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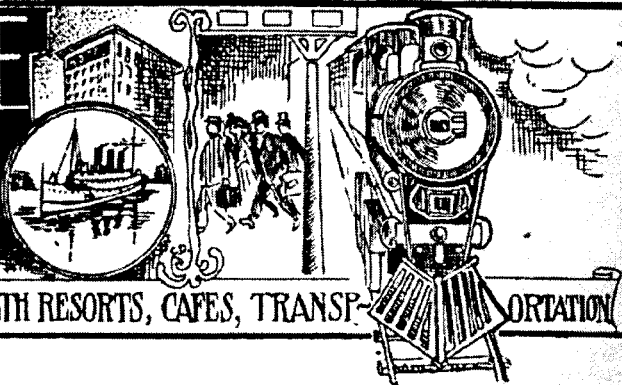
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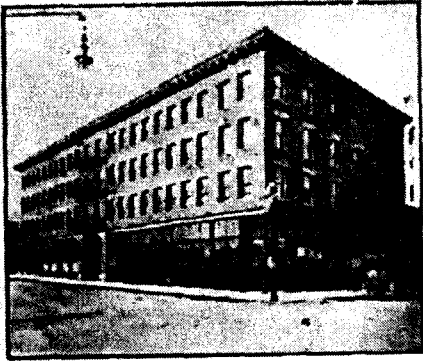
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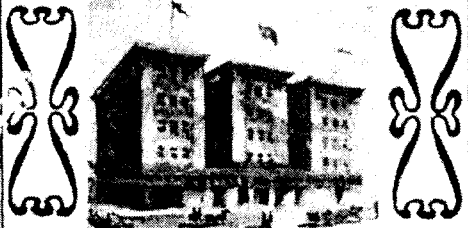
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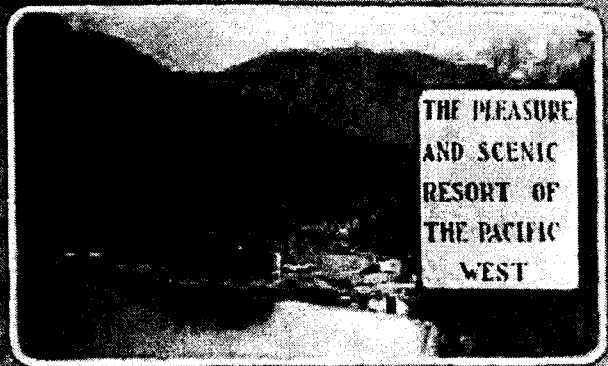
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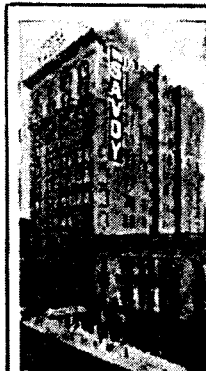
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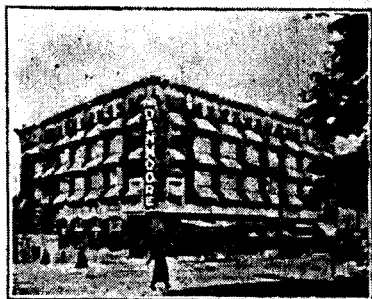
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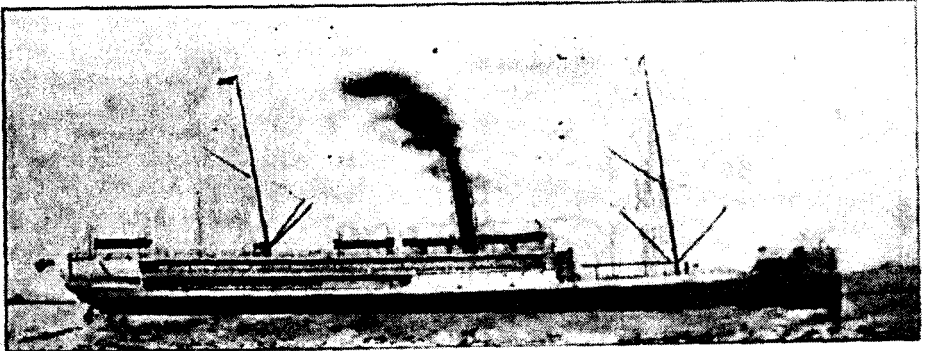
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# WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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BRAM THOMPSON, M.A., Editor.

336 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.



# Publishers' Announcement

will be more particularly devoted to the exploitation of the resources and opportunities of WESTERN CANADA.

Articles will be published showing present development, and also future possibilities.

Information of interest to capital and intending settlers will be made a special feature.

REAL ESTATE, both town and country, will receive attention. MINES and MINING, FISHING, LUMBER and AGRICULTURE are to be featured by expert writers.

Of course, good fiction as well as stories of real life in the West, will have their place—but the principal object of WESTWARD HO! will be the exploitation of WESTERN CANADA first, last and all the time!

Additional capital has been put into the enterprise, an entire reorganization of the management has been effected—and with "new blood" and increased enthusiasm, we believe that we can please all our old friends, and gain many new ones.

# Western Canada Wood Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE - VICTORIA, B.C.

## ASSETS.

The Company have acquired 55,655 acres of pulp land on Quatsino Sound, Vancouver Island, together with 20,000 inch water record and are now proceeding with the erection of a pulp and paper mill at Quatsino for the manufacture of newspaper and wrapping paper. The erection of the plant is under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. B. Pridle, of Appleton, Wis., one of the most distinguished authorities in the United States on the erection of pulp and paper mills, having built more than fifty of the leading mills of the country. The plant when thoroughly complete will have a capacity of 600 tons of news and wrapping paper per week. From present indications the directors are confident that they will have the first unit of the pulp mill with a capacity of 100 tons of wood pulp per week in operation by December 1st of this year.

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## PROFITS IN PULP AND PAPER MANUFACTURE.

No industry, not even mining itself, has yielded as large and permanent dividends as the manufacture of Wood Pulp and Paper, and there is no reason why the mill which we are now erecting should not pay at least 25 per cent. annual dividends. Under much less favorable conditions, the Eastern Canadian and English mills are paying from 15 to 25 per cent. With our natural advantages we should be able to make a profit of approximately \$15.00 per ton on News-paper, \$20.00 per ton on Wrapping Paper, and \$15.00 per ton on Box Board and Pulp Board. The Pacific Coast mills of the United States are now making a net profit, after deducting depreciation, operating expense, bonds, etc., of approximately \$15.00 per ton on Wrapping, and \$15.00 per ton on Box and Pulp Boards, and this after paying from \$6.00 to \$8.00 per cord for wood. With our magnificent timber limits and splendid water power, we should be able to manufacture News-paper for considerably less than \$30.00 per ton, and Wrapping Paper at \$32.00 per ton. At present, News is jobbing on the Eastern markets at \$42.00 to \$45.00 per ton, and the freight rate to British Columbia is \$17.00 per ton. News is now selling in Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan at from \$48.00 to \$50.00 per ton, and we are able to secure a freight rate to the above points at from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per ton. In 1905 the Laurentide Paper Co. showed a profit of \$251,455. The Keilner-Partington Pulp and Paper Co. showed a gross profit last year of \$1,252,205. The official United States Government Report, issued at Washington, D.C., July 25th, 1907, Bulletin 80, showed that the mills of the State of Oregon made a profit of 20-23 per cent. of the value of goods over all expenses. The three mills in the State of California showed the value of goods, over all expenses, of 15 per cent. The gross profits of the International Paper Co. for the year ending June 30th, 1908, amounted to \$1,635,913.

With our close proximity to the Oriental markets, there is no reason why we should not make, conservatively, 10 per cent. more dividends than the Eastern Canadian or American Mills. China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand alone import over \$10,000,000.00 worth of paper per year. In 1908, Australia imported over 50,000 tons of News, principally from Eastern Canada and Europe. Why should we let this great volume of paper go to Eastern Canada, Eastern United States, and Europe, when we are in a position to control it ourselves? Every dollar of paper used in the Orient should be furnished from Western Canada. With sufficient mills to produce the goods, what country is in a better position to control the trade of the Orient than British Columbia. Not only are we able to manufacture News and Wrapping Paper from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per ton lower than Eastern Canada and American mills, but we are from 2,000 to 3,000 miles nearer the great Oriental markets. The demand for News and Wrapping Paper is gradually increasing, and, within ten years, China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand will be absolutely dependent upon this Province for its supply of pulp and paper. We know the big dividends that the Paper Mills of the world are paying, and with our immense timber limits, covering 88 square miles, which assures a permanent supply of wood at a nominal cost, there is no reason why we should not pay even larger dividends than the present operating mills.

Address all subscriptions direct to the Head Office: 638 VIEW ST., VICTORIA, B.C.

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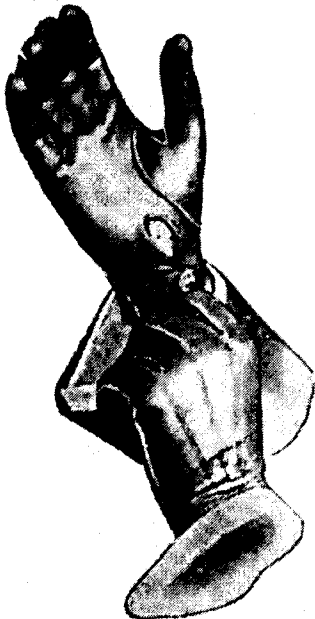
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Vol. IV.

March, 1909

Number 3

## Vital Problems of Canada.

Bram Thompson, M. A.

THE vastness and greatness of a country are by no means synonymous terms or synchronistic conditions; for while vastness may be ascribable to extraneous events and creative powers, the greatness is attributable entirely to the inherent virtues of the race by whom a country is inhabited.

Vastness, indeed, may contribute to greatness or beget weakness according to the manner in which the opportunities presented by it are utilized for good or evil; and the determinate or dynamic force of the one or the other is supplied by the organic body of the people themselves.

Russia and China are two conspicuous instances of vastness without greatness. Space precludes, at present, an interesting sketch of the stagnation of the one, and the retrogression of the other. Russia gave herself over to autocracy, and her people to slavery and serfdom; while China became enveloped in slum-

ber, and the nox of Chimera and Utopian dreams.

Selfishness and sordidness and national self-complacency converted the one into a tyrant, and the other into a lethargic inanity; and these same vices to-day are producing a new national disorder called *strenuosity*—a disease so absorbing that the body, mind and spirit of each individual infected by it are converted into a triumvirate force to crush out the ideals of existence, the amenities of life, and to subordinate everything to *Sacra Fames Auri*.

Canada should take warning and not, at the behest of Gold or Mammon, crush out of her children the hero-spirit, the only material with which the greatness of nations is permanently constructed.

She stands in a unique and unprecedented position. Nothing in ancient or modern history is to be compared to it; and nothing in former or contemporaneous times can measure the splendour of the national epoch she may now unfold.

*How magnificent are her heritages!*

A language rich and splendid in which the sublimest of poets, and the most resistless of orators, have found adequate expression for their overflowing souls; a literature which has not only created its own ideals but has appropriated to itself all that is beatific, refined and ennobling in that of erudite Greece and classic Rome; a constitutional system of Government free, unfettered, almost independent, for the principle of which she has had no fight to make, no blood to shed, no years of paralyzed suspense to spend before entering into its enjoyment; a vast area laid off *in limine* by the hand of Nature and Providence, and whose resources are, as if impatient at the dilatory operations of man, obtruding themselves from beneath the soil into the very eye of every beholder; all the philosophic expositions of the human mind from the time when Socrates, Plato and Aristotle dazzled the ancient world with their almost superhuman penetration into its mysterious recesses, have been collected and sifted, the dross removed, and the pure elements not only retained but recast, remoulded and burnished anew by the no less profound and erudite men who have shed glory upon the Anglo-Saxon name and made clearer the way for that great elevation of man's moral character which in spite of purblindness and pessimism is now rapidly progressing.

All these are bestowed with the bountiful pride of a parent setting-off his favourite child upon the way of life. And there is more: This parent has said "Whosoever shall touch thee, or menace thee, so as to divert thee from laying the massive foundations of the greatness thou art destined to attain shall touch or menace me; my arm shall be above thee and about thee; and the forces both by Land and Sea that are at my command, are thine to ensure thy safety and freedom until that day when thou shalt be able to declare: 'I have attained the full vigour of Nationhood; I am able to stand alone, and to vanquish the secret or truculent foe.'"

With such a patrimony and with such auspicious *camaraderie*, can Canada fail

to make her greatness commensurate with her vastness? Only by perfidy to herself—only by selfishness and sordidness.

As the greatest of foes is not he who declares himself openly and from without, but he who insinuates monstrous wrongs and hellish projects from the very bosom of friendship into the ear of unsuspecting credulity, so the nation-degrading vices of selfishness and sordidness have their national Iago.

Canada stands aghast, if not positively angry, at the bare suggestion of any fate overtaking her, such as has extinguished or torporized other Nations and Empires in the past; but she must recognize that immunity from dangers which overwhelmed others, can only be secured by the operation of some force or quality that those others either did not possess or allowed to dwindle into desuetude.

The extinct or emasculated empires did not pass away or decline through want of vigour and energy. Their material and intellectual records tell us that they had calculated with much certainty and enthusiasm on their continuance to the end of time. Roman Laws and Institutions are studied to-day as models which, if not exactly adaptable to our own peculiar exigencies, are undoubtedly the germinal source from which our own have grown; and Roman Literature has contributed more to our language than all the dialects of the Angles, the Saxons and the Britons combined. But as soon as mercenariness—the lust of public plunder—in her leaders, and the apathy to, or tolerance of, that lust by her people, appeared, the knell of Rome was sounded; and her massive institutions, and subtle and scientific codes of Law toppled in a general confusion and ruin. Selfishness and sordidness had achieved for an envious world, all that the world seemed unable to accomplish for itself—the destruction of the Roman Empire.

*Selfishness and sordidness exist to-day as they did in the days of Rome.*

It is in no spirit of rancour that we touch this sore in Canadian National Life; and we do it only that it may be scientifically treated, and so radically removed that it may never again display

those pestilent humors which provoke the loathing of all beholders.

We speak quite outside the narrow region of party politics, and from the viewpoint only of patriotic supporters of the eternal principles of *Truth and Honour*.

The Charges that have been made, and the Commissions of investigation that have been appointed, time after time, by different parties and governments, are in themselves, and quite irrespective of their results, evidence of a state of public morality which winks at the grafter's vice until it becomes flagitious, and which only begins to erect itself into an attitude of righteous indignation when it beholds two antagonists lashing each other with furious charges and counter-charges, with retorts and revilements, not for the sake of public virtue, not to convict the one or exculpate the other, but to retain or regain the power to do the infamous things that each reproaches in the other.

These foils and fences—these personal contests for a public position that enables the possessor to plunder the people—are the most outrageous reflection on the political morality of the Nation that it is possible to conceive; and the base reflection is made more lurid by the system of tracing the crime.

Commissions of enquiry adopt the astute procedure of Courts of Law. Guilty men have escaped the gallows through the technical *finesse* that excludes private opinion and moral conviction; and many a jury have signed "not guilty" when they had no manner of doubt that the criminal was escaping by a technicality. But surely the malversation of public money and the spoliation of public resources are a moral charge and not a legal one—not a legal one at all events until it assumes the form of an Impeachment punishable, not with ejection from office, but with decapitation. As long as it is being morally investigated, moral evidence should be one of its determining factors; and the legal system ought to be abolished and something established in its stead analogous to the ancient system of compurgation by which the onus lay on the accused of vindicating himself from even an imputation.

We must, somehow, unmask the villainy that now cowers, now vaunts, behind the visor of legal chicanery; and in order to do this we leave both the accuser and the accused and appeal direct to the Sovereign People. It is for them we are in travail. It is their name that is tarnished in the eyes of the world; and if they will but arouse themselves and say: "This infamy shall not be done in our name and in our nation, nor shall the possibility for it under any sham or subterfuge henceforth be permitted," then the vultures will disappear and the nation will be saved from an awful doom.

The exemplification in the people of such a spirit as this involves the annihilation of that intent self-concentration which now prevails amongst individuals and classes of men. Many, very many, of these have had wealth thrust upon them, yet they care nothing for the country, except in so far as it is capable of yielding more.

far as it is capable of yielding more.

They will not use their wealth to establish or promote a new industry or enterprise. With their money in their pocket, or loaned out at 6 per cent. to poor strugglers for the ownership of a house or farm, they wait until a new project aided by capital borrowed from the Foreigner has passed through its struggling period and is in the form of a dividend-paying concern, and then they will purchase it and forthwith proceed to paralyze its beneficent effect on outsiders—on the Nation—by monopolizing it amongst themselves. Narrow and selfish and sordid they are beyond description. Not a foot will they move, nor a hand uplift, to advance a public project or conserve a public right unless the money-guerdon for their act is dangled before their eyes.

*O Patriotism! art thou dead?* No, thank God, only selfified. Shrivelled thou art, having shifted thy habitation from the sublime soul of true manhood to the narrow purse of miserdom. Burst the strings of thy damnable environment and come forth; and then, and not till then, shall thy country be what her vastness entitles her to be—great and glorious.

*Canada has a position, an outlook and an imperative call to duty to-day.*

As her first act of duty, let her arise and whip the rascals from east to west who in the name of her youth dare to plunder her people's resources. Let there go down with the same stroke the villain and his sponsor, as well as the blatant accuser who condemns only because he cannot perform what he ostentatiously reviles. They are all of the same ilk, and all equally reprobate.

Purged of their impious insincerity, to the Councils of the Nation will go men who now cannot face their contaminating corruption. They will bring with them the spirit of the people; and purity will prevail.

The position and outlook then will become delightfully clear, as if a mist that destroyed the perspective and obscured the nearest object had suddenly passed away.

*The true march of the Nation—her transition from mere vastness to greatness—will then have begun.*

Men will unfold the coils of selfishness; their hoarded capital will be unloaded into the coffers of national and industrial enterprises; their foreign securities will be exchanged for those of their own country; and great public and private undertakings will be carried through with Canadian wealth instead of passing, as they do now, into the hands of foreign capitalists who gather in their millions at the expense of the Canadian people.

And then for her National Life. It also must be great and noble, and willing

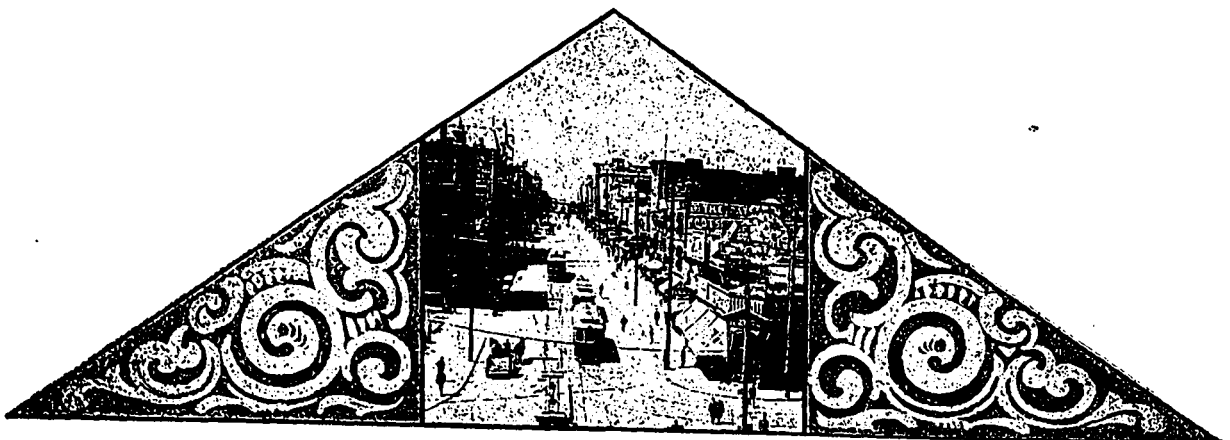
to assume the obligations that greatness entails.

The treaty-making power is the summit of Nationhood, and there is no higher or worthier National Ambition. "Treaties" is the name diplomacy has invented for contracts between Sovereign Nations; but just as the contracts of individuals require the sanction of the Law, so Treaties necessitate the sanction of a Naval Power; and until Canada possesses this Power, either by constructing a Navy of her own or imperializes Great Britain's Naval Forces, by contributing to their maintenance, the correlative power of making Treaties would not only be dangerous but an empty bauble, and quite as grotesque as Burke's famous "Preambulary Tax".

The way to Treaty Rights is not now obscured, but in reaching them we must take care that impetuosity does not land us in a whirlwind.

That Canada will attain her ideal greatness we have no manner of doubt. Nay, we are fervent believers that with the grafter and peculator eradicated, with the sense of personal participation in her future infused into every citizen, with selfishness dethroned and patriotism sitting in her rightful seat, with Truth and Honor the arbiters of her destiny, *Canada will not only become great among the Nations but be the central point—the centripetal and centrifugal force—of the British Empire itself.*

We can say no more: We can wish her no greater glory.



# Nine Tides of Sron-Na-Boghar.

N. Tourneur

“**S**TAY at home, my lad, stay at home. Better lay among the soft warm sheets, this night, than the ground weed round the Scaur Rocks,” mumbled the White Witch of Drumore.

I looked earnestly at her as she bent over the peat and driftwood crackling on the open hearth. Against the blaze the stunted figure of her was silhouetted like a hunchback's. Dusting the top of the meal ark, I sat down on it alongside her.

“What will happen, mistress?” I asked. “As you know, I am going out on the night tide, over the Bay to the Isle of Whitern. Is there bad weather brewing?”

“Stay at hame, my lad, stay at hame.”

“That I cannot do, mistress, without causing vexation to others, near and dear to me,” I replied. “Is there any danger then?”

“Mair than you, or I, or most of us want. Gin ye go, it is a farther cry that's yours than owre the Bay. Rest ye ashore, my gentleman, till morning.”

Vainly I pressed her for an explanation. Silently she continued to stir her porridge, her dull eyes now and again resting on me.

“Well Mistress, your porridge is done, and you're going to have your supper; I'll be off,” I said, nettled at her obstinate silence. “Is it a burst of wind you mean? Crossing the Bay, tonight, is as safe as walking down the village street here! The breeze has westered, and is falling too. Tuts, mistress, I thought you could tell something!”

She reared up her meagre figure. “Ay, I can tell ye mair nor that. Three sailor laddies have I weaned in my days o' mitherhood. Nane o' them would listen to my tellings, and woe's me, the kirk-

yaird doesn' hap their bodies. The Nine Tides aye took them.”

“The Nine Tides! What Tides are they? I've seen two tides instead of one, mistress, but never heard of nine.”

“The Nine Tides o' Shron-Na-Boghar, as the Mull o' Galloawa' was ca'd in the auld times,” she replied. “This I ken, sir, and ken weel—before the chap o' midnight the Nine Tides will be calling, calling, on you. And ye'll see the Spanish ship they beguiled. The Hand o' God keep ye.”

“Sir, I ken it,” she added fiercely. “My three weans they cry it in my ear. Guid sir, I am not mad.”

I stepped out of the cottage and looked about. The sun was now sunk, leaving the west bathed in gold. The little fleecy clouds, amethyst and gold, seemed almost stationary. On the other side of Luce Bay, I could see Cragnarget Hill, sixteen miles away,—a long ridge of soft blue against the azure of the evening sky. According to the weather-vane on the old flour-mill opposite, the wind was blowing from the south-west—steadily it seemed to me. With a laugh at the White Witch's fears, I said good-night to her, and took my way to the harbor.

Never better weather for crossing the Bay to the Isle, thought I; and whistling for my seaman, I gaily reached the seaward quay.

As we slid past Cairgarrock Bay, making southward, to gain the flow that runs strong in that direction towards the Isle, eighteen miles away, I let my eyes rove up the long bay behind us. Its smooth surface shimmered with the fading gold of the August sunset, which here and there was interlaced with branching stretches of faint green and silver, shot occasionally with varying blue where undercurrents disturbed the reflections. There was no sound save the gurgling of



the bow wave curling past the stem and body of the boat as we headed slowly southward. At long intervals a surge broke precipitately on the stony beach away to starboard, its silver notes echoed tremulously over the reaches of calm sea.

"Kirke, the White Witch, as you folk call Mistress McFaddyen, was 'against our coming," said I to my "crew."

The quiet went from his bronzed face; an uneasy look flashed over it. He shoved his quid into his left cheek, gave an uncertain look at Drumore, now vanishing into the distance, and scratched his head in perplexity. "What for is she agin' it, sir?"

"Tides! Nine Tides," I ejaculated laconically, "and a blow from west'ard."

He stared about him, wet his finger to feel the breeze, then shook his head.

"The glass, high; the wind just saft enough, the sky clear; she maun be wrang, she maun be wrang. No, sir, the witches 'll be quiet this night."

"Witches!" I exclaimed.

"Ay, sir, witches. The nine auld jades that begat these same Nine Tides—that run high when it blaws hard—for the drooning o' Saint Medan when she was coming back from Mourne in Ireland wi' a witch-finder—Saint Patrick by name—to destroy familiars and a' them out o' the land. It fell aboot, though, the twa saints drooned the jades themselves!"

I burst out laughing at his solemn face and matter-of-fact. Said I on getting my breath, "Why, I thought you folks only had white witches, like Mistress McFaddyen. She does not harm?"

"A gey queer lot, here, once-a-day, sir. Oh, ay, guid Mistress McFaddyen kens a lot; she kens a lot."

An hour later, on the breeze dying away, I chuckled in derision at the White Witch. Peace of mind was mine. Contentedly I pulled at my pipe, knowing we could safely make the Isle, fourteen miles away, on the flow and pulling for about an hour. But tragedy was swiftly heading down on us.

Kirke peered about, now seaward towards the Irish Channel, now at the Mull of Galloway, low and vague in the night and best indicated by the triplicate

flash from its light. As I watched him, the darkness between us deepened suddenly. A strong puff of wind gushed past.

"Here's wind, sir," cried the boatman, sniffing in the salty air. "An' it's comin' from west'ard, too!"

In the ensuing stillness I heard the roar of surf breaking round the Scaur Rocks. In some trepidation I peered away where they stood, in the southwest one and a half miles to leeward.

The boat heaved uneasily on the growing swell that as time went on increased in weight although the calm still held. The weak light from the little binnacle set into the sternsheets caught my knee right, and in the thickening air shone out in a little white wedge-shaped stream, to fall hazily on the lugsail and jib halyards. Not a star was now to be seen. The darkness was become an ever-receding, ever-encroaching woof, stifling and appalling. Through it flashed, wavering and feeble, the Mull of Galloway light.

"This is a sudden change, Kirke," I exclaimed.

"I'm fearing it'll be worse afore it's better, sir," he answered; "I misdoubt that ground-swell. Maybe, afore morning, you and me 'll be thinking the White Witch the wisest of us all."

A flurry of wind shook the sail, flapping it against the mast. The boat ran up the unseen breast of a great swell, then dropped with dizzying swoop into the deep hollow beneath. Frantically Kirke was tugging at the mainsail halyards: "Hard a port, hard a port!" he yelled.

With a wild screech the first of the squalls burst down. The small craft, pressed by the big jib, shoved her nose into it. Slowly she climbed the shadowy ridge of water. In the curve of the on-coming surge the mainsail lost the wind, and with it clapping like thunder we managed to top the heavy sea.

"In jib and mains'l. She'll drive under wi' them on," Kirke yelled in my ear. "Set storm trys'l. In the peak, in the peak, you'll find it."

I crawled forward, and loosening the mainsail tackle, snugged down the lug

by sheer main force along the gunwale; then hand over fist hauled in the jib, and at great peril, owing to the tumbling seaway, got the trysail set. Under it alone, the boat tore madly through the swirling waters.

A warning cry from Kirke startled me, but one glance ahead was enough, and flinging myself down I gripped the thwart, thinking our end was coming. With a cunning shove of the rudder the boat breasted the immense mass of roaring, frothing water, but the crest of it, breaking before the small craft swung over, swept in upon the bows. Snatching the baler from under the thwart, I began frantically throwing the water out of her. By now I was grown apprehensive, too, of the Scaurs, and strained my eyes over the inky seas; but the velocity of the squall blinded me.

"Where away are we?" I shouted.

"Sou'-sou'-west. Inside o' the Scaurs," the boatman bellowed back. "Weather the seas on no other tack. God help us."

But the next minute or two the squall had passed, screaming down-wind, and taking the pitch darkness with it. A strange misty greyness spread through the air.

"Stand by for the change," Kirke cried. "Slack 'way sheets for'ad."

I did so, and sat quick and ready, the halyards in either hand. To my amazement a tall ship forged out of the night to windward, and stood down off our weather bow. Past us she drove up the bay, her tattered main topsail, square foresail and half-brailed jibs full-bellied in the wind. Tossing and scattering the seas with her bluff, high-pitched stern, she almost instantly was lost in the further smother of night and the spindrift.

"What the deuce is that?" I roared, turning to Kirke. He was staring before him like a man demented. When he swayed into the light from the binnacle, I saw fear stamped on his face. Scrambling aft, I seized the rudder in time to evade the next roller which was about to sink us.

Violently I shook him. "What's wrong?" I roared.

"We're lost, we're lost," was his husky cry. "Oh God, we're lost."

"What?" I flashed out in a panic, looking to see if the boat had sprung a leak.

"The ship—the Spanish ship, the Tides beguiled lang syne." And Mistress McFaddyen's augury surged into my recollection.

I jabbed Kirke in the side, but he only cowered the more—his face hidden between his hands. Putting up the helm, I hauled on the lee sheet of the story trysail. The boat paid off handsomely before the wind, and none too soon for our safety.

The waters about us were now heaving in confused runs. Little swirls broke against gunwale and bow. Heavy tufts of spray leapt up, to fall with a dull thud into the bilge water. I could make out a great stretch of yeasty seas, shooting up into the air like tongues, to fall back crashing. Clearly we were now in the meeting of the nine currents that run past the \*Mull of Galloway into the gut between Luce Bay and Burrow Head. The small craft could not live in it for a minute.

"Stir about, Kirke, stir about," I cried in his ear; "be a man." But the next instant I had leapt to my feet.

Down on the gusty blasts came the clamor of wild voices—the voices of drowning women.

Swaying to the jumping of the boat, I scanned the waters just as if I expected to see some sinking vessel. Again the agonized voices rang out—sharper and more imperative. What could it be but the strange Calling of the Nine Tides as they swirled against each other.

Kirke sprang up. "Do ye no' hear them calling on us?" he shrieked, madness gleaming in his eyes. "Do ye no' hear the Cries?"

With an impetuous thrust he reft the rudder from my hold, and shoving it down brought the boat round, the trysail cracking like small cannon. But the boat lurched to leeward as the swell fell abruptly from under, and he fell forward on his side. I sprang on him, and in a trice had him bound fast hand and foot with his mackerel lines; then left him

lying between the thwarts cursing and blaspheming me, the bilge water swishing about him.

Putting the craft before the wind, I hoisted a strip of close-reefed mainsail, and setting my course west-south-west, steered for home. A little before sunrise, when the dark sky above the Machars to the eastward was changing into light purple and scarlet and blue, I sighted Drumore, and the first of the fishermen going out to haul their crab and lobster pots. Eager questions broke from them, for never again had Drumore thought to see us alive, so violent had been the squalls. A glimpse of Kirke silenced them.

"Ay, ay," quavered Old Murdoch McDouall, as he helped his stalwart sons to lift him out of the boat and up the quay

steps, "ye've heard the Nine Tides calling, and cam back alive to dry land. Few have done that. Thank ye God, young sir!"

He and his sons carried Kirke home. I turned up the steep little village street, and tapped on the White Witch's door, and walked in on her as she was blowing on her peat embers to rekindle her fire.

She nodded in triumph. "And so," cried she in her shaky old voice, "ye've heard the Callin' o' the Nine Tides of \*Sron-Na-Boghar, and seen the Ship forbye. Maybe ye'll think better o' this auld Scots spey-wife, noo, than that a' she tells ye be lies."

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*Old name for the Mull of Galloway, Wigtonshire, Scotland: meaning 'The Hill of the Wild Goats.'*

## God's Dwelling Place.

George E. Winkler

Some seem to think that God abides  
Beyond the farthest, faintest star,  
And with His ether-piercing eye  
Looks down upon us from afar.

Some think He lives in boundless space—  
Illimitably high and wide—  
And none may say 'twas *here* or *there*,  
The Deity did once reside.

To me He ever seems to dwell  
Where Beauty most enthralls the Soul,  
And teaches in the Silences  
From out the Vast Created Whole.

He's speaking in the dewy rose,  
The gleaming stars, the mountain rills;  
And in the pale-grey mists that creep  
At eventide across the hills.

He speaks in yonder snowy peak,  
So changeless, solitary, high;  
And in the melancholy pines  
That reach toward the wintry sky:

So when I hear my brother's God  
Was seen or heard *there* Yesterday,  
I will not haste to mark the place,  
For lo! He's *here* with me Today.

# The Worth of Remembrance.

Isobel Macdonald

"COME away, Ella, and make the tea. What's keeping you so long." It was a querulous voice and the old lady got up from her chair in front of the fire and moved to the window, drawing her shawl closer around her as she looked out at the rain. She did not remain long standing for it made her dizzy to look down from their four story window to the street below, where a milkman was jangling his cans and a drenched organ-grinder was just pulling his hurdie-gurdie round the corner.

"I wish Ella had never brought me here. Why couldn't we have stayed at Cairnook?" she muttered as she slowly paced the room, now and then looking impatiently toward the closed door of the bedroom.

"Ella, it's half past five and the fire's going down."

"Yes, mother, in just a few minutes," came the gentle answer from the other apartment.

Prospective of a near visit to Cairnook Manse for which she had just received an invitation by the afternoon post, Ella Maitland was seated on the bed with her sadly impoverished wardrobe spread out before her for inspection. She was a frail looking little woman with not much of either youth or beauty to her credit, but a sweet and winning expression when she smiled and grey eyes shaded by rich dark eyebrows which redeemed her otherwise plain features.

Miss Maitland had reached that stage of life when it is not charitable to venture a guess at a woman's age, and only the unkind and malicious members of her own sex would do so. She was one of those so often effaced in the world, whose characters are not sufficiently pronounced to force themselves upon other

people's notice and demand their sympathy. It matters not that they live out a fragrant existence in some obscure corner of life's arena the world does not recognize it, and those they bless are often unappreciative.

Having replenished the fire in the little sitting room and seen that her mother was comfortably settled in the big arm-chair she proceeded to lay the cloth for tea.

"I can tell you this Ella, you and I might be leading a very different life today if you had only possessed a grain of common sense," the old lady remarked watching her daughter reflectively as she set down the cups at the head of the table, "but you always were going about with your head in the air—just like your father. If William had only been thinking about what he was doing instead of dreaming all the time we would not have lost that money."

Miss Maitland knew when her mother was in a cantankerous mood and tried to get her veered off a subject so painful to herself. Above all things she hated to have her father's name brought into such discussions. Why should her mother not have more reverence for those that were dead and gone? True, he had not been so practical a man as he might have been—he had ruined their hopes and left them in poverty, but like many another he had been led away by the mirage of sudden wealth. Had he not felt sure that the copper mines would be a success, and was not all the risk taken for the sake of his wife and daughter?

Miss Maitland remained in the kitchen so long as she could make that an excuse to escape from her mother's tongue, but further accusations were showered upon her as soon as she returned with the tea-pot and buttered toast.

"Couldn't you have married that man like any other sensible woman? And he asked you twice—how many men do that?"

"Mother, it can't be helped now," the daughter answered with impatience.

"Oh, yes, that's what you always say, Ella. I'd like to know what is going to become of you when I am dead and the pension stops. You never think of that. It's I that has all the worry—and to have to live on the fourth flat of a tenement at my time of life!" Here the old lady gave one of those little snorts that proclaimed her rightful station in life. "If a daughter would only consider it a duty to herself and her parents to get married when she has the chance. When a widow is left destitute it is because circumstances have overcome her, but why should a woman who has squandered her opportunities in life deserve support from charity funds in her old age?"

Miss Maitland watched her mother's aged and trembling hands as she steadied her cup of tea. Her mother had a way of striking the truth and driving it home with painful accuracy.

"Mother, you know I didn't love Gilmore."

"Stuff and nonsense woman!—sentiment at your time of life!" the old lady's voice rang out bitterly.

"But, mother, I had a right to both youth and sentiment ten years ago," the daughter replied, stung to self-defence by her mother's harshness.

"Yes, and much you made of it—that's what I say; and it was not for want of advice. The good Lord can never accuse me of not doing my duty to my children."

"Well, mother, I wish those who did follow your counsel had, in some measure, repaid you for it."

It was hard to parry words with her mother but, when driven to it, there was one thrust which always silenced Mrs. Maitland. From her heart Ella felt truly sorry for the old lady, the more so as she realized now that by a little sacrifice she would have been in a position to do much for her parents she had not been able to in their old age. And in the comfortable surroundings of her own home

and duty to a good husband would that old wound have healed; instead of forming a canker in her heart that was to ruin her whole life? So thinks many a woman who realizes too late that her life turns on a pivot, imperceptible to other people, but which has strengthened with time till it has become the very centre of her being.

Late that night Miss Maitland laid aside the blouse she had been stitching and glanced up at the clock with a sigh—she had been so absorbed with her own thoughts as not to have noticed the time pass. Stepping softly across to her mother's bedroom door she stopped and listened. Having assured herself that the old lady was asleep she opened the door and gently crossed the floor on tip-toe, feeling her way across the darkened room till her fingers found the drawer of a desk that stood in the farther corner. Taking out a small box she stole out of the room again, softly shutting the door behind her. A tiny key attached to her watch chain unlocked this case from which she extracted a small bundle of letters tied together with a blue string. Was it a school girl's fancy, one might ask. "Blue is for true," we used to say.

Tenderly she opened each yellow envelope and read the letters through till she had come to the last. The others were long and she had skimmed them over, but this had only one page written on in a man's bold handwriting, and the little woman with her head bowed beneath the gaslight pored over it as if each word pained or puzzled her. Once her lips quivered faintly and from beneath the drooping eyelids two tears rolled down and fell on the faded lines. This had been a hidden sorrow in her life. Not even her mother has suspected her secret engagement to a school-boy companion many years ago. No one but Lucille, her bosom friend, had known of it—and Lucille had married him!

Here was a double trial for Miss Maitland. They had both deceived her, yet she could not believe it to be a premeditated cruelty or bring herself to think ill of either of them. George had been her true lover in a soldier's uniform

when she had seen him last—Lucille had embraced her with tear stained cheeks and protestations of life-long friendship when she bade her good-bye, on her way to India. Three months later had come an invitation to her wedding, preceded by George's brief note requesting a release from his old love. He had not even waited further reply, though like the brave girl she was there could be only one answer to give.

Had he been sorry for the lonely orphaned girl when she went out to that far-away land to live among strangers? Had Lucille been tempted by the prospect of a comfortable home and a stolen husband—or had her matchmaking uncle, Colonel Winthrope, arranged it? Above all, how did they feel toward her now? Was it remorse of conscience that had made them break off all communications, or had they in the happiness of their home and family forgotten her? These and many other questions vexed Miss Maitland's tender soul.

## II.

"I have a choice of occupation for my visitors this morning." Mrs. More entered the diningroom in her breezy fashion. She had a smile which Bert Harding said reminded him of Pear's soap.

"My dear, are you aware that breakfast has been on the table for twenty minutes?" her husband remonstrated.

"Well, Mr. More, that is why I married you—a minister has no morning trains to catch. Guests," she remarked with a mock curtesy to the other ladies, "don't count—they take what they get and say 'thank you.'"

"Amy always is so sweetly domineering, but we usually find her plans just capital," Mrs. Dare responded, dropping into her place at table.

"May I remind my dear little hostess of my previous engagement," Miss Maitland smilingly apologized.

"There now, isn't that an old maid all over," the little widow laughed across the table. "Always declining new offers on account of some previous engagement—and ten chances to one the former is most impracticable. But let's hear about it before we decide."

"Yes dear, what is it?" her hostess solicited.

"Why, Betty has made me promise to pick snowdrops with her this morning, in the Ferndell woods—she wants them for the village children's tea tonight. May we go, Mrs. More?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear; Betty will be delighted—only, we have not had permission yet from the new tenant—though I suppose it is all right. They say he is a most disagreeable man—scarcely ever speaks to anyone. Never goes to church or anything of that sort. Of course, these are only reports but we are naturally shy of approaching him. My dear, would you have the courage to speak up, if you should meet him on the grounds, and tell him that we always had the flowers, and that Mr. More will call very soon?"

"Oh, Amy, how brave you would be yourself," Mrs. Dare interposed. "If you don't want your head snapped off, Miss Maitland, I guess you had better skiddoo when you see him approaching. Why he's a perfect wretch—murdered his wife—at least she died of a broken heart, which is practically the same thing. There is an invalid little girl, and they say he never looks at her."

"How shockingly cruel!" Miss Maitland exclaimed.

"And if the fiend should set his dogs on you just scream loud enough for me to hear. I have never had the chance of rescuing a lady in distress and I want to act the noble hero before I die," the minister laughingly put in.

With a few more injunctions and merry jokes thrown after them, Miss Maitland and Betty set off with their basket for the flowers, after breakfast.

Right across the road from the Manse was a gate in the stone wall which let them into Ferndell gardens. Betty skipped on in front waving her basket at the old gardener who straightened his rheumatic back to look up and smile as she passed. They proceeded through an iron gate and down a flight of steps which led them into a secluded pathway. Along this they wandered for some distance till an opening in the bushes

brought them to a small stream with planks across.

"Oh, Miss Maitland, look quick!" the little girl exclaimed as if the vision would remain before her eyes, "aren't they too lovely?"

Miss Maitland echoed her appreciation of the scene before as she looked across at the opposite bank carpeted with dainty white flowers. They crossed the improvised bridge which afforded none too sure a footing and commenced to pluck the pretty white rosettes which studded the ground, Betty giving vent to frequent screams of delight.

Through the trees Miss Maitland had a glimpse of Ferndell House with its turreted roof and arched doorway and the big tennis lawn in front. It brought back to her, with an added sense of the present hopeless monotony of her life, the memory of those golden days she had spent with George Stanley before he left for India, when both their hearts seemed so full of life and love and joy. George had once said he would come back from the East with wealth enough to give her a home like Ferndell and she had chided him for the ambitious thought, though in her heart it pleased her and with a girlish fancy had pictured herself the mistress of the beautiful mansion. What secret wand had Fate waved over her to change her life's course in this ruthless manner, she asked herself.

"Betty, what do you say to our cutting across the meadow and going past that house on our way back?" It was a strange whim and she blushed at her own absurd sentiment, half afraid that even the child might laugh.

"Oh, Miss Maitland, I'd be too scared," Betty looked up in wide eyed astonishment, "don't you know the Man of Borneo might catch us?"

"Nonsense, child—no one would hurt you, and who is the Man of Borneo? There is a delicate little girl living there. Wouldn't you like to see her?"

"Well, I s'pose it's 'cause the Man of Borneo isn't good to her," the child answered with a precocious look in her big, brown eyes.

The trees above their heads formed the rendezvous of fluttering, noisy rooks. There was a sudden commotion among the garrulous creatures which caused them to take flight from tree to tree. Suddenly the report of a gun rang out and flocks of them rose and fluttered over head. Then the bushes parted and a man's figure appeared stealthily creeping up. The little girl noticed him and her frightened exclamation drew Miss Maitland's attention.

"It's the Man of Borneo," the child cried, running away.

"Who? Where?" Miss Maitland queried, looking after her, but in vain. The child had disappeared down a path that led farther into the woods, and Miss Maitland, forgetting her basket, followed her. Fright is infectious, and it was more than solicitude for the child's safety that hurried her on. She called after Betty but only the echo of her own voice came back. What if the child should get lost, she asked herself, with some anxiety.

Once she stopped to listen. The bushes obstructed her view but she could hear the man's footsteps crossing the planks over the brook. It made her heart beat nervously and she hurried on. In through the woods, picking her way beneath the bough of the trees she followed Betty till she caught up on the child, and taking her hand led her back to the path they had left. Once more they stopped to listen—again they heard that footstep. Betty had got over her fright now but Miss Maitland's heart still throbbed with nervous apprehension. She felt that the man was following them, and that footstep haunted her. It seemed to re-echo in her mind as if it bore some vague significance for her alone. Was it the shadowy depths around them or her own nervousness? Whatever it was she wanted to escape from it. Once out in the open and the feeling would vanish, she thought.

So they hurried on, following the tiny path that wound in and out through labyrinths of rhododendron bushes till an opening in the shrubbery suddenly brought them in full view of Ferndell. The murmur of voices attracted their

attention and Miss Maitland, on looking round perceived the object of her sympathy, the little fair-haired girl reclining under a tree with a book in her hand with the elderly woman beside her. Miss Maitland stepped forward and apologized for the intrusion.

"I am only a visitor here, but I used to know your beautiful home years ago and imagined that my brightest dreams would be realized if only I could live here."

"Do you know I have often thought that I could love Ferndell like that too, if papa were happy," the child remarked as she invited them to be seated.

"My father lived in the Manse over there, and when I was your age I used to wander through those woods and over the meadow till I knew every nook where the anaemonies grew and the rabbits burrowed in the winter time. I could show you, oh, so many pretty spots," Miss Maitland continued, indicating them with a dreamy, wistful look in her tender, grey eyes.

"And how sad that you never came to live here when you loved it so much. But you must stay with me this morning, Miss Maitland, and you, dear Betty. I will send Martha in for some lunch, and we will eat it out here under this darling big tree, and then you must take me with you and show me some of these lovely places you talk of and perhaps we shall meet papa. He has gone out shooting this morning. He leaves me so much alone and we never see anybody." There was a pensive sadness in the little girl's face that made her look older than her years. Even Betty noticed the yearning in her eyes and impulsively the child ran and threw her arms around her. "Is your papa the Man of Borneo?" Betty's big eyes looked up with a frankly questioning gaze. "Cause he's wicked, but I love you and you shan't ever be alone again."

A hot flush spread over the little girl's face.

"My papa does love me, Betty dear. It is only since we came here that he has been so strange and doesn't like to see people. One day I found him standing over there looking at that old beech tree.

I went over and asked him if he were looking for bird's nests, but he couldn't speak to me. I never saw papa cry before, but he has been, oh, so sad since we came here. When he had gone I went over myself and looked at the tree, but I could see nothing peculiar about it—then it struck me that those beautiful old beech trees are all curiously alike on either side of the avenue. But I used to go to that special one and look and look till one day I saw, in a little spot where the bark had been worn away, two people's initials carved. They were very indistinct, but you could just make out the first letters—G. and E."

That beech tree? What was the child babbling about? Miss Maitland's eager, earnest gaze seemed to drink in her every word and gesture, to pierce her very soul and body as if looking for something hidden therein. Did she dream or was that curve of the chin and flicker of the eye-lid his, and had she not looked into those velvety blue eyes before with love and confidence? Or was it her own ridiculous fancy? Why should not scores of other lovers have met beneath the paternal shade of that same old beech?

"Tell me, child—your name—it is not—Lucille?" Her pleading eyes looked into the little girl's with a deep, burning light in them. The child trembled beneath her ardent gaze and the hot clasp on her thin little hands.

"No," she murmured in a frightened tone, "it was my mother's name, but mine is Ella."

"Ella, has my dream come true—is it you? And do you care that we called her for you?"

A man's hand fell gently on her shoulder, sending an electric quiver through her. Kneeling before the little girl she lifted her white face with parted lips and eyes seeming to deny their vision. It was he—or was it only an apparition?

"George!"

"They told me—the village people—that you were gone from here long ago—married, they thought."

"No, George, there has been no change but misfortune in my life. I



have not lived—I have existed, since—since the old days.”

“Ella, have you forgiven—the past—or do you care still? It is a long story—look at my hair, my face, dear—it was

not the withering sun of the tropics that did that—I have been buried in a premature grave. Do you think, my darling—we could blot out the years that are gone?”

## The Mark of Cain.

Henry Morey

**I**T was a hideous, liver-shaped scar; about an inch in diameter and shaped like a heart. It occupied a most conspicuous position—the centre of Aunt Mary's pale forehead.

For years we had been speculating as to how Aunt Mary came by it; and although she was perfectly aware of this fact not a word as to its origin had ever escaped her lips. We should still have been in ignorance as to the circumstance had it not been for Ignace, our Polish cousin.

Ignace came to spend the summer holidays with us. He had never met Aunt Mary before, and knew nothing of the scar on her forehead until he saw it.

“How ever did Aunt Mary come by that dreadful mark?” was the first question he asked of us.

“We don't know,” replied my sister Alice.

“And she won't tell us,” pouted my sister Kate, vexedly.

I said nothing, but watched Ignace, whose face was a study. A determined light had come into his eyes. His lips were set, and I felt sure that he was meditating on a battle of some kind. The battle began that very day, although we did not know this until a week after.

“Girls,” said Ignace, one evening when we were resting on the lawn, “would you really like to know how Aunt Mary came by that awful scar?”

“Indeed, we should!” we exclaimed in concert.

“Well, she's going to tell us all about it tomorrow morning.

“Never!” I quavered, incredulously.

“Did she say so?” queried Alice, eagerly.

“No, not exactly,” replied Ignace.

“Then how do you know?”

“You are all aware that Aunt Mary spends an hour in the library every morning after breakfast?”

“Yes.”

“Be there yourselves at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and I believe your curiosity will be satisfied. I'll open the library door precisely at ten o'clock and you must be ready to enter at once.”

We girls looked at each other, mystified and rather inclined to be sceptical. We were all in the hall next morning, however, a minute or two before ten. The hall clock chimed the hour; the library door opened and Ignace appeared. His face was as pale as marble. He held up a finger for silence. We filed past him, noiselessly, into the library.

“Oh! Aunt Mary's ill!” I gasped, catching sight of a limp figure propped up in the large easy chair.

“Hush!” whispered Ignace. “She's not ill.”

“Then you've hypnotised her,” I ventured, “and it's cruel.”

“Not at all,” parried Ignace. “I believe Aunt Mary will thank me for doing so. It will do her good to unburden her mind. Now, you must keep perfectly quiet if this experiment is to be successful. You can all help, too, if you will, fixing your gaze intently on Aunt Mary's face and concentrating all your thoughts on the thing we are aiming at.”

We did as we were told. We were afraid to do anything else.

Ignace approached Aunt Mary and stood directly in front of her. His face assumed the same expression I had noticed on it a week before. He raised his hands and made slow and regular motions with them. The scar became more livid and seemed actually to stand away from the chalk-like forehead. Aunt Mary's face began to twitch. She opened her eyes and the expression in them frightened me. She began to speak and the mysterious quality of her voice awed me. By listening intently we were able to understand every word she said.

"It happened just twenty years ago," began Aunt Mary, "yet the remembrance of it still makes me shudder.

"You must not think that because I am still Miss Foster I never had an offer of marriage. I was engaged to Will Carrington when this dreadful thing happened.

"Will was a splendid specimen of manhood—at least I thought so. He was of medium height and broad-shouldered; his hair was dark and just the least bit curly; his eyes were blue and were never afraid of looking straight into your own. His picture is in this locket. I'll let you see it some day. Will certainly was handsome, but he was quick tempered and of a very jealous disposition.

"I was something of a flirt, I admit, but I loved Will dearly for all that. Will seemed, however, to be very often doubtful of my love and showed signs of jealousy if the least attention was paid by me to any other man. I was very fond of teasing Will and took advantage of this trait in his character to do so.

"Herbert Graham, a young bank clerk, was Will's professed rival. I didn't care a button for Graham, but Will thought I did. I humored Graham just to tease my sweetheart.

"Will Carrington was a Civil Engineer by profession. A wooden bridge was being constructed across an arm of the river and Will was superintending the work.

"It was a beautiful spring day, and I was out for an afternoon walk. I decided to go down and see how Will and

the bridge were getting along and directed my steps towards the river. I had not gone many paces, when, quite by accident, Herbert Graham met me.

"I'll escort you down to the bridge, Miss Foster,' he said; 'that is, if you'll allow me. It'll be a fine joke on Carrington.'

"I thought it would, too, fool that I was, so we started off. I tried to look my prettiest and sweetest, and Graham was all attention, alive to my slightest wish or remark.

"We reached the river bank shortly, found the bridge nearing completion and walked jauntily over the finished portion to where the work was going on. An extra large pile-driver was being used. It required a very heavy weight to drive the piles into the solid bed of the river. The large mass of iron which does this work must have weighed two tons. Up and up it went as we got nearer, and down it came with a clatter and crash; splinters flying hither and thither as it struck the top of the pile with a dreadful thud.

"A man would feel pretty flat if that thing came down on him, wouldn't he,' remarked Graham.

"Indeed, he would,' I replied; and we stood there laughing and talking nonsense as the work went on.

"Will Carrington was standing with his back towards us and had not noticed our approach. We were talking loudly on account of the noise made by the hoisting engine. Our voices attracted Will's attention. He turned suddenly towards us and I saw his countenance change, poor fellow, when he took in the situation.

"I have never been able to understand my actions on that day. Not content with what I had already done, I drew closer to Graham, put my arm caressingly through his and smiled sweetly at him. Then I turned to see what effect this was having on Will.

"I had not long to wait. Will was standing quite close to the pile that was being driven into place and his appearance alarmed me. His face had become as pale as death and there was a look of fierce determination upon it—a dreadful

look which haunted me for years afterwards.

"Slowly the two-ton weight reached the top of the ladder from which it would presently be released for another plunge. Will Carrington watched it until it reached the top. Then he suddenly sprang forward and placed his head on the pile that was being driven home. At the same moment the huge weight came thundering down to do its dreadful work.

"I screamed. What else could I do! It all took place so quickly there was scarcely time for thought and none for action.

"I was aware of a horrible, crunching sound and felt a stinging sensation on my forehead. I saw something roll on to the deck of the piledriver and then I fainted.

"When I recovered my senses I was lying in bed with my head bandaged up. A portion of Will's skull had struck me violently on the forehead. It made a nasty flesh wound. This healed quickly enough, but in doing so it left an ugly, tell-tale mark; a mark which I fully deserve; the—mark—of—Cain."

Aunt Mary finished her story remorsefully.

Ignace continued the mysterious motions for a few seconds longer and lowered his hands. Then Aunt Mary's

face began to assume its normal expression. She started and looked about her in alarm.

"Why! I've been dreaming!" she exclaimed. "I dreamt that I told you all about this dreadful scar."

"So you did, auntie, so you did," we declared, sympathetically.

Aunt Mary covered her forehead with her hands and began to cry. We put our arms about her, consolingly.

"Don't cry, auntie," I pleaded, though my own eyes were full of tears. "I, for one, can say that your story has done me a great deal of good. I'll never tease Tom again."

"And I'm sure you'll feel much more contented yourself for having told us," suggested Alice.

"Perhaps I will," replied Aunt Mary.

Ignace had retired to a corner of the room during this conversation. He came forward when it was ended and laid a hand caressingly on Aunt Mary's shoulder. "And I shouldn't wonder," he said, cheerfully, "if that scar disappears entirely, after a week or two."

Aunt Mary looked up, querulously, and, to our astonishment, the scar was much paler in color than we had ever seen it before.

"Yes," continued Ignace, confidently, "in ten days' time there will scarcely be a trace of it."

## Hawking Song.

Herbert W. Lees

I don my gauntlet and take my frame  
 And far afield I wend  
 Where my hawk may strike a quarry of game  
 And the greenwood stand my friend:  
 For tho' unhooded he clutches me close  
 This tiercel, this "Love Declined";  
 So I whistle him off and away he goes—  
 I whistle him down the wind.

No drinking of ale will mend my chance  
 Nor dancing bring me ease;  
 But ever and oft there are wars in France  
 So I'll ship me overseas:  
 Though the maid be fair and as sweet's th' rose  
 Yet I be not to her mind  
 So I whistle "Love" off and away he goes—  
 I whistle him down the wind.

# Old Wood to Burn.

Margaret Erskine

“**O**LD wood to burn, old wood to burn. Ugh! Just listen to the wind, I wish that we had some old wood to burn.”

“Don’t worry about a trifle like that, Janet; that last gust nearly blew me off my chair, another one like it will blow the house about our ears, and then we will have all the old wood that we want to burn.”

“Yes, and nothing to burn it in. Did you ever see in the whole course of your life, Tabs, such delapidated furniture, or such a ramshackle, on it’s last legs house as this? Now think hard before you answer.”

“No,” answered Tabitha, “I never did, and as you happen to be the nearest, Janet, you might put another peach basket on the fire, a whole one, mind, thanks to the wind, we will soon have all the wood we want, so I feel that we can afford to be extravagant in the matter of peach baskets, and —Oh! my glory! what’s that?”

“I—I—think it must be a door banging,” answered Janet, “in fact, I’m—I’m—sure it is a door.”

“So am I, Janet, but it is not banging, it is being banged on. There it goes again; I wish Martha would go to the door and see who it is.”

“Who, Tabs? You don’t mean to say that you think it is a ‘who,’ out there, a night like this? Oh, why did dad go to town a day like this? Couldn’t he see that there was going to be a storm, and people coming knocking at the door to murder——”

“Janet, stop!” Tabitha flew at her sister and shook her till her teeth rattled, “I am going to the kitchen to sit with Martha, I won’t stay here, where all sort of dreadful things are happening—Oh! oh! oh!” she shrieked, “Look! Janet!”

Janet turned and looked in the direction of the door; her knees gave way under her, and she dropped so suddenly into a chair, that it in turn gave way under her, and they both came to the floor with a crash.

“Oh, I say, I hope you are not hurt?” And the man, who had been standing in the door, ran forward, but Janet waved him away in a frightened manner. He turned to Tabitha, who was clinging to the mantelpiece for support, “I say,” he repeated, “I didn’t mean to frighten anyone, but it was so infer—— so awfully cold out there, and I couldn’t make anyone hear, so I just opened the door. I am really quite harmless.”

Tabitha looked at his handsome face, and doubted the last assertion. “My name’s John Taylor,” he added.

At the sound of his name, Janet looked up suddenly, and then turned her head and gazed into the fire; there was a minute or two’s silence, “I—I—,” his teeth chattered so he could hardly get the words out, Tabitha looked at him and saw that his lips were quite blue with the cold.

“Gracious!” she exclaimed, “you must be nearly frozen. Janet run and ask Martha for some whiskey and hot water, while I stoke up.”

Janet scrambled to her feet and departed in search of the whiskey, which their self-invited guest accepted with alacrity when it came, and the three were soon sitting over the fire, on which Tabitha had recklessly cast three peach baskets, “one for each,” she said, just as if they had known each other all their lives.

“This is great,” said John Taylor, spreading out his hands to the blaze. “You have no idea what it’s like outside, the breath freezes before it leaves your

mouth, and hangs in little icicles in the air to mark your path."

"Whatever induced you to go out a night like this?" asked Tabitha curiously.

"It was quite fine when I left town and it wasn't blowing so hard when I left the station, the snow was so blinding that I must have missed the way that the man told me my friends lived."

"Oh, have you friends here?" asked Janet.

"Not exactly friends," answered John in a hesitating manner, growing red, "I had to look up some—that is, I had to make a—came on business, you know." Janet and Tabitha exchanged looks. "You don't know," he went on, "how glad I was to see a light, I began to fear that I would be frozen to death before morning came, I never expected to see a glorious fire like this again."

"Oh, peach baskets make a fine fire, while they last," said Tabitha; "only," she added gloomily, "they don't last long."

"Well, why don't you burn something else instead, coal or wood? Wood makes a fine fire; haven't you any wood?"

"Lots of it," answered Tabitha; "or we will have soon. There did you feel the house rock that time? Well, just have patience a minute or two, and then we will have all the wood we want, only as Janet wisely remarked, just before, or rather on the eve of your arrival, that under those circumstances, we would have nothing to burn it in."

John Taylor looked at the girls, and then glanced furtively around the room, and said nothing.

"I do wish," said Janet, "that Martha would bring the tea, in the meantime, that leg nearest to you, and the arm furthest from you might go on the fire, please Mr. Taylor," and Janet pointed to the broken chair; "and, thank goodness, I hear the rattle of cups, Martha," she went on, to an elderly woman who entered the room with a tea tray in her hands, "this is Mr. Taylor, who got lost in the storm, you might bring him a cup and plate, and some extra toast, please, I expect that he is as hungry as we are."

Martha executed an old fashioned curtsey, gave a sharp glance at the young

man, and went in search of the missing articles.

"Now I wonders," she muttered over her own tea, "if he's the one, he's a likely looking one, and there beant no reason whys one of them shouldn't take a fancy to him. I'll look in my cup and see." Martha turned her cup over into the saucer, turned it gravely round three times, and then taking it up peered into it.

"A stranger," she muttered, "and a wedding, I sees a crowd." She went to the parlor door and called: "Miss Tabitha, will you come here a minute?"

Tabitha got up from the table and walked out into the hall. "Yes, Martha, what is it?"

For answer Martha drew her into the kitchen, and pointed to her tea cup, "Hims the one," she said, nodding mysteriously in the direction of the parlor.

"He?" asked Tabitha, "What he? And what one?"

"The one," answered Martha solemnly, "Now, mark my words, Miss Tabitha, I turned my cup and it said a stranger, and a wedding. Ain't he a stranger?"

"He is," answered Tabitha, with equal solemnity, "but how did you find that out, Martha?"

"Then," went on Martha coaxingly, "either you or Miss Janet will do it, won't you now, dearie?"

"We will," answered Tabitha.

"What did Martha want?" asked Janet when Tabitha joined them again.

"She merely wanted to show me a stranger that was coming knocking on our door, and I was explaining to her that he had already come, and some other thing is in her tea cup."

"Tea cup," cried John, "does she tell fortunes in tea cups; I wonder if she would tell mine?"

"Better not ask her," replied Tabitha, "she might predict that the house would come tumbling about your ears, and bury you in the ruins, stick to the evil you know of, and please put that back on the fire."

Promptly at ten o'clock Martha appeared, lamp in hand at the parlor

door, to show Mr. Taylor the way to his room.

"Good night, Mr. Taylor, and good luck," said Tabitha, "I hope you won't be quite frozen, however, the seat of the chair and two of the peach baskets are your share of the spoils, you may take them with you, and should any of the woodwork in your room give way during the night, don't hesitate to cast it into the flames."

"Heigho," she yawned, stretching her arms above her head, as John followed Martha up the stairs, "how tired I am. If you think for one moment, Janet, that I am going to sleep up in those arctic regions tonight, you are mistaken, I will make you a present of the whole chilly bed, as long as those three legs and one arm remain, I remain. Just wait a minute——"

She ran out of the room before Janet had time to say a word, and in a minute returned with two dressing gowns and some blankets trailing behind her.

"I brought your gown, too, as I found that the furniture was holding a dance tonight, and I was afraid that you might interrupt the party if you went up."

"How thoughtful of you," answered Janet, and then both the girls laughed.

"Tabs," said Janet, when they had got into their dressing gowns and were lying wrapped up in their blankets in front of the fire, "He's the man; Aunt Annie's, you know."

Tabitha nodded. "I wonder what brought him in this direction," went on Janet.

"Fate," answered Tabitha, "and Martha's tea cup, she saw it all there, stranger, orange blossoms, everything. My! How Aunt Annie would be rubbing her hands if she only knew."

"Thank goodness, there isn't any telephone where she is," answered Janet, "and I won't, so there, no, not for fifty wills, and a hundred Aunt Annies, I won't be left like a parcel of old clothes to anyone. You can have him."

"But the money doesn't go with me."

"Oh bother the money——" began Janet, then, "Oh! my goodness, what is that?"

Both girls had sprung to their feet at the sound of the crash overhead. "It's your John's bed," said Tabitha solemnly, "but I hope he won't cast it to the flames, we may need it again."

"I wonder if he is hurt," said Janet.

"Hurt! Not he," cried Tabitha gaily, "he is swearing up there as cheerful as a cricket."

"I don't know about that, Tabs, it was a pretty loud crash; we'd better call Martha and have her see."

Martha was called and sent up to their guest's room to find out the extent of his injuries, and returned with the report that it was nothing but a sprained ankle, which he had bound up in wet towels.

"Nothing," gasped Janet; "oh, Tabitha!" But Tabitha only shook her head.

As soon as it was quite light Tabitha wrapped herself up well and went in search of the doctor, and Mr. Lane returning from town four hours later was not over pleased to find that he had to play host to an uninvited, unexpected guest, for a month or so, even though he was the John Taylor.

Martha, on the other hand, was delighted, especially as during the summer, there was a wedding and orange blossom, and Janet and John Taylor played the principal parts in it.



# The Foxglove's Story.

E. Archer

**I**N a lonely part of the wood, just a little way off from the mossy path, there stood a tall, purple foxglove.

There was something striking about it. It was so very tall and lonely. All around were ferns and moss, and even bluebells, but there were no other foxgloves. You felt at once how different the place would look without it. In fact it would not be the same place at all.

It was here the princess and the poet used to meet, while the wood was guarded by her naughty ladies-in-waiting and her saucy pages, who were all very young and took great delight in the office. The princess was very young too, and as full of whims and fancies as a princess could possibly be, and her latest fancy had been all for poetry and the poet. Positively she would speak to no one else!

It was quite shocking, and was becoming a court scandal.

Of course this could have but one end. The poet was banished from court on pain of death. And how delightful that was! Now he was really poor and might be thought to deserve death if found loitering about the wood, for his disguise was of the flimsiest. And it was at this identical period that the princess started a perfect passion for wild flowers and ferns and mosses, and spent so much of her time collecting them in the wood. No one was surprised. "It was only a fresh whim," they said.

So the princess and the poet wandered about the sweet tangled pathways, hand in hand, and gathered wild flowers and talked poetry.

But it was the poet who knew where the sweetest flowers grew, and the reddest wild strawberries. And it was he who showed the princess the little shallow pool where the spring rose, and where the forget-me-nots grew so thickly

that they were like a blue rain to a basin full of clearest water. He knew where the shy king-fisher would cross the stream like a blue flash, and farther on where the water ran secretly under a dark thicket of bushes, and sobbed like a human voice.

And he would tell beautiful stories about it all, so that the princess began to think she had never seen the woods before.

But they always came back to the foxglove's bank to rest. It was like their home. Once the princess had stretched out her hand to gather the flower, but the poet had held her back.

"No, no," he had said. "Do not kill our faithful sentinel, lest every thing should instantly vanish."

The princess had laughed at this. Yes, it was a wonderful time! The princess seemed to live in fairy-land, but the poet lived only in the princess, for he absolutely worshipped her.

It is true he did not know much about her, but he wrapped her up in all his most beautiful dreams, so that he really did not know where the princess began and his dreams left off, and that often leads to great confusion.

Now, one day a new foreign prince came to the court. He was very strong and handsome, a wonderful fencer and rider, and a lover of all sport, but he hated poetry or anything at all fanciful.

The poet smiled when he heard of it.

"How my princess will detest him!" he thought—"she whose very breath is beauty, and whose every word is music."

You see he was very much in love indeed.

But the days went by, and the weeks went by, and the princess came no more to meet the poet by the side of the foxglove.

Oh, the long summer days of waiting—waiting!

There he would sit with a strained white face, and wide eyes, and parted lips, listening for the light step on the path, looking for the fact that would bloom out of the fresh green like a wild rose.

Sometimes he started up with a cry of joy.

"She is coming," he said.

But it was only a passing bird, or a little light breeze stirring the leaves.

Then he would sit down again, and cover his face with his hands, and sometimes there were tears trickling through his thin fingers.

The only thing he took any notice of was the tall foxglove. He seemed to took on it as a kind of friend, and would even talk to it.

"Are you waiting for her, too?" he would say. "Shall we both stand here for ever—waiting, waiting, till the end of the world?"

But the foxglove could not answer the poet.

At last he could bear it no longer, so he disguised himself as a beggar, and went into the town to collect the news.

Here he heard to his amazement that the princess had started a new whim. She was tired of wild flowers, and had taken a great dislike to poetry, and now she cared only for riding and the chase.

The poet staggered against the wall when he heard this astonishing piece of news. He was faint, too, for want of food. Could it be true? Surely it could not be true!

At that moment, as if in answer to his cry, there came the sharp click of horses' feet, and a gay court party of horsemen came down the narrow street, with the foreign prince and the princess at the head of them. They were going a-hawking. The little princess was laughing. She had cheeks like pink roses, and rode her spirited horse superbly. It was a joy to look at her. The poet could not even feel angry.

"Everything she does is beautiful," he said, "but I shall never do anything beautiful again. Well, it's all over! It was in her I blossomed, in her I lived.

I can never live again." He was almost without money too.

"I will hire myself out as a field laborer," he said bitterly. He had been the court poet.

"I will sleep for the last time by the side of the foxglove," he said, "and then I will go to some far country."

At one time he had thought of sleeping the long sleep on the mossy bank, but something in him seemed to fight against that.

"One may as well see the end of it all," he said wearily. So he went back to the foxglove.

"You are all alone, too," he said to the flower. And he flung himself down with his face to the moss, and wept passionately. He really was very boyish!

The sun began to go down, and the wood was glowing with a strange dusky beauty, but beauty was nothing to him now. He had one hand round the stem of the foxglove. How he shook and swayed with his grief!

The sun went down. The wood became black as ink, with here and there just a little patch of clear green sky. And now that faded, too, and the sky could hardly be seen; but there was one star right over the poet's head. And sweet it looked, and kind and steadfast! But the poet could not see the star for sorrow.

After a time he slept, for he was worn out. The wood was as still as death now. He had moved in his sleep. There he lay with his white face turned up to the star, and the foxglove stood at his head, like a tall sentinel. And he dreamt all night, a long beautiful dream. But in the morning he had forgotten all about it.

He woke at dawn. How pale and wan and chill it was! He sat up and shivered. Then he remembered, and the coldness was in his heart too. The sight of the foxglove seemed to remind him of something.

"I must have been dreaming," he said wearily. "Dreaming about a—No, that was not it—was it a foxglove? No—I thought I was——"

Then it all faded away like a thin mist.



"What does it matter?" he said; "what does anything matter now?"

Yet before he went he remembered the foxglove.

"Good-bye, old friend," he said. And he knelt on one knee and just touched the flower with his lips, for he was a fantastic fellow.

Did the foxglove really bend over so slightly towards him, or was it only the dawn, stirring the wood with a faint breeze?

He went in a slow dazed way down the mossy path—he who had always held his head so proudly and walked with such a joyous step. He stooped now, and dragged his feet along. He looked almost old. Soon he was out of sight.

The foxglove was all alone again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years after, one midsummer day, the poet came again through the wood.

The little princess was now married, but not to the foreign prince, as everyone had expected, but to a neighbouring king. She now affected great dignity and was seldom seen abroad, having been taken with a perfect passion for tapestry and embroidery, and she looked very quaint and charming, working among her maidens.

The poet had altered too! There was no look of pain in his face now, but there was no look of joy either. He was comfortably dressed and seemed to have made a living somehow, but he had never written poetry again. He had worked hard by, and had come to look at the spot in the wood, where he had once lived so passionately: but he had passed it long ago.

"It is very strange," he said, "I never had any trouble to find it."

It was not at all strange, because he had always looked for the foxglove.

And the foxglove was dead. But he had forgotten the foxglove.

After much searching, and walking to and fro, he at last came to the place.

"I think it must have been here," he said, "but it looks quite different. Surely there was a—yes—a foxglove—a remember now. A tall purple foxglove." And then he stretched himself on the

moss, and buried his face in it, for he was hot and tired.

The sun began to go down, and the wood was all glowing with a strange dusky beauty. But he did not notice it. He seemed to be holding something in his hand—something that was not there.

The sun went down. The wood became black as ink, with here and there just little patches of clear green sky. Now that faded too, and you could hardly see the sky, but there was one star right over the poet's head. And sweet it looked and kind, and steadfast. But the poet never looked at the stars now.

After a time he slept, for he was very tired. The wood was as still as death. He had moved in his sleep, and now lay with his face turned up to the star.

And he dreamt all night, a long beautiful dream.

He woke at dawn, but he looked changed somehow. He stretched himself lazily, and smiled, and seemed to be looking for something at his side.

"It is very strange," he said. "I must have been dreaming. I could have declared that a tall purple foxglove stood all night at my head, and told me—told me——"

Then he sat up suddenly and felt in his pockets. He took out the stump of a pencil and some odd pieces of paper, and began to write very fast, and as he wrote he smiled. His face altered more and more. An almost boyish joy seemed to be coming into it.

"But this is beautiful," he said. And there were tears in his eyes.

At last he had used up every scrap of paper, and he started running through the wood, talking to himself all the way.

The sun was up in the heavens now. It would be a glorious day. His step had grown light as of old, and his face was full of joy. When he came to a boulder or low bush, he leapt over it in the most amazing manner. Only once he stopped, but that was because he struck his head against a lime bough. It made him look up into the delicious tender green. It was full of blossom and scent, and the song of bees.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "I will take you all with me. All of you. All of you." Then he ran on.

And the brook ran beside him singing, and the birds sang over his head, and blossoming brambles clung to his feet.

"Take us with you. Take us with you," they cried.

Even the trees bent their broad boughs to bless him, and all the wood was

stirred with a faint murmur like music. It was as though they knew he passed.

So he passed out of sight.

He wrote a beautiful story, and he became the world's poet, which is better than being a court poet. No. I cannot tell you the story. It was so very long ago.

But I think it was the foxglove's story after all.

## Stevenson's Philosophy.

Robert Allison Hood

**I** ONCE heard a prominent preacher discoursing from a text in the Proverbs say that every business man should carry a pocket edition of them and read it in the cars or on the boat while going back and forward to his place of business; for the man that would follow its teachings, he declared, would be sure of business success. While heartily endorsing the reverend gentleman's recommendation, I would like to draw the attention of those who are not already acquainted with it to a more modern book which I believe would prove just as great a boon to the man in the street if he would thus make it his daily companion, I mean "The Pocket R.L.S."—a little book of favorite passages culled from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Not necessarily would it prove a guide to business success—perhaps, rather the contrary, indeed—but I am sure that it would be a help to successful living. To quote one of its passages, "It is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do"; and if not, it is well worth considering and finding out what is. This little volume, I believe, can help us to do so.

As Emerson says, "it is the sign of a great nature that it opens up a foreground and invites us onward," and this is surely so with Stevenson. His works,

too, are all the more instructive that he believed the province of literature is to amuse rather than to instruct; for the natural man is instinctively antagonized by any conscious effort to direct him in the way that he should go. He resents the implied superiority of the man who would set up to be his mentor.

Stevenson, however, by his manner, does away with this antagonism, for he addresses his readers, not in the tone of a superior being laying down rules for them to follow, but as an equal, discussing, as if in friendly chat, the problems that he has met with and his impressions with regard to them. It is not the preacher from the pulpit or the teacher from the desk that is speaking, but the fellow-mortal, comparing notes around the fireside. "Literature," he says, "in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk"; and with him, the shadow comes very close to the reality for he has all the naturalness and spontaneity of talk.

Perhaps one of the most helpful of the teachings that come to us from this little book is that of individual independence both of thought and of action. Follow the dictates of your own conscience whatever the verdict of the world may be. What is respectable is not necessarily right and if a man is ruled by the voice of the crowd rather than his own

soul he may pass for a success among his fellows, but he has sold his birth-right all the same. "He may be a docile citizen," Stevenson says; "he will never be a man. It is ours, on the other hand, to disregard this babble and chattering of other men better and worse than we are and to walk straight before us by what light we have. They may be right; but so before heaven are we. It is good, I believe, to be respectable, but much nobler to respect one's self and utter the voice of God."

These are the clarion notes of no uncertain sound with which he voices the freedom of the individual, words that cannot fail to awaken, even in the weakling's breast, a thrill of exaltation.

To the Marthas of the world, those that are burdened with much serving, he has a message too, that might help them to take their responsibilities more lightly. "The services of no single individual are indispensable," he says; "Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare." What a pin-prick a sentence like this is for those well-meaning, bladder-like people who go about puffed up with their own philanthropic exertions, full of the merit of their toil, and determined that the world shall know of it. It is the happy people that are the true missionaries, he would say, the people who radiate sunshine, wherever they go as a rose imparts its fragrance. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties—If your morals make you dreary, depend on it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

He believes in no hard and fast rule of right and wrong. "We shall always shock each other both in life and art," he says; "we can not get the sun in our pictures nor the abstract light (if there be such a thing) into our books; enough if in the one, there glimmer some hint of the great light that blinds us from heaven; enough if in the other, there shine even upon foul details, a spirit of magnanimity." This is from the artist's standpoint, perhaps rather than from

that of the British matron, that bugaboo of our literary men; but after all, it is not the most correct one, is it not the Christlike as opposed to the Pharasaic?

There is no room for cant in the gospel of Stevenson. The dictum, "Be good and you will be prosperous" as set forth by those who would advocate goodness for "the cakes and ale" that follow from its exercise, his common-sense scores as a fallacy and he has no hesitation in condemning those who promulgate it. "There is a certain class," he says, "professors of that low morality so greatly more distressing than the better sort of vice to whom you must never represent an act that was virtuous in itself as attended by any other consequence than a large family and fortune." At the same time, he would probably not agree with Mark Twain's, "Be good and you will be lonesome," for the catholicity of his ideas gave him the ability to see the good side of every one. Thus he has even put in a plea to justify the habitual idler: "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the workshop, one not easily to be abused." Thus, this modern Epicure would seem to make happiness the chief, at least, if not the whole end of man. The same note recurs again and again. "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy." "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note;" and for the fellow who lets his industry spoil his temper, he has nothing but the most biting sarcasm. "He sows hurry and reaps indigestion," he says; "he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return—I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other peoples' lives." We get something of the same idea too, most beautifully expressed in that excellent little poem of his, which he entitles "The Celestial Surgeon":

"If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race

And shown no glorious morning face,  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake."

When we think of the writer's own life shadowed so long by disease and pain, yet brimming over with kindness and good cheer to his fellows, when we see him exiled on a lone isle in the far Pacific, yet still bearing up bravely and beloved even by the natives for his kindness and winning personality, we can recognize how consistent was his own life to this his favorite tenet. It was not by any means a new doctrine. His fellow countryman, Burns, to whom he gladly avows apostleship, in "A Song of the Road," has exquisitely proclaimed the same truth:

"To make a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
O' human life."

But alas, how far short fell the later poet's performance from the earlier ones.

A great part of the charm that men find in the work of Stevenson consists in this faculty of imparting happiness which not only extended itself in his lifetime to all around him, but also lives in his works as well, so that his readers too are made partakers in the exuberance of his cheerfulness. No shadow of sickness or suffering was ever permitted to darken the outlook of his writings. "The shades of the prison-house" that Wordsworth talks about never closed in on his perpetual boyhood, for his soul never outgrew the glamor of youth. Thus, when we would pass from the harassing realities of our treadmill existence, with him we may ascend to that cloudy land of the ideal where old age never comes. We come under the spell of the enchanter and eyes that before were purblind are opened to a world all *couleur de rose*, ears that before were dull are now awakened to hidden harmonies of which they never yet dreamt. It is to taste the elixer of youth.

He is the priest of nature. She is the only study that he finds inexhaustible. "It is not like the works of Carlisle," he says, "which can be read to an end.

Even in a corner of it—the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime: there will be always something to startle and delight us." Pan, he declares, is the only god of all the classic mythology that has survived, but to the devout alone is he in evidence. "In every wood, if you go with a spirit properly prepared, you shall hear the note of his pipe."

Truly he himself heard it often enough for he had a spirit that was in harmony with it. Yet his delight in nature is not at all that of the sentimentalist. He loved and admired it in its relation to humanity, as the scenic environment set for the great play of human destinies; but he loved Mankind more. For the misanthrope who draws himself apart from his fellows to live the hermit's life close to nature he has a mild contempt mixed with pity. Witness his masterly essay on Thoreau, a man whose writings charmed and yet antagonised him and called from him at times the most sarcastic comment: "I suspect he loved books and nature as well and near as warmly as he loved his fellow-creatures—a melancholy, lean degeneration of the human character," he says of him.

Such a sentence sums up in a nutshell the secondary place that nature took to his fellows in Stevenson's interest. Yet he had perhaps as close a sympathy and communion with Nature as Thoreau had, had slept "*sous la belle étoile*." Listen how gracefully he describes it in his "Travels with a Donkey":

"The bed was made, the room was fit,  
By punctual eve the stars were lit;  
The air was still, the water ran;  
No need there was for maid or man,  
When we put up, my ass and I,  
At God's green Caravanserai."

Here the fancy is a very pretty one and is fairly representative of the writer's attitude towards nature. It is her romantic and not her scientific side that appeals to him. "Science," he says, "writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared to the reality of which it discourses? Where hearts beat high in April and death strikes, and

hills totter in the earthquake—and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men?"

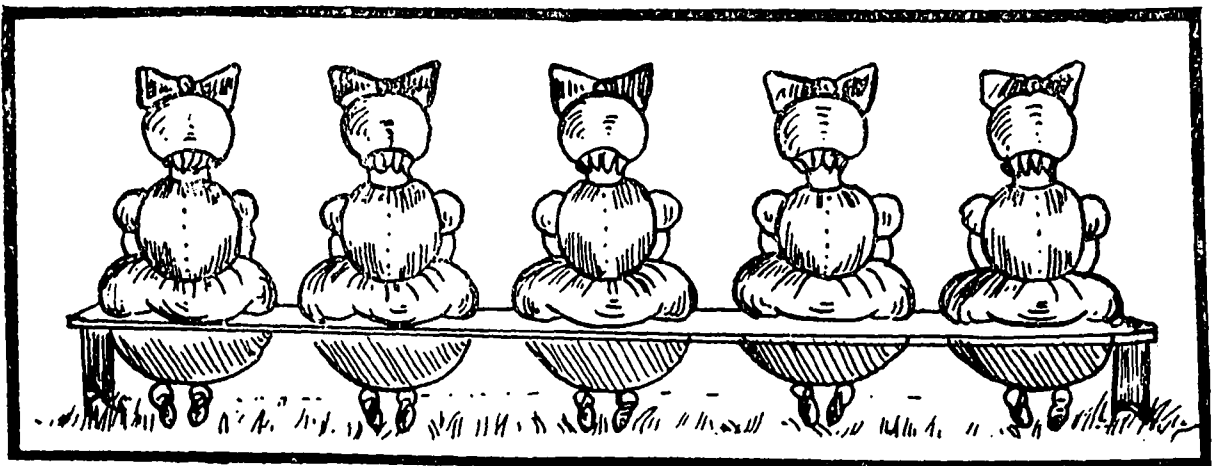
Life, then, it's phases and its problems is his never-palling study; and the justice of his comments on it come home to most men's experience and touch responsive chords. As he himself has said: "A knowledge that another has felt as we have felt, and seen things, even as they are little things, not much otherwise than we have seen them, will continue to the end to be one of life's choicest pleasures; and this pleasure we taste repeatedly in this little book. Childhood, youth, or old age, with the viewpoint of all alike he seems to be familiar. The purity and pathos of childhood, the impulsiveness and restlessness of youth, the conservation and caniness of old age, he touches all with the same deft truthfulness. A few bold strokes of the pencil and the picture stands before us clear-cut and candid, too like to be gainsaid, and we wonder at the insight of the artist. For instance, what could be more graphic and yet more terse than this, "Age asks with timidity to be spared intolerable pain; youth taking fortune by the beard, demands joy like a right."

Again he says, "We advance in years somewhat in the manner of an invading army in a barren land; the age that we have reached, as the phrase goes, we but

hold with an outpost, and still keep open our communications with the extreme rear and first beginnings of our march—and Grandfather William can retire upon occasion into the green enchanted forest of his boyhood."

Thus, each stage of life, he finds has its compensation; "and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost appetite for playing at soldiers."

The code of Ethics that Stevenson would advocate is a simple one but replete with sound, practical, common-sense. Cheerfulness, as said before, is his cardinal virtue, with honesty a close second. We have but to read one or two of his prayers to appreciate the true religiousness of his nature. Gentleness, courage, long-suffering and humility, these are the things he prays for: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry." Here we have the keynote of his creed. And while, like most of us, he was often perplexed by the mysteries of life, its inconsistencies, its pain, its injustices and its awful weight of sin, yet his faith in Divine mercy remained constant. Thus he says: "He who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same that formed us in frailty."



# The Expiation of John Reedham.

Annie S. Swan.

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## CHAPTER VI.

A BUSY EVENING.

**W**HO is that man?" inquired Lidgate bluntly.

The unusual question naturally surprised them, but Mr. Currie replied frankly enough.

"One of my clerks, of whom I wished to know a little more than can be learned in business hours. His name in Charlton."

"Charlton!" repeated Lidgate musingly. "I thought I knew him, I must have made a mistake. Pray excuse the question."

"Why, certainly, and how are you after your American trip, Mr. Lidgate? You look very fit."

"I am all right, thank you."

"I hope you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, I think I did, but I am not a keen traveller. I am afraid London has got me body and soul, I am restless away from her, and she quickly lures me back."

The elder man shook his head.

"That I can't understand. Has my brother mentioned that I have serious thoughts of retiring one of these days?"

"Don't, Mr. Currie. Recall to your remembrance all the men you have known who have quitted active life at your age, and the results. I think that you will find that these results have been almost without exception disastrous. Slacken off a bit by all means, and take this young lady to see a bit of the world, but don't retire."

"Do you hear that rank heresy, Kate?" inquired Mr. Currie with a smile, which had a certain amount of triumph in it. "Yes, she is the culprit."

"Women usually are," answered Lidgate with an answering smile. "And

very often they merely prepare a rod for their own backs."

"Oh, you wicked man!" cried Katherine, shaking her finger at him. "Just when I had got Uncle Archie nearly persuaded you come in with your horrid warnings! Don't you see how he is pining for the country and fresh air and quiet occupations?"

Lidgate laughed outright.

"I don't see anything of the kind, I am glad to say, Miss Wrede. I gaze upon a remarkably hale and handsome man, with more energy in his little finger than most men, and myself, perhaps," he added with a touch of gay banter, "have in my whole anatomy."

"That may be true of you; I could very well believe it," she replied demurely. "But by admitting it you damage your case. He ought not to be so full of energy. If he could rest more and take it easy the necessity would not be so urgent. But, as you know, he simply lives every moment of his days with his whole might."

"The only way to live, believe me, Kate. A short life and a full if not a merry one, is surely the most satisfying for every man."

"And he fills up the very scanty leisure he permits himself with doing things for other people. Even you, Mr. Lidgate, would be astonished at the sum of them."

"Perhaps not; I hear of them too often," he answered. "And I am afraid you will look askance at me because I have come to ask him to do one more."

"You may regard it as done," she said with an affectionate glance at her guardian. "Well, if you will excuse me, I shall go to the library; I have two notes to write. I shall see you before you go, Mr. Lidgate."

Lidgate's eyes followed her to the door.

"A most beautiful creature," he said with a faint, involuntary sigh, which seemed to embody regret over his lost youth.

"She is indeed, and all heart. The combination is rare; so often the beautiful casket is empty of soul. I bless God for having sent her to me at a time when I must necessarily have begun to feel more acutely that sense of personal loneliness which is the cross of the solitary man. You ought to marry, Lidgate, before it is too late. Why have you never married?"

He leaned back in his chair as he put the question with that kindly solicitude which so often compelled confidence, and which could never be in any circumstances offensive.

Lidgate's face flushed a little.

"Well, sir, since you have asked the question, I will be frank. The only woman I have ever cared about married another man."

"Ah," said Archibald Currie with an understanding nod. "Pray excuse me, I did not pause to remember that perhaps I might be probing an old wound. I am very sorry, but doubtless you have had your compensations?"

"No," said Lidgate with a sudden fierceness, "I have not had any compensations. And of late I have had to stand by and see her suffer acutely, and know myself powerless to help precluded, indeed, by my position from offering any help."

"A trying experience; very trying. I had no idea of this, Mr. Lidgate; I offer you my sincere sympathy. You bear it like a man."

"I doubt it very much," said Lidgate gloomily. "May I now tell you what I have come about?"

"Surely, and as Katherine said, if to help you, or any protege of yours is in my power, you may look upon it as done."

"It is about John Reedham's boy I have come. He wants to be taken by the hand; I would like to do it myself, to take him in at London Wall, but you

can appreciate the difficulties in the way."

"Ah, surely of course I can," replied Archibald Currie, as the vision of his brother's stern face rose up before him. "What age is the lad? Bless me, I had forgotten about him. I have often spoken to my ward about his mother, but I might have done something for the boy before this."

"He has not required it. Up till June of this year he was at school in Surrey with some friends of his mother, the school he has been at for the last four years. He was very loth to go back, the youngster had the chivalrous desire to help his mother, and it was only when it was pointed out that another year at school would better equip him for his purpose that he consented to remain. When he came home at midsummer, three weeks before the usual time on account of an epidemic that had broken out in the school, I was in America. There was no one to hold him back. The young rascal went out on his own, so to speak, and took a bookkeeper's place in a petty tradesman's shop out Clapton way."

"I like that, it showed a manly spirit," said Archibald Currie with a well-pleased look on his face.

"It was not a suitable place for the boy, however, and he has never been happy there. Last night I saw him, and he had been paid off."

"Ah, poor lad, then he is in immediate need of a situation?"

"Yes. He is almost fifteen, I believe, but he is very well grown for his age; a fine, intelligent, handsome boy, though he has inherited his father's impulsive temperament and quick temper."

"These may help him, if they are properly guided," said the old man musingly. "They go hand in hand usually with other and more valuable qualities. It was a tragedy that! Poor Reedham! Have you any theory about him?"

"My theory can be put into few words. I believe him to be dead."

"But how? when? where?" inquired Currie, struck by the confidence with which the words were spoken.

Reedham shook his head.

"These questions of course, I can't answer, but I have the conviction. There are many suicides in London in the course of a year that are never identified, and some even that never come to light at all."

"It sounds ghastly. How is his poor wife bearing up?"

"Not well; she has had a hard year. If you can do anything for the boy you will lighten her burden, Mr. Currie. If you should take him to Old Broad street I should be most grateful. I hardly like to suggest it, but if it is the custom of your office to take premiums I should be only too glad to pay, because I can't take him as I should like to do at our own place."

"Tut, tut. I am the head of my concern. I can do as I like, and Reedham's boy shall come most certainly. I'll hand him over to Charlton, and tell him to keep a special eye on him."

"Thank you very much. I felt sure you would be willing to do something," said Lidgate, in tones of relief.

"The longer time goes on the more inexplicable appears Reedham's defalcations," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Have you any theory about that, then?"

Lidgate hesitated a moment.

"At first I was dumbfounded, and naturally leaped to the conclusion that he had been living a double life. But I have parted with that belief. I think there are two explanations which, when put together, may suffice. Reedham had several impecunious relatives, one of them most disreputable, and who was a constant drain upon him. Part of his defalcation may have gone to cover some disgrace into which this person got himself. That is the only surmise, suggested by various things Mrs. Reedham has said to me from time to time. The other is the extraordinary jealousy and antagonism that existed between him and your brother James."

The old man knit his brows, and nodded understandingly.

"I do not know Reedham well; in fact, I don't think I have met him more than half a dozen times, and then it was in the most casual way. But putting two and two together, the thing becomes

plainer. I can easily understand how my brother would act upon a warm, impulsive temperament. Between ourselves, Lidgate, I have felt it myself, and we could never have been in business together."

Lidgate continued, finding his task of explanation much easier than he had expected.

"Reedham was very jealous of his position in the firm, and he constantly made himself wretched imagining slights were being put upon him, especially by Mr. Currie. Then he thought that Mrs. Currie and her daughters were offensively patronising to his wife. The very idea of it maddened him. My own belief, in view of all these sidelights, which have become clearer with lapse of time, inclines me to think that Reedham was ambitious to make a clever coup-d'etat on his own account, to force recognition, as it were, from the senior partners. When he discovered that disaster had ensued, he could not face it, of course."

"Ay, ay; a most feasible explanation. I believe it is the true one," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Poor, poor chap. It was not worth it. He was happy in his home; he had enough for his needs, and what else mattered? He had lost his sense of proportion. Ay, ay; what a number of catastrophes there are in life which the exercise of a little common sense could avert."

"You are right, sir; but I must not keep you longer. Then I may tell Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to you?"

"If you will leave me her address I will write myself tonight. I am glad you came to me. The boy is evidently worth saving, and I am only too pleased to be able thus indirectly to be of service to his mother."

Lidgate took a card from his case, wrote Mrs. Reedham's address on it, and almost immediately took his leave.

Archibald Currie sat still, pondering in his mind the thing he had heard. His face was wearing its most preoccupied expression. When his ward returned to the room she glanced at him anxiously.



"That man hasn't worried you, Uncle Archie? He looked so preternaturally grave, I was afraid of it."

"Oh, no; he was merely talking about the Reedhams."

"And will you take the boy?" she asked interestedly.

"Most certainly. I can hand him over to Charlton. He has a sympathetic nature, and, like those who have suffered, he can feel for the troubles of others."

"I could not make him out exactly to-night, Uncle Archibald."

"I should like to hear what you think of him; indeed, that is why I asked him to dinner. I feel disposed to trust him a good deal, and I would not wish to make any mistake."

"Oh, I think him trustworthy enough. A man with a past, I should say. There is something furtive and shadowy about his eyes."

"But it might quite well be a blameless past, child. There are men in this city thousands of men, who never have a chance. Charlton strikes me as being that kind of man."

"Quite possible. He is, undoubtedly clever. He interested me very much. He is like someone I have seen, but clean shaven faces are deceiving. They are so much alike."

"I am surprised to hear you say that. Now Lidgate is clean shaven, but you would not say there was the smallest resemblance between him and Charlton."

"Oh, no, nor any comparison. Lidgate is a fossil, one of those dried up young men, who have never lived."

Archibald Currie leaned back in his chair and silently laughed.

"You are very hard on men, child, I wonder where you will find one to suit you."

"I don't want one, thank you, Uncle Archie. So long as I have you, matrimony doesn't attract me. It's limitations are too obvious."

At that moment the butler knocked and entered the room.

"Mr. Stephen Currie, sir. Could he speak to you for a few moments? I have put him in the library."

"All right."

When the door closed they looked at one another, and Archibald Currie laughed again rather softly, as if some joke occurred to him.

"Perhaps matrimony will be forced on you, dear child, sooner than you think."

She pursed up her pretty mouth into a grimace.

"Not by Stephen Currie, thank you very much. If he has come to talk about me you may nip him in the bud."

"But Katherine, Stephen is a very estimable young fellow, and he will be very well off."

"I wouldn't marry him, Uncle Archie, if he were a millionaire twice over."

"Shall I tell him that?"

"I don't suppose he has come to talk about me. He ought to have more sense, for I have done everything to show him I don't want to have anything of that kind to say to him. And his assumption of proprietorship is intolerable. That is why I wouldn't go to the garden party this year, and why I refuse every invitation I dare refuse to Fair Lawn."

When he made no reply she came to the side of his chair and looked anxiously into his face.

"Uncle Archie, don't for Heaven's sake tell me it is the dream of your life that I should marry Stephen Currie! I am quite sure if you say that it will be the end of all things for me."

"I have no such dream, child. Marry whom you please, only don't be in a hurry, and remember that the day I have to part with you will be the darkest day the old man has ever seen."

Her eyes filled, she bent down and dropped a kiss on his cheek, and he rose to leave the room quite conscious of his own emotion.

He proceeded in a very leisurely fashion to the library, and as he entered it the clock struck ten, which caused Stephen Currie to apologise for the lateness of his call.

"I was dining with a chap at the end of your Square, and I wanted to see you privately for a few moments, so I took the opportunity of leaving early. I hope you don't mind me coming at this hour, uncle?"

"Oh, no, though we are rather early birds. How are you, Stephen?" said the old man cordially. "All well at home, I hope?"

"Oh, all right, thank you. Well, I needn't beat about the bush. I've been trying to get my courage up to sticking point for ever so long. It's about Katherine I want to speak. Of course you know that—that I've had hopes in that direction for a long time, ever since she first came from Bruges, in fact, I thought her then the most absolutely charming person I had ever met."

"I've got my own thoughts about it, of course, but you haven't come here very much lately, and I thought you'd cooled off a bit, Stephen," said the old man with a good-humored smile.

"Ah, but that's entirely Katherine's fault. She—she behaves abominably to me, Uncle Archie, snubbing me at every turn. But it doesn't make any difference. It makes me keener if anything. You see that's where she differs from most other girls. They're all so ready to be made love to, but she's stand-offish."

"She wouldn't be with a person she cared about, lad. Perhaps it will be better for you to take it like that."

"But why shouldn't she care? There's nothing wrong with me. I can give her a good position. I'll be a partner next year. They've never filled up Reedham's place, and Sir Philip as good as said it would be mine after January. There's absolutely no reason why she shouldn't have me, and I'm sure, Uncie Archie, if you'd put in a good word for me it would go a long way."

Archibald Currier shook his head.

"I am afraid that the love affair that depends upon another man's good word is not in a healthy condition. The usual order of things is that the old man is only consulted after everything is settled. Understand that I have no personal objection to you, Stephen, indeed I could not possibly have, and if Katherine cared for you it would make me very happy to see you man and wife."

"Then I have your permission to speak to her seriously? I have often broached the subject, though not with much suc-

cess. But it will be different now I have something definite to offer her."

Archibald Currie looked doubtful.

"Katherine does not care for the things most girls prize. I am sure she would not at all mind being married to a poor man. And she has an astonishing faculty of being able to make the best of everything."

"She wouldn't be a successful poor man's wife," said Stephen emphatically. "She is the sort of woman who needs expensive clothes and who knows how to wear them."

"That is where you are mistaken, Stephen. She does not spend the half of her allowance on herself. She knows how to wear clothes, that is all the difference," said the older man good-humoredly.

"Ah, well, so much the better if she can achieve that result on little money. The finished product is always perfect. But we are away from the main issue, Uncle Archiebald. When am I most likely to find her at home? I have often called, and have never been so lucky as to find her, and she goes so little to Fair Lawn I have precious few opportunities especially lately; I really can't go on like this. It's making me ill, and I can't attend to business. My father told me this morning I had better get it settled."

"Is your father quite pleased with your choice then?"

"Well, not as pleased as he might have been. Katherine doesn't conciliate them much, you know, and they thing she mimics them. What would please the governor would be to see me make up to Sarah Bracebridge, but I have told him my mind is made up, and he understands that a man must have his own way about this, the most important act of his life. He's kept me in leading strings pretty well up till now, but I think he sees that it won't do any longer. Anyway, he hasn't made any insuperable objections to Katherine as a daughter-in-law."

Archibald Currie smiled drily.

"Katherine won't shine in an atmosphere of sufferance, I warn you, Stephen. She needs warmth and appreciation."

"Oh, well, she'll get plenty of it from me, and, of course, we won't settle in

Hampstead. I have a leaning to the country myself, and I saw a little place at Mitcham that would suit us down to the ground. But first I've got to get Katherin'es consent. Could I see her tomorrow afternoon on my way home from business. I'd leave early on purpose, and if you'd put in a word for me meanwhile, I'd be grateful."

"I don't think I can promise you that, lad. Katherine would resent it, I am sure, and as I said, a love affair that wants bolstering is in a bad way. Better trust to chance. I can come home to an early tea, if that'll do you any good. Katherine won't go out if I get home early."

"Very well; perhaps I'll write to her tonight after I get home. It all depends on how I feel. You see Katherine's so different from all other women, you never know where you have her, but I'm awfully fond of her, and if she won't have me I really don't know what'll be the upshot, shouldn't be surprised if I went to the dogs altogether."

He wore such a woe-begone expression, and spoke with such sincerity, that Archibald Currie, albeit he was not specially fond of his brother's son, felt a passing pang of pity for him. For he was perfectly assured that Katherine would not listen to him for a moment.

"I mustn't keep you up, then, Uncle Archibald. I'm glad you know how the land lies, and that at least you're not hostile to me. Give Katherine my love, and if you can see your way to put in a good word for me I'll not forget it. And I'll call and take my chance tomorrow afternoon if I don't write in the interval. Good night, Uncle Archibald."

"Good night, lad, I wish you well, but I don't think you ought to build your hopes too high. Katherine is not thinking of matrimony, meanwhile, at least, and I'm afraid her answer will be 'No.'"

"Well, if she has no thoughts of matrimony, at least I've the chance of being the first to suggest them to her," said Stephen with one of his shrewd gleams. "It's a great relief to me that you're not hostile, anyway. The governor said you'd sure to oppose it; that you had ambitions for Katherine."

"They exist only in his imagination. My only desire is to see the child happy," replied Archibald Currie, as he opened the door to show his nephew out.

Katherine was waiting for him with a little mischievous smile on her face, which augured ill for poor Stephen's suit.

"I've been sitting here with cold thrills running up and down my back, so don't pretend that you haven't been talking about me."

"I don't want to pretend. We have been talking about you. Stephen is very much in earnest, my dear, and you will have to be in earnest, too, and answer him definitely."

"Why, I have never been indefinite, quite the reverse. He knows perfectly well I never permit him to make love to me, and that I have avoided him almost entirely. I never answer the letters he writes asking me to go to concerts and things, and I always try to be out when there is any possibility of his calling. What more definite does any man want?"

"It would be enough for the average man, I admit, but you will have to put it in black and white to Stephen. He is coming to ask you tomorrow to marry him, having previously obtained my consent in the orthodox fashion."

"You gave your consent, Uncle Archibald, but you don't expect me to marry him!" she exclaimed with a little stamp of her foot. "You know I have never hidden from you how I feel about the Fair Lawn people. They are not my kind, and I would honestly die rather than marry him."

"Then be quite frank. Give him his dismissal explicitly, but don't hurt his feelings. He is quite sincere, my dear, and I was surprised at the depth of feeling he exhibited."

"I can't let him come. There would be a ghastly scene, for, of course, he would keep on arguing, even after I had spoken with the utmost definiteness. They're all like that at Fair Lawn. They wrangle over the smallest detail. I've heard them. May I write to him tonight, dear, and tell him you have warned me that he is coming, and that it is quite

useless, that I am much obliged, but I will never marry him?"

"As you like. Perhaps it would be better. I will go upstairs now, my dear. I've had an uncommonly long day, and three callers in one evening is a little unusual."

"Three exciting and exacting callers, too, all wanting something out of you! That comes of being a philanthropic angel, dearest. Now nobody ever wants to ask anything of Uncle James Currie. He is left severely alone."

He smiled indulgently upon her, bade her good night, and left her to write the momentous letter. She addressed it to the office at London Wall, and marked it "Private," thinking with fine consideration that it might be better for him to read it at his private desk in the City than under the curious eyes at the family breakfast table. They all knew her handwriting and as a family prided themselves on having no secrets from one another, that is to say, there was no privacy of thought or action allowed in the family circle. Everything was discussed and dissected and settled in conclave, which they considered indicative of their united family front.

Archibald Currie did not sleep well. His mind was too full of the individual and differing experiences of the evening. He thought longest and most continuously about the Reedhams and the story Lidgate had told him, and remembered with regret that he had not written the note to Mrs. Reedham. The conversation with Katherine had driven it from his mind.

He stopped the brougham at the first post-office and wired to Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to him at Old Broad street in the course of the morning, and after he had been over the more important correspondence he sent for Charlton to come to his private room.

The signs of growing favor in the master to the new clerk had, of course, been noted by the other members of the staff, but so far they did not resent it, partly because their trust in the justice and generosity of their master had already been proven, and most of them felt that their own positions were

assured. Moreover, Charlton was entirely inoffensive. He spoke so little, indeed, that it was not easy for him to give offence.

There was one man, however, who resented him and all his ways. He was the only unsatisfactory member of the Old Broad street staff, a man named Richard Turner, and but for the fact that he had a wife and large family dependent on him, Archibald Currie would not have kept him so long. There was an antipathy between them, the natural antipathy that would arise between an honest, straightforward man and a shifty, unreliable one. It was to Turner's department that Charlton had come, and that worthy, seeing him growing in favor at court, as he expressed it, began to cherish a slow and deepening resentment. The determination to get even with him grew in proportion as he imagined himself deeply wronged. The head of the firm, unaware of these undercurrents, and early drawn to his new employee, who on more than one occasion had exhibited unusual powers of acumen, continued to follow his policy of recognition and encouragement which usually marks the master's sympathies and catholic outlook. He determined to place Leslie Reedham under Charlton's immediate eye, and in order to enlist his sympathies, to tell him some, at least, of the circumstances.

"Good morning, Charlton. Yes, the letters were right, quite right, and I see where your suggestion was valuable. Sit down a moment. I want to speak to you about another matter. There is a lad coming here this morning, he may be here at any moment, whom I wish to place under your care. I don't know if you remember the case of Mr. John Reedham, who was a partner in Lowther, Curie, and Co.'s. He got off the straight, somehow, and there was a serious defalcation. He disappeared. This is his boy. He must be helped. He ought to have brains; his father was a clever man, though I fear unscrupulous. You follow me?"

He turned to look at Charlton, but at that moment an interruption came to the door, mercifully for the man he addressed.

"Yes," Badderley, you may show Leslie Reedham in in five minutes' time."

## CHAPTER VII.

### PAYING THE PRICE.

The lad entered a little shyly and shamefacedly, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright with excitement. Archibald Currie turned to him with a kindly smile. Charlton gazed out of the window, with his face turned resolutely away. It is certain that had Currie seen his expression at the moment this story must have had a different ending.

"Good morning, my lad," said Mr. Currie, extending a kindly hand. "I hope you are well, Leslie Reedham. How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir," replied Leslie promptly. He was shy, and the ring of his clear young voice sounded almost sweetly through the quiet room. The agony in the soul of the man called Charlton was beyond all telling. Surely in that awful moment he expiated in full the misery he had wrought! The boy merely bestowed a casual glance on him as he entered, his whole interest being centred in Archibald Currie, the arbiter of his destiny. And the lad's sore heart was mightily comforted by his kind face and reassuring, almost fatherly, manner.

"I am glad to hear that. So you are anxious to begin a business life, eh, my boy?"

"Well, I will give you a chance. Mr. Charlton here will find out what you are good for. I have not very much to say to you. It can be put in a nutshell. Pay close attention to what you are told. Be obedient, punctual, conscientious. Use the brains God has given you, and don't be a faint copy of someone else. The only things worth imitating in this world are the good qualities, Reedham. Remember that."

"Yes, sir; I'll try."

"Well, you can come tomorrow. Nine o'clock, isn't it, Mr. Charlton? If our young friend comes at nine he will be in good time for the work of the day."

Charlton stood up, and faced them. His face showed grey and ghastly in the clear light. Currie was conscious of some subtle change in the man, and the

sense of spiritual suffering seemed to fill the room. His intuition, always keen and sympathetic, suggested that the sight of the boy had perhaps struck some painful chord. But Charlton had not, so far, entrusted him with any portion of his private life, and he could not intrude.

The boy gazed now at the face of Charlton with deepening interest, realising that in this man's hands his future destiny might really lie.

The face, with the light of the morning upon it, wore a puzzled look, his big, eager eyes, so like his mother's, were wide with questioning. Charlton essayed to speak, but his voice seemed to choke and die away in his throat. A second more of that agonising strain, and there must have been a revelation made. Currie, however, intervened.

"If you like, you can take the boy to Mr. Willett's room, and put a few questions to him, Mr. Charlton. It will save time in the morning. Remember, lad, that an hour in the morning is the core and kernel of the successful day," he added, rolling another business axiom out with his pleasant smile. "Remember me to your mother, and tell her we shall hope to report progress as we go along."

The boy tried to murmur his thanks. Charlton turned to the door, and opened it, passing so close to the lad that his coat brushed his shoulder.

What an ordeal that was for the man with whom fatherhood had been a passion, was a passion now! Something swept over him—the mad desire to brave all and crush the boy in his arms, and dare fate to do its worst.

"How kind he is," murmured Leslie's voice at his elbow, as they stepped out into the passage. "Don't you think he is kind? I was quaking when I came. I couldn't really eat any breakfast this morning before I came out. But I needn't have minded."

"He's the best of men, the very best," murmured Charlton, as his shaking hand went forth to open another door in the long passage. It was a room that had belonged to one of the old partners of the firm now dead, and was still called Mr. Willett's room. No one had occupied it since he left it, and it was found

most useful for people waiting in, or for interviews not suitable for the private room of Mr. Currie. Charlton let the boy pass in, and closed the door when he had entered himself. The yearning in his eyes might have betrayed him, and for a second or two it was touch and go.

The boy unsuspecting and unconscious as youth is, and should be, began at last to feel that there was something odd about the man, and looked at him more attentively. Charlton unable to stand the vision of these clear eyes went to the window on pretence of drawing down the blinds for the sun.

"You spoke of your mother a moment ago. How is she? Tell me about her."

"Oh, she is quite well, there isn't anything much to tell. She is never very well now, so often tired and anxious. Of course, we've had great trouble, I dare say Mr. Currie may have told you."

"No, what is it?" asked Charlton as if moved to torture himself.

"My father has left us, he was obliged to do it. Oh, no, there was nothing so very wrong, nothing he will not be able to clear up by and bye. But it is the waiting that is so hard for us."

"You—you—believe that he will clear up things? You do not seem to blame him."

"I don't, perhaps I don't understand about it altogether, but whoever says my father would deliberately do wrong, or rob other people, is a liar. You see we lived with him, and we knew."

"Yes, yes, that is beautiful and—and unexpected. Does your mother feel like that, too, about it?"

"Yes, only she does not say much, and don't you think women are never so certain? People who talk to them make them think other things."

This bit of shrewd observation sank into Charlton's soul.

"So you think your mother has gone back a little?"

"I ought not to say that. But I know what I think myself about my father. He was the best father in the world, there will never be anybody like him. I was glad Mr. Currie did not say anything

against him, I really could not have stood it, you know."

"Oh, you couldn't?"

To and fro the room walked Charlton, only permitting himself occasional glances at the bright, open eager face. What puzzled and amazed him was the utter lack of recognition in his own boy, who had so often laid on his breast, with whom he had had the most perfect comradeship, whom he had kissed night and morning, often stealing up to look at him in his sleep. Surely some dire change must have been wrought in him that it could be possible.

Of late, looking at his own image in the glass, he had been conscious of a change, his face becoming thinner, more set, the face of a man who had paid the price. He was thankful for it, and yet fiercely resented it. He felt that he wished to go on playing with fire.

"What do you think I shall get to do, sir?" I want to understand business, to be a successful man, to help my mother, and grow up so that my father will never be ashamed of me. I will work very hard, sir, if you give me a chance."

"You shall have your chance my boy. Perhaps you had better go now," said Charlton thickly. "We shall go fully into things tomorrow. Meanwhile, please tell your mother I will do my utmost for you, that everything that I can do to help you will be done."

"Yes, sir, thank you. It is very kind, indeed. I don't know how to thank you, but I will work, sir."

There was a wistful look in the sweet frank eyes, a kind of pitiful note in the clear fresh young voice which almost unmanned Charlton.

He offered a trembling hand.

"Yes, yes, it's all right. Good-bye, lad. You and I may be great friends yet, I once knew a boy like you; we were great friends. I have missed him more than I can say."

"You have no children, sir?"

"No. Good-bye, don't forget to tell your mother that I will help you here."

He opened the door and dismissed him with an abruptness which contrasted oddly with the unusual kindness of his previous demeanour.

Leslie Reedham descended the office steps with that puzzled look in his eyes. But quickly it passed, and he made haste to Clapton whistling off and on, to get rid of some of the superfluous elation at the sudden and happy change in his prospects.

Left to himself, Charlton turned the key in the door, and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

"My God," he said brokenly, "how shall I be able to go through with it. How long before I betray myself. How is it he didn't know?"

Yet with all the strain of the terrible situation there was a secret joy in his soul. He would have his boy near him, could touch him, speak to him, help him on. So would the hunger of his heart be partly satisfied. He passed out of the inner room at length, recalled suddenly and sharply to a sense of waiting and neglected duty. As he passed by Turner's desk that individual scowled at him over his heavy brows, and gave his shoulders a little shrug. Not a move in the office routine passed unnoticed by Richard Turner, and he resented with his whole soul every indication of the good understanding existing between his master and the interloper, as he termed Charlton in his mind.

Turner lived near Kennington Oval, but that evening for purposes of his own he made a long detour, following Charlton to Camden Town in order to discover if possible what manner of life the interloper pursued out of business hours. He traced him to St. Paul's-crescent, even saw him go into the house of Mary Anne Webber, and retired satisfied.

He had a friend in Kentish Town whom he would employ to discover something regarding the private life of Charlton, and woe betide him if anything was found there to his discredit.

It was a job after Turner's own mind, his fat, vacuous face was a cloak to a very black heart, capable of any treachery. Nothing but the long forbearance of Archibald Currie accounted for the present security of his position. He was one of the undesirables who sooner or later come to grief, and often involve a

great many innocent persons in their downfall.

Mary Anne Webber was deeply interested in her lodger, but privately deeply concerned regarding the whole unhappy story. A whole year had gone since the man whom she was now accustomed to call Charlton had sought the shelter of her house. He had proved himself a model lodger, giving little trouble and paying with clockwork regularity, seldom going out after he returned from business, and appearing to spend his whole leisure over books and writing materials. In his happier days Charlton had made a little hobby of writing, and had been successful in having sketches accepted by different papers and magazines; now in his stranded condition he set himself to it in earnest as a means of furthering his ends. To make money by the sweat of his brow and brains was his whole desire, and he would leave no stone unturned to achieve that end. It troubled Mary Anne's active, bustling mind to contemplate a man content to spend his time thus, and to be cut off as he was, wholly from all that makes life worth living. They seldom talked of old times, or even alluded to the background of her lodger's life. He had given her a great trust, had left himself absolutely in her hands, and she would not betray that trust. But there were times when the unreality of it all seemed to haunt her, and when she could scarcely believe that John Reedham and Thomas Charlton were one.

She was only an ignorant woman, but her heart was in the right place, and a certain shrewd intelligence caused her to come to right conclusions outside of all logic. She felt, rather than knew, that Reedham had made a mistake, was making one now, which would recoil on his own head, perhaps in consequences too far-reaching and terrible to be faced.

These thoughts often troubled her, as she pursued the daily round of her commonplace tasks, but she did not venture to voice them to him.

They did not have much speech together: sometimes, indeed, she felt herself curiously on the outside, and she had certainly no idea what a bulwark and

buttress her presence and kindly attitude were to the solitary man who had thrown himself upon her mercy in his extremity.

One day she gave voice to some of her fears to the Vicar, when he paid a pastoral call. He had discovered by accident that the man to whom he had offered a cup of cold water on the top of an omnibus was now resident in the house of one of his parishioners, and he had twice paid a call upon him there. But though Charlton had been perfectly courteous, Fielden felt himself left on the outside, and wisely decided not to force the acquaintance, but to wait until it should ripen of its own accord. He had been curiously drawn to the man, and was always interested in him, and glad to think of him in such good care as Mary Anne Webber's.

"Oh, Mr. Charlton, 'e's quite well in hisself, sir," said Mary Anne when he inquired one day regarding Charlton's welfare. "But 'tain't a life for any man, wot 'e lives. I don't see myself how it's goin' to go on. I do wish as you'd get him to come out of hisself. 'E ain't well, no, 'e ain't, how could anybody be well settin' hup 'arf the nite like 'e does."

"I suppose you don't know anything about his people?" said the Vicar interestedly.

Mary Anne reddened, and put up her apron under pretence of wiping a smut from her nose.

"'E don't talk much to me, sir, 'e don't. 'E's bin in trouble, anybody kin see that. But people 'ave the rite to keep their troubles to theirselves if they wants to, eh, sir?"

"Surely, but every human soul needs sympathy, Mrs. Webber."

"Well, they do, an' they don't, so to speak. There's times when we feel like burstin' to speak and other times when wild 'osses wouldn't drag it from hus. I guess that's 'ow Mr. Charlton's feelin' now. Anyhow I'm sorry fer 'im, for a more inoffensive and sweet-tempered gentleman never took any woman's fust floor."

"I am sure of that, I'll drop in one evening quite casually and have a chat. Meanwhile I am pleased to hear all is well with you. I often say to my wife that it is as good as a breath of the sea

to have a word with you. You make the best of everything and never a grumble! That's the true spirit in which to meet life. It breaks down the hills of difficulty, doesn't it?"

Mary Anne's face beamed at this unexpected tribute from the Vicar whom she adored, and her heart and step were light for the rest of the day.

Her lodger came home earlier than usual, and when she took in his dinner, a task she never relegated to anyone else, she noticed how unusually haggard and pale he looked.

"Lor! you ain't well, sir," she exclaimed, as she set down the tray.

"I'm all right," he replied with a faint attempt at a smile, "I've had a trying day at the office."

"'Ave yer, sir? I knows what them tryin' days is, don't I just? Yer gits up of a mornin' sure things ain't goin' ter go rite, there's somethink hinside wot tells yer. Never mind, sir, the dy's done, an' that's every pore creatur's comfort in this weary world, that there ain't never a day but comes to a hend."

She placed the covered dish before him with a sympathetic nod. Her kind face, her ready and good-natured sympathy were once more as wine to his riven heart.

"Mary Anne, I'm bound to tell you. I can't get out of it, and if I don't I shan't be able to get through."

"I know," said Mary Anne, lowering her voice mysteriously. "Leastwys I kin guess. They've begun to think who you reely are."

"Not so bad, though it may very well be the beginning of things. I had a new boy put under me today to train in the way he should go, whom do you think? My own son."

"Oh, Lor, no, yer don't sy so! Yer own pretty Leslie, and did the pore little dear run strite inter yer arms an' cry 'is 'eart hout?"

"No, he didn't recognise me at all."

"An' yer never said a word?"

Mary Anne's excitement and interest rose every moment. It was more melodramatic than the penny novelettes with which she beguiled her scanty leisure downstairs.



"No, I did not betray myself, and I've got to keep it up, keep all that up, Mary Anne, and crush down all I feel, day in and day out, perhaps for the rest of my natural life."

"Mr. Reedham, sir, beggin' yer pardin', but jes for onst let me sy the reel nime. It'll 'elp wot I'm abart ter sy. Yer carn't do it, sir, no yer carn't. Flesh and blood carn't be crushed like that. Don't yer go fer to try. It'll kill yer sure."

"But what am I to do, Mary Anne? If I own up now, it's all up with me."

"Is it, sir? 'Ow long do they keep up spite like?"

He could have smiled at the directness of her speech.

"I am not beyond the pale of the law yet, Mary Anne, believe me, and after all I've gone through, it seems needless and hard to give up now, just when success, the success I have dreamed of, is beginning to loom within my reach."

Mary Anne continued to shake her head.

"I ain't clever, and I never 'ad no ead fer business, pore Webber used to sy thet, but there's things that God Almighty teaches even pore wimmen, sir. An' I carn't think this yer is rite, or thet it will ever come to any good. Oh, do think over it, an' quit! Go abroad even, anythink would be better than wot's going on now."

But the very warning and objection urged upon Charlton seemed only to impart added strength to his own resolve. There are natures so constructed, that the most strenuous opposition acts only as a further incentive. Charlton had relieved his mind, and the future began already to be robbed of its new terror. Nay, even the hidden sweetness lurking in the appalling danger allured him. Mary Anne, entirely forgetful of her place, pushed his plate a little nearer, and bent her kind, anxious eyes on his face.

"Yer carn't do it, sir, believe me. Yer pore 'eart will be tore all to pieces, an' anythow the day will come wen everythink will come hout. Do think it over, there's a dear."

She withdrew, shaking her head ominously, seriously disturbed in mind concerning her lodger and the strange complications in life.

"'Ere, you, Hannie, tike this letter to the Vicarage an' see thet it goes inter Mr. Fielden's own 'ands," she said, after she had laboured with a pencil and paper for a few toilsome moments. She did not write much, simply a few words begging the vicar if he had an hour to spare to call up and see her lodger, who seemed in trouble. Then having shifted the responsibility she felt better. She could not, of course, be sure that Charlton would unburden his soul to the vicar, the chances were probably against it, but he could not fail to be strengthened and helped by his company. Happily the vicar was at home, and by no means averse to the idea of a chat with the man who continued to interest him, though he had not of late seen much of him.

Charlton was smoking a pipe by the hearth when he was shown in, and he rose to receive him with a cordiality which showed that he was not an unwelcome visitor.

"I have often thought of dropping in lately, Mr. Charlton, you have been on my mind somewhat. But just at the beginning of the winter there seems to be a multiplicity of things calling my attention. The winter's work for one thing has to be got into shape. I hope you are very well?"

"So, so, Mr. Fielden: pray sit down. Do you smoke?"

"I can take a cigarette to keep you company, though it is not my habit," he said, stretching out his hand for the case which lay on the corner of the table. "Well, how are you getting on at New Broad-street?"

"Very well."

"You like Mr. Currie?"

"I do. The man who could not admire and reverence that fine spirit has something seriously the matter with himself," he answered on the spur of the moment; and then his face flushed a little at the anomaly suggested by his words.

"I thought you would like him, and get on well with him. He has treated you generously, then?"

"Most generously; in fact, I am sometimes ashamed at the largeness of the trust he has bestowed upon me."

"But it is the way to make men," said the Vicar musingly. "I have to deal with a good many derelicts in my common experience, and I have proved that trust is the master key."

Charlton was silent a moment, not knowing how to answer. He might have resented the analogy. Fielden observed that he did not, and perhaps drew his own conclusions therefrom.

"What department of the business are you in? Has he promoted you?"

"I am at present his confidential clerk," replied Charlton. "I have had some experience in business, as I think I told you that morning we met on the omnibus, and he has discovered where my chief capacity lies. He has a new scheme for the furtherance of his business in the colonial branch of it. It is possible he may send me abroad later in the year."

"You would not object to that?"

"No, I should welcome it," replied Charlton. "Not so much for the splendid opportunity it offers, for—for trying to justify the confidence Mr. Currie has placed in me, but because I shall, for personal reasons, be glad to get out of London."

"It would be a permanent appointment, then, at least for a period of years?"

"No, I think not; rather a visit of investigation and report. Mr. Currie has long been dissatisfied with the management of the branch abroad, and, but for his age and the fact that he does not wish to leave his ward, he would go out to South Africa himself."

"Ah, I see," said the Vicar, still studying Charlton's face intently, while seeming merely to be casually interested. He felt that this was the best attitude to adopt towards this strange man, who had a whole history in his face.

"Mr. Fielden, an interesting question in what, I suppose, might be called ethical psychology came under my notice lately. May I offer it for your solution?"

"Certainly; it is a part of life that has a natural attraction for me. If I could get rid of it I might get through a good deal more than I do," he added good-humouredly.

"Well, supposing that a man had got off the straight, and that there seemed nothing for him but absolute ruin, but managed to reinstate himself by sinking his own identity?"

"Becoming a new man, so far as the former conditions of his life were concerned, you mean?"

"I don't mean that he was converted, exactly. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. He was lucky in evading the consequences of his own folly, and the chance offered for him to build up a new career. Would you say he was justified in taking it?"

"Certainly, providing his action did not involve others, or suggest disaster in other quarters. Could you be a little more explicit?"

"It is not easy. He took another name, and began to work up slowly towards the things men prize, and which he had prized and lost. Would you say he was wrong?"

"Was it right that he should have suffered for his first failure? I mean, did his conduct entail suffering or deprivation on others?"

"Not in the sense you mean. It was a question of money, which came out of the pockets of rich people."

"It makes a difference to the result, but does not, of course, affect the main issue, the man's own sin. And what was his idea in making a bold bid for reinstatement? Was it purely a selfish one?"

"I think not. His idea was to atone, to pay the money back, to make full reparation wherever possible, and to have achieved it by his own effort."

The vicar nodded, took two puffs at his cigarette, and looked Charlton straight in the face.

(To be continued.)

# THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

Valerie Vectis

## Harping on Happiness.

IT is a great thing to be able to harp on the happy strings of life, because without it the grandest chords we strike must ever lack the tone-color that radiates around the most perfect harmonies of the soul.

Coleridge has written, "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart felt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling."

To be happy, is after all only to be normal; it is a theory of my own that we were all meant to be happy. I know we hear a lot about this "vale of tears," and some people look out on life as though it were indeed deluged with unutterable woe; but for those who seek there is much joy and happiness hidden in every station that stands by the way in the journey through the unknown territory of each day.

Happiness, like many other things, is comparative; and though the basic principle remains always the same, it may be measured in a hundred different ways. "No man is happy who does not think himself happy," says an old philosopher, and in that sentence we can surely find one golden key that will win an entrance into Happy-land. *Think* happiness—*think* it all the time; and it will astonish you how the vale of tears will blossom into the valley of flowers. The value of a rightly directed thought is beyond our comprehension; but we can feel its beneficent influence in our lives if we only unstintedly utilise, and carefully guard this mysterious emissary of

the soul, whose potentialities touch the fringe of the Infinite.

Now that little sentence sounds rather like a condensed sermon, but I did not mean it so. Sermons are not my forte. But sermons or not, I do believe in happiness, and in searching among the highways and byways of life for the good and beautiful, instead of grovelling in the gutters for the sordid and hideous.

One great cause for complaint seems to be that our own particular sphere in life is not what we would have chosen if the choice had been given us; and in fact, a general readjustment of the universe would please us mightily. At least we think so, and long for the wizard's wand that at a touch could change our circumstances and our environment to suit our fancy. Robbie Burns sings:

"Think ye, are we less blest than they,  
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,  
As hardly worth the while?"

Are we less blest than our neighbors? Not a bit of it! Our lots in life are more equal than they seem at the first glimpse. Peep and see! Look around you, not with a mere cursory glance, but with that deeper insight that pierces to the heart of things and learns by just looking. Be glad that you are just yourself, and try to be happy in the sheer joy of living. Oh! I know it is not always easy; it is the hardest thing in the world sometimes just to smile; but then women are made of stuff that does not shrink at trifles. It is because of the weeping rain, and the darkened sky that we need to cherish every stray gleam of sunshine that comes our way. As sunshine is necessary to the life of the

flower, so happiness is necessary to our highest mental development, and it depends largely upon ourselves how near we approach to our own ideal of perfection.

#### WHERE SHALL WE FIND IT?

The search for happiness is endless, because everybody has their own idea of where it is to be found. Some try to discover it in the golden glamor of wealth, some in the laurel wreath of worldly fame, some in the gratification of great ambitions and so on. But think you the elusive sprite is found in any of these? She may show her tantalizingly lovely face for a moment, but only to escape with a mocking laugh as we think at last to clutch her to our hearts. We must follow another road if we would find the place where she abideth. Away over the lofty mountains of our insatiable ambitions, through the tangled undergrowth of the valley of our desires, unheeding the beckoning, yellow fingers of the goddess of gold, past the iris-tinted smoke that arises from the sacrificial altar of fame—on—on—through labyrinthine ways of Pleasure and Pain, of Success and Failure—till completing the circle we come back to the sanctuary of our own mind. There, if we give Contentment the throne, happiness will draw near, a blessed handmaiden, to minister to the vital needs of the everyday of life.

Happiness is the sunshine of the soul, and the real sunshine of the soul is not superficial, but as deep and fathomless as the ocean, and as eternal as the everlasting hills. To live in the sunshine of the soul is to find happiness in the truest sense, and to take joy with us all the way.

#### CHEERY PHILOSOPHY

A cheery philosophy of life is worth cultivating, try it and see. Laugh, and make the world laugh with you! I was reading the other day the latest cure for human ills was the laughing cure. The treatment appears to consist of sitting round in a room and simply laughing at each other for an hour at a time. It is guaranteed as a sure remedy for indiges-

tion and kindred woes; and methinks the same treatment might prove beneficial in mental as well as physical disturbances. A cheery laugh or a bright smile at the right time is like the soft answer of the Scriptures—it is a splendid weapon for turning away wrath.

Smile, and as you go along be glad that the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and the sun shines; be glad even when the rain falls, because the flowers need it and it may mean life and refreshment to some drooping, thirsty soul.

Be happy in spite of things, as well as because of things, and lo, the secret will be a secret no longer, but the wonderful revelation of what is after all the one thing that is really worth while!

What a waggish world it is,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Full of that, and full of this,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

What a lot of joy we miss,  
What a lot of fun and bliss,  
If we frown instead of kiss;  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

All the time goes merrily,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

When we take things cheerily,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

For the world is very fair,  
There's a lot of sunshine there,  
Quite enough for all to share;  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Never mind if things go wrong,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

They'll come right again e'er long,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Fretting won't improve their state,  
Sighing won't make crooked straight,  
Best thing is to smile and wait;  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Bear my little lay in mind;  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

'Tis the better way you'll find,  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

All the time it will beguile,  
Just to take life with a smile,  
And be happy all the while;  
Tra-la-la-la-la!

## Thoughts of Great Thinkers.

WHAT SOME MEN HAVE THOUGHT OF  
WOMEN.

Nature sent women into the world with this bridal dower of love, not, as men often think, that they altogether and entirely love them from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet, but for this reason, that they might be, what their destination is, mothers, and love children, to whom sacrifices must ever be offered and from whom none are to be obtained.—*Richter*.

Woman, once made equal to man, becomes his superior.—*Socrates*.

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don't know their own power.—*Thackeray*.

Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by

women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan*.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the key-hole; stop that, and it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.—*Shakespeare*.

Women will find their place, and it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—*Professor Huxley*.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire*.

And say, without our Hopes, without  
our Fears,  
Without the home that plighted Love  
endears,  
Without the Smile from partial Beauty  
won,  
Oh! what were Man?—a World without  
a Sun.

—*Campbell*.

## At the Shrine of Euphroysyne.

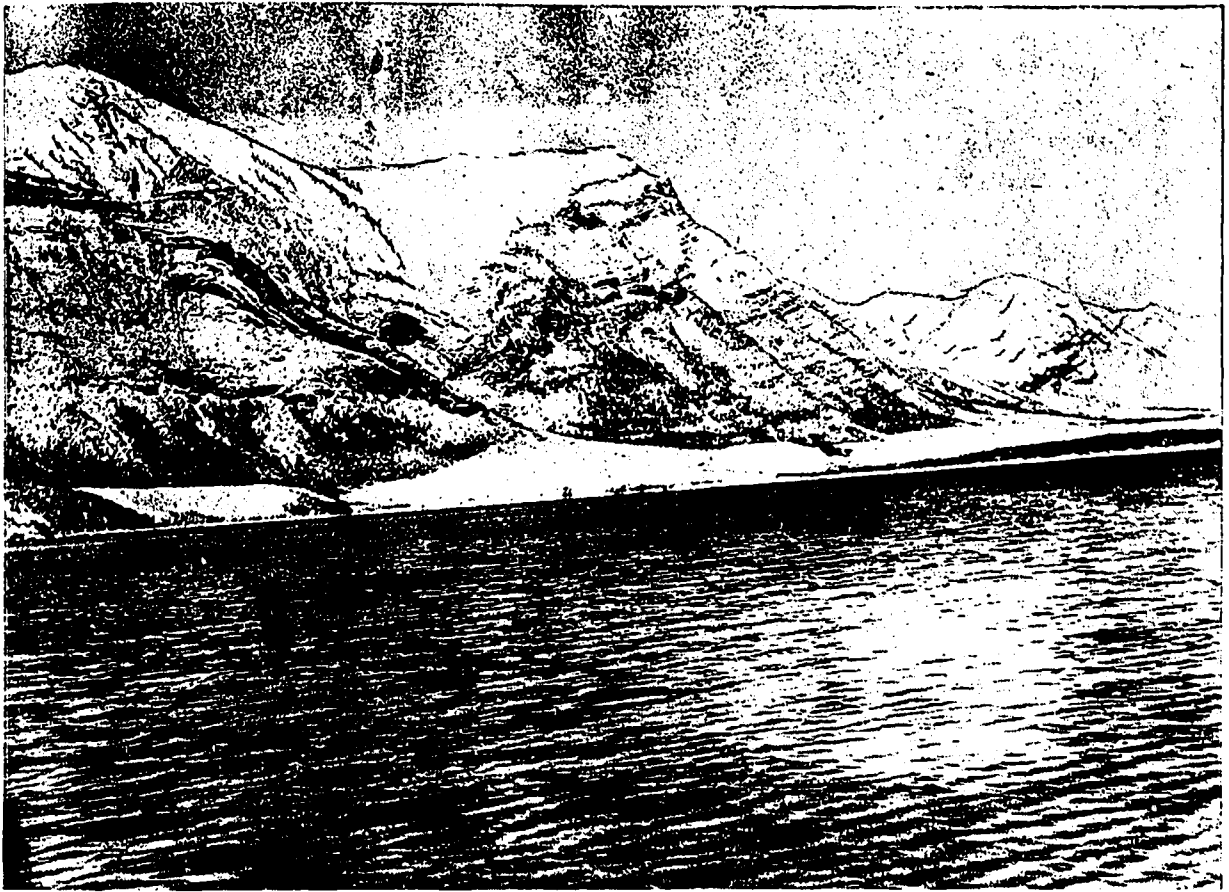
BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she said one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied her mother with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, dearie!" "I say, Mamma, it's a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

DIDN'T SEE HIM STEAL.

Josh was brought before a county squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses swore that they saw him steal

it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, and knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a moment upon his hands as though in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room."



## A Western Paradise.

H. R. MacMillan

SUCH has been the power of wheat, and such the influence of the broad plains, that we are prone to think of sunny Alberta as one grand golden field, devoid of any relief save that afforded by rough coulees and deep cut rivers. And this in spite of Banff. It may therefore come as somewhat of a surprise to many to know that west of the dry, short-grass plain and the irrigation belt where prairie Alberta rises to meet Alpine Montana and British Columbia on their own footing high in the Rockies a new summer resort is developing, which may some day rival Banff in popularity. It is that combination of mountains, lakes, rivers, canyons, and foothills in the Kootenay Lakes Forest Reserve which is so popular with the citizens of the prairie towns.

The town of Cardston is at present the nearest railroad point to the Kootenay Lakes. This will be regarded an asset by the many who count no day lost which is spent driving along a good trail through the foothill country. And the trail from Cardston to the lakes is interesting as well as good, running, as it does, along the great Blood Indian reserve, the largest Indian reserve in Canada, crossing the deep gorge of the historic Belly River, and finally winding over the rounded hills of the famous Cochrane Ranch—a ranch of 66,000 acres which Senator Cochrane bought in the early days for \$1.00 per acre, upon which he ran 10,000 head of cattle, and which his heirs recently sold to the Mormon church en bloc for \$396,000. The old Cochrane Ranch comprises all the land between the Belly and the Kootenay Rivers, and

from its summit the great barrier of the Rockies affords a wonderful panorama, a gaunt, barren, snow-topped, canyon rent, they rise from the grass-clad, gently

other guarded by Sheep and Black Bear mountains, between which lie the beautiful Kootenay or Waterton Lakes.

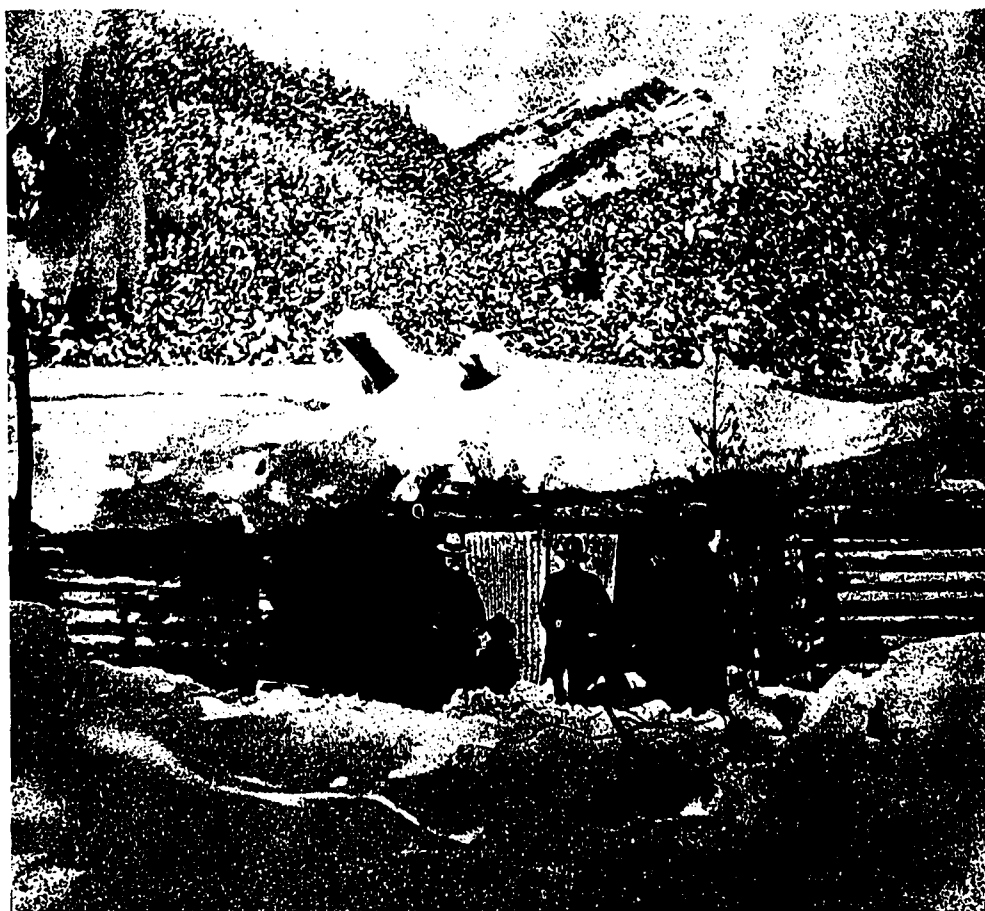
The Kootenay Lakes are within the



**Black Bear Mountain.**

sloping foothills, sheer to the clouds. Two great gaps in the Rockies are visible here, that marked by the jagged sentinels, Old Chief mountain, through which the Belly River crosses into Canada, and the

most interesting mountain region in the world. To the west, across hundreds of miles of treeless, grass-covered plains, flow the first tributaries of the most romantic of Canadian rivers and



Camp at Mouth of Oil Creek.

the Father of Waters, the Saskatchewan and the Missouri, which rise so close together, on either side of the Milk River ridge, and find so different resting places, in Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Rockies here are actually made up of two ranges, generally parallel, with main axes, northwest and southeast, the easternmost of which is the Lewis Range, extending but a short distance into Canada. The western, or Livingston Range, it is which runs farther northward to form the divide between British Columbia and Alberta. It is this range which at a point eleven miles south of the international boundary rises to form the culminating peak of the continental divide, discharging the Saskatchewan to the northeast, the Missouri to the southeast and the Columbia to the west.

The ranges themselves are the remnants of a yet more ancient, great plateau region of upraised rock, long since broken down by erosive forces, chief amongst which were glaciers. Upon this plateau are now the higher peaks,

Blakiston, Cleveland, the Citadels, huge pyramids and blocks with cliffs and precipices hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet sheer above the plunging, roaring stream of the deep cleft valleys, or, south of the international boundary, ending in great crevasses at the heads of the glaciers.

On their blank, steep Eastern face these mountains are cut by long, deep, V-shaped canyons, which have been gouged out in days of stupendous natural forces by the irresistible glaciers which once flowed slowly downward from the snow and ice-clad plateaus, forming the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Hustling along the gravel-bedded canyons are roaring streams, which rise in the eternal snows, flow into placid lakes, and break forth again unto the prairie. Between the streams long finger-like ridges rise to considerable heights, the pine-clad lower slopes rising steeper and steeper until a talus region of chapparal-covered rock is reached which brings up

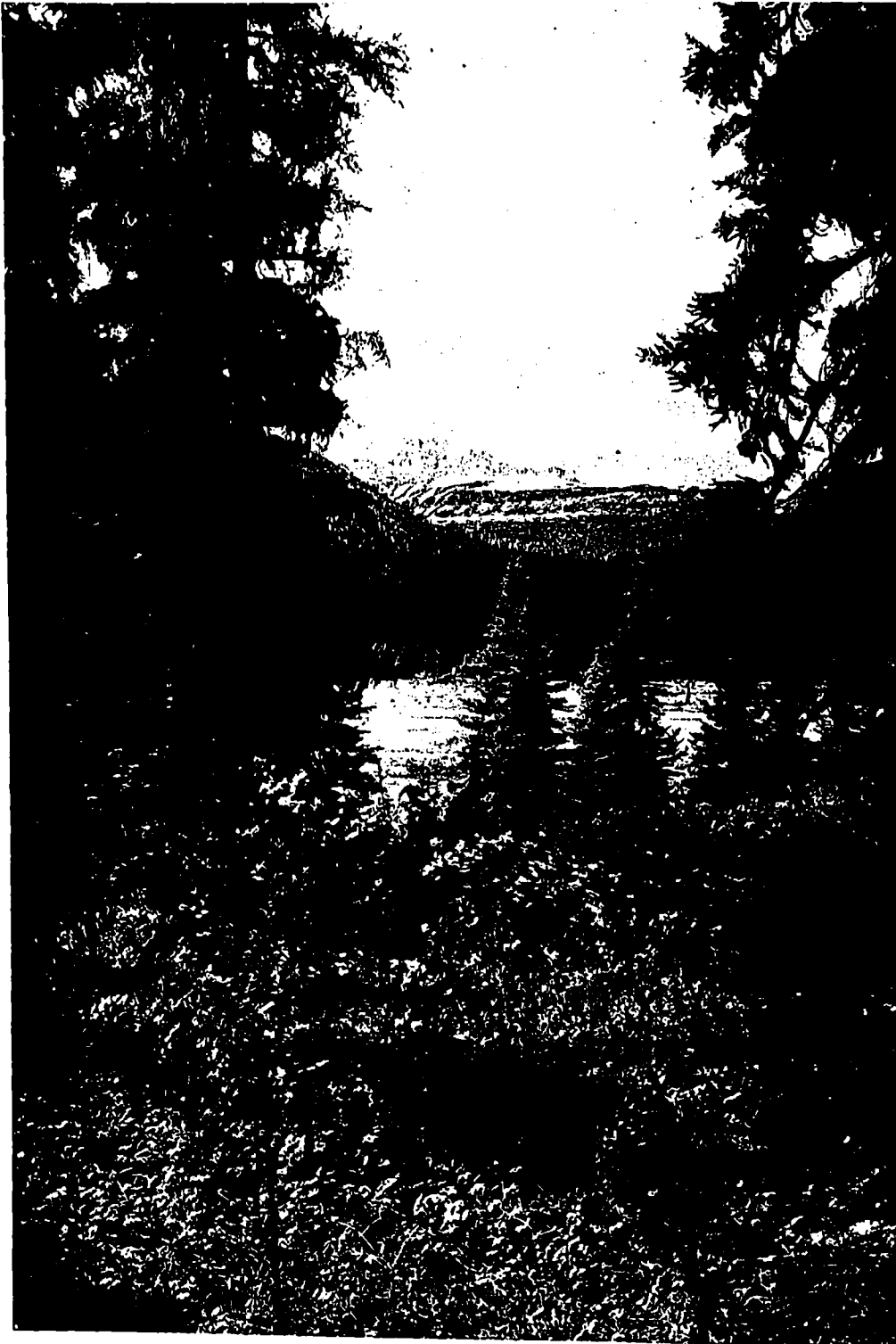


short under beetle-bromed precipitous cliffs.

The canyons at their heads terminate in great basins or ampitheatres, resting cliff upon cliff in stairways of tremendous proportions until the realms of per-

easily reached from the Canadian peaks.

To the Westward the mountains break precipitously and from the foot of the steep long timber covered slopes reach out to the Flathead River, a tributary of the Columbia.



A Pleasing Mountain Scene.

petual snow and ice are reached. There are unfortunately no great ice fields north of the Canadian boundary though many exist just over the line in Montana, which can be plainly seen and fairly

The Kootenay Lakes themselves, extending through a glacier-carved, mountain-walled valley, from the heart of the Rockies to the rolling prairies beyond are bodies of water of singular beauty.

The chain of lakes is about fourteen miles long, eleven of which lie north of the Canadian boundary. It is contracted twice by glacial piled rock and debris so as to form three lakes, the southernmost of which, the most beautiful, is entirely surrounded by high forest-clad mountain ranges, which rise so precipitously as to leave no shore except the stream-built gravel and boulder deltas at the mouths of the larger streams.

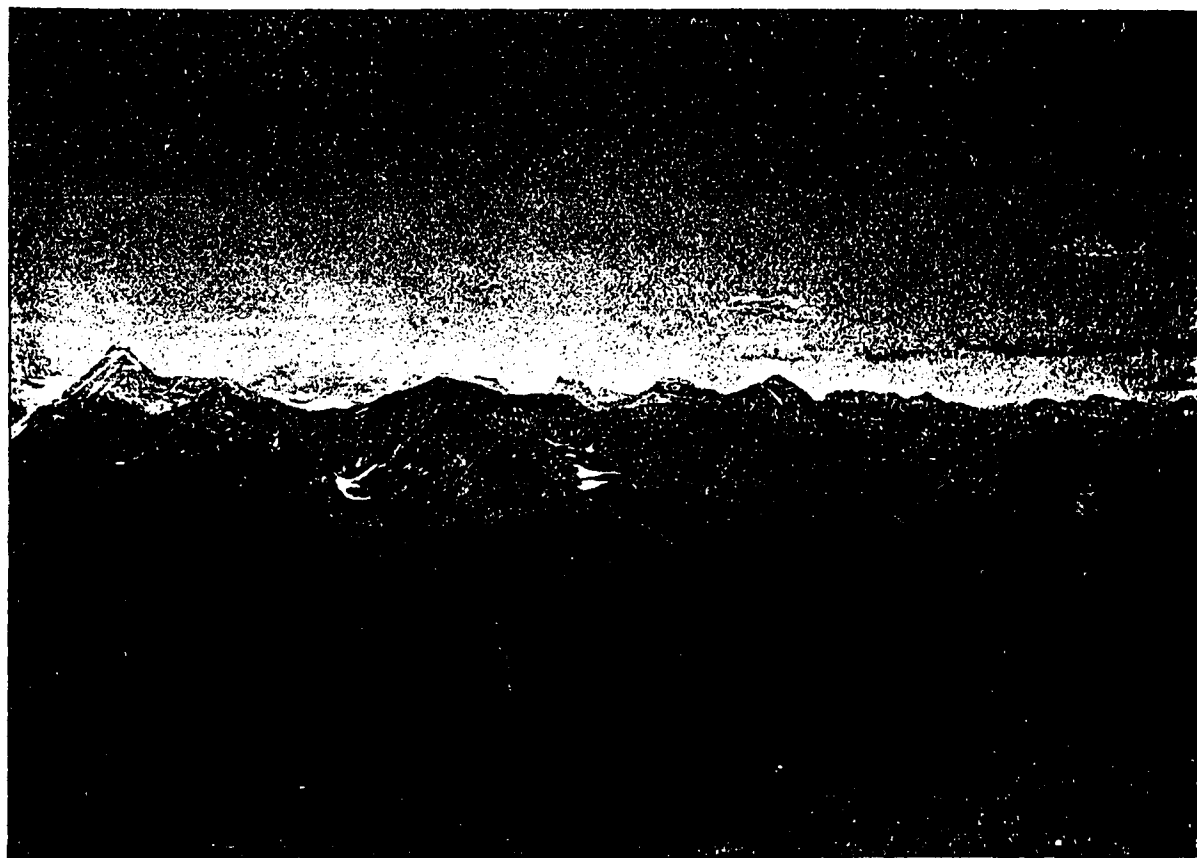
To the East of the lake the Sheep Range forms the divide between the Kootenay and the Belly Rivers. Sofa Mountain, the greatest of the peaks north of the Canadian boundary and Cleveland the most prominent just south of the boundary are worthy of any mountain climbers' ambition and efforts. Mt. Cleveland, the summit of the range, rises to a height of 10,438 feet, yet it does not excel in natural attractions Sofa Mountain.

The Sheep Range is broken on the east and west by many canyons, chief of which are the North Fork of the Belly River, Crooked Creek, Canyon Creek, and Hell Roaring Canyon, in all of which

streams gather in the amphitheatre canyon heads, rush down the steep slopes until caught up in lakes, and finally descend in a series of cascades and tumbling falls over the rocky ledges.

The valley of the Belly River itself, over a mile wide at the river level, cut off from the prairie on the east by the massive, pine-clad Mill Ridge, shut in on the west by bare mountain masses, and disappearing to the south in the unexplored mountain fastnesses of Montana, amidst serrated, snow-banked peaks, dark forested mountain sides and glistening glaciers, the whole valley is one of the quietest, most charming scenic spots in Alberta.

West of the Kootenay Lakes, the mountains, though higher are more easily reached and vanquished. Black Bear mountain, the most eastward, and therefore the least so far as height is concerned, is a great wind-swept ridge, almost surrounded by Blakiston Brook and Oil Creek. From the summit of Black Bear are seen to the west—west is here the main trend of the mountains—the long, almost straight valley of Oil Creek, terminating in huge dark crim-



The Livingston Range.

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son shale mountains, and separated by Mt. Blakiston from the valley of Blakiston Brook, where lies the old overland Kootenai Trail. Nestling back in the valleys are several little lakes, blue, unruffled, forever kept from overflowing by the sheer walls of their shores, even should the brooks now emptying them be cut off by some mighty cataclysm. There are yet lakes to be discovered and named by explorers. On Oil Creek are two beautiful lakes, the larger just reaching the International boundary, and near the Kootenay Lakes, in the same creek are the Cameron or Kootenay Falls.

Farther north and west are a maze of unnamed peaks and a tangle of deep cleft valleys focussing about the only eminences which are honored with names in this less travelled region, Mt. Anderson and Newman's Peak.

As is to be expected in a locality so rugged, and aside from the main channels of travel game is plentiful. In the lower valleys and on the timbered slopes deer are numerous, both the blacktail and the white tail. Occasional elk and moose have been known to wander over the grasses from the British Columbia and Montana sides, where they are more numerous. But it is to the more wary, more coveted species that the Kootenay lays especial claim. Sheep there are in plenty. On the Sheep Range, where high in the open talus slopes, or lower in the scrubby timber they find the feed and cover they desire, as many as twenty-

five have been counted in one day by one person. On the ledges of the same range, as well as on other summits goats may always be found. Over the whole area, from the high, bushy, rocky slides to the huckleberry thickets of the river valleys the grizzly roams, and seldom does he travel where he does not find the scorned footprints of his lesser black brother. There are also occasional tracks of the sleek, invisible, mountain lion. The splendid cover afforded by timber and brush from the mountains to the foothills favors the breeding of all the game birds native to the region, the ptarmigan, blue grouse, spruce hen, partridge, and farther on the prairie, the chicken. On the lakes, and in the rivers are great flocks of coots, and several varieties of ducks.

The Kootenay Lakes abound in bull trout or chan, some of which have been lately hooked to a weight of twenty-three pounds. There is also good fishing in the mountain streams. Of late years the voracity of the trout has been so abused by the visiting fishermen, that without especial protection by the fishery department, the streams will soon be whipped clean.

The rocks of the whole region are of sedimentary origin, limestone, sandstone and shale, and are particularly interesting to students of geology as examples of the formation and life histories of mountains of these materials. There are many splendid examples of folding and twist-

ing of strata, and many well defined faults exposed. Although the country has been very closely prospected for copper, coal and oil, no paying property has yet been discovered. Some near-oil-wells are in existence at present upon which a great deal of labor and money was expended. In one instance a town was built, Oil City, which to this day retains its only odor. City lots were surveyed and sold to innocent absentees at fancy prices, derricks built, oil tanks and a distillery constructed, but at present all is deserted, the houses left untenanted save for the —and squirrel, the streets untrod save by the coyote and the machinery abandoned to the tender mercies of the junkman. Most interesting are the original and only revenue producing oil wells, ditches dug across the foot of the mountains to intercept the seepage from the dipping strata. These were the work of old "Bill" Aldrich, now an inhabitant of Cardston, the only man to profit from oil in the Kootenays. He gathered his product by soaking it up on a gunny sack and squeezing it out into a pail. This he sold to ranchers for lubricating purposes.

Visitors will find that the greatest benefit accruing from the labors of the prospector is the presence of a fine wagon road to the summit of Oil Creek. Connected with this is a wagon road up the Belly River, from which a pack trail leads over Ahern Glacier to Kalisfell,

Montana. This trip should not be attempted save by experienced travellers, as on the glacier several horses have been lost, crashing to death from the ice over the cliffs below. Peak trails also lead up the Little Belly River and the North Fork of the Belly River, which are well known to the ranchers of the neighborhood. Another pack trail of interest is one which leads up the Kootenay Lakes to the valley beyond. It is travelled frequently, there being a logging operation at the head of the lake in Montana, the logs from which are floated down the Kootenay and manufactured in Alberta. The original pass over the mountains, and that used by the Indians and subsequently the Geological survey in their explorations is that mentioned above as following Blakiston Brook to the summit, thence the valley of the Flathead River south to Montana. For those who care not for trails, but desire travel of a more rugged sort, there are many uncharted valleys and many virgin peaks.

It is improbable that any of the passes will ever be utilised for railroad construction, but it is inevitable that railroads will approach the region and that it will be made more accessible. Until then it cannot fail to be popular with those who are not to be bluffed by a drive of thirty miles, and with those who really seek the tonic of stiff exercise and good sport out of doors.



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## The Prairies of Saskatchewan

Blanche E. Holt Murison

**N**O pen could adequately depict the conflicting emotions that fill the mind, as one stands for the first time alone in the deep distances and vast empty spaces of these great prairies of the North West. The prairie has a fascination of its own, but this fascination must be seen and felt to be really understood.

For hundreds of years, they were the happy hunting-ground and undisputed territory of the Indian, who with war-painted face waged a deadly feud against neighboring tribes, or in more peaceful times hunted the bear and buffalo, the wolf and jumping deer. Now the Indian is rarely seen outside of the government reserves, and even the tribes to the far North have been brought under treaty.

Instead of the Indian in war-paint and feathers, mounted on his hardy little cayuse, and eager for the scalp of his enemy, we find the white man holding a hand plow, to which is harnessed a yoke of stupid, patient oxen; or if he has been for some years in the country, we may find him mounted on a gang plow, drawn by four tricky-tempered bronchos. Pic-a-Pot and his braves are no more, and the peaceful agriculturist reigns in his stead.

The lordly buffalo, that at one time migrated in his tens of thousands from

one part of the prairie to another, is now nearly extinct; although today you can follow the trail he made perhaps fifty years ago, for many miles across the country. It is just a long, narrow line, for the buffalo always travelled in single file, and often it would take days for a herd to pass a given point. All over the prairie are to be found huge buffalo wallows, where these great beasts sportively rolled on the ground, or basked in the warm sunshine. Now all that remains of these monarchs of the prairie, are tons and tons of white bleached bones and skulls scattered over the land. I have seen huge white skulls used as flower-pots and garden decorations, and picked the mignonette and sweet peas impudently growing from the place where the buffalo's brains once had a resting place.

Another small denizen of the prairie that has not become extinct, in spite of the energetic efforts of the homesteader to put him out of existence, is the gopher. The gopher is a species of ground squirrel and one of the most inquisitive small animals alive. As he hears you approaching, he will sit up on his haunches perfectly stiff and straight looking for all the world like a tent peg; but nothing can move quicker than that same gopher if he thinks there is danger about. The

lazy old badger frequently burrows into the gopher's hole, and making a meal of the inmates takes up his own abode there.

Where the prairie is densely wooded, and among the sand hills by the banks of the great Saskatchewan, moose and jumping-deer, the wolf and bear are still to be found. In the shooting season, the sportsman has a glorious time; every slough abounds in wild duck, and there is an abundance of prairie chicken, wild geese and turkey.

In the swift flowing river fish are plentiful, and in the North Saskatchewan the royal sturgeon may be had in great numbers. I have seen the eyes of an enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton sparkle, as he told of the struggle to land a one hundred and twenty-five pounder. Among the sand hills too, grow many wild berries of varied and delicious flavors; blueberries, wild raspberries, cranberries, saskatoons, choke-cherries, etc., which the women folk of the "homesteader" make good use of it.

With the seasons, the aspect of the prairie changes with panoramic effect. In the Spring, the white pall of Winter is lifted to disclose a tangled carpet of yellow grass that covers the land; except where the thrifty settler plows, discs, and harrows his many broad acres, and sows the seed that holds for him the promise of harvest. As Summer advances, thousands of acres of waving green stalks appear, and the virgin prairie is ablaze with color.

One author has written: "Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on the world about us": then indeed, the name of the Creator is written large across the prairie. The delicately beautiful and daintily sweet prairie rose is to be found everywhere, peeping just above the ground and filling the air with its exquisite fragrance. Sunflowers, daisies that grow in clusters, Stars of Bethlehem, and gorgeous tiger lilies, all carpet the prairie with splendid magnificence.

Summer passes almost imperceptibly into Autumn, which is the most beautiful time of the year in the North West. Cool breezes gently blow across the

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prairie, and the leaves of every little bluff don their gala attire, and sport themselves bravely in the sunshine. Harvest crowns the year, and as the winds sweep through the ripened grain, rippling the waves of swaying stems as far as the eye can reach, it makes one think of some great golden ocean. A golden ocean it is indeed, over which many men sail to prosperity, and many to fortune.

Nature has worked well, and having yielded her wealth and ample store into the hands of the reaper, she falls gently and peacefully into the long sleep of winter. Tenderly, unseen spirits of the air draw a pure, white shroud over her face, and we see her no more, until the voice of Spring bids her awaken, and "the germs which perished to the eye within the cold breast of the earth, spring up with joy in the bright realms of day."

One fact that impresses one almost immediately about the prairie, is the great silence and wonderful stillness of things. The grandeur of the vastness

is lost in the greater wonder of this mysterious awe-inspiring silence. It makes one feel as though one had strayed into some primeval world, or had been thrust out of Eden to wander in desolate places, by an outraged and offended Deity.

Another sight that is worth going far to see, is a prairie sunset. God's crest upon his azure shield. A prairie sunset is a perfectly glorious revelation, as vaired as it is grand. The reflected glories of a city of light could not out-rival the translucent splendor of the Western horizon on an Autumn evening. Gorgeous golden lights appear to slowly merge into rainbow-hued tints of amber and amethyst, majenta and purple; while higher on the slope, the rays of the rising moon fringe the outer edge of this sea of glory with blue and silver. Weirdly shaped shadows sail majestically across this ocean of splendor, and a vagrant fancy transfigures them into the galleons of some great spirit fleet entering into their Valhalla.

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Slowly the Western glories pass and out over a tired world, and sleep, that  
fade; the angels of the night unfurl their "gentle foster nurse of Nature," wraps  
sable pinions, the lights of heaven shine the dying day in a sweet repose.

## Love's Golden Hour.

I often wonder where you are,  
Friend of the long ago;  
Till thought becomes a prayer for you,  
Because—I loved you so:  
Perhaps my heart, beyond my will,  
As angels love, may love you still.  
Dear, is there ought of blame in this,  
To hold within my heart your kiss?

Sometimes a vagrant fancy comes  
And whispers low, that you  
Live o'er with me that little hour  
We both of us once knew:  
When soul met soul as hand clasped hand,  
Just by Love's boundless borderland.  
Dear, had we taken one step more,  
Had we been nearer than before?

I like to think that, maybe life  
Held greater things for each;  
Far deeper depths for us to sound,  
Far higher heights to reach:  
And when the lesson is complete,  
Some other day again we'll meet.  
Dear, but remember, sun or shower,  
Love gave to us one golden hour.  
One golden hour to taste of bliss,  
Thank God for this—thank God for  
this!

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## A GENEROUS RESPITE.

A schoolmistress in a country town who had long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen, one day kept him in and began to flog him. He, however, disarmed her, and returned several kisses for each blow. The schoolmistress unable to forgive this breach of discipline looked him sternly in the face, shaking her forefinger at him in a menacing manner, and said solemnly, "William, I will give you just fifteen minutes to stop this, and then I shall punish you again."

## A NEBULOUS THEORY.

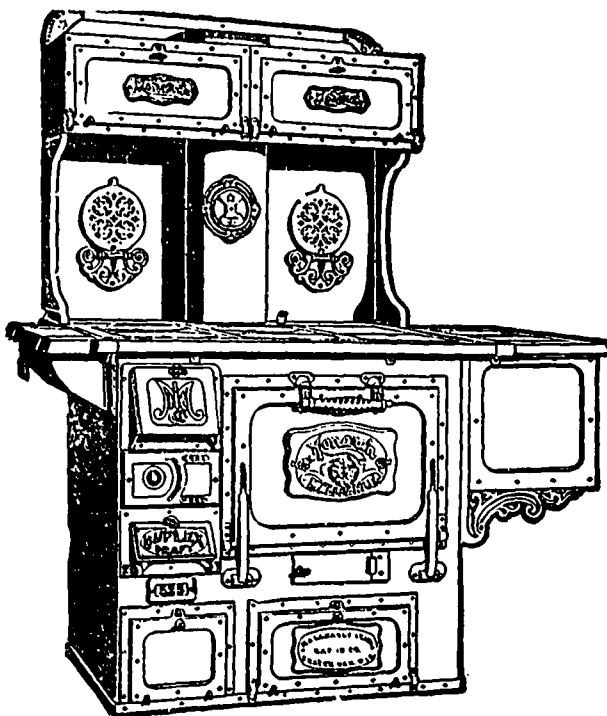
The following story is told by a navel officer as happening on one of his cruises, when his sailors saw a comet. They were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance, and the crew met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander for his opinion. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what about?" "We want to ask you about that thing up there."

"Well, what do you think yourselves about it?" "We have talked it over, your honor, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

## A NATIONAL SEED HOUSE.

With the awakening of spring the demand for seed and flower catalogues commences and one of the handsomest catalogues received by Westward Ho! is that issued by Wm. Rennie Co., Ltd., one of the largest houses in Canada, and having branches in the leading cities from Toronto to Vancouver. The book is neatly bound in lithographed covers, in colors and illustrated by some 250 engravings devoted to grain, vegetables and flowers and showing cuts of splendid crops of some special varieties taken from Nature. It contains also a lot of valuable information and tells just what to plant in the garden or farm. Every reader of this magazine should secure a copy of "Rennie's 1909 Seed Annual," which will be sent free, on application at any of the branches.

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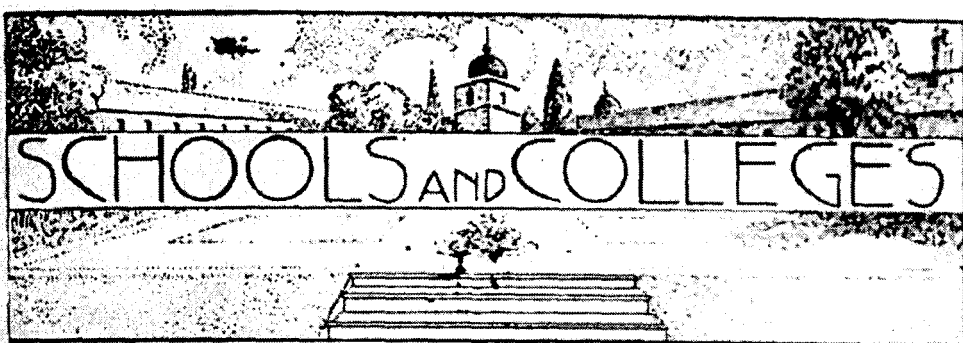
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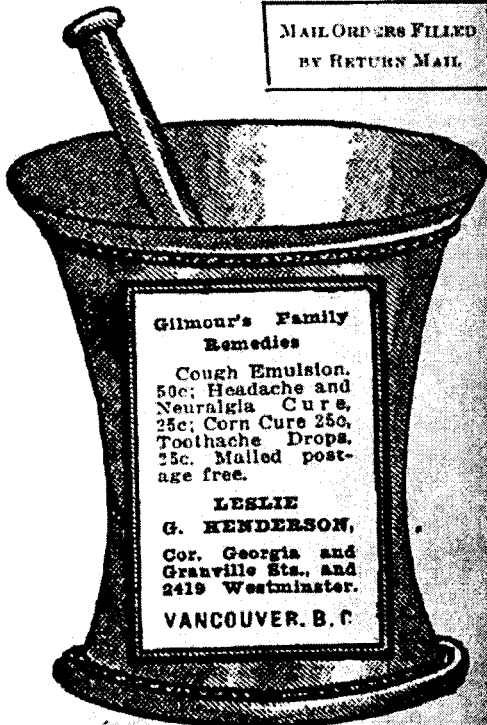
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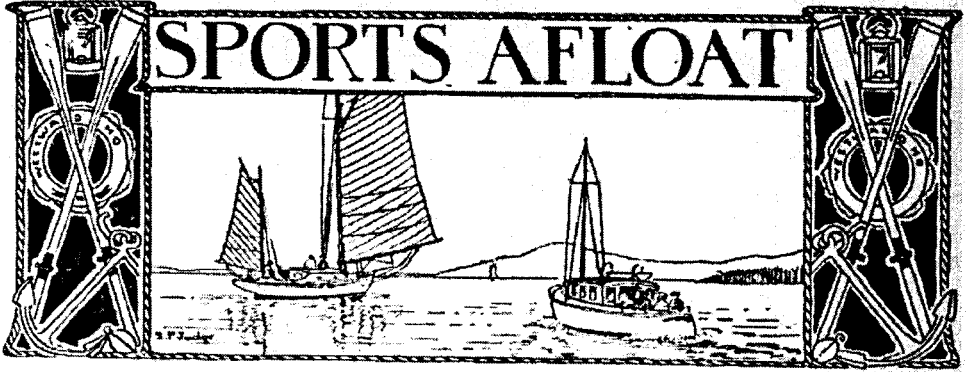
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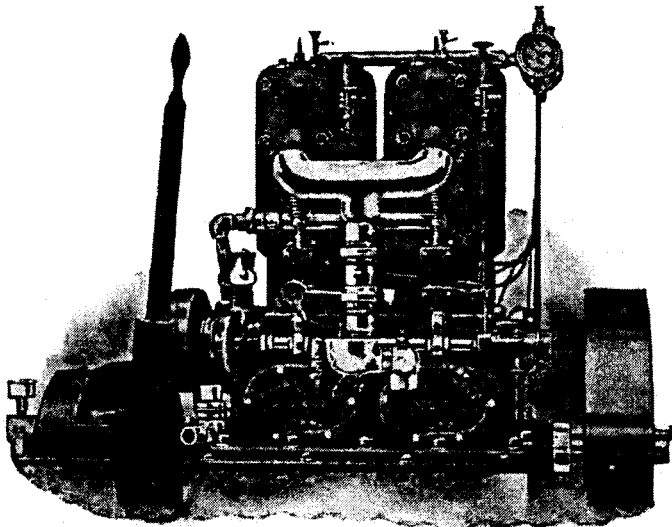
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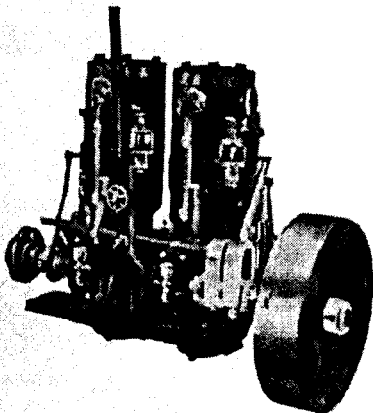
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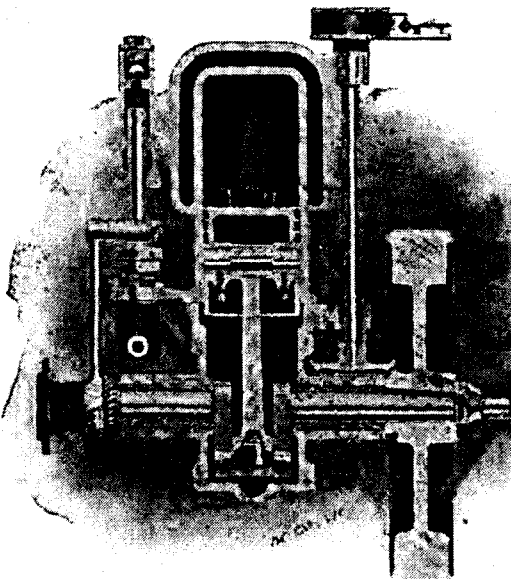
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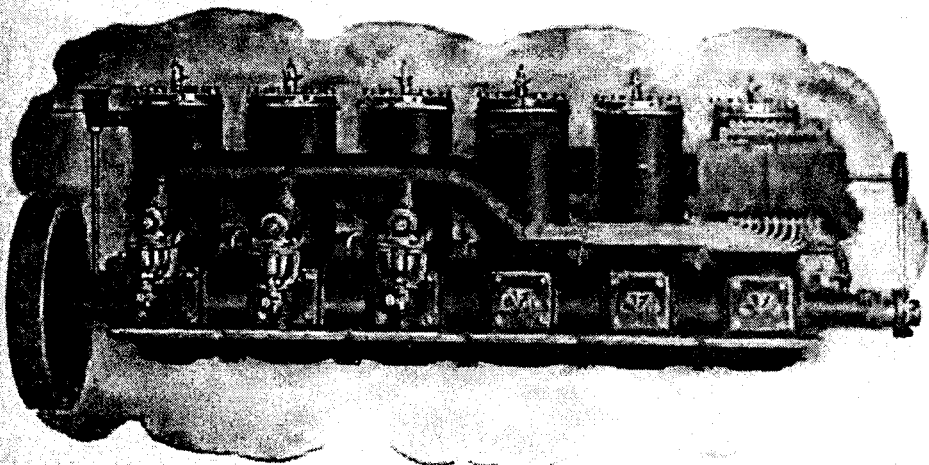
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## LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

### THE SOUTH-WEST ALBERTA LAND CO., Limited

(INCORPORATED IN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA),

invests funds on first mortgages on Albertan Wheat Farms at Eight to Ten per Cent. per annum. The Large margins and the upward trend of values make these lands the best secured investments at the highest interest for both home and British Capital.

**ARTHUR C. KEMMIS, PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, CAN.**

Refer to UNION BANK OF CANADA

Solicitor for S. W. Alberta Land Co., Ltd.

### HAROLD MAYNE DALY

MEMBER VANCOUVER STOCK EXCHANGE

#### STOCKS, LOANS AND INSURANCE

103 Crown Building

615 Pender St., VANCOUVER, B. C.

### MONEY JOHN J. BANFIELD EST'D

TO  
LOAN

REAL ESTATE,  
INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.  
607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

IN  
1891

## Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Limited, of Huddersfield, England

CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000.

MORTGAGES ON REAL PROPERTY  
MUNICIPAL BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD  
ESTATES MANAGED, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Vacant and Improved Properties for Sale in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster

Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for  
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,  
OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets \$10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

# A Choice Investment 12 Per Cent

DIVIDENDS LAST YEAR.

The stock of the

**PRUDENTIAL INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.**

is now offered to the public on easy terms of payment.

Subscribed Capital .....	\$155,000.00
Paid-up Capital .....	68,000.00
Reserve and Surplus .....	\$ 3,246.67

**THOS. T. LANGLOIS,**  
President and Manager.

**JAS. KEMSAY,**  
Vice-President.

Office: Cor. Pender and Homer Streets,  
**VANCOUVER, B.C.**

Write for literature.

# The Grand Trunk Pacific R. R.

will soon be through the

## Nechaco Valley

### YOUR CHANCE

to get this land at a low cost

## WILL NOT LAST LONG

and you are guaranteed 2 1/2 per cent. on the investment.

Cultivated land \$30 per acre,  
Uncultivated land \$10 per acre.

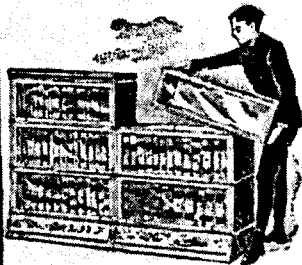
**Appleton Investment Corp. Ltd.**

**FAIRFIELD BLDG., VANCOUVER, B.C.**

or

**WHITE BLDG., SEATTLE.**

## WERNICKE "ELASTIC" BOOK-CASE



A system of units; ten or a dozen books, one unit—more books, more units, and get them as wanted.

Write for catalogue 103, showing designs of libraries.

# A COSY LIBRARY

Equipped with Globe Wernicke Sectional Book-cases is a splendid addition to any home. There is scarcely a problem in the furnishing of a library that cannot be successfully and artistically solved by using these cases. They are made in a variety of sizes to suit different books and also in a number of finishes.

We have a large stock of Roll Top and Flat Top Office Desks, Office Chairs, Filing Cabinets, etc.

Provincial Agents

**UNDERWOOD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER.**

## The Webster Hanna Co.

426, 428, 430 Cordova St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

Are You Looking for a Business Opening or a  
Safe Investment ?

## THE BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

*with its vast area of rich agricultural lands, coal fields, and adjacent mountain ranges, rich with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., offers most unusual opportunities for those looking for favorable business openings and investments.*

*With the certain construction of the MAIN LINE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY through this valley, it is bound to become one of the richest agricultural and mining districts in the world, and its development, now that ample transportation facilities are assured for the near future, will be marvelously rapid.*

*IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY, send me a postal with your name and address, and I will send you full particulars concerning BULKLEY VALLEY LANDS and*

## TELKWA

*The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.*

*This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.*

*To those desiring to purchase property in TELKWA with the intention of entering business and living there, special inducements will be offered.*

**J. L. FOREPAUGH, Agent**

*Jones Block, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.*

# Nicola Valley Coal

THE BEST DOMESTIC AND STEAM  
COAL IN THE WEST.

Agencies at:—

VANCOUVER, ASHCROFT, KAMLOOPS, REVELSTOKE,  
VERNON AND OKANAGAN POINTS,  
NELSON AND KOOTENAY POINTS.

Head Office:—VANCOUVER, B. C.

Collieries:—MIDDLESBORO, B. C.

Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Co. Ltd



The New Flavor

## “MAPLEINE”

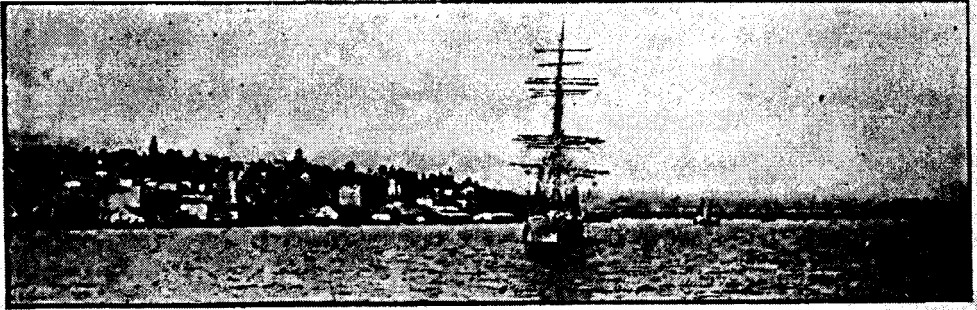
Makes the most delicious table syrup with a flavor similar to and better than Maple— delicate and tempting. Like lemon and vanilla it flavors puddings, cakes, sauces, icings, fudges, ice cream, etc.

Grocers sell Mapleine. If not, send us 35c. for a two ounce bottle and our recipe book “Mapleine Dainties.”

CRESCENT MFG. CO., SEATTLE, U. S. A.



# NEW WESTMINSTER



**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

## WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

## The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

## Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences, Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes, and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 10TH STREET.

## Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

# THE ROYAL CITY

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

**NEW WESTMINSTER**, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminister advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

## HALE BROS. & CO., LTD.

SPECIALIZE IN

### 5-ACRE FRUIT PLOTS

Box 100

New Westminister, B. C.

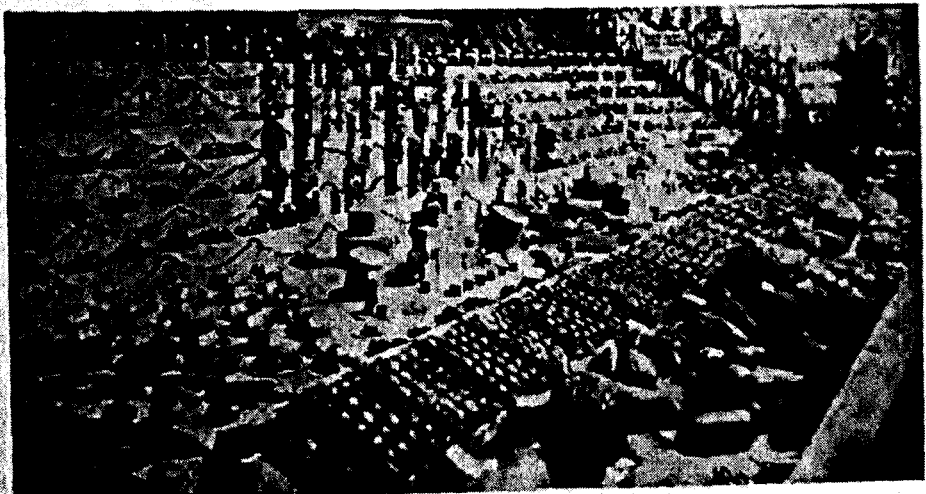
P. B. Brown

H. H. Lanni

### The Settlers' Association of B. C.

Real Estate, Financial & Customs Brokers  
Auctioneers

Opposite Windsor Hotel.



PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY

# The Alberta Canadian Oil Company

INCORPORATED WITH A CAPITAL STOCK OF \$2,000,000.

DIVIDED INTO 2,000,000 SHARES OF A PAR VALUE OF \$1.00 EACH.

**DIRECTORS:**

ALVO v. ALVENSLEBEN (of Alvo v. Alvensleben Limited) .....	President
SILAS M. SHIPLEY .....	Secretary
WILLIAM HEMRICH .....	Treasurer
H. L. WILLIAMS .....	General Manager

W. A. D. PASSMORE.

The Alberta Canadian Oil Company controls 1120 acres. This land is situated 23½ miles northwest of Edmonton and is adjoining the American Canadian Oil Company's holdings.

This latter company has at present reached a depth of 1300 feet, entering the cretaceous formation at 1100 feet. They closed their works several weeks ago on account of the extreme cold weather and are going to begin operations again early next spring.

Everybody who has followed carefully the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company is aware that the outlook for this particular company is at the present time a great deal better than it has ever been before, and consequently people who have had such inside information have bought up a great many of the American Canadian Oil Shares on the open market; in consequence of this the shares of the latter company are now held very closely.

The best proof which the writer of this may advance as to the very bright outlook for the American Canadian Oil Company is the fact that the Canadian Northern Railway have sent an outfit costing them approximately \$50,000 to Edmonton, where it is at present stored, waiting until the spring before commencing operations on the land which the latter company has acquired, and which is in close proximity to the land held by the American Canadian Oil Company, as well as that held by the Alberta Canadian Oil Company.

This railroad has had, previous to these movements, one of their experts in Edmonton, who has followed closely the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company.

As the above-mentioned shipment of machinery by the said railway corporation has been subsequent to the visit of their oil expert we may safely assume that the report of said expert was favorable.

It is further of significance that the President of the American Canadian Oil Company is a man who has had twenty years' experience in Texas and California; that he has a record of putting down the first submarine oil well at Summerland, California, and that he has further opened up several oil fields in these states, which are still doing splendid business. We know for a fact that this gentleman has invested over \$20,000 in hard cash by securing leases of lands which are in close proximity to the holdings of the aforesaid oil companies' holdings.

We believe that by next summer the country northwest of Edmonton will see the greatest oil boom ever experienced by any country. As the American Canadian Oil Company's lands are adjoining the lands of the new Company the work done by this concern as well as the indications which were found when boring are of the greatest interest to the new Company and to its Shareholders, and we are, therefore, giving you a full account of these achievements, which are as follows:

The Company first struck gas at 330 feet and another heavy flow at 450 feet, besides going through a bed of asphaltum 6 feet in depth. The latter flow of gas was so heavy that it enabled this Company to secure a gas franchise for the entire of Edmonton and Strathcona for 30 years. Then at a depth of not quite 700 feet they entered the cretaceous formation.

They firmly believe they will find oil the moment they have gone through said cretaceous formation, and anybody who knows anything about the successful oil fields in Texas will know that the indications encountered in this country, northwest of Edmonton, are absolutely identically the same and should therefore bring us to the same result, namely, oil.

In order to disperse any doubts which may be in the mind of anybody as to the absolute bona fide motives of the Directors of Alberta Canadian Oil Company, we make it herewith public that the stock which has been given in payment for 960 acres of the Alberta Canadian Oil Company lands has been placed in escrow with the Trustees of this Company, with an agreement setting forth that this stock can only be released after the Alberta Canadian Oil Company has sold all of its treasury stock or found oil.

This will, therefore, make it absolutely impossible for anybody to take advantage of the new company's work or advertising to sell their own stock and therefore hurt the prospects of the new company—or, in plain words, this is not a promotion scheme.

We have been on the ground ourselves and will be glad to go further into details with anybody who will call at our office for such purpose.

Before closing this ad we want it clearly understood by everybody, that although we are extremely sanguine about the successful outcome of this company we cannot, and will not, guarantee oil. We can only guarantee that the statements made above are absolutely correct, and that they indicate the existence of oil. A risk is always connected with these undertakings, and we want you to be fully aware of this fact before you invest your money.

One Dollar shares, fully paid and non-assessable, are at present offered for 10c per share. This offer is made by the company, giving the purchaser 10 to 1 on the par value of the share alone, not to speak of the value that each share will have the moment this company strikes oil, and in which event the stock should be well worth \$3 per share and over. In order to show to the public that we are not using big figures for the purpose of inducing some uninformed people to interest themselves, we point out the fact that \$1 shares of successful oil companies in Texas have been bid up as high as \$100 per share. We have no doubt that inside of three months we will have sold every single share of the first block offered at 10c per share, and we invite you to investigate further into this matter by writing to our office.

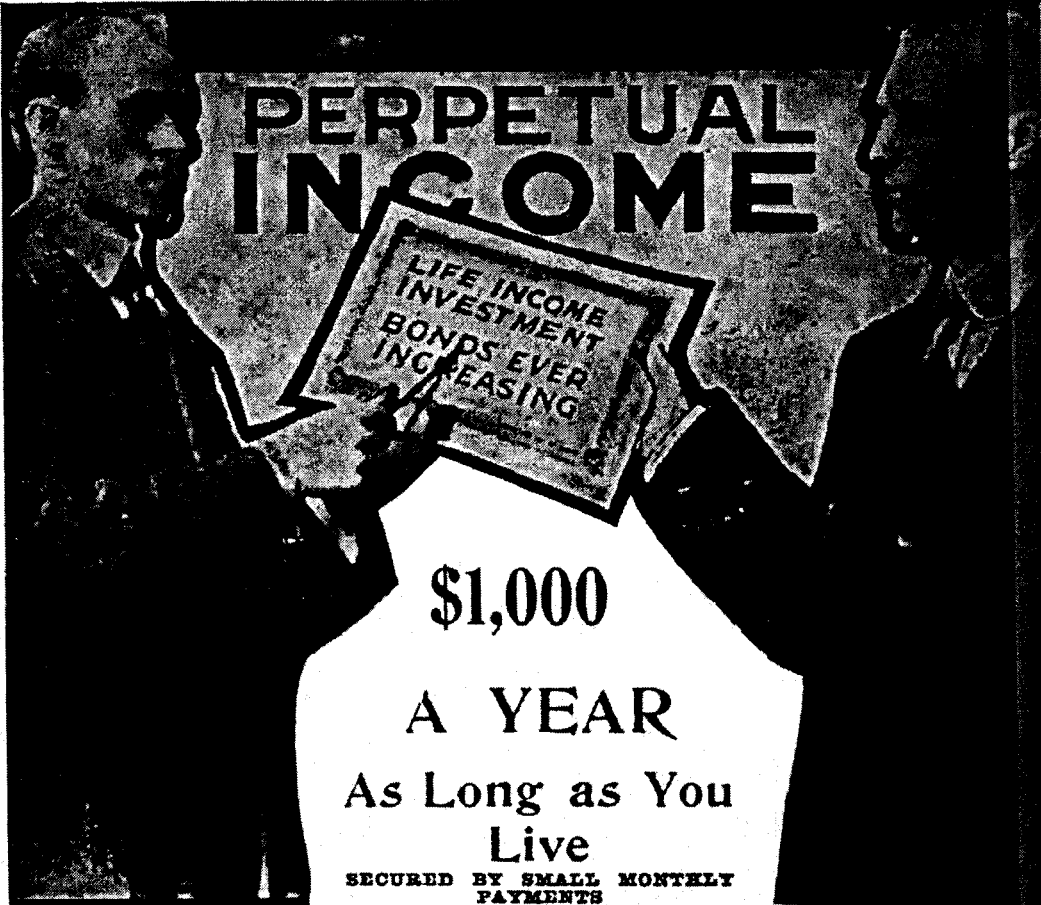
# A. V. ALVENSLEBEN,

LIMITED

500 Hastings St. West Vancouver, B. C.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

# PERPETUAL INCOME



**\$1,000**

**A YEAR**

**As Long as You  
Live**

**SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY  
PAYMENTS**

The less money you have, the greater  
the need to place it where it will  
work hard and fast for you

**Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now**

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$500 a year for life, if so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation. Our first semi-annual dividend was paid January 15, 1909, amounting to 21 per cent. per annum. As the business grows the dividends will increase.

Name .....

Post Office .....

Province .....

Please reserve for me ..... Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character, and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 10 Bonds reserved for any one person.

**THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY**

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

# MEXICO—

## A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

Do you know that in Mexico there is now invested American capital variously estimated at from \$700,000,000 to more than \$1,000,000,000.

When you consider that the total assessed valuation of ALL REAL ESTATE INCLUDING IMPROVEMENTS in the State of Washington for the year 1908 was \$563,154,821, you can probably better appreciate what an enormous amount of American capital has already been invested in that country.

Thirty-five years ago neither life nor property were considered secure in Mexico. Now both are as secure there as they are in the United States, and the Mexican government unquestionably offers greater inducements for capital than probably any other government in the world

Few countries can equal Mexico in natural wealth and resources. The unstable government which existed so long retarded development and in many instances wholly prevented it. The government is now as stable as our own and as a result those awake to a realization of what that means in a country for which Nature has done so much are losing no time in securing property there. Among the numbers are found The American Smelting and Refining Co., The Standard Oil Co., E. H. Harriman, John V. Farwell, David R. Francis, Arthur E. Stilwell, Senator W. A. Clark, Potter Palmer, Jr., and hundreds of others equally prominent and well known.

More than \$100,000,000 worth of Mexican sugar is annually consumed in the United States. The United States also imports from Mexico in large quantities bananas, coconuts, sisal, hemp, rubber, chicle, vanilla and many other products of the soil.

From the upper reaches of the Usumacinta river and its tributaries comes the finest mahogany in the world—known as Laguna and Frontera mahogany.

It is here that this company has secured and owns

91,610 ACRES OF TIMBER LAND.

The timber on this tract will average about 20,000 feet per acre. About half of it is mahogany. The balance of a number of varieties, all valuable and some worth even more than mahogany

This timber is only two miles from a navigable river, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico. Easy transportation and a cheap freight rate to New York is thus secured.

The land is exceedingly fertile. None of it is subject to overflow, and it is neither hilly nor mountainous, but slightly rolling—thus affording excellent drainage.

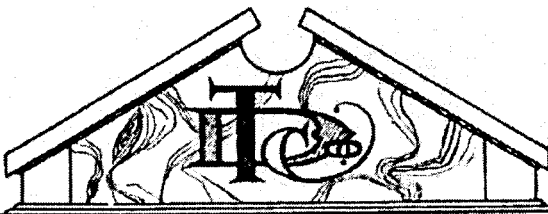
It is unsurpassed for the culture of bananas, sugar cane and many other valuable products.

A large amount of money is necessary to build a logging railroad, install modern logging machinery, and for other expenditures necessary to successfully exploit this property. Until the company is fully financed you have a chance to share in this proposition with us.

Your name and address on a post card will secure particulars. Write today.

### Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.



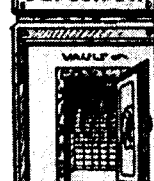
INCORPORATED 1905

SECURITY \$21,700,021

## Safety Deposit Vaults

There is no good crying over spilt milk. It is little use locking the stable after the horse is stolen. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Our burglar and fireproof vaults are the place to keep your personal valuables, will, deeds, mortgages, life and fire insurance policies, agreements and other important documents. A safety deposit box with sufficient accommodation for all reasonable requirements costs from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per year rent. It is almost as important that all your important documents should be in one place and accessible as that they should be secure. You combine both conditions by renting a deposit vault box.



IN OUR FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT SPELLS SAFETY FOR YOU.....

CAPITAL  
\$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED  
CAPITAL  
\$505,000

PAID UP  
CAPITAL  
\$120,000

RESERVE  
\$160,000

## Fire Insurance

There is little need of urging the necessity of protection against fire in this country of wooden buildings. What condition would you find yourself in in case you were burned out tomorrow? Ask yourself the question and answer it fairly. It is a matter of the greatest importance to you.

We insure buildings of all kinds, contents of buildings, plate glass, also revenue from buildings. Our companies are unquestionable so far as security is concerned. You get the protection you pay for. If you are putting on further insurance, or have your buildings or their contents unprotected call or drop us a line and we will be pleased to explain our position on the insurance question, and to quote you the most favorable rates.

# DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W. VANCOUVER, B.C.

BRANCH OFFICE NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.



# Ostermoor Mattresses

"Are such stuff as dreams are made on."

—Shakespeare "Tempest" IV, 1.

**\$15.00**

FULL  
SIZE

**\$15.00**

FULL  
SIZE



THIS LABEL, PRINTED IN RED AND BLACK, IS SEWN INTO THE END BAND OF EVERY GENUINE OSTERMOOR MATTRESS. LOOK FOR IT BEFORE BUYING. IT MEANS LIFETIME "OSTERMOOR" SATISFACTION TO YOU.

WE HAVE AN OSTERMOOR AGENT IN EVERY LIVE WESTERN TOWN. WRITE TO US FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET AND NAME OF YOUR LOCAL OSTERMOOR DEALER.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Limited**

MONTREAL

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE :

A. W. JOHNSON, 1042 Davie Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.





**"The purest form  
in which tobacco  
can be smoked."**

*Lancet*