and with the dish scooped out the butter.

"Faith," cried the dame, "is that a manner to keep butter, with its face to the floor? Belike 'twill poison us all. And again, Monsieur Pontet, I found a handful of your black cat's fur in the meal I bought of you three days ago. Can you not keep your cattle out of doors?"

"Cattle, yes, madame; did I have any; but a cat—who shall deny my Lady Puss her good pleasure? Also madame, one has a sorrow for her on behalf of the little ones she——"

"Good weight, I will have it!" interrupted the customer sharply. "Take your thumb out of the scale, or by my troth I will have it also, since I pay dear for it. Now give me that bacon; it's a dispensation straight from heaven that they did not char it in the curing; and I will begone. Think you I can spend all night gabbling with you?"

She caught up her basket and made for the door, but Pierre was there be-

fore her, bowing. "Pardon, madame, but my pay?"

"One side! I hurry—to-morrow."

"It is hard to pay for bread that has been eaten, madame, to-night, therefore."

"Impudence! You delay me; well, how much?"

Pierre murmured a price. "What! Assassin! Too much by twenty sous." They haggled then for many minutes, but finally agreed, and the lady departed after a deft final thrust. "The King remembers you dealers in rotten eggs, beware for fear you come to wish your grandfather had never been born."

Pierre shut the door again and after snuffing one of the candles and moving the other two to places where they would serve as the best advertisements and shed the least light upon the back of the shop, returned to his brother.

"Such a thing it is to keep a shop, Léon. I wish nine thousand times a moment I had followed the wars like yourself."

"Well, brother, and why not? In the sacred name of Ice!" he added shivering violently, "it is cold here." Pierre smiled a little and glanced at the hearth upon which flickered the remains of a fire. "More fire, more light, my little Léon. I thought myself truly hospitable not to urge either upon you, but if——"

"No, no," said Léon quickly, "give me something to eat. I must hasten on, and that soon, but oh, I am weary of it. Could I be the shopkeeper and you the soldier bold and true, my life would be one long lullaby."

"Eh, in truth," replied Pierre turning away his head, "a song sung by such ravens as Madame Dupont, just gone. You would soon lose your ear for music, that I'll warrant, with none about but higgling dames and maids."

An idea had just come to him, and, wild as it was, he gave it serious consideration, the while he robbed his stock of the materials for his broth-

er's supper, paying only enough attention to the stirring account of the war in Flanders to make appropriate exclamations at intervals. If he failed of his cue once or twice, it passed unnoticed, for Léon too had a scheme in mind, and while his tongue rattled glibly on upon the theme of his own exploits and the glory of a life serving Mars, his brain was engaged upon revolving ways and means of convincing Pierre.

Suddenly in the midst of his tale and his supper, served in the shadow of the hogsheads, he swerved in his story.

"Pray, good twin, do not look so sorrowful. The next time Dame Dupont scolds, lay some of the butter on her with a spade, 'twill soothe her fluttered feathers."

"Tell me not how to maintain my custom," rejoined Pierre, "but rather let me advise you how to conduct yourself, you unhorsed soldier with torn hose, crumpled bonnet and dread of honest candlelight.

Léon frowned angrily and his hand fell upon the hilt of his sword. He sprang up, but his face cleared and he sat down again and fell upon his sausage with entire good nature. "Do you remember how our good mother, God rest her soul, used to vow it was the devil's work alone that made us twins, since never in God's world could we agree?"

"What then?"

"This, only, and I hope it pleases you. I shall be Pierre, the grocer, and don your apron, and you shall buckle on the sword and be Léon the soldier. I remain to ladle out the sugar and the spices, and perchance to rest my aching bones and weary sword-arm. You will ride my horse gaily down the King's highway with the letter to the King of Navarre."

"There is a letter, then?" cried Pierre in astonishment.

"Did I not say so?"

"But you say so many things."

Léon laughed. "You would not believe the keeper of heaven without

proof. Here then." And from the innermost folds of his garments he produced a packet sewn up in silk. "I misdoubt me but what there are more than prayers writ herein, my brother; you must guard it well and give it into no other hands than Henry's own."

"I?"

"Thee. From this instant forth thou art Léon and I Pierre. Come give me thy apron, lest someone enter and find me without my proper badge."

He unbuckled his sword with one hand, while with the other he reached over and untied the string holding the apron and pulled it off.

The outer door opened as Pierre opened his mouth to protest, and with a wink, Léon donned the apron and emerged into the light of the shop and the gaze of the newcomer. It was Madame Serves, and Pierre trembled at the sound of her voice, for she was his nearest neighbour and best customer.

"Stingy one," she began, "only a pair of candles."

"A misfortune, madame," said Léon, "since it prevents me from the better beholding your sweet face. Can you wait until I light others?"

"No. My husband waits. Give me a dozen of eggs; three of the last I bought of you were roosters. Why, good Pierre, where found you those green hose? Old, too, and half wet, I'll be bound. Have you been rummaging around in the snow? Ha, you surely need a wife to look sharply after your shocking ways." She took a step closer and shook a finger beneath his nose. "I am lost if I don't believe you have been into some mischief. Take care, lest I tell Marie Venté."

"Ah, madame!" beseeched Léon.

"Very well, tell me then all about the green hose," demanded the merry dame. Léon hung his head but she turned his face up inexorably, while her brown eyes danced with mischief but nevertheless sharply searched his

face. She even seized a candle and held it near, the better to watch the expressions there.

"They—they—" stammered Léon, "the fact is—well, I dressed in a great hurry, madame, the green hose were the first I came upon—"

Madame Serves, thinking that she understood perfectly, laughed long and heartily, for it was such an easy age that things flavoured of Boccaccio could be hailed with open delight by the most honest of dames.

"Ha, ha, ha, you are a gay puppy, Pierre! But take care that the old dog does not happen home, and bite you for your pains! Oh, Serves will roar," and catching up her purchase, she hurried home.

"Ah ha! Behold! Are you answered?" cried Léon. "Can I not pass as you and you as my shadow? Will you go a'rollicking on the King's business and leave me here a'ladling?"

Pierre had had time to think, and if his mind was not quite made up when the soldier began, a screaming gust of wind outside reminded him of the fluttering placard on the wall at the turn of the street, and the reminder decided him. In order not to appear to fall in with Léon's scheme too readily, he first ridiculed the idea, then listened to argument, then objected to details and at least reluctantly agreed.

Pierre, though living in the fifteenth century, curiously enough, was possessed by many of the devils that beset merchants to the present day. Competition, particularly among grocers, was keen; people bought in small quantities and were fond of credit, they demanded the flesh off the poor grocer's bones and the blood out of his body, figuratively speaking, and so he was forced to various expedients to make his profits, then as now. Therefore, sand found its way into the sugar, powdered sawdust into the spices, great age into the eggs, water into the milk, pebbles into the raisins, turnips into the butter. His

scales were cleverly fixed to render decision in his favour, and his thumbs oftener into the measures than out.

Not only had Pierre Pontet offended in this way, but so many of his fellow merchants, that the King had frowned and dictated an edict which had been posted upon every other dead wall in the town. Already two unlucky merchants had suffered beneath its terms and Pierre knew very well that his revengeful customers only awaited the next offence on his part to hale him forth for his medicine.

He had a good store of gold in his purse, he was young, and his blood called for a free life. Pierre often saw himself in his dreams, mounted sumptuously and galloping over the roads upon some errand for the great. To have an opportunity to give with his own humble hand a silk wrapped letter to Henry of Navarre—oh, that would be an experience.

Besides, what better time than now to see something of the world, for Marie Venté, she whom he meant to marry one day, was away from home on a visit and, once the knot was tied, could he as easily get away? Pierre had the soul of a shop-keeper, it never once entered his head to desert the counter for the battlefield forever. No, he wished only for a change; a frolic away from home; something to boast of in his old age; a chance to let the ill-will of the old dames like Madame Dupont blow over; and, beyond everything, revenge upon Léon.

For Léon, although his only living relative, had in the past, treated him shamefully. He was something of a rascal and a great deal of a practical joker. When Pierre wished to get into a rage all he had to do to accomplish his desire was to think of Léon's cruel jokes. What a morsel it would be to wipe out old scores by means of this masquerade. He did not doubt for an instant that the sly rogue would soon get himself into trouble and his sense of humour being elementary, he considered any misfortune

happening to Léon in the light of a joke.

So, after all, they made a bargain and drank to it in the sour wine. Léon set down his second goblet half finished.

"Name of a dog! I have not a grain of decency under my hide; I have not asked you how does the fair and good Marie. She is well, I hope, brother?" Pierre smiled understandingly. "That she is, thank Our Lady, and gone on a visit to her aunt in Burgundy. She will not come home again, this side of the year, so rest your heart, Léon, she will not be one of your cares in my absence."

"May my feet dangle from the first gibbet you pass if I would not be a tender brother to her. I sigh that I have no way to assure you, cynical man, of my devotion to her and to you," cried Léon virtuously.

"But you have, my only, my best brother, for since nothing but truth passes between us, tell me how comes it that you are about King Henry's business on foot and come to my house very like to soaking wet."

"Infant! Do you think I should clatter to the door upon my war-horse for all the town to gape?"

"Have you one, then?"

"I will bring him within no while at all, 'tis safer now, for it is as dark as the mouth of the pit itself, and good Madame Nature has shaken down a bed of feathers to muffle the hoof-beats and, belike, has yet other downy flakes to bury a thousand more."

"Make haste, then, if you would have me gain the right in your name, to praise from Henry for my haste with his letter. Quickly now, whilst I close the shop. The watch will soon be making the round, and there is a penalty to pay for such as show lights after hours; for honest folk must be snoring in their beds betimes."

"Be listening for me then, with all thy ass's ears."

The candles were put out and the

door opened softly. Léon stepped forth muffled to the eyes in his cloak, and was soon lost to sight in a whirl of snowflakes.

Pierre put up the shutters and bolted the door, then he lit a candle and secured his purse from under the stone and examined the edge of his dagger which he thrust beneath his shirt. After which he despatched the bottle of good wine and sat down to sharpen Léon's sword to his own mind.

He had a razor edge upon it by the time a muffled knock announced the soldier's return.

Léon came in slapping the snow off his shoulders. "*Dame!* the storm is abating; get you gone right merrily. You know the road?"

"As I do my sins."

Pierre buckled on the sword. "'Tis a pretty little carving knife, I swear."

They embraced and once more opened the door.

"What, is this the steed? I compliment you, he looks as mettlesome as his late master and makes no noisy coil at stamping and pawing, like a wise beast."

Pierre, well pleased, sprang up.

"Adieu, my dear, my only brother. All prosperity to you is my prayer. You shall keep all the profits of the shop; make the foolish mesdames pay dear for their sugar, but be generous with the sand. Remember, a bad egg now and then, makes them value twice as well the good ones they get by chance, so profit both. Adieu and may God keep thee."

"Adieu," replied Léon, "who knows, Henry may ennoble thee if you please him and luck attend. Have you the letter safe?"

"Next to my heart." And Pierre was off down the snowy hilly street as silently as if made of air. "Well, by the Madonna," he said to himself, "I pray me I shall like being Léon, better than Léon likes being Pierre."

Meantime Léon, a trifle anxiously, was telling himself that this was a

mad thing he was doing, truly, for not only was the court of Henry of Navarre an exceedingly unhealthy locality for him, thanks to a little matter between himself and the Comte de la Verne, but this very town of his birth besides, and that for a year or more.

"I must look well to my tread, for my path leads over eggs and my bones are not even safe at home—as mine. I must not forget that I am Pierre, whatever befalls. 'Twould pay me to take a ducking at the public pump as Pierre rather than be paid an old debt as Léon."

"Hi! the cunning fox to generously give me all the profits, for thereby he earns fair favour in the books of heaven and himself loses nothing, since knowing me this long time he is well aware that I would take them in any case. To the hunt now! Let's discover the tricks of this doleful trade," and Léon seized a candle and pryed into every bin and barrel and box.

His exploring fingers found his brother's empty bottle, all fragrant with the breath of the sweet wine so recently poured down Pierre's throat. He drew it out, and smelled of it, and held it up before the candle to make sure no drop lingered unconsumed.

"Aha, miserly churl, to drink alone, while your loving brother tumbles through the snow for the horse, like a twitching hostler, and, coming back, is pledged with red poison out of a stinking jug. I am surprised if this very night I do not die of the gripes as I shiver in your filthy attic. I pray to every saint that your windpipe cleaves to the back of your neck until the rope twines about it!

"No! I would change the wish, an' it please the angels he shall have sore adventures by the way, but arrive at last at the court—alive. May the devil keep le Comte de la Verne there until Pierre arrives and announces himself—Léon Pontet—come from

Flanders with a message for the King! Ah, I can fairly see the beggar strut, *ma foi!*" And the new shop-keeper slapped his thigh and laughed.

"My brother will need speak quickly and passing smooth to escape the Comte's ire and steel. 'Twas a scurvy joke I played upon him, and this is like to be a scurvier upon Pierre, verily. But purgatory! a man must laugh, for this be a dull world enough." And Léon took the candle and groped up the stairs to bed, laughing mischievously as he went his way.

"Why, it's a fair bargain, I take his profits in his name and he takes my punishment in mine."

"To sleep now, with all my heart, like an honest grocer, for I have driven a good bargain and neatly cut the gullet, like as not, of my customer. My ears, all I need is a gown and a cowl to be as saintly as a monk. Dreams then, and the devil speed Pierre upon the highroad."

"Brrr, *dame!* It is cold." He blew out the candle and drew the curtain aside to peer out into the night.

The snow had stopped falling, the clouds were scurrying eastward and the moon peeped forth shiveringly. The wind was whirling the snow in long, curling plumes against the walls and Léon noted as he yawned that the tracks at the door and climbing up the narrow street were almost gone.

A mighty gust tore loose the King's edict upon the wall and it flew by the window looking like a giant flake. Léon had seen it fall and watched it scudding past.

"Some one or another of the King's decrees, I dare swear. Does he take his people for a race of pedagogues, and think the whole town may read? A pest upon the notion." And Léon retired to sleep the sleep of the vastly content.

The next day passed off without mishap. Léon, ever on his guard, was used to being called Pierre Pontet by night, and any blunders he

made in serving he made up for by glibness of tongue. Pierre himself could not have surpassed him in politeness nor have driven better bargains.

Not one saw that it was not Pierre who served them but Léon, and Monsieur and Madame Serves jested with him about the green hose for half an hour without perceiving the deceit.

The very enemy whom he feared most in the town came in upon the third day, inquiring if he had any recent news of the blackguardly Léon. Under Léon's sympathetic handling, he rehearsed his grievances and made dire promises of speedy vengeance should Léon ever return from the wars.

"Canst keep a secret, Gaspard?"

"Ay, a thousand."

"Here is one to practise on my brother: The wicked, unruly Léon, rode by this door not a week ago. He went in haste with a message to Henry and ere the moon be young again doubtless will be here once more, en route to Burgundy."

"He will surely stop a day and you shall know it. Never shall it be said that I, Pierre Pontet, should let an honest creditor of myself or brother suffer. Léon shall pay you or you shall take your debt and interest out of his skin."

Alone again, he said, "Ah, sly jackdaw, you will hide the good wine away! I vow to leave you such a load of debts to pay, both yours and mine, as will keep you busy for a year.

"Pssst! Come here, Dame Bag of Sand! The sugar, methinks me, is too sweet. The gossips must have no reason to say the grocer's to blame for their toothless gums."

"Wise Pierre, to have his mistress Marie at t'other end of the earth, else by heaven, I shouldst marry her to complete my noble work."

He merrily mixed the sand and sugar, whistling as he worked, now and then pausing to listen for the footsteps of approaching patrons. There was more reckless mirth in his

handsome young face than evil. Life and this episode were plainly mainly a jest with Léon, and while he spoke so harshly to his brother and played even dangerous pranks upon him, there was no real animosity in his heart.

He was confident that the wit of Pierre would save him if he fell afoul of the Comte de la Verne, and at worst would suffer a drubbing. And meanwhile, Léon would line his empty purse, rest his campaign-weary body and replenish its fires after the manner of a camel.

When it came time for Pierre to return, Léon meant to be warned, and to disappear, that retribution might not find him waiting.

Every time he thought about the wine, he served some customer an evil trick, so that in a very short time he had made himself and his shop a crop of enemies who fairly burned with a fever for revenge.

All might still have gone well, however, had not Marie Venté grown homesick and come home. The morning after her arrival, she dressed in her freshest cap and her neatest petticoat and, with her basket upon her arm and an arch smile upon her face, tripped down the hilly street and entered Pierre's shop.

Léon sprang forward to greet her.

"Name of the Beauties! Marie! How beautiful thou hast grown and how plump thou art!" He held out his arms invitingly, but the damsel swept him a bow, merely. "Faith, Pierre, think you I fly into grocer's arms for the opening?"

"But, Marie!"

"But, Monsieur Pierre!" she mocked, "I came to buy, not chat. Mamma desires a basketful of things; so make haste." And she removed the cloth from her basket and produced towels to wrap her purchases in. "First, I will have—"

"I crave pardon, mademoiselle, let commerce wait upon the dire disease of love. What brings you home again thus soon?"

"Ah, then, my lord marquis, you would rather that I had stayed away? 'Tis well I know it earlier than late. Come, exert yourself, the baking waits."

"Can wait, then, until time melts into eternity. Tell me, Marie, my angel, what brought you home so soon? Confess, you were perishing miserably for a sight of your Pierre, eh?"

Marie stamped her foot in unsimulated rage.

"Sir Impudence! Must I go elsewhere for eggs for my cake? Mind how you give me rotten ones, else worse come of it."

Other customers were approaching, and so Léon owned himself beaten and served Marie with dispatch, but, for revenge, he gave her four bad eggs and into the milk jug first went a gill of water none too clean, and then the milk.

Marie returned from talk with a newcomer to peer into it. "Faith, from the colour of this stuff 'twould not surprise me to catch fish within. Have you forgotten the edict that was fresh nailed upon the walls when I went to Burgundy?"

"That he has; I'll answer for it; but 'twill be easy to prod his memory," remarked an old woman chillingly, and Marie, half frightened, hurried out.

Léon shrugged his shoulders. "Me, I care not a quill for edicts, decrees, or proclamations. I read it not; nor know what it says; or care. An honest shopkeeper has no business with vile writings upon every dead wall."

"Well, Madame Brunner, your turn is next. Only tell me how I may serve."

This lady, under cover of general conversation, contrived to warn the grocer. "Be wise, rather than fool-hardy, my friend. Say nothing against the edict. Your feet are upon glass and that spitfire Marie will give you a push that will land you sprawling if you are not careful."

"Not Marie, madame!"

"Bat! Do you think there are no men in Burgundy?" And with this, his would-be adviser left.

Léon was too busy, too careless, too reckless, too greedy, and too vain to give a moment's heed to wise counsel. If a storm was brewing—very well—he would make hay and silver while the sun lasted. He cheated the more assiduously. A plague run away with signs upon the walls; whatever they threatened, everyone but himself seemed to know, so ask he would not, and besides, what was one placard more or less to a soldier of the King? Tush!

That afternoon Marie Venté returned. She carried a small covered dish and seeing the shop empty she entered swiftly.

"Pierre!" she said in a low voice, "for the love of Sense, what ails you? Are you raving mad? Smell!" She whipped off the cover of the dish and presented beneath Léon's nose the four bad eggs he had given her, swimming in their own odorous iniquity.

Léon sniffed once and drew away hurriedly. "Musty, my little Marie, without a doubt. Where did you get them?"

"Musty! Indeed. 'Where,' forsooth! Rotten they are, six times spoiled and fairly stinking. You know well I bought them here." She clapped the cover on.

"Pierre, every cackling dame in the quarter has an axe sharpened for your neck. Your head will fall and that speedily if you do not mend. Leave off your wine a month, since it addles your wits sadly, and give honest goods for honest coin, or it will be the end of Pierre and his shop in the Rue Delaphine."

"It is well to line your pockets warmly, but of what use, if your life, belike, is lost in the lining?"

Léon sat upon the cheese-block and smiled. "Tell me, Marie, are the men of Burgundy good to look at? Good lovers, mayhap?"

Mademoiselle Venté drew herself

up to her full height of five feet. "Monsieur Pontet!" she said icily.

Léon leaped off the block like a panther and seized her tightly in his arms while he carried her ripe red lips by storm. "Marie, you do love me, to warn me thus! Ah, true one, will you marry me this day week?"

Now Marie and Pierre had, privately, the day for their nuptials agreed upon, therefore this speech amazed her and so she lay passively in his arms, suffering his kisses while she put microscopic twos together and considered.

Now that she was so close to him, she felt an uneasy feeling of strangeness. The surface of his skin seemed coarser than its wont; the lips beneath the beard a trifle thinner than she remembered then.

Smilingly she raised her arms and encircled his neck.

"Pierre," she whispered, then, gently, with one hand she smoothed the hair back from his brow.

Beneath the curly thatch there was a small, crescent of bare scalp, souvenir of a youthful wound.

Léon's heart missed a beat, but Marie gave no sign of having noticed the distinguishing mark and continued to caress him for a moment.

"Promise me, Pierre, you will cheat no more for a month. I tell you it is dangerous."

"Answer my question, first."

"After I think a little, my bold lover. I must pray first; but this much I do promise, now. You shall have your answer the very next time we meet. Oh! I hear someone coming! Let me go!"

Catching up the bowl of eggs, Marie hurried out, leaving behind a bewitching smile, but once out of his presence, her face grew crimson with rage. "Dog of a fox! That is not my Pierre, but Léon! Oh, he shall pay, he shall!"

If Léon had not been so busy stifling his laughter in his apron he might have seen that Marie accosted the passersby and exhibited the con-

tents of her bowl, that she received nothing but sympathy and encouragement and that quite a number of housewives followed her around the bend in the street—one of them stopping to point to the space where once the King's edict had hung.

Marie hastened home to her mother, declaring that the insolent shopkeeper refused to give good eggs in place of bad, and her mother, whose wrath had been mounting, was easily persuaded, especially after Marie had begged the pardon of the onlookers and had whispered something into her ear.

The street outside meanwhile was filling with a mob, mostly as yet of injured women, but gaining every moment recruits of men and staring children.

The news ran from mouth to mouth. Pierre Pontet, the cheating grocer in the Rue Delaphine, was to be denounced forthwith to the magistrate by no less a one than his own fiancée and her mother, Madame Venté, known far and wide as the most reasonable, long-suffering woman alive.

That was enough to bring the whole town to stare quite aside from the just cause for grievance. The volatile crowd laughed joyously, such numbers as had not been cheated and those who had, or thought they had, were alike fully content. The times were grim ones, the people likewise. Grim lines showed in many faces, and altogether things boded no good to Léon.

Various unspeakables were collected from the streets, the refuse piles at every back door and from the kitchens and stables nearby, while the crowd waited the appearance of the chief complainants.

Presently the Venté family appeared, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle, each conscious of his own importance and holding himself accordingly. They headed the procession which wended its delighted way to the magistrate's.

The formalities incident to lodging the complaint were soon over, and then, six soldiers bearing halberds and full of the dignity and importance of their office preceeded the complainants and the growing mob, and made for the Rue Delaphine to arrest the culprit.

Léon heard the noise of their approach, but, thinking it only some common brawling mob, paid no attention until the foremost reached his door.

Too late, he comprehended; he was seized, jerked forth and confronted by his accusers.

The Venté family allowed the talkative members of the crowd to supply all the irrelevant comment and contented themselves with cold stares at Léon, who for all his protests, was visably weak with terror.

A fearsome officer of the King's law barred the door to the shop against the eager crowd, whilst the edict was read.

He cleared his throat loudly, frowned fiercely and addressed Léon:

"Rogue who expresses scorn for the laws of the King! Know now that our sovereign doth say this:

"Whosoever shall have sold watered milk, in his mouth shall be sent a tube, and into the said tube shall be poured the watered milk till the doctor or barber there present shall assert that the culprit cannot swallow more without being put in danger of his days. Whosoever shall have sold butter containing turnips, stones, or any other foreign substance shall be seized and attached to the pillory.

"Then the said butter shall be placed on his head till the sun shall have melted it completely, and in the meantime the children and meaner folk of the town shall insult him with such outrageous epithets as shall please them—subject to the respect of God and His Majesty.

"Whosoever shall have sold evil or rotten eggs shall be seized by the body and exposed in the pillory. The said eggs shall be given to the children of the town, who shall by way of joyful diversion throw them in the face of the culprit, so that all may be full of merriment and laughter."

The awful voice ceased at last. Léon, without further ado, was drag-

ged shouting and vowing vengeance upon all and sundry, up the winding street to the public square upon the hill-top, while the populace, such numbers as could contrive to squeeze in, invaded the shop, confiscating eggs, butter, milk and everything movable.

The milk was put upon a mule, the butter likewise, and so followed the crowd with more haste than ceremony.

So Léon's sins overtook him fairly. He was bound to the pillory, the people hooting and laughing in high glee. A tube was forcibly inserted in his mouth and the milk poured down interminably, in spite of all his gaggings, his chokings, his writhings, his splutterings.

The Venté family, not fearing their fifteenth century dignity, shouted lusty approval, changing it to criticism at the least sign of waste upon the part of the master of ceremonies. The mob increased every moment. Laughter and pointed bits of advice filled the air. All agreed that no better show had been seen in a month of fishless Fridays, and that it was a brave fête indeed which could put it to the blush for innocent diversion.

Presently, however, the milk treatment began to pall; the rascal seemed to have the capacity of a cask, and before the barber, gravely prodding his distended body with a scientific finger, pronounced him in grave danger of his life, cries were heard upon all sides for the butter, the butter!

A fat dame pushed her way to the front, holding in a wooden bowl an odorous yellow mass.

"Look, good people what the knavish ape sold me day before yesterday. Do me the favour to use this; I count not my money wasted quite, an' you do."

"The woman lies!" gurgled Léon weakly. "'Tis some of her own best churning."

But his mouth was promptly stopped with a chunk of the butter, to everyone's huge delight, and the rest

heaped upon his head as prescribed. From the hands of the raiders of his shop came further contributions of butter until he was half buried.

Marie lifted her voice above the din. "Hear me, monsieur, the King's officer, cover well the scar upon the thief's forehead."

Léon, from the depths of his misery, heard and understood, but he was gagged, first by the butter, and doubly by trembling caution, for he had seen well in the forefront of the crowd, and armed with a load of decaying vegetables, his ancient enemy, Gaspard.

If he could so soon forget Pierre, his friend, what could one expect from his hands if he but knew the victim to be Léon? He shuddered.

"Ha, well you may tremble!" screamed Madame Venté. "'Twill take some time for the sun to melt the butter this weather."

"Meanwhile," quoth Madame Dupont, "let us keep the knave warm with missiles."

"Yes! Warmed and answered, too!" Marie once more lifted the cover from the bowl of eggs and hurled them with miraculous aim straight upon Léon's unhappy breast.

A shout went up and the air was thick with flying eggs, fresh, not so fresh, and frankly bad. The storm was varied by all manner of decayed vegetables, and a variety of offensive things to be found nowhere upon the earth but in the gutters of a town.

Formalities over, the King's men and the barber left the pillory and joined in the fun. "Tell me, my haughty friend, dost still care naught for edicts?" cried one.

"Mamma desires a pound of cheese, Monsieur Pierre," shrilled the child of one who had never darkened Pierre's doors.

"Pontet, good, honest Pontet, a dozen of fresh eggs!"

"Take your thumbs out of the scale!"

"See what befalls cheats! Lucky you are beyond all believing; the gal-

lows should be graced by you this instant of time." These were a few of the remarks which reached Léon above all the din of the rest. Then his senses reeled and he heard nothing until the incisive voice of Madame Dupont pierced his consciousness.

"This has been stewing for you for a year, dishonest one! Ah, boy, give me the lovely hard cabbage; methinks I can fling it with force enough to jar his teeth loose."

It was only too plain now to Léon that he was truly a victim, not only of his own cunning, but of Pierre's, for he saw that the rogue had been in dire fear of this very thing, and so easily persuaded to the masquerade. Marie, discovering the deceit, was repaying him right royally for his treachery and forcing him at the same time to expiate Pierre's faults, so that once he did return he could begin again with a clean slate and at no cost to his own comfort.

Léon realised all this as he crouched upon the pillory, half frozen, half drowned; the foul mass of butter weighing down his throbbing head; his body covered with the stains of the missiles thrown at him, while all about him they lay, redolent of every smell under Heaven.

The crowd was ever shifting; newcomers came to gaze upon his woe and spend their wit; the children were busy collecting ammunition and darkness seemed a million hours away.

"Death of a mad dog!" he groaned, "such a thing it is to be a shopkeeper! Saint Peter, I'll joke no more with that Pierre—he makes me pay too dear. To the wars once more, Holy Mother."

"Ah, Mercy, good people, see you not that I perish?"

"What!" shrieked Marie. "Whimpering so soon? Think of your brave brother off to the wars, and how he would bear himself in such a situation."

"'Tis he I think of," groaned Léon faintly. "He, and no other, like as not at this moment being kill-

ed by de la Verne, whilst I—”

But an ancient egg closed his mouth again and Marie, wearying, like her elders, shrugged her shoulders contemptuously and turned and left him to the sport of the children.

The last gaping face was gone. Darkness descended with a swoop. A few flickering lamps swung at intervals, the windows flung their golden patches upon the gray garment of young night. Léon was conscious of increasing cold, his battered frame ached intolerably, but as his hands were securely fastened, he was not able to release himself.

A horse came to a stop before him. With a groan he opened his heavy eyes and scanned the drooping figure upon the jaded steed. There was something very familiar about the horseman. Could it possibly be—?

A croaking laugh came from the rider.

“Tell me, my bold bravo, art any relation to Léon the soldier?”

“Pierre! Is it you in the flesh? Yes, I’d know you in purgatory on a darker night than this. If your wit is served by now, help me away. I die, else.” His head sagged pitifully.

Pierre urged his horse a few steps nearer and then dismounted. He was so stiff that he moved like a wooden man, and the oaths and sharp intakings of his breath told how painful each movement was. Finally, he succeeded in freeing his brother, and they helped each other away from the place of shame, leading the almost staggering horse.

Léon was unspeakably befouled, weary unto death, suffering from the pain of cramped muscles, so badly off that he was able to walk only by a supreme effort. Pierre spent his extra breath in curses, but they were not many.

At last they reached the Rue Delaphine and stumbled through the wrecked shop to the fireplace. They made a fire and Pierre’s secret hid-

ing place gave forth some wine upon which they refreshed themselves as well as they could. After awhile they felt enough better to grin weakly at each other.

“Can keep your soldier’s life, Léon.”

“And you the grocer’s. Mars! I am best off in the saddle. To serve stingy dames and scratching cats like Marie forever! To die were better! And from your looks, my brother, you have pulled the whiskers of Death himself. How comes it that you are swelled so as to much resemble a toad? Your face is cut and scratched—you behave, with your groanings, like a man who has been sorely beaten.”

Pierre spread out his hands to the blaze and his eyes wandered about almost happily. It would be easy to repair the damage, thanks to his well-lined purse, and since he had been punished, in Léon’s person, and presumably had learned his lesson, he would soon get back his trade.

“Le Comte de la Verne is none of the gentlest. No sooner did I speak your name as my own—before that, as soon as his little green eyes alighted upon me, I was sore beset.” He shuddered. “A vile game you played upon me, Léon, no thanks to you that I am still alive.”

“Nor to you that I am.”

“Here is your cloak. Yonder is the door. Why must you hasten so? The horse awaits thee. My advice is to put leagues between here and wherever thou art going, before morning—before I hear stories. Did mention Marie, if I heard you. You are Léon the soldier again and thrice welcome to be. Such a life! Never again will I leave my shop; to serve the great is to be ill-served oneself. Must you go?”

Léon, after helping himself to some fresh garments, put on the cloak and buckled on the sword Pierre had flung to the floor. “The jest is played out. In serving each other an ill turn we have done well. We,

we—" He interrupted himself with a laugh, waved his sword and started for the door. At the threshold he whirled around. "I, Léon Pontet, a grocer for even an hour! I was well served!" And he was gone.

His brother rescued a tattered apron from the debris upon the floor and tied it round his waist with a smile of content. He shrugged.

"A soldier! Save me. Only a madman follows that trade!"

TO ARCADY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"TELL me, Singer, of the way
Winding down to Arcady?
Of the world's roads I am weary—
You, with song so brave and cheery,
Happy troubadour must be
On the way to Arcady."

Pausing on a muted note,
Song forsook the Singer's throat.
"Friend," sighed he, "you come too late;
Once I could the way relate,
Once—but long ago; Ah, me,
Far away is Arcady!"

"Tell me, Poet, of the way
Winding down to Arcady?
Haunting is your verse and airy
With the grace and gleam of faery—
Dweller you must surely be
In the land of Arcady."

Slow the Poet raised his eyes,
Sad were they as winter skies.
"Once, I sojourned there," he said;
Then, no more—but with bent head
Whispered low, "Ask not of me
That lost road to Arcady!"

"Tell me, Lover, of the way
Winding down to Arcady.
Hidden joy your smile discloses,
Fragrant is your path with roses,
Glad your gaze and far away—
Where's the road to Arcady?"

"Stay me not! The hours are sweet!
Flying, flying are their feet;
Every moment I must hold
As a miser clasps his gold!
Follow, follow after me—
Here's the road to Arcady!"

HOW LADIES SHOULD BEHAVE

BY DONALD A. FRASER

CHILDREN'S opinions on most subjects generally are interesting and amusing, and on such a subject as the behaviour of their elders they ought to be doubly so. I asked a class of nine-year-olds to write a composition on "How Ladies Should Behave," and some of the information I received is, I think, worth passing on. I will give one boy's composition in full, just as a fair sample, and then make selections from the rest:

"Ladies should not go with bad company, because it will disgrace their family. They should not go to Five-cent Theatres; but go to some play that is by Shakespeare, or some of the other plays.

"And if they are introduced to somebody they do not know, they shake hands, and the person that introduces them says: 'This is Miss —, Mr. —.' 'Glad to meet you,' then they say, 'Did you come from —?' 'Yes, did you?' 'Yes I did.'

"If they go to a reception, they should put on their best dress, and shake hands with the person that invites them, and then go around and meet the other people they know.

"At the table, they should not put their elbows on the table; and they should not talk when somebody else is talking. They should not grab hold of their knife as if it would kill them.

"They should go to church on Sunday, and get the meals ready, and take care of the children and teach them to be good."

Some of the things requisite to a lady's character might be enumerated as follows:

A lady should have good manners. She should keep her shoes clean.

Ladies should have their husband's supper ready when he comes home for it.

Ladies should look after their children, and give them a nickel once in a while.

Ladies should stay at home and be good to their husbands, and do what their husbands tell them. Some ladies have no husbands, so those who have them ought to be good to them.

Ladies should know how to cook well, and wash well, too.

Ladies should use good language. They should know how to make dresses.

They should chop the wood when a "feller" is at work.

Ladies should be polite to gentlemen.

They should get married when they are about twenty-five years old.

Young ladies should answer grown-up people promptly.

If a young girl is in a crowd, and steps on some person's toes, she should politely excuse herself.

When a lady is with anybody she should put on her best behaviour.

A lady should have friends, and go calling to see them. She should go out to teas, and give teas for her friends.

When they go for a walk they should throw up their heads and walk nicely.

Ladies should go out with the men on Saturdays.

If a lady has a piano, she should not have a lot of rag-time pieces.

A lady should go out every day to make her strong. She should have an automobile or a carriage; but she should not ride in it all the time, because it makes her lazy.

A lady should be happy all her lifetime by helping poor people, and giving them money to buy food.

She should have a tidy house, and house-clean every year.

Ladies should not dress very gaily. They should dress plainly and keep their finger-nails clean, and keep their teeth clean.

But there are also a good many things which a lady must not do:

Ladies should not ask their husbands for too much money to buy candy.

Ladies should not smoke cigarettes or cigars, or drink whiskey or liquor of any sort.

A lady should not steal or tell lies.

A lady should not stop a car when she does not want to get on.

Ladies should not wear men's clothes.

A lady should not swear nor take the Lord's name in vain.

Ladies should not loaf around town all day.

Ladies should not go everywhere their husbands go.

Ladies should not be out too late at night.

Ladies should not go joy-riding.

Ladies should not chew gum.

Ladies should not be cheeky anywhere.

They should not be rude to their husbands.

Ladies should not always try to kiss men.

They should not bet on horses and bet away all their money.

They should not flirt with other fellows.

They should not play cards.

Ladies should not waste money and go to all sorts of side-shows at fall fairs and other exhibitions.

Ladies should not wear all sorts of jewellery.

A lady should not eat too much.

A lady should not be proud and not want to speak to the poor.

A lady should not pass some one on the street without saying something.

When a lady goes to anyone's house, she should not stay till supper is ready to try to be asked.

Ladies should not go to dances or balls every night; but just go once in a while.

A lady should not fight with her husband.

The children were unanimous in thinking that church-going was one of the good points of every lady:

A lady should go to church and be good. When she is in church she should not talk out loud, but sing and say her prayers.

A lady should not work on Sundays. She should take it easy, go out for a walk, or do something like that.

She should take her husband to church, and she should send her children to Sunday school every Sunday.

When a lady goes to church, she should listen to the sermon, and the men should stay home and cook the dinner. When mother goes out, she tells father to keep the pot a-boiling, so father says, "All right," and sometimes when mother comes home the pot isn't a-boiling, and the fire is out.

Ladies should not wear rats, or wax their hair, or wear nets on their hair.

Ladies should not powder and paint their faces, or enamel them; or wear false hair. If they want to do their hair up fancy, they should do it with their own hair.

Little grains of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make the swellest woman
Look like what she ain't.

During the writing of the composition, I had noticed one of the boys sitting idly most of the time. When I gathered the papers I saw that he had only two or three lines written; but these lines were a *multum in parvo*, and with them I will close:

"A lady should have general manners on all occasions, should be kind and honest, and cook all meals with the greatest delight."



RETROSPECT

From the Drawing by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

REGAN'S DEL

BY RENE NORCROSS

IT was owing to Bob Forsythe's glowing account of the salmon-fishing to be had off the mouth of the Satlasheen River, that I permitted myself to be hustled thirty-five miles up the coast in a noisy gasolene launch and landed on a rickety, sun-baked wharf, knee deep in valises and fishing tackle.

I did not mind the noise of the launch, which belonged to a timber-cruiser, one of Bob's many remarkable friends, and I only resented the wharf because it arrived in the middle of and spoilt a story in which a deck of cards and a bottle of Scotch were the chief features. Apart from that the wharf was quite right, fitting in beautifully with a semi-circular sweep of gray shingle, backed by a wall of dark fir, reddening maple, the weathered shacks, and unwashed kiddies of an Indian village far to the right.

Leaving the valises in charge of a languid youth whom we discovered asleep against the sunny side of the freight shed, my friend led me up a narrow, leaf-strewn road which brought us in less than five minutes to a little bungalow, with a wide verandah running round three sides of it, and two most alluring looking lounge chairs standing one on either side of the open door. From one of the chairs there rose up a long, lean, hawk-eyed man in brown ducks and high boots, who swooped upon Bob with terse and profane words of welcome.

After they had finished shaking

hands, Bob introduced me as a green Easterner who was anxious for some British Columbia salmon fishing. Then they shook hands again, and rushed off to negotiate a return trip on a little freight boat that was already sqawking up to the crazy wharf.

I have since told Bob that I received an abundant reward for all my long-suffering patience with his many eccentricities, including his quite appalling taste in tobacco, when he introduced me to Jim Ferrell, and left me with him as his guest for a whole month.

I cannot here set down all the good and sufficient reasons on which I base my regard for Constable Ferrell of the Provincial Constabulary, better known throughout his fourteen-by-twenty-mile district of Satlasheen as Big Ferrell, because this story is of Regan's Del, and, incidentally, young Cotterell, without whom Regan's Del would never have emerged from her native and murky obscurity.

I had been in Satlasheen about three days when the fact was forced upon even my preoccupied consciousness that the little community was seething with suppressed excitement over some happening quite out of the regular routine. It was the languid youth of the freight-shed whom Ferrell had commissioned to row me about the bay when he himself was otherwise engaged from whom I finally got an idea of the nature of the episode, whereupon I feigned a large indifference, and turned the conver-

sation to the weather, but that evening I laid the haunting subject before Ferrell, and left it to him to tell me that it was none of my business.

We were battling our way through a quarter-mile wide regiment of giant kelp that gathered every evening on the bosom of the full tide. It was hard work struggling through the dense, unyielding mass, and Ferrell did not speak until we had won clear and he was pulling straight out over the bay, the big spoon bait trailing and flashing far behind.

"That's the trouble with Satlasheen," he growled; "we have so little to talk about, if anything crops up that would be a darned sight better left alone we cackle like a blessed poultry-yard. I may as well tell you the whole thing if you are going to be backed up against the fence and made to listen anyway."

And here is the substance of what he told me, while the young moon rose on our right, and the last of the crimson after-glow of sunset died out of the pointed windows of the tiny Mission church, perched on the highest ground of the Indian village, backed by the gray-green of the forest and faced by the gray-green of the sea.

Early in the spring of that year, a young fellow named Roger Cotterell had arrived in Satlasheen, bought the most valuable ranch in the district, built a two-storey frame house in place of the log building that had served the original owners, and with a hired man for the out-side and a Chinese cook for the inside, had proceeded to farm, energetically and scientifically, in tweed knickerbockers and a four-in-hand tie, serenely unaware that he was the biggest sensation that lonely backwoods district had ever had. The ladies of the little community were quite as much interested in the new-comer as the men, well-to-do young bachelors being somewhat rare in Satlasheen, and a brisk campaign of hospitality was started against the "poor young fel-

low, so far from his home and people, you know." Ferrell's native drawl, keyed up to the soprano of a sympathetic mother of marriageable daughters, was a treat.

So there were dancing and card parties galore. Never before in the history of Satlasheen had there been such lavish entertaining. Every matron in turn "saw" the rest and went one better, and sardonic reprobrates like Ferrell were beginning to lay bets on which family would come off victorious, when, to the utter amazement, horror and indignation of every maid and matron in Satlasheen, the young man suddenly developed a mad infatuation for Regan's Del.

Now Regan's Del wore her patronymic in this unusual fashion because legally she had no right to it at all. Her mother had been the remarkably pretty daughter of a French-Canadian trapper and a full-blood Satlasheen Klootchman. Dan Regan was the yellow-haired hook-nosed blackguard who owned the fifth-rate saloon that disfigured the water-front, and Adela, or Del, was all that could be expected from such parentage.

The first half-dozen years of her life she had passed with her mother in the big smoky barn-like houses of the Reservation, with a few weeks at the Rivers Inlet canneries every spring by way of variety. Then her mother died, and Regan, who had taken very little interest in his paternal duties up to then, suddenly discovered that the child had a ready and prococious tongue, and light feet that danced on little or no encouragement; and in spite of the efforts of the old priest, who did one man's best for the Indians of Satlasheen, he installed Del as an added attraction in his dingy bar-room; and there for the next ten years she grew up, on terms of the easiest familiarity with the riff-raff that visited her father's saloon, going, in right of her white blood, to the district school whenever

the whim took her and disappearing at intervals to visit old friends on the Reservation, particularly her mother's half sister, a fat little Klootchman who lived in a cabin near the beach amid a swarm of brown babies and mongrel poultry.

It was hardly the environment to counteract her wretched heredity, and before the girl was fifteen the white women of the community had forbidden their daughters to associate with her in the smallest degree. At the same time, good, well-meaning souls, they endeavoured to lure the wild young thing into the paths of virtue by those time-honoured means, plain sewing and plainer scrubbing. But Regan's Del only smiled in their scandalised faces and went on her highly reprehensible way. Small wonder that Satlasheen was outraged to its remotest limits when young Cotterell began to refuse invitations to picnics that he might take Regan's Del driving in his new egg-case buggy or learn to paddle a canoe under her capable directions.

"Looking at it one way, you've got to smile," said Ferrell thoughtfully. "Those ladies never got such a terrible jolt in their lives. All the same, young Cotterell's playing it mighty low down on them; after all those nice tea-parties, too. And he's a great fool anyway you look at it, for he'll be trying to get round the cold shoulder here for long enough after Del's chucked him."

"I suppose the girl is unusually pretty since she can make such hay of this young fellow?" I hazarded.

"Pretty?" Ferrell shipped his oars and began rolling a cigarette; I had wound up the spoon tackle, for the fish were not biting. "She's more than pretty, I guess. Seems to have picked out every good point her forebears ever had and left the poor ones—even helped herself to a streak of style from the French blood. You'll notice most breeds slop round in all the colours of the rainbow, and brass-toed boots; but that's not Del's way

—not much. Dresses all in one colour and puts most of her spare coin on her feet. Got her Klootch grandmother's little hands and feet, and never wears a hat summer or winter. I never saw a hat stick on straight where there was Indian blood. Seems to be against nature. But Del fixes her hair like the saints in the Mission church windows and scores again. Oh, she's as clever as the mischief. A conscience was all that was left out of her make-up."

"She doesn't copy anything but the hair-dressing then?"

Ferrell shook his head gloomily.

"No, and it's a shame, too; what chance has she ever had? I'm sorry for the kid. That Brother Bradson, as he calls himself, the lay-reader chap they've turned loose on us since the parson's voice went back on him, held me up on the road the other day and had the nerve to tell me it was my duty to wade in and get Cotterell out of Del's clutches. Beggar seemed to think I was a kind of a kindergarten for every English pup that had got off the chain too soon. Gassed a lot about the cherished son of a good old country family before I quite got his drift."

"What happened when you did?" I asked with lively interest.

Ferrell damped the edge of his cigarette with methodical care, and felt for a match.

"Tried to make him see that it was no use blaming Del, any more than you'd blame a yellow dog for being yellow. Told him the cherished-all-the-rest-of-the-dope had had a darned sight better start in life than a poor little devil of a breed that was raised in a bar-room; but you can't talk to that pin-head. Del's a bad lot of course, but it made me sore the way he went for her; she wasn't much more than a baby when I was moved up here first, but the smartest, wickedest, gamiest little limb you ever saw, even then; I've seen her sneak the roll out of a half-soaked logger's pocket on one side while he was hunt-

ing candies for her on the other side. But it's a pity for a chap like Cotterell to come a cropper over that sort."

The conversation drifted to other matters then, but during the ensuing two weeks I heard many references to the audacity of Regan's Del and young Cotterell—particularly young Cotterell, who, it seemed, was openly flaunting his infatuation in the face of Satlasheen, and I found myself keeping a sharp outlook in my walks abroad in the hope of seeing the fair enthraller, but no one even remotely answering to Ferrell's description crossed my path. Half-breed girls I saw in plenty, and many young Klootchmans of more or less prepossessing appearance, but none that could disturb the peace of mind of a moderately fastidious young man, and I was in a fair way of forgetting the girl altogether when she was unexpectedly brought to my mind again.

I was lying back in one of the verandah chairs after supper one evening, listening to Ferrell whom I had with difficulty prevailed upon to tell me some of his early experiences in the district, when he suddenly introduced a quite irrelevant "damn," and stared past me down the road with a very disgusted expression of countenance.

"What's up?" I queried.

"That clacking nuisance of a Bradson—the near-parson. Now what the deuce has brought him here?"

We soon knew. Mr. Bradson plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind the moment he arrived, and sank, puffing, upon the verandah step, declining Ferrell's offer of his own chair with a wave of a fat hand. He was a plump, pale young fellow, with very prominent light-brown eyes, outstanding ears, and a manner at once deprecating and conceited. I was immediately possessed of a desire to kick him, and Ferrell's unconcealed antipathy to the man was no longer a mystery to me.

"I have come to consult with you, Mr. Ferrell, about what is to be done in this exceedingly painful affair of young Cotterell and the—er—shocking young person they call Regan's Del," he began in a voice naturally high and flat. "I——"

At that point he became aware of me, tucked away in the depths of the other chair, and stiffened.

"I did not know that you had company, Mr. Ferrell. Perhaps we had better retire to a more private——"

"My friend has heard all there is to hear about Regan's Del already," Ferrell interrupted blandly. "A considerable number of people have wasted a lot of breath lately, stirring up dust that is better left lying."

But this gentle hint was lost on the lay-reader.

"But the affair is much more serious than we had supposed, Mr. Ferrell," he said, after a severe glance in my direction. "It seems it is not a mere temporary folly. The misguided young man actually intends to marry this Regan's Del."

"What?"

It was the only time I ever saw Ferrell look startled, and a gratified expression stole over Brother—the man belonged to no brotherhood, I learned afterwards, but had annexed the prefix because he liked the sound of it—Bradson's puffy face.

"I fancied it would be news to you," he said, a disagreeable note of satisfaction in his disagreeable voice.

"Is it true?" asked Ferrell carelessly, producing the ever ready wherewithal to roll a cigarette, his expression again one of bland indifference tintured with boredom.

"Oh, quite. I had it from Mr. Cotterell himself this afternoon. Something must be done. Perhaps you are not aware that the young man belongs to an excellent family in the old country. Why I understand that a cousin of his mother's is in the House at Westminster."

He tilted his head to one side to watch the effect of this shot.

Ferrell tapped the completed cigarette on the palm of his hand.

"A cousin of Del's father is in the pen. at New Westminster," he observed, in the tone of a man honestly anxious to do his best. "Maybe that's different though," he added thoughtfully.

Brother Bradson stared at him with knitted brows and puckered lips for a moment.

"By 'the House at Westminster'" he said, "I mean the British House of Commons. It is an idiom. I should have explained."

"I see. Thanks," said Ferrell, and my heart sang within me at the thought that Brother Bradson might remain for quite a time yet. I had already forgiven him for interrupting Ferrell's story; I could get the rest of that on another occasion.

"But we are drifting from the subject upon which I came," Bradson continued. "It has occurred to me, Mr. Ferrell, that if you were to speak to this young man it would have a great effect."

"I guess if you were to speak to him it would have a greater—"

"I have done so," and Bradson's pale face became suffused with a delicate pink. "I have spoken to them both, but I regret to say that Mr. Cotterell so far forgot what was due to a man in my position as to threaten me—*me*—with personal violence if I interfered again in what he called his private affairs."

"Some fellows have a nerve," said Ferrell, appearing to address the evening star.

"While that—that notorious girl actually laughed in my face."

"She would," drawled my host. "Del never lets herself get mad; she knows it hurts her looks."

The lay-reader stiffened perceptibly.

"That young person's —er— looks are something in which I take no manner of interest, Mr. Ferrell," he said coldly. "I think such references might be omitted with advantage."

"That so?" said Ferrell languidly. "Well, I believe I like blondes best, too."

I thought for one exciting moment that Bradson would have choked where he sat, but with something between a cough and a snarl he found his unprepossessing voice again.

"About this unfortunate young man, Mr. Ferrell?"

"Well, what about him?"

"I, as I have already stated, I have done what I could to deter him from this mad step, but he simply will not listen to a word; he seems determined to close his ears to all warnings. But even he could not fail to heed a warning from a man in your position. Your official capacity."

He stopped suddenly, panic plain in his puffy face. Ferrell had transfixed him with a pair of eyes from which all the bland innocence had fled, eyes cold and hard and blue as chilled steel.

"That will do, Bradson," he said quietly. "I shall keep my official capacity strictly out of this, and I must say I'm surprised that a man in your position should try to prevent any man marrying the girl of his choice, even if she doesn't strike you as a very wise choice. How do you know Cotterell isn't going to be Del's chance of salvation, and how do you know that its your particular job—of all people—to interfere? Seems to me if I was aiming to be a full-blown parson some day I'd be apt to figure it out that way."

It was the longest speech Bradson had ever been favoured with from Ferrell, and he was completely felled.

"I—er—so very unsuitable—absent relatives—misery certain to ensue," he spluttered in disjointed sentences.

"I daresay, but after all that's Cotterell's business," retorted the big constable quietly. "I think you must have forgotten that he's of age."

Metaphorically speaking, there was

not enough left of Brother Bradson to make a broom and dust-pan worth while. With a few more mumbled incoherences he got himself off the verandah step and melted away into the darkness.

"Little beast," grunted Ferrell, staring after him. "If Cotterell had been a wharf hand in dollar jeans we wouldn't have heard a word of all this, and that's why I wouldn't give him any satisfaction."

"You certainly didn't," I chuckled. "When do you suppose this interesting wedding will take place?"

"It won't take place at all if I can stop it," Ferrell growled.

"Cotterell's too decent a chap to be allowed to commit suicide that way, and that's literally what it would mean. He'd blow his brains out within a year if he married Regan's Del."

"You mean to tackle him then?"

"Not if I can help it; I'd hate like poison to wreck his faith in the girl if he can be got out any other way."

"What will you do? Cable his mother to come and look after him?"

"I'll see Del and try and get her to chuck the poor beggar; she's scared of me if she's scared of anybody, and she knows if I did talk to Cotterell the whole thing would be off. I wouldn't say so to Bradson, but really Del needn't be considered in this; it isn't as if she cared a hoot for him. I'd hesitate to interfere if she did, though it will mean all kinds of blazing ruin for him, but Del isn't the sort to care for anyone but herself. She's Regan over again in that. Well," as he picked up his hat off the floor of the verandah, "I'll go and see her right away. This business has gone far enough."

He put the tobacco and some magazines within my reach and departed. Wong Tai, cook and house-maid of the bachelor establishment, had already set a reading-lamp on the table. In something less than an hour he was back, and I saw at a glance that his mission had not been successful.

"Nothing doing," he said with a wry smile. "Del stands pat. She's got the best catch in the district simply hypnotised, and here's where she breaks even with the women who wouldn't let their girls play with her. I could see it all in her eyes."

"But wouldn't she listen to your arguments. I thought you had a card up your sleeve."

"I thought so too, but she trumps it on sight. Oh, yes, she listened, and when I was through pointing out that she wasn't just the person young Cotterell's mother would want in the family, she calmly agreed with me, but said she was going to marry him all the same. Then I played my card and asked if she still thought she'd marry him after I'd talked to him for two minutes. 'No,' she said, looking me square in the eye, 'because that same day he would shoot himself. Do you want to make him shoot himself?' Did I forget to tell you Del was smart? Jove, the minute she said it I threw down my hand, for I knew she was right, or so darned near right that I'm taking no chances. It's ten to one he'll do it in the end, but she's got me gagged. Lord, it's a pity. Let's talk about something else."

So we talked about something else, and among other things the talk turned to totem poles, and Ferrell promised, if nothing happened to hinder the plan, to take me over the Indian Reservation the next day and show me a particularly fine specimen that stood by the chief's door.

Nothing turned up to interfere with the little excursion, and accordingly we started soon after luncheon, Ferrell leading the way by a short-cut, an old logging road that wound among wild rose-bushes and clumps of balsam. We had just arrived in sight of the outermost fence of the Reserve, when a man vaulted suddenly into view over a high, moss-grown log lying a few yards off the trail; and in the act of turning to stretch a helping hand to a girl who had

sprung upon the log and stood there, balanced, he paused to glance round at us, and I got a good view of him.

"Cotterell," said Ferrell, under his breath, "and Regan's Del."

I saw a well set-up young fellow with pleasant gray eyes, wide apart; a nondescript nose, a mobile, sensitive mouth, a fighting chin, and a typical, English, terra-cotta-tile complexion. And then my eyes went past the man and alighted on the girl.

Ye gods. But there was excuse for the boy.

She stood poised against the green background of the balsams, a slender, lithe creature dressed in amber-coloured stuff of some simple, clinging make that left throat and fore-arms bare. Bronze velvet shoes covered the slim little feet, and the most beautifully formed hand I ever saw rested on young Cotterell's shoulder. But her face, ah her face! Ferrell's description flashed back into my mind: "Seems to have picked out every good point her forebears ever had and left the poor ones." A dark, brilliant, little face of almost pure Spanish type had been evolved out of that mixing of races. There was the dusky glow of the oval cheeks, the exquisite curve of the small, crimson mouth, the fine cutting of the little aquiline nose, and, dominating all the other features, a pair of great, dark, slumberous eyes looked down at us from under half-lowered lids, as she stood, her small chin thrust slightly forward and up above the clean-cut lines of her graceful throat, while the afternoon sun, sifting down through the green roof above, picked out bronze lights in her dark hair, which swept low over either temple to be gathered in a great knot at the back of the little head.

Abruptly I became aware that I was staring, undisguisedly staring, at the girl, and I turned my eyes swiftly aside to young Cotterell.

His fair, bullet head had tilted itself at a distinctly haughty angle, and there was hostility in the gray

eyes; but Ferrell gravely raised his battered felt hat. I followed his example, and the boy's expression softened as he returned the salute.

And then — and then my glance went back for a brief instance to the vivid face above Cotterell's; her dark slumberous eyes met mine full, and into their unfathomable depths leaped two little dancing devils. In the very face of her lover's chivalrous devotion, the girl smiled a smile full of cynically humorous appreciation of all that was incongruous in the situation. In that moment I understood Ferrell's deep-rooted conviction that only absolute ruin to Cotterell could come of the marriage. Regan's Del was no subject for knight-errantry. The sacrifice of the boy would be as profitless as it would be complete. And yet she was hauntingly beautiful, and in the still childish curves of her young face was no conscious depravity. For her right and wrong plainly did not exist.

"Well?" said Ferrell, when the silence had lasted a hundred yards.

"Poor Cotterell! She is a juvenile Cleopatra. After seeing her I can quite believe that his smash is inevitable."

"Inevitable," Ferrell agreed.

But we were wrong.

I had done full justice to the totem pole and the big war canoes, the chief's modern house and the great, barn-like place where the tribal dances were held, and nearly four hours had slipped away when we turned towards home, by way of the village, that we might call for the mail. However, we were destined to go without the mail that day, for on arriving at the water-front, we found a little knot of loungers clustered at the shoreward end of the wharf, staring at some object on the water. The tide was at the full, and for a quarter of a mile out from shore and as far as the eye could reach right and left, floated the close-packed ranks of my now familiar enemy, the kelp.

Rather more than half-way through

it, working his way slowly and with tremendous exertion, a man was forcing a small dug-out canoe towards the wharf. Just as we sighted him, a high-pitched inarticulate yell floated over the water, and he waved his paddle in the air once, then fell to his struggle with the kelp once more.

"Old Jeff," Ferrell exclaimed. He arched a hand over his eyes and stared intently. "It's not like old Jeff to make a row for nothing, nor to hurry himself; and, Great Caesar! The canoe's nearly gun'les under."

He was off on the word, at a long, swift lope to the end of the wharf, where the light, two-oared boat I used in salmon-trolling was tied up. I was only just in time to scramble in after him as he cast off, and with an oar each we began battering and fighting our way out towards the old man.

Old Jeff—if he had another name I never heard it—was a curious character, ex-miner, ex-logger, ex-trapper, ex-everything that was strenuous and venturesome, who had settled down to a self-sufficient old age in a little cabin a couple of miles up the coast, where he lived a life of Spartan simplicity on the fish he caught and the vegetables he raised. His canoe was famous as the oldest, smallest, frailest dug-out on the coast, and it was only by constant caulking and patching and consummate skill in handling that he had kept it afloat so long.

Seeing us coming, he ceased to shout, but continued shoving shoreward with might and main, until barely fifty yards separated us, when I saw him again wave his paddle round his head and put his free hand to his mouth.

"Wait!" I panted; "he's going to shout."

And as we paused with dripping oars poised, his cracked old voice floated to us:

"Regan's Del — swimmin' in — hurry an' pick her up—I've got the boy. Hurry or ye'll be too late."

I had done a lot of rowing in my

three weeks in Satlasheen; Ferrell was always in the pink of condition, and we did not spare ourselves. One glimpse we had, as boat and canoe passed, of a limp, unconscious figure in the bottom of old Jeff's sorely tried little craft, and then we were fighting our way on through the baffling kelp, our chests heaving, the sweat running into our eyes, the blood pounding in our ears and temples. Once again, fainter, came the shrill, sea-gull-like cry from the old man:

"Hurry, or ye'll be too late."

But we were already too late.

We found her among the outer fringes of the kelp that had betrayed her fearless young strength; her slight body partially upheld by the shifting, swaying lengths of cold weed; her splendid hair enveloped her like a mantle.

Ferrell, who seemed to possess knowledge to fit every emergency, commenced artificial respiration at once, and kept it up for fifteen punishing minutes, refusing, with a curt shake of the head all my offers of assistance, his frowning gaze intent on the small dark face, framed by the masses of wet hair. He stopped at last, held his hand above the heart for a space, then without a word, spread his coat over the little form, and we pulled back to the wharf, bare-headed.

Later we heard old Jeff's account of the accident.

Cotterell and Regan's Del had gone out, as they had often gone, in a canoe belonging to the girl's aunt, an old craft, but sound. Barring accidents, it should have lasted many more seasons; but the unfortunate pair had driven it against a big, submerged log, a derelict from some passing boom, and the canoe had instantly split and sunk, leaving the man and girl, two miles from land, to cling to the log, all but a few slippery inches of which was a foot and a half under water—the cold, glacier-fed water of British Columbia's straits and bays.

Old Jeff had witnessed the disaster from a quarter of a mile away, and had gone to the rescue with all speed, though his tiny craft could only carry two, with considerable risk to both, while three were out of the question.

Del, it seemed, had had only one opinion as to which was to be picked up. In the teeth of old Jeff's objections and the boy's frantic opposition, she insisted that Cotterel, who could only swim a few strokes, should be the passenger, while she herself swam to shore. Cotterel was still refusing with what breath he had, when an attack of cramp took him under. Del, accustomed from very babyhood to those waters, dived and brought him to the surface again, and Old Jeff, knowing the two-mile swim to be within the girl's power, dragged the boy, half unconscious and still feebly protesting, into the canoe and paddled for shore at his best speed.

Luckily, the one doctor of Satlasheen was driving past the wharf when the old man arrived, and after an hour's hard work pronounced Cotterel out of danger. Under a robust exterior the young man concealed a valvular weakness of the heart which he himself never suspected, and the shock had come within a narrow margin of being fatal.

It might have been an hour after sunset when Ferrell and I stepped out of the little log cabin by the beach where poor Del had spent so many days playing with her little brown cousins. We had left white-haired Father Antoine trying to soothe the Indian women's noisy grief, and I think it jarred us both equally when a few yards from the door we almost walked into Bradson.

"Dear, dear, this is a most shocking affair, most shocking indeed," he exclaimed in his rasping voice. "Most lamentable, I am sure. The unfortu-

nate young woman must have forgotten the kelp. So young—so unprepared. Lost—wholly lost. What a warning to us all!"

Ferrell gave him one contemptuous glance and brushed past, without speaking. I caught him up in three strides and we struck into the darkening trail leading to the bungalow, with no word spoken on either side. Something tense in the quality of Ferrell's silence, coupled with the fact that he did not immediately begin to smoke, made me leave him to speak first. He did so at last—abruptly.

"It's best the way it is, of course. The poor chap will be able to keep his ideal of her always now."

I murmured an assent and waited. I knew that that was not the thought quite uppermost in the big constable's mind. Presently it came.

"What's eating me is that I did that poor little soul an injustice yesterday. I said she didn't care for him — that she was only marrying him to spite the other women. And I was wrong—dead wrong. A girl doesn't chuck her life away—deliberately—for a man she doesn't care for."

"You don't think then that she forgot the kelp?"

"Forgot the kelp? Man, Sma-nawilt's grand-daughter *couldn't* forget the kelp. She knew this coast, summer and winter, day and night, at all states of the tide, as I know the palm of my hand. No, when Del started to swim ashore she had about one chance in a million of reaching it alive—and she knew it."

"Greater love hath no man—" I stopped, disconcerted to find that I had been quoting Scripture aloud.

"Just so," said Ferrell quietly. "I only hope I may finish one half as well."

And then he lighted his long-delayed cigarette.

ELINOR

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

WULF the Saxon, coming at his best speed and narrowly escaping killing on the way, brought me news that King Richard was indeed for the Holy Land; therefore remembering a certain promise made two years before (when he drove off certain robbers who had set upon me, a lone man and wounded), I settled such things as called for settlement, and left my lonely castle by the North Sea to keep itself while I should be at the wars. Then I rode off, not ill-pleased, with only Wulf to bear me company, having sent the rest of my men to Eastby with my mother, the Lady Alois, who was minded to wait my return with the nuns there; they would join me later in London whither I was not willing to delay my going.

The road was easy to travel and well known to me, and we met neither robbers nor travellers, neither passed through many villages; though we saw them from hilltops, half-hidden in the fresh green of spring, with the gray of some new-built keep rising from their midst.

At length, as it drew towards twilight, we found ourselves in a country of fair meadows and low, round hills, with orchard trees all white on their sides, and not far off we saw against the sky the dark shape of a tower. Thither we turned and rode slowly up the hill towards it, crossing the river by a shallow ford, and leaving the village and its orchards behind us. All about the castle was quiet, and over the keep floated a

golden dragon on a blue ground.

The steep way up the hill was paved with huge rough stones. Half way up this hill I blew a great blast on my horn, but when I had come nearer I saw that the gate of the barbican was open, the drawbridge was down, and across it, his head shivered by an axe-blow, lay a slain knight. Within, I could see yet other dead men lying in the courtyard, and, at the door of the keep, a young knight, scarcely more than a boy, stone dead, with his helmet cleft in two. Near him lay another, the leader, I thought, of those who had attacked the castle; out of him the life was not yet gone, and I bent over him to learn if I might the meaning of it all. But even as I looked he turned on his back, sighed and lay dead; the shattered helmet fell from his head, and I could see his black hair and fierce black eyebrows knit now into a frown of deadly hate.

Looking up, sadly puzzled at the strangeness of it all, I saw a lady coming slowly down the stairway of the keep. Slim she was and young, as I guessed from the fashion of her walking. At the foot of the stairs she paused, and bent over the body of him who had defended the door. She loosened his helmet, very swiftly, very skilfully, speaking softly as if to herself; then it must have come to her suddenly that he was dead and in need of naught but a shroud and some few masses, for she began to weep, or rather to sob, without tears, but with a pitiful trembling of her

whole body. Then I stepped forward, and she, hearing me even before she saw me, sprang to her feet and stood facing me without fear, meeting my gaze fairly.

"I came but to ask your courtesy for the night," I said, "but now, if there is aught I can do—" I hesitated, scarce knowing what to say.

"Then you are not of those?" she asked, with a sweep of her hand towards the slain men.

"Nay," I answered, "I know not even in what quarrel they died."

She laughed; and in the low scornful sound she suggested much.

"They died in a worthy quarrel," she cried; "A most worthy one! They would have burned a witch."

"Not—" I began, and then dared not go on, because of my strange and horrible misgiving.

"Even I myself," she answered quietly, with a faint flicker of a smile on her lips; "because, as they say, I have cast spells on all the folk round about. But here is poor cheer; within, our meal which was broken into somewhat rudely, still lies spread, and, though the serving people are fled, I myself will do what I can."

"All thanks," I answered; for whether she were witch or fairy woman I could not rest till I knew all. "But by your leave I will make all safe first; for the castle lies undefended, and who knows what may chance?"

"As you will," said she, not it seemed to me, caring at all, and going slowly into the keep.

I called Wulf, and found place for our horses: then, having closed the gate of the barbican and raised the drawbridge by the help of a windlass, I went back to the keep, and found that the engine that let fall the portcullis was broken; the reason I thought why it had not been let fall when the place was attacked. The bodies in the courtyard were grouped about the inner end of the drawbridge and the entrance to the keep,

places, I thought, where the fighting had been fiercest. The device of the great banner, the golden dragon on a blue field, was repeated on the coats of four men-at-arms in the courtyard, and on the shields of two of the knights; all the rest, about thirty-four in number, bore one device, a scarlet hawk on a black field. Then when I had drawn all the bodies into a corner of the courtyard and covered them decently, I mounted the stairs slowly.

The room I entered was low and dusky, lighted only by a fire; and before this fire, deep in thought, sat the witch-maid, if such she was. She rose as I entered, and went towards the table, while I stood bewildered, scarce knowing what to do or think.

"Sit down and eat, and I will tell you the whole story," she said softly; and obeying the spell of her voice I did as she bade me. Sitting opposite to me, the glow of the firelight fell on her face, I saw that her hair was paler than any gold, and her skin like the snow I have since seen on very high mountains, and her eyes were like deep lakes before the sunlight touches them—dark and full of wonder; and, moreover, they seemed to see all in my mind.

"I am called Elinor," she began, "and my father, sometime lord of this castle, is dead; my mother, too,—many years ago; and now my brothers also lie dead without—haply by my fault."

She hesitated a moment, but, when I would have spoken, silenced me with her upraised hand.

"They have called me a witch," she went on, "though heaven knows 'twas without reason, for I have never so much as looked into book of magic; but herein is my fault," (her voice sank lower and trembled pitifully), "that I am afflicted piteously and in such strange wise that if it were told me of another I should scarce believe. I cannot weep, and you know that only witches are de-

nied the gift of tears. I cannot weep even now, when I am alone and helpless and all I love lie dead!"

Her voice died in a low wail, and she trembled as though with bitter cold; then went on still gazing into the fire.

"Also many suitors have come for me, and for none have I had a word of kindness; so that they have said my heart is strangely cold. It may be. But when he who lies dead without came, and was bidden go like the others, his love changed to hate; so he told about that I was a witch, in league with Satan, able to shed neither blood nor tears, and hard of heart, loving only evil; and because they knew that one thing in all this was true, he drew many with him; and he convinced the Abbot of Seeling-court, of whom he holds his lands, and others of authority; so that when things went amiss all pointed to me as the witch, and at last, knowing that none were in the castle but my brothers and me with my waiting women, they fell on us unawares. Then my brothers, believing no evil of me, fought to the death, and my women, afraid lest they, too, be accused, have fled to my enemies, and I am left alone."

"And your men-at-arms? There were but four in the courtyard?" I asked.

"They were in London whither we were all to go shortly; these threats had moved my brothers to take me out of danger, and Queen Elinor, for whom I am named, had offered to take me among her ladies."

I looked at her long in the fire-glow, then rose and stood looking down into the fire; her eyes looking into mine had been clear as a child's.

"I do not understand." I faltered at length shamed somehow in my own heart that I found no better comfort for her.

"Ah, dear heaven!" she cried, "I cannot understand it myself; how can I understand? My mother told me once that the wise woman of Ald-

hurst laid a spell on me; and she prayed daily till she died that it might pass away. So indeed have I, but without avail."

I could not answer her, having a heart too full of strange thoughts to be able to speak easily. I could only fill my eyes with her loveliness as she sat gazing into the heart of the flame.

"To-morrow you must take me with you to London," she said after a space, "and there I shall go to the Queen as I had planned, and she will protect me, for the love of my mother. For to-night you and your man will keep guard here, though, indeed, I think we are safe until morning."

Then so swiftly that I could make no reply, she rose and passed out of the hall, and I, waking from my dream, called Wulf, and bade him watch till midnight. Then I stretched on the settle before the fire, and tried to think and ponder the story.

Early in the morning Wulf and I buried the slain men, and then, ere we set out on our journey, ate the meal that Elinor had prepared. The great banner we left flying above the keep, that none might guess the castle to be deserted till Elinor should be well away; thus in the early sunlight we set out, riding softly down the long hill to the ford.

In the sweet spring morning, beneath the arches of the leaves, I pondered Elinor's story once again, and thought how ill it matched the blithe sunlight; her face, too, looked tired and wistful, and I guessed her unhappy and perplexed. Thus sadly we fared on until noon, when we stopped at a fair castle, set in a broad meadow. Here, besides the servants, were only a young lad, and a little maid of perhaps seven summers, for the lord of the castle was gone to the King, and the lady was on a pilgrimage to make prayer for his safe return from the wars of the Cross.

Leaving here, we passed into a narrow defile between green rounded

hills: and as we turned the shoulder of one of these, we met a knight fully armed, seated on a huge gray charger; behind him rode four men-at-arms, and they blocked our way completely. So suddenly had we come upon him that there was little time to think. Wulf came forward till he was close behind me, but Elinor I bade keep back, for the scarlet hawk on the knight's shield had told me that this was no ordinary meeting, but the end of the tale that the slain men the courtyard had begun.

"Wilt give up yonder witch?" cried the knight, his great voice ringing hollow in the narrow pass.

"This lady is no witch," I answered; "She rides under my care to the Queen Mother in London."

"No witch!" he roared: "No witch! Boy, do you take me for a fool? Hath she not, this Elinor, named for one as shameless as herself, hath she not cast spells on half the countryside? And why were four churls and two beardless boys able to slay thirty good men-at-arms and the best knight that ever set lance in rest? Witch! Witch! Thou shalt burn yet!" he screamed, pointing a mailed hand at Elinor and writhing and twisting in his saddle with the power of his rage. Meanwhile Elinor sat very quietly with her veil drawn over her face, seeming not to heed him.

"This is no speech for a lady to hear," said I, "more especially one who has had of late grievous sorrow. Speak within measure and I will listen."

"Within measure!" he cried: "Have I not had enough of sorrow for my own part? How came you with her? You are none of the breed."

"That," said I evenly is not to the purpose, and our errand is not one to admit delay."

He gave a growl of disgust.

"Dost know she is a witch?" he flung at me.

"I know that she is not," I said

briefly, and thereby brought back his fury, so that for a time he could only call on the Saints to witness his truth and Elinor's witchcraft. Then he began again with a kind of forced quietness.

"Hear thou," he said huskily. "She is a witch, as I have said, and she drew my brother from war and from the chase to linger in hall like a love-sick page: then when he asked her of her brothers, this white witch would have none of him, saying forsooth, that she loved him not and other such-like foolery. And they, younger than she, and unwilling to force her, and be witched belike, to their own destruction, would not give her up. Yet my brother tried all means; for he was loth to believe what all men said; for her, did he win the gold chain in the passage of arms at Winchester! For her did he learn at court the art of song that he might please her the better! Yet she turned from him, and at last would not so much as speak with him. Then at last did he perceive the foulness of her witchcraft for the signs of it were plain to all. Can she weep as women are prone to do? Hath she not sworn that she can love no one? Not even my brother the best knight in England, who has set lance in rest against King Richard? What need of more proof? He went with his men-at-arms to bring her to justice, having owned to the sin of loving her, and being cleansed of his guilt; and even then she thwarted him, and now would draw you into her net. But I have made plain to the good Abbot at Seelingcourt what manner of woman she is, and I bear here a relic that will turn away her vilest spell. To the fire she shall come, and thou, good youth, go home and come no more into like mischief. Come mistress!" and he turned toward Elinor, who rode slowly forward.

Now, by his speech up to this last, I had not been unmoved; for I freely owned it a hard matter, and not

for a simple knight such as I to fathom, though it seemed to me that it stood not with mine honour to desert one who had trusted me. Nevertheless I would have held further parley with him, had he not taunted me with my youth: an unworthy reason, as I know now. As it was, I turned to the Lady Elinor, saying:

"Is it your will that I fight in your just quarrel, Lady Elinor?" I asked. She looked up at me with wide sorrowful eyes, and more than ever I felt how hideous a thing it was that one so fair and seeming innocent should stand accused of black guilt.

"Go not into danger!" she cried softly; "Too much blood has been shed for me now! I am accursed even as I told you, and she who cast that spell knew that it would lead me at last along the road she herself went; if you fight, this man will assuredly conquer; he is better horsed, he is stronger. And if I go with him I shall not meet the fire, but will die in my own way or ever I come to it."

"You shall die only in God's good time!" I said boldly. "Though he is stronger, my quarrel is just."

"Then you believe me innocent?" she asked.

"I know not; "I answered bluntly enough; "but I am well resolved that you shall not fall into the hands of yonder knight: but if you know of any who will fight in your cause, and who is better able to fight your battle, I will go and bring him hither."

"There is no one else," she said softly: "but I would not have you die in my quarrel. Better to let me go."

But before she had made an end of speaking, I had turned and ridden towards my enemy.

"Fool," he growled, "wilt fight for a witch? Have at thee, then!"

How long we fought in that grassy hollow between the hills I cannot tell; he was heavier than I, and had

more skill, though perchance he was in too hot a mood to fight wisely. Back and forth we went across the short, soft grass, and the hill gave back dull echoes of the fight. But at least my enemy unhorsed me, and then we fought on foot with swords, and the men-at-arms fought beside us, Wulf against the other four, but in no worse case than I against my single adversary; for my breath began to fail and my arm to tire, and my skill was no match for his. At last I struck at him and missed, and he ended the fight with one great blow; for all the world of blue and green went out in a wave of flaming red, and I saw Wulf stagger and fall, and I thought, even as thought left me, that Elinor was left without help, though I had boasted I should save her.

When life came back again, there were clear stars overhead, and the last of the sunset lingered in the gap between the hills. Stiff with cold and pain as I was, and with a throbbing wound on my shoulder, where the axe-blow that had stunned me had struck, glancing from my helmet, I was yet thankful for what life was left me. Horse and arms were gone. Near me I saw a dark mass—a slain man, I thought, most likely Wulf. I bent over him, and at the touch of my hand he stirred and groaned; he was wounded in the head, and when I drew him to a spring nearby and bathed the cut with clear water, he revived and was able to tell me what above all I wished to know—whither they had taken Elinor. Moreover, he still had his dagger, and groping over the place of the fight we found a long knife; so that there was naught to hinder our setting out on our quest.

Our way, as Wulf told me, lay back along the road we had come, and as we went, keeping watch for any signs of the party that had gone before, for Wulf knew only the road they had taken, my mind went back to the tale Elinor had told, to the

black guilt laid to her charge, and to the wonder of her beauty. Truth and falsehood I could weigh no more than ever; only I knew that I would go to her, and, if need were, die in her service; yet how two men, wounded, almost unarmed, were to save her I could not tell.

We went slowly, and listened as we went to the voices of the night; wakened birds, the tread of startled deer, the wind in the tree-tops of little wood, a dog howling, a stream near at hand but hidden, bells far away; then, as we crossed an open hillside sweet with young fern, a distant sound of slow singing, and far away in the valley to our left a dull red glow. My heart turned sick and cold with horror.

"They will burn her to-night!" I cried, and with Wulf following as best he could, I made straight for that ever-deepening glow.

When at last we flung ourselves down close beneath the castle wall, we were breathless, weak, and dripping wet from the water of the moat; but from within the wall came that slow singing and the red light of the fire glowed ghastly against the stars. The chant sunk to a minor wail, and I lay shivering, helpless with despair; of what avail was my will to save her when Wulf and I were but two against a strong castle? Even entrance was impossible! Then, when hope was all but dead, a postern gate not ten feet away was opened, and a page slipped out, no doubt on mischief of his own. But, ere the door could be closed by any of the guard within, Wulf and I had slipped through and lay in the shadow of the keep. This side of the courtyard was quiet and dark, and still in the shadow. We crept around the square tower till the fire was full in view. Some half-dozen horses were tethered here, one with armour piled on the saddle, and in their shadow we lay and gazed at what even now I can scarce bear to think of.

In the red light, stood Elinor clad

in some coarse white garment, her golden hair clipped short, her wrists bound behind her, her tender feet bare on the stones of the courtyard. Two men-at-arms held the chain that bound her hands, and they had bound a cloth across her eyes. Before her, slow-pacing around the fire, walked four monks and perhaps a dozen men-at-arms; the lord of the castle I could see nowhere, but I thought with a grim gladness that his wounds of the afternoon might well keep him within his tower—doubtless by some loophole, whence he might watch this horror. Seeing all this, and raging at my own helplessness, I lay on the stones—planning, despairing, nursing my heart for what I must soon bear. And then, a voice came from the keep above:

"The good Abbot must soon be here. Set open the gate and let down the bridge, that he may lose no time. We have none to fear."

Then did I, prostrate on the stones, thank Heaven for unlooked-for salvation, for I knew what we must do; swiftly I told Wulf my plan, and bade him hasten his work. Unnoticed he slipped with the castle, and as he went I rose, did on the armour that I had seen, and stood among the horses, holding one of them by the bridle, and waiting; and, on the haste that Wulf could make, depended life, and what I now knew was more than life.

So waiting, I heard that endless chant and the beating of my heart and a thousand sounds long unnoticed; and then, clear in the night air, the winding of a horn and the tramp of horses' feet on the lowered drawbridge. But with this came a cry within the castle, and a red light glowed on the tops of the limetrees by the wall; and even as the Abbot and his train rode into the light of the fire, I heard the cry of "Fire, Fire!" and Wulf and three others rushed from the door of the keep.

In one instant the courtyard was full of noise and light. The monks

stood still in terror, the men-at-arms dropped the chains that held Elinor and tore up the narrow stairway. There was none to heed when I rode forward, snatched her from the stones where she had fallen, and then, before any could stop me or question me, rode out across the drawbridge into the quiet night. Behind the castle was in uproar, and the loopholes in the keep flamed against the dark; they would miss us, but there would be few to follow, and those few Wulf would lead astray. So we rode through the dark, I with a heart aflame with triumph, but Elinor, I think, scarce knowing what had befallen her, so still and white she lay in the hollow of my arm.

At daybreak we were far away, and presently at the ford of a river, we found Wulf, ghastly enough to see, but full of heart and hope. So we went our journey well content, and came in safety to London by the evening of that day.

There I gave Elinor into the care of the Queen-Mother, and so left her; for now that she was safe, it shamed me that I had ever doubted her, and I could not for shame bear to hear her thanks; but thought that if in the wars I could win any worship, I could come to her then with better right and more boldness, to plead a cause I knew unworthy; for

what had I, rough and unskilful even in war, to win her love?

But it chanced that on the very eve of our setting out, I walked in the little garden where the Queen's ladies came at times, and mused there in the soft moonlight on Elinor and the sweet fashion of her walking, and her sorrowful life and her great loneliness; then suddenly lifting my eyes I saw her before me, passing along the garden walk, wrapped as I had been in thoughts; perchance, of the unhappy past. And scarce knowing what I did I knelt before her, and told her all my unfaith in the past, and all my present worthlessness; and then, seeing that she listened, not unwilling, to all that I hoped might yet be; with other sweet madness that I hoped might touch her heart; then I heard her voice trembling and yet glad.

"You believed me a witch—"

"Dear love," I told her, "I will not lie; but I have not believed any wrong of you since that night—" I stopped, caught with horror at the very thought; but she broke into my stumbling speech:

"And yet—and yet—you carried me away from them! Why—why did you risk so much for one you thought—"

"Because I loved you, heart's life!" I cried, impatient, and then took her into my waiting arms.





THE COUNTRY LANE

From the Painting by John Constable

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE HOMECOMING OF JIM SAUNDERS

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

THE train slowed down at Glaiser's, and a passenger with a suit-case stepped off. Then with much painful coughing the engine increased its speed and rumbled out of sight around the bend. The station consisted of a five by ten uncovered platform surrounded by fields and patches of woodland, and the man and his baggage were left in undisputed possession. He took off his flaring panama and white handkerchief. A sigh of absolute satisfaction escaped his lips.

"After all's said and done," he muttered, "I guess the best part of going away is the coming back. And five year 'aint made a sight of difference about these parts as far as I can see. The same little daisies, and that patch of buckwheat in the far corner, and the same old snake fence. By jiminy! if Mac hasn't been too darn lazy to replace that top rail that his colt bust the day the boys were giving me the send-off!" and with a low chuckle Saunders picked up his suit-case and started down the dusty road that drifted across the track close by.

It was a good two miles to the river where the man hoped to find a boat to ferry him over, but in spite of the noonday sun, the thick white dust that rose in clouds before his feet and the weight he carried the familiar way was most pleasant to him. Here and there the alders and poplars on either side would fall back and dis-

closed some old farmhouse guarded close by a few gnarled willows and surrounded by patches of oats and buckwheat, and he would wonder how Mary Ann and her "rheumatiz" were getting on, or if Sam was still playing his part in local politics. Then his mind would return again to Betty and the surprise in store for her.

When Saunders's ambitions had outgrown his surroundings and carried him off to the "States" she had promised to wait patiently for his return. She was aware of his "luck," as he called it, and of his attaining to a salary that made her humble soul thrill with pride, but he had carefully refrained from stating just when his business would give him his freedom to claim what he felt already belonged to him. Being desperately driven with his work, and never being much of a hand at letter-writing anyway, it had been some months since he had written or had news of her, and he tried to picture in his mind the wild joy she would have in his unexpected arrival. He wondered if he would find her working in the fields with her father; or down in the clean, cool cellar revolving the churn, with the broad earthenware pans of milk on the shelf behind her; or perhaps nursing some helpless chicken who had got the gapes or come by a broken leg. Then he broke into a whistle and increased his pace.

In time the road turned off through

a fringe of willows and brought him down to the edge of the water. He dropped his valise and gazed up and down the wide expanse of river.

"Good old boy," he muttered, "seems strange that everything should be just the same, but I suppose it would be stranger still if things were different. I feel as if I'd been gone a hundred years instead of five."

With keen appreciation his eyes took in the familiar scene; the huge timber piers strung a quarter of a mile apart down the river, the log boom connecting them, and the miles of rafts crowding in between it and the shore. Outside the boom he saw a tug-boat crawling past with a huge raft on the end of its topline, and recognised the old *Hero* of many associations.

There were no canoes or rowboats on the shore, and he saw he would have to wait until he could hail some craft going up or down river or one crossed over from the other side. Meanwhile he left his suit-case among the bushes and scrambled over the logs to the outer edge of the raft where he could sit and dream and keep his eyes open for signs of traffic.

He stretched his long legs luxuriously and drew deep breaths of the warm air into his lungs. The odour of fresh-cut cedar seemed to drive the last shreds of the city's worry and turmoil from his brain. Nothing else was quite so prevalent of home tide. One of his earliest recollections was of playing tag and hide-and-seek about the piles of sawdust and timber at the mills, with the clean odour ever in his nostrils. Then when he grew older he became lumberman and steamdriver, and not even five years of nerve-racking city grind could clear the tang of it from his blood.

Presently he heard distant shouting and saw men swarm out on the rafts half a mile below. He knew they were returning to work after their midday meal in the cook-house, and wondered how many of the old hands were still with Glaizer. A

dozen started up in his direction with pikepoles in their hands, laughing and jesting boisterously. As they drew near he searched their faces for acquaintances, but it was a gang of the younger men and all strangers to him. They returned his scrutiny curiously and some made low comments that started the rest snickering audibly. He realised that his well-fitting clothes, tan-shoes and panama bore circumstantial evidence of his city life and here at these huge rafting camps on the lower reaches of the river the men did not have the backwoodsmen's breeding in these matters, but showed their contempt without effort at concealment.

"Well," he said to himself, "I won't undeceive the youngsters. It feels sort of curious to be an outsider on my own stamping ground, and I'll keep it up."

Just above him the loose logs were nosing their way down by ones and twos, till they brought up against the raft, and the men began working them down a narrow lane of open water between the rafts and the boom. They were dressed in the unobtrusive garb of the northern riverman: black felt hats, flannel shirts, knee-breeches and caulked boots. One or two had red bandanas knotted around their necks.

"Say, mister," said a tall lanky fellow pausing three feet from Saunders, "you're a stranger erbout these parts, ain't you?"

Saunders smiled pleasantly. "Maybe I am. I left New York yesterday morning. I tell you the heat there was awful. You've got a nice little river here, do you know. Nothing like the Hudson of course, but then one shouldn't expect very much way up here, I suppose," and he looked around in as lordly a manner as he could assume.

Most of the men were standing about and listening intently by this time. He noticed they didn't like his patronising air and was beginning to enjoy the joke immensely.

"Say, Bill, the Johnny reckons he's it, don't he?" and the first speaker sneered at the man nearest to him.

"Now look here, my good fellow," Saunders continued in his gentlest tones, "don't be jealous just because I come from across the border, for, as I was saying, you've got a pretty fine bit of country up here if 'tis a little wild. Aren't you men what they call lumber-jacks, that I've read so much about?"

"Yes—an' something a heap worse if yer lookin' for trouble," and the lanky man spat impressively on his hand. Saunders saw he was getting ugly, and hadn't the slightest wish to get mixed up in a scrap at the present time.

"Well, I've read how you can 'birl' logs, or 'cuff' them, or whatever you choose to call it. And the truth is I never thought of it as much of a feat. Surely a log is a big enough thing for anyone to stay right side up on, and I wouldn't wonder if I could do it myself."

The other began to look more pleasant. It seemed to him that a most brilliant idea had come to his mind. There was a way to knock the "cockiness" out of this "Yankee"—one they could all enjoy thoroughly, without any risk to his own features. But he mustn't appear too eager.

"I reckon it ain't so hard as we pretend, stranger, but some of the boys are awful duffers at it. Now you're a spry enough lookin' chap, I'll admit, an' no doubt it'd come easy to you as walkin' in yer sleep. Bill here'll show yer how it's done, if yer cares to see."

"Thank you, if it's not too much trouble," and Saunders stood up with his hands in his pockets to learn all about it. The men collected around with guileless expressions on their tanned faces, fearing that if they showed too much elation at the way affairs were going the "stuck-up Johnny" might grow suspicious and seek to escape his much-needed ducking.

Bill, a youth with flaring red hair and an upturned nose and no pretensions to the Appollo mode of beauty, grinned sheepishly as he proceeded to push one of the heavier logs back into the open water above. When it was a good five feet from the nearest log he ran quickly across the backs of a dozen loose timbers and sprang on board, carrying his pikepole as a balancing rod. Then he commenced revolving it beneath his feet with fair speed, brought it to a standstill, and reversed the motion.

Saunders watched with a smile of supreme contempt on his face.

"That looks dead easy to me," he drawled. "As long as he keeps lifting his hoofs I don't see how he can help staying on."

"Perhaps it ain't—and then ag'in perhaps it 'tis," answered Long Pete. "Here's a pole if yer wants ter try yer hand, stranger. If yer *do* happen ter slip we'll pull yer out all right."

"Thanks awfully, but I feel sort of lazy after my journey — and here comes a boat now that I'll get to ferry me across."

But Pete had no intention of letting the stranger escape if he could help it. He stuck his thin face close up to the other's.

"I jest thought maybe arter gasin' so much, yer might sorter like to prove yer weren't nothin' *but* gas." Then he gave him the worst insult known to the lumbermen. "Ye'r darsent—yer afeared!"

Saunders couldn't help reddening under the taunt, and came perilously near knocking the man down and so spoiling his amusement. He got a grip of himself and stared hesitatingly first at Bill standing immovable on his log and then at the sneering face of Pete.

"No, I'm not afraid exactly," he drawled, tugging thoughtfully at his moustache. Then, as if he had suddenly made up his mind, he continued briskly.

"All right, here goes." He ignor-

ed the pole thrust out at him and running awkwardly over the loose logs landed heavily beside the patient Bill. It felt good to have the rough bark beneath his feet again, though tan shoes were not the best of things to grip with.

Bill began slowly to turn the log and Saunders cautiously lifted his feet as if he feared every moment of losing his balance and plunging into the water. Then with a broad grin that was reflected on the countenance of the group of men on the raft he increased the speed. The stranger waved his arms wildly, and his feet slipped about clumsily in his efforts to keep on the upper side, but in some unaccountable way he still managed to retain his position. His grotesque contortions drew a howl of merriment from the lumbermen, they had not expected the fun to be so prolonged.

Meantime Saunders was sidling nearer and nearer to his grinning antagonist and keeping up his awkward movements. Then he almost lost his balance and one of his frantically clutching hands caught Bill swiftly under the chin and knocked him into the water.

The spectators roared louder than ever. This unexpected outcome filled them with the keenest joy—all but the discomfited Bill, who crawled out on the raft spluttering and cursing and his face the colour of his hair.

Saunders brought the log to a standstill and awaited the next move with an affected expression of pain and surprise. Pete quickly regained his composure and his eyes gleamed ominously

“Bill’s nothing but a clown,” he said contemptuously. “Why a jack-ass could a’ kepp his footin’ on a scow of that size. If yer ain’t got no objections we’ll try cuffin’ this one,” and he began pushing a smooth cedar log from which the bark had been stripped, and about half the girth of the first, free of its fellows.

“Hello, Pete,” a girl’s voice rang out across the water. Both men lifted

their heads. Saunders would have recognised the tones among a mob. A small rowboat was approaching. An elderly man was rowing and a girl sat in the stern. His heart beat wildly with anticipation and he was about to give a shout of welcome when he heard Pete answer, “Hello, Angel-face, have yer come ter pay us a little visit?”

It was not so much the words but the note of absolute tenderness in his voice that turned the listener suddenly cold. He waited immovable. The boat swung up alongside and Pete helped the girl out on the raft.

“What’s yer doin,’ Pete?” and she shot a curious glance at the well-dressed stranger

“Oh, just havin’ a bit of fun. This Yankee here wants to be learnt a lesson in cuffin’ logs and I’m erbout ter give it to him. Sit down there and watch me,” and he gave a knowing wink at the girl.

Saunders saw she had not recognised him, and it seemed as if the sunlight had faded from the world. Five years had made a difference in him that he hadn’t realised. He was scarcely more than a youth when he went away, and now his maturity, and his clothes and more than anything else his moustache, disguised him effectually. There was no mistaking their attitude toward one another, and his misery and pride made him shrink from disclosing his identity. He would return to the States that very afternoon. In the meanwhile he was in for a birling match with this fellow whom he had instinctively disliked from the beginning, and who was evidently a most successful rival. If he tried to escape it he knew the man, anxious to show off before the girl, would use language which in his present state would be all that was needed to change his misery into rage. He did not want to put himself in such an undignified position, with the almost certainty of disclosing himself. And then in truth there was a sneaking feeling of de-

light in the thought of ignominiously defeating this man in his own game and before the woman he loved.

He drew one of the lumbermen aside and made him change his spiked boots for his tan shoes.

"I reckon yers in fer a duckin,' mister," muttered the lad, "fer long Pete certainly kin cuff some. Say, ain't she a beaut," and he gave his head a little jerk towards the girl behind him. "He's only been goin' with her a month back, but he's been mad erbout her a sight longer than that. The boys say there's a fellow back in the States arter her who's got cut out. Say, Mister, those shoes are jest my fit. I wouldn't mind havin' a pair like them," and he stood up and gazed admiringly down at his feet.

The boy's efforts to be friendly didn't greatly improve Saunders's temper. He finished lacing the heavy boots and then ran across the loose timber and gained the light cedar log, where Pete was already awaiting him.

"Now, stranger, here's where you go off—and darn quick!" said the latter. Saunders smiled grimly and said nothing. He pulled his panama lower over his eyes, more to deepen the disguise than to kill the dazzle that struck up from the oily surface of the water.

Beneath the weight of the two men the light timber was almost awash, and only by continuous balancing and shifting of feet was it kept from bucking them into the water. An onlooker new to the game would have marvelled that they retained their positions at all, but when Long Pete began his numerous tricks for unfooting a rival it seemed little less than a miracle that Saunders continued the contest. The log spun first one way, then reversed without warning; jerked violently from side to side; and when the lumberman ran down to the same end as his rival, reared a third of its length out of the water and submerged the contestants to their waists. Jim's old time skill and agility had

not forsaken him, and his spiked boots gripped the writhing log at every step. The watching girl, crouched on the end of a log with her chin in her hands, was no more amazed at the stranger's persistency than was Long Pete. Red-top Bill had even begun to hope that their champion birlir would share the honours of his own ducking, for misery ever loves company, and Pete's laughter and sneering remarks had pierced deeper than the freckles.

In the meantime the current had been drawing the log closer and closer to the upper end of the raft, until there was less than ten feet of space between them. Then Pete, pounding the timber beneath the surface by springing into the air, gave Saunders the opportunity he wanted. As the other rose he slewed it violently to one side and Pete's calked boots came down on the extreme edge of the log. For an instant the clawing feet fought madly for a hold and then the light timber spun swiftly beneath the weight and their owner shot forward and landed full on his back in the stream.

As Pete disappeared a low shout of applause rose from the cluster of loggers. But the girl had jumped to her feet and her strained voice stilled the clamour:

"Save him! Save him! he can't swim!" her face was white and her eyes were wide with appeal.

It hadn't occurred to Saunders that his rival might be helpless in the water, though he well knew that many of the lumbermen followed their precarious calling all their lives without being able to swim a stroke. Now when Pete's head did not rise to the surface he saw the necessity of immediate action. The current was pressing in thin ripples against the upper ends of the logs and the idea of anyone being carried beneath was decidedly unpleasant. Without thought, save of the girl's white face, Saunders dived where the other had disappeared. The water was not over

ten feet deep, and his hands scraped along the sandy bottom. He strained his eyes through the dim yellow light and saw a dark blur writhing close by. A couple of powerful strokes brought him to the drowning man. He felt himself seized in a clutch of steel, that pinioned his arms to his sides, and at the same instant he was aware of a great black cloud closing over his head and crowding out the light. They had been carried beneath the rafts.

The torture in his lungs was more than he could stand. For a moment he went mad with pain and horror. Every muscle in his body strained to free him from that embrace of death. His feet struck violently against the firm sand and they shot upward. There was a sudden jar and the arms about him dropped loose. Then his madness left him. Infinitely far away, it seemed to him, he saw a pale light that marked the free water beyond the rafts. Could his faculties stay awake so long. Already his nerves were numbed, and all sense of pain and left him. As if in the grip of a terrible nightmare, and impelled by a strange force impossible to escape, his fingers reached out and clutched in the hair of the object beside him and then he battled towards that fading glimmer that meant sunlight and oxygen and life! If he could only loose his hold of this terrible thing that was dragging him back he felt he could make it! He wanted to turn and tear himself loose; to bury his teeth in it; only that hideous something within would not let him pause or loosen his grip or do aught but struggle for what his dimming conscience had already lost interest in.

It was almost two minutes after the stranger dived in after his defeated opponent before their heads brushed the surface in a narrow lane of water between two of the rafts, and the white-lipped loggers, standing dazed and silent above, dragged the unconscious forms out into the sunlight and the soft summer winds.

Life was still there, knocking feebly at the half-shut doors, and under the rough but effective handling of the lumbermen brought the warm blood back to the empty veins.

Saunders was the first to open his eyes, and after a few moments slowly rose to his feet. The men were still working over Long Pete, the girl standing with her back toward him, a little distance off. He picked up his wet panama that had been rescued by one of the men, and started clambering over the logs toward land. Now the excitement was over the full wave of his misery surged back upon him, and his only thought was to escape from her presence as quickly as possible.

"Just a minute, Mr. Saunders, please." Her voice was strained and low, and he swung around and faced her, his lips pale as when they pulled him from the water.

"I had prayed that I would never see you again," she said slowly. "I thought maybe some little sense of decency would prevent you ever comin' back. Now you have, and yer saved his life I suppose I got ter thank you, even though yer *was* the cause of him getting under the raft. I wish ter God it'd been some other feller who'd pulled him out, instead of you, Jim Saunders! Thank you! That's all!" She quickly turned her face away so that he would not see the angry tears that were beginning to blur her vision.

He came slowly towards her, groping in his mind for an explanation of her outbreak. He might have said just such things to her if he had been less tolerant and forgiving, but that she should act thus made him more dazed than angry.

"What do you mean, Betty?" he said gently. "I did not know that things had changed—that you had forgotten me—that *he* meant anything to you, until after he had challenged me to a birling match. And then because I thought you did not recognise me and couldn't bear the

thought of having you trying to explain. I intended seeing the thing through and escaping out of the country as soon as possible."

"Me explain! You cad! Go back to *her*. I pity her whoever she is!" and she started down the raft to escape the sound of his voice.

Long Pete had risen on one elbow and the loggers were standing about and watched with expressions of awkward embarrassment.

"I reckon I kin do the explainin'," Pete's voice was weak, and he had to pause for breath, but the girl heard it and paused.

He fumbled in his hip pocket, drew out a letter and extracted a little dank slip of newspaper.

"Give this to the feller." Bill carried it over to Saunders without a word. The latter glanced through it quickly — his face as hard as stone. The girl watched him.

"My God! who wrote this? He held the announcement of his own marriage to a girl whose name he had never even heard of.

"I wrote it," Pete's voice had a

note of defiance in it. "If yer hadn't returned fer another week I'd a' had her fer keeps. She don't care a heap of a lot fer me, an' I'm thinkin' she'd hev scratched my eyes out before the year was up. Anyway I give her to you in exchange fer my life, only I wish ter God yer'd left me under the raft."

It seemed to Saunders as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart, and he suddenly heard the birds along the river calling one to another. The girl was weeping quietly, her face buried in her hands. He went over to her and taking her quietly by the arm led her to the boat.

"All right, Betty, I understand," he said gently. Then he called to the old man, and they stepped aboard. Red-top Bill brought the suit-case. Before he pushed them off he held out his hand with an awkward grin.

"If I'd a'knowd you was Jim Saunders, I wouldn't hev cared a hang erbout bein' licked. An' as fer Pete, it serves him right, playing that dirty trick on Miss Betty. An' I wishes yer both luck. *Good-day!*"

HIS GIFT

By VIOLET CRERAR

THY gifts, my friend, I thank you for to-night—
 A year of dreams, a year of dawning light,
 Some living hours when I have prayed for death,
 A second when earth glowed 'twixt breath and breath,
 A woman's heart strengthened by joy and pain,
 A soul that, struggling, found its wings again,
 A mind that sought forgetfulness and found
 That fragrant joys in memory abound,
 Patience by pallid days of waiting taught,
 Silence that by all unshared thoughts was brought,
 Smiles that were born when all was black with fears,
 And greatest thanks, for this—
 Thy gift of tears.

UNQUIET SPIRITS

BY W. C. GAYNOR

LIGHT winds make a multitudinous babble of voices in the tree tops. Tone and refrain depend of course on the leaves. The tall pines, palm-like in their spread, give forth a murmur subdued and indistinct, like the conversation of grave men heard through an intervening wall—without hurry or excitement. The beech and the maple, the quivering poplar and lightsome birch, and all the other deciduous trees, babble in louder tones, like the talk of weaklings—giddy, playsome, inconsequent.

So Peol had always said, and more than once I took pains to verify his words. That is why when I awakened and heard a gentle clamour of sounds around and about my tent—now deep and slow, again light and querulous, with an intercalary refrain that sounded much like the quick lapping of the wavelets on the beach, I immediately concluded that a wind had sprung up. And yet, on second thought, I knew that the tent was pitched in the open, well beyond the reach of woody sounds; moreover, there was no lap or creak of canvas, no movement, in fact, of any kind to denote the presence of wind. I jumped to my feet with the intention of examining this phenomenon more closely, and was unbuttoning the flap or door of the tent before going out when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Peol in a strangely guarded voice bade me desist.

“No good you go out there,” he whispered. “You see nothin’, you hear nothin’”. Better stay in here

and listen—yes and better say prayer. This be old campin’ ground, and them be spirits of olden times come back to camp. I heard their canoes when they arrive, before you awake. Better stay in.”

I had forgotten entirely about his presence in my tent. This then was the secret of his unwillingness to pass the night on this jutting point—in every respect an ideal tenting ground as I had insisted. This, too, was why he made the unusual request to be allowed to share my tent with me.

He threw himself noiselessly on his couch in the corner of the tent, and immediately I could hear the rattle of his beads. The noise outside still continued. I stood and listened. Perhaps it was imagination, now given direction and supplied with material to work upon through Peol’s sententious warning; but certain it is, nevertheless, that I could distinguish the tramp of many feet, the thud of poles, the hurry and bustle of preparation, and generally such a rabble of indistinct and related sounds as might well accompany the pitching of a camp.

At times the sounds appeared to recede, and then they came to me like the sighing of the wind, faint echoes like the patter of tiny feet. Again they drew near—so close that they moved around our tent—and I could not help surmising what these spirits of a forgotten age thought of this white object occupying their grounds and, no doubt, interfering with their rights.

All this time Peol lay motionless, telling his beads, I felt sure, and praying for morning or the passing of the phantoms. Strange to say, no shiver of fear or blenching in the presence of the preternatural disturbed my own equanimity. I still stood by the doorway, my hand upon the flap button, undecided yet whether to go out or not. I should like to visualise this strange incoming of spirits, were it possible; but as I had by my obstinate insistency early in the evening compelled Peol against his wishes to camp on this haunted spot, the least I might now do was to observe his advice and not trespass on the notice or occupations of the spirits.

Suddenly an unnameable fear took possession of me; a shiver and a compression of my vital forces, as if my blood were parting with its warmth and I were falling in upon myself. I could no longer stand erect, but was forced, despite myself, to a kneeling posture; a very sensible draft of air—as cold as if it blew from icy ridges—enveloped me. I groaned aloud—so the Indian assured me afterwards—and then instinctively I sought his side. How I crossed over to where he lay, I cannot tell, nor had he any clear recollection of it; but I realised that I was near him and that he was busy with his beads. The incubus, influence, or whatever you may choose to call it passed away as quickly as it came, but left me weakened and nervous to an extent of which I have often since been quietly ashamed. I was content to lie by the side of my faithful Indian the rest of the night; indifferent, too, to the progress of the ghostly pageant outside. It passed, so Peol said, with the discovery of our presence by the spirits. One of them had no doubt entered the tent; it was his presence which had affected me so strongly.

An experience altogether so ghostly and uncanny could not of course be discarded in a moment; for some days I was in a state of nervous ten-

sion and exciteability. We changed our camping ground early next morning; it was now Peol's turn to relieve my fears of again occupying a spot so unreservedly the property of the spirits of the night. And thus it came about, when I had recovered my customary equanimity, that he told me the following curious story of his experience in the Tracadie woods, in north-eastern New Brunswick, a story which at any other time I could merely have listened to, but to which, in view of my own recent experience, I was now prepared to give a sympathetic ear.

"We found the old lumber camp we had been looking for — Sabatis and myself—Peol began," and a miserable, desolate thing it was. We had travelled all day on the strong crust that overlaid the deep snows of midwinter, having followed the course of the Tracadie river upwards from our camp some miles back of the settlements at its mouth. Night was fast drawing on; so that it was a relief to hit on this ancient lumber shack.

"It was in an advanced stage of decay, and evidently had not been used for years. Its walls and roof were pallid and gray from exposure to the elements; the joints and spaces between the logs had long since lost their filling of mud and moss; the roof sagged under the weight of snow; and the damp red rotteness of a broken log showed how unsafe was the whole structure. Still it was a shelter — we would not have to spend the night in the open—which was all we wanted.

"Sabatis, who knew those woods better than I did, had not a good opinion of them. They suffered in his esteem—and in the esteem of all the Micmaes — because of the evil deeds of the lumbermen who, years before, had spent their winters there. Legends of drunken orgies and carousals, and of excesses less mentionable, were related by the old people; in fact, it was whispered that

these sombre woods had been the scene of murders unrecorded and unavenged. Drunken indifference to the safety of men had in one especial instance allowed a poor woodsman to perish under a log which held him prisoner till he died. His cries for help — which though heard by his companions had been cruelly ignored — still resounded through those woods. They had been heard so often even in recent years that no man could tell when they would greet and affright him.

“We came upon the place from the river, with which it was connected by two tote roads. During the lapse of years, since they had been last used, the forest had so encroached upon them that they were no longer open roads along which a team of horses could draw a load, but mere paths on which a bull moose would have to throw back his antlers if he wished to pass. They began, of course, at the door of the hovel or stable, which lay behind the camp and which was in a much more decrepit condition.

“Michel and I did not tarry to make all these observations I am giving you—we took them in at a glance. Night was approaching — the light was already between dog and wolf—so that we directed all our energies towards making the old shack habitable. The roof must have originally been well made, for there was scarce any snow in the interior; a little only where the door had sagged inwards, being still held by one hinge. The interior was large and capable of housing at least thirty men; the bunks ran around the wall, as is usual; and like all camps of the olden times a hole in the roof let out the smoke.

“While Sabatis was mending and reconstructing the door I cleared away a spot for a fire. He soon had the door in good shape; a cross-bar, upheld by a stiff brace, made it absolutely impossible for a wild beast to force an entrance. Sabatis had afterwards reason to rejoice that he

had done this part of the work well.

“I would have gone to the river for water, while he made a fire, but he would not suffer me to leave him. Dread of the place was upon him, so that he would not let me out of his sight. Together, therefore, we opened a hole in the ice, and got water for our tea kettle.

“It was next necessary to procure a supply of fir boughs for our bed, which would be all the warmer if they were first dried and heated by the fire. So while the kettle was coming to a boil we went in the direction of the river, along one of the narrow roads, to a bunch of young firs. As we moved away I could not forbear taking another survey of the shattered old building in which we were taking shelter. A white-haired, lonesome relic it was in the evening twilight, slowly disintegrating in these pulseless wastes; the handiwork of man, now left like a corpse from which the spirit has deserted. How many ghosts of dead men revisited it?

“I learned from Sabatis, while we clipped the branches, the secret of his trepidation. He had himself a startling experience the previous winter as he was passing through this same accursed region on his way home from Miscou. It was in daylight too, a fact which made it all the more inexplicable. The figure of a man on snowshoes, in belt and jumper, dogged his footsteps for miles; sometimes he was in advance, sometimes he lagged behind, sometimes he disappeared altogether; at no time could Sabatis get a full look at his face. At first my friend believed it was a white man who was going the same way he himself was and — glad to have company—he hurried to catch up with the other; but hurry as he might—and Sabatis was a good man on snowshoes—the other kept in advance. After a while he lost sight of the phantom, but only to find, through a sense of being dogged, that it was now following him. The figure was that of a heavy man, yet

it left no visible tracks in the snow.

"Yes, these were haunted woods, and without my company he would not think of penetrating into them. They were full of game on account of this very fact. The Micmacs were afraid to venture into them.

"At this moment there arose on the night air a low, wailing cry almost at our elbows. It was no sound as I had ever heard before in the woods. Sabatis grasped me by the shoulder, and shivered as he listened. 'The Whooper! the Whooper!' he whispered, and I knew that he meant the solitary cry of the dying woodsman, for so it had come to be called in bravado.

"It was not repeated, but quickly upon it came the sounds of an approaching team drawing a heavy load of logs. I am not easily deluded by forest sounds, and here was the familiar grind of heavily loaded sleds on hard snow, the clink and strain of whiffle-trees and traces, and the snapping of the driver's whip. The team drew near and then passed our hiding-place. Not a branch was stirred on the narrow road, no apparition of horses and driver was shown—nothing but the continuous sound of the loaded sleds and of horses breathing heavily. Peer as I might—and I admit I was curious to see the thing—I could see nothing.

"But Sabatis gave me no further time for curiosity. Seizing his axe, he darted in the direction of the camp, crying out to me, 'He come back. I know he come back.' So that I was forced to follow him, if I did not wish to be locked out. I reached the building as he was getting the cross-bar for the door. Together we set it in place and braced it strongly against all intruders. Sabatis got his gun, and setting himself on the end of the deacon-seat he waited. I was satisfied to sit with my axe between my knees.

"'He come back. He come back,' Sabatis kept repeating as if speaking to himself. And sure enough we were

not kept long in suspense, for in a very little while we heard the unmistakable approach of horses and sleds running lightly. There was the clank and jingle of relieved harness and of bunk chains dragging idly. The road to the hovel led around the corner of the camp, and as the teamster turned his horses in that direction it would seem as if the hindmost of the bob-sleds ran up against it, for the old structure shook and swayed as if about to collapse about our ears. Sabatis crossed himself, believing his last hour had come. There was a growing something in his look which I did not exactly like; he had the affrighted eyes of a weak animal which is driven to bay and knows not where to turn. So, to give him courage, I moved over, and taking the boiling tea-kettle from the fire I poured a line of water across the doorway. It is surprising what effect this simple act had on him; he cheered up at once and nodded his approval—the spirits of the dead cannot cross water.

"In the meantime our senses were alert to every sound that came from the phantom teamster. He was unharnessing his horses by this time; we could hear the soft thud of the pole as if fell in the snow, the loosening of hames and traces, the tramping of the animals as they entered the hovel. This last effect was all the more ghostly to me because I had examined the old stable and I knew it was without floor.

"A trembling which was evidently beyond his control passed through Sabatis as we heard the first step made by the teamster on his way to the camp. He was coming to spend the night with us. I do not know how I looked, but I could not have been a wholesome sight if I at all resembled Sabatis. You have heard tell of a man's hair standing on end with fright, and his voice being lost in this throat. Well, that is what happened to him. To my horror—for I was beginning to get nervous myself—Sabatis's long hair commenced

slowly to rise from his shoulders, much as a porcupine erects its quills, while his voice murmured indistinctly 'He's coming. He's coming.' Every footstep of the approaching phantom came distinctly to our ears. Pat, pat, — his moccasins sounded clearly on the hard snow. I counted twenty-two steps before he came to the corner of the camp. After that I lost the count, for Sabatis needed my attention. He was evidently beside himself with fear; his hair now stood erect; his face was blanched and conorted. He continued to hold his gun at full cock, but it swayed back and forth to such a degree that I feared for my own safety.

"Perhaps this danger brought me back my own self-control, for suddenly my wrath began to mount, and I made a movement towards the door. I was quite willing at the moment to have it out with this ghostly visitant. But the look which Sabatis gave me was so appealing that I remained in my seat. The steps still continued outside. They stopped. The teamster, true to custom, was hanging his bunk-chain on a peg in front. A step or two more, and he stood at the door. First he tried the latch—I saw it move; then he pushed heavily against the door; rebuffed in this, he knocked once, twice, three times, slow imperative knocks (there was a faint echo of them in the woods) and then he shook the door, and with it the whole building. The roof swayed back and forth, and the loose glass in the broken windows fell with shivering rattle. Sabatis gave me a despairing look of souring and hopelessness—so extreme was the fear that was in him; and then with his gun pointed at the door, he cried out in his agony, 'God, man, or devil, come in, I shoot.'

"But the teamster did not come in. He still stood at the door, while we, scarcely breathing, waited in suspense. Slowly and casually, as it were, he retraced his steps—thirty-

five of them there were by my count—back to the hovel to spend the night with his horses. Somehow it struck me that he had been doing this every night for years, and that we were intruders.

"The fire had gone down by this time, and I rose to renew it, but Sabatis gestured wildly to me to let it be. I was, therefore, obliged to watch it die out, and with it all hope of supper. I stretched myself on the deacon seat; while Sabatis, like a man in a dream, sat with his rifle still across his knee. Thus passed a night of such quiet and expectancy as only men can know who have had an experience as startling as ours. We welcomed the morning with heavy eyes but relieved hearts.

"Sabatis refused to remain long enough in the old camp to allow me to prepare a light breakfast. God's open air and a meal beneath a spreading spruce tree was what he wanted, he said. After that not one unnecessary hour would he spend in those man-haunted woods. The caribou—which he had come to hunt—might go free, so far as he was concerned.

"With the full return of daylight we shook of the paralysis of cold and fear, and packing our dunnage again on our toboggan, we made our way back to the settlement. The virgin snow around the ancient camp showed no trace of horse or man, except what we had ourselves made. Everywhere it lay six feet deep on the level, unbroken even by a squirrel track.

"That Sabatis and I had come near entertaining some unquiet spirit of those wilds, I have never for a moment doubted. The team and teamster were there in some ghostly guise; he may still be haunting that grim old relic of a camp, for aught I know, if it be yet in existence; but who he was or how he died or what keeps him from his rest, his Maker alone knows."

Thus Peol ended, and I fail to make sense of his story.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE jubilee celebration of the German Emperor has set the world thinking as to the future of the German Empire. While the event was followed in foreign countries with outward manifestations of sympathy and friendliness it is significant that in Germany itself nearly a third of the people took no formal part in the national rejoicings. A writer in *The Spectator* points out that the Social Democratic votes numbered 1,787,000 five years after the Kaiser succeeded his invalid father; in 1912 they had risen to 4,238,919. In his latest book, "Germany and the Germans," Price Collier sees the Emperor as the controlling influence in the State: "Wherever the casual observer turns, whether it be to look at the army, to inquire about the navy, to study the constitution, or to disentangle the web of present-day political strife; to read the figures of commercial and industrial progress, or the results of social legislation; to look at the Germans at play during their yachting week at Kiel, or their rowing contests at Frankfort, he finds himself face to face with the Emperor." In every question "the Emperor's hand is there. His opinion, his influence, what he has said or has not said, are inextricably interwoven with the woof and web of German life." The Kaiser still believes in the divine right of kings. He regards himself as "the chosen instrument of Heaven," and his great ambition—realised when he forced Bismarck

to resign—is to play the part of understudy to Providence as the ruler and father of his people. On the whole he has served Germany faithfully. In an age of tottering thrones and decaying nations he has brought his country to a high pitch of prosperity and greatness, and consolidated the Empire against its external foes. But what has been the effect of this assertion of absolute authority of the sovereign upon the Germans themselves? Will this one-man rule go on after the Kaiser is gathered to his fathers?

Price Collier, when in Germany, was struck by the absolute dependence on authority which is so marked a feature of every-day life. The whole nation is machined and drilled to a point where individuality is allowed little play. Into every detail of his individual actions the State obtrudes. Public notices and warnings meet the German at every turn. He is told how to pour out his wine, how to post letters, and his behaviour is governed by a code of regulations that leaves him no room for escape. Gold braid, brass buttons, and the military sword haunt him wherever he goes. He must not sing or whistle or talk loudly. If he kisses his wife in public he is liable to a fine.

State interference in Germany signifies, of course, the administration of laws which the people have had little part in framing. But whether this undue interference with personal liberty comes through autocratic or

democratic channels it is a power to be sparingly applied if statesmen would afford room for the development of the natural genius of the race. Canada has reason to guard herself against evolving State-made citizens. The greatest possible freedom of action for the individual consistent with the freedom and well-being of others—this is the principle that should govern the State in its relation to the citizen.

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The Marconi incident is not the only trouble which British Liberals have to face. Leicester has been held by a considerably reduced majority. The local labourites refused to abide by the working arrangement entered into between the two parties at headquarters, and ran a candidate of their own. A section of the Labour party has revolted. The Liberal-Labour alliance has been subjected to severe criticism by the Socialist element, and recent events have not tended to heal the breach. The insurance act has benefited the friendly societies rather than the trade unions, and its operation is regarded with some misgiving by the latter. But the chief complaint against the Liberals is that they have abandoned the policy of the free breakfast table, and put forward principles of taxation which aim at imposing upon the working classes the greater part of the cost of the social legislation of the past seven years. The Tories and Socialists allege that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have recanted their former convictions as to the taxation of the poor. Speaking in the House of Commons in opposition to the Labour demand for the repeal of the sugar duty, Mr. Asquith declared: "I do not think there is any doctrine more fatal to the root principle of democratic government than that it should consist of the constant amelioration, at great expense to the community, of the social conditions of the less favoured classes of the coun-

try, at the sole and exclusive expense of the other classes."

Mr. Phillip Snowden, M.P., the brilliant leader of the militant Socialists, crossed swords with the Prime Minister over this pronouncement and showed that the working classes in the United Kingdom already contribute three hundred million dollars annually to taxation. He raised the issue whether the rich or the poor should pay for social reforms, and opens up the whole problem in a form not calculated to improve the relations between the Labour and Liberal parties. Mr. Snowden quotes the Newcastle programme of 1891—in which the National Liberal Federation "declared in favour of a free breakfast table," in proof of his contention that the Liberals are pledged to the repeal of all duties upon food-stuffs. On the question of social reform Mr. Snowden is emphatic: "If the poor are to pay for the reforms the State compels them to have, we are never going to get any nearer redressing the inequalities of wealth and poverty." Old age pensions, State insurance, and other ameliorative measures were put forward by the Liberals as a levelling-up policy. If the under-dog is to be fed with a piece of his own tail, it is only a matter of time when he will discover the fraud.

The Liberal policy of taxation as set out by the Prime Minister will receive no support on the Labour side, and if the impression goes abroad that Asquith and Lloyd George have shifted their ground and veered round to the Tory position, serious results may follow in the constituencies. The Liberals cannot afford to alienate the Labour forces and for this reason the land reform campaign is looked forward to with the hope that it may once more consolidate the forces of democracy.

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Carson and Redmond are now chasing each other over the length

and breadth of the British Isles. The Irish leader suddenly resolved to follow up his dangerous protagonist who is carrying the fiery cross into the constituencies where it is still possible to appeal to Protestant sentiment and prejudice against the "betrayal" of the "Ulster garrison." Sir Edward Carson has an unrivalled reputation at the English Bar. He is the greatest living cross-examiner and many a witness has had reason to dread that lantern jaw and that sardonic smile as Carson piled Pelion on Ossa and stripped his prey of every shred of moral claim to be regarded as reliable. He has risen to the top by sheer doggedness and ability. He was comparatively unknown when Mr. A. J. Balfour went to Ireland as Chief Secretary. Balfour was laughed at as "a perfumed dandy," and the Irish agitators smiled with contempt at the languid, puny nephew whom Lord Salisbury had handed over so lightly as a prey to his enemies. But Balfour proved a woeful surprise to the Nationalist leaders, then in the thick of a terrible land war, when the shooting of landlords and their agents was of daily occurrence. Before long he was known as "Bloody Balfour," and more feared and hated than "Buckshot Foster," the last Liberal Chief Secretary to match his strength against organized Irish rebellion. "Don't hesitate to shoot!" was Balfour's famous telegram to the head of police at Mitchelstown, County Cork; and while Balfour ruled in Ireland he met every violation of law and order with the same iron resolution. It was in these exciting times that the Chief Secretary discovered Sir Edward Carson, then struggling at the Irish Bar. Fearless and capable men were required to act on behalf of the Crown in the prosecution of the Irish leaders and it was in this capacity that Carson first won his spurs and placed his feet on the bottom rung of the ladder of promotion which has brought him within reach

of the Woolsack. A political trial in the days of the Land League and Plan of Campaign was no ordinary event. The Court of Assize was surrounded by a small army of police with loaded rifles, while squads of cavalry and mounted men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, assisted by plainclothes detectives, watched over the judge and jury, as well as the prosecutors and witnesses. Outside the black fringe of police surrounding the Court House was an ugly, menacing crowd of thousands of sympathisers with the prisoners on trial, and no one could tell with certainty what might happen before the day closed. No one but a man of iron nerve, with a reckless disregard for his personal safety, would have braved the bitter maledictions and dangerous hostility of the Irish Land Leaguers as Carson did throughout the perilous years when Arthur James Balfour was meeting the Irish agitation for land reform with buckshot, police bayonets, stuffed juries from which every Catholic was vigorously excluded, Crimes Acts, wholesale evictions, and all the paraphernalia of the law as administered by the British Government through Dublin Castle. Carson never quailed under the terrible ordeal. He smiled sardonically as he walked or drove to court under police protection while the mob hurled imprecations at his head, shouted opprobrious epithets, or linked his name in street ballads with the other "Castle hacks," including "Pether the Packer"—later known as Lord O'Brien, one of the Catholic judges who served Balfour faithfully by packing the juries with opponents of the political cause represented by the prisoners at the bar. Carson heeded not the cries of the mob, or the unflattering comments of the press. He pocketed the golden fees of the Crown and the curses of the people with equal relish, and matched his forensic skill against the redoubtable "Tim Healy," in many memorable trials, know-

ing that the path of danger was the only one way to the realisation of his legal and political ambitions.

When in later years, 1897-1902, Mr. Balfour substituted conciliation for coercion in the government of Ireland—described as the policy of “Killing Home Rule with kindness”—Carson led the revolt from within the Unionist ranks, and the recall of Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. George Wyndham from the post of Chief Secretary was the result of Carson’s implacable hatred of the Irish movement for self-government. At times—notably over the university problem and the alteration in the King’s Accession Declaration—Carson has displayed a fierce contempt for the criticism of the Orangemen and a grim tenacity in the uncompromising assertion of his opinions in fair weather and foul. Temperamentally he shares with the former Ulster leader, the late Colonel Saunderson, an unsentimental Cromwellian outlook on Irish affairs, but he lacks the bubbling wit and racy Irish humour which captivated the House of Commons and brought members trooping in from the smokers and lobbies when Saunderson was on his feet. Carson’s legal training and the sordid atmosphere of the Law Courts have combined to kill any sense of humour he may have possessed. He is sincere and earnest and when he lays his course of action it is a case of “Damn the consequences!” Such is the leader of the Ulster revolt. On him everything hinges. The people of Ulster will follow him into the “jaws of Death,” if he decides to push matters to extremes. As a lawyer he has calculated the effect of his threats on public opinion in regard to the Irish question, but it is a grievous mistake to assume that he fears to go the “whole hog,” if his calculations miscarry and Ulster is left to fight majority rule against the whole weight of the British Constitution. Both Redmond and Carson now realise that the next appeal

to the country will decide the fate of the Home Rule Bill, whether it passes into law in the meantime or not. And this explains the whirlwind campaign which both sides are conducting in the British constituencies. The Bill has now passed the third reading in the Commons, and after receiving the maledictions of the crippled Upper House, will emerge once more on the long road where uncertainty and anxiety beset the Liberal Government responsible for its safe conduct. Carson is pinning his faith on the ingrained disposition of the British people to interpret politics as a game of compromise, and his reiterated desire to consider sympathetically any scheme of extended Local Government for Ireland is not without significance.

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Meantime the London *Nation* advises both parties to meet in conference and arrive at a settlement by consent. No Government, it is recognised, would survive any attempt to coerce the Ulster minority. Compromise is in the air, and were the Unionists to return to power, some attempt would undoubtedly be made to solve the vexed Irish problem as part of a greater scheme of Parliamentary devolution. The immediate effect of the Liberal legislation of the past seven years has been to convince the ruling classes that their only way of salvation is to divorce local from Imperial politics, in the hope that the democracy in each part of the United Kingdom will become absorbed in local affairs in a local parliament, to the exclusion of the world-wide affairs of the Empire. An Imperial Parliament is the last breakwater which the aristocracy can hope to build against the onrushing tide of public opinion. The agitation for the centralisation of Imperial affairs is, however, a policy of despair, and will not succeed in shutting the common people out of their Imperial heritage.



LA TRICOTEUSE

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Clayes. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH PATRIOTISM

By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn. Two volumes.

IN this history the author, who is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, gives in 1,300 pages the result of ten years' study and research. It is the literary event of the year in England. Macaulay's style and influence are seen on every page, and the two volumes, which must be read and re-read on the instalment plan, are a mine of information and marked by deep reflection and keen insight.

The book is delightfully written and deals in a most comprehensive and exhaustive manner with the history of England from the earliest dawn of national consciousness down to modern times.

What is patriotism? The author's theory is that "Patriotism, like beauty and goodness, is one of those things that we can never rigidly define, because though every one has some rough notion of its meaning,

we doubt if any one has ever yet grasped its full meaning." Although difficult to define, the author accepts the popular idea of patriotism. "For patriotism is but the highest form of love for a created person, and he that would be a patriot, must thus think of his country. The personality of the State was as familiar to Plato as to Burke. "The fixed and unquestioning recognition of this our country's personality; that life compact of numberless lines, is the first and great commandment of patriotism."

The author gives us a history of England with which are combined a history of English literature and art, religion and politics, law and commerce—all tending to support this main thesis, that the soul of patriotism is the view of the nation and the country as a common personality, which draws out on a collective scale the feelings of love and reverence one feels for an attractive individual.

There are two fine chapters on Chatham and Shakespeare. The history of modern times is not the least interesting portion of the author's

work. He views his own times with keen relish, and, although somewhat pessimistic, approaches the questions of the day in the true spirit of the historian. Writing of the social revolution going on in England, the author says:

"An upper class, in the old sense of the word, has practically ceased to exist. So rapid and silent has been the change, that in all the many treatises on modern life it has well-nigh escaped notice, and yet whether we approve it or not, it is probably the most important fact in modern social history. At no period, it may safely be affirmed, since England became a nation, has there been a state of affairs remotely comparable to that which obtains nowadays. Even in the most corrupt days of the eighteenth century, even amid the licence of the Restoration, the people were never without leaders. . . . Things are different now. The barriers are fairly down, or perhaps we might say they have become toll-gates, through which anybody may pass who pays enough. . . . The newcomers who have conquered Society may be roughly divided into the nouveaux riches from the middle class, the Americans, and the other wealthy aliens. These last are perhaps not very formidable as regards numbers, but the fabulous amount of their fortunes, the power that they are known to wield in international and even domestic politics, the unabashed and naturally unpatriotic greed which is the motive of such transactions, and their generally unprepossessing appearance and manners are a very godsend to revolutionary agitators."

The author is obviously inspired by a deep love for his country, and although differences of opinion may prevail regarding some of his conclusions, there will be general commendation for his magnificent contribution to literature, the delightful English in which it is written, and for its stimulating suggestions and deft handling of a great subject.

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GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT AND AFTER

By Sir George W. Ross. Toronto:
William Briggs.

THIS is by no means an ordinary volume. And yet as a volume of reminiscences it is not extraordin-

ary. The style of writing is attractive, better, indeed, than many similar works that appear from time to time, and the structure of the book itself is well worthy of the text. We fancy, however, that the author has been too modest in his appreciation of the value of his reminiscences, or rather that the times and the events with which he deals have not been surrounded with a horizon sufficiently wide to expose their importance. Reminiscences are important only when they reflect the importance of other things, when they are untrammelled and illuminative. George Ross has moved actively through the great drama that has been going on since Confederation, a period of our history that has yet to be set down comprehensively in print. At a conservative estimate he is well qualified to write the history of this period.

First of all, he was a country schoolmaster, immediately preceding Confederation, and then a public school inspector. Soon thereafter for a short time he engaged in journalism as the editor of a Liberal newspaper. And to the second Parliament after Confederation he was sent as a member of the Commons by the electors of West Middlesex. For the next eleven years he went during the parliamentary term to Ottawa. Then he entered the Ontario Legislature, became Minister of Education, and then First Minister, and after the defeat of his party at the polls in 1905 he was appointed to the Dominion Senate. What a practical equipment for the man who is naturally endowed for the writing of history! And yet we have before us a volume of a pleasant literary style but of no great historical significance. It starts in a delightfully reminiscent vein, develops into a chronicle of incidents close to the writer and impressions of political leaders, with several discourses on oratory and parliamentary practice, and ends with treatises on "Electioneering as a Fine Art," "The Political Plat-

form," "Speech Making," and "The French-Canadian in Politics." There are 300 pages of type, well margined, and a frontispiece portrait of the author as he appeared in 1875, in the prime of life.

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THE CROCK OF GOLD

By James Stephens. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book rises above mere cleverness. One reads it with unfeigned delight, and at the end one asks, What does it all mean? It begins like a fairy tale, and indeed we must regard it as a splendid fantasy. But it is more than mere fancy. It introduces the fairy people of Ireland, abounds in homely philosophy, delightful sarcasm, racy satire, particularly on the moral conventionalities, and ends with a magnificent call to the people of Ireland to abandon for a season the thralldom of the sordid callings that have misled them from the delightful freedom and pastimes that were their national glory. As a whole, the book is more than a novel, and "The March," which closes it, rises to the dignity of a veritable pæan. In the progress of the book there are delightful pauses in which the reader is introduced to some quaint or curious character. The Philosopher's meeting with the old woman by the wayside is a fine passage. The woman has been dismissed ruthlessly from the door of a cottage where she has begged a cup of tea, and as she takes the road again she mutters, as if to herself:

"Ah, God be with me," said she, "an old woman on a stick, that hasn't a place in the wide world to go to or a neighbour itself. . . . I wish I could get a cup of tea, so I do. I wish to God I could get a cup of tea. . . . Me sitting down in my own little house, with the white tablecloth on the table, and the butter in the dish, and the strong, red tea in the teacup; and me pouring cream into it, and, maybe, telling the children not to be wasting the sugar, the things! and himself saying he'd got to mow the big

field to-day, or that the red cow was going to calve, the poor thing! and that if the boys went to the school, who was going to weed the turnips?—and me sitting drinking my strong cup of tea, and telling him where that old trapesing hen was laying. . . . Ah, God be with me! an old creature hobbling along the road on a stick."

Or, again, when the Philosopher meets a small boy:

"What does it feel like to be old?" said the boy.

"It feels stiff like," said the Philosopher.

"Is that all?" said the boy.

"I don't know," the Philosopher replied, after a few moments' silence. "Can you tell me what it looks like to be young?"

"Why not?" said the boy, and then a look of perplexity crossed his face, and he continued, "I don't think I can."

"Young people," said the Philosopher, "do not know what age is, and old people forget what youth was. When you begin to grow old always think deeply of your youth, for an old man, without memories, is a wasted life, and nothing is worth remembering but our childhood. I will tell you some of the differences between being old and young, and then you can ask me questions, and so we will get at both sides of the matter. First, an old man gets tired quicker than a boy."

The boy thought for a moment, and then replied:

"That is not a great difference, for a boy does get very tired."

The Philosopher continued:

"An old man does not want to eat as often as a boy."

"That is not a great difference, either," the boy replied, "for they both do eat. Tell me the big difference."

"I do not know it, my son; but I have always thought there was a big difference. Perhaps it is that an old man has memories of things which a boy cannot even guess at."

"But they both have memories," said the boy, laughing, "and so it is not a big difference."

"That is true," said the Philosopher. "Maybe there is not so much difference after all."

Then the Philosopher discovers that the boy has been doing little things all day long "for no reason at all."

"That," said the Philosopher triumphantly, "is the difference between age and youth. Boys do things for no reason, and old people do not. I wonder do we get old because we do things by reason instead of instinct."

THE BRITANNIC QUESTION

By RICHARD JEBB. London: Longmans, Green & Company.

HERE is a profound student of Imperialism admitting at the outset that there are subtle differences even among the views of Imperialists, that there are several schools of Imperialism, that while at first, several years ago, he had "taken up the position that Imperial Federation was not practicable," a little later he had begun to feel that "the division of forces was a besetting weakness of the Imperial movement," but that at the time of writing his book he had swung back to the view of the autonomists, those who favour merely a British Alliance. All this goes to show how difficult it will be to reconcile the varied and conflicting opinions on this great Imperial question; but, as is here asked, "Is this conscious division of opinion in the Imperialist ranks a sign to be deplored?" All who are interested in one of the greatest political issues of the day should read Mr Jebb's book.

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CONCERT PITCH

By FRANK DANBY. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

THIS novel deals with an old theme in a highly entertaining and skilful manner. It is a society novel in which are portrayed the scheming designs of a stepmother with social ambitions. A charming stepdaughter and a plentiful supply of newly-acquired wealth are the baits by which she hopes to obtain a footing in society and connection with one of the titled nobility. Two people—the hero and the villain, respectively—play a prominent part in the story, and the course of true love not running smoothly, the marriageable stepdaughter follows her own infatuations and weds a great Italian composer, who in turn grows cold

and becomes absorbed in his musical productions, and in the prima donna who fills the principal rôle in his opera. A bad old man now comes on the scene and complicates matters, but only for a time, as the prima donna kills the composer in a fit of jealousy in the height of his triumph on the operatic stage, and the widow marries, after all, into the peerage, coming back to her old love in spite of the intrigues of her stepmother. "Concert Pitch" is a readable book for those who care for this class of novel, but it is evident that the author is capable of better things.

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THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

By PERCEVAL GIBBON. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THE dozen short stories in this volume are very dissimilar in theme, thereby affording a good variety, and the subjects differ from an outbreak of bubonic plague in a Red Sea port to the quelling of an outbreak of Russian revolutionists, and the victory of a woman's wits over an African slave trader. The tales are all well told, and they compose an interesting and readable collection.

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THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

THIS is one of the breeziest and most inspiring novels in several seasons. It is composed of five "books." The first illustrates the element of chance; the second, the element of folly; the third, the element of youth; the fourth, the element of love; the fifth, the element of courage. The title was taken from Wordsworth's poem which begins:

"Who is the happy warrior?"

One of the features of the story is the account of the fight between Per-

cival, the hero, and Foxy Pinsent, a professional pugilist. The author obtained the material for this encounter from his observations of fights that sometimes occur in rural England when travelling bands of gypsies stay at the villages. Speaking about this, the author says in an interview:

"When I came as a child from India, where I was born, to England, with my father and mother and my brothers and sisters, we settled down in Devonshire. As a boy, I remember visiting these shows that came to our village, with their professional boxers, and many are the fistic encounters that I have witnessed with the keenest delight. Besides the professionals who formed a part of the troupe, there were frequent matches between the Foxy Pinsents and some ambitious amateurs in the crowd of spectators, as a result of challenges. I admit that I have always been a great admirer of brawn and muscle and I assure you that the fight chapter in 'The Happy Warrior' was written 'con amore'."

One of the many things that can be said for this book is that in reading it one receives a real inspiration.

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V. V.'S EYES

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE redemption of Carlisle Heth, the beautiful daughter of a tobacco manufacturer, from her demoralising circumstances in life, and her adoption of a career for the social uplift of the community is the theme of this novel by the author of "Queed." The theme is big, but old, and the plot in places is extremely slender. There is, however, a fascination about the heroine and about the young slum doctor, V. Vivian, whose eyes are supposed to possess hypnotical powers. His eyes, at any rate,

have a powerful effect on Carlisle, with the result that she joins him in his work of philanthropy and morality. While this book has obvious attractiveness, and is pleasing and satisfactory to careless readers, its phraseology at times is so inelegant that it offends anyone who has a taste for good English and apt metaphor.

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NOTES

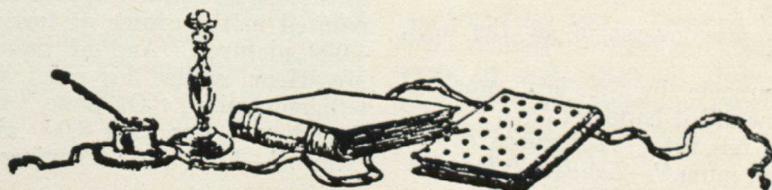
—For some years "The University of Toronto Studies" has included a volume entitled "The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada." The average person could not hope to read or even know about books that are so numerous as to justify a volume of descriptive matter. Therefore, the volume is of great value. It is edited by Professor George M. Wrong and Mr. W. Stewart Wallace. (Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company).

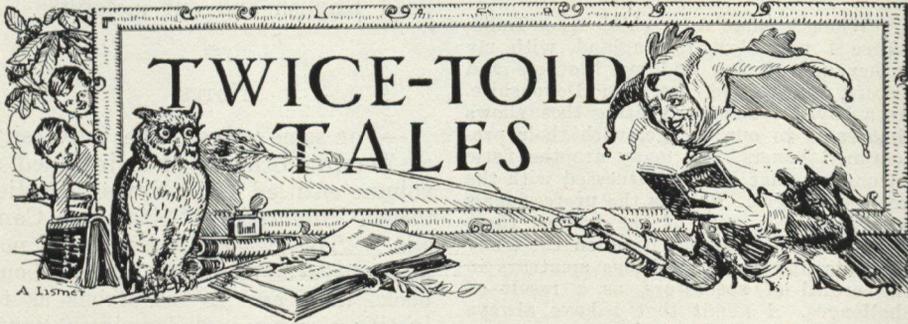
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—"The Art of Versification," is the title of a valuable handbook for beginners in verse composition. The authors are Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, author of "Writing the Short Story" and "Studying the Short Story," and Mary Eleanor Roberts, author of "Cloth of Frieze." (Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School).

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—"Making the Farm Pay," by C. C. Bowsfield (Chicago: Forbes & Company), is an excellent work on farming, showing how to get the largest returns from the soil and to make farm life more attractive and successful.





TALLEYRAND'S BREVITY

A single word was often sufficient for Talleyrand to make his keenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the tortures of hell, Talleyrand simply answered "Already?"

To a woman who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:

"Oh, madame!"

In less than a year the woman had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was:

"Ah, madame!"

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OVERCOME BY THE HEAT

"I hev come to tell yez, Mrs. Malone, that yer husband met with an accident."

"An' what is it now?" wailed Mrs. Malone.

"He was overcome by the heat, mum."

"Overcome by the heat, was he? An' how did it happen?"

"He fell into the furnace at the foundry, mum."—*London Telegraph*.

HOPE FOR THE SAILOR

A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea," is meeting with much parental pposition.

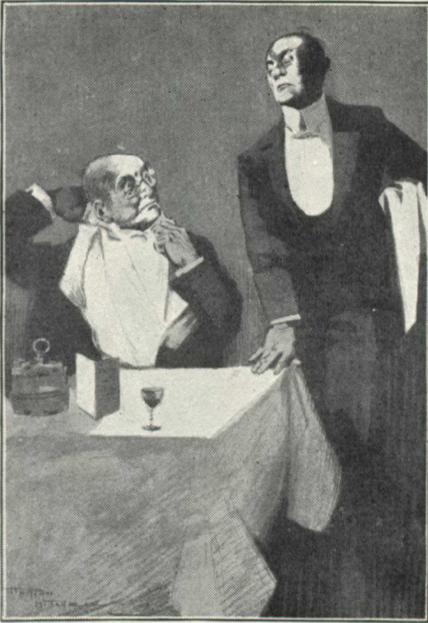
"The sailor never amounts to anything, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed young Canada, triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor and now he's got to be the head of the empire."—*Kingston Whig*.

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THE WAY IT IS

Robert Henri, the artist, was talking at the annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts about certain old masters. "Take, for instance," he said, "Morland. The illustrious and indefatigable Morland painted in the course of forty years 4,000 pictures. And of these—" Mr. Henri smiled his quiet and intelligent smile. "Of these," he continued, "no less than 8,000 are still extant."—*Vancouver Province*.



DIGNIFIED WAITER: Dinner or shampoo, sir?

ONE WAS ENOUGH

When Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist and political scientist, was engaged in writing his latest book, "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," he came to a part which he felt might be enlivened if he could think of a new joke. While out walking, in the hope that the inspiration might strike him, he was met by an old friend of his who is a professor at Queen's University.

"Helloa, Leacock," said his friend, "you look troubled. What's worrying you?"

"Oh, I'm trying to think of a joke for my book."

The other looked puzzled.

"Why," he said, "what was the matter with the one you had?"

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THE LATEST PLAN

She (in the theatre)—"Does my feather spoil your view?"

He (sitting behind her)—"Oh, no, madam, I've cut it off." — *London Opinion*.

HAT-CATCHING OUT WEST

"Yes," said the man just back from the West, "when I went out to Alberta, I did what nearly every other tenderfoot does—brought one of those broad-brimmed felt hats like the ones stage cowboys wears, and put it on at the first opportunity.

"Mine wasn't the only one in town, but I felt conspicuous just the same. Somehow or other I hadn't acquired the knack of wearing it. One windy day—and, believe me, it can blow some in B—— without half trying—I walked down the main street of the town holding onto my hat with one hand and my coat with the other. As I turned a corner the wind seemed to stop blowing, and I let go of the hat, when a sudden gust came, took it off my head, and sent it rolling like a frightened hoop down the street.

"I started to give chase, when another hatless man — he was a sure-enough Westerner, too—took me by the arm and said:

"Don't chase it, pardner; there'll be another one along in a minute."

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NO ALTERNATIVE

"Why do you beat your little son? It was the cat that upset the vase of flowers."

"I can't beat the cat. I belong to the S.P.C.A."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

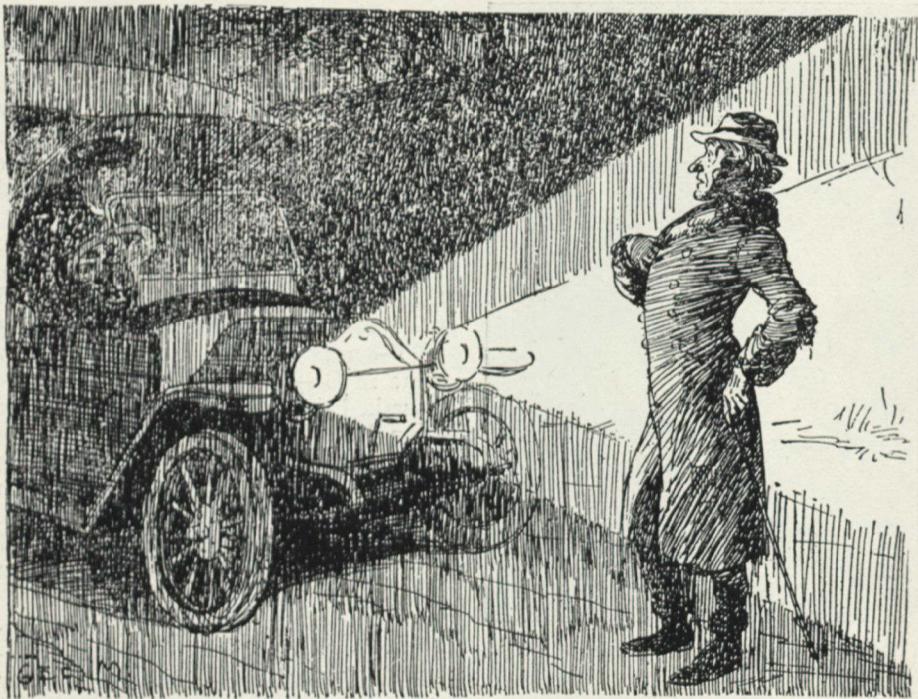
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AN ANNOYING SPEED LIMIT

An old man nearly eighty years old, walked ten miles from his home into Knowlton recently. When he reached town he was greeted with some astonishment by a friend.

"You walked all the way!" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate!" replied the old man, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."



SUPERANUATED TRAGEDIAN (after forcing the car to pull up). "Permit me, sir, to indulge for a few brief moments in a joy I have not experienced since my last starring tour in 1893."

THE SAME LOUIS

A Philadelphia lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of his experiences in search of curios. "I once entered a shop," he said, smiling, "and the salesman pointed out to me a dilapidated chair. "That there chair, sir," he said, impressively, "belonged to Louis Crosseye, King of France." 'Louis Crosseye?' said I. 'Why there's no such person.' 'Oh, yes, there is, sir,' said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked 'Louis XI.'"—*Liverpool Post*.

*

PARTICULARISING

Boy—"Give me six-pence for a poor lame man, mother."

Delirious Parent — "Who is the poor lame man?"

Boy (in a murmur) — "The door-keeper at the circus."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

GOOD, EVEN IF READ

One of the best stories connected with Dr. Macled is not well known. It concerns a sermon he preached in a certain district of Ayrshire. As the congregation dispersed one woman, full of enthusiasm, asked a neighbour, "Did you ever hear anything sae gran? Wasna that a sermon?" "Ou, ay," replied her friend sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" cried the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whusted it!"

*

TOO MUCH FOR TOMMY

Tommy had always had to wear his father's old clothes, yet no one knew how badly he felt, till one day he was found behind the barn. Between broken sobs it all came out. "Pa's gone and shaved off clean, and now I know I'll have to wear his old red whiskers."



—and remember the BOVRIL

BOVRIL forms a nourishing food for children. It strengthens and sustains the invalid.

It helps the cook to prepare tasty soups, stews and gravies.

It makes a quick luncheon. A cup of Bovril and a few crackers, or a roll and butter—and you have a light and nourishing meal.

Yes! of course you'll remember to order

BOVRIL



*Ingersoll
Beaver Brand*

**Breakfast
Bacon**

Guaranteed Sugar Cured.
Really delicious.

Ask your Grocer to
get it for you.

20

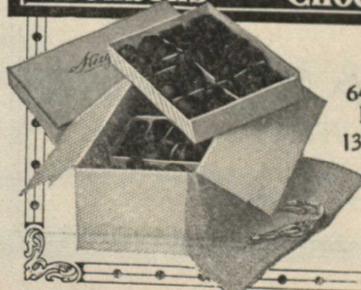
Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd. - Ingersoll, Ont.

READ the Guarantee of freshness in your next box of *Huyler's*. That Guarantee makes it worth your while to buy *Huyler's* always. We instruct all *Huyler's* sales agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of *Huyler's* not in perfect condition.

Write for Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity, quality and freshness are assured in all Huyler's products. With it we will send the name of Huyler's agent nearest you.

Huyler's
Bonbons Chocolates



Huyler's
64 Irving Pl.
New York
130 Yonge St.
Toronto
Canada
Sales Agent
Everywhere

“Only the Best is Good Enough”

Vickerman's stand behind all their Cloths by stamping their full name in gold letters along the selvage every three yards of every piece of their goods sent into Canada. When you select cloth for a suit or overcoat with this name on it



You are getting the very best that money can buy---

VICKERMAN'S Serges

Black, Blue or Grey

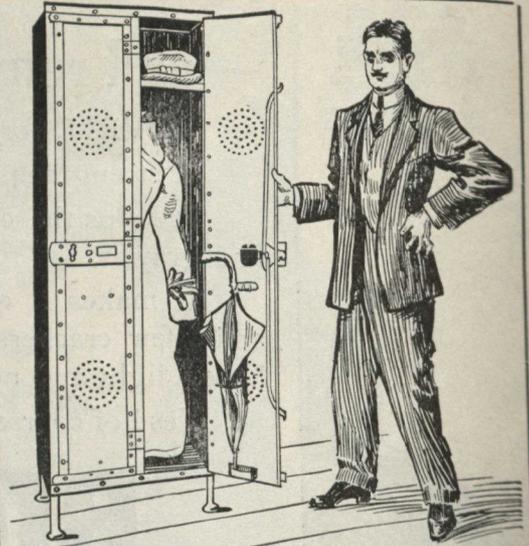
Are the best Imported
into Canada

They tailor well and never fade.

Nisbet & Auld, Limited

Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.
(To the Trade Only.)



For Health as Well

The benefits of installing metal lockers in factories, stores, clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, schools and other institutions are now universally recognized.

Steel Lockers provide security against petty theft, minimize risk from fire, promote order, tidiness and system, Encourage Cleanliness and hygienic conditions. They economize space and save time, money and contents.

We are the largest manufacturers of **Steel Lockers** in Canada and operate an **Entirely Separate Department** for the making of Lockers and Steel Shelving.

The D-L. Standard Lockers

are the lockers of quality—the product of careful study, experience, the best equipment, and good workmen who are specialists in this branch of metal working.



The Dennis Wire and Iron Fence
Works Co. Limited

London,

Ontario.



There's Sunshine

Every day of the year for the mother whose "little ones" are well and happy; and the health of children depends largely upon their food and drink.

The toothsome, mild flavour of the new food-drink,

Instant Postum

Quickly appeals to the normal childish appetite. Postum contains genuine nourishment, and is a most wholesome breakfast cup.

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes it right for most persons. Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM



One of 28

AN Underwood is worth what you pay for it. It may be one at \$130 or at \$1500.

There are 28 models—adaptable to every requirement of writing, adding, subtracting, computing, and system work of all kinds.

AS every record in competition shows, the Underwood increases the efficiency of the operator at least 20% over any other typewriter.

Even a correspondence Underwood will save its cost almost in the first year.

An Underwood is an advertisement for the man who owns it.

United Typewriter Co. Ltd.

ALL CANADIAN CITIES

Head Office

Toronto.



"I Received Your Fine Letter"—

The note you thought was hasty and somewhat carelessly written made a favorable impression because it was on stationery that reflected your care and thought in the choosing of small things.

Iris Linen

is of beautiful fabric finish of just the right weight, size and tint to meet the latest word in fashion, and boxed to meet the most critical demand. At your stationers, or if not write us and we will have you supplied.

BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED

BRANTFORD TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Among Its Infinite Uses— Statuary Jardinieres Vases



Aside from its perfect cleaning of Pots and Pans, Bath-Room Accessories, and its numerous other good uses, Old Dutch Cleanser is the finest cleaner for jardiniere, vases and bric-a-brac.

On marble statuary Old Dutch Cleanser removes that yellow tinge left by common soaps and restores the original whiteness.

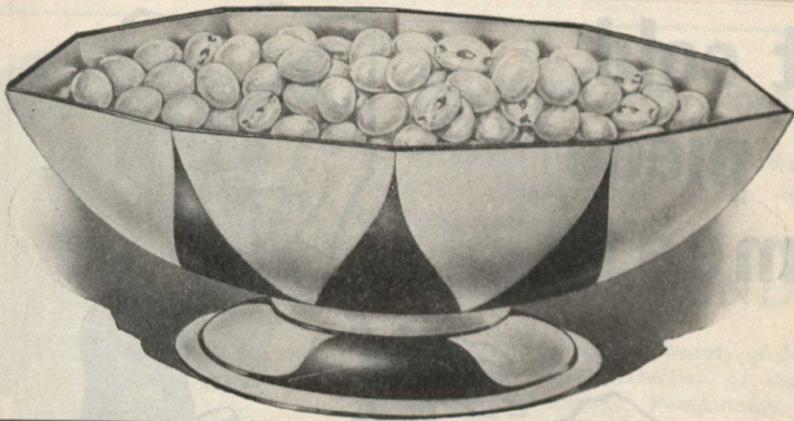
All dirt, discolorations, films of smut, and blacking, quickly respond to the powerful dirt-removing and cleaning properties of Old Dutch Cleanser.

It halves the work—halves the time—doubles the satisfaction.

**Many Other Uses and
Full Directions on
Large Sifter Can---10c**

T-64





Around This Dish Mornings and Nights Millions of Young Folks Gather

A few years ago no one ever dreamed of such foods as Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

Perfect kernels, puffed to eight times normal size. Grains toasted by heat, exploded by steam, made into airy bubbles.

Now countless people, every morning, serve them with cream and sugar. Or mix them with their berries.

Now countless suppers, every night, consist of these crisp, porous grains floating in bowls of milk.

Now forty million dishes monthly are consumed by people who have learned the delight of them.

Bubbles of Grain.

These are bubbles of grain, with a myriad cells—four times as porous as bread.

With thin toasted walls which easily crush, and become delicious morsels.

With an almond flavor, a nut-meat taste, created by applying 550 degrees of heat.

They are both foods and confections. Thousands use them in place of nuts—in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions.

Each separate food granule is blasted to pieces by exploding the moisture within it.

As a result digestion instantly acts. Whole grains, for the first time, are made wholly digestible.

That was the sole object of the inventor—Prof. A. P. Anderson. He aimed to produce

the best-cooked foods in existence. When he did he found he had also created two most delightful foods.

Get them for summer meals—for breakfasts, for luncheons, for suppers. Serve with cream, or with berries, or in bowls of milk. In no other cereal can you find the fascination which folks find in Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



"Fair Visitors to Toronto"

are extended a cordial invitation to visit Canada's greatest Hair-Goods and Hair-Dressing establishment:

"DORENWEND'S"

Our goods are renowned for beauty of design, natural appearance and perfection of construction. Ladies,—Transformations, Pompadours, Switches, etc., of the finest quality of German cut hair. Ladies will find, in our parlors, everything for their convenience. Their requirements may be attended to by expert Hair-Dressers, Manicurists, Masseurs,

etc. (THE MOST HANDSOME SALONS IN THE DOMINION.)

TO THOSE NOT VISITING TORONTO:—we will send on request our handsome catalogue postpaid. Perfect satisfaction assured on all mail orders.

THE DORENWEND CO'Y OF TORONTO, LTD.

(THE HOUSE OF QUALITY HAIR GOODS)

105 YONGE STREET

TORONTO.

"The case may hinge on that word Is This Your Best Copy?"

WHEN you have to use a carbon copy you want a *good* copy. How often do you find the very letter that is important is faint or blurred. Often the vital words or the figures in the quotation are obscure.

PEERLESS Carbon Papers make clean, easily read copies—copies as bright as originals—copies that leave no room for argument or doubt.

PEERLESS

CARBON
PAPERS

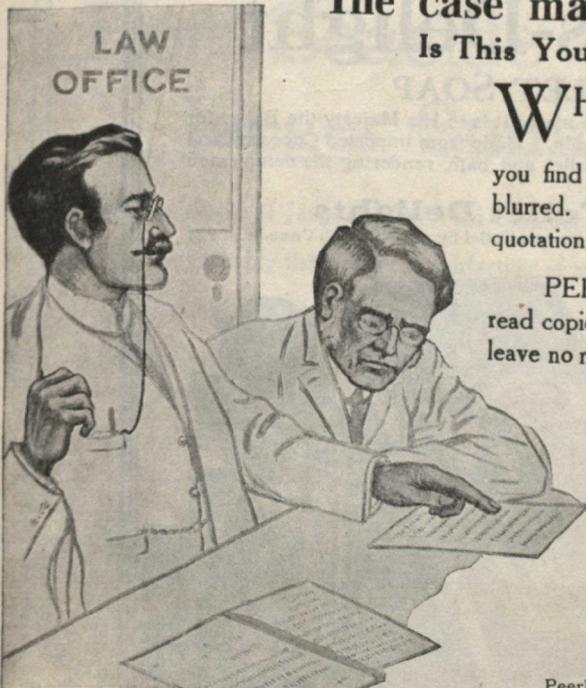
TYPEWRITER
RIBBONS

54

You admire clear cut, neatly-typed letters. Put PEERLESS Ribbons on your machines.

See the PEERLESS Dealer about it.

Peerless Carbon and Ribbon Mfg. Company, Limited
176-178 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



For Mother
the Others
and
Me



Delicately
Perfumed

Ask for the
soap that comes
in the sanitary
package.

Each cake of Taylor's Infants-Delight Soap is carefully wrapped and packed in its own sanitary package. Fresh to your hands from our clean modern packing rooms.

Taylor's

Infants-Delight

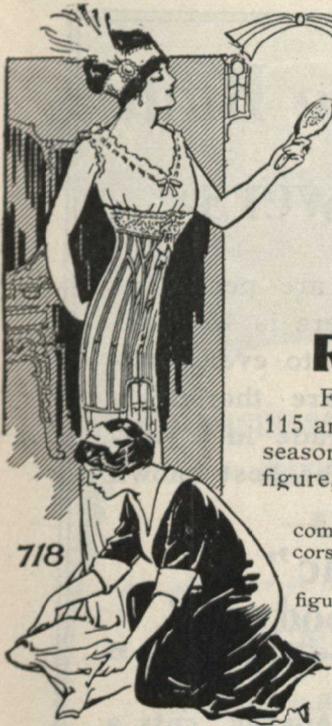
TOILET SOAP

is equally delightful for adult use as it is to His Majesty the Baby, for whom it was first specially made. Made from imported Coconut and Olive Oils, it is ideal for the toilet and bath, rendering the complexion soft and beautiful.

Taylor's Toilet Delights

Oldest and Largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada. 121





La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

Ready for the new Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only \$3.00.

This year's D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva Corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours.

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

For Seaside or Country Jaeger Summer Shirts

Include a supply of Jaeger Light Wool Summer Shirts in your outfit for Summer and Fall. They are probably the nearest to perfection of any shirts made.

All material is tested for purity and durability by our expert analytical chemist before using.

The variety of coloring is so great and the artistic effect so pleasing that the most fastidious dresser is satisfied.

Make full enquiry at any of our stores or agencies.



Dr. JAEGER

SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LIMITED**

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg

32 King St. West,
784 Yonge St., Near Bloor, } Toronto

Forty Years Experience Built Into These Lawnmowers

Taylor-Forbes is the name you will most likely find on your neighbor's lawnmower.

Of course there are plenty other lawnmowers made in Canada, as well as the several kinds that are imported.

Still for all that Taylor-Forbes is the name you will most likely find on your neighbor's lawnmower, because there are more of that kind in use in Canada than any other.

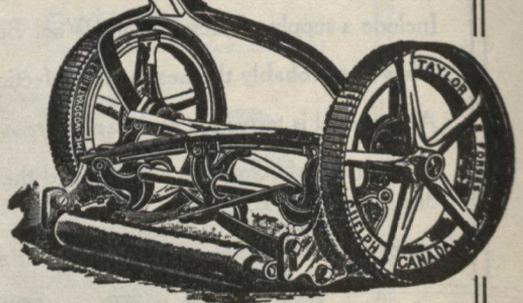
A great many more.

If your Hardware Dealer has not a Taylor-Forbes Lawnmower in the size, and at the price you consider right for a good-working machine, drop us a post card and we will tell you who the Dealer is in your town who has a complete stock of our lawnmowers for you to select from.

These lawnmowers are perfection in their way. There is 40 years experience built into every machine. They are thoroughly guaranteed. Made in a variety of styles, the best known being

“Adanac”
“Woodyatt”
“Empress”

The “Adanac” cuts a swath 17 to 21 inches wide. It is made to excel the most expensive of the imported lawnmowers.



MADE BY

TAYLOR-FORBES Company,
Limited, Guelph

Sold by Hardware Dealers everywhere in Canada.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

—BUSINESS
—OUTING
—EXERCISE

For all phases of the modern life

CEETEE pure wool unshrinkable UNDERCLOTHING

is best

The lighter weights for summer are a constant source of comfort. The pure, soft wool absorbs all the perspiration and keeps the body at a normal temperature.

Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting.

Made in sizes to fit all the family.

**Worn by the best people.
Sold by the best dealers.**

Manufactured by
**THE C. TURNBULL CO.
OF GALT LIMITED**

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's ribbed Underwear for ladies and children; "M" Bands for infants and Ceetee Shaker-Knit Sweater Coats.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT



Palmolive Beauty

DO you want *your* skin to be soft, clear and beautiful? Then use *Palmolive*—the soap that cleanses, soothes and refreshes the *tenderest* skin because it contains *palm* and *olive oils* perfectly *blended* by our scientific method.

Long before the days of Cleopatra, palm and olive oils were the chief requisites of the toilet.

Today they are made *more* efficient by their combination in *Palmolive*.

Try it for toilet and bath—15¢ the cake. It outsells all other high-grade toilet soaps. Send two 2-cent stamps for sample.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
155-157 George St. Toronto, Ont.

The American address:
B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

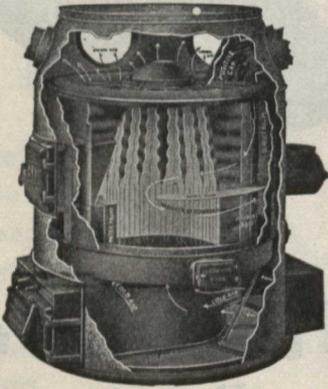
Palmolive Shampoo makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

Palmolive Cream cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of *Palmolive Soap*. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get *Palmolive Cream* or *Shampoo* of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.



Pure Warm Air vs. "Cooked" Air



THE
JAS. SMART MFG. CO.
 LIMITED
 BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

STEAM and hot water heating systems, with radiators in every room, simply warm stagnant air over and over again. Such methods are condemned by people who have regard to health and sanitation.

8 The Kelsey Warm Air Generator provides for an even circulation of pure, warm air throughout the whole of a building by means of the Kelsey Positive Cap Attachment.

This new feature in a warm air heating system is found only in the Kelsey. It insures good ventilation with thorough heating. It safeguards health besides providing for comfort.

And because of its special form of construction that gives it 61 square feet of radiating surface for 1 square foot of grate surface the Kelsey warms two or three times as much air as an ordinary furnace and circulates it more uniformly.

If you are interested in this Pure Air Heating System write for our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation."

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - **Dept. D.**
MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - - 50 Adelaide St. W.

**"No darning
for me *this*
trip, Dad.**

Notice their
style, too. If we
stay six months
we're fixed for
hose."



Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

So soft and stylish, and can be had in such light weights, that many say, "*These hose can't wear.*" Yet six pairs are *guaranteed* to wear a *full six months*.

We pay an average of *74 cents a pound* for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn costs 32 cents. 74 cents is the top market price for cotton yarn—Egyptian and Sea Island. Ours is 3-ply, long-fibre, fine strands. Pliable and soft, but of the maximum strength. We spend \$60,000 a year for inspection, to see that each pair of Holeproof is perfect.

The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada.

The *genuine* Holeproof bear this signature: *Carl Fuschl*

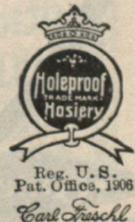
Write for Free Book on Holeproof

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.

363 Bond Street, LONDON, CANADA

Six pairs of men's cotton Holeproof, \$1.50 to \$3 a box; women's and children's, \$2 to \$3 a box of six pairs; also three pairs for children, guaranteed three months, \$1 a box. Silk Holeproof for men, \$2 a box of three pairs. Women's silk stockings, \$3 a box of three pairs. Three pairs *silk* guaranteed *three* months. Medium cashmere socks, six pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six pairs, \$3. Women's fine cashmere stockings, six pairs, \$3. Six pairs of cashmere are guaranteed six months.

Genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.



(447)



TRADE

Gillette

MARK

Never apologize for needing a shave—get a Gillette and have one every morning. The

Gillette Safety Razor

makes shaving

so easy that you never feel like putting it off—

so quick that you can always spare the time (it takes but three minutes)—

so comfortable that you will wonder how you ever put up with any other razor.

Every Gillette Set includes 12 Blades (24 of the keenest edges ever made.) Standard Sets \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED**

Office and Factory:
The New Gillette Building, Montreal

 TRADE **Gillette** MARK

KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

 TRADE **Gillette** MARK

KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER



There is No Danger of Moldy Preserves

If you seal your glasses and jars with

Parowax

(Pure Refined Paraffine)

Absolutely Air Tight; Easy to Use; Inexpensive

Parowax is tasteless and odorless.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY,

Limited

Montreal

Toronto

St. John

Winnipeg

Vancouver

Halifax



Keep in Good Health with

OXYDONOR causes a large supply of the oxygen contained in the air to be absorbed by the human system, so increasing bodily vitality. By oxygenizing the blood, making

“Oxydonor”

it purer and better able to do its work.

“Oxydonor” conquers Disease

If you are sick, run down, or rheumatic, **Oxydonor** will make you well; and if you are well, it will keep you well.

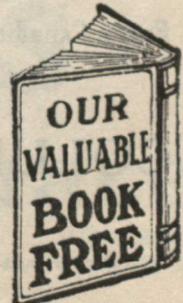
Oxydonor is the invention of an eminent physician Dr. H. Sanche. Thousands upon thousands of letters praising the wonderful **Oxydonor** have been received by Dr. H. Sanche. They tell of the marvels of **Oxydonor** treatment.

Is your health poor? Is anyone near and dear to you suffering? Then learn all about the **Oxydonor** treatment which calls for

No Drugs, Medicine or Doctors

Send for our valuable book on health and the **Oxydonor** method of conquering sickness and disease. It will be sent post free. Write for it to-day. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Suite 11, 364 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Que.



Columbia
Records

All the music of all the world

Columbia
Records

TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK

THIS typical Canadian family literally have the Music of the World at their command, for if fancy leads them to desire some selection or artist not included in the huge Columbia Catalogue, they can play any other make of disc record on their

GRAFONOLA

So faultless and natural is the reproduction, that, as they listen, their sub-conscious mind summons each artist or artists before their eyes, and they seem to see as well as hear.

Every Canadian family can own a Columbia **GRAFONOLA** immediately.

*Agents in every town waiting to supply
you on your own terms and convenience*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

TORONTO - - CANADA

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry.

Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents.
Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.

The Suspicious Coal Man

"YOU'RE not buying as much coal this winter," said the coal man frowning darkly at Mr. McBride.

"So you noticed that, did you?" remarked McBride with a smile of keen delight.

"Buying somewhere else?" questioned the suspicious coal man.

"No, just threw out the old 'Warhorse' that I had in my cellar and put in a McClary's Sunshine Furnace. And I'm buying one-third less coal."

"You see, McClary's Sunshine Furnace has many features for cutting coal bills that no ordinary furnace has. For one thing it has four radiating surfaces that gather up the heat and distribute it through the house. The gas chamber is built to get all the heat out of the gases which would otherwise escape up the chimney. And its four triangular grate bars release ashes without wasting fuel. And its straight fire-pot—"

"Gee! Mr. McBride," interrupted the coalman, "You talk like a McClary salesman."

"Well, you see," said the enthusiastic McBride, "I went into the furnace question mighty thoroughly before I decided on the Sunshine. and I know what I am talking about."

"Well, Mr. McBride, I must say that the Sunshine is a bad furnace for the coalman's business. But I wouldn't mind saving some coal myself, now that the cost of living has gone up so high."

"Better see the McClary agent," was McBride's parting suggestion.

If you have an old "Warhorse" in your cellar it will pay you to see the McClary agent in your locality. You would also find it profitable to write for a copy of the latest Sunshine furnace booklet. Address our nearest office.

INMIDE & CO
COAL
& WOOD



McClary's Sunshine Furnace

LONDON
ST. JOHN, N.B.

TORONTO
HAMILTON

MONTREAL
CALGARY

WINNIPEG
SASKATOON

VANCOUVER
EDMONTON

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

That is what Clark gives you

ORDER CLARKS' FROM YOUR GROCER

W. CLARK

MONTREAL



IRRESISTIBLE

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



Full of Refreshment

—delicious coolness and sparkling,
thirst-quenching vivacity—

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

A lastingly refreshing beverage.
Different and better; absolutely
wholesome.

Ask for it by its full name—
Coca-Cola—to avoid imita-
tions and substitutions.

Delicious—Refreshing

Thirst-Quenching

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.



Send for our Free Booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY,

ATLANTA, GA.

NA-DRU-CO. Royal Rose Talcum Powder



Made of best Italian Talc, ground to impalpable fineness, to which are added antiseptic, soothing, healing ingredients. A Talcum Powder whose velvety smoothness and exquisite odor of fresh roses makes its use an unalloyed delight. It keeps the skin soft, healthful and beautiful.

*25c. a tin at your Druggist's—
or write for free sample to*

National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited
MONTREAL

Williams' Talc Powder



is a summer necessity for the woman who cares for the appearance of her skin. More time spent in the open should mean greater care for the complexion. After the unrelenting heat of the sun, after the trying effect of salt spray and wind-blown sand particles, there is nothing quite so soothing and refreshing as frequent application of this exquisitely soft and delicate powder.

Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose and Karsi

A Vanity Box and An Interesting Offer

For users of Williams' Talc we have had manufactured a charming little Vanity Box, heavily silver-plated, containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror. We will gladly send it with a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size, on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
P. O. Drawer 235, Glastonbury, Conn.



LINABESTOS

Building Board

is the *only absolutely fireproof* moderate priced building board which can be used as a finished surface with battens for paneled effect, or covered with a thin skim coat of plaster for a perfectly smooth wall or ceiling for papering or tinting.

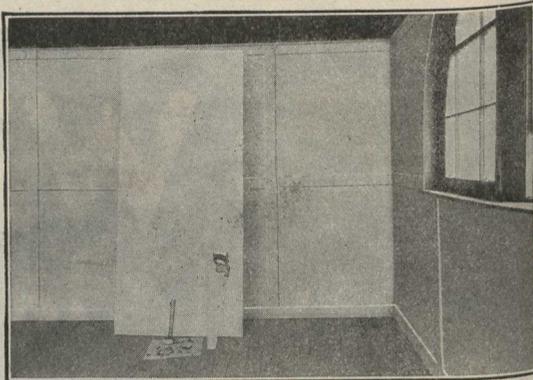
LINABESTOS is a combination of Asbestos Fibre and Portland Cement, pinkish-grey in color, made in sheets $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick, 42 inches wide and either 48 or 96 inches long. It can be worked with ordinary carpenter's tools, and nailed direct to the studding.

LINABESTOS saves much time in building, and makes walls and ceilings that are absolutely fireproof, warm in winter, cool in summer, easily decorated, and that will never crack or fall.

Write for Leaflet No. 8 giving fuller particulars about this new and better building board.

Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited

Address E. T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James Street., Montreal.
Factory at Lachine, P. Q. (near Montreal.)



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A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

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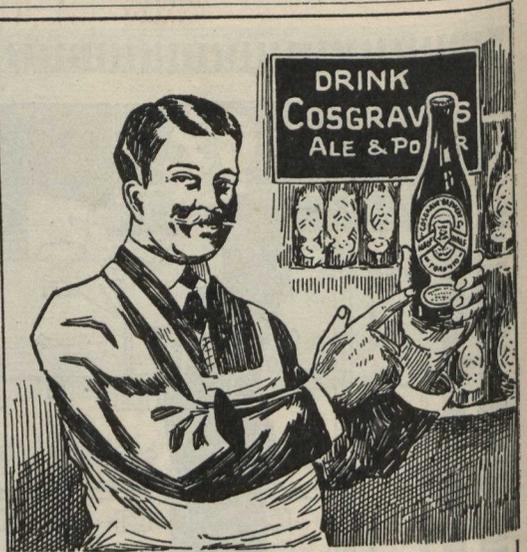
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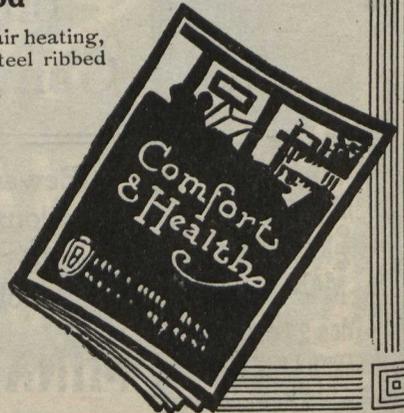
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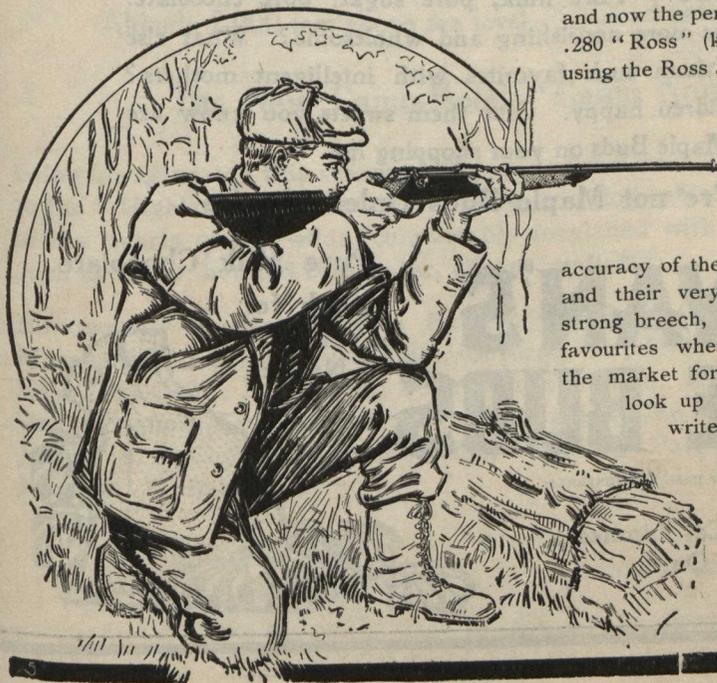
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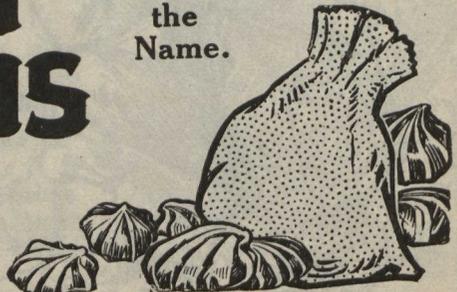
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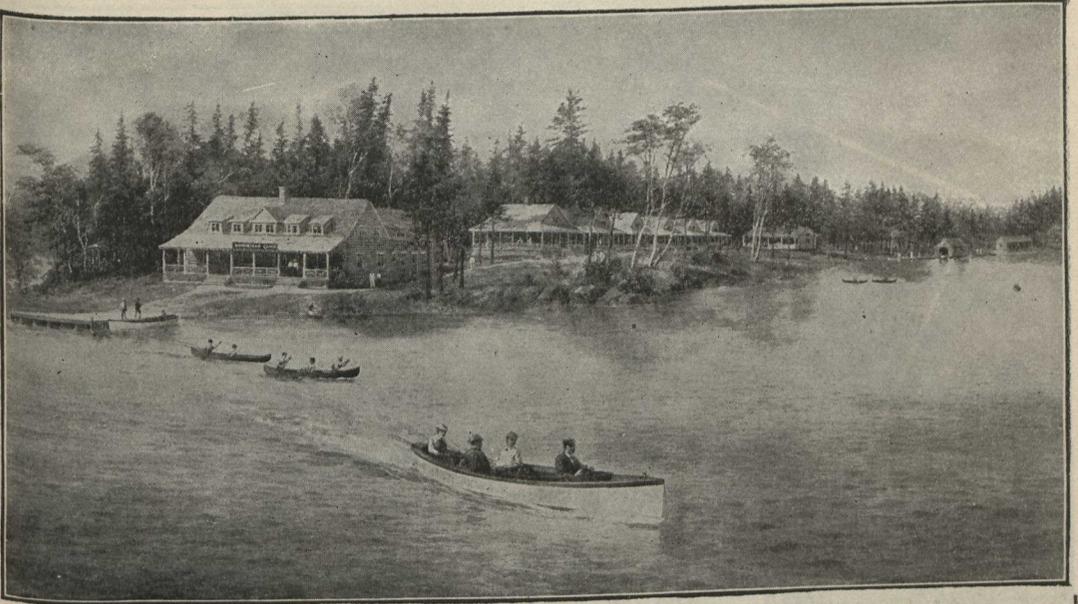
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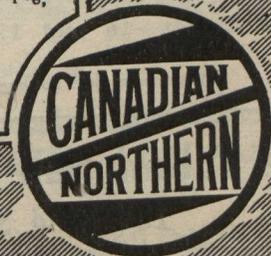
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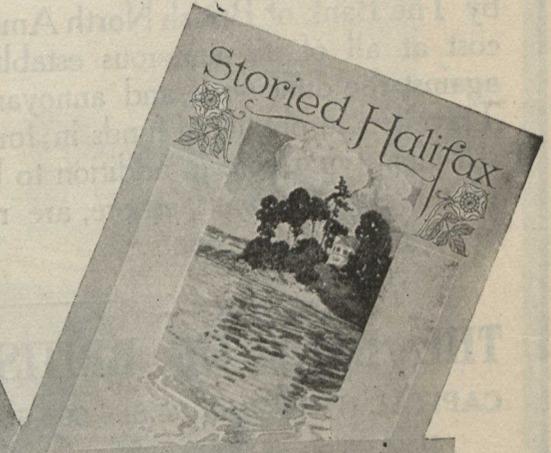
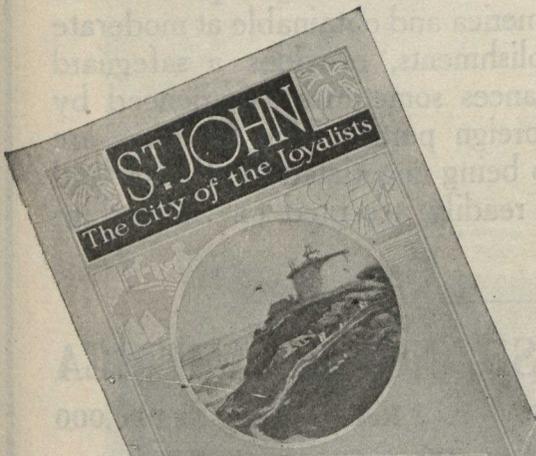
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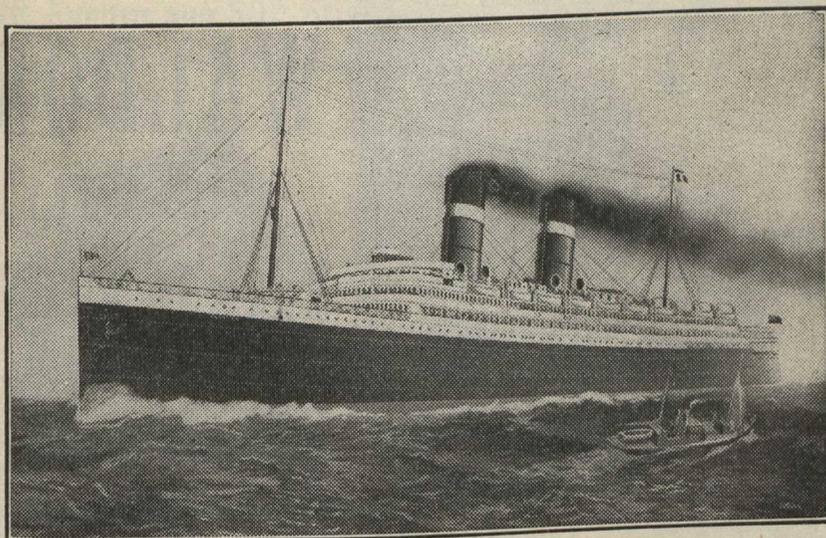
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		MONTREAL		QUEBEC	
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Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

Slip one between your toes and get instant relief. Watch day by day how it straightens the crooked toe and removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint. Notice how comfortable it feels. It's light and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at shoe and drug stores, or mailed direct. Get real foot comfort this very day. Dr. Scholl's advice free on all foot ailments. Write for "Foot Book."

THE B. SCHOLL MFG. CO.,
214 King Street E., Toronto, Can.



CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO.
of Canada, Ltd.
58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO



AGENTS \$100 A MONTH

Profit made by W. W. Peters. \$7.00 a day for the last three months made by Mr. F. C. Wainwright. Don't miss this big chance. Write at once for terms and FREE OUTFIT to workers.

ROYAL DARNLESS HOSIERY

4 Pair Guaranteed 4 Months for Men, Women and Children. All styles, all grades. Guaranteed to wear without holes, or new Hosiery given FREE. Best seller for agents. Big Profits, Easy Sales, Repeat orders. Build a business of your own. New Plan sells to all 52 weeks in the year. Steady increasing income. Send no money — a postal will do. Write quick for territory.

Royal Mfg. Co., 104 Royal Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

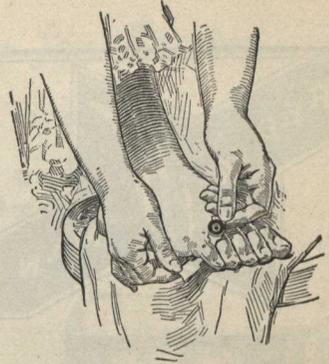
COLLECTIONS

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C. Phone Seymour 3650.

That's good Coffee!

SEAL BRAND

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL ▲ ▲ ▲



Who Ever Knew Any Corn to Stay?

Who ever saw a corn so old, so tough as to resist a Blue-jay plaster?

There are corns which resist the first plaster—that's true. But the most stubborn corn must come out with the second.

Think how easy it is. The little plaster is applied in a jiffy. The pain stops instantly.

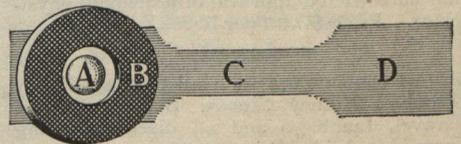
For two days the corn is forgotten. Then you take off the plaster and the corn comes out.

It comes out entirely and forever, without soreness or any discomfort.

Did you ever know anyone to use a Blue-jay without just that result?

If not, why don't you try it? Why not end your own corns in this modern scientific way?

Now used on a million corns monthly.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.

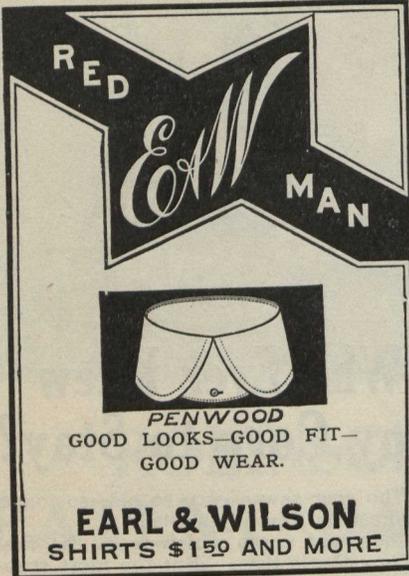
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



RED
Earl & Wilson
MAN

PENWOOD
GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—
GOOD WEAR.

EARL & WILSON
SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

A remedy which has no equal for
DIABETES

No Diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unrestricted approval of prominent physicians. Price \$2.00 per bottle.

SANOL

is a Reliable Cure for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50.

SANOL'S BLOOD SALT (Sal Sanguinis)

This salt is an excellent and absolutely harmless remedy for any disturbances of digestion such as Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, etc., and as an aid to digestion in wasting and nervous diseases.

The preparations of the originator have been awarded First Prize Medal at the Hygiene Didactical Exposition by the University of Lemberg. Price 50c. per bottle.

LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

The Sanol Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.
975 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



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Always ask for UPTON'S
which represents the best
in

JAMS and JELLIES

made from the purest of
fruits under the most hy-
gienic conditions—the nat-
ural flavor of fresh fruits.

Try an order of UPTON'S
on your next grocery list.

The T. Upton Company, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever



Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

Oriental Cream

or Magical Beautifier

*RELIEVES SUNBURN AND
REMOVES TAN*

Every lady who spends the Summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning suns and bleaching winds, and damp night air. It has been in

actual use for considerably over half a century, which proves its superiority.

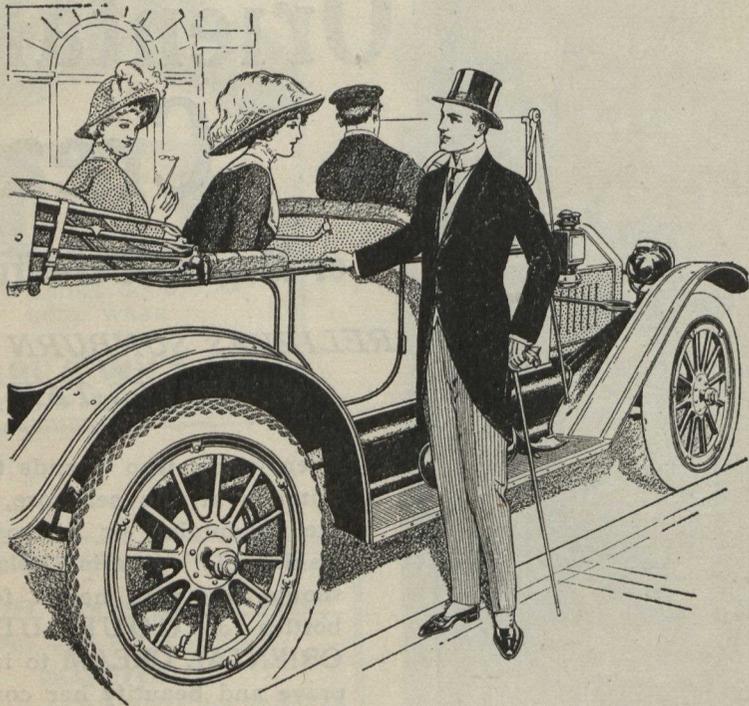
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM cures Skin Diseases and relieves Sunburn. Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy Skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion. It has the highest recommendations and cannot be surpassed when preparing for evening attire.

50c. and \$1.50 Per Bottle

at Department Stores and Druggists or direct on receipt of price.

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McLaughlin



A Real Car at a Right Price

YOU will find in the McLAUGHLIN none of the fads and fancies which are used as talking points where intrinsic merit is lacking.

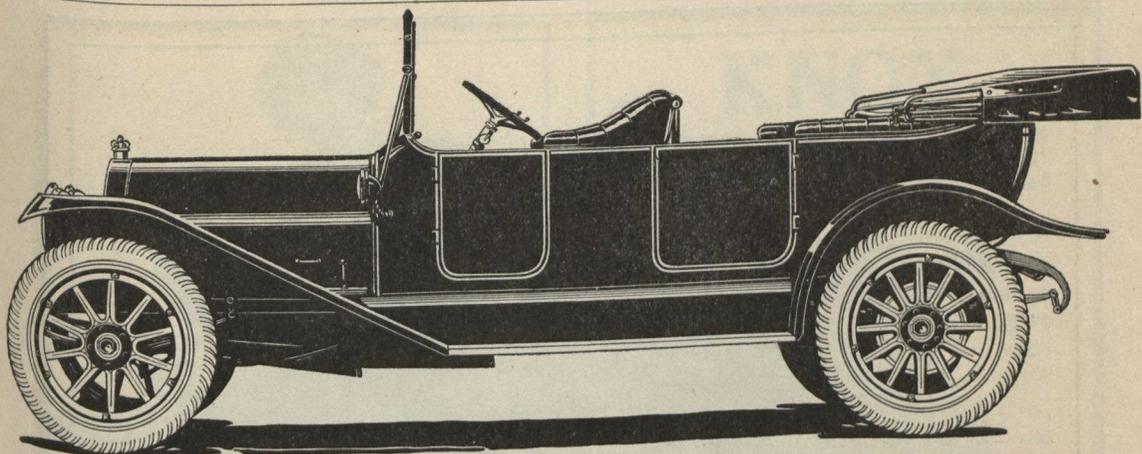
Forty-three years' experience in the production of high-grade vehicles has proved the wisdom of adherence to tried and tested principles. With every

**Runabouts and
Touring Cars
from \$1,250 up.**

modern improvement which IS an improvement, the McLAUGHLIN will meet the requirements of the man who is looking for a *A Real Car at a Right Price.*

Write for literature

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Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Corner Church and Richmond Streets
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The 1914 Russell - Knight At the Canadian National Exhibition

The newest designs of the world famous Knight Motor ---a line of cars, the finished product of a great manufactory---will make the Russell exhibit a centre of unusual interest.

Two chassis models, a four and a six cylinder Knight engine with a variety of bodies, are presented. Models "28" and "42" have been designed, developed and approved by the foremost engineers of the automobile world working under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. Y. Knight, inventor of the Knight engine.

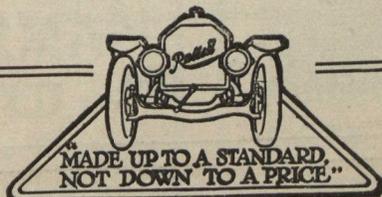
Those who have followed the recent interesting comparisons of tests of poppet valve and Knight engines, will be interested in this exhibit—for in these newest Russell-Knight models the splendid Knight Motor has reached its fullest development.

We welcome an opportunity of showing you this complete line of Canadian built cars.

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Head Office and Factory : West Toronto

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No. 2057

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 centre in
 "Standard" Silver Plate

WE present in the above illustration as beautiful a set as has been produced in high-class Silver Plate. The perfect harmony of every detail of the design is made more pleasing by the highly burnished finish, and the elaborate engraving on every piece. Covers are mounted with real Ivory Tips. Of well-known "Standard" workmanship and reliable "Standard" quality. Satisfaction as to wear is guaranteed. Enquire at your jewelers about it.

Sold by reliable jewelers everywhere.

Look for our name.

Every piece manufactured and guaranteed by

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Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but 'Star Brand' Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

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HAMILTON**

KNOX GELATINE

either makes or improves every course from soup to dessert. With it in the house you are always ready to make easily and quickly, Deserts, Salads, Puddings, Jellies, Ices, Sherbets and Candies. It insures you getting quality, quantity and never-failing results.



Soup



Cranberry Frappé



Perfection Salad



Knox Ice Cream with Wine Jelly

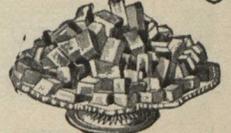
The Knox Recipe Book is FREE

These are only part of the many pleasing dishes from the illustrated recipe book which we will send you free, for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.



Small Cakes with Knox Frosting



Knox Candy

CHAS. B. KNOX COMPANY

499 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory:
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Either package makes 2 full quarts of Jelly



THE KODAK GIRL AT HOME

Every step in film development becomes simple, easy, understandable with a

KODAK FILM TANK

No dark-room, no tediously acquired skill—and better results than were possible by the old methods. It's an important link in the Kodak System of "Photography with the bother left out."

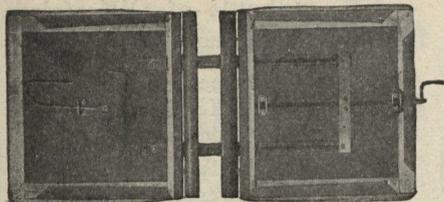
The Experience is in the Tank.

Our little booklet, "Tank Development," free at your dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Kalamazoo Point Number Two

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is of Simple Construction.



THE mechanism of the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is so simple that one hesitates to call it "mechanism" at all. It has no exposed metal parts, and two or four flexible rawhide thongs take the place of the rigid metal posts of the binders in general use.

These thongs are secured to a cross bar working on a threaded screw, and by the operation of the key at the end of this screw, the covers are drawn together or opened for the insertion or removal of sheets.

The "KALAMAZOO" Loose Leaf Binder has been made in the United States and in England for many years and is to-day recognized as the best expression of the Loose Leaf idea that has yet been offered.

Write for descriptive booklet "C.M." giving partial list of Canadian users of the "Kalamazoo" Binder.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter Limited
 Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers
 Toronto

King & Spadina



The Cromwell Pattern

This pattern has achieved marked popularity. The delicate lines of ornamentation result in a design of beauty and simplicity that is combined with strength and durability.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

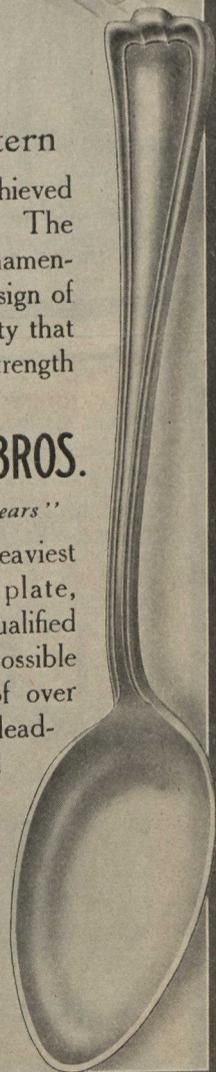
"Silver Plate that Wears"

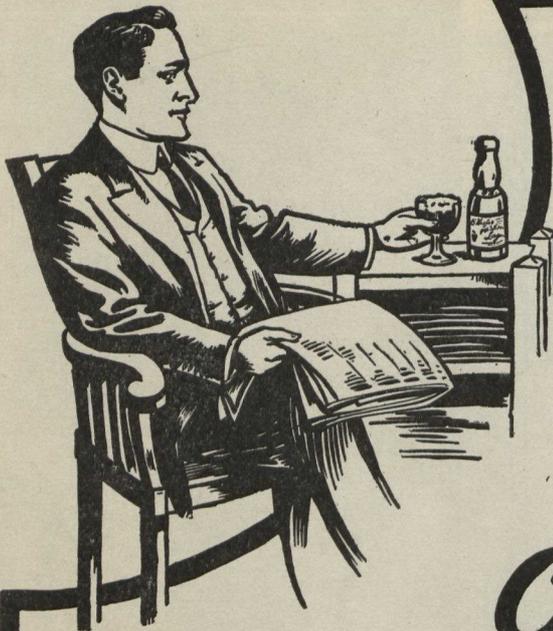
is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, backed with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue.

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MERIDEN, CONN.
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The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.





"The Light Beer In The
Light Bottle."

292

AFTER the day's work—
a bottle of O'Keefe's
"Pilsener" Lager.

When you come home all tired
out, a bottle of O'Keefe's "Pilsener"
will take the tiredness all away.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is
concentrated strength, vigor and
refreshment. As a food-tonic—as
a strength-giver and reviver—
nothing surpasses this delicious,
sparkling lager.

Keep it in the house—enjoy a
bottle after a hard day's work.

Order a case from your dealer.

O'Keefe's
PILSENER LAGER

The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,
can do so by using

EDDY'S WARES

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to re-
tain heat longer and never rust. Being made
in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so
the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes
is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: :: ::

How to arouse a sluggish skin

A dull, sallow, lifeless complexion has several causes. Whatever the cause in *your* case, your skin needs *stimulating*. The following treatment is the most effective you can use:

To refresh your skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin five minutes with a lump of ice.

Use this treatment tonight. See what fresh, vivid coloring it gives you.



Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

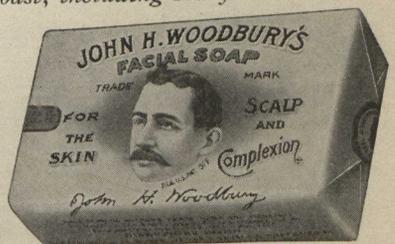
Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

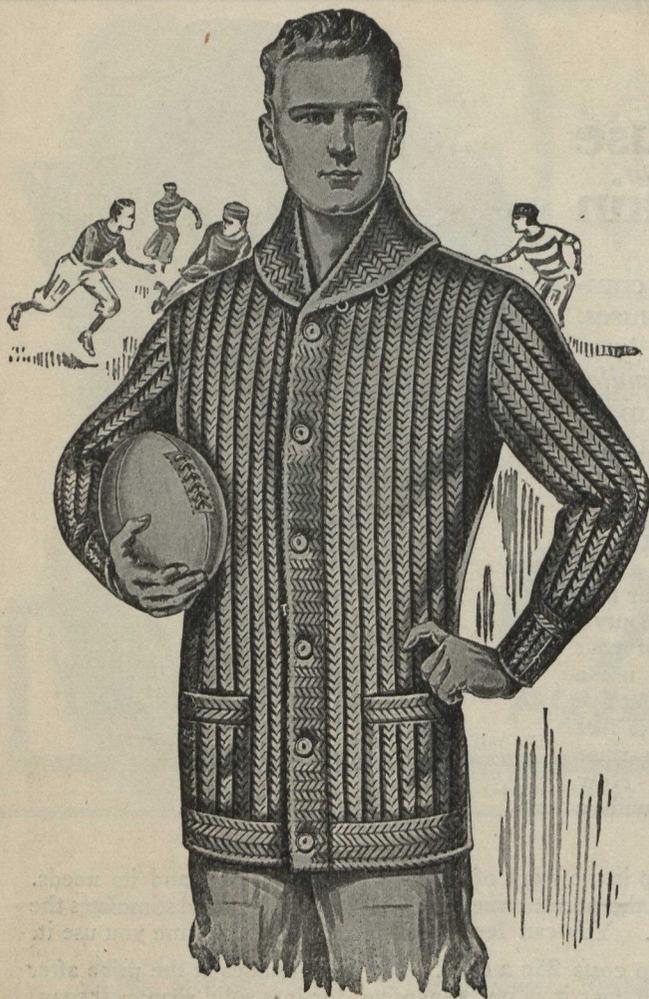
Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-G Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



THE SEASON'S FAVORITE

The accompanying cut is our best seller in Shaker goods. Shaker Coats have become very prominent among Knit Goods wearers and are specially suitable for wearing on vacation trips, camping or any other out-door Sports.



“MONARCH-KNIT” is the Standard for
Style, Quality and Workmanship.

Ask your dealer to show you “MONARCH-KNIT” lines.

The Monarch Knitting Company Limited

Head Office—DUNNVILLE, CANADA

Factories at Dunnville, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Libby Shelf in your pantry

Just imagine for a minute that you had a wonderful restaurant in your kitchen. A restaurant famed for its master chefs—famed for serving none but the finest, choicest foods the country produces—and ready to serve you anything you wished for—at a minute's notice.

That's what it means to have a Libby Shelf in your pantry. It's convenience personified.

Folks drop in suddenly at dinner time, the cook forgets to come back, or the family grows finicky—no bother—just order from that

Libby "restaurant" in the pantry the extra dishes you want.

There on the Libby Shelf you'll find no end of delicious foods—foods as tasty and delightful as any ever cooked in your kitchen, foods of superb flavor—and best of all, **ready to serve.**

See your grocer today and start your Libby Shelf.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago, Ill.



COOL

You can feel comfortable in the hottest weather if properly fed.

Try for breakfast or lunch:

Some Fruit.

Dish of Grape-Nuts and cream.

Two soft-boiled Eggs.

Slice of crisp Toast.

Cup of Instant Postum.

That's enough.

"There's a Reason"

You can find it.

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Every branch of every business finds an I-P BOOK made for its special needs.

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"The Perfume of Happiness."

The expression in lightsome, joyous fragrance of all the beauties of Maeterlink's masterpiece. You may have it in any of these—



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Cologne

Sachet

Soap

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DRUGGIST**



A Mennen summer suggestion

Powder your neck with Mennen's where your collar rubs.

The powder absorbs the perspiration, allays irritation and eliminates chafing. It makes your collar feel so much more comfortable.

If your necktie won't slide easily in your collar, rub the collar with a little Mennen's.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample box 4c in stamps.

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