

# EVENTS

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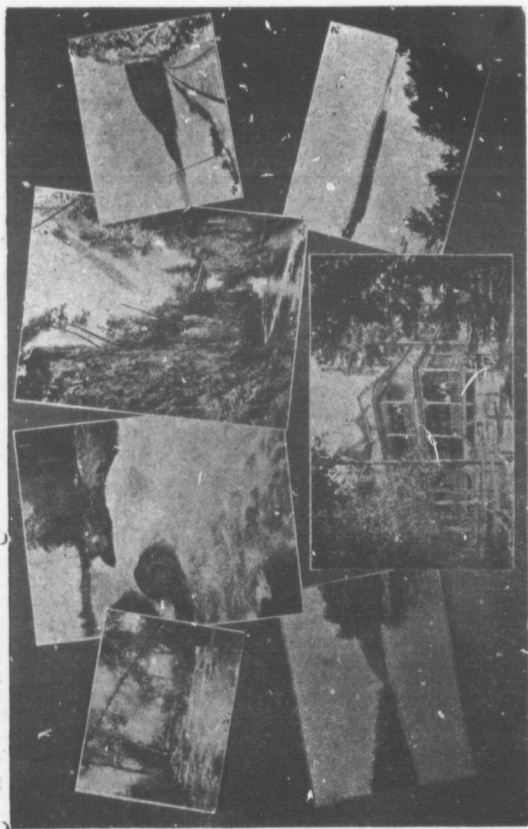
**T**HE country of Temiskaming, Temagami and Keepawa in Northern Ontario and Quebec is little known, but deserves to be visited by every Canadian interested in the development of the Dominion, and by every tourist and sportsman who desires to become acquainted with big fish and big game, and who enjoys bold, magnificent and diversified scenery. The Ottawa River which enlarges into Lake Temiskaming and numerous others, is the main waterway, and the Upper Ottawa for beauty of natural scenery and virgin wilds cannot be surpassed in the world.

To make the country better known the managers of the Lumsden Navigation Line assisted generously by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, took the Parliamentary Press Gallery from Ottawa to the head of Lake Temiskaming on Saturday and Sunday of last week. The manager of the Lumsden estate, Mr. John I. MacCracken,

was kind enough to conduct the party personally, and the success of the trip was greatly promoted by the presence of Mr. George Ham of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and also by Mr. George Duncan, the Ottawa agent. By a happy thought Mr. Colin Rankin, the pioneer Factor of the Hudson Bay Company in this district, was asked to make the trip to his old trading post along with the newspaper men. Mr. Rankin was a Factor of the company for 50 years, and knows every mile of the river from Mattawa to the head of Temiskaming Lake.

Leaving Ottawa by the Soo train on the Canadian Pacific, whose bold construction along the bank of the winding river under the shadow of great dark rock is shown in one of the accompanying pictures, the party reached Mattawa in time for breakfast. A special sleeper, "The Ivanhoe", provided by the C.P.R., revealed

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1 On White Creek 2 Top half Kippewa River Falls  
Seven League Lake 3 View on Kippewa River 4 Near the Narrows--  
5 Across Temsgaming 6 Bellevue House 7

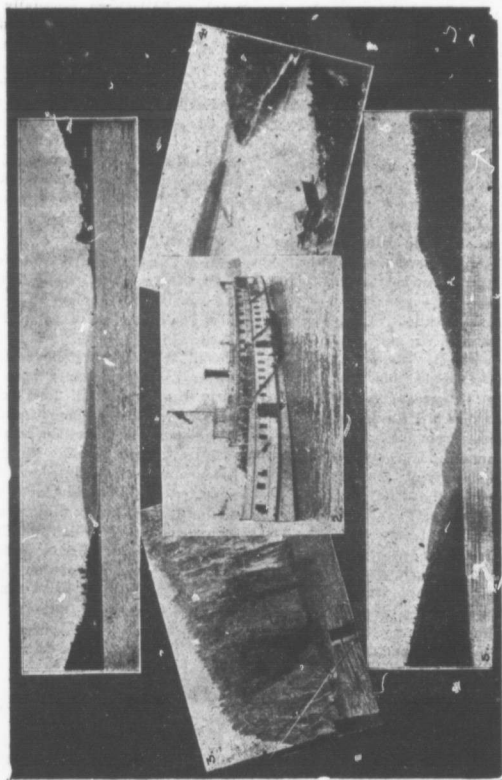
the degree of excellence which the company has attained in the construction of palace sleeping cars. From Mattawa a branch line runs to Temiskaming Station where the company's splendid steamer "Meteor" was waiting for the party. The sail up the river and through the lake to New Liskeard was one continual delight to the eye, the imagination, and the mind. To the eye because of the great natural beauty of the river, its islands and its shores. To the imagination because it recalled the early days of the pioneer, of the savage Indian, of the struggles of the settler and of the trader to conquer an unoccupied portion of the new world. The lake broadened until on one side it met the horizon and you feel that you are on one of the great waterways of the world, that you see on every hand natural resources of untold value undeveloped, in timber, in minerals, and in the food supply beneath the surface of the water. Fort Temiskaming is situated on a point on the Quebec side called "The Narrows", directly opposite a similar point on the Ontario shore called "Mission", because it is the site of an old Oblat Fathers Mission. Here the two great provinces are so close together that Mr. Rankin says he often talked across from the Fort to the mission and carried on conversation with another. The beauty of the lake at this place and around the point at Baie des Peres is most striking.

The town of New Liskeard was the destination of the party on the first day, and here was found a prosperous new town with about 3,000 population. Steamers are enabled to reach the inner wharf by means of a channel which has just been dredged out of the creek by the Department of Public

Works at Ottawa. The town is running ahead of Haileybury, which is the older settlement and better situated place of any size nearby. When at Haileybury the party were able to see a train on the new Temiskaming Railway constructed by the Ross Government in Ontario. From Haileybury to New Liskeard is only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Some people in Haileybury, especially the editor of the local paper, are jealous of Liskeard, but just why no one could tell unless there is some land speculation behind. Some of the party spent a few hours pleasantly in Liskeard during the evening at the "Hotel Canada", the proprietor of which, Mr. K. Farah, excelled himself in making the visitors feel at home. He has a good hotel and a large steam yacht which he places at the disposal of visitors who organize fishing parties. A new local paper, "The Herald", is published here.

From Liskeard the trip was extended to North Temiskaming, which is the end of the lake and of navigation. From here there is a canoe route by which one can reach Abitibi Lake. The return trip brought the party to Bellevue House, a very neat and modern summer hotel where the party were met by Mr. John Lumsden and entertained at a recherche dinner. Here the pressmen took occasion to acknowledge the great courtesy of Mr. MacCracken, Mr. Laroche, the superintendent of the Navigation Line, Captain Jones, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Brief acknowledgments were made by Mr. MacCracken, Mr. Lumsden and Mr. Ham. The return trip to Ottawa by means of the Canadian Pacific was made in splendid time and concluded a trip every mile of which was most enjoyable.

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1 "Old Mission"—Ontario  
2 The "Meteor"  
3 The Frog, or castellated rocks—  
4 Latour's Mill  
5 Looking up lake from Colton's Narrows  
"The Fort"—Quebec  
4 Temiskaming Lake—from

## Causes of Norway's Secession.

THE crisis which came when Oscar II. of Sweden resumed the reins of government and refused his sanction to the bill passed in the Storting, giving Norway an independent foreign consulate has not been unexpected. The fate of the consulate measure is only a proximate cause of the rupture. The discussions in the European press show that while for nearly a century Sweden and Norway have been united under the royal family of Bernadotte, founded by Napoleon's marshal of that name, the union has never been natural or complete and Norway has always strained and struggled after home rule. While the fiscal policy of Norway is for free trade, Sweden stands for protection, and the peoples of the two kingdoms are separated by the deepest differences in the geographical character of their territories, by language, racial peculiarities, and national pursuits. During the month of May the press have been uttering predictions of coming disaster, and a recent utterance expresses a hope that at least the secession may not be followed by bloodshed. "A peaceful dissolution of the Union is at the present moment the most we can hope for."

The refusal of his sanction to the consulate bill by King Oscar has brought to a head the disagreement for a long time fomented by the literary agitators Nansen and Hedin. The essential causes of the disagreement were, however, much profounder, and more irresistible. They are thus outlined by a correspondent:

"We Norwegians are a people of two millions, and out of these two millions there are not a hundred who approve of the present union Sweden and Norweg-

ian cannot live together. The Swede feels that he is an aristocrat. He is stiff and ceremonious as a Spaniard. We Norwegians are democratic and conscious of our freedom and independence. The Swedes can never forget their exalted national glory; they dream about it, treat us haut-en-bar, and term us peasants. And peasants indeed we are, and are proud of it but we are not canaille. When any conflict takes place, our king is never on the spot here; he is in Sweden. We have, however, no complaint to make of King Oscar personally. He is a peacefully disposed, simple, and fair-minded man. We also have a high opinion of the Swedes as men, but not as fellow subjects. What we want with regard to Sweden, as soon as the union has been dissolved, is a defensive alliance with her in which Denmark may also be included. But we are aiming at complete independence, both in our domestic and foreign affairs. If the question is raised whether Norway is to be a monarchy or a republic, I would answer, we have no objection to a king, and Prince Karl (who has been suggested as a king for Norway) is a peaceful and sincere man, but the fact of it is we do not think it necessary to have any sovereign lord at all."

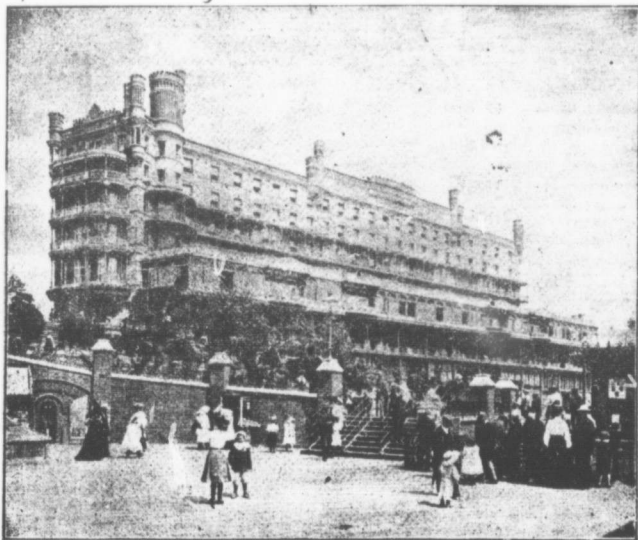
The Danish papers speak with great anxiety of the crisis, and seem rather to favor the protest which King Oscar has uttered against the decree deposing him from the throne of Norway. The official organ says:

"The Norwegian Government has overstepped all bounds of moderation, but undoubtedly it acted according to its convictions, that it was for the country's welfare and no Swedish party or politician will

attempt to persuade or compel Norway to maintain a union which has become a burden. The Swedish Diet meets in extraordinary session in two weeks, and will speak in the name of Sweden. Meanwhile the King of the Union has already protested against the revolution promised in his Norwegian kingdom."

The *Dagblad* speaks in a tone of profound indignation against Norway. It

"The revolutionaries have at last dropped the mask, and have trampled under foot both the Union and their own oath of allegiance to the King. It is our duty, as soon as possible, to dismiss every Norwegian in our diplomatic service. Sweden cannot allow herself to be trodden down by the people of a land which is setting on foot a revolution, dethroning the king, and breaking down every bond of union."



An English Summer Hotel at South-end-on-Sea



The King of Spain at a review, with the Duke of Sotomayor, who accompanied His Majesty to England.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 7. JUNE 24, 1905. No. 25

**T**HE Auditor General appeared before the Public Accounts Committee on Wednesday morning and declared that he could not efficiently perform his duties unless Parliament conferred further power upon him. It is to be regretted that the Auditor is closing so useful and so honored a public career by announcing as improper, contracts made regularly with departments by contractors of recognized standing and probity which are superintended by officers of equal rank with the Auditor General in the civil service. To re-establish the audit office into the office of Controller would be a great mistake. At the present time there is a case involving several hundred thousand dollars in which the Auditor has acted as complete controller to the great disadvantage of the contractor. The money is due to the contractor and has been for a long time for work done, and he has all these months been out of pocket for the greater part of the money expended in labor and raw material. He came to Ottawa and for several days labored to convince the Auditor that the money was properly payable. At length the Auditor said to him, "get an order-in-council passed." An order-in-council was passed but when it reached the hands of the auditor he said to the contractor, "I don't like the wording of this order" and again the contractor was delayed. Even the new Transcontinental Commissioners were unable to get money to carry on the operations owing to objections raised by the Auditor General and they had to go to the Crown Bank and personally draw money against their own accounts in order to keep things going until the Supply Bill was assented to. The real difficulty lies in the Auditor General's view of his office, and a clearer definition of his duties might well be inserted in the statute and a limitation instead of an extension of his powers would be to the public advantage. Let us make one more point. The Auditor General has adopted the right course in going before the Public Accounts Committee with his complaint. This is the proper tribunal and not the general public to whom he ap-

pealed on the eve of the last general election.

**T**HE daily papers state that Dr. James Hannay of New Brunswick is an applicant for the important position of Beit professor of Colonial History at Oxford University. Dr. Hannay is the author of a number of books on colonial history one of which has recently been running through several numbers of the Canadian Maga-



Dr. J. Hannay

zine, namely the War of 1812. Dr. Hannay was for many years a journalist, is the author of Acadian Historic Ballads and a number of historical works, including the Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley which was published about 1897. We know of no one better qualified to fill the position above mentioned than Dr. Hannay.

**M**R. JUSTICE ANGLIN has decided that the Canadian Parliament has no power to pass an Alien Labor Act. It would be no harm if this view was shared by a divisional court. The pressure of public opinion as brought to bear on the Grand Trunk Pacific a short time ago, is much more effective than a statutory law which authorizes an officer to sneak into some shop and deport some unfortunate individual who is trying to earn a living. In a country which has need of men and whose resources, prospects and institutions are calculated to make good permanent Canadians out of people from foreign lands, such a scheme of deportation is unwise.



## Fight on the Raines-Law Hotels in New York.

WHEN the Raines law passed the New York legislature in 1896 nobody seemed to have anticipated that it would become the cause of all the crime and evil subsequently charged against it. Its purpose—to close the Sunday saloon and yet allow the use of intoxicating liquors with meals at hotels and restaurants—looked reasonable and easy of execution. As shown by the newspaper comment, the only objection interposed by its enemies or fear expressed by its friends was that it might not prove effective to take the "saloon out of politics," as it was intended to do. But as everybody familiar with current New York history knows, as soon as this confessedly inadequate measure was placed upon the statute books of the State, there sprung up a horde of "fake" hotels as an adjunct to saloons, which in many instances are said to have degenerated into low dens of vice. Senator Raines, the author of the law, in urging for its amendment, at Albany last month gave the following figures of the increase of hotels in the different boroughs of New York city since 1896. In Brooklyn the increase has been from 236 to 661; Manhattan, from 362 to 1,411; Queens, from 384 to 369 (a decrease); and Richmond from 124 to 192. The total increase for the city has been 1,604.

The New York Globe in explaining the management of these hotels says:

"The time has come once more to draw attention to the conditions caused by the existence of those fake hotels in the city. They put a premium on the encouragement of vice and immorality, and, what is

worse, are the means of leading thousands of young girls to ruin, and corrupting young men, who, in these resorts, which have some of the semblances of respectability, fall easy victims of brazen harpies that make them their headquarters."

Senator Raines, it should be noted, contends, that the trouble with the original law was purely administrative, and he declared that "the desired abolition of the 'fake' hotels could be accomplished under the present law if the city authorities would enforce it." Nevertheless, he voted for the amendatory laws, signed on June 3 by Governor Higgins, and which, as it is hoped, must stamp out the evils that have sprung up under the law as it first stood. These corrections and additions to the law are named the "Raines" and the "Ambler" amendments. The remedies which they provide are simple. We quote the following from the message of the governor approving them:

"The purpose of those bills is to compel the Raines-law hotels to comply with the provisions of the laws, ordinances, rules, and regulations of the State and situation relating to the fireproof construction of hotels, and the laws pertaining to the building and health departments of the State and situation. The proceedings under the Ambler bill is summary in its character, but it can harm no one who is carrying on his business properly under existing law. The provisions of the Raines bill are for the purpose of preventing evasions of the law by requiring a proper inspection of the applicant's hotel, before a liquor tax certificate is issued to him. These bills

are in the interest of morality, and are supported by organizations and citizens interested in removing the disgrace that attaches to the name of the Raines law hotel. If I were not satisfied with the constitutionality of the Ambler bill it would not receive my approval. It is no more drastic than are prohibitory liquor laws, the constitutionality of which has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States."

Just what effect the Raines law as now

amended and in force must have when put to practical test remains, of course to be seen. "The apologists of the Raines law hotels," according to the New York World "say that the new laws may be made the means of exacting graft or wreaking private spite." In commenting upon the probable effect of these new laws, the New York Tribune confines itself to the remark that "a great opportunity is placed before the decent, law abiding people of the metropolis."

#### EUROPE'S ROYAL WEDDING



The Bride  
Grand Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwarin

The Bridegroom  
Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm



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## A Silent Witness.

By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny.

'GERALD, I've had my pocket picked again,' Mary Gilmour said, standing with her hand on the half open door of the studio. Her husband paused before he answered; then turned from his work with brushes in one hand, and a smeared palette in the other.

'The second time in a month, Mary,' he said gently. It was hard enough to make both ends meet at the best of times.

Mary closed the door behind her, and walked across the room, throwing a white feather boa from her shoulders over the back of a chair as she passed.

'Had you paid the account at Simmons'?'

'No, if I had, there wouldn't have been anything to pick,' she replied.

Gerald Gilmour gave the faintest suspicion of a sigh.

'I suppose that is why you are back so soon; I didn't expect you for another half hour. You didn't go on to Simmons'?'

'What would have been the use—with a pocket like that?' she said, turning it inside out and holding it up for his inspection with her finger and thumb.

Gilmour sighed again. Money seemed to trickle through Mary's pretty fingers like the proverbial water through a sieve.

He turned back to his work that she might not see the worry in his eyes.

'Then I am afraid Simmons must wait again,' he said after a pause.

'He must be used to it now,' his wife retorted serenely; 'besides, everything comes to him that waits, so he may get more in

the long run than if he hadn't waited. Gerald,' she added suddenly, throwing herself into a chair, 'what a pity it is that you don't paint portraits.'

Her husband made no answer. He was a fair, slight man, sensitive and highly strung, with the attributes of an artist's temperament except the power to paint a decent picture. He loved his art more than anything in the world, except his pretty fluff-haired wife, and in spite of his failures never despaired of teaching her some day to understand what it meant to him.

'I haven't the least wish to paint portraits, and couldn't catch a likeness to save my life,' he said a little abruptly.

'That doesn't matter; you could paint the ugly people who don't want their portraits to be like.'

'That would be very interesting,' he said, putting a dab of Vandyke brown on the back of a sheep in the foreground of his picture, and rubbing it out again with his finger.

'It would pay much better than that sort of thing even if the portraits and the sitters didn't come out quite alike. And in any case I don't suppose they would ask you to paint them twice,' she added.

He looked round at her sharply, his nerves always on edge for any slight on the aims and endeavors that cost him so much; but she returned the glance with an unconscious guileness that disarmed him.

'Nobody would want to be painted twice

by the same artist; not even the most beautiful person in the world much less the ugly ones,' she went on. 'Besides, it's only natural that people should prefer to hand a portrait of themselves down to their children than a picture of nothing in particular—like that,' and she waved her hand airily at the canvas on the easel in front of him.

A flock of sheep wandered across a bleak snow covered moor vainly looking for shelter from a keen icy blast that blew a faint suspicion of sleet and snow slantwise across the picture. Well composed, and not badly executed, but just wanting in the indescribable something, that in a good picture can awaken answering vibrations in the soul of the enthusiast.

'What do you think of it?' he said, drawing back and looking at the effect of the last few touches of color from a distance. 'The lights on the snow are very hard to manage; it is difficult to keep the purity and yet to throw the greater part of it into shadow.'

He turned to her, with keen interest in his work shining in his eyes.

She clasped her hands behind her head and looked at it for a moment.

'It's very good,' she said, after a pause.

'What are you going to do with it? It never seems any use to send things to the Academy.' She hesitated and then added, 'It would make a very good advertisement for frozen mutton.'

Gilmour's face dropped, and with a movement of impatience he turned back to his work.

'I often wonder you don't do something in that way,' Mary went on. 'Heaps of good artists do, and I am sure I could give you some ideas so could Paul Merriman. By the bye,' she said, taking off her hat, and sticking the long pin in and out of it with a slightly nervous gesture, 'I met him this morning, and he is going to look in here this afternoon on his way back from the office.'

Gilmour's face brightened visibly.

'I am glad of it,' he said. 'I want his advice about those red sails in my 'Sea-gulls on the Wing'.'

Paul Merriman and Gerald Gilmour had

been good friends for some years. In spite of an absolute dissimilitude in both appearance and character they had been drawn together from the moment they had made chance acquaintance in a Paris restaurant and when Gerald Gilmour had married and settled down in the large studio, with residence attached, as it was described in the advertisement, Merriman quickly got into the habit of running in and out as he chose, which was as often as the interests of a fairly successful business permitted.

He was of medium height with a short, dark beard and an alert manner, and his eyes were narrow and too close together. A man of the world, no dreamer and without lofty ambitions, not overburdened with scruples, but with a curious power of sympathy and a trick of making friends.

Without any real knowledge of art, this surface power of identifying himself with the interests of others—for it was nothing deeper—was to a great extent able to satisfy the craving for sympathy that is so deeply rooted in every artist's soul, and Gilmour had hailed him as a kindred spirit.

It was to him he turned when in doubt as to a tint or a value, or for advice or discussion in the choice of a subject, and when a stroke of luck came his way, he felt his success incomplete until he had Merriman's congratulations. His friends never said the wrong thing or missed the mark in his criticisms as Mary did, he seemed to divine almost by instinct what the artist had kept in view throughout his work.

Whether this sprang from genuine love of the art, or merely from a desire to please, Gilmour did not stop to inquire. A man of few acquaintances—for he couldn't afford the time nor the money to make them—the horizon of Gilmour's life was bounded by his wife, his friend, and his art; he was ready to slave at the last for the sake of the first, and he turned half unconsciously to his friend when the other two failed him. Mary, too, always brightened up when Merriman was present, and anything that pleased her, pleased the husband. They got on so well together, and her friend seemed to understand her

view of life in a way that he never could himself.

Paul Merriman appeared as he had promised that afternoon at the studio.

His coming was opportune for Gilmour's nerves were on edge, and Mary would persist in referring to his large canvas as the frozen mutton picture, which did not tend to soothe them. He took his art too seriously to see any light side to it, and he hailed his friend's advent as godsend.

Merriman gave some good advice with regard to the painting, and put his mind at rest on a point in the composition; he smoked innumerable cigarettes, selecting them with great deliberation from a rather peculiar case. It was of beaten silver, and in the lower left hand corner there was a little heathen god inlaid in enamel with tiny brilliants for the eyes. They shone like two stars, and Merriman declared they brought him luck. He set high value on the cigarette case, and never let it out of his own hand, not even for the casual inspection of a friend. He never could be induced to say how he came by it, and his friends had given up asking questions on the subject.

He had tea with them, Mary making it herself, boiling the kettle on the open stove in the studio, while Merriman cut the bread and butter and threw words of encouragement to Gilmour, who was busy with the brushes at the easel. Under the influence of his friend's genial sympathy and Mary's inconsequent and light hearted chatter, the worried look went out of Gilmour's eyes and by the time tea was over and the cigarette case with the heathen god again produced from Merriman's pocket, he was ready to smoke and laugh as though there were no such thing as care in the world.

'Gerald,' Mary said when Merriman had gone away, and she was replacing the cups in the cupboard, 'let's go to Brighton for the week end. I'm deadly sick of London.'

Her husband threw the end of his cigarette into the fender and looked at her.

'We haven't got the money, little woman. There is nothing I should like better, but there are too many accounts to pay.'

Mary shut the cupboard door, and threw

herself into a chair by the open stove.

'Paying accounts is the stupidest way of spending money I know of,' she said clasp- ing her hands behind her head. 'Where's all the money you got for that picture Mrs. Van Hock bought?'

He shook his head sadly.

'Melted long ago.'

'What a pity you haven't a business like Paul Merriman's. He never seems worried about money. I'm going to lunch with him tomorrow at Mercier's. I know you've got some stupid business appointment. After all, I've got no new clothes', she rattled on 'and it doesn't seem much worth while going to Brighton with no new clothes. If only I hadn't lost that money this morning I might have had a new hat at all events.'

'And how about Simmons?'

'I'm sure Simmons doesn't want anything as badly as I want a new hat,' Mary retorted with conviction. 'Now, if you'd only been a portrait painter I could have lots of new hats. Gerald,' she added, sitting upright, and letting her hands drop into her lap, 'if I can persuade Mrs. Black to sit for you, will you see what you can do?'

'No,' he said, with the first touch of impatience he had shown at her unruffled persistence. 'I won't.'

He rose from his chair and walked across the room to a large easel in the far corner on which was a picture in a very early stage.

Mrs. Black wouldn't mind how unlike the portrait was, I am sure—in fact the more unlike the better, I should think, and you could feel your way, so to speak.'

Gilmour said nothing, and Mary added half under her breath.

'I'm sure Mrs. Black wouldn't mind, she's so very good natured.'

'Can't you understand, Mary,' Gilmour said gently at last, taking up his brushes and palette. 'I never could be a portrait painter any more than I could be a poet and write novels. He's a different line altogether; it isn't in me. I feel mad to get an effect of soft grey mist, or a little bit of broken water, but I've no sort of

wish to paint people's faces. I can't help it; one must take what Heaven sends one'

'Like the frozen mutton picture,' Mary murmured absently 'It's a pity, but I suppose it can't be helped'

'Come here a minute, and look at this, her husband said, feeling he had been a little short with her, and wishing to atone; 'perhaps you could give me a bit of advice.'

Mary rose and sauntered across the room to where he stood. 'I can't make up my mind whether the sea should be blue or a pale transparent sort of green; it's too grey at present,' he said. 'It might either reflect the blue of the sky, or take a green tone from the sand beneath the water.'

Mary clasped her hands behind her back and looked at the canvas in silence. He half hoped she might notice a little bit on the left hand side of the picture where a pearl grey cloud melted into the mist hanging over the horizon; it had gone in rather happily, but she said nothing.

'Well, dear, what do you think? Is it to be blue or green?'

Mary's eyes wandered across the whole width of the picture. 'I suppose it takes a lot of paint to cover a canvas that size?' she remarked irrelevantly.

'It does,' he answered.

'Then I should use whichever is cheapest,' she said with an air of conviction.

Gilmour turned his eyes from the picture and looked at her, to make sure that no sting of sarcasm lay hidden in the remark.

But her blue eyes were innocence itself and he turned away again, almost regretting that no sarcasm had been intended., it seemed so hopeless.

His spirits had reached their lowest ebb and matters were looking as black as possibly could be, when a letter came.

It was from a well known dealer bearing the welcome announcement of a possible purchaser for a large picture that he had painted the previous year. He wished to know if Gilmour would accept an offer for it rather below the original price, and if he would call the next afternoon to discuss the matter, he thought it very probable they might come to terms.

As Gilmour put the letter down his spirits rose visibly and he gave a sigh of relief.

'Here was a respite from the pressing care of immediate necessity. In the matter of terms he would not be difficult to deal with.

He determined to say nothing to Mary or his friend till the business was settled and the cheque in his pocket for fear of disappointment; he knew by bitter experience how easily such transactions could go crooked and came to nothing. But the mere hope turned the world rose colored again, and made his spirits proof for the time against the minor evils of life.

He could even laugh when Mary returned to the charge that evening and asked Paul Merriman, 'while they were having tea in the studio as usual, if it was not true that portraits brought in much more money than landscapes.

Merriman nodded and slowly stirred the tea.

'Undoubtedly they do,' he said, knowing what Mary was driving at, 'but you must remember that everyone hasn't the gift of it.'

'Gerald won't even try. He can paint sheeps' faces, so I don't see why he can't paint his friends,' she said puckering her forehead and looking puzzled.

Merriman looked amused.

'Portrait painting has its gloomy side as well as its advantages, Mary,' Gilmour said. 'I read a case in the papers today of an unfortunate artist who had to sue a lady in the law courts before he got paid for the portrait he had painted of her. She said it made her look ten years too old and wasn't worth the money.'

'That was silly of her,' Mary answered, 'if she waited ten years it might be a speaking likeness, and in twenty years it would be worth double the money as it would make her look ten years too young.'

Both men laughed, but Mary added seriously.

'I am sure Mrs. Black wouldn't mind if you made her look ten years too old. It couldn't possibly matter how old you made her look; that's why she would be

such a good person for you to begin on. I don't see anything to laugh at,' she went on, pouring herself out a second cup of tea 'and I think it's rather heartless of you, Gerald. You forget how badly I want the money.'

'Do I?' he said quietly.

'It's quite natural the people shouldn't want a bit of blue sky like that—the sort of thing you can see any day in your life by going to the seaside—when they can have their own faces painted, and she waved her teaspoon in the direction of the easel.

'After all,' Merriman remonstrated, taking out his cigarette case and letting the light of the fire play upon the little diamond eyes in the corner before selecting a cigarette, 'a portrait is not of much interest except to its owner; whereas everyone must love a bit of blue sea like that.'

It was obviously said to soothe the artist's irritation, and Gilmour threw him a grateful glance.

'It depends on whether they get seasick or not,' Mary retorted.

Merriman smiled at her, and offered to help in putting away the tea things. It seemed to take some time, and Mary talked blithely during the operation. They put the cups and saucers away in the cupboard in the far corner of the studio, and Gilmour only caught what they said now and then.

They seemed happy enough without him, and after a time he rose from a chair to light a cigarette, and saying that he was going to post a letter making an appointment for the next afternoon, went out by the door that led straight from the studio along a narrow alley into the street.

In about ten minutes he was back again, his errand accomplished; when he entered the studio Merriman was putting on his overcoat preparatory to his departure. After shaking himself into it he took out another cigarette and lit it, before going out into the dusk.

Then he nodded good night, and Gilmour caught a gleam from the eyes of the little heathen god as Merriman put the case away in the breast pocket of his coat.

On the next afternoon Gilmour kept his

appointment to the minute, and an hour later he was walking homewards through the dusk of a November evening with a heart as light as a feather.

For fortune had smiled on him beyond his wildest hopes.

Not only was his picture sold for a better price than he had expected, but the purchaser had commissioned him to paint another for a like amount, and dull care had taken wings for a month to come. He could not get home quick enough to tell Mary the good news.

The more pressing of accounts could be paid at once. Mary could have her week end at the seaside, and the new hat that was so necessary an adjunct in her eyes.

He trod on air, and smiled to think how abjectly wretched he had been hardly more than twenty four hours before. The world was at his feet again, as it used to be in the old days before failure and disappointments had tempered hope with doubt. They would go out somewhere to dine that very night, and go to the play afterwards. Mary loved a play. When he reached the studio it was in pitch darkness and the stove had gone out. He called Mary, but there was no answer, and with a little sensation of surprise he stumbled across the room and turned on the light.

The studio was empty; there was no signs of Mary anywhere, but in looking around anxiously for some explanation of the unusual situation he caught sight of a piece of white paper pinned to the table by one of his wife's long hat pins.

On it was written the single word 'Good-bye,' in Mary's rather straggling handwriting. He passed his hands over his eyes and looked at it again, and his heart beat with a little sickening throb. What could it mean?

He sat down to think out a plan of action of how and where he should begin to search for her. But he felt dazed and unable to think clearly and decided to wait until Merriman turned up at his usual hour. He would help him better than anyone; he was glad to have so good a friend to fall back upon.

A click at the wire letter box hanging upon the inside of the studio door roused

him, and he looked up to see a letter fall into it from outside. He rose mechanically to fetch it and return to his seat.

It was from Merriman.

"Dear Gilmour—(it ran)—

"I much regret that I have found it quite impossible to come round to the studio today, even for five minutes. I have to go abroad suddenly on business, and am off now to catch the Dover express.

Yours,

P. Merriman.

As he finished the letter with a sigh of

disappointment his eye caught sight of something lying on the floor, partly concealed by a heavy bearskin rug.

He started and looked at it closer, and re-read slowly the letter in his hand.

Then he looked at the single word in his wife's handwriting, and stared again blankly at the thing lying on the floor.

It was Merriman's cigarette case, that he never let out of his own keeping, and he had seen him place it carefully in the breast pocket of his coat the previous evening.



Petee hovering over the battlefield