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WESTWARD HO!

A WESTERN CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ART
LITERATURE
CRITICISM
PUBLICITY

SEPTEMBER, 1907

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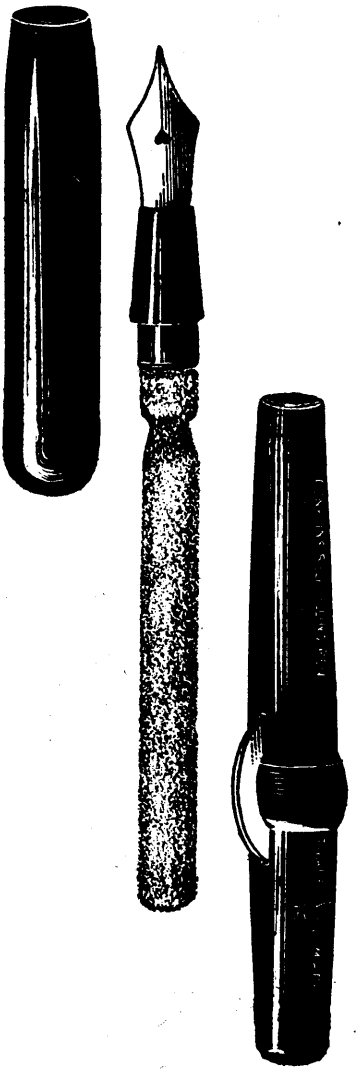
PRICE TEN CENTS



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Westward Ho! Magazine

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WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Business Manager

ANNOUNCEMENT.

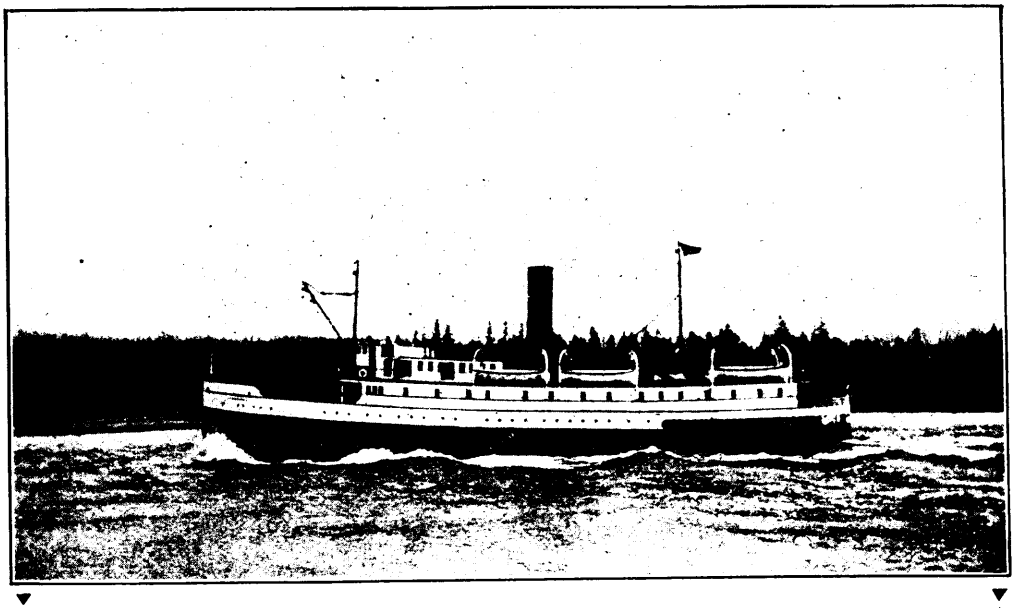
For the third month in succession Westward Ho! is sold out, a circumstance which is highly gratifying to the Publishers and which shews that the public are alive to the advantages of a Western Canadian Magazine.

The present number consists of 100 pages, twice the size of the initial number, and this is only the third. October issue will reach 160 pages and will devote considerable space to New Westminster and its mammoth Fall Fair. The publication of the special article on "The Awakening of the Royal City," promised for this month has, by special request, been postponed until October on this account.

October issue will, in addition to the New Westminster article (splendidly illustrated by wash-drawings by the well known Vancouver Artist, Mr. Judge) contain the second of Mr. Kyle's expert studies in "Home Crafts," an article on Community Advertising, and a personal sketch of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the "Men I Have Met" series by the Editor.

In addition there will be not less than half a dozen short stories by popular writers and the usual standard features.. Mrs. Beanlands, who was unable at short notice to contribute this month, has promised another of her Art Sketches (illustrated) for October.

Arrangements are being made and will shortly be completed for an original Serial Story by a popular author.



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HON. RICHARD McBRIDE

Elliot & Fry

Sept. 1907

A Dolce Far Niente.

Between the Conservatism of Ruskin and his disciples who object to Railways because they disfigure the scenery, and the Westerner who would sacrifice everything to hear the shriek of the iron horse, there is a great gulf fixed. Development is necessary and an excellent thing, and it is impossible to have too much energy and ambition for successful pioneer work. It is these qualities which in less than thirty years have won the Canadian West for the husbandman the miner, and the logger, but even colonization does not imply the abandonment of system and method. It is true that the real estate man for instance is ubiquitous. His one mission in life is to locate townsites and sell lots. No sooner does he hear of a new strike or of a section towards which a railway is heading than away he rushes to be in on the ground floor and to establish a town. This is his vocation, and its pursuit is justifiable. There is, however, a limit to the judicious development of any district. For instance, in 1897, townsites were boomed in the Crow's Nest District, and in one instance more than $50,000 raked in from eager homeseekers, and yet six months later a population of a thousand had dwindled to less than twenty and streets of empty houses told the folly and the loss of those who took the bait. This is one manner in which ambition o'er leaps itself, but there is another which will well repay study. Is every town in the West or even in that most favoured of all Provinces, British Columbia, destined to become a great manufacturing, industrial, transportation and commercial centre? Obviously such a conclusion must be ridiculous, and yet this is the kind of programme which the adventurous spirits of most towns lay out for themselves. Such a conclusion takes no account of economic conditions. The character of a town is determined by its geographical position, its climate and its natural resources. The location of a manufacturing centre is absolutely determined by a consideration as to where all the raw material entering into a particular manufacture can be assembled at the lowest cost. When this point has been ascertained, no human power and no human ingenuity can prevent the locating of that particular manufacture at that particular place. It is a recognition of this great principle which has caused so many English industries originally stationed in the interior to remove to the Coast. For the same reason the United States Steel Company is about to establish a new city in immediate proximity to the iron deposits of the Lake District. For this reason the Illinois Steel Company was moved nearly 800 miles west of Pittsburg, and for the same reason a steel industry will sooner or later be established on the Pacific Coast, but the exact location must depend upon the conditions laid down above. Those who have studied the

question and who are practically acquainted with steel making and its subsidiary industries, believe that Vancouver is the best site. It enjoys the advantage of being upon the mainland where alone smelting coke is or is likely to be obtainable. Since water transportation for the ores would be necessary in any case, the difference of a few miles means no appreciable increase in cost, and it would be much cheaper to carry the iron ores of the West Coast of Vancouver Island to Vancouver than to trans-ship and transport the coke of the Crow's Nest Pass to the Island. On the ground of general transportation facilities and commercial importance, Vancouver has undisputed pre-eminence. The thought which naturally occurs to anyone who has studied the question is, why should not Victoria be content to develop along residential lines? It rejoices in the title, "A City of Homes"; it is rapidly developing into the Mecca of tourists. Its natural charms combined with its climate are unsurpassed on the Continent. Weath will always seek a residential city. It is this feature which has made Los Angeles rich and prosperous. As Vancouver Island develops its Capital must share in the general prosperity which will ensue, in this way it will grow quite fast enough for comfort. Who will be the better or the happier if its blue skies are clouded with smoke, and its green grass and trees blackened with sulphur? Since when was happiness increased in the same ratio as population? Every visitor to Victoria is charmed with its beauty, but Victoria cannot become a manufacturing centre and retain its charm. A few men may get rich by establishing factories, and polluting the atmosphere, real estate may rise in value, if it be possible to congest population: but those who recognize the destiny of Victoria and who crave some quiet spot uninvaded by hammer and anvil, where they may retire from the turmoil and distraction of busy life, view with apprehension the insatiable demand of the promoter or the politician for charters and privileges which will convert the most charming city of the West into a commonplace hive of industry.

A Just Demand.

Western Canada is threatened with a coal famine. In spite of the favourable predictions of the mine owners there will be a shortage of fuel. The total output for 1907 will not exceed and will probably fall below that of 1906. There are probably 150,000 and possibly 200,000 more people requiring coal for domestic and industrial purposes. About one-half of the furnaces at the Kootenay Smelters have been closed down for lack of coke. The Boards of Trade have appealed for five years to the Federal Government to throw open their coal reserve of 50,000 acres in the Kootenay, but the appeal has fallen on deaf ears. During 1906 more than 50 per cent. of the coal and coke produced in British Columbia was exported to the United States. Within the last few months while Kootenay Smelters have lain idle, because they could not obtain coke, one single smelter, the Black Eagle in Montana, has received a consignment of 5,000 tons from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. That company acquired all its coal lands as a free gift from the Government. It was given for the purpose of ensuring the construction of the Crow's Nest Railway, but of the total of 250,000 acres only six square miles, or to be exact, 3,840 acres, were applied to that purpose, the balance, less the Government reserve, was retained by the friends of the Federal Government whose political pull enabled them to secure the grant. In other words, the Province of British Columbia was dispoiled of 200,000 acres of its best coal land on the pretext of subsidizing a railway, the builders of which only benefited to the extent of 3,840 acres, the balance was what is euphemistically called "boodle." Further the Coal Company obtaining this fabulous grant, which its President publicly stated five years ago was worth $20,000,000, was laid under the statutory obligation to furnish all the fuel required for use in Southern B. C., in default of which certain penalties were prescribed. The obligation has never been discharged, from first to last more than half the product has been exported, and needless to say the penalties have not been

exacted. The subject has been ventilated "ad nauseam." The facts recited above have been before the public and have been presented to the Federal Government time after time. They are undisputed, but meanwhile the country is suffering, and is now on the verge of disaster. As a last resource the Provincial Government has decided to move in the matter. Just what line of action it will ultimately adopt remains to be seen, but that it will be both vigorous and strong can hardly be doubted. It can neither be too vigorous nor too prompt.

Tight Money.

The Commercial world is passing through a period of stringency, money is tight, the coffers have been locked, to appeals for cash the response is a shake of the head. The storm prophets of the financial world have been wagging their tongues or their pens and preaching caution. They advocate putting on the brake, and lessening the speed. Everyone is asking the reason, no one seems able to furnish it. The most experienced financiers, such men as Henry Clews, attribute it mainly to phenomenal expansion; they say that the world has been developing its resources faster than it has been producing gold, and in consequence the demands are greater than can be supplied. The scarcity of gold has revived the suggestion, though hardly in serious form, of monetizing silver. This, however, may for the present at least be disregarded. Concurrently with money stringency there has been an astounding decline in the value of quoted securities, the depreciation in industrial stocks may be figured in billions, and tractions have also suffered heavily. If one were to judge entirely by Wall Street quotations the only possible conclusion would be that the country is "going to the dogs," but luckily Wall Street is becoming every year less of a factor. It has long been an open secret that listed stocks are manipulated by professional traders to such an extent that they form no criterion as to the value of the securities or the business conditions of the country. There was no more reason why Union Pacific and St. Paul, to take two examples, should have been forced up in the neighbourhood of 200 than that they should be forced down to 120, it is simply a game of see-saw to furnish opportunity for margins. The man in the street looks elsewhere for an explanation of stringency or depression. He finds it today first of all in the cause assigned by Mr. Clews, and next in the accumulating signs that in the United States at any rate, there will be a reefing of the sails and a check in the remarkable industrial activity of the last few years. Canada may have to share in any time of depression which may be coming, but it will only be to a very limited extent. Our Government is more stable, our financial institutions more secure, our raw material more plentiful. Canada is still in its first vigorous youth, its infant industries are strong, and are not hampered by the accumulative responsibilities which threaten to wreck more than one gigantic concern south of the line. Nor are Canadian manufacturing and transportation companies in jeopardy through wholesale illegal practices. It is a time which calls for and which will exact economic management and wise legislation, but the resources of our country and the industry and sagacity of our people will enable us to surmount any difficulties which threaten and to continue with little check for many years to come the career of prosperity which has dawned for the Dominion.

The Cost Of Living.

The cost of living has within the last few years noticeably increased throughout the civilized world, but more noticeably than anywhere else in Western Canada. To quote a few figures, house rents in Victoria and Vancouver have advanced on the average at least one-third, if not one-half. Instances could be cited where they have been doubled. Where working men do not own their own homes, it is no uncommon thing for them to pay $30 to $40 a month in Vancouver, and $25 to $30 in Victoria. Two years ago furnished houses of five or six rooms were plentiful at

$30 per month, today they are scarce at $50. Similarly the cost of food of every kind has increased to an alarming extent. Fruit is at least twice as dear, meat, milk, and even bread have advanced from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent., whilst bacon and cheese are 50 per cent. dearer. These are the staples which every man must buy. Clothing is dearer although not to the same extent as food and rent, probably 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. would cover this, but it is doubtful if the quality is not deteriorating. Extras are constantly rising in value. At 50 cents for a shave and hair cut, a barber becomes a luxury, and when one reflects that in any English city this service costs the working man but six cents, there is no wonder that the newcomer gasps when he receives his check. The consequence is that although high wages are paid the cost of living is proportionately high, and in order to save different methods have to be employed to those which are in vogue in the Old Country. One result is the common practice of letting rooms, or giving meals, which is very general in the West, another is the system by which even married women will take a business position as well as endeavour to discharge their household duties. Western Canada is seeking immigrants, in British Columbia at any rate the population shows but a slight increase. There is an alarming scarcity of labour, and the attractions of the Province have not hitherto proved sufficient for people of our own race. Warnings proverbially fall on deaf ears, but it cannot be too widely known that in the West, or at any rate in the cities of the West, artificial means are employed to maintain the costs of living at a high level. In this way merchants and workmen play into each other's hands. In order to justify high wages it is necessary to demonstrate that the cost of living is high, so there are combines which keep up the price of fruit of vegetables and of meat, to say nothing of milk and bread. Butter which is retailed at 45 cents and even 50 cents a pound yields the farmer but 25 cents, within a few miles of the place where it is sold. No one wants to see the West become a low wage country; on the other hand no one zealous for its welfare and prosperity will desire to see its progress hampered by an excessive cost of living. In any event it is only fair that those who are so urgent in their demands for white labour should represent conditions as they actually exist. It hurts the Province far more to have a few men come here under the impression that wages are double what they are in England and the cost of living very little more, than to tell the plain truth. In the former case the disappointed immigrant becomes an aggressive anti-immigration agent; in the latter he knows beforehand what conditions to expect and if he comes is more likely to remain.

North Vancouver.

In this issue of Westward Ho! will be found an interesting article on North Vancouver. As a matter of fact it is the story which won the first prize offered by Mahon, McFarland & Mahon, Ltd., and has been secured for exclusive publication in Westward Ho! It does not in the least exaggerate the attractions and prospects of the "Ambitious City."

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie, for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favourable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. Speak the truth, and all things are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground seem to stir and move to bear you witness.—Emerson.

AS the train whisked us at express speed between Liverpool and London on an April morning my first impression was that I was in the midst of an immense garden—and no doubt the same thought must arise in the minds of most Canadians newly arrived in the Old Country. Beautifully cultivated fields stretching far on every side, neatly trimmed hedges, the trees putting forth their tender green foliage or covered with the beauty of fruit blossoms, here and there substantial homesteads, and in the distance an occasional glimpse of some historic looking building, form a picture irresistibly pleasing to the eye. A passing glimpse of the neatly paved streets of compactly built little towns as the train whirls along serves to enhance the charm of the landscape.

Then, the first novelty worn away, my next impression was the wonderful similarity between the flowers, the plants and the trees, to what one sees in the districts lying about Victoria. It was the same spring as one sees in cultivated spots on Vancouver Island, without the vast stretches of forest and wild scenery; it was the effect that the hand of man had produced in hundreds of years, nature tamed after centuries of struggle.

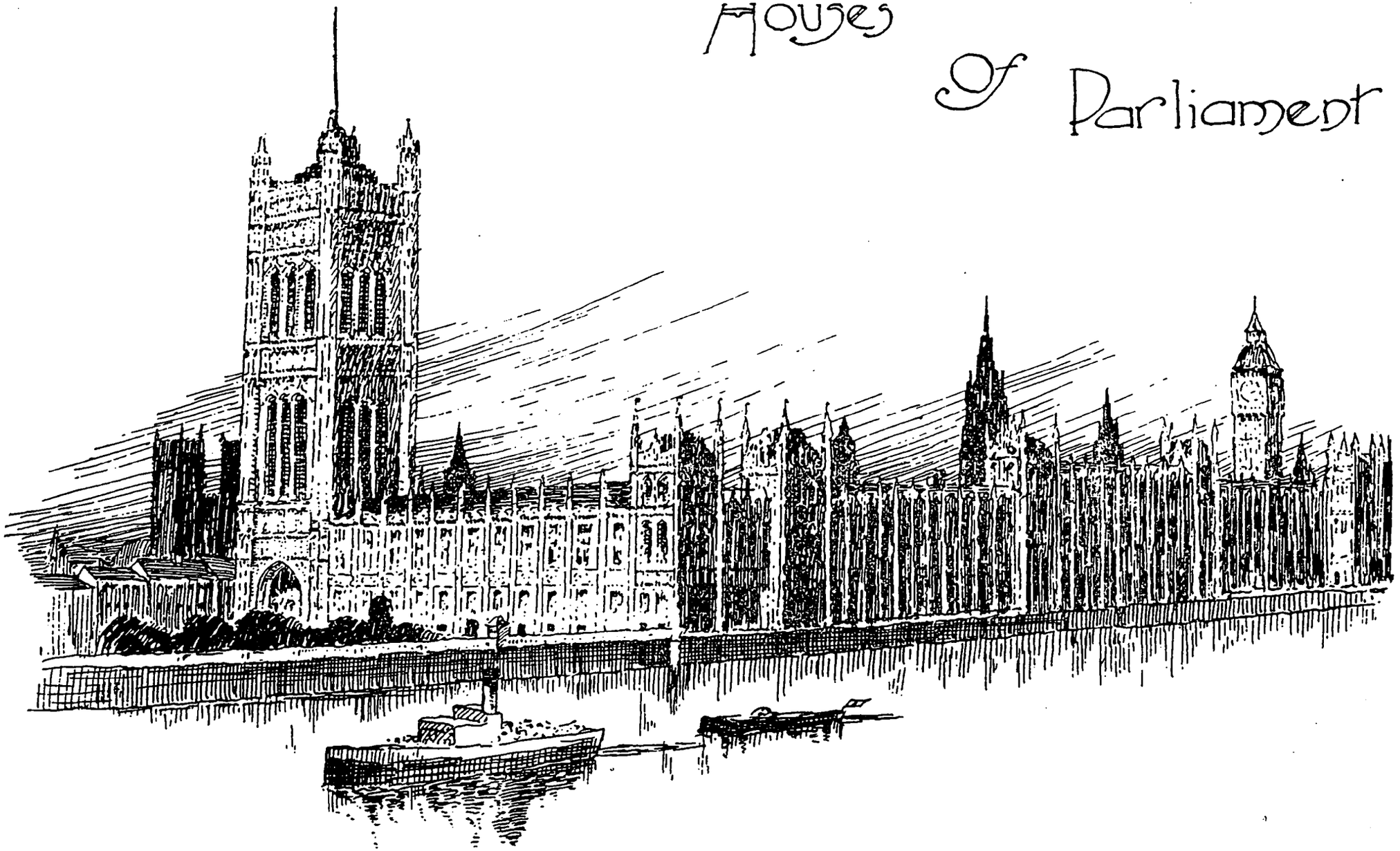
During my two months residence in England I had this first impression strengthened whenever I took an outing in the country districts within easy reach of London, scenes constantly reminding one of beauty spots that lie onthe shores of the Pacific in our own country.

And what of London? The same impression every newcomer has—immensity and orderliness. An endless vista of streets with crowds and still more crowds —never ending. And above all—System. The oft described power of a single policeman's arm as he regulates the enormous street traffic is an impression that rises to admiration. No fuss, no attempt to evade it. A motion of the hand and one line of vehicles stops while another, like a huge serpent, crawls past, and the foot passengers hurry across the street. Another motion of the policeman's arm and the stream of traffic rolls on.

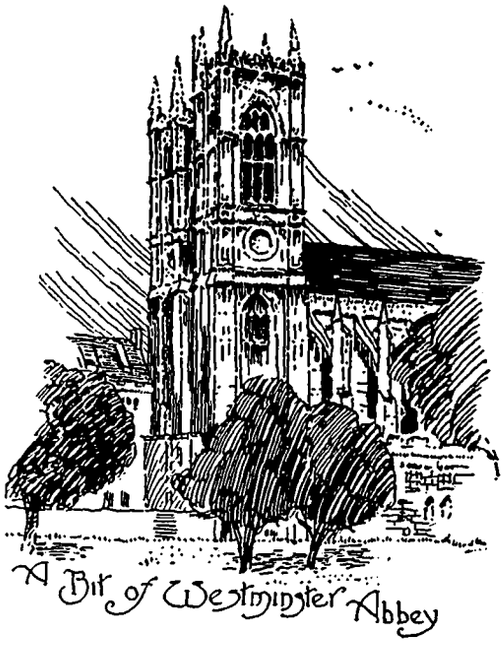
Then the cleanliness of the streets, the absolute perfection of the paving in the most crowded parts of the great city impel one's admiration.

Another impression was the solidity of the huge buildings that line the streets. Everywhere the old London is disappearing and in its stead arise mighty structures, many adorned with handsome carvings, the new War Office in Whitehall presenting a splendid type. And so harmoniously do these blend, that to the untrained eye it is difficult to distinguish the old from the new as one passes along.

Houses of Parliament



My mission in London took me many times to that somewhat sombre block of buildings in Downing Street, the Colonial Office. And here let me say that in spite of the generally accepted idea that


A Bit of Westminster Abbey

red tape and officialism reign supreme in British Government circles, nothing could exceed the kindly manner in which I was received by everyone with whom I came in contact. Lord Elgin is most approachable and courteous in every way, a good type of the English gentleman. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Under Secretary, I met frequently. The quickness with which he grasps a point and masters a subject, in spite of the many pressing duties and numberless affairs he has to deal with is easily noticeable. His Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the member for York, is at present visiting Canada, the land of his birth. He is a typical Canadian, with all the aggressive force of our younger country and by his own efforts has brought himself to the front, with the prospect of making a mark in the Empire. The Permanent Secretary of the Colonial Office, Sir Francis Hopwood, is looked upon as one of the brightest minds in the Imperial Civil Service, eminently qualified to meet the responsibilities of his office.

My duties brought me in contact with various of the Ministers and Members of the Houses of Parliament; and while I do not propose for a moment to discuss Imperial politics, I may safely say that the impression formed in my mind of the public men I had the pleasure of meeting, is that they are honest in their wish to do what they consider is best for the Empire as a whole.

In listening to the debates in both the Lords and the Commons I was impressed with the absence of long speeches. The Parliamentary debates in most cases lack somewhat the emphasis in delivery that a Canadian in accustomed to, but the matter is well thought out and the sentences neatly turned and free from verbosity.

As is well known there are several members of the Commons Canadians, and one finds many sons of the Dominion in London. Chief among them Lord Strathcona, who has been quite a power in the land and has done much to make this country known among the people of the British Isles. And this reminds me of my old friend the Hon. J. H. Turner,

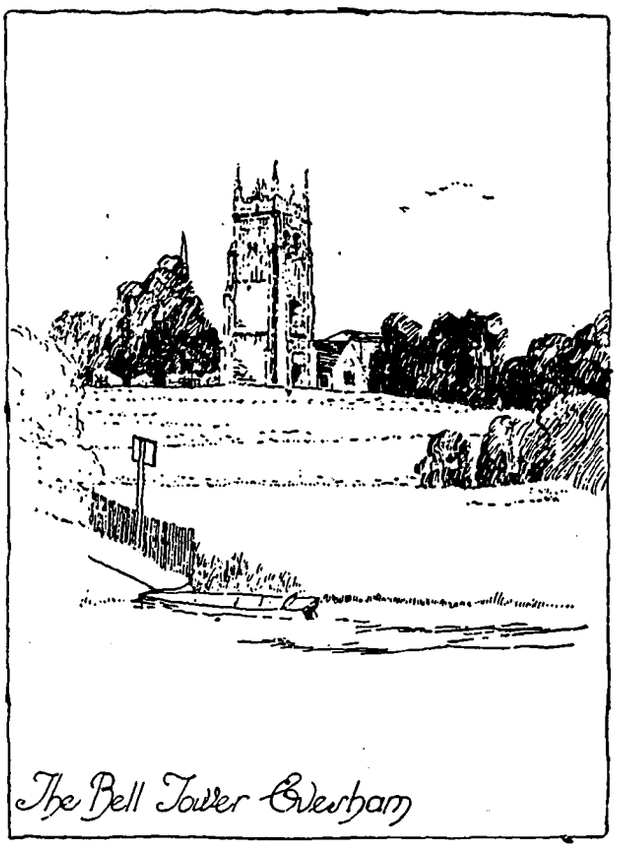

Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

British Columbia's Agent-General in London. I was greatly impressed with the valuable work he is doing. His

offices in Finsbury Circus are very busy ones, and no opportunity is there lost to keep the Province well before the eyes of the British public.

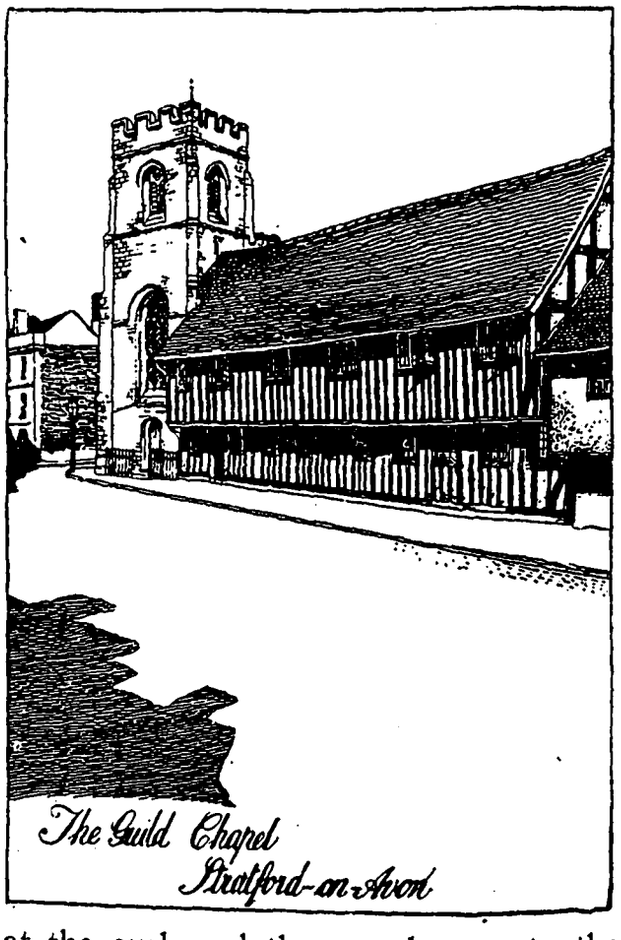
Hampton Lucy

Perhaps one of the strongest impressions I had in London and one that would touch the mind of anyone accustomed to a country where the extremes of riches and poverty do not obtrude, was the terrible contrast of great wealth and abject misery one meets on the streets. The millionaire's carriage stops at the curb and there rushes up to the open door some poor wretch who hopes



The Bell Tower Evesham

The Vicarage Evesham

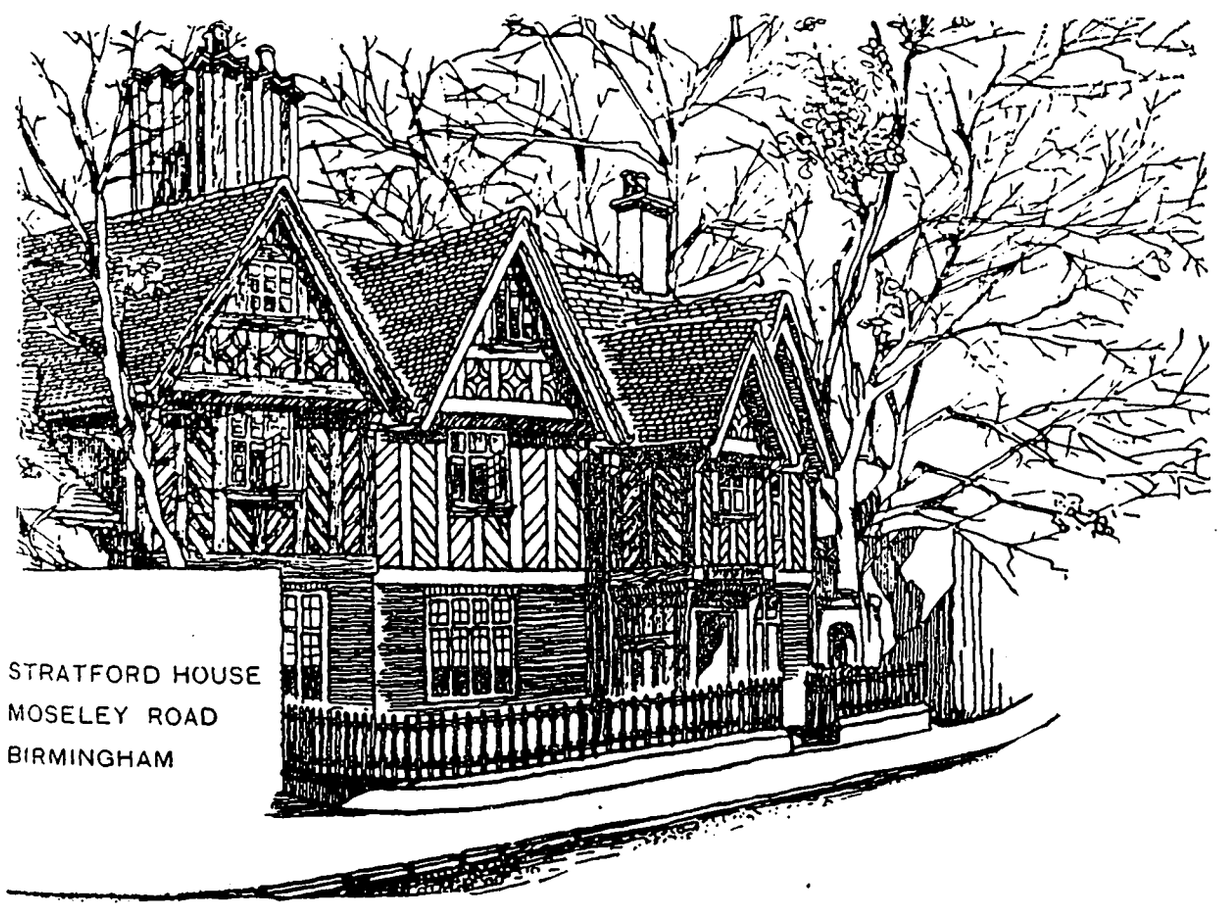


The Guild Chapel
Stratford-on-Avon

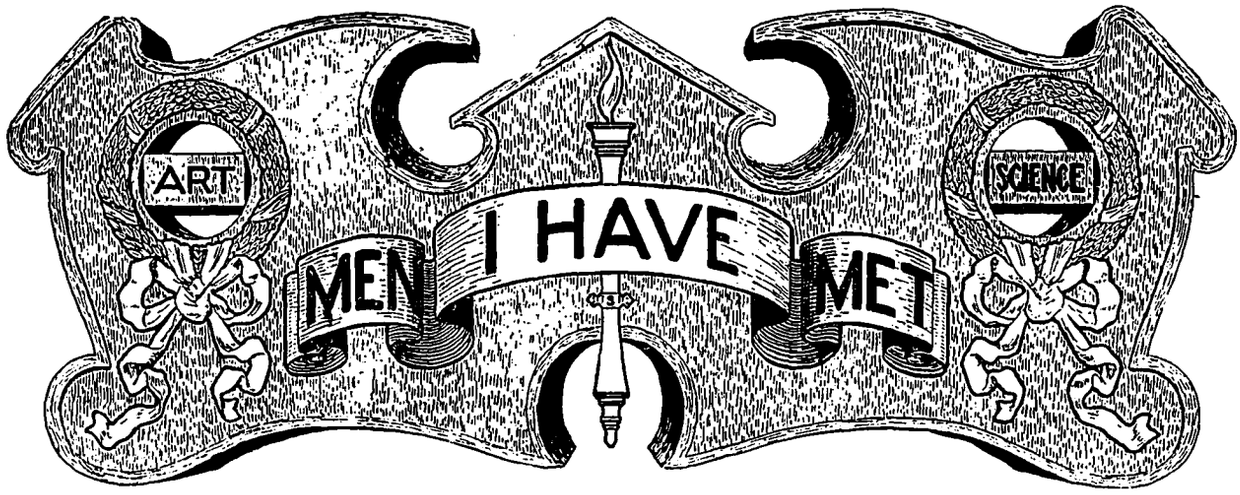
to reap a penny for his services. One sees in the most inclement weather wretched men and women huddled on the benches on the magnificent Thames Embankment, sleeping in the open with the rain and sleet beating upon them. And yet London is full of charitable institutions of every imaginable kind—it has probably more charities than any other city, but the problem is there and is still unsolved.

The extent and number of parks and beauty spots must at once appeal to the admiration of every visitor in London.

Even in close proximity to the busiest quarter of the city one finds a garden or a square with its grass plot and flower beds; while within easy reach there are the larger parks with broad areas of turf, bands playing in the afternoon and hundreds of thousands of people enjoying an outing in the most beautiful surroundings. And while there were many other impressions which I must omit for fear of wearying the reader, there is one that will always remain in grateful memory—the whole-hearted hospitality I received. I cannot speak for others, but for myself I can truthfully say that from the day I set foot in London I felt, not as a stranger or a mere visitor—I was "at home"; and that homelike feeling continued during my whole stay.



STRATFORD HOUSE
MOSELEY ROAD
BIRMINGHAM



T. P. O'Connor.

By William Blakemore

ALTHOUGH there has never been a moment in my lifetime when I agreed with the political aspirations or the policy of T. P. O'Connor, there has never been a time since I first knew him, when I have not considered him the most fascinating, the most magnetic and one of the most sincere men in the ranks of the Irish Nationalist Party.

Tay Pay, as he is affectionately called by all who know him and by thousands who only know of him, is a charming character. He possesses all the personal characteristics which have made the jovial Irishman popular the world over. Good tempered, kind-hearted, generous to a fault, enterprising to audacity, dauntless, brave and optimistic in the highest degree. His career like that of most of his colleagues has been a chequered one. Few men have had a harder struggle with Dame Fortune, and few men have struggled more nobly or drunk deeper of success. Just why T. P. O'Connor is a greater force today in the world of journalism than in that of politics remains to be told, and before I conclude this sketch I think I shall be able to show that the cause is not far to seek.

I first met this brilliant Irishman at Wolverhampton in 1886. Mr. Gladstone had just lost his Home Rule Bill; the country was in a turmoil. Not since the days of the Chartist Riots had there been such political excitement. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales rang with the cry "Remember Mitchell's Town," and the great Liberal leader at the zenith of his fame was electrifying audiences with his dramatic and soul-stirring description of the condition of the oppressed Irishman.

Wolverhampton had a very large Irish contingent, and it was natural that the managers of the Nationalist Party should wish their case to be presented in the capital of the Black Country by one of their greatest speakers. They could not have made a better choice than T. P. O'Connor. Although opposed to Home Rule I was privileged to dine with him and the local leaders of his party at an informal dinner at which he was entertained at the Liberal Club, and although I had often heard him speak in the House I had no idea that he was so attractive and lovable a man. He was of medium height, well built, athletic in figure with a round, boyish face, a retrousse nose, a shock of black hair, black eye-brows and blue eyes; a combination rarely found except in sons and I believe in daughters of Erin. During dinner and in the smoking room afterwards I

was struck with his extreme vivacity, geniality and wit. He was the life and soul of the company, and literally kept the table in a roar. I well remember, too, how quickly he passed from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." With him tears and laughter never seemed very far apart. At one moment he would be telling a humorous story which would be sure to have a point so excruciatingly funny that it could claim no nationality but his own, and almost in the same breath with saddened face and tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, he would be reciting some pathetic incident in connection with an Irish eviction, or emigration. Without being polished he was courteous, his diction more picturesque than ornate, and more flexible than artistic. I thought then, and have thought ever since that Nature did not intend him for a politician; he lacked that grain of coarseness and callousness which enables a man to stand the buffetings of political opponents and to hush the "still small voice" which must sometimes prompt even politicians to disregard policy.

The same evening I heard him address a packed audience in the Drill Hall. There were not less than five thousand people present. His clear, sonorous tenor voice was distinctly heard in every part of the hall. The speech I shall never forget. It was neither logical, erudite nor consecutive, but it was picturesque, dramatic, spasmodic and impassioned to a degree. Time and circumstance determined that it should be devoted to a recital of the woes and wrongs of his country. There were others to deal with its history, with past legislation, with the strugglers of the early Liberators and with the trend of events. His mission was to arouse the sympathy of the people in the justice of the cause and in an acceptance of Home Rule as a remedy. As he depicted the sufferings of his fellow countrymen his voice grew thick and husky; many a sob choked his utterance, and more than once his cheeks were wet with tears. During the Home Rule campaign I heard many speeches which would rank above this in ability and even in merit, but none more genuine or more impressive.

Between 1886 and 1893 I heard T. P. O'Connor many times and twice met him during the campaign of the latter year when he came into my district, the Handsworth Division of the County of Stafford, to support Hugh Gilzean Reid in opposition to Sir Henry Meysey Thompson. But since 1886 many things had happened, none, however, so fraught with portent for the Irish party as the downfall of Parnell. That event which determined the fate of Home Rule was far-reaching in its effects. It left the Party nerveless, disorganized and almost shattered. It was in this crisis that the character of T. P. O'Connor could best be studied. While he could never be charged with lack of enthusiasm and of loyalty both to his party and his leader, there was probably no man in the Party who felt the defection of Parnell as he did. It unnerved him. He felt that great as the cause was, the downfall of Parnell was its death-blow. Just when he should have struck a blow for supremacy and have climbed to the pedestal which could have no other fitting occupant, his arm was paralysed. He was easily out-manoeuvred by less scrupulous and more cunning aspirants; men like the infamous Healey, the Judas of the cabal, who in Room 15 sold the greatest statesman and the most brilliant leader Ireland had ever known for even less than the traditional thirty pieces of silver. The compromise which placed that respectable and amiable mediocrity, Justin McCarthy, in the leadership, deprived the Home Rule Party of the effective enthusiasm of T. P. O'Connor. Thereafter his speeches lacked energy and sometimes, even conviction, and thereafter his brilliant and versatile talent found scope for their fuller exercise rather in the Press, than on the platform.

In the field of journalism T. P. O'Connor has been not only a conspicuous, but a unique success. Today he stands unrivalled as a racy paragraphist, an interesting writer about people and a successful editor. His comments upon men and events are the most sought after and the most widely read of their kind. He

has placed a personal stamp upon modern journalism. In his causeries he proves himself to be the legitimate successor of George Augustus Sala, with less of ponderousness and more of pungency than characterised that lion of the Daily Telegraph and the Illustrated London News, in the '70's and early '80's. There can be no doubt that while politics was his mission, literature is his love. There has been no finer contribution to the personal aspects of journalism for many years than his monograph on Parnell published three years ago, a tribute as remarkable for its restraint as for its insight, and yet more remarkable still for its beauty and delicacy.

I have referred to one determining factor in the career of T. P. O'Connor the influence and effect of the downfall of Parnell, but all through his life there has been an influence of another kind, that of a loyal, devoted and loving wife, herself a woman of brilliant parts, absorbed in the interests of her husband, whether political or literary. When he started his first London journal, in which every shilling he possessed was invested, she shared with him two small living-rooms above their printing office. In the dark hours of his disappointment and disillusionment she was his good angel and his guiding spirit. It was the sunshine of her presence which dispelled the gloom and heartened him to carry on the fight, though in another field. Since then the pen has been his weapon. How well he has used it and how nobly he has justified the fidelity of his wife and the prediction of his friends is a matter of almost world-wide knowledge. Today, when Home Rule is no longer a burning question, and when already many of the imposing figures who stood in the vanguard of the movement are no more, the image of this whole-hearted, genuine-souled Irishman still looms large in the eye of the world, and challenges the admiration of tens of thousands who never espoused his cause, but who recognized his sincerity.

"MIKE," a Reminiscence.

By Nora Laugher.

IT is not often that such a blinding blizzard strikes the happily situated "Queen City" as the one that raged that day when I renewed my acquaintance with the subject of this little sketch.

Telephone wires were destroyed, the street car service was entirely demoralized, and no messenger boy was procurable in the somewhat isolated district in which my mother and I resided.

Pedestrians were conspicuous by their absence on the deserted street. Neither man nor boy could I find who would attempt to stagger through the deeply drifted snow the three long miles to the city. I was almost at my wit's end, for if my manuscript failed to reach the printing office on Adelaide Street by noon that day, it would be too late for insertion in the weekly journal to which I was then a regular contributor. Being the bread-winner of my small family, the sale of the manuscript meant much; indeed, it was about all we had to depend upon. Almost tearfully I rated myself for my tardiness in not finishing and delivering it the previous day. Procrastination, that thief of time, had almost stolen my modest weekly remittance. As I donned the warmest dress I possessed and struggled into a fur coat and cap, determined to brave the elements, I made an avowal that I would never put off till tomorrow what could be done today in the matter of "copy." I had to face the music of the storm, or forfeit the price of my contribution and justly earn the anger of Mr. W., the proprietor and publisher of the journal, so flinging open the door I plunged into the heart of the storm.

Blinded by the stinging hard snow that lashed my cheeks and eyelids in a most uncomfortable manner, I journeyed through the deserted suburb, near to the park, but slowly, and at last found myself almost anchored. I might well call it anchored for I had plunged face downwards into a deep drift, doubtless a ditch at the side of the road. Quickly as I made the plunge, however, I was picked up and transported to the friendly shelter of a cottage doorway. In my rescuer, I gladly recognized the tenant of the humble dwelling, a man known by the name of "Mike..'

I wiped the hard snow from my face and storm-collar, as I glanced up at him. He was somewhat out at elbows, in an old ragged overcoat; but he stood quite six feet high and his fine, open countenance and honest blue eyes bespoke plainly the quaint mixture of the humorous, the poetic and the pathetic not unfrequently met with in his race.

"Shure an' it's not the kind av a day at all at all that a wisp o' a critter like you should be out in, an' a trapsin' trew the snow like this. An' is it to the city that ye're afther journayin', miss?"

To shorten the story, I soon found that Mike was on his way to town, and eager and willing to act as messenger for me, so with a long sigh of satisfaction I delivered the manuscript into his hands and thankfully retraced my footsteps to the pleasant shelter of my own fireside.

"An' it's mesilf that's done the irrand cheerfully, miss. Why, it's nothin' to ould Mike to wade threw the snow fer a couple o' miles," said the old man, a few hours later, after we had regaled

him with a hot dinner and steaming cup of coffee.

"No, no! I'll not be afther takin' anythin' like that ma'am. Why Oi wuz goin that way anyhow, an' faith Oi'd do it fer nothin' at all at all. It's jist becos' yer name's Nora that Oi'd do it fer ye wid playsur'."

"Don't sake to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Shure he's a piligrim
From the Blarney Stone,"

Quoted I laughingly, although somewhat surprised at his refusal to take a two-dollar bill simply because my name seemed familiar to him.

A shadow stole over his expressive, rugged face, as he replied, "Indade an' it's not the Blarney Stone as it's yersilf that's afther sayin', miss; but it's the name "Nora." The old man almost reverently bowed his gray head as he uttered the appellation.

Standing there, in our little dining-room, with his battered headgear in his grimy hand, I felt that I had before me a genuine son of Erin; one who pleasantly recalled the old Ethnic legends of his race, who, stripped of every vestige of his imaginative and picturesque details, would yet remain full of quaint conceits and humorous facts. An exile perhaps in this new world of ours, whose constant Irish heart often aches for a sight of the pretty colleen of his youth, —his manvourneen grown wrinkled and gray tending her patch o' pataties, her pigs or her poultry whilst anxiously awaiting the return of her lover from far-off Ameriky.

"Sit down, sit down, Mike," said my mother, drawing him an armchair nearer to the stove, "Now, I am going to pour you some more hot coffee and while you drink it you shall tell us why my daughter's name appears to please you so."

"Shure ma'am, an' it's the wan name av all others me sowl reveres. It carries wid it the touch o' the dewy shamrock, an' the swate smell av the sod av ould Oireland; an' faith there's nivir another corrner in the wide worrld so grane! Whin Oi hear the name 'Nora,' it carries me back to the days whin Oi wuz a broth av a bhoy, an' the naybors wur afther sayin' that the divil himsilf wuz in Mike, maning me.

"Faix, an' it's misilf that rimimbers the shindy Oi kicked up wan night at Ballinkerry whin Oi played banshee an' frightened good Father MacGillicuddy amost out av his sivin sinses. An' it's laughin' Oi am to this prisint day whin Oi recall the praste's sister, Miss Bridget, in her frilled night-cap an' hersilf a carryin' a shillaley."

"Yis, shure! Oi'd bin afther crawlin' up the ivy inter the windy. An' a rale, iligant dhrop o' the craythur is what Oi wuz afther foindin' on the table av his riverence's room. Faith it wuz so nate it warrumed up the insoid av me heart, an' Oi hilped mesilf plintifully, fer there wuz nobody by at all at all,—the quality an' the sarvints bein' afther listenin' fer the banshee in the back gardin, the omadawns."

"But, begorrah, it's mesilf that wuz forgettin' entoirely to git out av Father MacGillicuddy's comfortable arrumcheer, an' it's slapin' Oi wuz whin Miss Bridget wuz afther foindin' me. She came in a brandishin' the big shillayley, did Miss Bridget, an' her night-cap frill a noddin', an' all the sarvints aparin' behind her. Faith, it's forgotton Oi had that Oi wuz the banshee, an' it's slapin' Oi wuz.

"Shure an' it's misilf that's agoin' to lay the ghost," scramed Miss Bridget, a shakin' me up wid no gentle hands. "Indade an' Oi'll soon be afther layin' the ghost," said she, a dancin' like Garry Owen an' a flourishin' the shillayley in front av her.

"Oi wuz most as dhrunk as a fiddler, an' a sittin' in the praste's big cheer, or it's misilf that would hav' cut an' run fer me dear loife,—fer a moighty high tempered lady wuz Miss Bridget MacGillicuddy.

"By the Lord Harry, an' it's that divil av a Mike," said Father MacGillicuddy, a laughin' till his fat soides wur achin' wid the exarshun."

"But it wuz Miss Bridget hersilf that wuz intint upon layin' the ghost; an'

shure wid this end in view, it's hersilf that made fer me wid the ould shillayley. Faix, if she didn't lay the ghost, she wuz afther layin' the dust, a-wackin' the loife out av me owld leather breeches."

"The toime it wuz then, whin Oi wuz but a wild bit av a spalpeen, an' before Oi wuz afther foindin' me colleen whose name yersilf's afther barin', miss.

"An' shure it's the tinder recollecshuns that the name av Nora brings to me hearrt."

"To me dyin' day will Oi moind the evenin' whin the sun wuz hidin' his face behoind the purple mists av the hill av Ballinkerry, whin Oi waited by the river fer the soft swish-swish av the two purty bare fate to cum a pitter-patterin' over the shamrock laves that grew by the hillside."

"The moments samed hours while Oi wuz a waitin' fer me Nora; but it's mesilf that heard her footsteps, lighter than the dew a fallin' on the blossoms. An' it's mavourneen that made a swate pictur', wid the sunlight a glintin' her purty hair, an' her little red cloak a-flyin' behoind her in her hurry to spake wid me; her purty white ankles, like snowflakes a-dancin' over the grane grass, her blue eyes a-shinin' like twin stars under her brown curls, an' her chakes like two red roses a-growin' on wan stalk."

"An' it's Mike, acushla, that has the two strong arrums," said me colleen, the red roses a-multiplyin' all over the gardin' av her face, as Oi carried her across the steppin' stones av the rivir, so the wather wouldn't be afther wettin' her two purty fate."

"An' afterwards, how we kissed wan another, wid no eyes to witness the loveloight av our hearts, but the angels who were a-lookin' down from the blue hivin above us."

"Och, but it's the sad pictur' that's a-comin' now, miss, whin me poor Nora, God rest her swate sowl, had gone to join thim silf-same angels."

"An' she lay there wid the tall candles a-burnin' near her, so still and cowld, wid the purty white petticoat on her that she wuz afther warin' the summer day whin Father MacGillicuddy spake the howly wurrds that made us wan. Shure, we wuz wan, but she wuz the wan av the two av us, fer the Ballinkerry folkses wuz always a sayin' 'That divil av a Mike, he don't count at all at all.'

"An' there me darlint wuz a-lyin', wid her two bright eyes closed her long dark hair a-curlin' on her forehead, as it wuz afther doin' in her loife-toime, an' twin lilies a-growin' where the roses used to bloom on her chakes.

"The naybors wuz all a-cryin' fit to brake their hearts, an' a-sayin' that Mike wuz the sowlless spalpeen that he didn't be afther wapin' wid the mourners.

"Shure, an' it's misilf that wuz the biggest mourner av the lot av 'em, only they couldn't say the tares that were droppin' from me hearrt insted av me two eyelids.

"But me colleen understood, fer she saw wid the eyes av the angels, an' she knew all the sorrow av me sowl whin Oi placed the grane shamrocks on her dead breast.

"The bhoys took to whisperin' among thimsilves that all the diviltry wuz gone out av Mike. Shure the hearrt av me hearrt an' the loife av me loife whint away whin the howly Saints took away me Nora.

"The soight av the white shamrock buds, the purple mists across the river, the sun whin he wuz hidin' his face behoind the hill av Ballinkerry, all samed to spake to me sowl av me colleen, an' it well-nigh drove the rayson from me brain; so wan day me moind wuz made up to lave the owld sod an' jine me brother in Canady.

* * * * *

"Is they shamrocks, ye're afther askin' me, miss?"

"Yis, they'se shamrocks, an' all dried up and faded; but it's mesilf that's carried thim here, betwane the laves of mavourneen's little book fer nigh on thirty years. I gathered thim the night before laving the owld counthry, while me colleen's eyes were a-lookin' down on me from Hivin. An' it's these same withered shamrocks, an' the blessed stars above, that have helped me afther all these long years out in Canady; for whin Oi's afther foindin' it harrd to say no to the dhrink, or wan or anuther av the

divil's temptashuns, Oi just touch this little book in me pocket, or else look up to the eyes av me Nora a-shinin' down from the sky o' nights, an' it's always wan or both av 'em that's afther sayin' 'Be thrue, Mike,' be thrue.'"

The Potlatch at Sooke.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by Edward Milne and the Author.

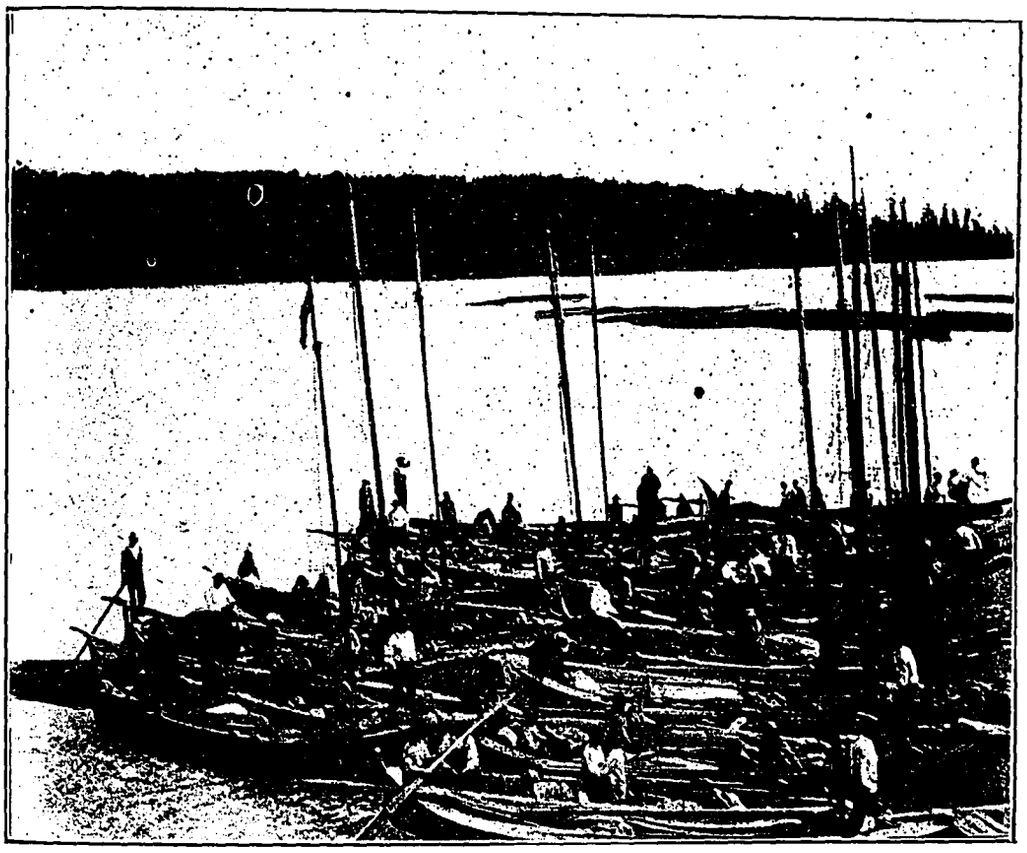
FOR many months one family of the men of this reservation had toiled at the great fir wood, cedar "shake" covered building, a building large enough to hold the two hundred expected guests.

Then the invitations had gone forth—to the tribes in Washington, to the Nitinats, to the West Coast, to the San Juan, to the Victoria Indians, to come "Chah-co Potlatch," for "Andrew's" daughter's birthday. With true Indian lavishness and prodigality he gave this wide invitation, a mighty feast, a week long, that would impoverish the giver if the ancient custom of handing all one has over to the next fellow is faithfully followed.

How times are changing. The West Coast Indians arrived in the natural harbour of Sooke, on Vancouver Island, sweeping in like some flock of great white-winged birds—but not in the long war canoes, no, they came in large open sailboats, called Columbia River boats

Sooke River in Potlatch Time.

(actually made by the clever Japanese shipwrights on the Fraser). Then with sails lowered, hulls lashed together, they slowly approached the Sooke River, singing in dull monotone a "Wah-hoo"—a song of the old people or times. Among the great red rocky mountains that surround Sooke the weird dull chorus echoed, the lashed flotilla crept on. In the center boat a chief stood waving "Chack-chack" (eagle) tails, swinging his arms to the time of the rude tune. In all the boats the men beat on improvised instruments, pans, paddles beaten on boards, clubs monotonously thumped into tubs. The entire song was of bass notes, not once did we hear the treble of the klooch-men (women).



Potlatch Boats Gathered.

Stout Andrew stood on the river band near the Potlatch House, from a tiny cannon a loud welcome sped forth. Then a spokesman of the visitors gave forth a speech in the old native tongue—not in the Chinook jargon from which I quote. Now all the wide white boats—painted a bright blue inside—with their orange gunwales—some had red sails and strangely carved bits on the masthead—slip into the bank edge. No effusive welcome and handshaking, each knows he is welcome to all that his host owns. Some camp in their boats, others erect canvas covers, bringing big armfuls of dried salmon, great tub of "octopus"—the devil-fish, well stewed it is a much esteemed delicacy here, great baskets of salmon heads. A huge iron cauldron is filled with rice, many round flat loaves of bread are baked. On the earth, in the center of the Potlatch house, a huge fire is kindled, the smoke pours out of the openings in the "Shakes" above. On the raised platform that surrounds the entire inside, a platform covered with rush mats and matting, the guests are soon squatted and happily at home. Here one mother industriously washes her little dusky lad's face, pouring the water into her open palm by way of a basin; another spreads her blankets and dozes away, the men squat in chatting groups—all at home at once. Not an unkind word, not a drop of liquor. Many of the guests bring food and pile it together, boxes of pilot bread, fish, vegetables, grain, seeming to vie with the host in

generosity. Two young steers are killed, and a great feast and dancing takes place.

Like an ancient rite a procession entered the Potlatch house, West Coast men leading a calf, a pig, a cow, others carrying huge baskets of glassware, heaped arms full of calicoes, two hammerless shot guns, clocks, bureaus, great piles of plates, bix boxes of crockery, revolvers, field glasses, their potlatch or gift. The squatted crowd were divided, men to the left, kloochmen to the right. offers as her potlatch gift much money, to some three dollars, to others two, to the balance of the braves a dollar—again ths weird music and song goes on. Now the cattle and the dishes, the clocks, guns, everything are given away with a royal disregard for the morrow—again the barbaric tune rolls on—now a sick kloochman from her place, as she reclines on the platform, gives ten dollars a piece to many of the men. Hands are waved, wild dancing, piercing cries from old haggard women—in the silence that

The Last of the Sookes.

Now an old chief harangues them in their tribal tongue. The large skin-covered hoops are beaten, and the dancers in two long lines sway their bodies and wave their arms in time to the rude deep voiced song all the braves are singing. Now lithe kloochmen glide among the dancers and the young men whirl about in a very abandon of high spirits—silence—then a shrill-voiced kloochman calls a few native words in sharp squealing notes—she has lately lost her brave in the seal fisheries, where so many a dusky Siawash has gone before and she issues, a mere boy, a shy lad, drags out a handful of silver and bills, and while an old chief calls out the name of the one for whom the gift is intended the giver breaks out in pitiful sobbing. The spirit of kindness that animates these rude people is more than skin deep. Andrew, the giver of the Potlatch, distributes five hundred dollars among the men. (I would like to see a white man give money away in this style, and not be mobbed). Here each takes it with downcast eye, hardly ever giving way so far as to utter thanks. Now all the

kloochmen gather together their many presents and silently file out. Night falls and around a huge fire, built on the earthen floor, the dance goes on, until every Indian and kloochman alike are one writhing, perspiring mass. The older women yell and beat time, the tribes mingle in their mystic dance, and as we walk home beneath the tall fir trees we can hear the same songs that echoed here before George Vancouver sailed up the dim distant Straits of Juan de Fuca.

Before the week long weird ceremonies were over the excitement ran high, very secret were the meetings, rude and painful some of the ordeals that were held in that big Potlatch House, the dancing and monotonous sing-song seemed never-ending. We watched it with intense interest, but as they asked me not to picture them, we were their guests, we can only attempt to describe it.

Then early one morning we saw the white-winged fleet sweep past bound for the distant canneries on the Fraser; here they will labour until the salmon run is over. Methinks Andrew had better get up early and start to labour too, for this giver of the potlatch distributed all his money—some thousands of dollars, his guns, furniture, his all—to this dusky crew that so silently embarked and sped away, but he, according to rude rules that guide these remnants of once powerful tribes, is now a big chief among his people. The little "rancherie" (as they call a reservation out here) is deserted. The banks of the Sooke no longer echo with the everlasting "Wah-hoo," so we picture the last and only full-blood survivor of the tribe that was so strong only three score years ago when the first white man settled here, a poor old withered kloochman, whose only word of British, as she pointed to me was—"King George Man."

The poorest girls in the world are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class. Every daughter should learn to earn her own living, the rich as well as the poor. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do girls should learn to work. No reform is more imperative than this.—London Gentlewoman.

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Pat's Redemption.

By L. C. S. Hallam.

EVER since Pat Flannigan was born he seemed to specialize in trouble; when only two weeks old his mother tripped up over him and took a dive down the cellar steps, breaking two ribs and a leg in transit; at his baptism he caused no little commotion by wriggling out of the Priest's arms and dropping into the holy water, where he kicked about lustily, very nearly drowning the good Father; whenever he was lost, he was sure to turn up in either the treacle tub or the slop pail, and once he was hidden for a couple of days in the flour barrel.

At the early age of four his destructive propensities began to sprout, for he horrified his Ma and Pa one day by running amok with the bread knife and sabreing the cat and her five kittens in cold blood, and later on in all the simplicity of childhood he chopped off one of Micky Muldoon's ears, on the sound argument that "Might is right."

A week's confinement with the family pig, combined with a daily chastisement utterly failed to convince him of his guilt, for liberty restored, he began life again on the same blood-thirsty scale, killing cats, stoning hens sticking pigs, snaring dogs and, generally speaking, creating havoc amongst the denizens of Ballyroonan.

Long before he could say his alphabet he was able to hit a cat nine times out of ten with his catapult, charge his Ma with the pitchfork, in the most approved style, or throw up elaborate fortifications on the ash heap. After a while, seeing that things couldn't be altered, Mr. and Mrs. Flannigan grew inordinately proud of their offspring and after each fresh exploit, would wink at each other, and vehemently declare that he was "a broth av a bhoy" or "a chip av the ould block" (this latter was saying a lot, for Flannigan Pere had once been known to fame and the local police courts, as "The Tipperary Slasher") and at times when the youthful prodigy would shout round the house, with a tin can in one hand and his father's shillaleh in the other, improvising home-made thunder, till the house threatened to collapse, like the walls of Jericho on a former illustrious occasion, Mr. Flannigan would give his spouse a most portentous look, and with a prophetic gleam in his eye, would say "Mark me wurds, Bridgett, that bhoy is goin' to make a noise in the wurrld some day," and Bridgett would toss her head and sagely remind her Lord that the boy was making more noise now than a whole brass band put together, what more did he want?

Years flew by, and the youthful Pat, by the blessing of St. Patrick and potatoes, grew in size and strength developing pugnacity at the expense of every man, woman and child in the countryside, till his fame quite surpassed that of his once illustrious father. Many were the complaints that poured in on the heads of his despairing parents, but, short of chaining him up at home, they couldn't devise a scheme that would effectually put an end to his depredations.

At last Father O'Shea suggested that they put him in the Army, that was just the place for him, he said. Military discipline! that's what he wanted! he'd soon get the bravado knocked out of him there! and the drilling would straighten him up, and make a man of him, expanding his morals, ideals, and chest at one and the same time! ! !

Pa and Ma Flannigan readily acquiesced in the Rev. Father's advice and

immediately set about mopping up the stream of their son's inclinations (which were towards butchering) and pumping military ardour into him instead. For this purpose they bought a book called "Mixed Heroes, large and small," and tendered it as mental fodder to their offspring, and Pat would lean against the pig and read how the gallant little buglar boy blew on his bugle bold, thereby saving the whole garrison, or how the bold Hussar saved the colours, and was promptly made a Duke, or how Bill Jones rose from the humble occupation of a bottle-washer to be Lord High Admiral of the fleet, shaking hands with Kings and Emperors all day and lending them matches, etc., etc.; but this means our hero's ambition was induced to soar above butchering and all his inclinations were launched on the sea of martial fame and glory.

In due time he was presented to the nation, and appeared in all the panoply of a warrior, but he didn't find it by any means as savoury in practice, as it had seemed in theory; he found that soap and water, pipeclay and polish guarded the way to the ladder of fame, his feet were encased in boots, things he'd never seen in his native Galway; his neck was walled in by a cardboard collar, and altogether, although he might look mighty fine to a gaping spectator, he felt about as flexible as a milestone, and as lifelike as an automatic statue, beside the incessant drilling and marching, first this way, then that, the difficulty of distinguishing his right foot from his left, and towards night the inconvenience of not knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, added to all this, the strong temptation to knock the drill sergeant down, made poor Pat feel thoroughly worn out and disgusted at the end of each day.

Bye and bye as the novelty of his surroundings and his awe of those set in authority over him, began to wear off, his wild Irish nature predominated, and for endeavouring to strangle the drill Sergeant, he was removed to the Guardroom, there to await the verdict of a Court Martial.

Once started on the downward path, he soon made up for loss time, and no sooner was he out of prison, than some fresh feat sent him back again. At the end of two years, the publication of his "Crimesheet" would have demoralized a battalion of Seraphs and the Colonel and Adjutant mutually agreed that "that damned Irishman in F Company" would have to be dismissed as "Incorrigible and worthless," though they allowed that he had the makings of a splendid soldier in him if he could only be tamed.

It is highly probable that Pat would have come to an untimely end, if it hadn't been for little Kitty Doyle, the only daughter of Colour Sergeant Doyle, and as good a girl as ever walked. Now, the little grated window of Pat's cell looked out on the backyard of Colour Sergeant Doyle's cottage, and Pat used to glue his face to the grating and gape at Kitty as she got vegetables for dinner, or hung clothes up to dry, or came out in the sun to knit or sow, and the sight of her, day after day, naturally filled him with a longing for a closer acquaintanceship. For a long time Kitty refused to look at him, as she knew that no one but a bad man had any business where he was, but one day, her woman's curiosity prevailing, she ventured to look up and received an arrow from Pat's bow in the shape of a huge wink; blushing scarlet she ran in and vowed to appear no more, but curiosity again brought her out and there was Pat ready with another wink, this time stirring in a grin with it, and so on, every day as soon as Kitty appeared Pat immediately torpedoed her with a wink and a grin.

At the end of three weeks' winking, the now bashful Pat, thought that with due regard for all the laws of decorum, he might safely venture a little conversation, so after a few preliminary remarks about the weather, he asked her if she happened to have a name, but no reply could he bring forth only a cold stare. In despair, and no doubt anathematizing the course of true love he then shot his last bolt. Next day when Kitty came out, the wink and the grin were absent, but instead she heard groaning in his cell. Tiptoeing up, she looked in and there was Pat lying on the floor, appar-

ently in all the agonies of the spasms.

"What a fine big man he is to be sure," thought Kitty, and out aloud: "Are you feeling very ill?"

The wily Pat, suddenly transformed into a startled fawn, made heroic efforts to arise, but not being able to fell back with his hand on his heart striking the attitude of "the dying Gladiator."

"Oh, it's yerself, is it? It's only me heart that's troubling me agin."

"Shall I tell the guard to fetch the doctor?"

"Faith, an it's not the docther himself nor all his pills could do me wan bit av good; Oi'm feelin' betther already since yer purty face has arroived."

"Gracious!! have I cured you?"

"Shure an ye have, it's little sufferin' Oi am now."

"What are you in here for?"

"Faith an no fault av me own at all; the Captain ses to me: 'Air ye Protestant or Roman Catholic?' an Oi ses 'Ax me no queshshuns an Oi'll till yes no lies,' an' the Court Martial gives me three months fer it."

"What made you say that to him? If he was polite why couldn't you be?"

For the first time in his life, Pat hung his head and looked ashamed; he had never viewed his actions from that side. Anyway, who was this girl that she should preach to him? He, the redoubtable Pat Flannigan!

At this moment the key turned in the lock and the Corporal of the guard came in, only to find Pat tying his bootlace. After this Pat's courtship ran on smoothly, and he began to dread the day when he'd have to leave his cell, for what would liberty be without Kitty? Anyway, he could knock the Sergeant down and get put back—but no! there was something in him now which stood up and forbade him! and he had promised Kitty to try and lead a new life.

In due time he was returned to duty and "what a change was there my countrymen." The rollicking, drink-sodden, foul-mouthed Pat had given way to a clean-mouthed, clean-souled young Irishman, with one eye on the drill book and the other on promotion.

His conversation was a nine days' wonder, and the talk of the regiment from the officers' mess to the canteen; the Colonel laughed and swore that there was nothing so conducive to cool reflexion as solitary confinement; the Chaplain murmured something about repentance and the Kingdom of Heaven; the Subalterns twirled their mustaches, tried to look wise, and lisped: "Awmy discipline, doncher know, nothing like it! tames tighas!" whilst the canteen sneered and said "'E's got the bloomin religious mania, like Boozy Jim 'ah; 'e won't last long though, 'e'll be back here soon."

A year has gone and Pat is now a Lance Corporal, with a corporal's stripes in perspective, he and Kitty are going to be married in the spring, and are going to Ballyroonan for their honeymoon, there to receive the homage and the fireworks due to greatness.

But, "Man proposes, God disposes," for along came war and with it marching orders. Poor Kitty!! to lose her lover and father at once! Cruel Fate! thought Pat as he kissed away her tears and went on to tell her how he'd return after the war was over "wid money galore! an' the divvil only knows, mebbe Oi'll be a general, more loikely things have happened!"

So one fine morning the regiment marched out of barracks to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," boarded a big transport and faded out to sea. Kitty got a letter from Pat, posted at Madeira, mentioning that he'd been on the point of death, but that by the "marciful interfarence of St. Patrick," he was getting healed. Another letter reached her from Capetown, and also one from her father; then came a short epistle from up-country somewhere, and after that all she got was a scrawl on the back of a cartridge wrapper; soon after by the papers she saw that his regiment was shut up in one of the besieged towns, and she waited and prayed.

* * * * *

Boom! Boom! Boom! go the big guns, sounding thunderous and awful amidst the screeching of shells and the crackling of the smaller arms. For eight long months had besiegers and besieged been hammering away at each other, and

it was plain that the end wasn't far off, for the Garrison couldn't hold out much longer; disease had played havoc with them and had claimed far more victims than the bullets of the enemy. Nearly all the horses had been killed and eaten and the rations were tapering down, slowly, but surely. That a relieving force was coming, and couldn't be far off, they knew, but unless it arrived in two days, it would be useless, for the enemy had sent in a message, that afternoon under a flag of truce, giving the garrison two days to surrender, if not the town would be stormed, which would result in much unnecessary bloodshed, and have only one inevitable result, as there was but a handful of men left, and they were weak from hunger and hardly able to keep on their feet. Someone must pass through the enemy's lines and ascertain the whereabouts of the relieving column, and hurry them along if possible.

Volunteers are called for and two picked, Sergeant Major Doyle and Corporal Flannigan; that night they set out, successfuly passed the enemy and after wandering about all the next day, fell in with the relieving column towards night, only two days march away. If the brave Garrison can only hold out a day longer, or gain a little time on the enemy, under some pretext, all will be well, and this is the news the two scouts are to carry back, with only six hours to do it in, for they can't hope to pass the enemy's lines after the first break of dawn.

Getting two fresh horses they set out; mile after mile they reel off in silence, and when they speak it is only in hoarse hurried whispers, for if they fail to reach their gaol under cover of darkness, all is lost.

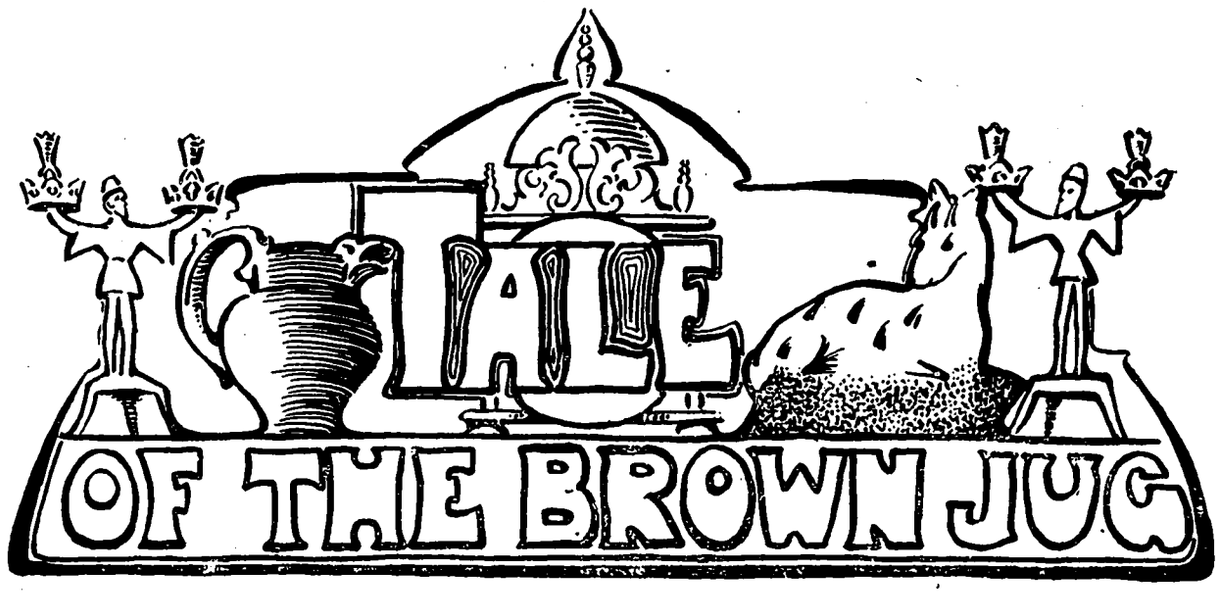
As they come within earshot of the enemy's lines the darkness seems to lift a little, a mile further on and it is perceptibly lighter; nothing for it now but a rush; a few minutes later and the east is streaked, and their fate is well nigh sealed; another 100 yards and another; only a couple of miles from their own outposts now; they can hear the hum of voices; but what's that? Ping! and a bullet hits the ground under Pat's horse! On they go in a wild gallop; it is now getting light fast, and they offer a fairly good target to the enemy; only another half mile! ah!! down goes the Sergeant Major's horse, pitching its rider ten yards ahead. Pat jumps down, picks up the senseless form and with almost superhuman strength puts him across his saddle, then up behind, and on, with only five hundred yards to do, four hundred, three, two, one; now he's almost on top of the trenches, where his own comrades are blazing away at the enemy, when, ah!! right in the back like red hot iron and he drops forward across the Sergeant Major, and so they come into camp.

* * * * *

The big transport is ploughing her way up the channel; everyone is straining eyes at a blur on the horizon, the outpost of land; gradually it grows more substantial and soon the waves can be seen dashing against the cliffs. Now the pilot boat is coming out, and as the pilot clambers up the vessel's side; he is greeted with deafening cheers, which give way to handshaking and clappings on the back, as he slowly makes his way to the bridge to take into harbour the remnants of the regiment he piloted out to sea two years ago.

At the docks there is a huge, good natured, though highly excited crowd, and when the vessel is berthed, it is almost impossible to keep it in order. There is Kitty looking prettier than ever, her eyes running backwards and forwards over the sea of faces which fringe the vessel's side, till they finally stop short and remain fixed on two figures standing side by side on the poop deck.

Bye and bye the order is given to disembark, and Kitty is in Pat's arms with her head on his chest, where a little gunmetal cross hangs with the two words "For Valour" engraved on it.



By Annie C. Dalton.

THE hall looked ghostly in the in the moonlight which streamed through the diamond casements and chequered the polished floor. The long cased clock in the corner gave a preliminary whirr! then rang out the twelve strokes of midnight. With the first stroke a brown mouse ran from under the clock and shot like a swift shadow across the barred moonbeams and up the oaken staircase.

The modest brown jug on the mantel shelf shivered and slid a little closer to the spotted fawn reclining very near to her. "I wonder," she said softly, "if Miss Matilda will come again tonight. Her visits get very trying. I marvel how the china teapot can stand them." The fawn nodded his head sagaciously. "She will come," he said, "nothing could stop her."

The jug gave a little sigh and cautiously peeped through the open door that led to the drawing-room. A large cabinet stood near the window. In it was a beautiful old china teapot shining brightly in the moonbeams. "I am sorry," she said, simply, "for the teapot. She takes it so much to heart." "Yes," said the fawn, "it seems a very sad affair. Not that I know much about it. I have only just moved here from the corner cupboard, and the company there was quite modern and could talk of nothing but the gay times they used to have in the stores of Tottenham Court Road." "That is the worst of modern creations," said the jug loftily, "they always talk shop. Even in my youngest days, a hundred years ago, we knew better than that." The fawn assented and then said sleepily: "I wish you would tell me all about this affair of Miss Matilda's—you were staying with her at the time, weren't you?" "Yes," said the jug, briskly, "Do not go to sleep. It is lonesome at this end of the shelf and the clock's too far above me for easy conversation." She then began: "We lived in a lonely old house in Yorkshire. It was really only a cottage, but a beautiful rambling little place with unexpected nooks and corners everywhere and large rooms tucked away at seemingly impossible angles. Some of them were full of dark cupboards where delicate Worcester jugs and common blue Delft rubbed noses together. Dainty Chippendale chairs and settees, mysterious secretaires and quaint little round tables reposed in undisturbed peace and seclusion, dreaming on in blissful ignorance of such things as antique shops and dealers. Ah! those were happy, happy days," sighed the little jug, "when the China rose wakened us in the early morning by tapping her hard little buds against the window pane, and the bees and butterflies came in to pilfer the pots of musk and pelargoniums that bloomed in riotous beauty on the sill nearly all the year round. There was no jarring note anywhere in those far-

away rooms where little sound, save the mellow music of the old cased clock broke the silence, for the house stood a long way back from the dusty, white highway. A fitting spirit for such sweet solitude. Miss Matilda moved noiselessly about with her pile of dusters. She was the dearest and sweetest of old maids that you ever saw—a perfect lady—although her mother in her young days was in service at the old Bay Hall near by.

In the morning, when she attended to our toilets herself, she wore print frocks of white and lilac, and a pink duster on her head, and on her hands, some white kid gloves, which were always carefully cleaned every week for they were faded relics of her young days when she went to balls and parties; but in the afternoon she was resplendent in brown silk trimmed at throat and wrists with real old lace. She also wore a cap made of the same precious fabric, with a coquettish little bow of pink or blue at the side, excepting in Lent, when a black velvet knot was considered more suitable. She was by no means a strict church woman, being far too gentle to be very definite in anything excepting Christian charity, which came to her as naturally as the ringlets on her head. She made very few friends, but those few came very often to see her; the Vicar, the Squire's housekeeper from the Clough House; the Doctor: a few maiden ladies, each a faded replica of herself, and one very great friend, Mr. Thomas Jones, a dapper little bachelor of her own age, which was a trifle uncertain. I never knew how old she was until after her death. I know the date of her birth was in the great black Bible which always stood on a little table near the window, with her best gold spectacles in their leather case upon it, because when she intended buying a new bonnet, or having an old one done up she always consulted the date and mentally calculated how far she might venture in the slippery paths of fashion and frivolity before she committed herself to any particular style.

I could hear her sometimes talking softly to herself and saying: "Matilda, you are getting too old, much too old for gay colours; but he likes them—he says they suit you. Well, this once you shall. Next year—ah, well—," and then she would stop short, blushing crimson like a young girl, as some impertinent thought popped into her head and was promptly crushed.

Everybody in the village said that Miss Matilda and Mr. Jones were privately engaged; if not, then that they ought to be, seeing that he dropped into her parlour regularly twice a week to have tea with her, and always joined her after church as she pensively walked through the churchyard, her prayer-book and folded handkerchief neatly clasped side by side in her frail, mittened hands. She had lovely white hands, and knew it. This was her pet, indeed, her only vanity, and she wore mittens long after everyone else had discarded them for gloves.

Whatever the village privately thought or said no one had the courage to speak on the subject to the parties most concerned, and they were much too happy and contented in the present to worry much about the future.

To be sure, Mrs. Green, Mr. Jones' landlady, said that he often would sit staring moodily into the fire for hours after his solitary dinner, and that sometimes she would be awakened in the dead of night, by hearing him walk to and fro in his chamber.

Once she heard him groaning heavily, and went to his door to ask if he was ill. He gave a very listy anwser, for which he duly made an ample apology the following morning.

He was a neat, dapper, little man, slightly clerical in appearance and like Miss Matilda, he seemed to have a great partiality for clothes of an old-fashioned cut and texture.

"Well," continued the little brown jug, drawing a long breath, "matters went on in pretty much the same manner for several months. Mr. Jones was presumably a bachelor, and had no visitors from outside the village, and received very few letters. When he first came to the village he gave splendid letters of introduction to the vicar, so no questions were asked about him, consequently no one

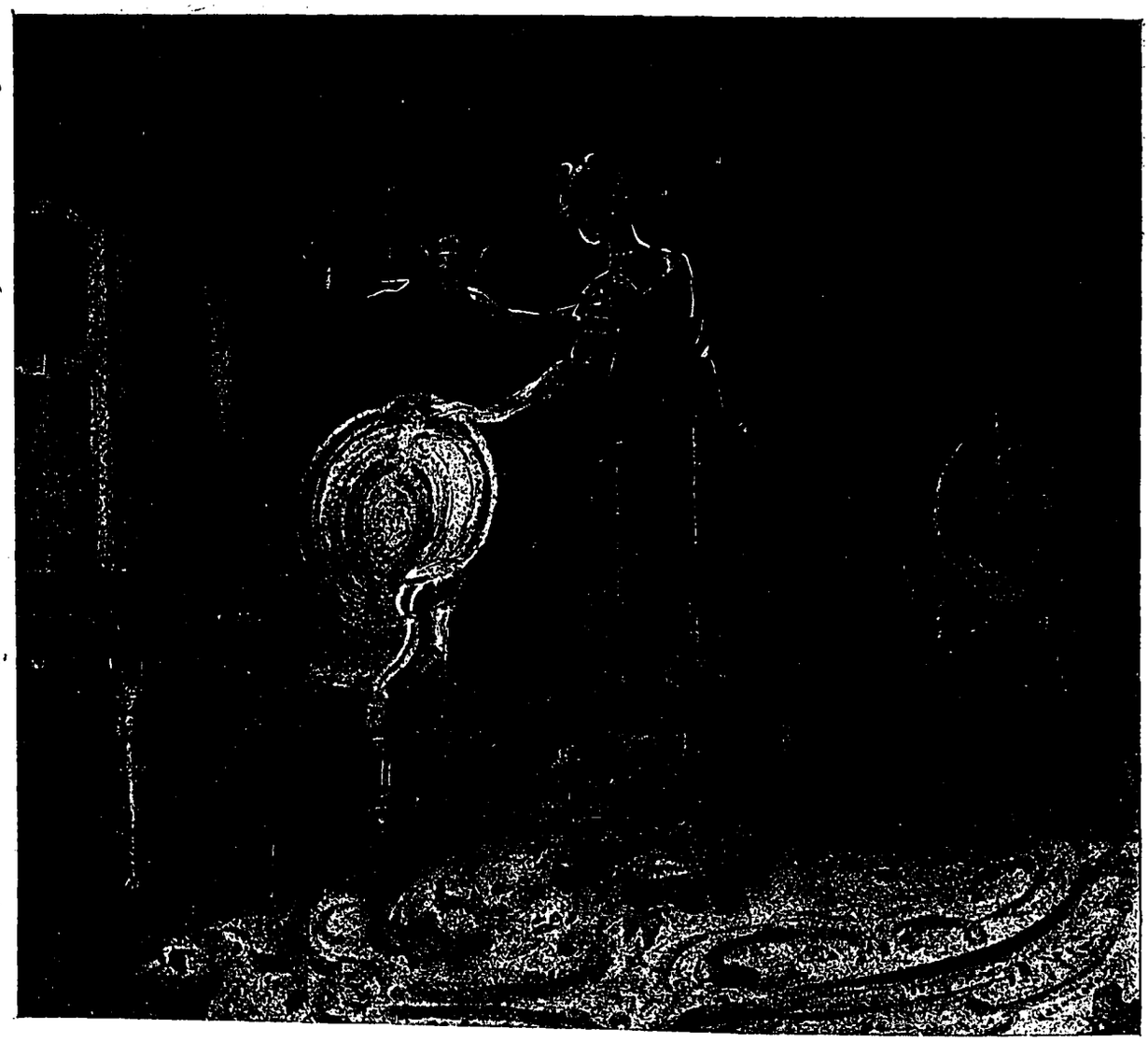
knew anything, not even Miss Matilda. Sometimes it worried her a little, but as she wisely said 'The Vicar was satisfied, and Mr. Jones' face spoke for itself so far as truth and honesty went.

One eventful day, as she sat by the window knitting, I saw her getting sleepy and gently nodding over her work.

By and by Mr. Jones came down the garden path and passed the window. He stopped short as he caught sight of Miss Matilda fast asleep, and I noticed that his face was very white and drawn. He came in softly without knocking. Jane, the little maid, was scrubbing out her kitchen, and singing hymns at the top of her voice, but her shrill treble sounded a very long way off. It rippled faintly now and then as some distant door opened, and died nearly away again as the door shut with a bang that made the casements tremble, but otherwise failed to disturb the drowsy stillness of the afternoon.

Miss Matilda slept peacefully on, her knitting on the carpet and her spectacles in her lap. Mr. Jones sat gently down near the door and put his hat and gloves on a chair. Like one who is taking a long farewell, he looked round at the little sitting-room, at its crotcheted anti-macassar, its wax flowers under shades; its lovely old china and quaint glass globes containing snow-scenes which became violently agitated by snow-storms when gently shaken; its formal rows of books ranged two by two round the edge of the base, highly polished mahogany table, and then suddenly transferred his gaze to the sleeper's face.

"Ah!" said the little jug with a sentimental sigh, "I can see him yet, in my



The Ghost.

mind, sitting there with his eyes full of a passionate hunger and his face working strangely with suppressed emotion, and the remembrance always upsets me. Well, just then Miss Matilda wakened with a start. She gave a faint cry and before she could say anything more, he had fallen on his knees by her side, and buried his face in her lap. Miss Matilda did not attempt to speak. She sat quite still, and by and bye he began to talk in a queer, muffled voice. He spoke in little jerks and I could not hear all he said, but I gathered that he was confesing some terrible secret; and oh, if you could have seen her face!

It grew quite white and grey and drawn. All her pretty colour faded away and never afterwards came back; deep lines seemed to gather round her mouth, and her eyes—they were fixed upon her right hand which lay upon his shoulder.

Soon he gave a dry little sob and raised his head. She seemed suddenly to return to life; then she bent down and kissed him gently twice on the lips. He gazed at her dumbly for a moment, then got up, took his hat and gloves and was gone.

Miss Matilda mechanically picked up her knitting and sat quite motionless at the window. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Jones as he passed through the frost-bitten and withered dahlias by the gate and his bowed figure looked like that of an old man.

The afternoon grew darker, the fire went out, but the slender figure by the window never moved. Then Jane came bouncing in with a "Laws-a-mercy, Miss, here's the fire out, an' you a-sitting in the dark"; then she stopped suddenly, went over to her mistress, and looked into her eyes. What she saw there, I cannot tell, but she said: "Oh, you poor dear, you poor dear," and drew the grey, old face on to her ample bosom and kept it there for a long time."

The little jug stopped speaking for a moment, and the green fawn sniffed sympathetically. Then she resumed her story.

"We never quite knew the real truth; nobody did, for what Miss Matilda knew she never told, but Mr. Jones went away at once. He took all his private belongings with him; all, but the old teapot in the drawing-room. That came to Miss Matilda, filled with crimson roses. It always stood on the mantelpiece in her own room, and when the roses faded and withered they were carefully placed inside it. Indeed they are still inside, I believe, although it must be at least twenty years since they blossomed.

Miss Matilda was never the same again. She did not rise from her bed the next day and the doctor said she had received a great shock of some kind. She rallied a little, then got gradually weaker and weaker, until one cold Christmas morning Jane found her sitting, quite dead, in her chair. She was fully dressed and on her lap was the teapot with its withered roses scattered all around.

After her funeral, somehow it leaked out that Mr. Jones was a married man when he came to the village; that his wife was a confirmed dipsomaniac and had been twice in a lunatic asylum.

When she was at liberty she led him an awful life. They had no children and he just devoted his life to her in unsuccessful endeavours to wean her from her dreadful habit. She was in confinement when he came to our village, and it was her impending release which caused him to leave the few pleasures and comforts remaining to him. The teapot was an old heirloom that he valued very much and the only valuable thing that his wife had not wilfully broken in her fearful gusts of fury.

Poor man! he must have lived a terrible life, and only think how happy he and Miss Matilda could have been.

It was November when Mr. Jones said good-bye to her, and Christmas time when she, poor soul, said good-bye to her sorrow.

About those times she comes several nights in succession to weep and wail over the rose-leaves in her precious teapot.

"Sh-sh-hs," whispered the fawn, craning his neck to peep round the edge of the shelf. "Sh-sh-h, here she comes again."

The jug gave a little shiver of excitement and sat up so suddenly that the crack in her side creaked ever so slightly.

Through the inner door of the great, gloomy hall glided a neat little figure dressed in brown silk, which shone and crinkled in the moonlight, until one could almost hear it rustle. Beautiful old lace draped her head and shoulders and in her hands she held some knitting, the ball of wool trailing gently after her. Her eyes were wide open with a timid glance in them as of a startled doe. Her face was very pale and her head shook ever so slightly so that the grey little ringlets on each side of her face were never still.

She walked through the hall, into the drawing-room, and without any hesitation up to the cabinet where stood a graceful, lovely old teapot.

This she took into both her hands, her knitting dropping unnoticed on to the rug below. Then she took off its lid and tenderly withdrew from its interior a long thorny stem, brown and withered, with a cluster of loose petals still clinging to it. She pressed these gently to her lips.

The jug and the fawn were by this time quite overcome, for although the former had watched the scene so many times, the pathos and sorrow of it appealed to him just the same.

The pathetic little brown figure stood in the lonely room for some time, the moonlight and the swaying branches of trees outside the windows setting weird shadows and shapes dancing on the carpet around her.

Then the fawn who was nearest to her, nearly fell off his perch on the shelf with excitement, for there sprung, seemingly from nowhere, a dapper little man with hat and gloves in his hand.

Now the jug saw him too and gasped with astonishment. "Well I never," he said, "Mr. Jones!" The fawn looked incredulous, as well he might.

"Mr. Jones, it is," reiterated the jug, "and no one else."

Breathless they watched him move, unseen by her, close to Miss Matilda, and dropping his hat and gloves to rest by the side of the knitting, take the teapot into his hands without releasing hers.

And now a marvellous thing occurred. As they stood gazing impassioned into each other's eyes, there sprang from the china, a wealth of rich, red roses, with great, black velvety hearts and crisp, shining, green leaves tinged with crimson. Then the two watchers heard, or fancied they heard, two faint whispers ere the whole scene faded slowly away before their eyes.

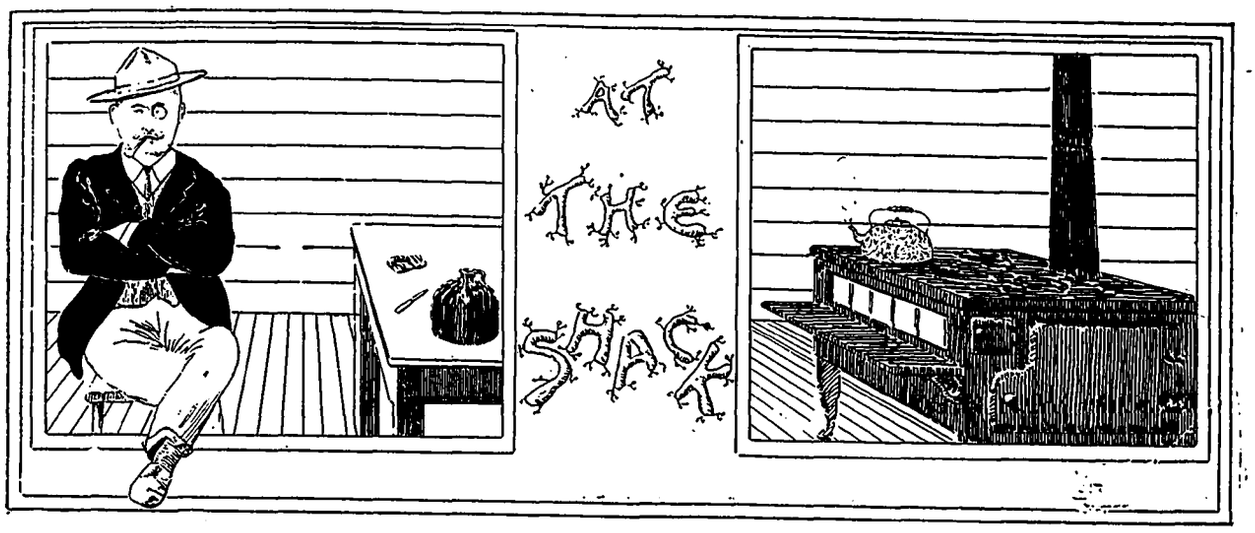
The great clock in the church close by boomed one; the hall clock feebly responded, the moon tucked her face into a pillowy cloud, and the jug and green fawn shivered and talked in terrified whispers until dawn.

They finally fell asleep for a few hours, and drowsily wakened up in time to hear the master of the house read aloud the most important items from the morning paper.

In a while they heard, "Suddenly, a little after midnight, etc., etc., Thomas Jones, aged 75." They looked at each other and shook their wise little heads sorrowfully and sympathetically.

In the drawing-room, the china teapot stood calmly as usual in the exact centre of the cabinet, the conscious cynosure of the eyes of all visitors, and the withered rose-leaves still peacefully reposed in her sacred interior.

The brown jug and the green fawn kept carefully awake through the still, cold nights until long after Christmas time, but the little brown figure of Miss Matilda came to weep and to wail no more.



By Percy Flage.

ARE we in an era of credulity or the reverse? Is the average man a doubting Thomas, or a marine?

Is it a fact—as the Squawmish scrutineer puts it, that "man, proud man, hoist by the petard of a pocket cyclopedia to the topmost limbs of the tree of knowledge, scans the horizon of current literature in questful thirst for the dernier cri of science—and gets it, good and plenty!"

It is true that we get it. Deep calling unto deep is caught by the wireless station, and the voice of the water pipe is translated to a stop the press cablegram.

A Chicago professor hatches chicken life from a sterilized egg plant.

A Marconi station on a lone mountain takes mysterious dots and dashes at midnight and imputes them most irrefutably to Mars.

Funk, the millionaire publisher, who sells books on "How to graft and raise spooks" has obtained testimonials in the handwriting of Pepper's ghost and scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane phantom.

Sir Professor Bart Ramsay has boiled copper down to a penny's worth of farthings, and if his abracadabra works backwards, hopes to beat ploughshares into Bank of England shares, and slice a fathom of lead pipe into forty score wedding rings.

All this we read and ponder.

Cheer up! It may not all be true, and if we don't let it soak in too deep some one will come along presently and mop up a good deal of the scientific stuff that is floating around.

Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs are doing good work in preserving natural history.

They have nailed so many hides to the barn door that American and Canadian editors are growing cautious, and even such self-evident artists as Seaton Thomson and Arthur Heming are obliged to turn in photographic proofs along with their free hand drawings to get them accepted—and W. W. Fraser was recently requested to have his "Heart to Heart Talks of a Moose and Mooserine" taken down by an authorised court stenographer.

And my own monograph on "Wild Animals that I have thrown buns at," was turned back on suspicion, pending the production of a "Barnum and Forepaugh check stub."

In this connection it is pleasant to note that England, the birthplace of the fish story, is making a laudable effort to check the tendency of animal biographers towards a vain competition with Jonah.

Even the conservative Spectator, although it still prints without editorial comment, delightful letters on Dormici and Cock Sparrows from elderly gentlemen who do a bit of Gilbert Whiteing (not necessarily fishy) between meals, is

putting natural history as she is wrote, to the analytical test of comparative parallels.

With an iconoclastic thoroughness that makes one tremble for her continued adherence to Cobdenism she (that is the Spectator) goes straight to the root of things and bats the halo off a fable whose antiquity was moth eaten when England's balance of trade was mostly computed in oysters and woad.

Taking the story of Androclus and the lion: that our grandparents read in Sandford and Merton, and that we all remember vaguely as a pretty tale of a limping beast, an extracted thorn, an amphi-theatre, a trembling captive and a hungry but grateful lion foregoing his anticipated meal and living vegetarian ever afterwards—the Spectator, with prodigious learning, traces the fable back to one Auluo Gellius, who blames Apion Pleistonices, who shifts the responsibility on to Androclus himself.

Androclus being put in the box by the Spectator's expert, is led on to give what Pooh Bah called "corroborative detail of a bald and otherwise unconvincing narrative." That is to say, he describes the lion as approaching him, wagging his tail in token of anmity.

Now, the expert modestly admits that he never lost any lions, but claims to be strong on cats, and argues, with every sign of being in the right, that Pussy's caudal appendage is only swayed when she (not the Spectator) is about to leap on a mouse.

Deducing therefrom that, since (Euclid VI., XC) similar cat animals are to one another in the duplicate ratio of their homologous hides—a leonine tail flapper is about as trustworthy a glad hand operator as a Boer with a white flag.

That turns Androclus down as a witness, and the onus probandi being too heavy for poor Leo, he is promptly taken out of the books and shot.

The only safe lion is the stuffed lion.

What about the moral lesson in gratitude? It seems a pity for the children to lose that, but perhaps they won't read the expugated edition of Sandford and Merton, and anyhow, truth must prevail.

Let us put our pens to the wheel and help the Spectator and Theodore in their good work—weed out the errors in the Child's Book of Animals, so that little Johnny will know a spavin from a fetlock when he grows up, and will not buy a cow at the capitalized value of one night's milking.

For instance—

"Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb was sure to go."

There is something in this opening verse of the well known poem, that is calculated as it stands to impugn the veracity of the whole.

That Mary had a little lamb, there is no possible probable shadow of doubt.

Was its fleece as white as snow?

For about ten minutes after tub time.

Did Mary tub it often?

Twenty times in the first twelve hours of possession, if Mary was a normal child, and thereafter as may have been.

Did the lamb follow Mary everywhere? To breakfast? To church?

Ridiculous, and evidently an exaggeration, to say the least.

The second verse is more credible—

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule—"

All well conducted schools have a strict embargo on lambs. "I remember, I remember, in the school where I was"—taught deportment, mental reservation and the modern languages, our head master's wife (and sole assistant tutrix) had deftly knitted or crochetted in many colours on a canvas ground an Index Expurgatorius that began: "Les agneaux feroces sont defendus d' ici!"

The remaining two lines of the verse—

"It made the teacher dance and play
To see a lamb at school,"

are doubtless true enough to nature and might be admitted as historical fact, but fact that is entirely unsuitable for absorption by the juvenile mind.

Why drag in teachers?

In a complete anthology of wild Animalia for children there should be one and only one such concession to the completeness of things—a chapter, say, on "Wild Teachers and Tow to Trap Them," or "Pedagogues as Pets," placed pill-like at the beginning of the volume, to be followed by lions and tigers and other things and wound up by all that one could confidently and conscientiously say about Mary.

And if we consider that the Mary story has been handed down vocally for many generations (I'm sure its as old as the Lion yarn) and that the liquid "l" of "little" runs into "lamb" with almost dangerous smoothness, all we can safely tell our children is that—

"Mary had a little lamb
Tis very likely too
That Mary had a little ham
Unless she was a Jew."

He who is willing to be unpopular, proves himself ready to become powerful.

* * *

We are never free from temptation's presence, though we may be from its power.

* * *

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence and strong command over them. Now, it is here that we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. You must measure a man by the strength of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composūre is often the very highest result of strength.

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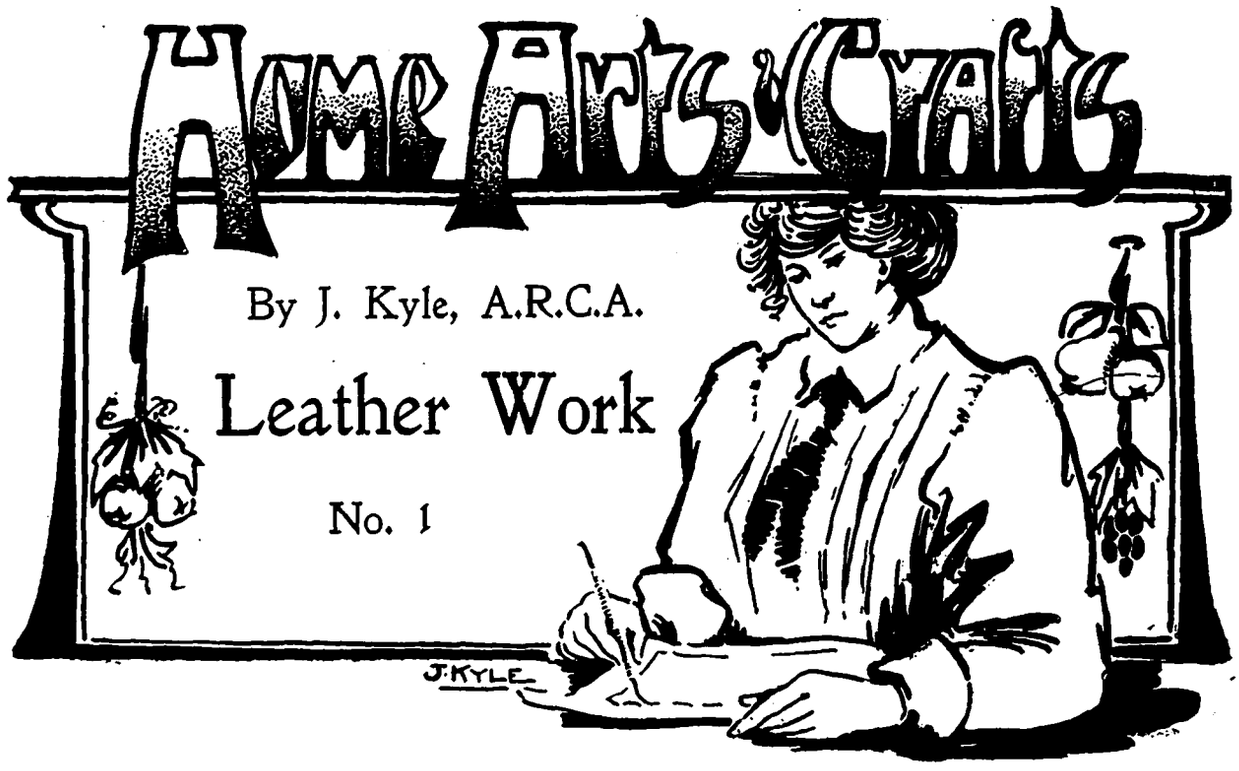
Home Arts & Crafts



By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Leather Work

No. 1

"Never be idle," said Jeremy Taylor, "but fill up all the spaces of thy time with a severe and useful employment."

I PROPOSE to write a series of short articles on Arts and Crafts, such Crafts as can be undertaken in the home, and about which so much could be said.

The good to be derived from using one's spare time in improving the taste, and gaining dexterity in constructing articles, no matter what these may be, is incalculable. The study and the working of tapestry, wood carving, wood inlay, pyrography, leather embossing, copper repousse, gesso, and many other crafts, create an environment, and is the open sesame to pleasures of which the uninitiated can have no conception whatever.

Just as the study of one foreign tongue helps the understanding of others so the endeavour to succeed in one craft paves the way to the practice of its kindred. Objects hitherto passed unnoticed or treated with disdain, become alive with interest and possibilities, and one learns to see beauties, to which one would otherwise have been blind.

In South Kensington Museum, London, I have often been amazed at the supreme indifference of the visitors to the magnificent examples of handicraft and have witnessed the "march past" of the tourists in a manner which spoke of their utter want of appreciation.

The articles will treat of the various subjects in the most simple way possible, so that anyone wishing to start work will be able to do so without further assistance. Designing should be practised assiduously, for it is better when the Craftsman and the Designer is one. Each material suggests a special treatment; thus a pattern for copper repousse would most probably be quite unsuitable for wood inlay. The design must conform to the limitations of the material and the person whose duty it is to produce the finished article, and who knows exactly what the tools are capable of, should be best able to arrange and draw out the forms to be used.

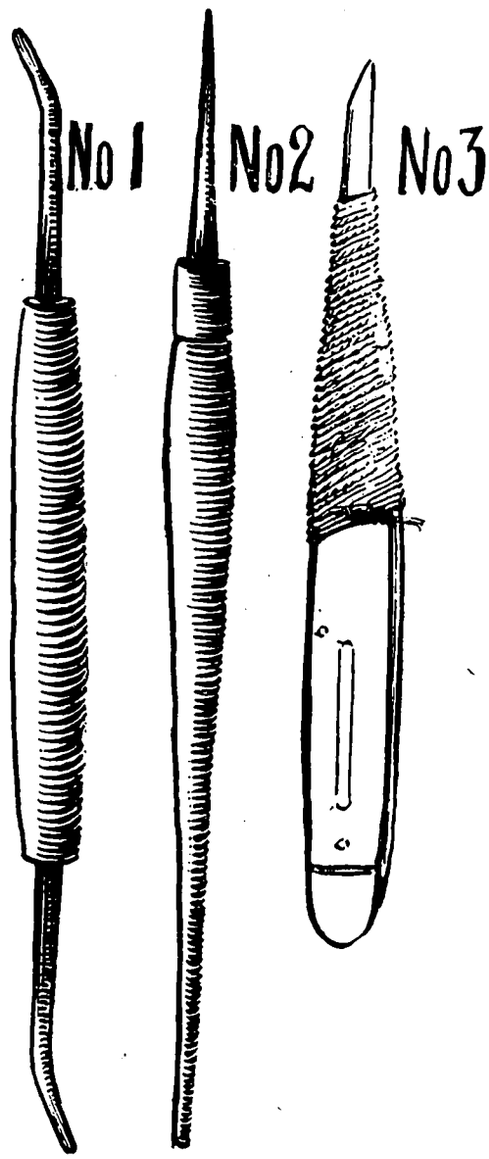
A good book on design is "The Making of Patterns," by R. G. Hatton, published by Chapman & Hall, London, Eng. Price, 5s net.

Keep the decoration simple, and try to recognize the value of a plain space. Do not be too ambitious at first.

In the decoration of leather we enter into a sphere of remarkable possibilities as the work of the Middle Ages will

shew. As far back as the eleventh century the art of cutting leather with a penknife was practised by the Moors in Spain, and at the present day Cordova leather is justly prized and is in great demand.

The knife alone was the first instrument used; to this succeeded pointed tools and puncheons by means of which the leather surface was sunk, raised and modelled.



In the sixteenth century the use of the material on furniture in Spain, France, Italy, Flanders and England reached great perfection and when seen in the old wainscotted rooms, harmonises and has a delightful effect which gives an air of comfort and grandeur. During this period books, cases, knife sheaths, flasks, saddles and horn trappings were richly decorated.

At the present day the craft is reviving, and in Britain, France and Germany some of the most lovely and tasteful work is produced.

Cow and calf-hide are the most suitable for artistic work. These can be bought at leather stores in the city.

Draw the design on fairly strong tracing paper or architect's tracing linen. Fix it to the leather so that it will not move during tracing, and yet so that one may lift up the tracing to see how the work is progressing.

The best way is to fold the tracing cloth over the top of the leather and adhere them by means of seccotine.

Damp the leather in order to take the impression of the tracing. Pass a damp sponge over the whole surface of the leather. If only a part be wetted an aureole will be formed which will be permanent; but if all the leather be damped once, then parts may be rivetted without any bad effects.

If water rises to the surface when the tool is pressed on the leather then it is too wet. If the tracing line is of a light color then the leather is not wet enough. Place the material on a piece of plate glass, marble, lithographic stone, or other hard, smooth surface, and transfer the design from the tracing paper to the leather by means of a point or stylo, similar to that in Illustration No. 2, and take great care not to make double lines.

After the design is traced the lines should be incised with a sharp knife. The surface of the leather only should be cut. Let the cut be clean, sharp and vertical, and it is important that no two intersecting lines should be cut up to the point of crossing.

There are many knives sold for the purpose and can be had at the city leather stores, but I have found a penknife with string coiled round the handle, down to within one inch from the point answers the purpose well.

When the decoration has been traced and evenly cut, take a tool called an opener (Illustration No. 1), and open out the incision. It is at this stage when one sees the advantage of cutting the line vertically. This process intensifies the design and when left in this state is called engraved leather. Sometimes

the space between the lines is tinted and a similar effect to leather inlay is produced.

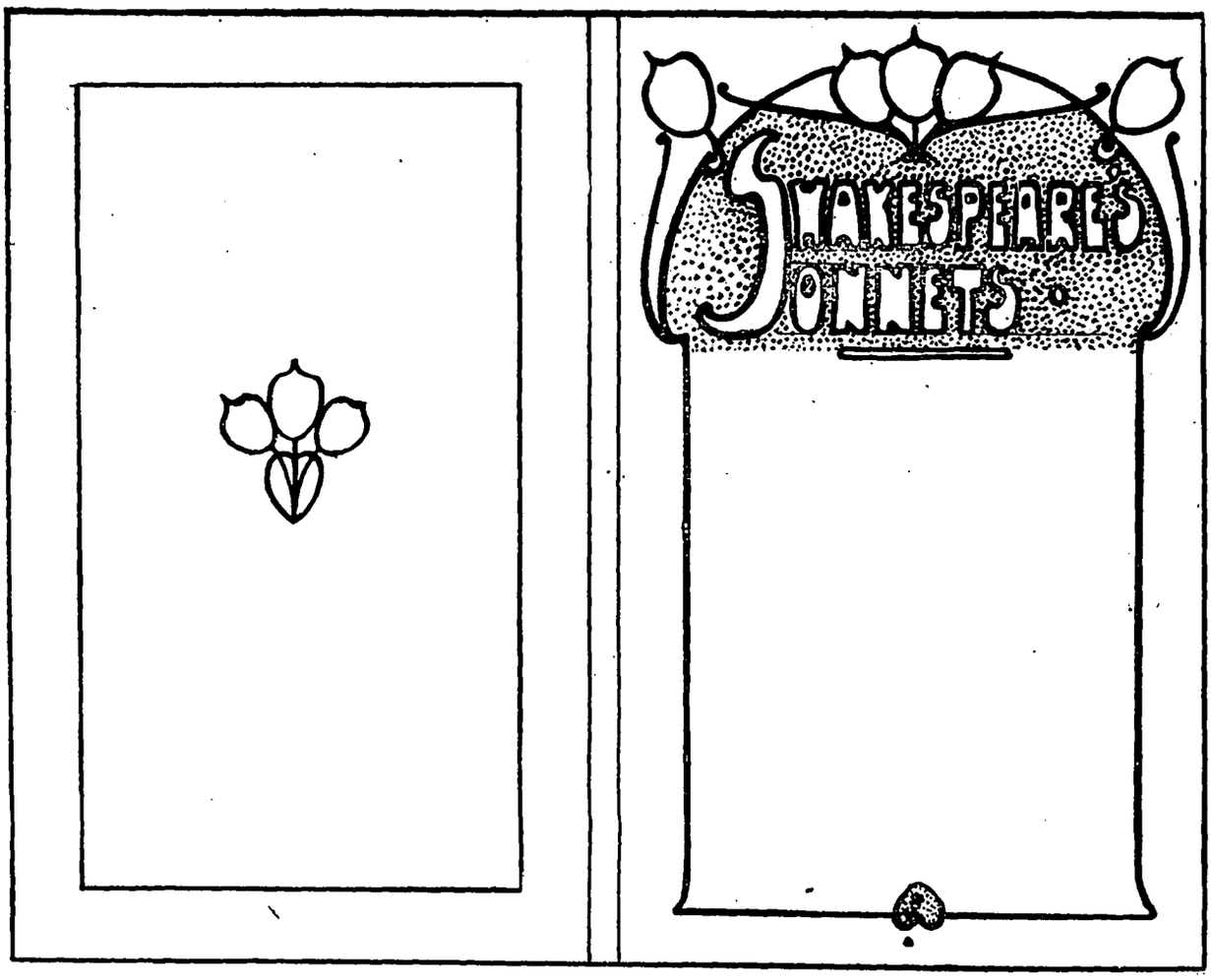
The design, however, may be worked out still further by modelling for which you may buy many tools, the most important for a beginner is the one illustrated (No. 1).

Place a pad composed of some sheets of blotting paper, underneath the leather, and press down the background with the tool. The leather should be damp and yield to the pressure. The design may also be pressed up from behind and almost any relief obtained. Punching the background down, by means of an ordinary steel punch, such as is used in wood carving is often resorted to.

The design shewn above would be good for a beginner as it may be worked out with the tracer only.

It is simple; the straight lines could be made with the aid of a ruler, and the forms are well adapted for effect in leather.

This is meant to be suitable for a paper covered booklet such as are published in Edinburgh, London, New York or Boston. Many of them are little gems of literature and well worthy of a leather cover. They can be picked up for a trifle at any bookstore. The usual size is about 6 in. x 4 in., and the paper cover should be pasted down to the leather after the design is finished. The edge of the leather should project about one-quarter inch beyond the edge of the paper cover; this forms a guard and preserves the edges of the booklet. This projection must be allowed for when cutting the leather for the design.



DESIGN FOR A LEATHER COVER

The style of lettering is easy to work and loks well in the material. After the letters are lined the background should be stippled down with the point of the tracer; this throws up the letters still

more into relief and gives a solidity to the design.

Trim the leather to the proper size with a sharp penknife on a piece of glass.

After working this design the limitations of the material will be better understood and more intricate patterns attempted.

Next month I will give a design for modelled leather.

The Star of Hope.

By J. F. Bledsoe.

HIS name? Well never mind about that. I am going to call this story the "Star of Hope," and names make little difference. No one knew where he came from, and for that matter no one took the trouble to care. It is quite enough to look after personal affairs in a camp where "law" was a very indefinite term, and the strong hand made clear many a hazy right.

Dusty and ragged, he trudged up the irregular street of the little cluster of tents, and rude log huts, which, as a matter of course, was dignified by the sounding title of "Silver Ledge City." The stage coach which plunged down the steep mountain side to pick up occasional adventurers beyond the confines of civilization, and then toil up with them towards this latest point of attack on old Dame Nature's coffers, could not have brought him, for it was not yet in.

Up in front of the largest edifice in the town, half tent, half house, bearing the legend "Silver Ledge Hotel," was collected the usual motley assemblage of miners, prospectors, gamblers and human wreckage found around the principal "gin mill" of such a place. Such an arrival did not for a moment stop the dropping fire of question, objection and comment usual with such gatherings, and just now occasioned by a new and apparently rich find, the making of which had just been reported by one of the first comers to the camp.

"What air you goin' to do with her Old Man?" asked one as he turned over the rich specimen which was being passed from hand to hand for inspection.

"I am going to open her up, you bet. Why that's like getting money from home. Just waiting for me to cash in, that is. I am down to get some men to go out with me in the morning."

The words "get some men" fell on the ears of the traveller as he paused on the edge of the crowd, and, after hesitating for a moment, he stepped up to the speaker, a gaunt and grizzly old man with keen but kindly eyes, and said:

"Do you want men?"

The old Prospector eyed him for a moment.

"Are you a miner?"

"No, I am not, but I am willing to work, and I thought you might give me a chance," and the speaker turned wearily, as if to proceed on a hopeless quest.

"Hold on Pard," called the old Prospector, "come back here. You are a likely looking cuss, and talk fair anyway. Blame me if I don't give you a show."

For six months the man worked on the "Howling Liza" claim. Six months that, under the tuition of the old Prospector, would have turned a duller ten-

derfoot than Ralph into something of a miner, and between the two men, both of whom studiously avoided any reference to the past, there had grown a sympathy no less strong because it had never shaped itself into words.

Nothing was said when the young man left his employer to work a claim of his own, located on a wandering trip in search of game for the camp. The proceedings were in keeping with the usual course of events in such a place. The name given to the new claim, the "Star of Hope," meant nothing to those to whom the man was only "Ralph," the name he had given the Old Prospector on the morning they first started for the mountains. No one had ever heard him say a word regarding that outside world, where he had evidently held a good position socially, for he was well educated and naturally refined. An occasional fruitless inquiry for mail betrayed his only interest beyond his surroundings. It was observed that he never took part in the fierce dissipations with which many in the camp were wont to drown their troubles, present or past. Not able to hire help, he worked alone with an energy that was almost savage, and accomplished results that made the Old Prospector say: "There is good grit in that boy, and he is going to strike it, if work means anything."

One day found Ralph in the "general store" of the camp. He had just completed the purchase of some supplies, and had paid out the last dollar of the money earned from his first job in the new camp.

"How's the Star, Ralph. Beginning to twinkle any?" called out the Old Prospector from the other side of the store.

"Well—I think the Star is beginning to shine a little brighter," was the answer, "but I have not struck it yet. It looks well though, and I am going back with some more grub, and try it again."

"Ya," growled the Old Prospector, "better cut it out and go back with me. I am needing some more men on the Howling Liza. Come on boy. No use killing yourself over that rock pile."

"No, thanks, I will stick to the Star now. I have spent too much time on it to give it up while there is any chance. By the way, do you know if the mail is in?"

"I think she is late, as usual, but I am going to take a trip up the trail tomorrow, and I'll bring anything up for you."

"Thanks, old man," and for the first time the full name of Ralph C——— was known to the prospector.

The next day the Old Prospector turned off the trail a few miles above the camp, and in a short time he arrived in view of Ralph's cabin. A small package was clasped in his brown hand, and he had the air of a man who hopes to bring good news.

The log shack, and the little rock dump near by, were deserted, and no answer came to the cheery call.

Picking up a short candle end, the prospector lighted it and entered the tunnel.

It was an old story which a glance revealed to the experienced eye of the old miner. Mangled body and scattered fragments of broken rock. A missed shot, and a too hasty return to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

"She hung fire," muttered the Old Prospector as he dragged the body out of the mouth of the tunnel, and carried it to the cabin.

"Dead for hours," after a careful examination of the body.

"And he had things right in sight." For that swift, inquiring glance in the tunnel had included the results of that last shot in more ways than one.

The old man brooded over his dead friend until the dropping shadows darkened the little cabin, and a candle was needed to permit the necessary search.

"I've got to tell some one of this," whispered the Old Prospector with dry lips, as he turned from the body.

"Where's that packet?" In it might be an address that would enable communication with those people of whom Ralph had never spoken. The wrapper fell away at last under trembling fingers. A half-dozen letters, tied with a narrow ribbon which had been run through a ring. A curt note in a delicate, slanting hand:

"Tired of waiting." As he glanced at the note the ring fell into the hard palm. A hoop of gold set with a flashing star sapphire. On the inside engraved "The Star of Hope—R. C. to A. B."—and then he knew.

There it gleamed blue in the candle light—The Star of Hope—The star of hope and dreams, now drifted into the dim eternity of the Not-to-be.

"Ralph—Boy—the mail's in—

"Ralph—Boy—the mail's in—but it's as well you didn't know."

TERRA MARIQUE.

By C. H. Goldthwaite.

With thee on land or sea,
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
In crowded street or ocean's solitude,
In calm or storm, in pleasure or in pain,
Through toil and dole to life's supremest day,—
With thee in sweet content on land or sea,
I ask no more.

With thee on land or sea,
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
Welcome the frown of fate, the scorn of time;
Welcome the small estate, the simple life;
Welcome all care, all loss, all suffering.
With thee in sweet content on land or sea,
I ask no more.

With thee on land or sea
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
Oh, God, the gift is thine, immortal Love!
Thy gift to man, in weal or woe the same.
Thy land! That sea! Thine image in her face
With whom in sweet content I live, I die,—
With thee on land or sea.

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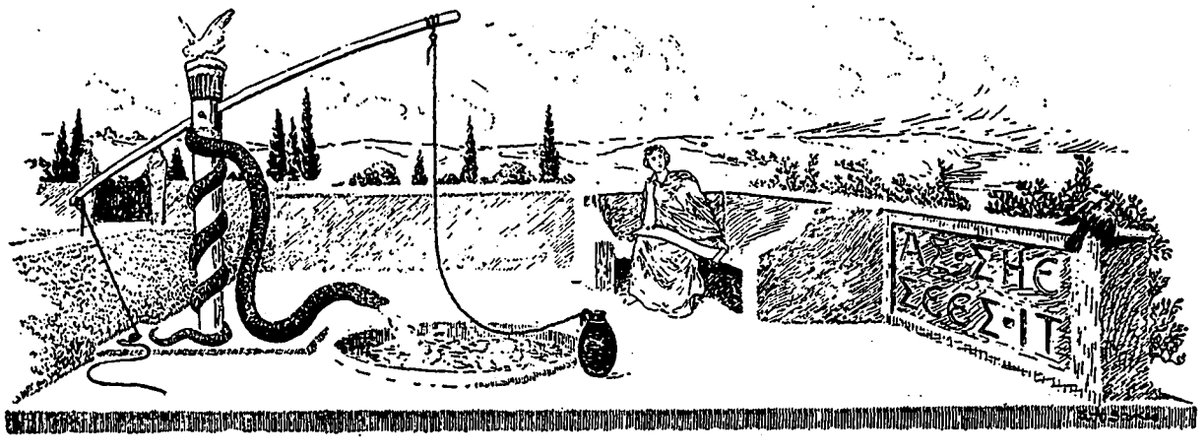

A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ONE reads these days so much about the selfishness of women being solely the cause for the decline of birth-rate, and one hears so much of it from high quarters, too, that I feel I am doing a rather bold, but I hope not unwomanly thing in endeavouring to defend my sex from the stigma. Of course I do not mean to suggest that women are not to be blamed at all, but I do think it a dastardly shame that the sole blame should be laid on their shoulders. There are two sides to every question, and it has been my experience that where the limiting of families has taken place, the suggestion has emanated from the husband, and not the wife. Women are as fond of babies now as ever they were; it is born in them; a woman's soul is always appealed to by a baby, and the joy and happiness of motherland surpasses everything. But as women grow more "advanced" they become more companionable to their husbands, and in consequence relinquish (not by their own desire always) the claims of fruitful motherhood for those of wifehood.

For instance, let us suppose a man to be devotedly attached to his wife. He cannot afford to pay a Chinaman and a nurse, a large family means therefore his wife's undivided attention to his children. This he resents; he craves for her presence at social functions and determines that she shall be free while she is young and pleasing, to be his companion in the pleasures of life. So he suggests a limit to one or two children, and then is it surprising that she, who rightly places her husband first, should defer to his arguments, and for his sake do that which pleases him?

Men love ease in the home, peace and quietness, and unless they are rich a large family means discomfort to them. To women the crying of babies and all the little incidents connected with their up-bringing are not distressing. What is dearer music to a mother's ears than the childish prattle of her little ones, their shouts of glee or their boisterous yells of delight? All this often means the most jarring discord to a man. Hence is it not feasible that as a large family is likely to affect a man's comfort in his home, he is therefore likely to be the prime mover in this sad limiting of families?

Now there is one cause which I am certain has made women anxious to have few children, and for which men are absolutely responsible. We all know that constant child-bearing ages a woman, and it is nonsense to urge the contrary. It prints lines of care on her face, and the heartaches which all children cause are not particularly beautifying. We all

know, too, that men worship beauty of face and form—quite right that they should, but they forget the worship and respect due to motherhood. I have seen a man rise from his seat in a crowded tram car and with the most courteous of bows and smiles give his place to a beautiful woman whose superb proportions have been carefully guarded against too many children; but he looked with contempt upon another woman who mounted the car with four or five chubby urchins clinging to her skirts; as for offering her sitting room—Bah! she's only a mother doing her duty. What claim has she on a man's admiration or attention? It is clear to my mind that men do not pay sufficient deference to motherhood, and women, knowing this, and being anxious to please them (as they always are) are willing to make any sacrifice in order to keep their husband's love and admiration.

In my own life I have known of many women bringing up a large family of children, bearing all the burden until their faces have become "plain" with sleepless nights and days full of care, their figures grow thin or too stout with much nursing, only to be deserted for some woman whose existence has been the glorification of self and not the sanctity of motherhood. It is because men so often lavish their gifts upon unworthy women that their wives have risen in revolt, and have determined (at the risk of limiting their families) to share with their husbands some of the pleasures of life as well as its pains. Even in my little experience of life, many a bitter cry have I heard from the mother of many children who mourns her husband's defection.

"You see," said one poor creature to me the other day, "my ten children have robbed me of all my comeliness, and my husband seems, in a sense, almost ashamed of me, for he never asks me to accompany him in any of his pleasures. If only we had but one or two, how happy we might have been."

This is the pathetic side of the picture. Children are no doubt blessings, but if they are purchased with a husband's allegiance, the blessings are very much in disguise.

* * *

There are many critics who say, that as an analyst of human character the French novelist, Honore de Balzac, has never been equalled since the day of Shakespeare, and that in his analysis of women he shows his gifts to the utmost.

Most of these critics have been men. Whether women would agree with them is a question.

For instance, Balzac says: "No man has yet discovered the means of giving friendly advice to women—not even to his own."

That one statement is almost enough to undermine Balzac's reputation, in my opinion. For who ever heard of a woman who wasn't just hungering for advice from men, and who, having received it, didn't follow it to the letter?

Then again, he says: "Most women proceed like the flea, by leaps and jumps."

It's a good thing that he qualified this by saying "most." But even so, he showed his lack of discernment when it comes to feminine character. Anyone who observes closely or has had much to do with women knows that they are the most discreet and cautious of individuals. Why, some will spend three days in buying a dress; they want to be perfectly sure that they are getting the prettiest thing in town for the money. If they proceed by leaps and jumps they would be satisfied with one of the first dozen patterns shown them. No, Balzac never went shopping with a woman or else he would not have written that sentence.

According to another saying of this writer, women base their opinion of men wholly on their affections. "When women love us they forgive us everything, even our crimes. When they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even our virtues."

Women are wholly impartial in their estimate of men. The fact that they love one does not keep them from seeing any number of traits in others that they would like to have their loved one possess. Why didn't Balzac say that

when women learn to love one man it opens their eyes to the attractive qualities in all men? That would have been nearer the truth.

But all this is nothing to the lack of discernment he showed when he said: "Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves." The whole world knows that once a woman has set her affections on a man she sticks to him. Women are really the very soul of constancy. "'Tis only man who's ever fickle." This fact is so obvious that there is no use in saying anything more about it. It would seem strange that Balzac ever got a reputation for understanding women better than any other writer, were it not that nearly all literary critics are men. This fact explains it all.

* * *

Does the stress and struggle of business destroy a woman's good looks? An observer contends that it does not. One has only to go into any establishment where women are employed to see that business does not produce a deleterious effect on the charms of those who are engaged. Let anyone who doubts this go into the large stores in the cities where a great many women are employed and see what a large proportion of them enjoy the advantage of good looks.

Perhaps it would not be fair to take young ladies who are engaged, for instance, in showing off the dresses in fashionable shops; for, naturally, they are specially selected for the attractiveness of their presence, and their fine figures. It is in other shops that the average must be sought, and everyone will admit that it is a high average.

On the other hand, it goes without saying that in time of stress, when the sales are on, when long hours are the lot of every employee and tiresome and inconsiderate customers, who want the whole of a department ransacked to meet their particular needs, girls in business are apt to be tired. Then they get that dragged-out appearance which is the antithesis of good looks, as every woman knows. In my opinion, the busy young woman of today, be she stenographer, shop girl or trained nurse, has, as a rule, a most contented, happy look which is a great attraction in a girl's face. Men will notice a bright, cheerful countenance quicker than they will a sulky, discontented looking, though more beautiful face. One can't help admiring a smart, healthy, young woman going about her work with a bright smile, a kind word and a nod for everyone, she commands notice, and people begin to look for her coming and going.

On the other hand take the average young woman with a comfortable home, who does not require to earn her living. She has nothing to do, no interest in life save to enjoy herself; she desires a continual "good time," lots of admiration, fine clothes and plenty of sweets. Such a young woman you will usually find going about with a most discontented, bored look (unless she has a male trailer or two), deep lines around her continually sulky mouth, her eyes dull with lack of energy, and she soon develops an aimless ambling gate, and a tired droop to her shoulders. My advice to such young women (to use a vulgarism) is "get busy." Take up a hobby of some kind—there are so many inexpensive ones these days—for instance, gardening, poultry raising, even a pet dog takes up one's interest and requires lots of time and care. Then there is the world of art from which to draw, sketching, china painting, leather work, wood carving, journalism, photography and numerous other delightful occupations. And there is ample scope for individual talent.

The Evolution of Farming in British Columbia.

By C. J. Lee Warner.

THREE essentials are necessary to the permanent prosperity and greatness of any country, a fertile soil, flourishing industries and quick and easy transportation of man and goods, from place to place. This is an age of commercialism and internal development, and while the unprecedented opportunities and advantages to be derived by all who settled in British Columbia, for many years remained practically unknown to the outside public, its superior attractions and possibilities have lately begun to be realized and felt. For many years to come there will still be room for thousands who are struggling daily for elbow room in the crowded centres of Europe and in the English shires, and many of whom would emigrate readily if they fully realized the profitable field for their labours and enterprise afforded by the richness of the internal wealth and by the fertility of the soil in this far Acadia of the Empire. British Columbia has all the fundamental elements necessary to a great and prosperous country, and it is therefore a great incentive to commerce that the farming industry should be pursued on a sound and healthy basis. Its resources are practically illimitable; and fully a dozen agricultural industries may be carried on in the Province advantageously and with better chances of success than in any other country upon the face of the globe. The vastness of the territory is but little comprehended even by the educated classes of Scotland and England, and it therefore behooves us to diagnose this important fact. Within its 395,000 square miles Great Britain and Ireland could be placed and still there would be room and a little to spare for two more British Isles.

The Pacific Province is steadily becoming that "center-point where the commerce of the Pacific and Atlantic will meet and receive the produce of the one for transmission to Europe, and the goods of the other for dispersion over the Pacific," as prophesied by Queen Victoria, less than half a century ago, when the two colonies of New Caledonia and the Island of Vancouver were embraced under the present title, and the day is not far distant when this vast area will prove itself a much greater acquisition to the nation than all the South African possessions together. The good Queen realized the importance which geographical position and abundant natural resources conspired to bestow upon this, the most western section of the Western world, and dipping into the future she foresaw British Columbia the pivot of the mightiest of Empire and the fairest heritage in the universe to the manufacturer, the investor, and the home-seeker.

The products and industries of a country mutually assist one another, and these are found to be generally in a proportionate ratio with their extent and variety. Thus stock raising and diversified farming aid mining and manufacturing, while these in turn furnish the best markets for the product of the soil. So it is in British Columbia where every branch of agriculture can be profitably and pleasantly pursued. Moveover all who go out to the Garden Colony on the North Pacific slope, possessed of practical knowledge in farming in any

one of its manifold branches, will find, in addition to many other advantages, a country free from malaria and other endemic diseases, where balmy sunshine alternates with a generous rainfall (save in that part of the country known as the "dry-belt," where the virgin soil is of exceptional productive capability), and where the home market is so large that the consumption of farm and market-garden produce altogether exceeds the local out-turn.

By way of preface to the subject in this article we quote the words which Mrs. Everard Cotes gives to her hero in the "Imperialist" for his speech to an Ontario constituency: "Ours is the policy of the fields. We stand for the principles which make for nation-building by the slow, sweet process of the earth, cultivating the individual rooted man who draws his essence and his tissues from the soil, and so, by unhurried, natural, healthy growth, labour sweating his vices out of him, forms the character of the state." The honours of discovery as to the merits of the upper mainland for purposes of pasturage for herds of cattle and of horses rests entirely with those individual adventurous pioneers who flocked into the Province immediately subsequent to the Fraser River excitement of 1854 and rescued the country, then called New Caledonia, from remaining a mere Hudson's Bay Company's fur-preserve. It did not take long for these hardy men, who, having speedily proved that not every miner can make his fortune digging gold out of the earth, to discover that the rolling plateau and upland benches of the interior, covered with the nutritious succulent bunch grass, afforded ideal conditions for the successful raising of stock, and consequently from small beginnings the "great grazing industry of the Upper Country" became the first staple industry in the economic aspect of British Columbia. But with the influx of emigrants who embarked in the same pursuit, depasturing their flocks and herds on the hills, especially in those sections tributary to the projected Canadian Pacific Railroad, and wandering from district to district as the herbage became so impoverished as to necessitate a change of locality, the cattle ranchers of the seventies and early eighties found it necessary to retrench, and had to resort to a more laborious system, putting up huge stacks of hay during the summer months as feed for their stock in winter. In the more remote sections there was less crowding of the ranges, but it was felt that these tracts would soon give out unless provision was made for their protection, and so the Dominion Government intervened and the "lease system" was evolved. In those parts more readily accessible, such as the neighbourhood of Ducks and Kamloops where there are still some extensive stock-runs, the course of evolution brought the homesteader, who, locating his government grant of 160 acres within the area long used exclusively by the ranchers, so encroached on the latter's preserves as to be a serious menace to him and his schemes. Many of the large stockmen were driven in self preservation to purchase large tracts of land fit for nothing but grazing in the main, though perhaps a few sections of it might be converted into agricultural land. Others contented themselves with taking advantage of the "lease system" and they have found it a boon: and there is no doubt that the inauguration of this system saved cattle raising from becoming a lost industry to the Province. A rancher possessing an adequate area of leased land, manages to subsist with the additional pasture afforded by "the Government range" which he can use ad libirtum during the summer months. Protected from the wandering droves by miles of "wire" or Russell fencing, the leased lands have had time to recover. The bunch grass has grown up again; and what afforded the merest tissue of sustenance years ago to a fast declining cause, is beginning to bear more abundant feed, and the grazing industry, the forerunner of all subsequent agricultural development has thus received a most timely stimulus in the right direction. The amount of capital invested in recent years in the stock-raising industry has been enormous. A decided improvement in the quality of the stock raised has also been obtained by the importa-

tion of pedigree horses and blooded bulls, and the effect is already widely recognized in the better beef-producing qualities of the cattle and the refined build in the horses. Very little has been attempted hitherto in the way of sheep raising, yet it is quite permissible to say that Providence intended British Columbia to be a sheep country, for in no other portion of the North American continent than the Rocky Mountains are sheep and goats indigenous to the country.

In the central and northern interior of British Columbia there are vast ranges and table-lands which are barely known but which are well adapted to mixed farming on an extensive scale. The herbage is of a far superior quality to that on the bleak open prairies to the east of the mountains, and notwithstanding all which may be said in favour of the Alberta prairies, they cannot begin to produce the same quality of beef as the mountain valleys of British Columbia with their freedom from blizzards and their never failing supply of pure water. Beef to be tender, juicy and good must be made quickly with rich food. In this new territory lying to the west and north of the Fraser River, and which includes the districts of Cassiar, Cariboo, and the northern part of Coast District, there is a considerable extent of land capable of supporting a large population when it shall have been opened to settlement by the construction of railways. It is difficult to convey an idea of the extent, possibilities and potentialities of this wide terra incognita; but the survey parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and of the Provincial Government abundantly testify that there are thousands of acres of land with soil of the most prolific fertility well adapted to agricultural pursuits of diverse character, some districts offering exceptional advantages to the cattlemen, while others are equally well adapted to the cultivation of cereals and fodder crops. Thus it will be seen that the agricultural resources of British Columbia are incalculable, and the fringe has only just been touched, and even that in a very fragmentary manner.

The Great Peace River Valley in which there are 31,500 square miles (10,000 of which lie within the boundary of British Columbia) of rich lands available for agriculture and stock-raising is another tract which is now open to settlement and which is attracting a great deal of public attention at the present time. At one of the most northern cattle ranges in this district the following information was given, which serves to illustrate to our readers that although stretching from the 52nd to the 60th degree of north latitude where a variety of climate is consequently encountered, the conditions are not necessarily adverse to settlement. They use as a general average for winter feed one ton of hay per day for 300 head of cattle for a period of from one to three months' duration. Nature seems to have supplemented the higher ranges with more abundant natural hay meadows than the lower levels of the country, and good grazing is found all through the woods, the pea-vine and red-top grasses growing as high as a man's head. The soil is mostly first class, and where the country is not wholly open it can very easily be cleared by the aid of fire, the timber for the most part being small poplar, pine and spruce. The natural vegetation is most luxuriant, and where the timber has been burnt over, open prairie spots are frequent with grass reaching to a height of five feet, mingled with pea-vine.

Farming is finding its level in British Columbia, as elsewhere, as a business which requires the same careful attention and intelligent application as other businesses; and it may be remarked here that what would rank as a small farm in most countries, of from 40 to 100 acres in extent, with careful handling will produce wonderful returns. Although cleared land in the already settled districts has all been taken up, and is therefore in the hands of private individuals, farms partially improved are at all times in the market, and may be readily obtained at from £4 to £25 an acre, according to situation and the character of the land. In the Okanagan valleys in the centre of the Province many of the land owners are cutting up their pro-

perties, seeing the inutility, under changed conditions, of endeavouring to retain unproductive acres, and the wisdom of parting with portions to others who will improve them to the utmost, whereas they were hitherto lying unproductive, is responsible for the fact that diversified farming on tentative principles is assuming wide proportions in the Province. There are many districts where this is in vogue, and hundreds of families are thus able to acquire new homes, and abet the long-felt want of a wider home production of the necessaries of life.

Home-seeking is the quest of the migrating Briton; the story of new locations is inscribed upon the pages of interstate history, and the expansion of the Empire from the original "Tight little, snug little island," to the countries of trade and prosperity upon the Pacific seaboard is the story of how the dependent boy upon the home farm becomes the head of another home, out in the West. The evolution of life, ambition, aspiration, toil, effort, prudence, skill, economy —all center around the fireside of "Home, sweet Home." It is a matter of less importance to the farmer of today where he is geographically located, than it is how he is located. He must be where Providence has made provision of three eminent essentials, climate, soil and water. But if he makes wise choice and combines railway advantages with the principal requisites, his future is absolutely assured. The pioneer of yesterday is ranching, or fruit growing, or mining in the far West, yet so near by railway to market centres of the East that his cattle, his grain, and his fruit may feed the old world within a month of husbanding. The man who raises cattle wants to know where his markets will be, and how fixed they are. The man who raises fodder crops needs more knowledge than the tonnage he can count upon: he must know the certainty and stability of his markets. The fruit grower must not be satisfied with his yield, but he must be content with the market demand for his fruit. So with dairying, poultry raising, hop culture, market gardening, and all kindred branches of agriculture.

The mining camps and logging camps contiguous to the great valleys of the interior give stability to fodder and grain prices. The home demand is greater than the supply, without drawing upon the outside markets, which, by reason of geographical location, are both east and south.

What British Columbia needs at the present time is an influx of industrious, intelligent British farmers with a little capital, as the opportunities are as good here as can be found in any country in the new world for the building of a home. The climate is all that can be desired, the soil is fertile and well watered, the markets are insufficiently supplied and there is a ready sale and at good prices everywhere, and fruits, vegetables, and tobacco grow all over in abundance. Good living and splendid opportunities for investment await the home seekers who go out to British Columbia. Besides mine wealth and valley richness there is beautiful scenery, and wild game is plentiful in the country. Poultry raising and dairying are especially lucrative. There are hundreds of openings all over British Columbia in this branch of enterprise and the two can very well be pursued on the same farm, nor is much ground a necessity to good returns. Dairying pays better than any other branch of mixed farming and the Province possesses every element necessary to constitute it a great dairying country. This and the bacon hog should be two of the leading factors in building up the wealth of British Columbia. It has been due to them that Denmark is, today, one of the most prosperous of European countries. The imports for the fiscal year ending 1906, shew that considerably more than £1,000,000 worth of eggs, butter and poultry was imported into the Province from outside sources of supply.

Trust and Loan Companies.

By The Editor.

THE policy recently pursued by the Banks of British Columbia and indeed of the whole Canadian West, has been severely criticised. First of all the local press opened the campaign. A series of articles were written demonstrating indisputably that Western currency was being exported to the East to such an extent that Western enterprises were starved, and funds could not be obtained even on the best security for legitimate ventures. It was pointed out that the persistent policy of the Banks was to encourage deposits and discourage investments, so that larger funds would be available for use in the West. Much of the money thus acquired has been utilized in the development of the middle west where B. C. funds deposited at 3 per cent. have been earning 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. on gilt-edged security. Latterly, however, investigation has revealed the fact that even the middle west has ceased to benefit to any appreciable extent from this source, and it has been clearly proven that the bulk of the money deported from British Columbia has been placed on call in New York at a high rate of interest.

This policy has been defended on the ground that such investments practically represent the Bank reserves, which are obliged to be kept on call so that they may be available in emergency. The public, however, will prefer to believe that the principal reason for thus employing so large a percentage of the funds is to earn the exceptionally high rate of interest which Wall Street investments carry. Be that as it may the fact remains that the West is denuded of available cash, and that in order to retain this exported money in the East, the Bank Directors have issued a mandate that their Branch Agents shall steadily refuse to make advances and shall in every possible way discourage local investments.

The result has already been serious. Money stringency is bad enough when it arises from general causes which are more or less universal. It is infinitely worse when, as in the instance under consideration, it is due to local conditions created by an unwise policy.

In this crisis British Columbia has every reason to congratulate itself that the Trust and Loan Companies have come to the rescue. But for their more generous and wiser policy important enterprises which are still being carried on, would have come to a standstill, and the era of commercial activity and general prosperity which has been so apparent for the last four years would have received a serious check. The Trust Companies, it is true, have a more elastic charter, instead of being prohibited from loaning money on real estate that is as a matter of fact their principal security; but it is well known that in this respect the Banks, whilst observing the letter of the law, have violated its spirit. Until recently advances were made by them for which real estate was accepted as collateral, and it became indirectly the security of a loan. But such a tentative movement obviously left the Banks free to abandon it whenever they saw fit, on the plea of non-justification, a privilege of which they have recently availed themselves to the full.

The Trust Companies, however, have gone steadily along, and no man has found a difficulty in obtaining money at a reasonable rate of interest on good security. This money runs into the millions, and has been used not only to pro-

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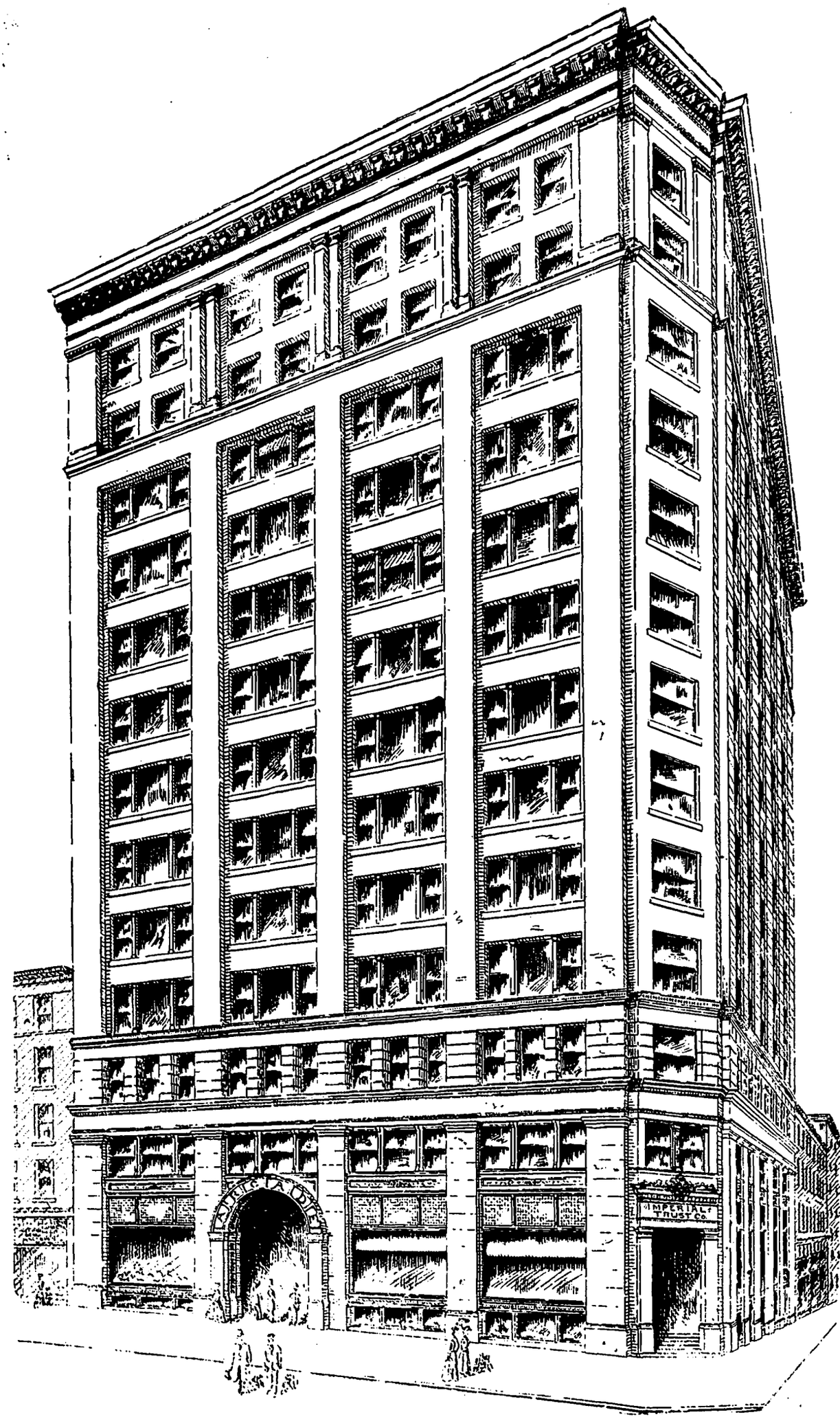

Proposed Office of Imperial Trust Co.

vide homes and to extend the business of tradesmen, but also to establish and develop industries and to acquire real estate, timber and mineral holdings. In fact it is no mere figure of speech to say that by the aid of the Trust Companies the wheels of commerce have been oiled.

All these Companies do not proceed on exactly the same lines, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they cultivate special lines; thus, the B. C. Permanent, of which Mr. T. T. Langlois is President, and Mr. G. J. Telfer Manager, one of the oldest and most successful, with a paid-up capital of a million dollars, and assets of nearly two million dollars makes a specialty of real estate, and in particular devotes itself to enabling people to own their homes. Last year this Company increased its reserve fund from $50,000 to $150,00, and its assets $200,000. It declared a dividend at the rate of 9 per cent., and a bonus at the rate of 1 per cent. on its permanent stock. It is worthy of note that before any dividends can be paid by these Companies the Government Inspector must examine the balance sheet and books, ascertain that the profits have been actually earned and must approve of the principle upon which the dividend is computed, so that both shareholders and depositors have a security which is scarcely less inviolable than that of the chartered Bank.

The Dominion Trust Co., of which Mr. J. B. Mathers is Manager and President, is another popular institution, which, although younger than the B. C. Permanent, is making continual progress. Last year it paid a dividend of 8 per cent. and a large bonus. Its business consists principally of loans, rental of safety deposit boxes, and the handling of Trust estates. The latter it has developed upon the lines of the Royal Trust Co. of Montreal, and the National Trust Co. of Toronto, and in furnishing a safe and expeditious method of performing the duties of executors, is supplying an important want.

This Company is just completing the erection of a fine five-story office block in New Westminster.

A third Company, the British American Trust, was originally started at Grand Forks, under the Presidency of the well known British Columbian Capitalist, Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, recently it moved to Vancouver, where its head offices now are, and Mr. W. L. Germaine became the General Manager. This Company whilst doing a large real estate business and loaning extensively on this class of security, has made a specialty of investments, stocks and shares. It acts as fiscal agent for the International Coal Co. and the Albert Coal Co., and effects insurance of every kind. All these Companies pay 4 per cent. for money on deposit, which is at least 1 per cent. better than the Banks. They loan money at 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. according to the class of security, and the British American Trust undertake to invest private means on mortgages, guaranteeing the principal and 6 per cent. interest.

The British Columbia Trust Corporation with head office in Vancouver has a local Board of Directors, all the members of which are influential business men and some of whom in any other country would be called merchant princes.

The newest arrival is The Imperial Trust Co., also of Vancouver. J. W. Weart and A. A. Boak are joint managers. The ambitious project of this Company is the erection of a twelve-story office building, the largest and most pretentious in the West.

It will readily be seen how institutions of this kind managed by successful business men, whose interests are local, contribute to the development of the country. The money deposited by Western men with them is re-invested in the West, and in addition yields to the depositor a higher rate of interest. These facts show how the Trust Companies are a help where the Banks are a hindrance, and how the greater elasticity of their methods and the wisdom of their general policy constitutes them invaluable aids in building up a new country.

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JAP.

A HUMOROUS SHORT STORY.

By Billee Glynn.

WHAT unfortunate impulse caused me to buy that game I cannot at this late date conjecture. The one thing certain is that I bought it and lived to regret it. The Colonel, I suppose, setting the example by buying the rest of the batch—five hens and two roosters, all pure Spanish Buffs except one of the male birds which was a Langshan—had something to do with it; but at any rate the first thing I knew I had handed three dollars to the voluble gypsy conducting the auction and the bird was mine. It was at this moment of possession that the incongruity of my purchase suddenly fell upon me. What in the world was I going to do with it? In a few weeks I would be returning from Banff, where I had been spending my vacation, to my business in the city, and a fighting game of unusual size—called "Jap" if you please in token of his prowess—would hardly make an eligible companion in my bachelor quarters. Considered on the other hand in the light of a chicken-stew he was only a mouthful even in his bigness, and if strength and lasting powers—for the gypsy had illustrated these—were any indication of tenacity, undoubtedly a very tough one. It was all right for the Colonel. Despite his three hundred thousand or so, which should have placed him above such "tomfowlery"—his daughter's word—he was a most enthusiastic poultryman, and had bought the bunch of Spanish Buffs to supplement his hennery down in Michigan. I had bought "Jap"—if I had only known it—to supplement my troubles, and stick his irreconcilable spurs in my suit for the Colonel's daughter. By way of prologue I handed him over to the stable boy at the Royal where the Colonel and I had been fellow guests—and on rather friendly terms—for more than a month.

It was little I thought of "Jap" that evening on the river; Lydia's eyes were too blue, Lydia's smile too sweet, Lydia's tones too musical—to think of anything else. Besides there is a whole infinite between a woman's sigh and a cock-a-doodle-do. The moon was at its best, the hour was at its best, the woman at her best, and I should have been at my best—but unfortunately was not far from being at my worst. Twenty times or more I had mentally fingered the lassoo of speech to try my hand at the roping of Lydia's heart, and twenty times or more I had forborne the cast. So it was that Lydia wondered at my abstraction. It was not till the boat was moored, and we were walking down the avenue of maples toward the hotel, that inspiration did come and I could have spoken the words so long delayed; but unluckily at the same moment also came Durands. Durands, I might state, was in love with Lydia too.

He pulled up his pony and doffed his hat somewhat in the manner of medieval romance.

"We've had an accident at the hotel since you left," he said sauvely. "One of Colonel Wright's pure-bred roosters—the one that matched his hens—has been killed by a game which got into the pen in some way, and the Colonel is very much put out about it—and with reason, too, for I believe the loss will be hard to make good."

Then with a glance at me which made it plain that he knew to whom the game belonged he drove off.

In the umbrage of this calamity my inspiration was no more. What had I to hope? The Colonel's daughter was the Colonel's daughter, and the killing of a rooster of very rare breed would loom from the Colonel's point of view an outrage not to be easily overlooked.

"I hope," I said, turning to Lydia, "your father will not be very angry about this."

"It depends on the breed," she returned smiling; "if it's rare——"

"It is—very—a Spanish Buff."

"Then papa will be very angry."

I couldn't help sighing. Lydia glanced up with laughter in her eyes.

"Really," she said, "one would think you owned the game."

"I do," I responded with tragic brevity.

The ensuing pause was abysmal. When I ventured to next look at Lydia her brow wore a pretty frown of annoyance.

"I don't know how you came to buy such a bird," she reproved almost Colonel-like.

"It was the last of the batch—your father bought the others."

"And you took pity on it, I suppose" —mockingly.

"I always take pity on birds in a single state," I rejoined meaningly, "especially when there's only one in the family."

Lydia arched her brows and surveyed me. I think she was still somewhat piqued at my silence on the river.

"How glad I am," she breathed fervently, "that there are two in our family —papa and myself."

"In that case there's an emotion akin to pity," I suggested. But Lydia was not to be caught despite the red in her cheeks.

"That would be sorrow, I suppose," she said. "But let me tell you sorrow over papa's dead Spaniard will not answer the purpose. If you do not wish to quarrel"—and there was an exquisite strain of entreaty in her voice that set my pulses throbbing—"you will keep out of papa's sight till he has become reconciled to his loss."

"I will," I averred, assuming her hand; then finding her smiling at me quizzically, and with nothing ready mentally to authorise my action, dropped it again.

"Really, Mr. Branscom," she commented with arch seriousness, "you are acting strangely today. Are you feeling quite well?"

"I have a bad heart."

"In that case you should get something for it."

"I am going to try," I returned significantly.

"I pity you—medicines as a rule are so distasteful."

"If this particular medicine is as good as it looks," I replied, "I could stay with it for a lifetime."

Alas, the secrets beneath the lashes of a woman's eyes, and the interruptions that mar the course of human opportunity! I waited in vain for the former to disclose themselves—then, looking up, found myself face to face with an extravagant type of the latter. We were very near the hotel and still nearer the Colonel.

How he got there I cannot imagine; but there he was at the entrance to the grounds, a few yards away, waiting—a lean, soldierly figure of unsoldierly impatience, his thin hand making nervous havoc in his white mustache, his brows drawn together in what was nothing less than a scowl—and his manner generally that of a repressed thunderstorm.

"This is unfortunate," whispered Lydia, "but please do not quarrel."

I had just time to assure her in this respect when the Colonel spoke.

"I have something to show you, sir," he hissed sharply, "would you come this way, please."

Of course I went and Lydia went too; and when the Colonel stopped on another part of the grounds, pointing with a dramatic gesture to the carcass of his murdered "Buff," it is needless to say how we both exclaimed over the matter. The Colonel was still strangely silent—so long and ominously silent in fact that my sympathy was well out at the elbows and I was beginning to feel a guilty consciousness steal into my manner.

"Of course," I said, "the loss, though to be regretted, is only temporary; you will be able to replace the bird easily enough, I suppose."

"Sir," returned the Colonel severely, "I have hunted for a bird of that species for years, and have never been able to get the pure breed till now. The hens are useless without the male; the other rooster is, as you know, a Langshan. If it had been it instead of this one I could have. overlooked. the. matter. As. it is——"

His utterance became choked, but there was volumes in his look. In the glare of it dissimulation was a thing of the past, and anticipation too painful to dally with—so I took the bull by the horns.

"In that case," I said, "it is very unfortunate certainly," then tentatively—"It was a dog did it, I suppose."

Lydia on the other side of me actually tittered.

"A dog!—a dog, did you say, sir!"—the Colonel's voice was hoarse with repressed rage, and he took a couple of quick steps toward me, his hand outstretched menacingly—"The dog that did this, sir, was that infernal game you were cussed enough to buy this afternoon—for no other reason that I can see than the prosecution of others."

"But I left it in charge of the stable boy," I stammered.

"Certaintly you did," foamed the Colonel: "you left it in charge of an idiot—a fool—and the fool-idiot put it along with my hens. If you had known what you were doing, sir, and never have bought it this thing wouldn't have happened."

"Nor if you had not bought yours," I was tempted to reply.

The Colonel choked for an instant at the audacity of the retort, and then—instead of the torrent of words I expected—drew himself together with a manner of infinite superiority, that made me suddenly regret my unfortunate remark.

"Come Lydia," he said with icy austerity, "we will leave this gentleman"—stressfully—"to glory over my loss, and consider other depredations of a similar kind. In the future, however, you will remember that only my friends can be yours."

Ah! that was the vital point. The Colonel had touched the very button of my being and was evidently aware of it.

"Sir," I supplicated, turning quickly about, "you, yourself, cannot regret this thing more than I do; you are very unjust with me. I beg of you not to exaggerate my part in the matter—I am willing to reimburse you to any extent."

"Exaggerate!" The Colonel glared at me, and his hand went to the place where he had worn his sword in days of service. "Sir, you will please understand that I have never been notorious as a liar. Come Lydia."

And Lydia went; while I stood gazing abstractedly after them—then turned miserably to the dead Buff, and worse still—dead hopes!

It was at this moment that the stable boy presented himself with the glib intelligence of having rescued the game from the Colonel's wrath and secured it safely in the stable, and the interruption was an anodyne to my tortured feelings. I cuffed his ears soundly, and then considered the further relief to myself of wringing the neck of the blood-thirsty "Jap," the author of my misfortunes. I even visited him for the purpose; but instead of the crest-fallen state he should have presented under the circumstances—and with which I might have carried out my revenge—he appeared so jubilant over his feat, and uttered such a rollicking cock-a-doodle-do on beholding me, that I simply had to plug my ears with my fingers and fly for fear of infection.

I met Lydia at the breakfast table next morning. The Colonel, she informed me, with an enigmatical drooping of her eyelids, was out feeding his hens.

"I hope," I said earnestly, "he has quite forgiven me for that little accident last night."

"If we could always realise our hopes," she returned periphrastically, "life would be different, wouldn't it?"

"So different!" I sighed, "and I would not have to go far to realise mine."

"How lucky! I wish I could say as

much—then you are confident of winning papa over again? I thought may be I would have to help you."

"I am not very confident of anything," I rejoined, "I was only wondering if I could win over somebody else."

"Oh, well, if papa is a matter of indifference with you, of course, I needn't care."

"Ah, if you did," I said, "all other things would be matters of indifference—as it is——"

"Then you do not wish my advice?"

"Very much—if you cannot give me something better."

"Than my advice!—there is nothing better"—with incredulous brows.

"I have always been taught the heart was better than the brain."

"Really, Mr. Brancom, you must have been brought up on Byron; I am sorry for you—passion is so very, very out-of-date."

"Then give me your advice and call me Charlie."

"So be it, Ch—ar—lie. Get papa another Buff."

"Impossible—I offered Bill, the stable boy, ten dollars and he shook his head."

Lydia became thoughtful. "That is unfortunate," she said, "but I was thinking if you would order up a nice birthday table in papa's honor—not too rich, you know, but wholesome, and with a foreign sprinkling—in names at least—for papa has a tendency to exotics in things gastronomic—it might have good effect. His birthday is next Friday, and you could send him a nicely-worded invitation. I will see that he does not make other engagements."

"But would he accept?"

"I think I could persuade him if you can make your note sufficiently luring. He was made a Colonel on the same day, you know, for making a capture of two hundred Spaniards, and you could set that down as the basis of your action, making reference to the esprit de corps which should exist among those who had served under the stars and stripes. You were in the war, were you not?—only a bugle boy!—well, that doesn't matter. And you might also allude—for papa is great on Americanism—to it being a predominant characteristic of the American mind to overlook personal animosities in the spirit of great issues and the vaster responsibilities of brotherhood. There, isn't that pretty well worded?"

"Excellent!" I exclaimed; "Lydia, you're a brick."

"Really!—a golden one or the kind of which houses are made?"

"A golden one, but not bogus,—and you would be the making of any man's house too."

"If winds were as strong as suggestions the house would not be likely to stand long."

"The suggestions are the fault of your eyes."

"Is that all?" she asked, rising with a smile of piquant mockery.

"No—of your hair too—your smile—your form—the whole of you in fact."

"Then the whole of me is at fault; I will make an attempt at correction this afternoon."

"It is a faultless fault—but what are you going to do?"

"Going riding with Mr. Durands."

"But," I stammered, "you promised yesterday to go rowing with me."

"Under the present circumstances, it's utterly impossible. Besides, did you not find it a little dull on the river yesterday?"

"Dull!" I ejaculated.

"Ah, I thought you did. Well, Mr. Durands, they tell me, studied conversation for three years at a school in New York."

"Lydia," I expostulated, getting on my feet, "I surely haven't got to wait till Friday and see you with that man."

"Oh, no, not necessarily. If Mr. Durands should become dull, too, there is Mr. Smith, Mr. Langley, and others. You need not fear that I will be a bit lonesome."

"Lydia——" I began— But Lydia with a merry sparkle of eyes was gone.

The time was very slow in going around, perhaps, because Lydia was going with Durands. But Friday came at last, and with it the Colonel in response to my diplomatically worded invitation —in which I had been careful to intimate that I thought it possible to replace

the dead Buff. In real truth, however, I had little hope of doing so, but any sort of lie was better than seeing Lydia smile on Durands.

The Colonel was somewhat glacial on his first appearance, but the presentation of a handsome portfolio of the famous generals of the world with a pen-and-ink sketch of himself—done for me by a friend artist—as frontispiece melted him appreciably; and by the time we had finished the third course, through the aid of sherry and muscatel, he had thawed to old-time intimacy, and with his pleasant flow of military anecdotes was like a brook in Maytime—admitting of course a soldier's dignity.

"Yes, sir," he said with warmth, "the army is the greatest of all trainings to fit a man for life. Your universities, your colleges, and other hotbeds of snobbery are mere farcical fatuities beside it. In the army, sir, you are taught—and taught by being in touch with actualities—all the great principles that go to give one the proper grasp of life—the dependence of combination, the independence of personal responsibility; you are instilled with respect, with loyalty, with the high ideals that tend to human utility, with honor to guide your ambition. And where else do we find such a thing? Not in business life—it has become a mere matter of loaded dice and licensed tricksters with the millstone of the mighty millions above. No, sir, military service alone is the one essentiality to the development of a good citizen, physically and mentally, and if I were a representative of the people of this country, sir, I would do my best to enact a law compelling all male adults to a term in the militia or navy. You, yourself, have served I believe."

"I have," I returned, endeavoring to look modest.

"And I dare say you would not part with your experience for a good deal?"

"Not for the business training of a Carnegie or Vanderbilt."

"There it is, you see," exclaimed the Colonel. "It is frequently the habit of man to dislike what he has not yet tasted—going wholly as he nearly always does by externalities. If we were to judge that wine, sir, by the cobwebs which were on the bottle it would be a poor thing; and military life is very much the same—it shows bad from the outside, but touch the heart of it and you love it forever."

"That is true," I responded, "and yet its abstraction has not a narrowing influence. "You, yourself, sir, despite your military career are, I think, a man of decided agricultural tastes."

"I am glad to say so," replied the Colonel proudly. "I consider a liking for such pursuits next thing to a liking for God. I have the finest farm, sir, in the State of Michigan, and the most replete hennery in the United States."

"I was aware of the latter fact," I said, "and am very sorry that I should have been the cause—though indirectly—of a slight, yet appreciable, loss to you in the respect. On occasions like this——"

But the Colonel held up his hand grandly. "Not another word," he commanded. "I have your assurance that you can make the thing good; and your action in killing the game—which, I am forced to admit, was a very excellent, even rare, bird of its kind—is sufficient proof of your feelings in the matter."

"Killing the game—! Oh, yes, of course," I stammered, "—who told you that?"

"Lydia."

"Oh, I thought she did not know," I explained, recovering myself with a quick determination of wringing the neck of my ferocious purchase immediately on getting rid of the Colonel. Then, lest a pause should give my companion time for suspicion and awkward questions, and with the feeling of being master of the situation upon me, I thought it fit to launch into a little self-glory on the strength of my intentions.

"Yes," I declared pompously, "I believe in justice, absolute justice—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. I have always made it a practice in my own life, and it is only in my rights against others that I recognize the principle of charity—never in regard to myself. In case of my murdering a man, sir, I would ask nothing better than being hanged—in fact I would insist up it. My

game killed your Buff, and in turn I wrung the neck of my game. There is a proper adjustment for you. It only remains now to substitute your loss. To have kept the game a further menace to you would have been utterly out of the question."

"Yet you might have sold it," suggested the Colonel considerately.

"Sold it!" I exclaimed with deprecation. "My dear sir, the very fact of it having caused me the loss of your goodwill, though but for a time, would have been enough to make the money eat a hole in my pocket."

The Colonel stretched his hand across the table. "Sir," he said, "you are a gentleman all the way through—and my friend."

"Let us drink to that friendship," I said, rising and pouring the two wine glasses.

The Colonel rose too. "With pleasure," he averred.

Then, in the pause before making the toasts, while we stood wine in hand, looking each other in the face with the glow of brotherhood in our eyes, the door was suddenly flung open and the stable boy presented himself with flurried manner and white face.

He didn't wait; no, not even for an instant—if he had the heart-to-heart dip with the Colonel would have been taken and all might have been well—but the moment he saw me called out hoarsely:

"I say, Mr. Branscom, come quick! The game got out and is killin' another of the Colonel's roosters. Hurry up, for it's the dyin' act with the Langshan."

The colonel wheeled like a flash, stood staring for an instant in consternation at the open door and the disappearing stable boy, then turned to me in a white heat.

"D—— you, anyway," he ejaculated; and the next instant had gone in a manner remarkable for a man of his years.

I sank in my chair powerless. It was the stable boy who roused me five minutes later.

"I saved him," he said glibly.

"The Langshan?" I asked eagerly, getting a grip on myself.

"No, 'Jap,' from the Colonel. The other's takin' his departure with the Colonel at his bedside."

"Get out of here quick," I foamed; "I might murder you." Then as he reached the other side of the room: "Fifty dollars mind if you get me two birds like the ones killed."

But he only shook his head hopelessly, and disappeared with an impish smile.

For a week I met the Colonel repeatedly, and for a week the Colonel was totally oblivious of my "Good morning," or my "Good afternoon, sir." It looked so very bad inded that I at length felt the necessity of consulting Lydia. I had seen so little of her lately owing to the marked quality of Durands' attentions—to say nothing of Langley, who was also in the rale, now that I was out of it—that a tete-a-tete with her was in itself rather refreshing. She only expressed her sympathy, however, with a decided emphasis on one point.

"You have killed the game, I suppose?" she said.

"Hem!—no,—not yet," I made slow reply.

"That doesn't look very regretful, does it?"

"Perhaps not, but what good would it do now. I told your father I had wrung its neck before to corroborate your story."

"I fancied you had—you should have, you know. Anyway, you could show it to him with its neck wrung this time, and with two birds to duplicate the dead ones it might be effective."

"That is impossible," I returned. "The gypsy from whom they were bought has completely disappeared, and the country grows nothing but leghorns and minorcas."

"It wouldn't do any harm in any case."

"Except to the game—I suppose." I don't know how the solicitude got into my tone, but it did, and Lydia arched her brows and looked at me.

"Of course," she said proudly, "if you think more of a mere game—than—than"—flushing delightfully—"papa's goodwill, it's a matter of indifference to me."

She had risen to go but I detained her.

"You are at an utter loss," I explained hastily; "I value the Colonel's good-will

very much, indeed, and that of somebody else more than all the games, hens, chickens, and incubators in the United States, but just imagine my feelings—I never wrung the neck of a chicken, or chopped one's head off in my life."

"You could shoot it," she said.

"I never thought of that."

"Then papa did. He vowed he would do it on sight, and it would look better on your part to relieve him of the duty."

"I would have thought he would prefer a slower death for it," I rejoined, "but depend on me—I'll be game!"

Game I was not, however, while the game still was. I could no more bring myself to kill that bird than I could consider the taking of my own life to relieve myself of the duty. It was not that I had no desire to do so; remembering it was Lydia's own suggestion and seeing her with Durands—more intimate than ever—gave me worlds of that. But as often as I went with bloody intentions to the stable where the game was confined—and the occasions were not few—I as often returned, the purpose unaccomplished, conquered by its strut, its assurance—out of all proportion to its size, the infernal cock-a-doodle-do with which it never failed to hail my coming. Talk of your Pa—!—the personality of that bird was in a class by itself. Again and again, moved by vengeance by Durands' infatuation and Lydia's tolerance of it, I would return to the task only to turn again and again away from it,—crowed and strutted out of face, as it were,—until at length it almost became a case of Lydia or the game; and even then I was powerless. If the bird had been capable of a consciousness of guilt or even dejection—the slightest drooping of its comb, its tail feathers—I would have been capable of its destruction, but to cut it off in its habitual and apparently everlasting state of self-glory would have been to make it a martyr.

In my desire to kill the bird and my inability to do so, I was becoming so despondent that something dire might have resulted, had not the stable boy one morning about a week after my conversation with Lydia brought me a tale about one of the Colonel's best hens having been killed that night by a weasel. The Colonel, he said, was in an awful rage about it and had vowed to set a dozen traps around his pen—the one end of a dilapidated driving-house at the farther side of the grounds—to catch the thief if he should come again.

Here, at last, was a way to the end of 'Jap'; why not let him out that night and the weasel would get him. If not the Colonel would in the morning, and his death at the Colonel's hands—despite Lydia's opinion—was no longer distasteful to me. I had suffered too much—far too much—and being hopeless was not a little angry with Lydia herself. For a week she had vouchsafed me nothing more than mere salutations, and I felt that notwithstanding parental objections she might have given me opportunity for an occasional tete-a-tete. It was Durands—Durands—Durands eternally, till I fancied at last it had been Durands always and that she had been only playing me. After all if the Colonel got back at "Jap" might it not have good effect in allaying his feelings against me. Surely! So when the kindly night had descended and the stars were all out looking at me with Lydia's eyes I closed the stable door softly and set "Jap" down to strut out—swashbuckler that he was—to his fate and the weasel.

I slept late the next morning, but after breakfast found the Colonel and Lydia on the verandah, and sank into a seat on the opposite side of the doorway.

"A pleasant morning," I said. But Lydia only made reply. Then I became engrossed in my magazine and the Colonel in his paper, having shifted his chair so that his back was toward me.

I had only succeeded in settling down from self-consciousness to a perusal of my story, however, when the morning silence was suddenly broken by the loud and triumphant—ah, familiarly triumphant!—crowing of a cock. No, I could not, I would not believe it was "Jap." That was too utterly against the religion of hope. He must have fallen a victim to the weasel hours before. The Colonel had probably been making recent additions of the male gender to his stock of

hens, and the sound certainly came from the direction of his hen-pen. Ah, how admirable a thing it is to be able to adopt a conviction, but how brain-racking to have it rudely shaken! I had only again settled down to my magazine—or rather to keeping a furtive eye on the Colonel, who had also started, cocking his ear as it were—when—"never, clear, deadlier than before"—and tenfold "Jappish," once more that terrible cockcrow smote the air—then again and again.

The Colonel waited no longer. He grabbed his cane, and without replying to Lydia's question as to where he was going, hurried off in the direction of the sound.

I rose leisurely like a man to whom nothing is left but to meet his fate with nonchalance. Lydia on the other hand was somewhat excited.

"What is wrong now?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," I said, "only the game is out once more."

"The game!—but I thought you promised me, sir, to put an end to it"—with hauteur.

"Come along," I returned soothingly, making my way down the steps, "and you will see the end of it now."

She followed me, but apparently with the intention of expressing herself.

"If I had known you were not a man of your word," she said, "I would not have acted as I did, and bothered getting—but never mind, it's no matter now."

"If I thought the knowledge would have had any effect in changing your action with Durands," I retorted, "I would have let you know sooner."

"I hope, sir, you do not dare to insinuate anything wrong in my conduct with Mr. Durands?"

"No," I admitted brusquely, "the trouble is, I guess, that there is something wrong with me."

"I should think so"—scathingly—"breaking a sacred promise, and then being so careless as to allow the game to break out after all the trouble it caused before."

"I wasn't careless—I let it out on purpose."

"Let it out on purpose!" gasped Lydia

"Yes, so the weasel would get it; didn't I tell you I had never killed a chicken in my life."

"Well of all weakness—!" she began; then gazed at me contemptively without being able to further express herself.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals would call it chivalry, I believe."

"Chivalry!—really, you have a strong feeling for—hens!"

"Perhaps, but a far stronger one for another bird." I was looking desperately in her eyes, but she was an adept at fencing.

"That would be your own kind. I suppose—a jay," she retorted. Then seeing I was about to continue the subject: "Anyway papa is bound to kill the game, and I know you and he will have an awful quarrel. I do hate scenes."

"If your love is as easily moved as your hate," I made reply, "I will promise to let him tear it feather by feather."

But rounding the corner of the driving-house where the Colonel kept his hens at this juncture we came suddenly upon a scene so strange, so unexpected, that I stopped short and rubbed my eyes in incredulous bewilderment, while Lydia expressed herself in a faint, "Well!"

There with his stick in his hand, and a smile upon his face, was the Colonel; and there before him—as much alive as ever he was, and strutting himself out of all conscience, his head now on this side, now on that, and all apparently for the benefit of his companion—was "Jap." I could hardly believe my senses, and imagined for an instant that the Colonel—as I, myself, had been—was a victim to the bird's hypnotic eye and magnetic personality. Then suddenly I found the key to the situation. It lay between—the dead weasel! a small one! The Colonel apparently in his jubilance over killing the animal had forgotten the game. Lest he should remember I hurried up and caught his hand.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "allow me to congratulate you—an excellent shot—you shot it did you not?"

The Colonel's smile was very dry, there was even a glint of it in his eyes.

"The honor," he said, pointing to "Jap," "belongs to the game."

"Never!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," affirmed the Colonel, "just gave it the coup de grace as I arrived." Then setting down his stick with emphasis: "Hang it all, sir, it's about as good a sample of 'clean grit' as I ever saw, and on the face of it I have a half notion to blot out an old score against the little blackguard."

I was still too astonished to speak, but Lydia was quick to seize the psychologicality of the moment with another surprise.

"Papa," she said, "Mr. Branscom was just telling me he had been successful in getting another Spanish Buff and Langshan for you to replace the ones killed, and that he had confined them in this old granary here. I suppose you would not mind letting us see them, Mr. Branscom?"—and her hand was already on the latch of the granary door.

It was well for me my silence was taken for granted, and the Colonel hurried over at once to his daughter's side without looking in my direction, for my mouth, I fear, was wide open and my eyes inclined to bulge. But a backward glance from Lydia brought me partially to myself, and the next minute I had joined them.

The Colonel had already the two birds in his hands examining them. When he set them down it was with a sigh of satisfaction and he turned to me.

"Sir," he said warmly, "I don't know where you got them, but they're every whit as good as the other ones, and I thank you for your trouble in the matter. Hem!—I fear I may have been a little harsh with you, sir, but you will accept the apology of an old soldier."

I took his proffered hand with avidity. "With pleasure, sir," I said. "And you would do me a further honor by taking the game as a sort of interest to your loss."

Despite the happy outcome of the affair I had little faith in my brave "Jap" and was bound to be rid of him then and forever.

"The game!" exclaimed the Colonel delighted. "But this is too much, sir."

"Not at all—the brave to the brave, you know; only be careful of him, sir, for, like yourself, he's a natural-born fighter."

But the Colonel only beamed over the responsibility.

The mystery to me—for even now as Mrs. Branscom she absolutely refuses to make it known—is how Lydia came by those two birds. It was enough at the time, however, to know that she went to the trouble of getting them.

TRUE LOVE.

True love is born of pain,
And bringeth forth sweet pain again.
Sweet love! sweet pain!
O bitter love! O bitter, bitter pain!
Alas, 'twere all in vain
To part them—time must prove
That death may vanquish love,
And slay her with his dart,
Ere pain and lovers part.

—Annie C. Dalton.

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"The Ambitious City."

By W. Oliphant Bell.

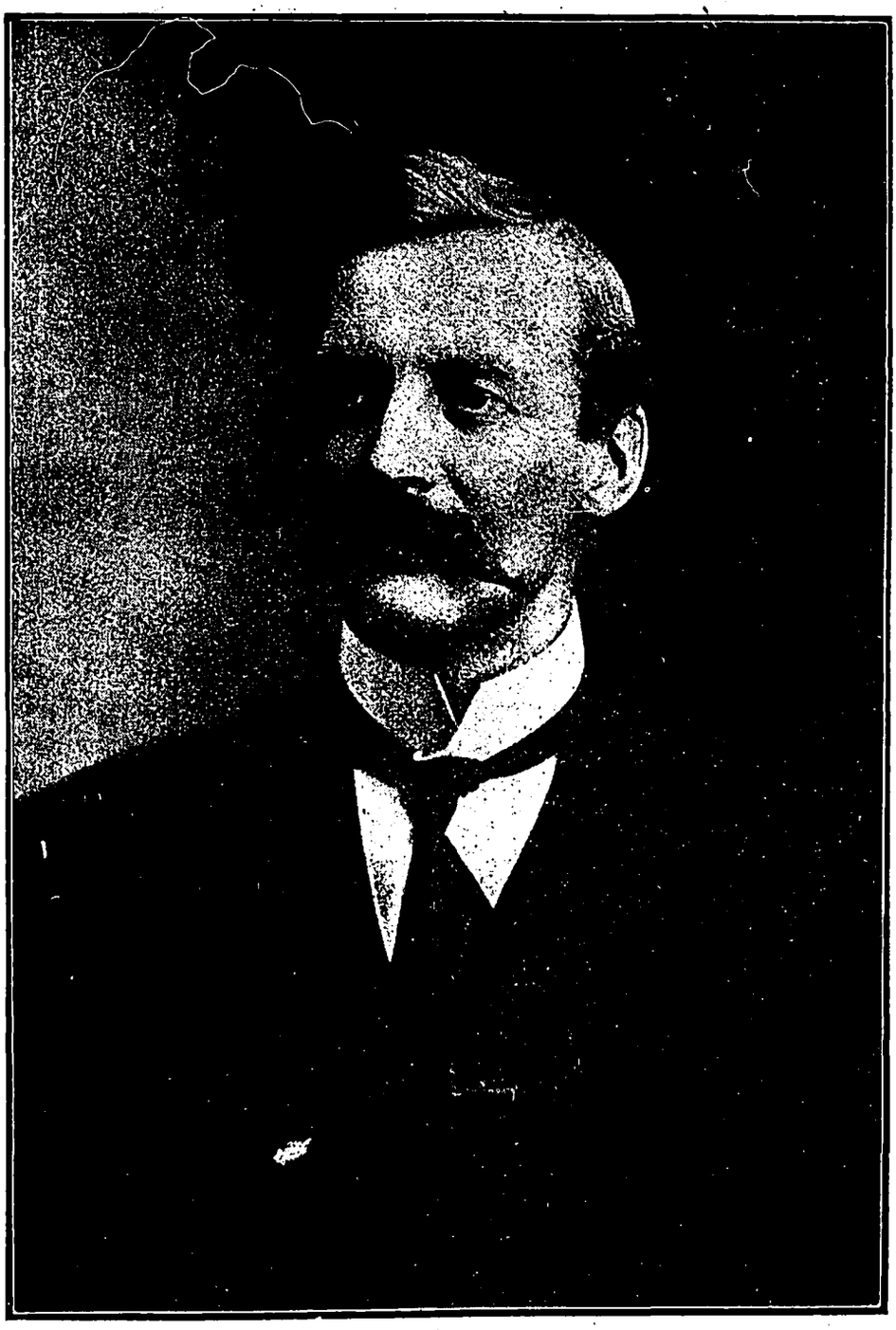
RIGHT across the harbor from Vancouver and separated by about two miles of land-locked water, lies the north shore of Burrard Inlet, famous throughout Canada and the shipping world as the great Western outlet of the mighty Dominion. Only a quarter of a century ago these waters were virtually unknown, save for the recorded experiences of a few adventurous spirits who preceded the iron horse. Truly an occasional trader made the port in the interests of the small lumber mills which had carved the initial slices from the great forest bonanza, but the daily frequenters of the waters were the primitive canoes of the Coast Indians, the younger generation of whom today are more concerned with civilised ideals than with the occupation of their forefathers, forerunners as they were of the present great fishing industry.

This North shore of Burrard Inlet in reality dominates the entire situation from a geographical standpoint. The South shore for several miles from the entrance to the harbor forms the peninsula upon which the City of Vancouver is built, the other side of which is skirted by the Fraser River, famous as the great Coast waterway, alternately gold-disintegrator and placer-former, alluvial soil depositor and farm-fertiliser and finally spawning ground for the

The City Hall.

world-renowned salmon, "the fish that made the Province famous." Why the aforesaid South shore should have been selected for the site of the proud city which is now reared thereon it is difficult to say. In all enterprises in unexplored, or at all events new countries, mistakes are made, and it must be admitted that in the present instance the selection was open to question. However, it was reserved for a later day to witness the utilisation of the great resources and unique situation of North Vancouver, which culminated only within the last few weeks in the incorporation of a new and rival city—one day to perhaps divide honors with Vancouver itself in expanding the trade of the port.

North Vancouver was the name first applied to a large and unwieldy municipality about eighteen miles long by about nine miles in breadth. The people of Vancouver for many years looked at it from across the water, but it was reserved for some enterprising campers in search of new sensations to discover the charms and possibilities of the opposite



Mayor A. E. Kealy.

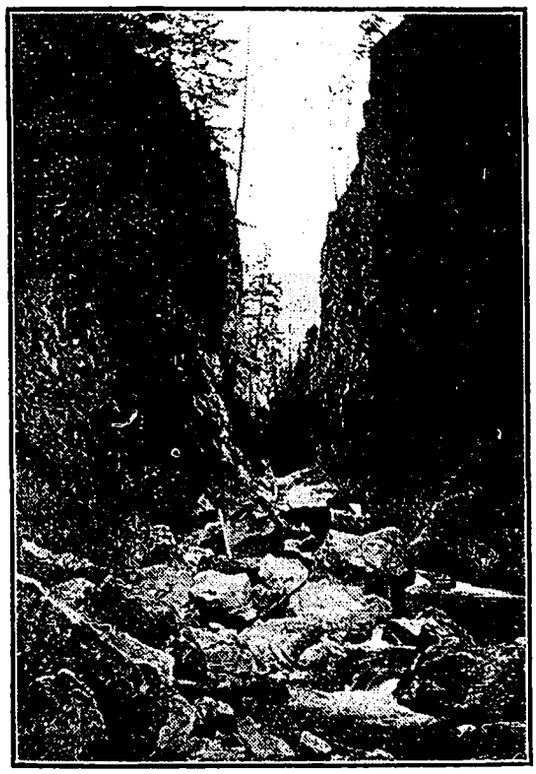
shore. As these became better appreciated a tendency to settle there was evinced and so it happened that from a camping ground on the foreshore the nucleus of a settlement was formed. For several years these pioneers struggled with nature, firmly convinced that one day people would flock across to participate in the enjoyment of such an ideal residential locality. Their faith was destined soon to be rewarded, for about four years ago the Lonsdale Estate, held by absentees and comprising the most central and accessible portion of the municipality at the time, was placed on the market. Investors immediately took hold and in a short time residences of all kinds from the mansion to the humble shack commenced to make their appearance, while values which were ridiculously low in the first instance soon advanced as the demand increased. Since that date progress has been steady and uninterrupted and the spectacle witnessed on Dominion Day when the official incorporation of the city was cele-

Alderman Irwin's Residence.

A July Celebration.

brated in the presence of the entire local population added to some 15,000 residents of Vancouver, who participated in the festivities, is eloquent testimony of the popularity of this latest addition to the roll of British Columbia cities.

A visit to the North side is one of the first trips taken by the new arrival in Vancouver. As the train steams in



Capilano Canyon.

round the shore from its long transcontinental journey the expectant eye is instinctively turned across the bay. There across the sun-kissed wavelets is seen the outline of a city in creation and involuntarily one asks the question, "What place is that?" The first impression begets the desire for further investigation. The ferry starts from the center of the city and at present consists of two regular steamers, one of which is capable of carrying about 1,000 passengers. The company operating the line is gradually responding to the demands for a faster and more frequent service and extensive improvements are now in contemplation. Fifteen minutes' steam suffices for the trip across the Inlet and on arrival early evidences of strenuous development work meet the eye. The main street known as Lonsdale Avenue bisects the city north and south. It measures 100 feet in width and has a gradual ascent for about half a mile, which admits of an admirable system of lateral avenues for residential purposes. And truly it is a wonderful panorama which unfolds itself, unique and of surpassing beauty. Looking across the harbor the whole waterfront of Vancouver, with all its varied shipping from the gigantic ocean freighter to the businesslike tug, stretches out for miles, flanked on either side by the smoke of innumerable lumber mills and other busy industrial works. Away out on the horizon can faintly be discerned Vancouver Island, while in the rear to left and right the mountain ranges rise, their snow-capped peaks standing out in cameo-like relief against the clear sky. The intervening valleys suggest sport for the gun and the mountain streams which through them course positively invite the rod, with evidently very satisfactory results, if the daily influx of sportsmen during the season be any criterion.

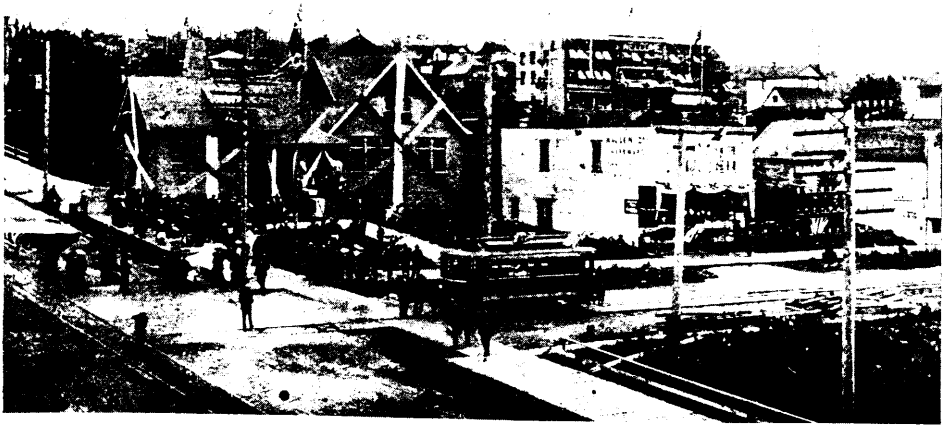
Since facilities of transport and the convenient application of heat, light and power as furnished by the use of electricity are usually conceded to be necessary requirements for a modern city, North Vancouver can certainly claim to be strictly up-to-date. When the B. C. Electric Railway Company which practically controls the street car systems and electric lighting of the Coast, turned

A Typical Home.

its attention to North Vancouver it evidently saw something in the future which it considered worthy of the expenditure of considerable capital in the present. Of course there were not wanting people who thought that the franchise given the

company was too liberal, but when the advantages are set against these contentions, it cannot be denied that the city has gained a great boon and at the same time incalculably benefited its material prospects. There is now an admirable tramway system installed covering the principal thoroughfares and it is being rapidly extended to the famous Capilano canyon which promises to be one of the most popular holiday resorts on the Coast. As it is large numbers of holiday makers make this beautiful spot the object of their excursions and needless to say when they can accomplish the journey without fatigue they will appreciate the change. The lighting of the city is a particularly attractive feature, the rates being very moderate and the service good. These are very important points from the residential standpoint and it may be questioned if any city in Canada of similar size has anything approaching such facilities. The telephone system connecting with Vancouver central is also in operation and no doubt as the city develops it will be incorporated in the parent body, thus eliminating a great deal of vexation and annoyance inseparable from the operation of a sub-station. Nevertheless it is something to know that the phone is available in case of necessity and serves also to illustrate the further progressiveness of the city as a whole.

In every young and vigorous community the demand for improvements generally exceeds the supply and North Vancouver is no exception to the rule. Notwithstanding a great deal has been effected and the last year particularly much headway is noticeable. Most of the principal streets are now graded and furnished with sidewalks, while water and electric light extensions are being pushed to the more remote localities with all possible speed. It is only fair to say that the water service is one of the greatest assets of any community, and in this respect and also as regards the purity and pressure available the city is particularly fortunate. The supply is taken from a dam constructed at a point in Lynn Creek, about six miles from the wharf the elevation being over 500 feet, thus ensuring a splendid distributing service over the entire city. A special water loan by-law was passed for $50,000 to cover the cost of construction and the investment has been a highly profit-



A Festive City.

able one. As a result of the incorporation of the city which now comprises within its boundaries between 2,500 and 3,000 acres, a policy of concentration in civic improvements will be introduced. The good results thereof should speedily manifest themselves and as population increases there will be ample opportunity for the extension of public works generally. The city of North Vancouver has also a splendid asset in the public parks which have been secured by the foresight of the old municipal council, aided by the generous action of various parties who donated valuable sites. Chief amongst these is Victoria Park situated about half a mile from the wharf, and comprising two sections of three and one-half acres each on the east and west side respectively of Lonsdale Avenue. The citizens have to thank the North Vancouver Land and Improvement Co. and Mr. St. George Hammersley for this fine and public-spirited gift. When fully cultivated and artistically laid out, as it will be very soon, it will prove one of the beauty spots and principal attractions of the place. About a mile further on Alexandra Park is located, adjoining which is the ground of the B. C. Electric Railway intended for athletic purposes. The former park will contain the new home of the Horticultural Association, which flourishing society is about to erect a large and permanent building for its exhibits. The exhibitions held in the past have been a revelation to strangers in the matter of variety of the fruits, flowers and other products indigenous to the soil, in fact nothing else could have demonstrated better the suitability of North Vancouver for their successful cultivation. In the course of time as a consequence North Vancouver will revel in natural scenic attractions enhanced by the wise touch of the civic beautifying association.

While prophecy has oftimes been justly discredited in these latter days it is safe to say that deductions drawn from practical and well founded sources can be accepted without undue reserve. It must be so in any generalisation of the future of North Vancouver where all the evidences evist which denote a healthy and prosperous growth.

When, in the course of four short years a city can spring from a state of absolute nature, to a modern thriving community of 2,500 people, and all without the assistance of any artificial stimulus, it speaks with no uncertain voice. Today business of all kinds is well represented and prosperous. Three churches testify to the spiritual needs of the people. Two hotels cater to the wants of the travellers. Two saw-mills are in active operation, while three ship-

St. John's Boys' School.

building yards are as busy as they can be. There is an organ factory in the city and several other industries are about to commence operations. Then the B. C. Electric Railway is busy extending their system and will continue to employ a large force of men. But independent of all this there is the great stretch of unoccupied water front with all its splendid facilities for docking and shipping purposes generally. Waterfront in Vancouver is limited and being virtually controlled by the railroads there is no room for the unrestricted development of independent shipping interests. When it is borne in mind that oversea commerce will always be one of the most important undertakings connected with the port of Burrard Inlet, the valuable nature of the asset possessed by North Vancouver with its unfettered waterfront, can be better appreciated. That it will shortly be linked by rail with Vancouver is a certainty, as the survey for a bridge across the Second Narrows has proved its feasibility, and the V. W. & Y. Railway has announced its building. Independent of this, however, North Vancouver has a future of its own. Its incomparable site, proximity to Vancouver, and general attractiveness as a residential locality; also, and what is more important the reasonable values of real estate, must ensure it a steady and increasing growth. It is a city full of promise and only the most unlooked-for circumstances could impede its development.

The Express Office.

Anglo-Saxon.

By Amicus.

IN speaking of the Anglo Saxon I refer not to the man but to the language which is the chosen vehicle of this virile race—English. The language in which some of the greatest writers of any age have conveyed their message to the world. The language in which Chaucer chanted his Canterbury Tales, Spencer sang of the Faerie Queene, and Shakespeare penned his immortal dramas.

It is the opinion of most competent critics that the English language has fallen on evil times. It has been mutilated of set purpose by pedants and charlatans, it has been moulded by egotists and literary adventurers, it has been adapted by so-called up-to-date journalists, it has been Frenchified, Yankeefied, and slangified by writers of various degree for various purposes; but it has survived all these influences and will yet emerge from the Babel of strange sounds and stranger inflections in all the stately beauty and force which characterized it when Addison, Swift and Johnson were the acknowledged masters of English prose.

Meanwhile one has only to take up an English classic or a collection of the orations of the greatest English speakers to see how far popular English of today has fallen from its high estate. This is equally true whether the test be applied to writers or speakers. With the single exception of Meredith there is not a living Englishman who is regarded as a master of style, and brilliant as he was at his best it can never be forgotten that he wrote the "Amazing Marriage." Even his best work, "Richard Feverel," whilst comparing favourably with any English novel for philosophic insight, fanciful imagination, and ideality, is far inferior to many works which could be mentioned in form and mode of expression. As a sample of pure English it cannot be compared with "Lorna Doone" or "Under the Greenwood Tree." These again would have to be accorded second place to "Vanity Fair." This comparison does not extend to any feature of the work except the choice of language, and as time progresses our most popular authors seem to be getting further away from the Anglo Saxon fount from which the greatest writers of our race have ever drawn.

But the difference is far greater and is more readily discerned if we study the utterances of public men "Aut tempore aut mores" will account for a difference in the style of address. This busier age with its greater concentration of purpose is intolerant of long speeches of involved sentences, of laboured orations. It aims at short, concise, business-like utterances. The consequence is that different models have been chosen, no longer are Fox, Burke and Pitt the darlings of embryonic statesmen. The more colloquial speeches of Disraeli, Gladstone and Chamberlain have superseded the former. I am not unmindful of the fact that of these three Mr. Gladstone at least was an orator, but only on occasions. In ordinary debate he was anything but an ideal speaker. Of him it was said that he was lost "amid the exuberance of his own verbosity." His forte was declamation, and when arousing the world to a state of indignation over the Bulgarian atrocities or when preaching his crusade for the relief of

Ireland, he rose to the loftiest height of eloquence, yet even his splendid orations were far inferior as examples of Anglo Saxon to those of John Bright.

The great tribune of the people was a born orator, with all the gifts as well as the graces of oratory. His sentences were never involved, his composition never prolix, his meaning never obscure, his argument never strained. True his vocabulary was more limited than that of Mr. Gladstone, a circumstance determined largely by education, but there was this great difference, that he drew his supply of words almost exclusively from one source, of which he was absolute master.

In England there are two men of later date than John Bright who more closely follow him than any others in their use of pure Anglo Saxon words and phraseology, Lord Rosebery and John Morley, and it must be admitted that they are the two finest living speakers. True, John Morley is handicapped by natural defects but his speeches read as those of few other men. Lord Rosebery is "par excellence" the English orator of today, if indeed he is not the only public man entitled to that designation. He has failed in politics and has been relegated to his lonely furrow, but he lives in a magnificent isolation, and when he emerges, his utterances are listened to, as those of no other man, by the English speaking world. I cite these names to illustrate my argument, that the greatest speakers of our race are those who have adhered most closely to the use of pure Anglo Saxon. Journalese, Americanese, and other corruptions of a noble tongue may serve a purpose for the average utterances of men, and may be a more or less fitting and convenient medium for the discharge of ordinary business, but the loftiest thoughts and the noblest ideals can only find expression in the pure language in which they were born and cradled.

I have spoken of John Bright, and of Englishmen of comparatively recent years, he is distinctly the most conspicuous example of the Anglo Saxon orator. There is another, however, not born on English soil though inheriting all the best traditions of the race, who on more than one occasion but especially upon one memorable occasion, rose to heights of eloquence which have never been surpassed; and demonstrated as had never before nor since been demonstrated, the splendid adaptation of his native tongue to the expression of the loftiest sentiments which man can conceive or cherish; I refer to Abraham Lincoln. His speech at Gettysburg stands alone, and registers the high-water mark of English eloquence, and if it is taken and analyzed word by word it will be found to be pure Anglo Saxon.

I have spoken of a common source of inspiration for these masters of our language, but I have not named it, yet they all admitted at one time or another that their chief model was the Bible, which apart from its value as a religious work, is in the truest sense the undefiled well from which the pure water has been drawn. Within the last twenty-five years there has been a conspicuous defection on the part of public speakers and writers. Editorials, articles, treatises and speeches alike have lost their force as well as their beauty through this defect. Biblical phraseology was not so long ago interwoven with the vernacular, and men understood best by the aid of scriptural simile. That time has passed; the Bible is less read in the home and less studied in the school, and consequently men are less familiar with it. From a purely literary standpoint the loss is incalculable, and if there were no other reason for urging the rehabilitation of the "best of books," the impoverishment of our language in consequence of its neglect is a sufficient one.

The argument a posteriori—cause and effect—is best illustrated by seeing a doctor at a funeral.

While Keir Hardie was lecturing on Socialism at Winnipeg someone stole his hat, vest and tobacco pouch. More "our's for us."

You can be too thrifty in counting the words in an advertisement, as this from the Telegraph proves: "A lady whose husband is going abroad wishes to meet with another to be her companion during his absence." The outlay of "another" penny or so would have stopped the tongue of scandal.

One touch of nature, etc.! From the Morning Post: "A nobleman by descent (mother's side), 35, single, not by education or means, is harassed by plebeians. Will any fellow-bloodsman help?" We know those wretched plebeians—tailors, or money-lenders, as a rule.

Schoolmistress—"Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie, don't you?" Johnny Jones—"Yes, ma'am. I'll go to a bad place." Schoolmistress—"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. You'll also be expelled from school."

The Duc de Choiseul, who was remarkably thin, travelled to London to negotiate a peace. "Have they sent the preliminaries of a treaty?" asked one Englishman of another. "I don't know," was the reply; "but they have sent the outline of an ambassador."

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away, two come back to you." "That's my experience," said Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August."

"Where was he struck by the motor-car?" asked the Coroner. "At the juncture of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," answered the surgeon. "Will you please point that out on the map?" asked the Coroner, indicating one that hung on the wall.

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Mrs. Honeymoon (to husband in railway tram)—"Do you love me?" Old Party (confidentially, from other seat, to bridegroom)—"She's asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window."

"Father," said the young man home from college. "Yes, my son." "Did you ever flirt before you were married?" "Why, yes, my boy, once." "And were you caught at it?" "Yes, my son." "Who caught you?" "Your mother."

Miss Forty Summers—"I had a proposal last night and refused it." Miss Crusher—"You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"

Mrs. Alltork (on a visit to view house for sale)—"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! The magnificent view makes me perfectly speechless!" Hubby—"I'll buy this villa at once."

A youth leaving his work the other day met a clergyman on his way home reading a daily paper. Said he, "Hello, mate, what's won?" The minister, unconcerned, replied, "What-care-I." The youth replied, "Oh, lor! another outsider!"

Jones—"Who is the really perfect man, I should like to know?"

Brown—"The man your wife was going to marry if she hadn't maried you!"

A young man who was noted for his pride, in telling of his foreign descent, was rather abashed the other day when in conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance. "Yes," said he, "I was born in Brussels." "Oh, yes! Then you are what we might call a Brussels sprout!" replied the maid.

A gentleman entered a bookseller's shop in Dublin and requested the bookbinder to bind a valuable work he had in superior style. "And how will you have it done?" was the query. "In russia?" "In Russia! Certainly not." "In morocco, then?' continued the shopkeeper. "No; neither in Russia nor Morocco," rejoined the patriot; "if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookbinder over the way."

A cabby was once standing by his cab, when a masher came along, and stood quizzing at it, and the following conversation essued. Masher—"Is that your cab?" Cabby—"Yes." Masher—"I thought it was a cat's meat barrow." Cabby—"And so will a lot more people if they see puppies smelling around. You will oblige me by shifting."

Mr. Nuwed, arriving home late, encounters the housemaid returning from her "day out."

"Why, Jane," he says, "this is a nice time of night to come home!"

Jane—"Yes, sir. What would missus say to us if she knew?"

He—"So your husband has given up smoking? That wants a pretty strong will."

Yes, I've got one.

The Magistrate—"Why should you envy me? I have as many troubles as you have?"

Tramp—"That's all right, boss. Perhaps you have—but I ain't got nothin' else."

"Say, Central, what's the matter? This is the rottenest service imaginable. Give me the chief operator. "Hallo! Is this the chief? Well, I've been trying to get my wife for ten minutes, and can't. I'll have my telephone taken out. See if I don't."

Thus speaking, the irate man took the next car home, and told his telephone troubles to his wife. "Don't talk so loudly, George, dear," she whispered. "I muffled the bell to keep it from waking the baby." But the little telephone girl was still very nervous and sorely troubled.

In a recent number of Past and Present, a journal for scholars of Friends' Schools, there is a long and "absolutely genuine" collection of "howlers." Here are a few specimens:—

Clive had to blow himself out of India, but, fortunately for England, he didn't explode.

In trial by ordeal a man had to carry a red-hot piece of iron for five years.

The Spartans had two Kings to cheek one another.

The religion of China occupies half the house.

Southampton is noted for exporting people to South Africa.

The potato is not only used for feeding peasants, but goes to more important things, such as whisky.

Ireland has the greatest amount of a potato for each head.

We ate our dinner sitting on tombstones which consisted of a pork pie and ginger beer.

A tramp is a being who goes about in search of work; when there is a chance of work he goes elsewhere.

A tramp's face looks as sour as a lemon, and is generally the colour of his hands, which have not been washed since he took up the trade, which continues till he is locked up.

A miracle is a thing no man can do except the person who does it.

At a wedding breakfast the bridegroom was called upon to respond to the usual toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose. He intended merely to imply that he was unprepared for speech-making, and perhaps it was unfortunate that he had his hand upon his wife's shoulder as he stammered out, "This—er—has been forced upon me unexpectedly."

Several papers have been giving advice as to the best means of keeping well. The following have wired their opinion:—

La Milo—Wear light clothing.
G. R. Sims—Plenty of fresh 'air and mustard and cress.
Lord Northcliffe—Keep out of the Sunlight.
George Robey—Laugh and grow fat.
Mr. Redmond—Take plenty of Irish.
Mr. Tree—Change of scene.
Sandow—Exercise and weight lifting.
W. G. Grace—Avoid ducks.
C. A. Pearson—Hustle at Express rate.
M. Paderewski—Play gives tone to all organs.
A. W. Pinero—Put your house in order.
Sir F. Burnard—Plenty of Punch.
Duke of Devonshire—Plenty of sleep.
W. S. Gilbert—Eat greenmeat—especially Savoy.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young sportsman, who had failed to register a single hit, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year." "Not all of 'em, sir," answered the man in attendance. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir." "Rollowing me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?" "Well, sir," came the reply; "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."

"I'm afraid, George," said his fiancee, "that you are going from bad to worse."

"Quite a coincidence," muttered George. "That's what Clara said when I threw her over for you."

Mary—"Please, mum, the castors under master's armchair creak most terrible. Hadn't they better be oiled?"

Mrs. Moffat (newly married)—"Certainly, but I'm afraid we have no castor oil in the house."

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