

32 MORAL HEROISM, BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

SEPTEMBER
1905



Vol. XXV

No. 5

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No. 5

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AN INDEX TO VOLUME 24 WILL BE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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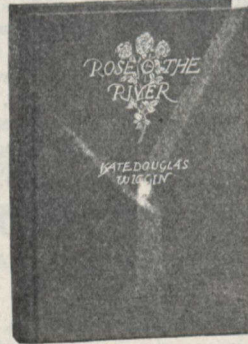


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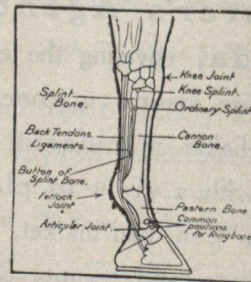


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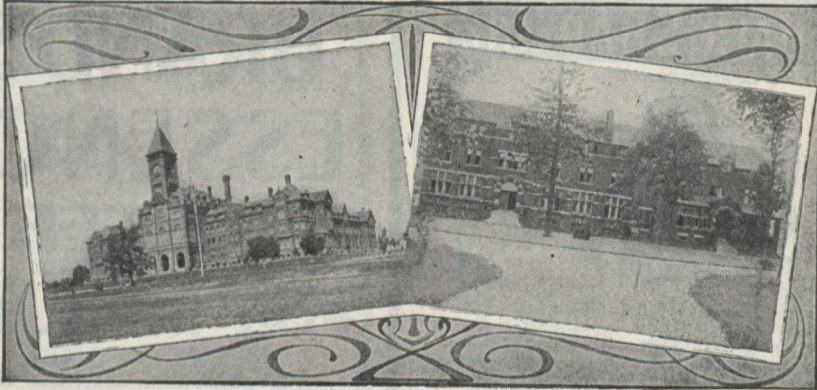
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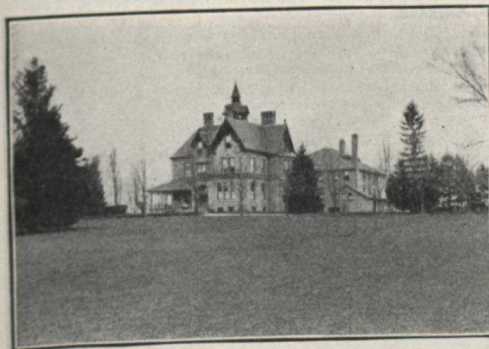
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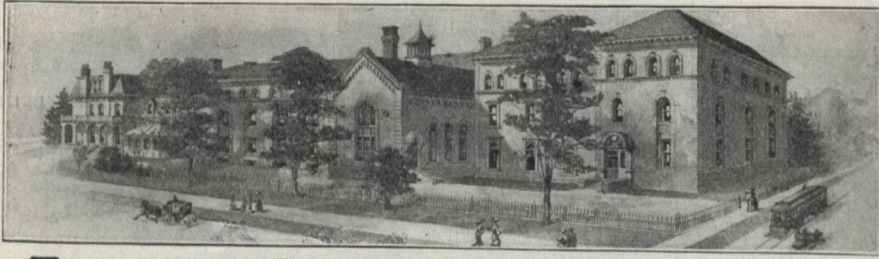
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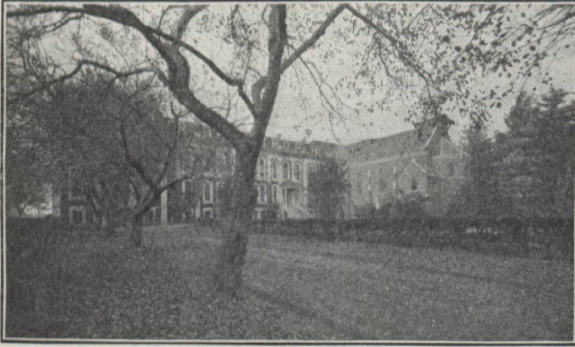
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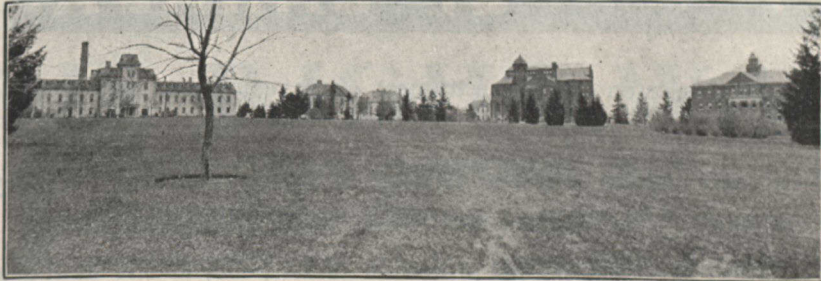
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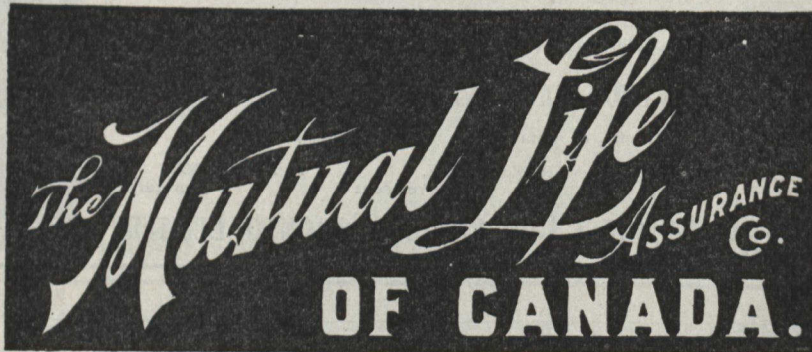
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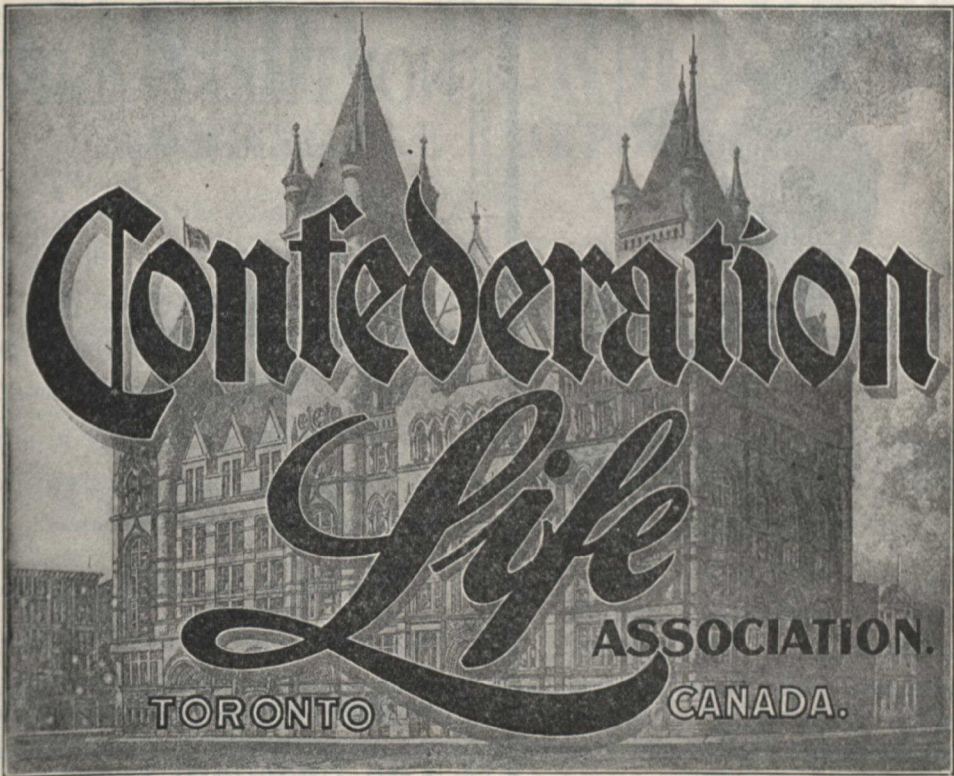
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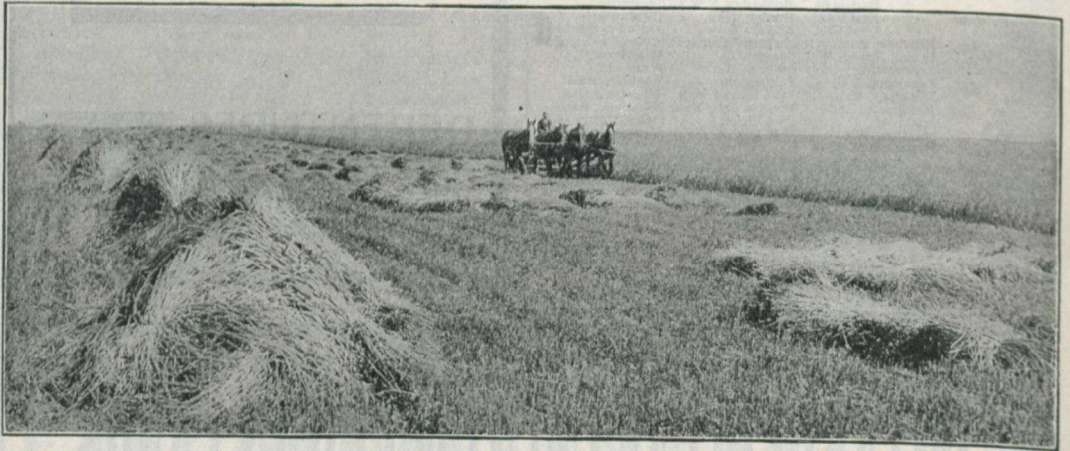
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WESTERN CANADA

Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of

GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

FREE HOMESTEADS may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

The matter of climate is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

Socially, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

Markets for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

Ranching is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

Wheat Districts. The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

Mixed Farming. To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

Large Tracts Open for Settlement. New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

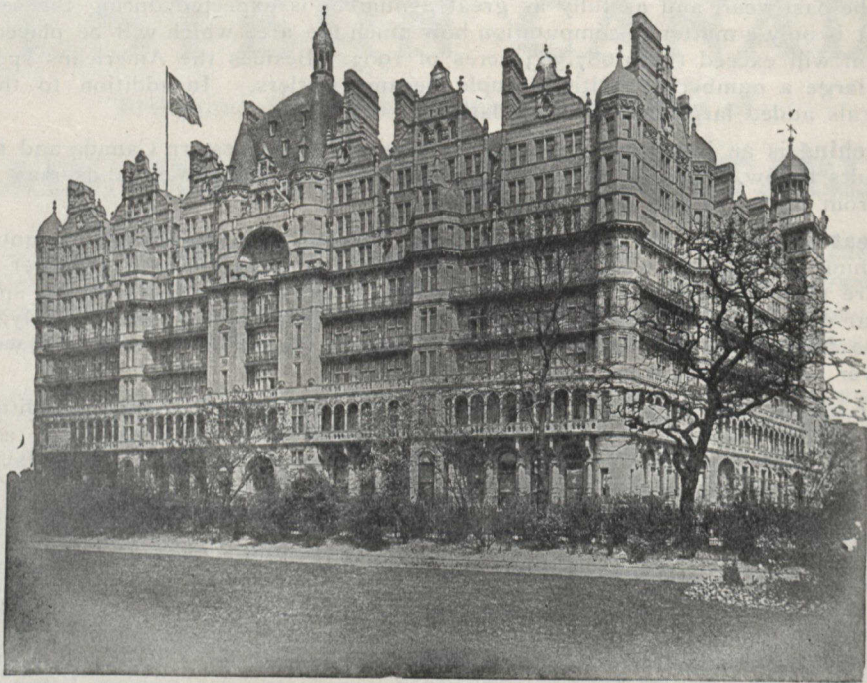
A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,

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CANADIAN VISITORS TO ENGLAND

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One of the stateliest of London's sumptuous hotel palaces and favourite Canadian rendezvous. Erected upon gravel soil, on high ground overlooking historical Russell Square Gardens, the situation is undoubtedly one of the most healthy and airy in town for Summer residence. Despite these exceptional surroundings, the position of the Russell is none the less particularly central, being equidistant from the principal railway termini, within a few yards of Oxford Street and the Tube or Metropolitan Railways, convenient for all the principal shopping thoroughfares and theaters, and but a stone's throw of the British Museum and other points of interest. Internally, the Russell is notable for its magnificent marble effects, and the airiness which is characteristic of the exterior also pervades the inner side of the hotel. The Public Rooms, each with an individuality of its own, are furnished with a careful regard to tasteful elegance and comfort, all converging on to the spacious Winter Garden, the focusing point, as it were, of the social life of the place. This Winter Garden, or Palmarium, is the largest of any hotel in London, and here a celebrated orchestra performs daily. The modernity of the hotel vouches for the fact that it is replete with every convenience that human ingenuity has devised, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Hotel Russell spells the very last word in hotel construction, arrangement, situation and management. The Russell is one of the Frederick group, and was fitted, decorated and furnished by Maple & Co., of London and Paris.

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WIRELESS FOR RAILROADS,

whereby messages can be sent or received to and from trains running as rapidly as 60 miles per hour, with a safety device in the locomotive cab causing a bell to ring and a red light to flash whenever two trains get within two miles of each other, or if there is an open switch ahead.

This system has been adopted by the

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and arrangements are now being perfected with the following roads:

UNION PACIFIC, DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN,
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Up to within the last few weeks it was impossible for any new wireless company to put up a trans-Atlantic station in Great Britain and Ireland.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

has just granted a license to the DeForest Company to build trans-Atlantic stations, and sites are now being selected in Ireland and Scotland.

Arrangements are now being perfected for the immediate installation of a trans-Atlantic station to connect with the

DeFOREST WIRELESS STATION IN EUROPE,

which is now in process of construction on the West Coast of Ireland.

This station will be completed by January 1st, 1906, and the earnings, based upon a reduction of 40 per cent. in the present cable rate, should be equal to net our shareholders over

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In connection with the DeForest System over fifty stations are already established and in operation. Montreal, the principal commercial city of Canada, and Quebec City stations are now completed, and doing commercial business with the principal cities of the United States.

We have contracts with the various newspapers for news service, and from now on our earnings will steadily increase until our shareholders reap the reward of all early investors.

Purchasers of shares during August will be entitled to the interest due September 15th.

Write for prospectus and information regarding Company, or send in your subscription immediately. The shares are five dollars each, full-paid and non-assessable. Address all correspondence and make all remittances to

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ARMOUR'S EXTRACT of BEEF

Will solve the difficulties of many nousekeepers, cut down the fuel bill, and help you keep a good cook.

First, because it offers a means of using up cold roasts, meats, game, and vegetables by replacing the juices lost in the first cooking, and restoring the tempting flavor as when first served, and by making it possible to add one or two dishes to your menu on short notice simply by the use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF, hot water, and seasoning—say a bouillon in cups, soup, a sauce, etc.

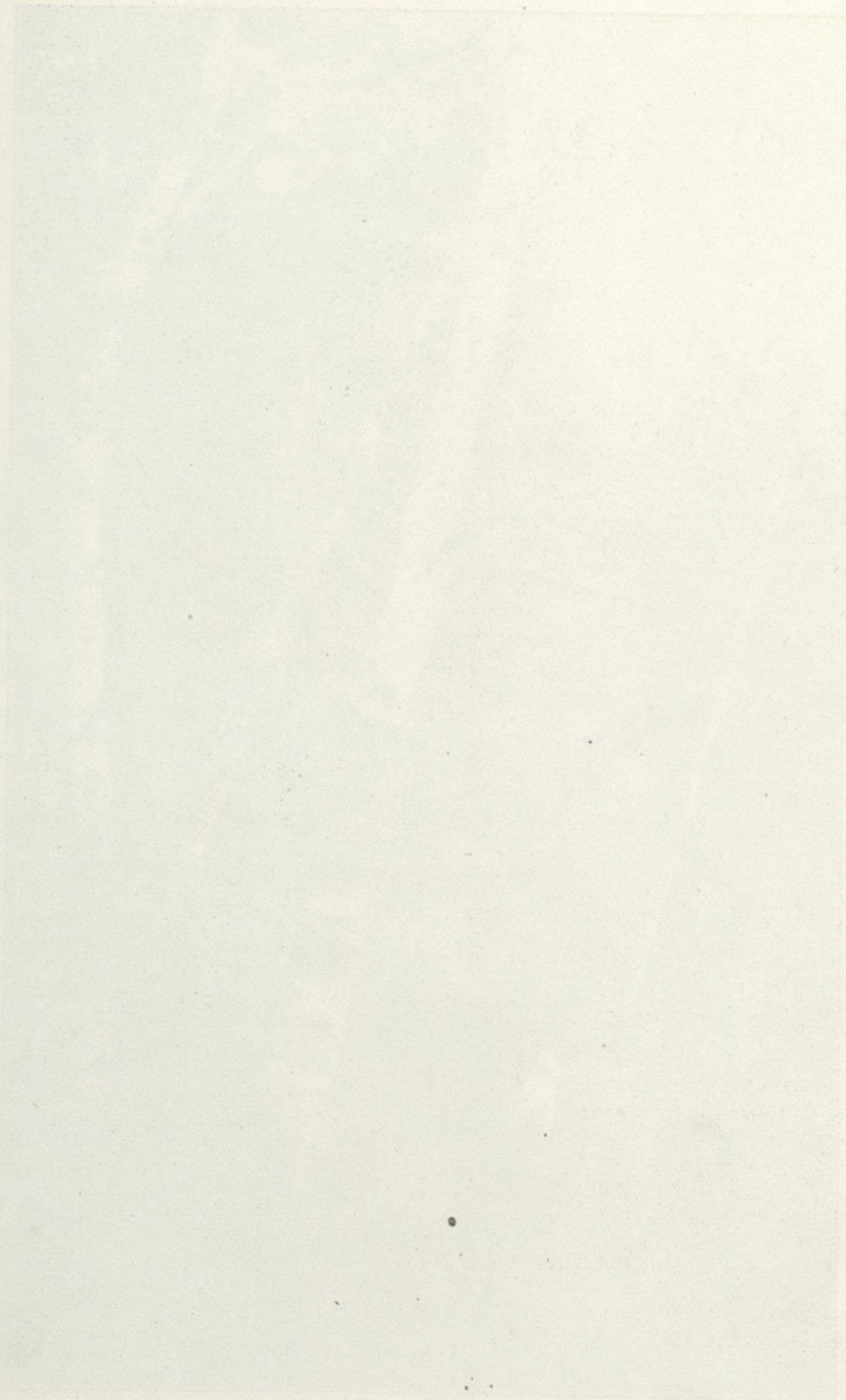
The use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF reduces the fuel bill because it requires no cooking—just add hot water, seasoning, and it's ready. A soup bone requires hours of cooking and you can't get the flavor, color, and body you do with ARMOUR'S EXTRACT.

It helps keep a good cook because they know its advantages, and how by its use their dishes are easily made inexpensive and satisfactory.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF is the concentrated essence of good, wholesome beef, retaining all the rich beefy flavor of the meat. It's as useful in the sick room as in the kitchen. Brings appetite and strength to the delicate. Just the thing for school children.

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Armour Limited, Toronto



IN THE REVERSE SIDE



IN THE SEPTEMBER WOODS

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 5

The Wear and Tear of Ages

By AUBREY FULLERTON



HERE land meets sea, you may look for strife. They are fighters, and not since the firmament covered the earth, Flood-high, have they been at peace. Sea beats on shore and breaks it, or laps against it and slowly wears it away. Shore meets sea with a front of rock and makes spray of it, or with an earthy beach, which ever so slowly shifts out to the ocean sandbars. Thus it has been always, and always will be.

This world-old conflict has left its marks. The sea—oldest, slyest, most persistent of nature's fighters—is the most untiring and most unique of nature's artists, a freak-artist that delights in bold designs and strange effects. It cares not much for colour, which is rather a thing of the land; but it works with a free, strong hand in form, and spreads its sculptures, miles at a time, along the world's shore-line. Where sea meets land you may look always for strife and sometimes for pictures.

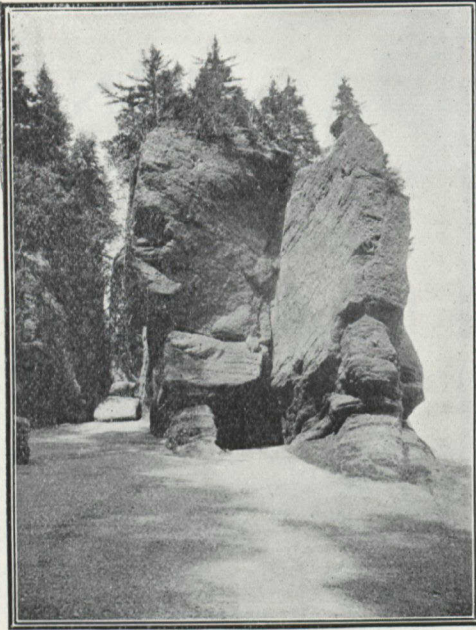
The chalk cliffs of Dover, signal from afar of England's coast, have been cut by wave action. They reach to a height of 320 feet, corresponding to a similar series of cliffs at Calais and Boulogne, on the French shore. At Staffa Island, on the west coast of Scotland, the waves of the Atlantic have hollowed out the wonderful Fingal's Cave, whose roof is of hard basaltic rock resting on a lava-like formation. This softer mass has given the waters their opportunity, and by long

wearing they have made a cavern 227 feet in length, with its mouth forty feet wide and more than sixty feet high. The Giant's Causeway, on the north Irish coast, is an even more remarkable formation of columnar basalt, evidently a product of volcanic action but laid bare by the water. For several miles the coast is strangely ornamented with polygonal columns, in some places from four hundred to five hundred feet high.

There is a river in Canada's storied East that winds through circling marshes and muddy banks. The Micmacs named it *Pet-koat-kwee-ak*, because that word means a river that bends in a bow; but the white men of a later day called it *Petitcodiac*, which may be taken to mean the same thing. Aside from the fact that it is one of the many place-names in New Brunswick that preserve a trace of the Indian tongue, it is a very good name; for the river, bending in its head stretches, winds and turns in its middle course, and bends again at its mouth, where it empties into Shepody Bay, thence into Chignecto Bay, head waters of the Bay of Fundy.

The borderland of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is a land of poetry and history. There "lie broad the Westmoreland marshes; miles on miles they extend, level and grassy, and dim, clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance."* This is Tantramar, of many delights. Farther east are

*Chas. G. D. Roberts, "The Tantramar Revisited."



HOPEWELL ROCKS
Entrance to one of the caves

the sites of Fort Beausejour and Fort Lawrence; and of more recent history are the ruins of the Chignecto ship railway, a project, abandoned a few years ago, by which it was hoped to carry ships overland from the Bay of Fundy to the Northumberland Strait. To these various interests the Petitcodiac adds its peculiar distinction as perhaps the most remarkable tidal river in the world.

All the world, whether or not it knows where the Bay of Fundy is, knows of its bumper tides. A shallow valley between two shores, into which are poured twice every twenty-four hours the over-running waters of the Atlantic—that is the Bay of Fundy, and that is why the Fundy tides sometimes reach a height of seventy feet; why, too, some of the shore settlements are at the water's edge at noon and at five o'clock are almost inland, with a mile of red, slippery, clam-shelly flats in front. The shore-dwellers of the Fundy live ever in the enjoyment of their ocean swell or of the beauty that shall be when the tide comes in.

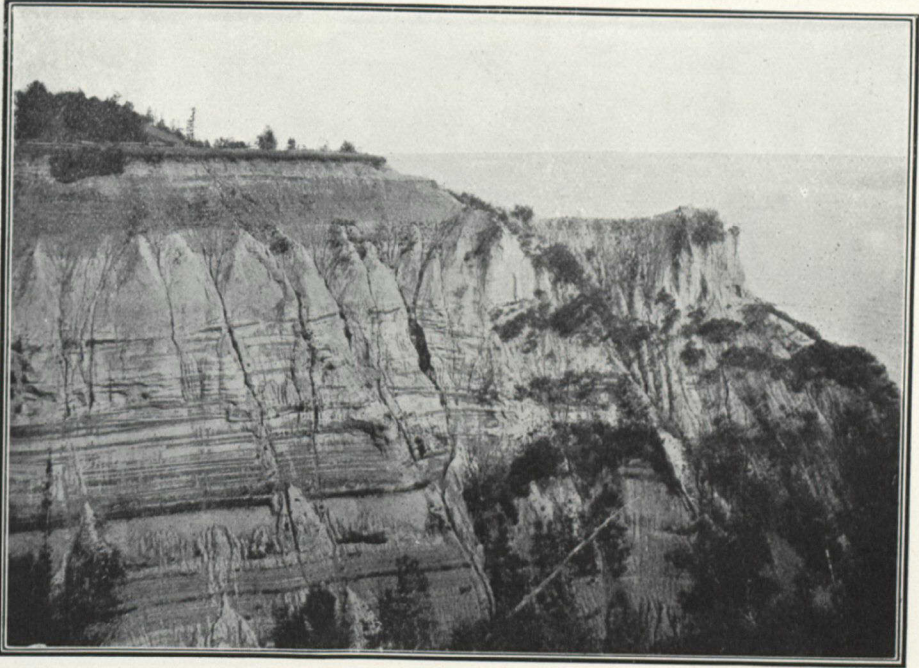
Look at the map, and find the wind-

ing line of the Petitcodiac. Follow its connection with the Bay of Fundy, and see how the funnel-shape of the larger water keeps narrowing to a point from Chignecto Bay to Shepody Bay, and from Shepody to the Petitcodiac; then consider what must happen when the tidal waters, with the Atlantic's force behind them, drive up through each successive stage till they reach the marsh-country at the head. What does happen is this: a wall of water is suddenly piled up, from two to ten feet in height, and this, with a rush and roar, rolls up the Petitcodiac toward Moncton. They call it The Bore. As for all else about it, world-wonder that it is, do not the guide-books tell it?

One might safely assume that a force of water such as this would have a lively temper. Driven into a corner, hemmed in between two narrowing shores, would not the sea, a fighter, find provocation for a wrestle with its arch-enemy, the land? But a long line of flat-lying mud banks gives small fighting ground; the most that even The Bore can do against it is to get itself muddied. There is, however, one vantage point. At Hopewell Cape, some twenty-five miles from Moncton, a line of cliffs extends for two miles along the shore of the river, reaching to a height of from forty to eighty feet. Locally they are known as the Hopewell Rocks; geologically, they are a conglomerate formation and show traces of various natural cementing materials with which the district abounds.

From the mud-flats, then, the Petitcodiac tides turn—let us suppose, with relief—to these challenging cliffs and wreak upon them their pent-up spite. A very graceful form of spite, however, for they have cut the two-mile stretch of rock into strange and wonderful sculptures, leaving it a seashore gallery of art. This have they done by many centuries of wearing and pounding, on their way, twice daily, up the river.

The cliffs are in most cases sharply perpendicular. Along their lower levels, where the tides have reached, they have been hewn and hollowed into columns,



SCARBORO

Showing interglacial strata and glacial layers of clay; also showing effects of rain-drippings from top

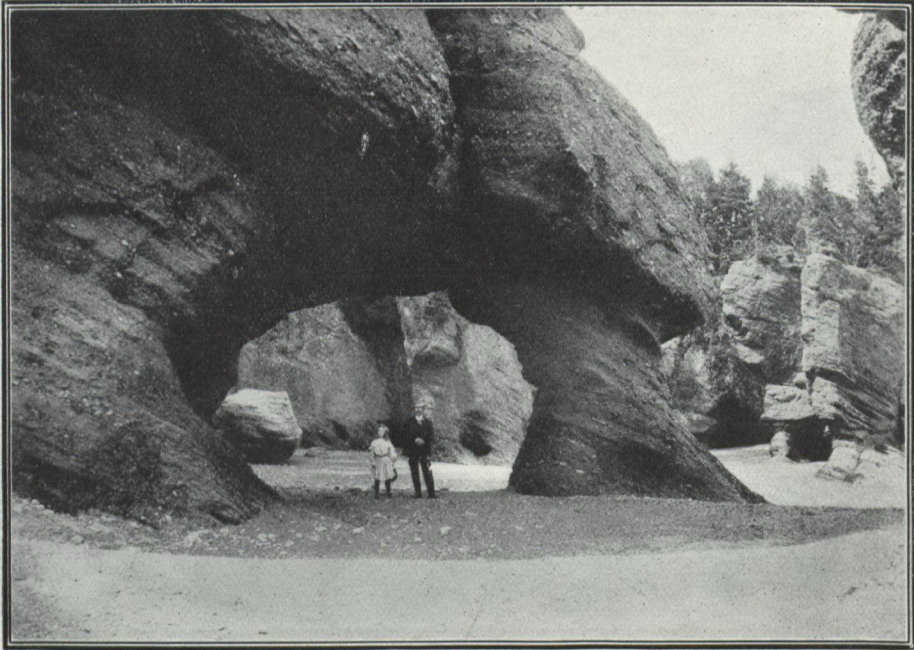
arches, and caves of many shapes and varying proportions. The rock has worn in some places so evenly and smoothly as almost to suggest some other hand than that of the tide; but close beside these more perfect forms are jagged masses of rock and projections that here and there resemble rude stalactites. The largest arch is some fifteen feet high, with ponderous support. Of caves there are few of size since the Devil's Cave was blocked a few years ago by a fall of rock against its mouth; but until then one could go by torchlight a considerable distance underground.

The Sphinx, a detached rock and the largest piece of sculpture in the series, strangely resembles in profile a head and shoulders; neighbour to it is The Little Giant, a round-capped rock with trees and bushes growing on its summit; and another of the best examples of this natural art is a column standing fifty feet high on a slender base not more than six feet through.

When the tide is out a long, gently-

sloping beach fronts the cliffs. From low-water level the entire shore-line shows, with a fringe of fir and birch trees along the top of the cliffs. The artist tides have done their curious work below, but at the upper edge, sometimes leaning over, are the trees of the brush-woods—nature's common things meeting its wonders.

Less of nature's art, but even more of its ancientness, is shown in a similar length of shore-line on Lake Ontario, a few miles east of Toronto. On a sunny day the white cliffs of Scarborough gleam afar, but a closer view shows them as remarkable for form and matter as for colour. From the water's edge, except for a broken foot-path, a bare gray wall rises sheer some two or three hundred feet. Its surface is deeply seamed and cracked, and in places is broken with great V-shaped gullies. Sometimes straight and square to the very top, the cliffs break elsewhere into miniature peaks, which, seen from below, appear in somewhat exaggerated proportions.



HOPEWELL ROCKS

The largest arch

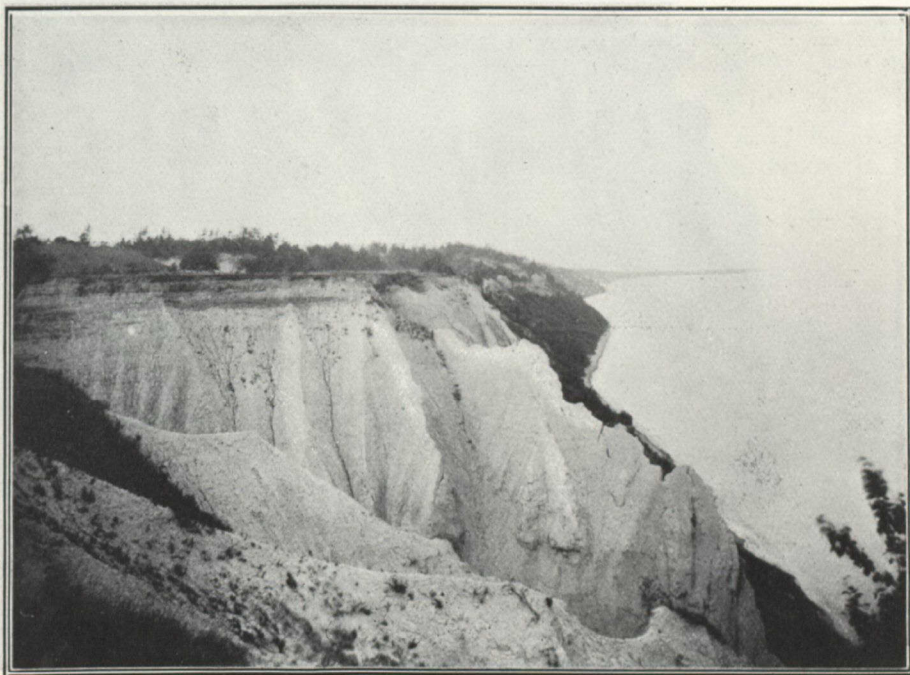
From above the effect is hardly less strange. Farm-fields come to within a few feet of the edge: then a drop, sudden and steep, to the level of the lake, which at one point is 360 feet below. Up or down the shore, the winding, jagged outline of the cliffs contrasts oddly with the orchards and grainfields at the top, and all the more oddly because the reason for it is not at once apparent.

It is just when the sightseer reaches this questioning stage that Scarborough Heights assume importance. After a little it will have become evident that they are a link between the present and prehistoric times—evidences again of a bitter strife between land and sea; for Scarborough's cliffs were cut by waves.

Nature in the northern hemisphere was very much upset some sixty thousand years ago. It produced at that time, or thereabouts, a new map of Canada, radically different from the original. A glacier, or a succession of glaciers, came down from the north, sweeping directly across the lake country and

reaching to New York and Iowa. There are evidences that Toronto was then in the valley of a great river, about twenty-five miles wide and one hundred feet or more below the present level of Lake Ontario. But the glacier quite extinguished this ancient river, filling it and covering the surrounding shores with ice, and clay, and northern debris. When in after years this ice melted, a glacial lake, dammed somewhere down the St. Lawrence, stood three hundred feet above Lake Ontario. Then the great ice sheet retreated, and an interglacial lake, of a considerably lower level, was left for unknown milleniums.

Other ice ages followed, each distinct and each marked by a glacial deposit. In the interglacial periods new land was built up by the depositions of the lake, whose wave action laid successive layers of sand and ore-veined earth. For thousands of years during these intervals mild climate prevailed, and animal and plant life almost tropical in character abounded until submerged by succeeding ice



SCARBORO

The upper shore line as seen from the top

sheets. The final glacier capped the formation with another layer of clay.

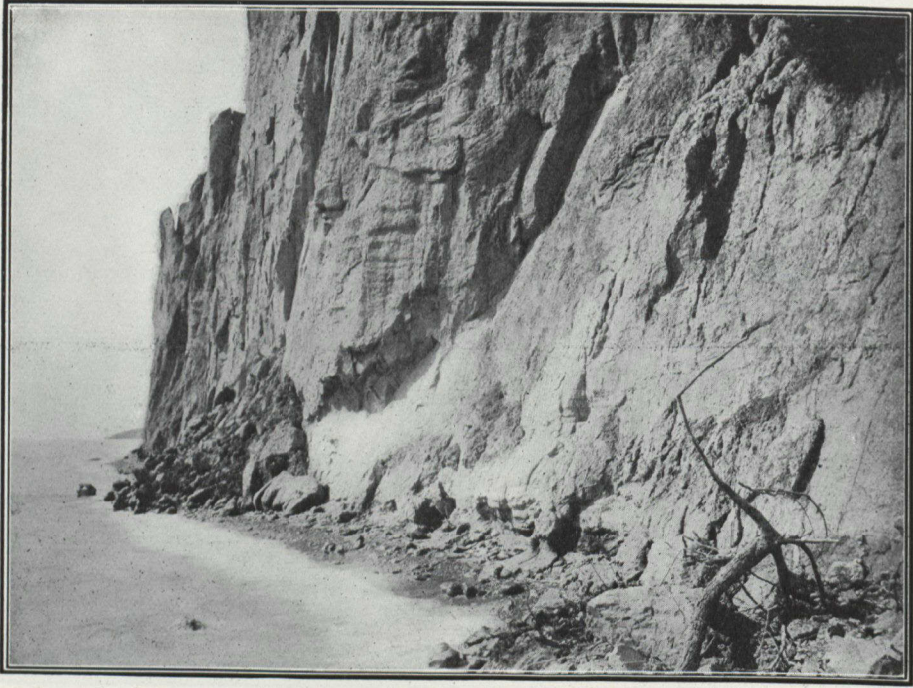
After the withdrawal of the ice the hitherto unbounded lake assumed more definite proportions, and to this post-glacial water has been given the name of Lake Iroquois. It was larger than the Lake Ontario of to-day by some six or seven miles on all sides, and its level was fully one hundred and fifty feet higher. Lake Iroquois lasted for perhaps 17,000 years, and then its water drained off, leaving its beach line exposed. Lake Ontario, at a lower level but occupying the same basin, is its successor. From then till now has been probably an equal length of time.

In proof of these several inferences is the land itself. There were glaciers, for unmistakably glacial deposits have been traced; warm interglacial periods, for fossils of warm climate animals and plants have been uncovered in North Toronto, the Don valley, and vicinity, and cooler periods, for remains of tem-

perate zone life have been found at other points; a postglacial lake, for a portion of its bed, showing distinct traces of wave action, is the terraced lake front of to-day; and an Iroquois beach, for the Niagara escarpment through Wentworth County, and the tablelands near Trenton and on the New York side of the lake, are parts of that same beach turned hills. It is a story for the geologists to tell, and the array of evidence which they produce is as reasonably convincing as it is fascinating.*

In further proof is Scarboro. At that particular point are shown perhaps the clearest of the glacial and interglacial indications, while it is the one and only point where any part of the old Iroquois beach still exists as the present lake beach. It shows also most clearly the effects of

* Prof. A. P. Coleman, Transactions of the Canadian Institute and Journal of Geology; Dr. J. W. Spencer, Transactions Royal Society of Canada; Dr G. K. Gilbert, Smithsonian Reports.



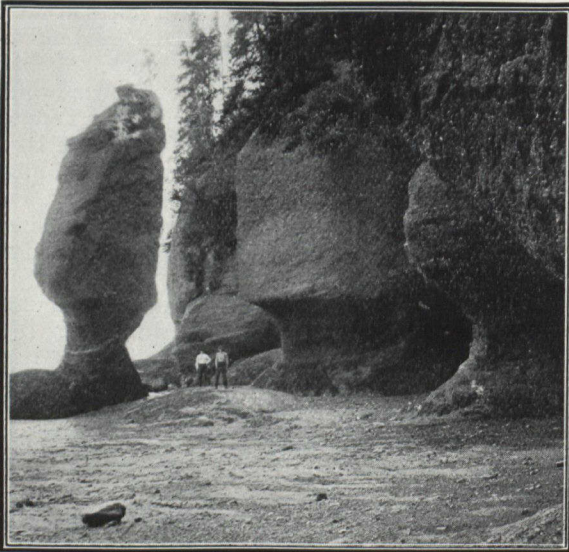
SCARBORO

A wall of glacial clay, 60,000 years old

wave action by the present lake. When the Iroquois waters were drained to the

lower level, the original beach was left as a more or less gradual slope; at Scar-

boro, where this beach was still exposed to the water, the waves washed against its foot and undermined it. The material being a heavy boulder clay, the top fell as the bottom wore away, the soil thus loosened being carried, in part, to form what is now Toronto's Island, while the Scarborough Heights assumed the perpendicular. There were thus laid bare great cross-sections of the formation, in which may to this day be seen the lines of strata laid by successive glacial and interglacial action. At varying heights up the sides of the cliffs have been found stones unmistakably marked as only glaciers can mark them; imbedded in the peaty layers of the clay, Professor Cole-



HOPEWELL ROCKS

A good example of natural wood-carving

man has discovered the remains of seventy extinct varieties of beetles; and numerous small flora, suggesting a temperate climate, have been laid bare at various times.

And so the strife between sea and land is a process of the ages. Scarborough proves it, for at the highest part of the Scarborough Cliffs Lake Ontario has cut back its shore so far as to destroy the old Iroquois beach for half a mile. Niagara

proves it, for its gorge has been cut seven miles up from Queenston in probably the same length of time as that since the Iroquois beach took form, 35,000 years ago, or thereabouts.

Niagara is still cutting back, Scarborough is still wearing away, the Petiscodiac's artist tides are still carving out the Hope-well rocks. The world-old strife goes on, and nature's elemental fighters, water and land, refuse to be at rest.



Canada to England

BY A. T. FREED

MOTHER of Empires! Thee we greet,
Queen of Dominions far and wide.

Thine armies cluster round thy feet;

Thy children gather at thy side.

Thy children gather when the sky

Grows darkest and the tempest lowers,

When thunders crash and death-bolts fly,

To battle for thy cause—and ours.

Mother of Victory! On thy shield

The triumphs of a thousand years

Are blazoned. From the embattled field

The lightnings of thy flashing spears

Illume the storied page, and dwell

Where Victory's arch in glory towers,

To show where heroes fought and fell

To win thy liberties—and ours.

Mother of men of mighty mould,

Who built fair freedom's fabric strong;

Who kept their chartered rights of old,

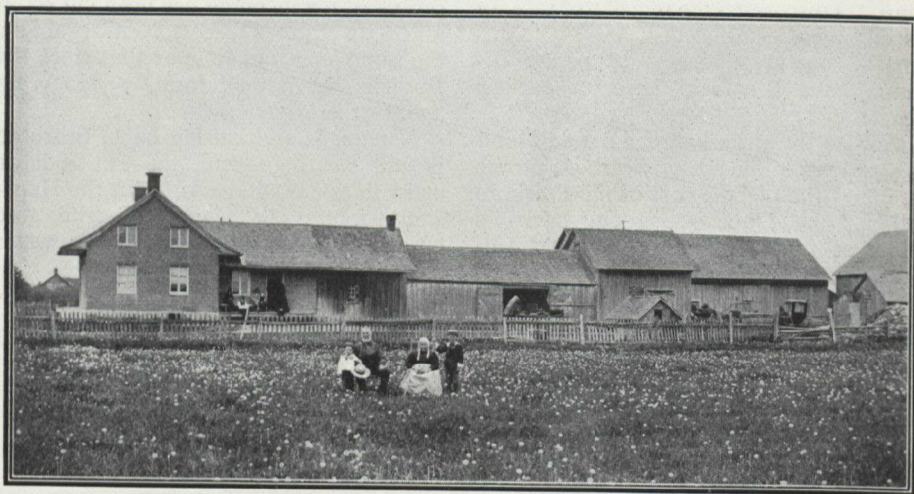
But overthrew the chartered wrong;

Who knew in equity to draw

The rule of balanced rights and powers,

And established justice in the law,

Thy people's heritage—and ours.



FARM HOUSE OF A WELL-TO-DO HABITANT
On a Sunday Afternoon

Courting Among the Habitants

By M. B. PARENT



UNDAY is to these people a great day; full of religious practices in the morning, full of amusements in the afternoon and evening. Three evenings are set apart during the week for the purpose of courting, and known among the young people as *bons soirs*, but the best time of all is by far on Sunday. On a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, is out for a drive. He has a shining top-buggy and a fine horse—kept mostly for his own use—especially if he be the only or even the oldest son. He is well dressed, with a tailor-made suit. His mother does not cut or sew his Sunday clothes any more. A *paysan* of old France, in his cotton blouse, would look like a tramp beside him. At that age, he is very careful of his personal appearance, and he is not half as sunburnt as you would expect. The fact is, he has been wearing all the week a straw hat with a broad brim, a red handkerchief around his neck, and he has sometimes even gone so far as to

keep leather mittens on, all this to protect himself against the sun. His name is Jean-Baptiste, or François-Xavier, or Joseph, or Pierre, or Napoleon. If, however, his parents have read French novels, his name may be Gaston.

As he looks at the blue sky, the green fields and his prancing horse, more especially as he thinks of his journey's end, his heart beats high. He will drive a good long distance that afternoon. Of course everything is stale in his own immediate neighbourhood. Girls are prettier and sweeter in the next parish than they are in one's own—in fact, the farther you go the better. Well, then, ten or fifteen miles from his home there is a girl. There are hundreds along the way, not mentioning the one who lives across the road, with whom he played when he was a child. But all these are of no account just now. For him the parish of Sainte Marie, or Sainte Anne, or Saint Jean, or some other Saint, is the centre of the universe. *She* lives there! Her name is Marie, or Mélie, or Adèle, or Joséphine,

or again, as an echo from Lourdes, in France, her name may be Bernadette. She is very young, say eighteen; yet, strange as it may seem to some people, she is old enough, in her parents' estimation, to receive *des cavaliers*. In former days *cavaliers* rode on horseback, as the word itself indicates, but time has now come when they may travel by boat, by rail, on foot, or in a top buggy, and yet be *cavaliers*. A grand word this is, and well worthy of a place in our vocabulary. An *amant* is a soft creature that writes love-letters, sings and sighs in the moonlight. Although in old songs, the words *la belle* are often used to designate a young woman, *beau* is not to be found; it would sound too *dudish*. A *cavalier* is a man and a manly one. Now the girl who receives *cavaliers* becomes *ipso facto* a *blonde*. As a matter of brutal fact, in French Canada, a *blonde* is generally a brunette. After all it is only a question of words, which in nowise is allowed to trouble the mind of any young man, for he will continue to call his sweetheart his *blonde*, without reference to her complexion.

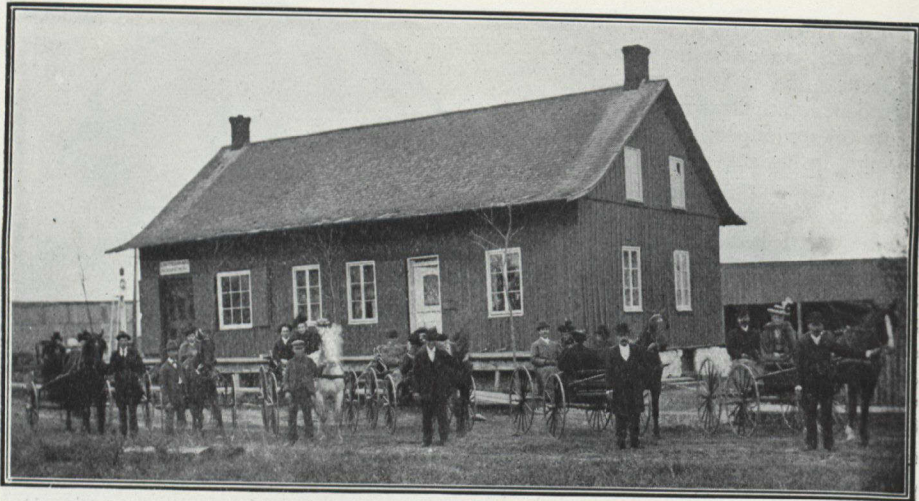
I have used above the word *cavalier* in the plural, though referring to but one girl; this I did intentionally. Parents would not feel at all flattered if their daughter received the attention of only one young man. The more the better. The number of young men in attendance is the measure of her respectability, attractiveness, and accomplishments. Now this Marie or Mélie, that we are speaking of, being pretty and *avenante*, having spent some time in convent, and belonging to a respectable family, is naturally expected to have a goodly number of *cavaliers*. As a matter of course, when Jean, or François, or Pierre, our hero, reaches the place that afternoon, he finds half a dozen horses and buggies, tied either in the shed or to the posts placed for that purpose in front of the house. If he were a Spaniard, he would no doubt feel around for his knife. If he were an



GOING TO THE FAIR

Englishman or a Yankee, he would walk straight to the girl and say, "You are a flirt! I will have nothing more to do with you!" But an old-fashioned French-Canadian will do or say nothing of the kind. He will rather be pleased that his *blonde* is the object of so much consideration.

Such then is the arrival of our friend, Jean-Baptiste, at the place of his future father-in-law that afternoon. As Marie sees him coming in, she will beg to be excused of the one speaking to her at the time, go to meet him, politely take his hat and put it in a proper place. Then if he be talkative and resourceful, he may keep her a good long time—though not beyond certain limits. But the conversation must not flag. For their staying together, when they have nothing to say, would be considered in bad taste. For a young man who is a good conversationalist to keep a girl more than his reasonable share of the time, and thus "*faire*



A WEDDING PARTY STARTING FOR DRIVE

manger de l'avoine aux autres," as the expression goes, is looked upon as more skilful than gentlemanly. Our friend Jean, whom we suppose to be good natured, will just say a few words, and allow the girl to return to the young man she was with when he came, and wait till later to unburden his heart.

Some lovers sit alone beside a rosebush, wander in shady dells, or follow the winding course of a bubbling brook, not so these; they remain in the house. When the conversation above mentioned is ended another young man will rise, walk to the girl and ask for his hat. While he takes it and bids her good-bye, he may enlarge on the topic and talk twenty minutes or so. Then again, like the grasshoppers of the endless tale, another one will come up, call for his hat and depart, or perchance sit down again and wait for his friend. Conversation with the gentler sex is, to these people, an art. They sometimes have books treating of this art; books in which they learn by heart *compliments* written in most elegant French. These, of course, may help at times, or perhaps on other occasions produce the opposite result, as it is always dangerous to fly too high. While the girl is engaged with one man at the time, the young fellows will talk with the old folks, and with each other. They will tell stories and smoke their pipe. To a bashful boy, a

pipe is an invaluable help. It enables him to strike an attitude of nonchalance, which would be impossible without it. The scene above described may repeat itself in the same house a good number of times. But if our hero is really in earnest, the day will come when evidently he will be the lion of that company.

The others, though always received politely, will be made to feel that they are playing only second or third fiddle. They will gradually drop out. Then the moment arrives for our friend Jean to take the decisive step. But he cannot get married unless he asks, first of all, Marie to marry him. And he cannot get a girl in her teens, and as yet unsophisticated, a girl who has never read a novel with an elopement in it, to marry him, unless he begins by asking her parents' consent. Our friend, then, will have to ask the girl's hand in due and regular form. This resolution is of course a sweet secret. Jean shares it with his bosom friend. That friend shares it with another friend. Finally, as everybody is somebody else's bosom friend, everybody in the parish will know of it, and that in a brief period of time. This piece of news will supply material for conversations among young people for many days. On the evening appointed for the purpose above mentioned, these conversations will run somewhat as follows:

"Do you see the light in Mr. So-and-So's window?"

"Yes."

"Well Jean or François is there to '*faire les demandes*'." Then, of course, commentaries favourable and unfavourable.

Indeed Jean is there! Roads would have to be very bad, and worse than hail would have to fall, if he missed this engagement. By this time, as hinted above, second rank suitors have become conspicuous by their absence, and Jean is alone with Marie and the old folks. Jean is a strong young man, but that memorable evening he feels somewhat nervous.

The lamp, or perhaps the candle, is burning low on the table, the old clock has just struck nine. Time has come to speak. Jean begins, in a tone loud enough to be heard, "My dear Marie, we have been keeping company together this long time, and you have not yet pledged me your troth. Give me your white hand, that I may ask for it of your father and mother here present. They rise and walk across the room to the place where the old couple are sitting. Marie blushes of course; Jean shakes like an aspen leaf. His mouth gets dry, his tongue grows stiff, his voice is hoarse and hollow. With an effort he begins: "Monsieur et Madame, I have come to your honourable house for a purpose which your daughter has no doubt mentioned to you; I have come to ask your daughter, Marie, in marriage. I want her for my wife, not for a day or for a year, but forever. If my request can be granted, please let me know at once, that the banns may be published as soon as possible."

Having received a favourable answer, for which no set formula is needed, Jean grows bolder, and may add: "Monsieur et Madame, will you permit me moreover to take a sweet kiss on the rosy lips of your lovely daughter as a pledge of her love and faith?" This is seldom refused. Then in plain, everyday talk, they make arrangements for the wedding.



ANOTHER TIME-HONOURED MODE

The feelings of Marie, after her lover's departure that evening, and those of Jean, as he rides back home, and nervously cracks his whip on his favourite horse, hardly need be described, since they do not differ materially from those experienced under different climes in similar circumstances.

The great day arrives. There is rejoicing everywhere, except among the fowls of the back-yard. Our young people rise early, keep their fast, go to confession and communion, then are married at low mass. The marriage ceremony is short, simple and similar to what it is elsewhere. At the church they are accompanied by their parents on both sides, and some of the nearest relatives and friends. From the church they drive to the bride's home. There tables are set waiting for them and for a new and often large contingent of guests. After a hearty meal and a generally good time, they harness up and form into a regular wedding procession. The horses themselves seem to take in the situation, and carry proudly the flags on their heads and bright coloured *pompoms* dropping from their harnesses.

As an essential feature of the procession will be noticed the fiddler, who plays on his instrument while they drive, not heeding the jerks of the carriage on a rough road, and loudly stamps his foot in the waggon to mark time. Between the fiddler's jigs, songs will be heard from dif-



A HABITANT LOVER AND HIS LASS

ferent parties. *Le marié* himself, who used to sing "*Oh, que nous serions heureux!*" now has it:

"Oh, que nous sommes heureux
D'être mariés ensemble!
Oh, que nous sommes heureux!
D'être mariés tous deux!"

Having reached their destination, that is, the house of the bridegroom, the preceding scene will be repeated. They will eat, drink, dance, sing and play all sorts of games. The groomsmen, for instance, will be called upon to make a speech, sing a song, tell a tale, recite a *compliment* to the bride, or some such thing. If he fails, he will be compelled to pay a forfeit, the nature of which may cause much merriment.

On such occasions rum sometimes flows too freely, and quite a few members of the party may have to be taken care of. Late in the night they will hitch up their horses, and one after another return home, leaving the *mariés* alone with their bliss, mingled no doubt with a little weariness.

Possession

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

A youth sate down on a wayside stone,
A pack on his back and a staff on his knee,
He whistled a tune which he called his own,
"It's a fine new tune, that tune," said he.

In his pack he carried a crust of bread,
And he drank from his hands at a brook hard by,
"Spring water is wonderful cool," he said,
"And wonderful soft is the summer sky."

He looked to the hill which his steps had passed,
He looked to the slope where the brooklet purred,
He looked to the distance blue and vast,
And, "Ah," cried he, "what a fine, wide world!"

The youth passed on down the winding track
That leads to the beckoning distance dim,
And tho' all he carried was staff and pack,
The world and its giving belonged to him.



MR. FRANK W. MORSE
Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 64—MR. FRANK W. MORSE



HE popular notion of a general manager, his work and his way of doing it, is as far from the "life" as the operative soldier is from the real thing. The public regards the railway official as a sort of hereditary lord, the line his empire and the employees his subjects. How hard seems the lot of Larry, the track-walker, in comparison

to that of the general manager! One travels his section on foot, the other rocks over the road in a "Private" car, cushioned, painted and varnished.

The average man or woman does not know that the G.M. wakes earlier than the other man and works hours after Larry's day is done; that while the track-walker smokes his pipe in peace, forgetting utterly low joints and high

centres, flapping fish-plates and loose locking-bars, the General Manager's brain is busy with the multitudinous problems that confront him—a score or more, each demanding immediate attention. How hard the lot of the man with the scoop! And yet, when he reaches the end of his run, he drops off and goes his way, with never a thought of the 97, until the caller comes to call him for his next trip.

But if you watch the General Manager, you will see him swinging down before the car has come to a stop, and if you follow him he will lead you to the general offices. His basket is piled full of papers, and upon his desk there are a dozen documents that might well be marked "Perishable." Some are important letters that must now be answered by wire before he can think of rest. These pressing matters disposed of, he dismisses his secretary and picks up half a dozen letters marked "Private" or "Confidential." Some of these are acknowledged by wire, others answered in his own hand. Now he leans back, lights a cigar and begins to think, think, think. "To-day" is done, and he is already doing to-morrow.

Almost, we may say, as the tail-lights of To-day disappear in the West, the headlight of To-morrow looms on the Eastern horizon. There is the schedule made out by his chief clerk, or assistant to the General Manager. It opens at 9.00 a.m., when he must receive the deputation of Leading Citizens who come to ask him to elevate his tracks. At ten-thirty the Member from Squedunc wants to see him on a personal matter. At eleven the Grievance Committee will be here with an ultimatum. And so runs the tale, often with but ten or fifteen minutes between dates. By the time he has finished reading the bill of fare his cigar has burned up close to his moustache. He scorns to look at the clock, but he knows his head is weary, and now he remembers that he's married (or ought to be), and that somewhere in the roaring city dinner waits for him. Then comes a late dinner with cranky servants, another cigar, a passing glance at the evening paper, and that's the General Manager's day's work.

And you, who may envy Mr. Frank W. Morse, who, the day he was forty entered upon his important duties as Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific may find comfort in the fact that while you miss the gain and glory of this great job, you also side-step the work and worry that must necessarily go with the building and management of one of the most gigantic and important railway projects ever undertaken on this continent.

Morse is a good name. Wherever the railway has reached its thin fingers, wherever the thin strands of steel have been trailed, over the sear Sahara, through the sand dunes of the South-country, the mountain fastnesses of the Far West, or the wilderness of the North—that name is known. For, wherever the railway runs, there runs the telegraph, and wherever the click of the key is heard men have heard of the "Morse System." Somewhere in New York—in Twenty-third Street, I believe—there is a stone set in the wall of a house and upon this stone is chiselled the name of Morse. Doubtless that house was once the home of the famous inventor.

However, all this, I fancy, has little to do with the remarkable success of this young man who is to manage the Grand Trunk Pacific. He had in him the elements of success. He also had the advantage of a good general education, supplemented by a technical training in his chosen field. Mr. Morse's mother comes of the famous family of Seamans, well known in the newspaper world. From her side he inherits his critical eye, his artistic taste, his keen judgment and love of good literature. From his father, we may assume, he has his mechanical genius, his love for "doing things." He enjoyed work and was a stranger to the clock. Sundown and Payday were only incidents to him—like sleep and a good cigar.

This side of forty he had filled a number of important positions, each a little better than the one he had left. Though always apparently content he was ever ready to quit if a wider field opened, with more work and better pay. But upon this Grand Trunk Pacific problem

I believe he has set his heart, and it would probably take a tempting offer to win him away from this interesting bit of empire building. It may sound absurd to speak of a man of forty as building his monument, and yet if he succeeds in bridging the continent here in the north, he will have helped to make homes, not for hundreds but hundreds of thousands of the homeless of the earth. It is a task over which the greatest of our builders might well enthuse—this linking the Atlantic with the Pacific, putting a new crimp in the cosmos, and shrinking the sphere by half a thousand miles.

This saving of a full day's sail is of itself vastly more important than would appear at a passing glance. But still more important to Canada and Cana-

dians is the development of the West. When the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed, Canada will have more railway mileage than England. This dream will come true in less than ten years. All the West wants is mileage, and lots of it. The Canadian West is further advanced than was the territory west of the Missouri when the last spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, completing the first bridge across the continent. That was less than forty years ago. See what an empire lies west of the Big Water today. Our children will still be young men when this "last West" has furnished homes for 50,000,000 people. Of this I am absolutely confident, and equally confident that one of the chief factors in this upbuilding of the Dominion will be the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Cy. Warman.

Castles

BY O. P. B.

A LITTLE child, beside the restless sea,
 Mining with feverish haste the golden sand;
 Building proud Castles for the world to see,
 Digging deep trenches in his fairy-land.

A little dreamer, carried home asleep,
 All heedless of the ever-rising tides;
 Forgotten now, his wondrous castle-keep,
 Slowly his toil into the ocean slides.

And we—who dig among Time's shifting sand,
 Striving to build us Fortresses of Fame;
 Are we not children in a sea-shore land,
 Toiling to write in sand our worthless name?

We fall asleep, and we are put to rest,
 Bucket and spade forgotten by the sea;
 They laugh, and call our Castles but a jest,
 And o'er our play-ground rolls Eternity.

Moral Heroism

By *THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY*



HERE are momentary advantages in being an optimist. Most of us prefer to have our morals praised, our spiritual fur rubbed in the right way, to purr gently and sweetly and serenely over our virtues and superiority. A distinguished and learned president of a Canadian college, referring to the founder of the Christian religion, described him as "a splendid optimist." In a certain sense He was, and we may all be, I hope, in similar conditions. That this world is not growing worse but better, is a comforting fact, which we are justified in clinging to. That mankind influenced by higher aspirations will broaden and grow better and develop higher ideals as the ages roll by, is an assurance without which we should be plunged into hopeless despair. Nevertheless, some of us are doomed by adverse fate to seem to be pessimists, because we are not satisfied with the present conditions, and feel bound to point out in clear and distinct terms the weaknesses, the follies, and the moral degeneracy of the age in which we live.

From a material point of view Canada is doing splendidly. For several years there has been marked development in every industrial pursuit. Trade is extending, manufactures are developing, wealth is increasing, cities are expanding—the great North-West is growing by leaps and bounds—population is at last increasing—and Canada is making rapid strides in the direction of wealth and political improvement. All this is gratifying, and no one will say that it is not something to be proud of, something to be thankful for.

With these enlarged conditions and this notable expansion, which bids fair to continue, grave problems confront us. Shall we sometime be an independent nation, feeling all the quickening impulse of national responsibility, and conscious as we roam over the world that we have a place and a status among the important nations

of the earth? Shall we become linked with the destinies of the great Empire of which we form a part and contribute our share to the vast civilising agencies which British expansion has created and keeps in constant operation? Shall we share this continent with the great race to which we belong, that has made such marvellous development beside us? Shall we face all the exigencies of European complications and stake our last man and our last dollar on the integrity of the British Islands and what they represent? These, together with questions of domestic legislation, are the chief topics which now engage the attention of the people of Canada from east to west.

What about the moral fibre of these six millions of Canadians? What of their religious tendencies? The ordinary man will say, surely Canada is a moral country, as moral at all events as any other country on the globe; and as for religion, are we not a religious people? Does not a church stand in every hamlet; and are not churches multiplied in every village, town and city in this wide Dominion? Certainly, all these things are true, and yet I am going to venture, at the risk of unpopularity to suggest, that the moral fibre of Canada is not up to the ideal standard and that the religion of the Canadian people, in common with the religion of the rest of the English-speaking world, is to a very large extent the outgrowth of a perfunctory system, which, while it utters the formulas, is in a large measure destitute of the vital principles of a religion which recognises God, eternity and immortality, as the great supreme considerations of human beings.

Let us deal for a little with morals. The usual definition of morality is the conforming from day to day to the usages and customs of civilised life; obeying the law, paying one's debts, and assisting to secure peace and order in the community. All these are good and essential. But is there not another, a higher and an ideal

morality to be sought after, to be grasped, to be attained? The ideal morality is that derived from the overshadowing principle of love or self-forgetfulness. A morality which derives its force by prompting each individual to seek not the interest of the individual but the interest of others, the interest of the world at large. And such a morality in Canada we have not, and what is worse, the tendency of the general thoughts, views and impulses of the people is not only not to recognise such a morality but to regard the man who ventures to illustrate it as a hopeless and unspeakable lunatic.

Think gently of me, friends; I am going to venture to explain my meaning. Christianity is the religion of Canada and for the most part of the English-speaking world. What Christianity means, I take it, can best be gathered from the recorded utterances of its founder. These utterances are not numerous, they are compact. The greater part of them is embodied in an address said to have been delivered on the Mount of Olives. No person who reads and comprehends the English language can fail to recognise the essence and meaning of that teaching. Self-forgetfulness is the keynote of everything. Love constitutes the entire foundation upon which the whole structure of human life and character is based. Selfishness is mercilessly anathematised. Worldliness is denounced, and sordidness of aim and purpose is withered with a blast of scorn. Ten thousand churches have been erected in Canada to proclaim this great principle of living to the people, and in these churches gather a large proportion of the population from week to week. Stand from an elevation and view these congregations reverently bowed for an hour before the altar of worship, and tell me whether or not these people in the aggregate, are not a collection of worldlings, striving in every possible way to advance their own interests in the world, in opposition to the interests of all other persons whatsoever. The man that would stand up in any of these churches and say to the occupants of these pews, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor," which is indeed simply a repetition of the actual words of the founder of the religion, and

forthwith he is voted with alacrity and delightful unanimity, a lunatic, who is liable to become a menace to the peace and well-being of a fat, comfortable and contented community.

Of course allowances must be made for a few humble and devoted saints who perchance may be found in all these churches. We are dealing with aggregations. Do not earnest, well-meaning persons attend these sanctuary services with the best of motives and probably with good results in the main, but nevertheless, lacking egregiously the essential and vital qualities which constitute real Christianity, real religion, or from which can spring a real and true morality or a real heroism?

Enough has been said on the religious phases of the situation. A delicate subject, and probably only fit to be handled by an expert. What has been said is merely as an index to the indictment against the moral heroism of the Canadian people. The morals of a country are pretty generally a reflex of the religious impulse of the people.

Is it too much to say that the ultimate greatness of a nation, large or small, must be based upon the moral fibre of its people? A nation may contain hundreds of millions of people and hundreds of billions of accumulated wealth and all the appliances of modern civilisation and still be a weak, degenerate and crumbling aggregation.

In all great conflicts between persons, organisations or nations, the side which has the greatest moral force, in the long run, wins. And that nation becomes the greatest nation which possesses the greatest aggregation of moral power. What is the situation from a heroic point of view in Canada? It is best illustrated in the public life of the nation. The public men selected by free choice by the Canadian people to govern the nation and guide its destinies are fairly representative of the moral tone of the nation itself, and inasmuch as most of the legislators are distinctly dependent for existence upon the favourable judgment of the bodies that elected them, the whole hue and colouring of the moral aspects of the country are reflected in its chosen rulers.

The public men of Canada are, man for man, intellectually and morally, equal to

the public men of any other nation, or collection of people, that I know of in the world; and the best and brightest of them would hold a leading and commanding place in the councils of any of the great nations of the world, and yet, of moral fibre there is a palpable and conspicuous lack. It is a notorious fact, not only in the public life of Canada, but in the public life of Great Britain, of the United States, of most of those countries in the world enjoying the blessings of popular government, that no man can hope to attain the highest place who does not daily and hourly veil his real sentiments upon nearly every vital question with which he is called upon to deal. The men chosen as leaders and standard-bearers in the great political arena are not courageous men, having strong views on all important questions and expressing those thoughts freely, but rather men who with subtle judiciousness conceal their views, or are endowed by kind Providence with an absence of views which admirably fits them to avoid betraying, by any expression of their own, any views which might antagonise any particular class of people in the community. It has come, has it not, to be a recognised thing that successful political leaders must be colourless men, and that men who boldly avow advanced sentiments and seek to lead people toward higher and truer standards are men who are practically ostracised from the possibility of holding the highest places in the government of the country?

For example, one of the leading questions that has been actively precipitated into the public life of the country within the last few years is prohibition, and, at the outset, the advocates of this measure were well organised and had behind them forces which seemed dangerous to antagonise. Understand, please, that in the observations which are to follow, no opinion is expressed whatever as to whether prohibition is right or wrong. It is only used as an illustration of the moral fibre of the public men of Canada. A vigorous and well-organised effort has been made in recent times to secure legislation in the direction of absolute prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of in-

toxicating liquor, in both the federal parliament and the various provincial legislatures of Canada.

Whatever may have been the merits of the proposition, one thing is certain, there is scarcely one single prominent man in the public life of Canada, either in the sphere of Dominion or in the sphere of Provincial politics, who did not and who does not still believe, absolutely, thoroughly and unquestionably, that the enactment of such a measure would mean not a mitigation, but a multiplication of the evils connected with the liquor traffic and would end in confusion, disaster and moral anarchy. Please note the number of public men of either of the political parties that frankly said so. On the contrary, the representatives of each political party by every form and device which human ingenuity could invent, took care to dodge the issue and escape the responsibility of definite action one way or another. It has been frequently represented by moral reformers that this action on the part of politicians, was due to their fear of the power of the rum seller. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Nothing could be more unjust. The fact is that the power of the liquor interest in the past has always been far less a bugbear than the fear of the prohibition vote, fortified as it is by the almost united voice of the clergy and the moral sentiment of the country.

When prohibition is put forward as an issue in federal politics, it is met first by a Royal Commission, and under the shield of this the matter is staved off for the term of the party in power. When the other party is called upon to confront it, it dodges the question by a plebiscite, under the shield of which it postpones the evil hour. When the provincial legislatures are approached, referendums are invented and all forms devised to escape assuming boldly the responsibility of the issue. And yet at this moment matters have progressed to such a point on this question that every one sees that if the politicians had frankly and boldly from the very beginning taken the stand, that it was an unwise and impracticable thing, from the political and moral standpoint, to adopt such legisla-

tion, the very difficulties with which they have been floundering for a generation would have been infinitely less, and the moral sentiment of the people would not have been outraged and debauched by every form of hypocrisy and cowardly subterfuge to escape an issue which was plain, palpable and inevitable.

In public life Canada is not a nation of moral heroes. It is a nation of opportunists. That man gets to the front easiest and best who conceals his opinion on all dangerous topics, and confines his observations on public life to the tame and judicious platitudes of the moment.

This moral attenuation is not confined to the political field in Canada. It permeates all important functions and callings. It is found conspicuous in the pulpit. Each Sunday morning's essay is adjusted to suit the tastes of the regnant element in the pews—and thoughts of self-advancement are rarely absent from the minds of those who are preaching the gospel of self-forgetfulness. Professors in universities rarely endanger their professional positions by expositions which run directly opposite to the prevalent views and interests of the governing body. In Great Britain, in France, in Germany, Professors of Science have gone beyond the process of fumbling stones and discovering new forms of fauna and fossil; they have applied the fresh light obtained by scientific investigation to the great problems which relate to human life and destiny, even though it tends to strike down cherished beliefs and sacred dogmas. The scientific men of Canada have never yet, so far as I am aware, challenged the thunders of the pulpit by a straight blow at any orthodox error.

The downright truth of the matter is that in Canada it does not pay to be bold. The reformer, it must be confessed, has a very uncomfortable time of it in the world as at present constituted. The race is now for wealth and power. The attention of mankind is absorbed to such a degree in railroads, telegraphs, electric light, machinery, steamboats, transportation, stock exchanges, houses, yachts, sports, food, in a word, everything which administers

to the physical and bodily comfort, that it has naturally a disagreeable and disturbing effect for anyone to arise and declare, amidst all this mad rush, that there is such a thing as an immortal soul, and that what pertains to the interest of that which is to last beyond the brief day of this present life is of infinitely more far reaching importance than all these things which constitute the idols at the shrine of which the whole mass of the Christian world are now reverently and devotedly worshipping.

While clinging to the belief that the world is improving and recognising the improved condition of life amid the masses, and the tendency of the age toward greater beneficencies in the care of the sick and the afflicted, it is also a fact that the beginning of the twentieth century finds the world in a more profoundly materialistic condition than the beginning or middle of the nineteenth. The proof of this is various. Poetry has distinctly declined during the past fifty years, and one may look over the English-speaking world in vain to find one singer who is fit to rank with the Shakespeares and Miltons of the fifteenth or even the Tennysons, Brownings and Longfellows of the nineteenth. Poetry does not pay, hence even the men of genius, who are influenced more or less by the prevailing sentiment of the age, bend their energies in other fields of literature more financially promising.

Philosophers are scarcely known in these days. The descendants of the Goethes, Kants, Liebnitz, Schillers, Schopenhauers and Carlyles are not to be found anywhere in the world at the beginning of the twentieth century. Tendencies to philosophical enquiry are no doubt as strong as ever, but in an age when men are absorbed in problems of transportation, syndicates, inventions, stock booming, and factories, no one will stop to listen to the discussion of problems of either a metaphysical or abstract nature. We still read Carlyle and Kant and Schiller because they are the recognised classics of the language; but, if Carlyle were living to-day, and wrote his thundering denunciations of the wretched superficiality and self-seeking

of the present age, nobody would read his utterances and they would be turned aside, as all such utterances now are, with a smile and with a sneer.

Fifty years ago the magazines contained articles on philosophical and religious subjects. Scarcely any venture to deal with such topics now, and a glance at their contents will show that the articles now sought by the people are either short stories, historical curiosities or descriptions of material progress taking place all over the world, including fresh inventions and scientific discoveries.

Even in the matter of higher education the tendency of the present moment is to substitute technical education for a purely literary course. It seems to be the overshadowing aim of the age that men should be taught to do something whereby they can make money, and the whole object in training young men is to make them practical. No one for a moment would undervalue skilled labour or fail to appreciate the importance of having men fitted in industrial pursuits to work with intelligence and skill. A helpless man, unfitted by training to do anything, is one of the least edifying spectacles possible. Nevertheless one recalls with more or less regret the days when education was designed to cultivate the mind, elevate the soul and create men with high ideals, broad views and generous aspirations. It would seem to be the tendency of the educational system of the day that the pupil should acquire a few of the necessary implements of life, reading, writing, arithmetic, a little history and science and then forthwith begin to train himself for money-getting, and any element of the liberal arts education which fails to place the low, practical idea of hustling for a living in the first place, is condemned by the whole commercial and industrial world.

Is it not time to call a halt in this mad career of materialism and practicality, and once more ask if there is nothing in life but the building of houses, the acquisition of money, the creation of machinery and an aggregation of bodily comforts? Is nothing to be counted of

moment except that which can be weighed and handled? Are we to take no account of justice, courtesy, self-forgetfulness, courage and heroism? Has humanity forever ceased to be enriched by the heroic sacrifice of martyrs? Is it forever to be a Gradgrind question as to who shall have the largest salary, who shall live in the biggest house and whose name shall be paraded most in the newspapers?

All this will be regarded as a disagreeable indictment of our age with no remedy suggested. The remedy, if any, must be in the hands of a chosen few who, recognising the true ideals of living, will have the courage and fortitude to go out into the world and promulgate these ideals even in the face of indifference and hostility.

We have still the pulpit. What is it doing? We still have universities and arts courses and professors with high standards. Shall we not some time reach the stage when every young man in college shall not be taught to look forward to becoming a judge, a prime minister, a high official or successful barrister or a popular clergyman luxuriating in the appreciation of the world and enjoying great emoluments, but when it shall, indeed, be promulgated as the highest and supreme doctrine that sacrifice is greater than riches, and that to forget one's personal aims and advancement in the world and to heroically dedicate one's energies to the advantage of others, is not only the noblest and greatest thing in the world, but is, after all, the only way in which undying fame and honour can be achieved.

Ambition is the siren word which is planted or sought to be planted in the breast of every young man. In the school, in the academy, in the university, he is bidden go forth and achieve worldly success. If his tendencies are toward the law, his mind is dazzled with the picture of sitting as Chief Justice in ermine robes, enjoying the homage of mankind from his lofty position. If it is the church, a bishopric is set before him, or the pastorship of a wealthy and fashionable church where his eloquence elicits the applause of press and multi-

tude, and his handsome salary invites him to participate in all the luxuries of this wicked world. If his tendencies are toward public life, a prime ministership looms up before him as a glittering gem when he shall stand in a place of power and be deafened by the applause of multitudes. If teaching is to be his calling, a professorship or college presidency is fixed upon as his goal. If mercantile life, then a merchant prince, thinking in millions and in his daily transactions sweeping the products of a Greek isle. It is indeed difficult, in this age, to induce a world whirling in a mad maelstrom of selfish aims to even consider seriously the true ideals of life. Ambition to accomplish personal or selfish aims is a miserable thing and absolutely incompatible with the possibility of true greatness or glory. Carlyle's words, in his "Hero and Hero Worship," constitutes a refreshing exposé of this miserable falsehood.

"Great men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man who is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake to acknowledge him a great man, and to set him over the heads of men. Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man? A poor, morbid, prurient, empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you will find something in him. In good truth I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way."

The true hero, the truly great man, if one desires to be such rather than a false, superficial man, will never make his

personal advancement the end and guerdon of his efforts. If law is to be his province, his first aim will be to discharge conscientiously, with exactitude and faithfulness, the duties which his profession impose upon him. To vindicate the right, to expose the wrong at whatever cost. That man only is fit to sit in the Chief Justice's chair.

If his mission is to be the care of souls, then the uplifting of mankind is to be his first and supreme aim and his own advancement absolutely forgotten or ignored. Such a man only is fit for the saintly office of a bishop or a spiritual leader.

If public life is to be his field, his first thought must be of his country and her welfare, and this must be upheld though he and his cause fall. Such a man only is fitted to hold the supreme post of Prime Minister.

If teaching is to be his profession, then the moulding in a thousand subtle ways of the character of those brought under his influence, the unfolding of the higher instincts of manhood and womanhood must be the first, the supreme and constant aim. Such a man only is fitted to adorn the professorial chair or to be the college president.

In the name of God let us endeavour in this age of supposed enlightenment, to call a halt to this eternal policy of self-seeking and mad endeavour to elbow our way to places of power and position! It is a miserable ideal, and cannot be too soon dethroned. The real difficulty at the moment is that most persons assent to the theory when high ideals are presented. These are subscribed to in the abstract, but, in the tendency of the age, they are ignored in the concrete.

Let me draw a picture. Two young men start in life with equal powers and equal opportunities. The one devotes himself to the pursuit of self-advancement. He hews his way through obstacles until in the end he attains the highest goal of human ambition in his country. He dies a Prime Minister or a Chief Justice, rich, living in a luxurious home, abounding in friends, honour and fame. When he dies ten thousand people from all parts of the country fol-

low his remains to their last resting-place and these last rites are recorded throughout the press of the world.

The other young man resolves to devote himself to the service of others, and all through life he cherishes his high ideal and toils patiently through difficulties to attain some worthy object, to lift the human race, if he may, to some higher plane of thinking and living. In this process he is buffeted about, sneered at by the cold cynic, and his highest motives attributed to base purposes. No part of the wealth and luxury of the world is laid at his feet. Perhaps, like others who have sought to pursue the same career, he may be submitted to ostracism and persecution.

Nevertheless, without a murmur he adheres to his purpose and struggles to the end to illustrate, like his Master, the true ideals of life. He dies in poverty, and half a dozen persons straggle behind his remains when they are laid in the tomb. Yet, when he died, he had a great, big, expanded soul, and had wrought much good for his race which, in due course of time, future generations will recognise, appreciate and honour.

Say, truly, young man, which of these ideals will you pursue? That the last is the highest everyone will recognise, but how many in this busy, bustling, materialistic and self-seeking age will choose the higher path? Who will deliberately consent to ignore bodily comforts and the sweets of temporary applause and the baubles of fame and honour in order that his life shall be consecrated to the highest service of his race.

After all, we value too highly all the honours and glories which this poor world can bestow. Outward pomp and ceremony are but a passing and pitiful affair. True greatness is from within, and cannot be weighed or measured by human applause. The real thing is the man—not what the man seems. Fame is, after all, but a meteor, and may be dissipated by a transient breath, and the proudest monuments which human pride have erected are nearly allied to dust and ashes:

“The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

It is the materialistic, self-seeking tendency in human minds that leads to war and national aggression. True ideals planted in human hearts would make war hideous and impossible. The same spirit which makes men seek for worldly advantage urges nations to seek possessions, enlarge their territories, and build up a spirit of national pride. Let it not be imagined we have gained the point of hating war. The spirit that calls for blood is still rampant in all parts of the civilised world at the beginning of the twentieth century. A most unjustifiable war was undertaken with Spain, not long ago, by the United States. Where were the pulpits? Calling men to moderation and peace? No—rather inflaming men to seize their muskets and rush to the front. It was not a case of defending homes—it was rather a case of national pride and aggression.

What Canada and, indeed, what all nations need, before all things, in this age, is men who have the courage to say and do the right and true thing even though it involves unpopularity and personal loss. We need men like William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John Brown, who, believing that slavery was abominable wickedness and a disgrace to their country, dedicated their lives to its suppression and to this end were willing to suffer persecution, personal violence and even death to awaken the public conscience and achieve their end. We need men like the Seven Bishops of England, who preferred to face a hostile court sooner than sacrifice their duties as religious guides and leaders. Like Emile Zola, who, believing that a monstrous and hideous injustice had been done a poor officer in the French army, thought not of his comfort and his peace but thought first of justice, and to vindicate this was willing to suffer fine, imprisonment and risk of personal violence from an ignorant

and prejudiced mob. We need men like George M. Grant who, when he believed that the adoption of prohibition would be a disastrous thing in Canada, and found all men cowards on the subject, had the courage to give out, uphold and avow his opinions at the risk of being taunted with being the friend of the saloon-keepers, and badgered with the threat that subscriptions would be withdrawn from the university over which he presided. We need men like Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has constantly been uttering sentiments unpopular with most people, but which he believed represented the true moral purposes of the day, and it matters little to him that the unthinking multitude brand him as a crank. We need men who, when they see wrong rampant, will not be afraid to risk a little of their personal comfort and assail it, who are not afraid to utter new opinions because they are likely to offend the unthinking. We are often told that we possess the spirit of men who in great emergencies would become Latimers and Riddleys, or to emulate the heroism of the Seven Bishops. But the difficulty of the world is that its heroic needs are not fulfilled by waiting for great occasions. It is by the daily and hourly trials in everyday work and life that true heroism is to be tested and exercised.

In the political world, more than elsewhere, moral courage is imperatively needed at this stage of our history. It unfortunately happens that the party system imposes an inexorable tyranny which makes it almost impossible for a man to express an independent opinion. If one actively engaged in political matters ventures to animadvert in clear and forcible terms upon the general policy of his party, it means the possibility of ostracism. The evil is scarcely more conspicuous here than in other countries where popular government is established, but in England the number of those in public life who possess wealth and high position is proportionately larger than in Canada, and independent expression and action is more common than here. If, in every constituency in Canada, a distinct body of one hundred men of high intelligence

and character existed, who were absolutely free from any party prejudices or trammels, these would constitute the most wholesome and hopeful factor in the public life of the country.

Akin to ambition is a prevailing tendency to seek popularity, to be on the winning side, to be always uttering opinions that are known to be prevalent opinions. Most men in this age in the political, in the moral, in the religious and the social world, are accustomed to look stealthily round and see the position of matters before venturing to utter an opinion. The attitude of the average politician is a man with a telephone at each ear waiting for signs which indicate the direction of the popular breeze, and then sufficient courage is mustered to speak. It is a harsh thing to say, but on most moral questions the prevailing opinion in all ages has been unsound and the only way in which truer and better views of life have been obtained is through the efforts of some men who have had the courage to say that the prevailing views were unsound and to give reasons for it, and, although he was almost sure to be metaphorically kicked and cuffed for his pains, he has the satisfaction of knowing that through his tribulations and trials a higher tone has been reached. If one were speaking to men looking solely to their worldly advantage and promotion, I would perhaps advocate just such a course as seems to be almost universally in vogue. If you want to get on in the world, be a moral coward and trim your sails to every passing breeze, adjust yourself to the whims and prejudices of those around you, humour their foibles, flatter their assumed virtues and they will vote you a remarkably discerning and delightful fellow. But, nevertheless, this is not heroic, this is not the true character of manhood which is essential to creating a sound and wholesome public sentiment in the country. Nay, more, it is a question of sowing and reaping. To secure mere worldly applause and success in general means that the rewards of life are to be taken as we go along. Most of the world's heroes, and this is, perhaps, the most comfortable reflection that one can find in respect of the race, are found among the ranks of those

who were not successful and popular in their lives. And this naturally leads to another phase of the matter. Which is the true ideal to seek—to aggregate together the greatest amount of comfort, wealth and glory within a lifetime or to pursue a life which is inevitably bound to be strewn with thorns during life, but will result in the lasting fame and gratitude of mankind? If the alternative were presented to a bright young man, about embarking on life, which would you prefer—to be pre-eminently successful in your lifetime by a policy of ignoble trimming and pandering to the world in which you live; or, to pursue an heroic life, facing each day obstacles and encountering, perhaps, each hour, the ridicule and opprobrium of multitudes, but sure in pursuing your heroic career that generations to come after you have passed away, would do honour to your name and enroll you among the worthy and great of the earth? I have ventured to submit this alternative to many persons in my lifetime and I have found a discouraging tendency on the part of every person to clutch at the present advantage, because, it is stated mournfully, that this world is all we know about, and that the plaudits of a future generation will be of no personal advantage. Perhaps this view is the sound one and perhaps the one which I am suggesting is the one which partakes of morbidity and insanity, but I venture to avow my own conviction that the only manly and heroic course is to face the tide and resist evil and error wherever they appear; and, if need be, in the declaration of one's conscientious convictions, to face a jeering and hostile world, conscious, as one may well be, that the ultimate judgment of mankind will be favourable.

Thank God, although the world itself in all ages has been inclined to be cowardly and time serving, posterity has never worshipped moral cowards, however successful, and the heroes of the world have almost invariably been drawn from that class of men who were not reckoned heroes in their day and generation.

The almost universal tendency is toward self-seeking. The demon of selfishness whispers in the ear of every young man in the country, "Go and achieve a

great position in the world, secure a high position where you will be looked up to with envy and receive the servile smiles and approbation of contemporaries." Looked at justly and profoundly this is a miserable ideal. Certainly a wretched travesty on Christism. The true ideal of life is—serve self and die, serve others and live. Of all the great heroes that the world has continued to worship for generations and centuries after they have lived, it will be difficult to find one whose aim in life was selfish. The successful man, so called, who hews his way to fame by selfish ambition, sinks into oblivion immediately the earth has covered his remains and many of the men whose names blazon on the pages of history as demi-gods, who have lifted up the race by their elevated sentiments, are men who have scarcely had enough to eat during their lives and scarcely a half-dozen straggling mortals to follow their remains to the tomb.

I do not deny the advantages of modern civilisation, nor proclaim that all progress made in science, art and industry is worthless or contrary to true Christian ideals, nor condemn industrial and material progress, nor minimise the importance of inventions which contribute to individual comfort, but I utter a plea for the recognition of things spiritual as paramount and supreme. It is not inconsistent with high ideals that a man should live in a comfortable house, and obtain a competency or even wealth for himself and his family. It is inconsistent with high ideals that the achievement of these things should be made an idol and become paramount, shutting out a due regard for mental and spiritual qualities, which are of higher and infinitely greater consequence. And, as two thousand years ago, it was declared by the highest wisdom that it is impossible to serve God and Mammon, so in this age it is impossible for mankind to bend all their energies to the achievement of material aims and objects and at the same time claim to possess the vital spark of religious life.

The cause of humanity is never hopeless. There are advances and recessions. For the past few decades the tide

of materialism has started over the world in irresistible volume, but spiritual aspirations have, nevertheless, not utterly perished and nothing seems to me more certain than that in the course of two or three decades there will be once more a revival of religion in the world, and by this I do not mean the beating of tom-toms or paroxysms of religious fury, as is sometimes seen in the churches, but rather a clear and generous recognition of the fact that it is not seemly in humanity that all their best energies should be devoted to things that merely minister to their bodily comfort, but that the first and paramount duty of every free and independent man or woman is the elevation of the soul and the uplifting of that part which is spiritual and immortal.

I would like to see this work of moral regeneration begun in Canada. It would indeed be a great achievement if the tendencies of the age could be brightened and improved by influences generated in our own land, that the apostles of high ideals should spring from Canadian soil and make their influence felt throughout the entire world. To place the cause higher than the individual is a principle which is bound to achieve the highest possible success. Just as in the physical world the supreme law is self-preservation, the survival of the fittest, the weak crushed out by the strong; so, in the spiritual world, the law is precisely the reverse. The law of spiritual growth is self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness. To live and toil and achieve for others is far greater and more sublime than to live and toil and achieve for one's self. Under the influence of selfishness the soul dwarfs, under the influence of unselfishness the soul expands. Railways, telegraphs, transportations, manufactures,

wealth and industrial progress would combined be a poor compensation for a nation of spiritual dwarfs. If Canada is to be the fulfilment of the dreams of its best and most patriotic sons, it is not of supreme importance that it should be filled by teeming millions from all parts of the earth nor that its volume of trade should expand to billions. To possess men and women of large ideals and high impulses, of heroic temperament and of large souls, and with due recognition of the supreme importance of spiritual things, this would mean all that the most sanguine Canadian could ask or desire of his country.

Canada has now reached a point which justifies the patriotic allegiance of its citizens. Vast in extent, unlimited in its resources and growing apace, it opens a vista for the brightest hopes and the highest expectations. Many of us regret that we were born too late to see the full fruition of these hopes in the expansion and development of the mighty nation in North America. Those younger will enjoy this privilege. The nineteenth century was the century of the United States, and marked its wonderful progress in the course of a hundred years. Shall we not say that the twentieth century is Canada's century, and will witness a growth equally wonderful and results equally inspired? But when the end of the century has come and Canada is a nation of thirty or forty millions of rich and prosperous people, its greatness will then be measured not by its extent of territory, its numbers, its accumulated wealth, by the grandeur of its cities or the splendid monuments it has erected. It will be measured by the moral character of its people, by the recognition which it gives to the higher laws of spiritual growth.



Lord Gordon Gordon*

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW



THE death the other day of Chief Justice Bain of Manitoba recalls this story. The late judge was merely a link in a chain of events that had its beginning in a Princess Street jewellery shop, Edinburgh, and ended at the headwaters of the Fort Saskatchewan River in the Rocky Mountains. The whole story is buried in the archives of one of Scotland's noblest houses, in the grave with a Scotch Episcopalian clergyman, in the vaults of an Edinburgh firm of solicitors, in the private papers of the late Chief Justice Bain, and in an unmarked mound on the banks of the Red River where the City of Winnipeg now stands.

What follows is merely a sequel to an incident connected with the life of one of the most mysterious criminals of modern times, the man who outwitted Jay Gould in the zenith of his financial career out of millions, caused the relations between the governments of the two great branches of the English-speaking race to become strained, and brought about the mobbing of the Attorney-General of Manitoba in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota. In the frenzy of modern finance, and the sudden upbuilding of Winnipeg, the tragic story of Lord Gordon Gordon is almost forgotten, although little more than a third of a century has lapsed since the eyes of the English-speaking world were fixed upon the act of a lad barely out of his teens, whose success in crime can only be explained by the audacity of madness or the consummate intuition of genius.

As Lord Gordon Gordon he will always be known, for the world will know him by no other name. 'Tis a far cry from the headwaters of a Rocky Mountain stream to the world's first knowledge of Lord Gordon Gordon, but a brief resumé of the two or three known years of Gordon's life are necessary to explain an episode twenty years afterwards in an unnamed canyon.

In the early seventies a slight, aristocratic-looking young man stepped from a

carriage into the jewellery establishment of Mr. Marshall, the most fashionable jeweller of his day in Edinburgh. There was evident taste in his selections of various articles of jewellery, and particular interest was shown by him in a small silver casket of Venetian workmanship. He instructed his purchases to be sent to a fashionable hotel. Whatever hesitation Mr. Marshall or his people might have had regarding the account was removed by the card handed by the distinguished-looking purchaser which read "Lord Gordon Gordon," the family name of at least three of the noblest families in Britain, and a reference to one of the best known divines of the Scottish capital. His appearance in the same shop with this clergyman a few days afterwards completely allayed any doubts of Mr. Marshall regarding the extensive purchase.

The next the world knows of Lord Gordon Gordon was his appearance in London as a guest of a well-known corporation solicitor. From this shrewd adviser of financial investment the records show that Lord Gordon Gordon borrowed over £2,000 and was shortly afterwards heard of in New York, as a guest at the Astor House, then the fashionable hotel of the United States metropolis. At this time the financial world was agitated by the colossal schemes of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, his lieutenant, among which the wrecking of the Erie Railway, then one of the chief railways of the continent, was a considerable factor. There is a mystery surrounding the origin of the report which soon spread through Wall Street, and into the counting houses of the wealthy and speculative, that the good-looking, young, titled Britisher, registered as Lord Gordon Gordon at the Astor House, was the representative of the British bondholders of the Erie Railway. These interests were great and were presumably hostile to the Gould plans. The American Millionaire was kept kicking his heels day after day in the ante-room of Lord Gordon's apartments

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while awaiting an opportunity to confer with the supposed representative of the British interests in the Erie Railway. The first interview resulted in the great American Capitalist being abruptly shown the door by the apparently insulted young aristocrat, the last resulted in the deposit by Gould of negotiable securities amounting to several millions of dollars in the hands of Lord Gordon Gordon as evidence of good faith on the part of Gould in a transaction whereby the British investors were to be outwitted through the breach of faith of their supposed agent.

The game was a gigantic one for a boy only out of his teens, to outwit on their own ground the shrewdest and most unscrupulous financiers of the American Continent. He succeeded, and after a certain amount of vexatious litigation in New York, and escaping successful criminal prosecution from the dubious character of the original transaction and the complicity of Gould in his scheme against the British investors, he was next heard of in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It was the time of the construction of the great transcontinental railway, the Northern Pacific, then being built under great financial difficulties. The arrival at the little frontier town of a millionaire and a British Lord in one and the same person, could mean only one thing—investment in the wild prairie lands of the embarrassed railway. He was treated royally by the officials, excursions were made to prospective town sites, a great buffalo hunt was arranged and on many a site of a now prosperous Minnesota and Dakota town the historic banner of the Grand Gordons of Scotland and the Stars and Stripes fluttered before the marquee of a youth who was befooling a continent to the fullest.

But the implacable Jay Gould still had his emissaries on the trail of the young adventurer and Gordon knew it, and one day the people of St. Paul learned that a buffalo hunt had culminated in the arrival of Lord Gordon Gordon at Fort Garry, then forming the nucleus of the City of Winnipeg. The life of Lord Gordon Gordon is well known to the Winnipeggers of the early days. He occupied the home on the estate at Silver Heights owned by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company

who is now known as Lord Strathcona, Canadian Commissioner in London, and his hospitality was a by-word from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Silver Heights was the centre of the social life of the little settlement on the banks of the Red River. What if there was a cloud over the past of a gentle-mannered host with fascinating gifts and of lavish generosity! The Northwest Settlement, the new-born Province of Canada, took him as was the way of the frontier for what he appeared to be. The intimate friend of the Provincial Ministers of the Crown, of the judiciary, of the officers of the military, and of the better class of professional men, he was also the comrade of the half-breeds and Indians on many a buffalo hunt or canoe trip into the untravelled north. Copies of Debrett and Burke, the chroniclers of the British peerage, were not on the book-shelves of the then isolated settlement, and it was not hard to more than half convince the recipients of the generous hospitality of an aristocratic-looking young man of refined and scholarly tastes, that he was a Scottish lord who had escaped from the meshes of a net set by an unscrupulous Wall street operator.

During all this time while Gordon was the guest of the gubernatorial dinners and the host of great hunting parties, Jay Gould had not been idle. Several attempts had been made on hunting trips to inveigle the man who had outdone the great railway wrecker across the border, where he could be arrested on a criminal charge. The crime of obtaining money under false pretences was not extraditable under the Ashburton Treaty, and various were the schemes which Gould tirelessly set in motion to bring Gordon within the clutches of United States law. Kidnapping was attempted twice, and once was almost successful. In the dead of night the Chief of Police of St. Paul, with two United States constables, handcuffed Gordon in his bed at Silver Heights, and on swift horses bore him towards the United States border. The body servant of Gordon, his foster brother it was said, a young Highlander who was believed to be the sole repository of the secret of his mysterious life, aroused the town of Winnipeg, a few miles away. An armed

rescue party was at once dispatched in pursuit. The Attorney-General wired Pembina, the border town towards which the kidnappers had ridden, and great was the jubilation along the Red River when the news came that the men of Pembina had forced the release of Gordon from the quasi-official kidnappers at the point of the revolver.

The breakers of International law were taken prisoners and prosecuted by Attorney-General Clark and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Representations of the outrage were submitted to the British Government and a long and dangerous correspondence took place between the Government of Britain and the United States regarding the matter. Foiled in this attempt detectives were sent to Great Britain by Gould to ferret out the career of Gordon in Scotland. His career, as far as they could discover, began in the Princess street jewellery shop of Mr. Marshall, in Edinburgh. Beyond that nothing could be discovered. Pertinacity, time and money do much, and the agents of the vindictive, outwitted Jay Gould persuaded Mr. Marshall to take a trip to the city of Toronto, and there on Canadian soil lay an information against one styling himself Lord Gordon Gordon, charging him with obtaining certain jewellery under false pretences, specifically mentioning a Venetian casket of antique workmanship.

In the depths of winter the journey of the Canadian police officers was made and the arrest consummated one night when a northern blizzard made the trail between Silver Heights and Winnipeg almost impassable. Gordon had taken his arrest with the cool insouciance that was his distinguished characteristic. He sent for his solicitor, Mr. John F. Bain, the principal lawyer of the Province, who had been his personal friend and professional adviser throughout the many complications of his short life in the Canadian West.

"This is an action on the part of the Crown, on the part of the Canadian Government, and I have to inform you," said Mr. Bain, reluctantly, "that it will be impossible for me to act for you. I have been the adviser of the Crown for several years in Winnipeg, and have been specially instructed in this case on its behalf."

Gordon looked thoughtful for a minute and the silence in the little house grew oppressive.

"You can go this far and retain your standard of professional honour, Bain," said Gordon quietly; "you can tell me if those legal papers carried by these men are any good, and if they are sufficient to compel me to appear in a Toronto court.

"They are," answered the lawyer. "Do you notice that they specifically describe that Venetian casket in which is the love letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Adam Gordon? You know several people have seen it. That will be sufficient to compel you to appear for trial."

"Strange! Strange fatality," said Gordon almost dreamily, as he exchanged a look with his servant who stood in the doorway of his adjoining bedroom. "From Adam Gordon, the page of Mary's Court in Holyrood three hundred years ago, who died for his devotion to one who lived to win men's hearts, that letter has brought nothing but ruin to his race. But heigho, that's an old, old story, and this means a journey to Toronto. We go by the Dawson route, through Canadian territory, I suppose?"

There was some hesitation in the police officer's face when Gordon put the question to him. "We shall try and may get through that way. It has been a bad winter. It would be easier to go down through the States."

Gordon looked earnestly at the unsteady eyes of the police officer for a minute, and said quietly, "I see it all. Jay Gould has won. Away from Winnipeg, we shall be in St. Paul in a week, and with his money and influence at work on a venal judge it means conviction. I see what it all means but needs must when the devil drives," said he lightly. "A cold night, isn't it? I must wrap up."

He retired to the bedroom a few steps away, from which the police were aware that there was no other outlet than the door, and he and his servant busied themselves apparently with the question of the clothing requisite for the journey.

"We shall have to make a search of the premises, sir," said the policeman.

"In a minute, policeman," said the soft, indifferent voice from the inner room.

Grant, help me with these shoes. Thank you, and now, good and faithful old friend and brother—Good-bye.” And it must have been then in the clasp of hands in the semi-darkness that the fateful casket with its historic contents were passed, for the police officers never found it and Grant disappeared from the Red River Settlement that night.

“You had better hurry a little, sir,” said the police officer. “You have many friends in these parts and I want to get on the road before daylight.”

“To St. Paul,” said Gordon, appearing at the door-way. “I shall take a shorter road. Good-bye, Bain.”

There was a curious smile on his boyish lips and a defiant upraising of his head that recalled the gallant bearing of the Gay Gordons of old in Senate or on battlefield, and then—the flash and crash of a revolver-shot and Lord Gordon Gordon fell dead in the centre of the room carrying the mystery of his life with him.

A few years ago in a canyon of the Big Horn Hills in the Rocky Mountains where the great Saskatchewan River of the north has its beginning in the steel-blue waters of the turbulent Brazeau—a group of two white men, a good-looking half-breed woman and two half-breed men stood. It was a hunting party, but the approach of a flock of Rocky Mountain sheep down the steep mountain half a mile away did not interrupt the earnest conclave of the

group. The woman held in her hand a beautiful casket of old world manufacture.

“You were given that last night by Grant. You took it. Tell me, Elise, do you choose him as your man?” said her husband in guttural Cree, and his hands nervously fingered his Winchester.

“No, Pierre,” said she—and her head was bowed. “He gave me this, but it looked beautiful, and the thing inside it was given years and years ago by a great white woman, the chief of her people in a country where Grant’s father came from across the great Salt Lake towards the rising sun, and he said his father told him it was worth more than the valley covered with ponies. He said it was for a woman to have. But you are my husband, Pierre, and with you I want to live. The beautiful box is bad medicine. See how much I care, Pierre, my husband,” and with a quick motion of her hand she hurled the casket into the foaming waters of the Brazeau.

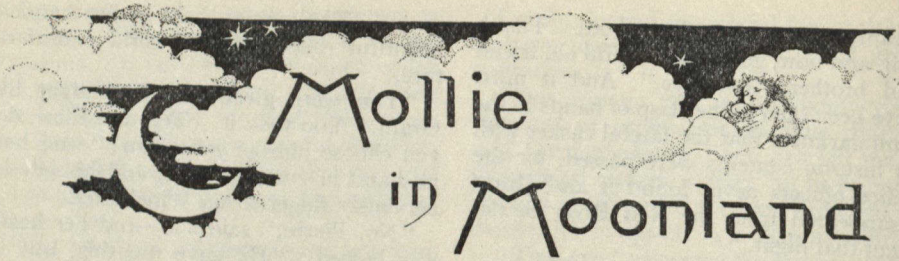
“Ugh! “’Tis well,” said her husband. “It was bad medicine.”

And the man beside him who had studied in a Winnipeg law office, and had read the old-world French in the note subscribed “Marie” in the casket that was being swept down the mountain gorge by the rushing waters of the Brazeau, echoed the remark:

“Yes, it was bad medicine.”

For he knew something of its story.





Mollie in Moonland

By G. P. Medley

Author of "A Birthday in Bogieland"

CHAPTER I



FROM her earliest infancy Mollie had cried for the moon. Before she could speak she was often very much annoyed by having nasty medicine given her by nurse, who thought she had a pain somewhere, when she was only twisting her little head about to get a better view of the moon through the window, and she detested being laid, face downwards, and patted violently on the back. In fact, it made her sick with rage.

When she grew up a little and began to speak one of the first words she tried to say was "Moon," and her greatest delight was to look at the moon and hear nurse say:

"Where's Mollie's moon? Pretty moon!" and she would repeat as well as she could—

"Oyllie's 'oon! Pitty 'oon."

When she could both talk and walk, one day she asked her father, very seriously, for a penny.

"A big penny please, Daddy."

"What do you want a penny for, old girlie?" he asked.

"I want a big penny—to—buy—the moon, Daddy!"

"Well, there are two pennies for you. You can buy the moon and some sugar-candy too."

Somehow she was so taken up with buying and eating the candy she forgot to ask for the moon that day, but it was not long before she began again wanting to have it. She would not go to sleep until she had been allowed to look at it, and the bigger it grew the more she

thought what a lovely ball it would be to play with. Fifty times better than the silly air-balloons that always went "pop" just as she began to have a real good game with them.

Mollie had a brother bigger than herself, called Tom. He went to school, and one day he came home looking just about as proud as a peacock. He evidently had learnt something he did not know before. He dashed upstairs to the nursery and banged open the door. Mollie was drawing. She was making "moons" on paper with a pencil rather blunt and moist as she kept putting it in her mouth to "make it mark blacker," but somehow it insisted on running off all anyway, and the "moons" looked very queer. Tom kicked some toys which lay on the floor and then looked at her drawing.

"What a muff you are!" he said. "You can't draw the moon, you silly."

"I shall," said Mollie sharply.

"You can't," said Tom, "why, its ever so much bigger than the earth we live on."

"It isn't," said Molly. "It's you that's silly."

"I'm not. We had it for lessons today."

"You didn't," said Mollie. "Not the moon up in the sky."

"Yes, of course," said Tom. "There's only one moon, and I tell you it's bigger than this earth our house is built on."

"I don't believe you," said Mollie, beginning to draw again.

"That's cause you're a silly," said Tom grandly. "Why, there's no end of rot they told me about the moon."

Anyway, there's a lot of queer things going on with the moon. I can't remember, but anyhow it isn't that shape."

He pointed contemptuously at Mollie's drawings, and she snatched them off the table.

"You can't do it any better," she said. "Anyway, I know more about the moon than you do," he retorted. "You would see it is not round at all if you *could get up to it*. But I'm not going to fag any more about the silly old moon to-day."

"If she could get up to it." What a lovely idea! Instead of having the moon to come down, for her to get up to it and see exactly what it was like. How, how could she go? She thought and thought and kept on thinking.

"Ain't you feeling well, Miss Mollie?" asked nurse, as she tucked her up in bed that evening.

"Yes, but open the window and don't pull down the blind; make it go up high so's I can see the moon," said Mollie.

"O you and your moon," said nurse rather crossly, but she was fond of Mollie, and it being a warm night she did open the window and pulled the blind up high. Then she kissed Mollie and left the room.

Mollie lay looking at the moon, still thinking.

* * * * *

Suddenly she sat up and was astonished to see a bright, broad streak of light streaming straight down from the moon into her room. Then she heard a fluttering of wings and down the streak of light came a silver crescent-shaped coach drawn by a flock of doves driven by a coachman dressed in cloud-grey and silver. Such a perfectly beautiful little carriage Mollie had never seen. It was lined with sky-blue and the doves were harnessed to it by silver cords. The carriage was just big enough to hold one.

"Are you the Lady Mollie?" asked the coachman.

"I'm Mollie, and I'm going to be a lady when I'm bigger," said Mollie.

"I am to drive you to Moonland," said the coachman.

"I'm not dressed," said Mollie, "and I

can't button them all by myself." The coachman did not answer her.

"If I put them on can you button them?" asked Mollie.

Still the coachman did not speak. But the doves began to flap their wings, and Mollie was afraid they were going without her.

"My nighty is quite neat," she thought to herself. "It has pretty lace on it, but I must put on my shoes." So she slid out of bed and put her feet into her slippers. Then she thought she would unplait her hair, which was done up in a tight "pig-tail," but it struck her nurse might be angry so she left it as it was.

The coachman was watching her. He had turned the coach towards the window so that the doves stood on the ray of light. Then he waved his whip, a silver one, to Mollie to get into the carriage which she did quite easily, and sank back cosily on the soft cushions, and in another second found herself being drawn up higher and higher. The wonder to her was that she did not feel at all frightened. On the contrary, the higher she went the more happy she became, until by the time the carriage stopped she was laughing with joy and delight. At last she had attained her wish and was to know all about her moon.

She had no time even to feel lonely, for as she jumped out of the carriage on to firm ground two rather tall children ran towards her. They did not look quite the same as other children she knew, but she could not say what was the difference.

She was to learn many strange things in Moonland.

"Are you glad you have come?" they asked, both together.

"Yes," said Mollie. "How old are you?"

"We are both the same age," they answered.

"How many years?" asked Mollie. "I'm six and going to be seven. How old are you?"

"O ages," they answered.

"What are your names?"

"Gemini. We are twins," they answered.

"What's twins?" asked Mollie.

"Both the same age," they answered.

"We call each other Gem and Ini."

"Yes," said Mollie. "That's much easier."

Gem held out his hand and Ini kissed her, and she thought them very nice and kind.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"In the Zodiac," they answered.

"O, I don't know that place," said Mollie; "is it like the Zoo with lots of animals in it?"

"We don't know what the Zoo is like," they answered, "but we have animals in the Zodiac."

"The Zoo's a lovely place," said Mollie, "with lions and tigers and bears and fishes—"

"That's it. It must be the same, for in the Zodiac there's a ram, and a lion, and a bear, a goat, a bull. Then a crab and fish—"

"In a 'quariun?" asked Mollie eagerly.

"Well, there is Aquarius," said the twins.

"A 'quari-un, you ought to say," explained Mollie, very grandly.

"No!" contradicted the twins. "It is Aquarius."

"You don't know how to say it. The fishes in the 'quariun has scales on them," said Mollie.

"O, there are scales in Zodiac too," said the twins.

"All over the fishes?" asked Mollie, "'cept their eyes?"

"Of course not," said the twins. "Don't you know what scales are?"

"I suppose you mean scales to play 'shop' wiv. To weigh fings. You lend them to me and I will show you how," said Mollie.

"O, we must not touch the scales," they answered, "in case they get out of order."

"Couldn't your daddy buy new ones?"

"There are no more to be had," said the twins. "In all the Zodiac there is only one pair of scales."

"What a silly place!" said Mollie. "What else is there?"

"There is a Scorpion—"

"Is there snakes?" asked Mollie, eager to tell all she knew, "and serpints?"

"No, we have no snakes," said the twins, "nor serpents."

"Nor lelephants?" asked Mollie, "or camels or *dronyderies*?"

"No," said the twins.

"Our Zoo's best," said Mollie. "Do you live there all alone?"

"No, we live with our Aunt."

"What's her name?" asked Mollie.

"Aunt Virgo. She's an old maid. She really is old, but she gets up quite young like a girl."

"Does she plat her hair like mine at night?" asked Mollie, suddenly remembering her "pig-tail."

"Nobody knows," said the twins. "We think she wears a wig."

"Grandma does," said Mollie. "I saw her once without it. She did look an old guy."

"We never had a grandma," said the twins, "nor a mother nor daddy."

"O," said Mollie, "who gives you pennies or jam for tea and makes you do lessons and lots of fings you don't want to, and takes you to the seaside and smacks you sometimes?"

"Nobody," said the twins.

"Not even your aunt?" asked Mollie.

"O no! She dare not touch us," said the twins. "She knows she must keep her distance."

"What did you come here for?" asked Mollie.

"The man asked us to meet you."

"What man?" asked Mollie.

"Don't you know the man in the moon?" they asked in surprised voices.

"How can I when I've just come?" said Mollie crossly. "Where does he live?"

"All over the place," they said; "in fact he often says he is so worn out he feels as if he did not exist at all."

"What for?" asked Mollie.

"He has never got over his accident."

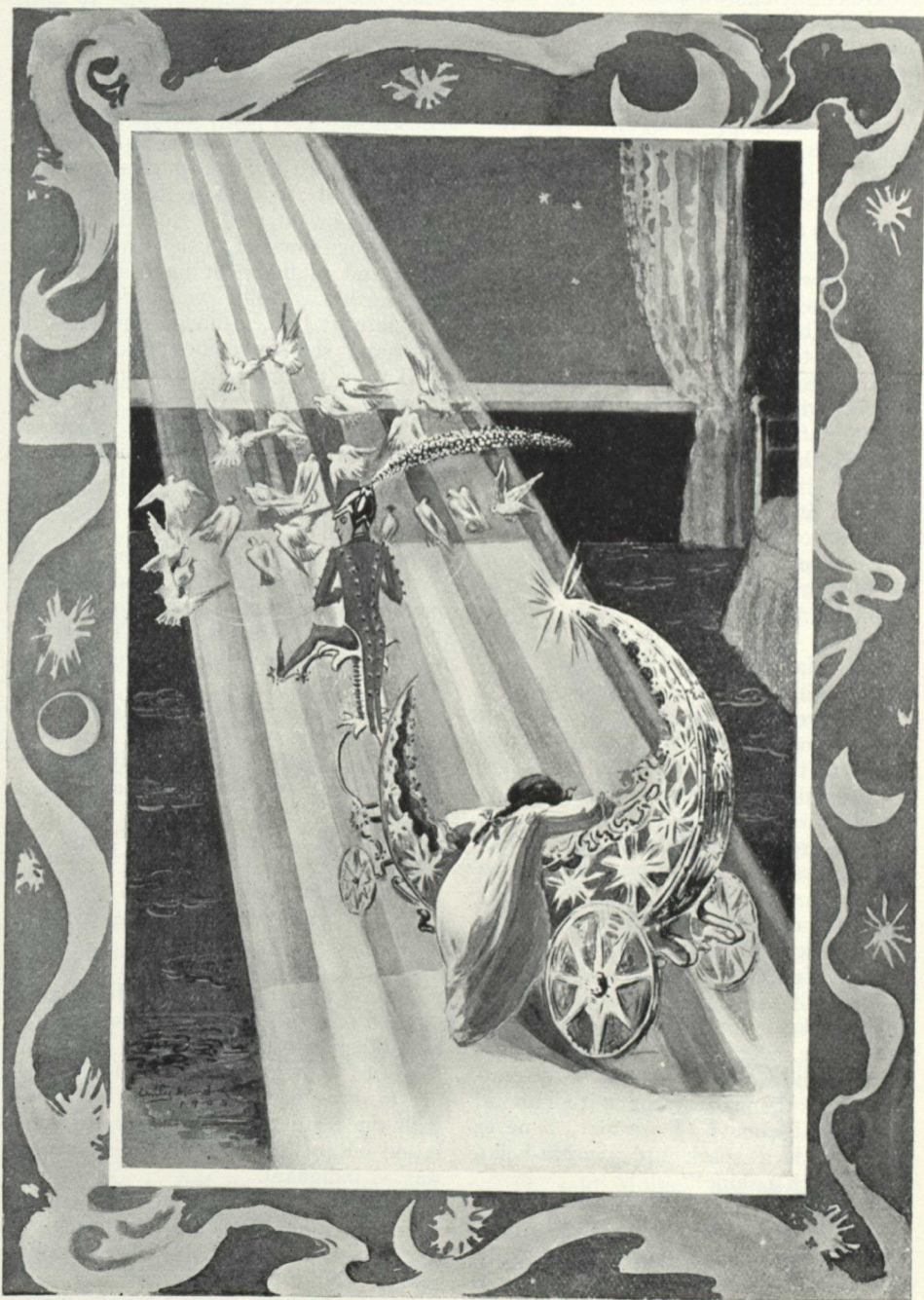
"When?" asked Mollie.

"Didn't you hear about when the man in the moon came down too soon?"

"Oh, yes," said Mollie, "I heard that. Where did he come from?"

"That's just it," they said. "Ever since his accident his memory is very bad and he can't tell us."

"Silly old man!" said Mollie. "Where is he now?"



“He had turned the coach towards the window.”

"He is staying at the hotel in the Orbit Mountains," said the twins.

"Let's go to the mountains and look for him," said Mollie. "How do we get there?"

"In an air-ship, of course," said the twins. Mollie did not like their tone of voice.

"Well you needn't be so grand," she said; "you seem to think yourselves everybody."

"Well, we are twins and you are not," they retorted.

"Well that's not everybody. I've got a brother too."

"But he isn't a twin," they said.

"What do you mean by 'twin'?" said Mollie, fluffing her lips.

"Both the same age—we told you that before."

"Well it isn't lessons," said Mollie. "Do you only have one birthday present between you?"

"We never had a birthday; it's so common," they answered.

"What stupid fings!" said Mollie. "Does twins never have birthdays?"

"We think you are a very rude girl."

They were getting angry. "We wish you had not come. We are not accustomed to rudeness. You had better get down again as fast as you can. We do not want rude girls here."

"You are lunetics, I fink," said Mollie. She always had an answer ready, and sometimes a very rude one. "Nobody wants to be twins. I wouldn't be a twin for anything and I know, Tom wouldn't either, upfgh."

They all three grew more and more angry, till suddenly a voice was heard exclaiming, ever so fast, "My stars and starlets, what's the matter, what's-the-matter, what's-the-matter, what's-it-all-about, what's-it-all-about? Flash-me! I never heard such a spark up! Such-a-helio-belloo, such-a-shine!"

Looking round Mollie saw—well the next chapter will tell you what she saw.



CHAPTER II

IT was only Mollie who was surprised, the twins appeared quite accustomed to the sight which met her eyes for the first

time. She saw a thin short man, so thin as to be what is called "wiry." He was dressed in an electric-blue tunic and bright orange-red tights. If you do not know what tights are, ask somebody. He had reddish-gold hair, brushed straight up on end, and a moustache the same colour also brushed up, which showed his mouth plainly, also his teeth, which were of shining-bright steel. Round his neck were hung rows of little silver match boxes and in his right hand he held a long feather. Mollie would do nothing but stare at him, although she knew it was rude; she could not speak.

"Top of the morning to you, Mollie," he said quickly. "Up with the lark, eh?" If Mollie could have expressed what she felt she would have said, "Don't be so familiar." But she could not say those words, so only frowned and continued to stare.

And well she might. The man never for one instant stood still on both feet at once but kept changing from one to the other, blinking his eyes, which I forgot to mention, were steel-blue and very glittering.

"Don't you know me, eh, Mollie?" he asked sharply. "I generally introduce myself for myself but as Gemini are here, introduce me straightaway, sharp, quick as sparks."

"That is Lucifer Lightup," said the twins both in one breath.

"Oh," said Mollie shortly.

"Know me now, eh, eh?" asked Lucifer.

"No, I don't want to," said Mollie. "You are a sight and a dreadful fidget."

"She is a rude girl," said the twins to each other in a low voice.

"But I know you," said Lucifer, springing towards her and tickling her cheek with the feather. Mollie tried to clutch it and felt inclined to scratch his face, she was so indignant.

"Not the first time I have roused you with my feather," said Lucifer, chuckling.

"You haven't," said Mollie, getting very red. "You're telling stories."

Lucifer Lightup twisted round, sprung into the air and came down again a little nearer to Mollie, continuing to hop about.

"Up in the morning early," that's the

song for me. I wake up the lazy ones; I tickle their eyes with my feather and make them blink—

Girls and boys get up, I say,
For it is the break of day;
Come big and little, great and small,
Spring out of bed at Lucifer's call."

"That's not right," said Mollie. "You don't know the right words."

"They are my words," said Lucifer, springing up extra high. "They're copy-right." Then he turned head over heels.

"You silly, wiggling fright," cried Mollie, angrily. "The words are not a copy, they're not right at all. You should say:

Girls and boys come out to play,
For it is a holiday;
Come wiv a hoop or come wiv a ball,
Come wiv a good-will, or don't come at all.

I'm only six and going to be seven, but I know better than you," and she pouted her lips.

"You'll have to get up very early in the morning to teach me anything," said Lucifer Lightup, with a high hop.

"You're in a fit, I fink," said Mollie, turning away from him.

As she did so her eyes were attracted by the strange look of the place where they stood.

"What's this place called?" she asked the twins.

"This is Perigee Point," answered Lucifer Lightup, springing nearer to her.

"I didn't speak to you," said Mollie, again turning her back on him.

"He knows best," said the twins; "he'll tell you most clearly about everything."

"Well I ought to know my way about," said Lucifer, with an extra wriggle; "there is not much I cannot clear up and bring to light."

"Stuck up fink," said Mollie.

"I don't mind rude girls. I often meet them early in the morning when they pretend not to feel my feather on their eyes and won't get up," said Lucifer, running his fingers through his hair till it bristled and shone. "Nothing they can say ever puts me out. So I will tell you about this place called Perigee. It is the nearest point from here to your earth. That is why the coach you came in stopped here. I start from here for my morning

work. I shall have to start soon, so come along with me and see my shop."

"How can you do work going on like that?" asked Mollie, as he twisted and twirled like a teetotum.

"I have to be in so many places at once," said Lucifer Lightup. "It would not do for me to keep still. But come and see my shop. Hold my hand."

"No I won't," said Mollie. But she turned to the twins and walked between them holding their hands.

"It is a funny place," she said, "not any twyes or hedges or houses. Just flat roads."

"Wait till you get nearer the mountains," said the twins. "It is quite different there."

Meanwhile Lucifer Lightup had gone on ahead springing up in the air, twisting, twirling, hopping, skipping and jumping his level best. "Sparkle up! Flash it!" he called out, beckoning them to hurry on. They began to run and at last they came to his "shop." But Mollie had never seen such a queer one. It rather took away her breath and made her blink.

It was built of crystal. A huge place with shelves all round it crammed with glass bowls and cylinders filled with shining stuff. Some of it looked like water and the rest was just like itself and nothing else. Lucifer Lightup darted up and twirled into the middle of the shop; swaying his feather from one bowl to the other he rattled off the names of the contents like this.

"Moonshine, beams, rays, sparks, flashes, darts, twinklers, luminations,—

"I've seen those," interrupted Mollie, eager to show she understood at least some of it.

"Galaxy, illusions, delusions, lucidity." He darted close to Mollie, "See these large bowls," he cried, "they are filled with reflections."

"O," said Mollie, "are all these fings sensive?"

"Expensive!" said Lucifer, "do you think I would take money for them, for the things in my shop? No! I give them away! All of them." Here he sprung several feet in the air and came down with a twirl. "Yes," he cried, "I give them all, all. As much as any one

wants. Everybody can have as much as they want. The more they want the more they should want. Why bless my stars and starlets! What would become of everybody without the contents of Lucifer Lightup's shop?" He sprang into the air and in his excitement he went over Mollie's head, then back again, turned somersaults all along the floor of the shop, then after one more high spring in the air, darted close beside her and smiled on her.

"What is that lovely, beautiful one up there?" she asked him, pointing to a crystal, glittering like radiant diamonds placed on a golden pedestal. It was twined with deep red roses and on the top was a golden crown set with rubies and one large and priceless pearl which gave the impression of a tear.

"That," said Lucifer, actually standing still and quiet. "That is the 'Light of other Days.' It is most precious. We keep it wreathed like that and we do not give that away."

"O," said Mollie. She was only a little girl, but she seemed to know what a very beautiful thing she was looking at, though she did not understand all about it. Lucifer smiled at her and she was sorry she had called him names.

"Mollie, little girl," he said gently, "here is a present for you. It is a case of some of my very best and brightest samples. You can keep some, but be sure and give away the rest, and when you have tried them and liked them, ask old Lucifer Lightup for more." So saying he hung a pretty silver case with a long silver chain round her neck. She looked at it and felt so pleased that she could not even say "thank you," but she meant it very much. In another instant Lucifer Lightup was dancing and singing:

"Oh, I love the merry, merry light,
It makes all hearts so bright,
And if 'tis dark at night
I bring joy-light at morning."

"Sing, Mollie! Sing, Twins!" he cried, and taking hands the three danced round, singing the words till Mollie knew them quite perfectly, while Lucifer sprang round and about, high and low, twisting, twirling, fast and slow, till with one mighty spring he disappeared.

For quite a minute, only just a minute, Mollie wished he had not gone away, but she felt quite happy when she held her pretty present tightly.

"What shall we do now?" she asked the twins.

"Let us go to the mountains and see the man, and perhaps he will take us to the Apogee."

"What's that place?" asked Mollie.

"Oh, we thought you would not know," said the twins rather grandly, "as it is so far from your earth." Again Mollie did not like their tone of voice.

"I know 'bout Land's End and you don't, so there," she said pertly.

"Well, you don't know about the Apogee, so there," said the twins.

They seemed inclined to begin quarrelling again, but as they were walking back to where the air ships were kept they had not time to be very rude to each other before they saw one evidently waiting for them. It had a pretty car attached to it, softly cushioned, and the steersmen were dressed in sky-blue and silver. The children settled themselves comfortably in the car, then the twins said:

"We wish to call on the man. He is at Half Moon hotel on the Orbit Mountains." In respectful silence the steersmen started.

Away flew the air-ship up like a bird. Mollie clapped her hands and laughed with delight; she felt as gay as a lark.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said to the twins.

"Luminiferous," said Gem.

"Altivolant," said Ini as they mounted higher and higher.

"What do you mean?" said Mollie.

"You will know when you are bigger," said the twins.

"Well, don't be sillies and talk 'grown-up' to little girls," said Mollie.

After that they did not speak; in fact, I fancy they went to sleep. When they awoke they found the air-ship had stopped and they had arrived at Half Moon hotel in the Orbit Mountains.



CHAPTER III

"IT'S not an hotel at all!" These were Mollie's first words as she jumped out of the car.



"My stars and starlets, what's the matter?"

"It is an hotel," said the twins.

"I say it's not," said Mollie. "It shows you don't know what an hotel is if you call that fing one." She pointed with her first finger and said "Upfgh."

"I don't think we ever knew quite such a rude girl," said the twins to each other.

"I'm not rude," said Mollie. "I know 'bout it. It's *acause* you're both such stupids to call that an hotel." Again she pointed her finger and said "Upfgh."

"It is our hotel," said the twins, looking severe.

"Well, it isn't a bit like one, so there," said Mollie. "I've been to an hotel at the seaside, so I know."

"Anyway, the man is staying here just now, and he told us to bring you to see him," said the twins looking dignified.

"Well, if you show me the way I can walk by myself," said Mollie, tossing her head and pouting. Suddenly she remembered her "pig-tail" so she put up her hand to feel if the ribbon was on it. It was still tied up all right, so holding her present she followed the twins.

Certainly the hotel was out of the way, extraordinary. It was made of opal-coloured spar glittering with a million rays. Instead of being built upright in stories one over the other, it was made like a gigantic telescope lying down. It was in twelve sections or chambers, each one smaller in size and circumference than the last. The first section was simply huge in height and breadth with an arched roof; in fact, all twelve compartments had arched roofs, each one lower than the last, so that looking at the hotel from the side the compartments fitted one into the other and looked as if they could collapse or slide inside each other. The entrance to the first compartment was covered by a very immense curtain made of cloth-of-silver, soft and glittering.

The children appeared very small standing outside it. The twins drew aside one corner of the curtain and passed in, followed by Mollie, whose little heart was thumping hard. When she got inside she had to shut her eyes and stand still, and when the twins saw this they said, for they were really kind,

though rather stuck-up, "We are sure you did not mean to be rude, so give us your hands, there is a long way to go."

Without saying a word Mollie put out her hands and tried to open her eyes, but the light was still too strong, so she let them lead her with them still shut. The twins kept lifting the corners of silver-cloth curtains and passing into rooms which were smaller each time. When they had passed six curtains the light was not too bright for Mollie to open her eyes, and she did so. She opened them very wide indeed.

"Only four more rooms, then we shall see the man," said the twins.

"All *wright*," said Mollie. "My cheeks are awfully hot and burning."

"She is getting excited," whispered the twins over her head.

"I'm not," said Mollie. "I'm only hot."

The twins winked at one another.

At last they came to the eleventh curtain. They stood still, and behind it they heard someone laughing.

"That is the man," said the twins, softly. "He is always smiling and laughing. He would be awfully kind-hearted if he could be, but he can't be."

"Why?" said Mollie.

"Because he has no heart," said the twins.

"Hasn't he? Why not?" asked Mollie in a whisper.

"Hush!" said the twins.

"Why don't you pull the curtain? I am in a heat," said Mollie. "Do pull the curtain," she added impatiently.

"We must not pull this curtain," said the twins. "We must wait."

"I just hate waiting," said Mollie. "It's such a long time."

"Hush! Hush!" said the twins. "He is coming."

Mollie looked and saw the whole curtain moving. Then it slowly parted in the centre and went back, forming a large, round opening. In about a long minute this was entirely filled up by the "man's" face. It was the biggest face Mollie had ever seen—rather fat and round with a very wide mouth, a broad flat nose and two large dark bright eyes. It was as kind a face as anyone could

wish to look at. When he saw Mollie he smiled at her, then at the twins.

"Good children," he said to them. "You've brought the little maid. I am sorry I could not come to meet you, but I am still feeling my accident."

"Poor man," said Mollie, "how did you hurted yourself?"

"Well, it was like this," said the man. "I wanted to get there quickly, so I used too much haste. If I had used more speed and not so much haste it would have been all right. But they don't go well together. It would be all right if you could take them half-and-half, but you cannot. You will always find 'more haste less speed.' You take my advice, little maid, and use 'most speed, less haste.'"

"Yes," said Mollie, "but don't talk me 'grown-up.' It's silly."

"Have you got your present from my friend Lucifer Lightup?" asked the "man," smiling in spite of her rude remark.

"Yes, here it is," said Mollie. "The case is very pretty. Silver, weal silver it looks like. But I'm not going to open it till I get home."

"That's right, take great care of it. Never give up taking care of it, Mollie child."

"Was it your legs you naccidented," said Mollie.

The twins gave her a nudge, meaning her to be quiet, but she knocked them with her elbows and said "I shan't."

"Was it your legs?" she repeated. The man twisted his mouth on one side and looked as if he were going to cry.

"There," said the twins in a loud whisper. "You might have hurt his feelings."

"Have I?" asked Mollie, feeling sorry.

"No," whispered the twins, "he has not got any, you know. But do not ask him that question again, he does not like it."

"Why not?" asked Mollie.

"We will tell you when we get outside," said the twins.

"Do you mind if I change the subject," asked the man, his face all bright and smiling once more.

"What do you mean?" asked Mollie.

"Shall we talk about something else?" said the man.

"Yes, but not 'bout grown-up fings. Old people talk such nonsense and begin to say fings and then leave off," said Mollie. "You're old, aren't you?"

"Yes, I know a thing or two," said the man with a laugh and a wink. "I wonder who will write my memoirs?"

"What do you mean? There you go talking more nonsense," said Mollie. "What's memoirs?"

"Memoirs are what people say about you after you're old, and dead as well," said the man.

"Is it nonsense too?" asked Mollie.

"Lots of it. Mostly," said the man. "If only they would say more of the nice things to cheer up folks when they are alive, it would be a sight better," said the man.

"I shan't have any memoirs," said Mollie, decidedly. "There's another room ahind you, I know. They said so," she pointed to the twins. "What's in that room?"

"That is where I keep all the secrets I know. They cannot be counted, but I can keep them. Can you keep a secret, Mollie, child?"

"'Course I can," said Mollie. "Me and Tom often has secrets."

"Yes, but can you keep them?"

"We wonce kept one for wree days," said Mollie proudly.

"Is that all?" said the twins; "we keep ours for ever."

"What sillies!" said Mollie. "That's 'cause you haven't got no mother or daddy to tell 'bout them! Are you tired of standing up?" she suddenly asked the man as he caught him shutting his eyes.

He turned ever so pale and twisted his mouth on one side again. The twins nudged Mollie and this time she knew better, so she said quickly, "I meant I am tired my ownself, I want to go and see that place they told about."

"Where does the little maid mean?" asked the man, once more smiling.

"We told her we would take her to the 'Apogee,'" said the twins.

"O, to be sure," said the man. "But it is a long way off for Mollie to go. You must have my electric car."

"That will be lovely," said Mollie.

"Before you go I must just explain that when you get there you will be just as far away from your earth as ever you can be in Moonland," said the man.

"O," said Mollie shortly. "Have you ever been to Land's End and sat on the rocks? Me and Tom has." She looked ever so conceited when she said this.

"Well, no! I can't say I have," said the man. "I have often seen Land's End from a distance, but I have never, no never, sat on the rocks"—he began to look paler than ever and very sorry—"owing—to—to—"

"Change the subject," said the twins, hurriedly.

"O, I forgot he was naccidented," said Mollie. "Was it on his arm," she asked in a whisper.

"Hush!" they whispered back.

"I want to go now," said Mollie, "I'm tired of the man."

"You must not say that," said the twins, looking nervous.

"But I am tired of him, he is so old." She thought he could not hear her as his eyes were shut.

"Well say 'good-bye' nicely," said the twins.

"Good-bye come on this very minute," said Mollie, all in one breath.

"Ta-ta; *au revoir*. Be good, little Mollie. I will keep an eye on you," said the man as the silver curtains closed over his face.

"Let us give her a Dandy-chair," said the twins. So they grasped each other's wrists and stooped for Mollie to sit on them, which she did, and put an arm round each of their necks. Then off they ran, through the rooms, one after the other, only stopping for Mollie to pull aside the silver curtains for them to pass from room to room. It took a good long time, but at last they stood once more outside Half Moon hotel.

"Now we can tell you something," they said, "as you can keep a secret."

"I promise, really and truly," said Mollie very slowly and surely.

The twins whispered into both her ears. As they did so Mollie's eyes grew rounder and rounder. When they left off whispering she slid from their hands and stood

staring at them. "Is it true?" she asked.

"Really true?"

"Quite true," said the twins.

"Got no body?"

"No."

"Got no legs?"

"No."

"Only a head?"

"Yes, only a head."

Mollie thought a second.

"Was that his naccident?" she asked in a low voice.

The twins nodded gravely.

Mollie thought another second.

"Can he stand on his head?" she asked.

The twins looked uneasy. Mollie thought she had quite learned when and how to change a subject, so she said:

"I spose it's a secret, you both look so funny 'bout it. Let's go now. I don't want to know 'bout your silly secrets, you can keep them yourself. Upfgh!"

"Yes, we can," said the twins. Mollie ran on a little way, then turned to look at them.

"Where is the car the man said we was to have?" she called out. The twins came along very slowly, talking to each other in low voices. To Mollie this was one of the most annoying ways of other people. "Do come on," she said crossly. "You're walking same as old people does; why don't you run?"

"We are not so young as you are," said the twins in aggravating slowness. "There is nothing to hurry for." Mollie could not bear them that minute.

"There is hurry," she said. "I b'lieve—no I shan't say what I b'lieve, but I does all the same. Where's the motor-car?"

"Electric-car, it is called," said the twins. "Motor-cars are very old-fashioned."

"They're not," said Mollie. "Is this it coming?" she continued, feeling more pleased.

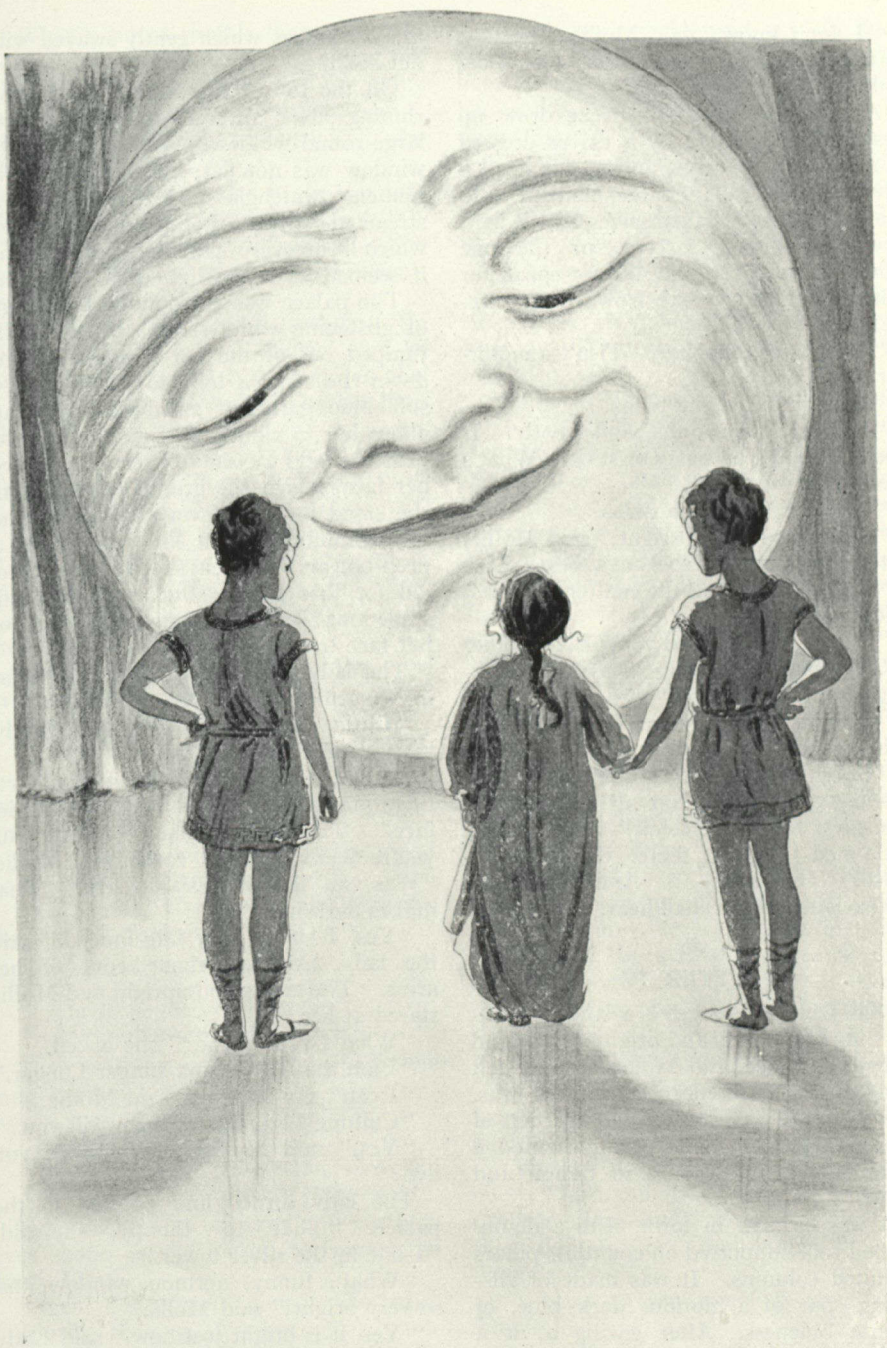
"Yes, here it comes," said the twins.

"Don't you dress up to go in it?" asked Mollie.

"No; what for?"

"Don't you make yourself just hidjuss fwights?"

"No," said the twins, "never, why should we?"



"It was the biggest face Mollie had ever seen."

"I don't know," said Mollie, "but lots of men and ladies always do. Come on, I do hate waiting so long."

A most beautiful silver car drew up beside them, guided by a driver dressed in sky-blue and silver, and on his head a silver circlet. The three climbed into the car and seated themselves on the soft, downy cushions. Except for the one word "Lovely," Mollie did not speak for some time. Then she frowned and exclaimed:

"'Tisn't a proper car. 'Tisn't a motor-car at all."

"Why?" asked the twins.

"It goes quite quiet and gently. It doesn't smell a bit nasty or stick. What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing," said the twins.

"'Tisn't made a bit right," said Mollie, determined to show she knew best.

"There is nothing the matter with it," said the twins.

"That's what I telled you," said Mollie.

"Real motor-cars nearly always has something wrong with them."

"This is an electra-car," repeated the twins; "we keep telling you so."

"Upfgh—it's a very stupid one," said Mollie very crossly, but all at once her face grew bright. "Look! Look!" she exclaimed. "Over there. Is that the place? The 'Pogee?" And well might she exclaim, as you shall hear.



CHAPTER IV

THE Land of Apogee is a land of nothing but beauty and brightness, a land of light and love, and Mollie at once felt what a sweet and peaceful land it was. It was like a vast and endless garden of gardens. In the midst of them stood a large palace, uncommon in design and shape.

It was circular in form, with a dome-shaped roof supported on countless pillars or fluted columns. It was made of glistening spar of a glorious dark blue, of intense blueness. After gazing at it a while numberless star-rays came to view, till it appeared to glow with millions of stars. Curtains, also, of the richest blue, hung between the columns showing through others of the thinnest, transparent,

billowy gauze, which gently swayed without ceasing.

On the top of the vaulted roof was a shining silver tower, and in it only one large round window. The crystal in this window was not flat, but shaped like an immense watchglass. From the window streamed a lovely soft, but very bright light which lit up every space and corner, in fact it seemed as if the light had no ending.

The palace was surrounded by a flight of glistening white steps, and as Mollie jumped out of the car she saw coming down the steps a tall lady, clothed in a soft blue garment, swathed and wrapt about her in cloudy folds. As she came near she held a corner of her mantle over her face, which she gradually let fall till she stood looking down on Mollie, who, for a minute, thought she was playing at peep-bo, and she felt she was much too old for that game. But when the lady smiled at her she immediately put up her face to be kissed.

The lady leaned down and folded her in her arms.

"Little sweetheart," she said gently. "My dear little girlie."

"I like you," said Mollie, giving her a tiny, quick little kiss. "You've got a nice face." The lady laughed softly. "But you're very white," continued Mollie. "Was you 'llowed to sit up late? That makes me white."

"Yes, I sit up very late indeed," said the lady. Mollie wriggled out of her arms. The lady stood upright and Mollie stared at her.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I am the Lady Luna Linger Longer."

"I can't say all that," said Mollie.

"Call me Lady Luna, then, will you?"

"Yes," said Mollie. "Where do you live?"

The lady turned and pointed to the palace. "That is my canopy," she said. "I live in the silver tower."

"What a funny, 'normous window, and so very bright!" said Mollie.

"Yes, it is bright just now," said Lady Luna. "I arrange the curtain inside it a little differently every time. Sometimes the light looks narrow and small, and gradually it shows more and more till it is bright like that."

"What a lot of trouble 'bout it!" said Mollie. "I want to see somefing else."

She turned, expecting to find the twins waiting for her, but they had vanished.

"Where are those two gone?" she asked.

"They have gone round to the shooting school to see their cousin Sagittarius."

"I can't say that," said Mollie. She did not feel inclined to try, nor to remember things.

"They call him cousin Saggie. He lives near them in the Zodiac, but he comes over here to teach the children how to shoot. He is a wonderful archer himself."

"'A' was an archer and shot at a frog." I know 'bout that," said Mollie. "Let's come and see the shooting now."

Lady Luna took hold of her hand and Mollie chattered ever so fast to her about all the things she loved best, and Lady Luna listened attentively to her and smiled at her lovingly.

"Dear mite," she said. "You are sweet and your eyes are bright as stars. I think you are a good girlie."

"I'm naughty sometimes," said Mollie. "I like to be naughty a little while and sometimes I don't feel a bit sorry, sometimes."

"Try and be good, sweetheart," said Lady Luna. "Can you sing?"

"Yes," said Mollie, and straightaway she started singing:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Then without a minute's pause she sang again—

"I saw three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

Her cheeks were rosy red and her blue eyes shone as she looked up eagerly at Lady Luna.

"Well done, well done," she said. "You like singing, sweetheart?"

"I love it," said Mollie. "What's that place?"

"The Shooting School. Come now and see the children shoot."

They passed through an archway cov-

ered with honeysuckle and passion flowers, and walked on lovely green grass, kept short, thick and soft. It spread before them for many miles. The twins were talking to a man standing in a golden chariot drawn by white horses with wings. He held a bow, and beside him was a quiver full of arrows. He was surrounded by beautiful children.

"What a lot of chilldrun!" said Mollie, "and they has got wings on—and look, look—some are flying 'bout—look, they're shooting. What are they shooting? Who told them to?"

"Those are the targets," said the twins.

"I didn't ask *you*," said Mollie. She did not feel fond of the twins like she did of Lady Luna. She did not mind them at first, but she was tired of them. So when they told her they were going back to the Zodiac she said:

"You can if you like," and held Lady Luna's hand very tight and would not say "good-bye."

"I hope she won't grow up as rude as that," said the twins. Mollie turned away and drew Lady Luna towards a target.

"It looks like a heart-shape," she said. Then looking round she exclaimed: "They're all same shapes, but some are big and some littler."

"Yes," said Lady Luna, "the children learn to shoot at all sizes, and when they are quite clever at shooting they must make the arrows go through two targets at once. Not so very difficult, you see, when they are near together."

"What a silly game!" said Mollie, "but the little boys are very pretty."

"They are just little loves," said Lady Luna, catching two in her arms as they flew to her and kissing them.

"We are learning ever so fast," said one. "And you always help us no end," said the other, and laughing merrily away they flew to join the happy shooting cherubs.

"I want to see somefing else," said Mollie.

"Come to my toy shop," said Lady Luna. "Do you care about toys?"

"I love them," said Mollie, wondering if she would have some to keep.

They walked through more beautiful

gardens full of the sweetest scented flowers and shrubs. Orange trees in bud and full bloom. Myrtle trees in blossom. Jasmine covered with starry blossoms. Lilies of the valley, violets blue and white, and mignonette. Then the roses! It is about impossible to describe the roses. They were too beautiful for words. Nightingales and bulbuls sang amongst the trees while bees sipped the honey and hummed contentedly. Though Mollie was in a fever to reach the toy shop, she could not help exclaiming:

"This is the beautifullest garden I never saw. What lots of bees there is!"

"Yes," said Lady Luna, "they make the sweetest honey. It is all sent over there."

"Over where?" asked Mollie. "I can't see it."

"It is too far for you to see," said Lady Luna. "It is a place called Honey-moonland, where all the happy married people go."

"I know 'bout that," said Mollie. "I was bridesmaid to cousin Nell's wedding. I had such a pretty frock and a basket of flowers. I know 'bout that 'cause there was a big cake all sugary, and I only had such a silly little bit, 'cause there was currants in it."

"Poor little girl," said Lady Luna.

"Yes, then cousin Nell cried and went away on a *weddin-truicer*."

"Her wedding tour, you mean, childie. I expect she went to Honey-moonland."

"Yes," said Mollie, "on her *weddin-truicer*. What's that place? Is it the toy shop?"

"No," said Lady Luna, "that is the star store. Would you like to peep in?"

"Yes," said Mollie, "but where's the toy shop?"

"Wait, pet," said Lady Luna, "and look in here."

"What are they doing?" asked Mollie.

"It's a secret," said Lady Luna.

"Tell me," said Mollie.

"They are making surprise packets."

"What's that?" asked Mollie.

"New stars," said Lady Luna. "You see those doves in the little cots?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are waiting to take these new stars and hang them in the sky to surprise the people on your earth."

"O!" said Mollie. "How big are they?"

"I do not know," said Lady Luna. "We leave the people on the earth to find out after the stars are hung up."

"And does they know?" asked Mollie.

"They think they do," said Lady Luna, laughing softly. "Ah, there is the toy shop, we shall soon be there now. Let us run."

At last they reached it, and such a toy shop Mollie had never seen. It was like an immense circus with no roof, with the seats going up to the very top, but instead of people sitting on the seats, they were filled with the most lovely toys that ever were made, and what Mollie thought so delightful was, that there were staircases between the rows of seats or shelves, that she could get up quite easily so that she could handle all the toys and none of them were out of her reach. It is simply impossible to name them all, but there were mechanical toys of every description. Magic lanterns, dolls' houses with windows to open and shut, and little pianos with real notes. Heaps of knives with ever so many blades. Boxes of carpenters' tools. Kites, bats, balls, hoops and skipping ropes. Dolls—well, the dolls beat description more than anything, they were "just like real." Tea sets, dinner sets, kitchens, stores of all kinds, and every single toy that any child can think of or want. It is impossible to name them all.

Mollie could not look round them fast enough. She ran up the staircases and along the different tiers or rows of toys, while Lady Luna stood and watched her.

"Have just what you like, dear heart," she said; "there is plenty of time to choose."

"O—o—o—" said Mollie. "I wonder if there is a golliwog—yes, there is one—and a monkey. I want—there's one—oh, what a lovely big white duck—and a parrot—o—o!" She ran about filling her arms with what pleased her most, and Lady Luna put them on the ground for her so that she could easily pick them up—

All in a minute Mollie espied a little traction engine. Tom wanted a traction engine more than anything. "I must



She said gently, "My dear little girlie!"

have that for Tom," she cried. "It's 'xactly what he's been wishing for." She ran with it in her arms to Lady Luna. "Must take it to him 'dreckly. I do wish he was here—Tom—Tom, come! Here's somefing for you."

* * * * *

"What a jolly row!" said Tom, putting his head in at the nursery door. Mollie was sitting up in bed, and even Tom noticed how her eyes shone and how bright she seemed. "Hurry up, what is it?" he said. Mollie began looking under and over her pillow and all around. "I have left it there," she said. "I shall bring it next time I go."

"Where?" asked Tom, laughing as he ran off to school.

"To the moon," cried Mollie, and she sprang out of bed and danced about singing—

"I love the merry, merry light,
It fills hearts wiv delight,
And if 'tis dark at night
I bring joy-light at mornin'."

"Where did you learn that?" asked nurse, looking at her in astonishment.

"In Moonland," sang Mollie. "Lovely, lovely Moonland."

"I wish," she said to herself, "I wish I was there now, but I shall go again—p'raps to-night."

Life's Voyage

BY DONALD A. FRASER

AS down the Stream of Life we glide,
Fair One,
I see thy bark upon the tide,
Alone.

'Tis cheerless thus, to paddle far apart,
Let us draw near, where each heart can speak to heart
Each eye to eye appeal and hand clasp hand;
Then float we more serenely to the Shining Land.

But 'tis not near enough, I pray
Thee, leave thy boat, Fair One, and get
Thee into mine. Why should we stay
Asunder, when we might be happier yet?

Ah! now 'tis joy indeed to glide
United thus upon Life's tide.
How smoothly doth our vessel go
When thou and I together row!
Life's journey had not been so sweet
Had we, Fair One, not chanced to meet.

Halfyard's Mutiny

By NORMAN DUNCAN



CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BULLYWORTH'S eyebrows made one broad band of wiry, black hair, stretching from temple to temple, where they grew in the fashion of two sharp little horns. When he was in wrath they fell forward, all of a sudden; behind, in the shadows of the pit, the little red eyes rolled and flashed. The captain's beard was a vast thick wilderness, springing from the undiscovered expanse below his shirt collar and straying in a tangled growth over his cheekbones and neck. His arms were heavy, loose-jointed and long, exceeding long, with hands a bit suggestive of the head of a sledge-hammer. He was broad at the shoulders and thick at the chest, which was his great glory; there was a massive framework of bone there, and no lack of seasoned muscle to shame it, as you may know when I tell you that Captain Nathaniel, being jovially inclined upon one occasion, tossed a seven hundred pound anchor through the door of Twillingate jail. He had a mighty hand-to-hand strength had Captain Bullyworth—that strength which finds its best advantage in a grapple. It went from the topmost bristle of his head down through his crooked, knotty legs to the very soles of his feet, which were big and flat. It was God help the man whom Captain Bullyworth hugged in anger!

I had shipped with this stocky, jolly, peppery big gorilla as ship's doctor for the sealing voyage of that year—three weeks of March among the drifting icepacks of the upper Newfoundland coast and the Labrador. It was the sealing steamer *Red Deck*, Bullyworth, St. Johns, N.F.—a big converted schooner, equipped with engines from some Cape Race wreck.

The night before we sailed I found Captain Bullyworth in a taproom of the Anchor and Chain—down the alley from Water Street, by the man-o'-war landing, to the right by the old stone wall, through the debris of the fire of '71, and up the

steps. It was a bitter night, with a gale from the nor'east kicking up a nasty sea beyond the narrows and promising a head wind with snow for the morrow. I had begun to question the enjoyment of an adventure in the north, where wind, and snow, and bergs, and massive flocs have all the best of the chances; but the taproom door of the Anchor and Chain is the portal to a cosy place, where a jolly company and the flow of spirits—where the tarry, spumey talk of sea dogs stirs a man's blood and incites him to the venture. Captain Bullyworth was in that mellifluous mood wherein the hand of the barmaid had ever an irresistible charm for him; and I chance to know that he was squeezing it under the table as I entered, for she boxed his ears and ran off with the empty glasses, laughing loudly. I was sighted, hailed, boarded by the overflowing gorilla himself, and carried off to what he called his home port—a table in a corner. Thereupon I was presented to two fuddled marines from the British second-class cruiser *Mighty*, the captain of a coastal steamer, and the first mate of the *Red Deck*, who was sober.

"Bes' first mate I ever knowed," said the captain, slapping his officer on the shoulder in the maudlin way. "I think he's a first-class hand. Sure he could sail the *Red Deck* from here t'hell and back."

"Haw, haw!" said the first marine. "'Ow'd 'e find 'is way?"

"Smell out the brimstone, sir!" cried the captain, leaning over the table and glaring through his fallen eyebrows.

"Ah, to be sure 'e could," said the first marine, very solemnly. "'Ow stupid! I never once thought o' that."

"As I was saying, when this young man sung out," said the captain, once more transfixing the poor marine, "I'm a fair stout man. Feel that, now, some o' you," he burst out, lifting his leg to the table. He pulled up his trouser leg, thus exposing his bare calf; we felt of

the muscle and pronounced its quality prime.

"Hit that," he said, throwing out his chest. Each in turn we gave him a thwack on the breastbone. "Make a note o' the reach o' that there arm," said he. He reached over the table and playfully tweaked the nose of the first marine; and the first marine remarked, with a sniff and a solemn stare, that it was a devilish long arm. "They isn't ar a man in New-f'un'land can best me in a battle with fistes," the captain went on. "They isn't ar a man can fight me to a standoff but one, an' 'tis six years since I been alongside o' him. When we parted, we parted bad friends, and I hopes we don't run foul o' each other again. 'Twas up off the Groais Islands, when we was lost from the schooner *Billy Bright*, skipper Tom Blast, o' Twillingate. We was on a pan o' ice, driftin' sou'west t' nowhere with a nasty switch o' wind. 'Twas too small a pan for two. I never seed such a beggarly bit o' ice for two men t' be cast away on. So he tried t' heave me off, an' I tried t' heave him off. We kep' at it till marnin'; an' then we was saved by the *Queen o' the North*, which beat up for us just when I had un wore out. I isn't any too fond o' that man Halfyard. He've been up in White Bay, now, for—

"Beg pardon, sir," the first mate interrupted. "Did you say Halfyard?"

"The same, sir."

"Did you, now? 'Twould not be Eli Halfyard, I'm thinkin'?"

"The same, sir."

The mate coughed behind his hand. "Well, sir," said he, "he've come down from White Bay."

"Have he, now?" cried the captain, his face relaxing into a fine grin "I'll be glad t' see un."

"You will, sir," said the mate. "Sure you'll see un. He've shipped for this v'y'ge, sir, on the *Red Deck*; an' he's all signed reg'lar."

Captain Bullyworth gasped and collapsed.

"He come aboard this even, sir," said the mate, "an', says he, 'is this the craft Captain Bullyworth's skipperof?' 'Tis that,' says I. Then says he, 'Is he tight in his hull?' 'Never tighter,' says I. 'He've

got a bit of nerve still, I don't doubt?' says he. 'Never had no more,' says I. 'That bein' so,' says he, 'has you got a full complement o' men?' 'We've got room for a likely hand like you,' says I, 'if you don't care where you sleeps.' 'That bein' so,' says he, 'I'll ship, if I has t' sleep in the coal hole. I knowed Captain Bullyworth afore he got his certificate,' says he, 'an' I'm thinkin' he'll be glad t' see me. But I wouldn't break it suddent to un,' says he. 'No, I wouldn't if I was you.' Them's the very words, sir, that Eli Halfyard says."

And still Captain Bullyworth gaped at the mate.

"I'll get un drunk, sir, an' leave un ashore," the mate suggested.

"No, sir!" the captain roared, fetching the table a mighty thump. "When he was aboard the *Queen o' the North*," he added letting his big voice drop, "he said he'd look me out, come one o' these days, an' he've come t' do it. Manus* me, will he? By Gord, I'll break him in this v'y'ge. I will! I isn't afeered of a man that draws breath," and in this the good Bullyworth spoke the truth, "an' I'll break un. What!" he cried, turning to me, for I had risen to go. "Not goin' yet, b'y? 'Tis too early. Well," raising his glass to give me the old sealing toast, "here's t' bloody decks, b'y!"

"Decks and ice, sir!" said I.

And so we drank the toast.

.....

We were labouring through the waters of White Bay—far back in that moody, shallow pocket, which a northeast wind fills with ice, and a frothy sea; and there was a northeast gale abroad, charged with sleet, and ramping out of the night with a roar and a mighty sweep. The *Red Deck* was pitching through the head sea, bound north and out at top speed, with a field of slob ice driving in from the open to grip and jam her where she staggered; her old engines wheezed, and coughed,

*In these days the skippers of sealing craft were sometimes seized by discontented crews, bound hand and foot and carried back to port. They were then said to have been manussed. If the mutiny seemed to have been justified, the law winked at the offence; and the skipper was ever after the butt of his fellows.

and sobbed so noisily that the swish and beating of the gale could not cover their complaint of the strain upon them. We were six weeks out from St. Johns, with a beggarly bit of pelt in the hold, and the crew at a fine pitch of discontent; but, by all the gods of Bullyworth, which were many and peculiar, we were bound for the Labrador seas, come storm, starvation, mutiny or wreck, nor should we see port until the crew was sleeping on deck for the pelt in the hold and quarters. The crew was below decks—forward and aft, everywhere, even to the engine room, for sealers are manned like pirates. I could hear them singing in the forecabin:

"When we manussed Skipper Penny o' the schooner Nip and Tuck,
 'Twas because he drove her East and West,
 and didn't have no luck;
 So we took un by the heels,
 An' t' stop his wicked squeals
 We lashed un to a bit o' line and run un to the truck.
 Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner Nip and Tuck,
 We'll manus every skipper when he've lost his bally luck."

The gale caught the old song and swept it past the cabin door to the whirling night behind.

"Will they do it?" said I.

Captain Bullyworth was ready to relieve the mate on the bridge, for the pounding at the bow had told us that the ice was getting thick and heavy. He had a temperate nip of Scotch whiskey before him.

"That's Halfyard," said he, between his teeth. "He've been brewin' this rumpus for a week gone. I knows un, an' I knows that song, for I've sung it, b'y. He've come t' do this thing, an' he's bound t' it. But if I gets out o' this mess o' ice the night, b'y, I'll take the ship north. I know they's swiles (seals) there, an' I wants un, Halfyard or no Halfyard—"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in with you!" bawled the captain.

It was Halfyard—that tawny malcontent—tawny, lean, long, and as strong as a wire rope. He came in with a blast of wet wind and a long howl of the gale. There was a steely little twinkle in his eye, and a fitful, hard smile upon his lips. I have never liked that compound of threat

and twinkle in the eye of a man; it means assurance and clear cut purpose.

"Sit down, b'y," said the captain. "Have a drap o' that."

They are a democratic lot. He pushed the bottle over, and Halfyard tipped it, readily enough, but he said nothing until he had toyed with the glass a bit and tossed the liquor down.

"Crew wants t' goa hoame," he remarked, in the Green Bay dialect.

"I've laid the course north," said the captain, with an ill-suppressed start and scowl.

"Sure, the crew wants t' goa hoame, skipper, zur."

"All hands?"

"They may be a scattered bay-noddie doan't mind bidin' a spell longer. But the rest wants t' get hoame for the spring run o' salmon an' cod."

"All right," said the captain, briskly. "No objection."

Halfyard lifted his eyebrows. Then that steely twinkle in his eye gave place to a flash of disappointment. The smile and twinkle were now the captain's; there was a depth of humorous meaning in them.

"Hasn't you, now?" said Halfyard. "That bein' so, us'll goa."

"All right. If I got a workin' crew left, I'll land the rest on the shore ice the morrow; but 'tis barb'rous hard walkin' in the woods these days, an' 'tis two hundred miles t' the railroad."

Halfyard laughed. "The crew doan't want t' walk hoame," said he, keeping an even voice. "The crew's afeered they won't get back t' the outports in time for the salmon, an' they wants t' goa hoame when we clears this here field o' slob."

"No objection," said the captain. "I'll heave to an' let un off; but 'tis a long swim from here t' St. Johns, an' I think ther's nar a man among un can make it."

"They's another way," said Halfyard, leaning over the table and uncovering his teeth, "an' that's—"

"An' that's flyin'," the captain broke in. "An' if my mate's shipped me a crew o' angels I'll have un jailed t' Saint Johns, for practisin' fraud and deception. D'ye mean t' tell me I've been took in? D'ye mean t' say you got wings stowed away under your jackets?"

"They's another way, skipper, zur," said Halfyard, letting a shaft of hate escape from his eyes, "an' you an' me knows it. We l'arned it aboard the *Mary Wise*, b'y, an' 'twas desprit hard on the skipper o'—

"What!" screamed the captain, leaping up. "Manus me! Manus me! Manus Nat Bullyworth!"

Thereupon there was such an explosion of wrath, bursting from the innermost parts of the good Bullyworth—such a flare and roar of hottest anger, such a lurid, quivering show of rage, that Halfyard recoiled from it, literally as from the blast of a furnace. At the end of it he was ordered below.

And he went.

What with the ice and this impending outbreak, I was a bit nervous; so I went with the captain to the bridge, to watch the ice and breast the gale. It was past midnight—pitch dark ahead, whence the storm leaped upon us, cold in a cutting, pitiless way, and with a sleety wind which stung my face like the lash of a whip. The old ship was plunging into the dark, lurching through a tumult of wind and breaking waters, with her timbers tingling under the shock of the floe; forth she went, with a pitch and a roll, reeling blindly into the night, in fine contempt for the ice it hid. And still the hands in the fore-castle bawled that sinister old song:

"Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner
Nip and Tuck,
We'll manus every skipper when he've lost
his bally luck,"

with a more riotous swing and meaning in every succeeding repetition of the chorus. The wind carried the words over the bridge so swiftly that I barely caught them before they were whisked away.

"We're clearing the slob," the captain roared in my ear.

I perceived that the slob—the wreckage of great pans which had been ground to fragments against the coast rocks—had given place to greater masses. Beyond, as I knew, lay the glacier ice, the outermost part of the spring drift southward; bergs, and clumpers, and vast islands—a fearful menace. And beyond all this ice, which the gale was driving in shore and down the bay, was the clear water of the open, for which we were running with

increasing peril. At that moment the ship struck a pan, and for the space of a breath she stopped dead and shivered; but she was thrice braced at the bows for ramming, so she gathered her strength and ran on through the wreck of the pan she had shattered. The captain signalled half-speed to the engine room. Then—the working room was alive to duty—he sent a scunner to the bow; and the voice of the scunner came back to us, directing us port or starboard, as we picked our way through the floe.

We had been running thus cautiously for an hour or more, when the captain gripped my wrist.

"Good Gord, b'y!" he said, look at that!"

I looked into the night to starboard and high overhead; there I saw a towering white shadow, all dim and vast in that flying blackness, but whether near or far I could not tell, for a windy night confuses. It was a great berg, pursuing its majestic drift, heedless of the fretful racing of the pack below; and we had narrowly escaped it. Even as I marvelled and gave thanks a flood of light burst from the fore-castle and the crew came tumbling up, thirty mighty fellows, bent on some devilish mischief—roaring their mutinous song, laughing, howling in a fashion to put the gale to shame; a riotous mob, lawless and foolhardy. Before I had well perceived their intention they were trampling over the hurricane deck, on a rush for the bridge. The captain sprang to the head of the ladder. I saw him strike; and the fellow who caught that mighty blow went hurtling back upon his fellows with such force as to tumble them in a heap to the deck. They came again, with oaths, and again they were knocked back, sprawling; the captain's arm was swift and merciless, his fist was heavy, and he had the advantage of position.

But they were swarming up elsewhere, each giving a leg to the other, and I had to turn swiftly to take up my own part in the fight.

It was my good fortune to catch an evil face between the eyes; my first landed with vicious force, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the fellow struck the deck with a thud that laid him senseless. I

struck right and left, as fast as I could draw back and deliver the blows, all the while leaping from side to side of that narrow, pitching place. One fell back with a grunt, and I counted him out of the combat. I sent two more after him; but I was caught at last by the ankle, and before I could kick that iron hand away two sinewy arms were wrapped about my middle from behind. I was held fast—a crushing coil which made me scream and gasp. There was then no arm to oppose the rush upon our flank. The first man up stationed himself by the wheelhouse tube, as by a plan prepared, and called down the scunner's directions to the men at the wheel, a precaution I marked with deepest approval when I called to mind the looming whiteness we had left behind. Then another clambered over the rail and leapt upon the captain's back. Bullyworth's snort and roar of rage had hardly been choked in his throat when the scunner's scream rang out—a long, terrified warning, rising again and again, quivering in the wind:

"Ice ahead! Port! Hard-aport!"

There was an instant of paralysis—of uttermost fear and powerlessness, when muscle froze and hearts stood still. The noise of passion and strife fell away from the deeper roar of the gale and the swish of the seas. Dead ahead, with its outlines lost in darkness, lay a mountain of ice upon which our chip of a boat was plunging—a mass immeasurable, rising to the clouds and reaching into the night of the east and west. The situation was broken by the captain, who flung off the unresisting arms about him and sprang forward; and at the same time I felt the coil about my middle relax and release me. He roared down the wheelhouse tube and signalled "stop" and "full steam astern" to the engine room. But it was too late. We could not sheer off; we ran on the submerged, shelving base of the berg, which extended far out from the part lifted out of the water—ran up, up, up, with a staggering motion, until I thought we should land high and dry. I heard a thunderous crash, as though some pinnacle of ice had toppled over. A wave rose under the stern, ran up the shelving base, and came curling back over the bows.

Then we began to slide back, with gathering speed, until we struck the water like a vessel at a launch. We backed out of danger in all haste; and it turned out subsequently, so staunchly are the sealing ships builded, that we had not sprung a leak.

I looked around when all danger was past, and we were rounding the eastward end of the berg; but not a man of the mutinous crew could I see.

The wild commotion once reduced to order, the ship once inspected, the litter of broken things once cleared away, there was an eruption of another kind. It came from the volcanic Bullyworth, whose mind had no sooner been set at ease about his ship, which he loved as his life, than he began to spout threats and oaths of the hottest, most lurid variety. Meantime, the wind had fallen away, and gave promise of dropping to a calm, and we were running through a field of pan ice compounded with slob. Soon, though we punished the wretched engines in the effort, we could not advance another fathom. The pack hung to us, jammed our screw, and at last brought us to a full stop. We were caught fast; there was nothing for it but to shut off steam and lie quiet until morning, when, as it appeared, we might blast our way out. In the track of the storm came a bitter cold. I knew that it would cement the separate parts of fleecy ice in one solid mass long before the light of the next day came; and I perceived that we might have to wait for our release until a strong off-shore wind broke it up—probably soon enough, in this, the season of changing winds.

Captain Bullyworth's volcano renewed itself; the lava and fire of wrath were cast forth even more terribly. The appalling danger through which we had flashed still had me trembling when we left the bridge.

"Manus me! Manus me!" he was roaring. "I'll ——" and thereupon he would explode into incoherency.

In this bullish rage—it was the good man's worst quality—he went forward, kicked an entrance to the fore-castle and leaped below. When I landed behind him he was roaring his defiance; the place was full of his big, angry voice.

"This here ship's bound north t' the Labrador packs," said he, with a thump on the table. "They's swiles there, an' I knows it; an' she'll not be took home till the decks run blood an' fat. 'Tis swiles we come for, an' 'tis swiles we'll have. You can take me an' tie me an' carry me back, but by this and that, an' you do it, you'll make brooms in the penitentiary for two years t' come. They's some o' you knows enough t' sail this here ship to Saint Johns Harbour, but they isn't liars enough among you t' swear you clear o' the mutiny. You can take me an' you try it long enough. I can't muster no more'n six hands agin the pack o' you. But I warn you fair there'll be heads split afore I'm took; an' 'tis like they'll be some as can't be mended. Who's doin' this?" he cried abruptly, disclosing the real purpose of this descent upon the camp of his enemies. "Where's the growler? Where's the man? Where is un? *Where is un?*" The men of the fore-castle manifested no disposition to discover the chief culprit; but I saw a snarlish grin flit over Halfyard's bleeding face, and I fancied that he waited for but quieter opportunity to snap up the challenge which we knew was upon the tip of the captain's tongue. "Send un to me," the captain went on, wreaking his rage upon the table, "an' I'll give un a mighty thrashin' for this wark. I give you my word for this, if I can't I'll take you home. Come, lads," he said, changing his voice with heartiness, "here's a bargain! If I thrash un I'll take you north an' if I don't I'll take you south. Choose the man. 'Tis fair an' square, I'm thinkin'. Will you do it?"

The sullen silence was preserved.

"Leave me know the morrow," said Bullyworth.

With that he stalked up and out. I stayed to look at a bruise or two, and a scalp wound—the latter, by the way, as they laughingly told me of my own causing. When I reached the cabin the captain was sound asleep and snoring mightily.

They chose Halfyard.

"I'll make raw meat of un!" said Bullyworth; but in this the good skipper largely exaggerated his intention.

It was a cold, glowering day, with little

puffs of wind breaking off shore, but not with force enough to disturb the pack in which we were solidly frozen—a day heavy with the threat of wind with snow; and, even then, though the event was hidden from us, the gale which came must have been sweeping through the great wilderness of the Labrador to the straits, bound over the long Range and the Barrens. They went over the side in the afternoon to a broad pan, midway between the ship and the rugged, desolate coast.

"'Tis no place for a battle here," the captain had said, sweeping his hand over the littered deck. "Leave us go where we can have sea room for leg work."

Now, I knew the Newfoundland battle for the slaughter-like thing it was, and I had no stomach for the fight; a glimpse through the glass from time to time, to advise me of its varying fortunes, and the story at second hand, was as near as I cared to come to the encounter. So, while half the ship's crew went over the side with the combatants, who were assured fair play by the innate chivalry of the men, I stayed aboard. While they stripped to the waist, and blow followed blow, while they clinched, and struck, and the pan splashed with spilled blood, while the cries of derision and encouragement drifted back to me, I kept half an eye on the weather. I saw the sky over the high, gray rocks of the coast change and blacken, the frown there, the rising wind and the tattered outriders of the gale, all frightened me. A strong off-shore wind would break our floe from the shore ice and drive it out to sea, where it would be shaken to pieces, and a gale was upon us if the signs spoke truly. The third officer was now in command, for the mate had gone to second the captain. He was dancing about the bridge, with his eye glued to his glass; and now he called to me that Bullyworth had knocked Halfyard off his feet. But Halfyard recovered and returned, as I perceived; and rage was added to rage, and strength to dread purpose. Thus the fight, in its bloody third hour, took hold of me, too, and there was no eye left to keep a lookout.

A flurry of snow and a gust which nearly overturned me, withdrew my attention from the combat. I looked shoreward.

One of the cyclonic snowstorms of that coast, swift and furious, was fairly overhead. A vast, deep cloud was rushing over the cliff, which had hidden its advance and it came whirling. It emptied snow from its depths thickly, as through a rent—an impenetrable mist of it, wherein the rocks turned to grayshadows and vanished. I jerked the whistle rope out and held it, and the long, harsh wail brought every man to his senses—every man on the ice save two. I saw them scurry for the ship, every man for his life; then the great wind came, and the mist of snow drifted over them covering them. We kept the whistle blowing to guide them in their groping run, and we helped them over the side as they came. When the storm struck us with full force I felt the vessel shiver as the floe broke in two, then I felt the drift turning as the new-made pan in which we were frozen moved out to sea. Soon the dusk added its blacker obscurity; but still the men came, and when at last we called the roll, we lacked but two, the skipper and the mutineer.

The last I had seen of Bullyworth was through a thickening curtain of snow; it was at that moment when he grappled with Halfyard and overbore him to the ice.

We ran the *Red Deck* in and out and up and down the coast for five days, searching every vagrant pack of ice we sighted; then, hope utterly gone, we turned her prow to the south. When we landed, I composed an account of the affair for the *Herald*, letting so much of the truth escape as I saw fit, and its publication moved the water-front to sorrow of a depth and fine quality. It was on a blustering night three weeks later—in the meantime I had taken up my practice again—that I found heart to set out for the tap-room of the Anchor and Chain, and as I went I hurried,

for the fog was thick and the wind was driving the rain along the streets in sheets. Down the alley by the man-o'-war landing, to the right by the old stone wall, over the debris of the fire, and up the steps—there, while I paused to slip out of my oilskin coat, I heard a burst of song—a roaring, rollicking:

“Here’s heigh-ho, me hearties, o’ the schooner
Nip an Tuck,”

in Bullyworth’s singing voice, if I had ears and a memory for things peculiar. So I descended on Captain Nathaniel Bullyworth and Eli Halfyard, where they sat at the table in the corner, nose to nose, with a half-emptied bottle of Scotch whiskey between them—literally fell upon them while the gates of their souls were still wide open to let forth that flood of melody:—

“Here’s heigh-ho, me hearties, o’ the schooner
Nip and Tuck,
We’ll manus every skipper when he’ve lost
his bally luck.”

And I was caught up, and set down, and slapped on the back, and poked in the ribs, and provided with more liquor than I cared to look at; whereupon I was informed that Bullyworth and Halfyard, his dear friend, had come safe to the port of the Anchor and Chain by way of a drifting ice-pan, Sop’s Arm, with an inshore wind, Poverty Cove and a gruelling tramp through the wilderness to the station at Red Lake.

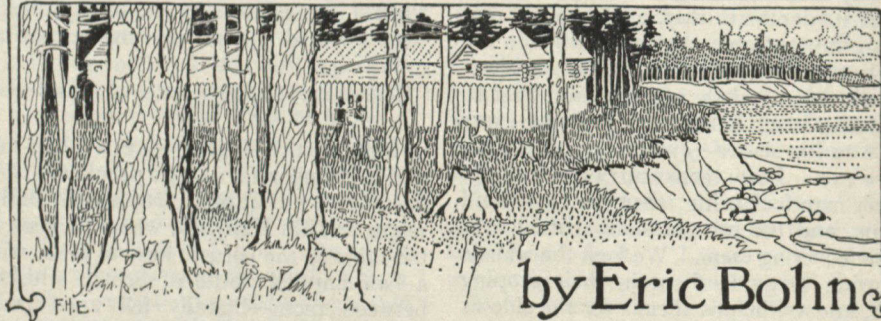
“Desperate hard, skipper,” said I, lacking something better.

“Not at all, b’y, not at all!” said he. “Look, ’twas this way:—When Halfyard he got tired, I carried un on me back like a dunny bag; an’ sure, when he got rested, he got down and carried me. Goin’ along like that, neither of us got tired at all.”

And Halfyard winked at me through the bottom of his glass.



THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell.

CHAPTER XXIX

ON a bright August morning, later in the month than the sailing of the ships out of the Halifax harbour, the sun shone at Penetang in vivid warmth and splendour. The people were glad. Earth was putting on her newest garb of green. The trees of the forest, tired of monotonous nudity, were clothed in many tints, and even the tardy ones, the annual laggards, were being stirred from their lethargy.

Part of the barracks had been finished and made comfortable for habitation, and the foundations of the fort had already been laid. By judicious division of labour in the soldier settlement, men were portioned off in accordance with their special aptitudes, and every one was busy. Blacksmith and carpenter shops stood side by side, and in them

forge, hammer, saw and chisel did their work persistently from morning until night. Under habitant direction, too, the first fallow had been cleared, the brushwood and timbers piled up to dry for burning, and the land made ready for the seed.

In front of the cottage on this special morning Helen was busily arranging her little garden. Harold had dug the ground for her and planted the seeds she had brought from England. She was examining the little shoots that had already appeared, very tenderly—a link to the far away—beyond the sea.

“Good morning, Mrs. Manning,” said Sir George Head, as he approached. “Your little flower beds promise great things.”

“My fear is that the sun will burn the

plants before they have a chance to develop," said Helen. "The English climate is so different."

"That depends," said the Colonel. "My gardener used to say that if plants were watered at night and shaded during the heat of the day, they would stand the change from a cold to a hot climate very well."

"Thank you, Sir George, I am glad to know. These little plants are very dear to me."

"You must not make too much of them," he said gently. "And how do you like your new home?"

"Better every day. The floors of those rip-saw planks have all been laid, and it is such a comfort. I don't know how to thank you for having the carpenters make them for us."

"My dear, they are just getting their hands in. They may have to rip the floor boards for the fort for all we know. Latimer tells me that the nearest sawmill is on the east side of the lake a hundred and fifty miles away; and when we get them by boat from there is a question."

"I may consider myself very fortunate then."

"Indeed you may."

"And the *Bumble-bee* sails—"

"To-morrow, I think. It was badly damaged in that ice storm, and our men have repaired it in return for Latimer's services."

At this moment Dr. Beaumont joined them.

"Latimer tells me," he said, "that the wind indicates a brisk land breeze, and he purposes sailing to-night."

"A sensible idea," echoed the Colonel. "The sooner he starts now the better. I have engaged him to bring in fresh supplies if he can get them. He wants to take our mail matter too, but it is too risky a venture. We must send it by help of Indian guides overland to Little York."

"Latimer has great faith in his own ability," said Beaumont. "He thinks he can run down the whole coast line without being caught."

"Perhaps he might by the northern shore, which is out of the war arena, but

toward St. Clair and Detroit, unless they are still in the hands of the English, his boat would be sure to be captured."

"Would they attack a little boat like his?" Helen asked in surprise.

"The enemy will take any prize he can get, whether great or small," said the Colonel. "Still, Latimer can secure supplies of some kind from the shore settlements; and I will see that he does not run too much risk." With these words Sir George returned to his quarters.

"Shall you send a letter to Miss Maud this time?" the Doctor asked, pulling his moustache first on one side and then on the other.

"I think I shall. Not being official I might risk it with Latimer. I have already written a long one for her. She's a charming girl, and in the short time that I had the opportunity I grew very fond of her," she replied, looking up into his face. "Unfortunately, I did not remain long enough in Halifax to get acquainted with many of the ladies; but I had more than one long talk with Maud, and I assure you I admire her very much."

"You do not overestimate her, Mrs. Manning, and I am glad you like her."

"I could not help it," she responded, as she bent over again to arrange her plants. "She has high ideals and wonderful self-control, a true index of noble character."

"Yes, and she is as beautiful as she is good," said Beaumont, impressively. "One of the women men rave over, but cannot win."

"They might as well cease their ravings—but not every one," said Helen.

"Do you think so, Madame? Strange that you should learn in days what has taken me years to learn."

"Perhaps one woman can read another woman's heart quicker than a man can."

"Mon Dieu! Je ne sais quoi. I would give a fortune to read hers."

"Spare your ducats, Monsieur," said Helen, with a light laugh. "But I can tell you something without money. In one of our talks she said she would never marry a man unless she loved him so much that she would gladly go to the ends of the earth with him; but that he

must rise to her ideal, before she would think of him at all."

"Is that ideal very high? Can no one reach it? Mon Dieu! I know one man who will do his best, give him only the opportunity."

"Make the opportunity. Make the effort," said Helen earnestly. "Remember—she is the only woman—he, the only man. Both seek ideals and the divine is still above them."

"Dear Madame, how good you are! You give me hope. Heaven knows how I love her!"

She had never heard him talk so before, and as they reached the cottage she held out her hand.

"Thank you, Dr. Beaumont, for your confidence. I wish you well. Yes, and I believe also, that you are worthy to win."

The Doctor had the gallantry of his race, and bowing low, he raised her fingers to his lips.

"Harold is busy with his men at the new bridge," she said, looking over in the direction of the island.

"Yes," he assented. "He and Captain Cummings will be there with a large force all day."

"Please tell him, when you go down, that I will be at the wharf to see him before they leave for dinner."

As the Doctor withdrew she entered the cottage. Emmeline was busily preparing wheat dough for the oven. Her sleeves were turned up, her neck bare, and her dress fastened loosely at the girdle. A bright fire burned in the open fireplace, and in it a square sheet-iron oven had been placed to heat for the baking.

"How is the bread, Emmeline?" she asked, as she opened the window a little wider.

"Oh, 'tees bon, Madame. Salt risin' good to-day. Yesterday mauvais bad. Oven nice heat. Put right in now." And she dropped the dough into a square tin, patted it on the back and placed it on the shelf in the oven.

"Now," she went on. "Je, vatch de fire—not too 'ot—not too cole—jes' de tres meedle."

"You must not work too hard, Emmeline."

"No fear, Madame—No fear 'tall. You jes' like Bateese, he al'us say tak' car', Emmeline, tak' car'. I only laugh—I strong, an' work all de same."

"Still, I want you to be wise. Mrs. Hardman will do any heavy lifting for you; and we cannot have you hurt yourself."

"I know dat—an' it ees nice to have de vemin's house so close. Dey be goot fellahs, bot'."

"When are they going to finish the room upstairs for you, Emmeline?"

"Oh, vere soon. De floor all right, de leetle window all right, and de laddare work goot. Bateese say not much mat-tare for more, now summare tam come."

Emmeline's cheeks were rosy again. She had not the sallow complexion so often seen; and moving so freely about the room, Helen's care for her seemed almost groundless.

The internal arrangements of the cottage were very simple. At one end were two rooms, the one Harold and Helen's bedroom, the other the store room, and in it the ladder to the upper story. The balance of the floor space made the living apartment. In the near future they hoped to have the whole of the little place to themselves; but in the meantime, Emmeline and Bateese must occupy the upper story until after the event was over.

After giving directions about dinner, Helen put on a Quaker sunbonnet, and tripped over the green turf down to the edge of the water, where men were driving cedar posts to support the cross beams of the island bridge. One gang were working close to the shore, another from a raft on the water, while a third were at similar work on the island beyond.

Captain Cummings had charge of the shore gang and Harold the island one. Helen did not know it until almost on the spot. If she had, she might have turned back.

"This is cheering to be visited by the lady of the fort," exclaimed Cummings, lifting his hat; "a delightful and unlooked for compliment."

"Thank you," returned Helen, lightly, "but I'm afraid the compliment was unintended. I thought Harold was on

this side, and ran down to have a word with him."

"What! to have words with your husband? Lucky for him he is so far away," returned the Captain with a laugh.

"Oh, they will keep till he comes to dinner," said Helen, declining to see his meaning.

"Madame!" exclaimed Bateese at her elbow. "I tak you oware in mine leetle canoe. See!" and he pointed to a birch-bark that he had bartered with an Indian for a few days before.

"Won't that be fine?" she returned, as she hastened to its side. "Are you sure you won't upset me?"

"Bateese nevare upset canoe, no, nevare."

"Oh, I remember, you are the man that never upsets anything."

Bateese's eyes twinkled. He remembered, too.

In another minute they glided over the water to the spot where the men were working.

"And Helen—'alluring comes across the briny deep,'" exclaimed her husband.

"Quite a mistake, Harold! I tasted the water and there isn't a bit of brine in it."

"How intensely practical! Don't you know that canoeing on Penetang should be poetic?"

"So it is," she replied. "Coming over made me dream of canoeing with you in the long evenings over this very bay."

"Yes, dearest. That's one of the delights in store for us. But come and see where Sir George has decided to build the magazine."

Parting the underwood, they were soon upon a little hill, the highest spot of the island. To the north was the mouth of the harbour; while to the south, over the tops of the Chippewa wigwams, lay the upper end of the long, narrow bay.

"Can those Indians be trusted?" Helen asked.

"Yes, perfectly. They arrived and put up their tepees a few days ago. They come here to fish every spring and go away again in the summer."

"So they will remain for a while," said Helen, with interest.

"Probably. But they are romantic,

and may go any time. Some bright morning before you even think of it, they will fold their tents and glide away."

"What a lot of them there are!" said Helen.

"Yes, there must be fifty at least, counting braves, squaws, papooses and all. Latimer says the men will be very useful to us, while they stay, as runners and guides."

"I suppose Sir George meant these Indians this morning, when he spoke of sending the mail through the woods to Little York. But did you know that the Latimers intend to sail to-night?"

"Not positively, though I suspected as much."

"That is one reason that I came to see you. Would it be safe to send one of my letters on the boat; or must they all go by Little York?"

"It would be safer by land than water, even if slower. Still a non-committal letter might be risked if you are careful in the wording."

"It is just a little message to Maud Maxwell and could not implicate anyone. I do so want to send a few words and get news from there. It seems like an age since we left; and if it is lost it will not matter much."

"Well, do as you like, dearest. But my men are wanting me. They don't know how to place that plank."

They parted the bushes and in another minute were at the water's edge again.

"V'eell Madame go back right vey?" Bateese asked.

"Wait a moment, these squaws want to speak to me."

Two Indian women, clothed in blanket, short skirt and moccasins had been waiting her return. The older one with long black hair loose over her shoulders resembled the tall handsome girl beside her, and looked old enough to be her mother. She touched Helen on the arm.

"Pale face squaw want moccasins?" she asked, holding out a pair decorated with beads and quills.

A strange thrill went through Helen as she felt the touch, and saw the dark, fierce face of the Indian woman so close to hers. But with an effort she controlled herself and answered:

"Yes, I want moccasins. These will fit me. How much are they?"

"Waupatheca not know. Pale face tell her," said the squaw, throwing up her hand.

"What shall I give her?" Helen asked of Harold, who, turning from his men, watched the scene with amusement.

"A piece of cloth, some needles and thread would be better than money," he said.

"But I haven't them with me."

"Give the moccasins back and tell her you will come again this afternoon. The Indians must not come to the house. Not so soon at any rate."

A dissatisfied expression came into the squaw's face; but she nodded and turned away, as her daughter pulled at one of the strings of Helen's bonnet.

"Little Moon want it," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Little Moon can't have it," returned Helen, seizing her hood and shaking her head, "but I will bring you something, too."

The girl clapped her hands and laughed.

"Where did you learn English?" Helen asked.

"In Detraw," was her answer.

"How did you get there?" she questioned.

"Jibway Indians and squaws go in canoes every summare," was the answer; "sell skins, sell wampum, sell moccasin, sell fish, too."

The black eyes of the girl wandered restlessly toward the men who were working.

"What is your name?" Helen asked.

"Metsemee. It mean little moon," was the answer.

"What a beautiful name!"

"Pale face squaw like it?" questioned the girl with a smile.

"Yes, it is like the silvery moon itself. And your mother's name, she did not tell me its meaning?"

Waupatheca means White Swan. She came from the setting sun—the daughter of a Shawanee chief by the Wabash."

"And your father?"

"He is Big Thunder, Chief of the Ojibways. My mother call him Pepapana-

wey—Nenimkee, because the lightning flash when he is angry."

"Well, good-bye Metsemee," said Helen. "I will not forget my promise."

Little Moon again flashed a look at the men. Then turning, she followed her mother to the tepees; while Helen, taking her seat in the canoe, was paddled across the channel again by her faithful servitor.



CHAPTER XXX

IN plain clothes, without letters or despatches, but well supplied with funds, Corporal Bond was chosen by Sir George to accompany Latimer and his wife on the first trip of the *Bumble-bee*. The order was to go no farther than was necessary, but to purchase provisions from the settlers living along the eastern shore of the lake; and to return with the proceeds to the fort with all possible speed. This was outside of the ordinary scene of conflict, and the trip could be accomplished, Latimer declared, with safety.

Mrs. Bond, accustomed to the vicissitudes of military life, took the parting from her husband philosophically. She was proud of his selection for the trust, and hoping for his early return, she wished him God-speed, almost without a tear.

Perhaps of the two women Helen was the sorer. She betrayed more feeling, as with much reluctance she parted with her old nurse again. When the women were so few, the absence of one, particularly this one, seemed like a desolation to her.

"I shall soon be back again," said Mrs. Latimer, as Helen wrung her hand. "So do not worry, child." She was thinking of the London days of long ago, when she nursed her and carried her so often on her shoulders.

"I wonder if she'll ever come back, or is this the last I'll see of her?" was Helen's thought.

The little brig spread its canvas, and by the darkening was speeding outside the harbour into the open lake.

A day or two later preparations were completed to forward official despatches and letters overland to Little York—the party to consist of Nenimkee, one of his

Indians, and two men of the regiment; and by arrangement the chief reported himself, at Sir George's quarters, the evening previous to their departure, to receive final instructions.

The sun had just set among pillars of sapphire and gold. The day had been hot, but the leaves were rustling upon the trees, for a gentle coolness was coming. Still the mosquitoes were too many to be blown away, and a smoke fire helped to nullify their ardour. Around it Sir George and his officers seated themselves to await the arrival of the chief.

Nenimkee was a typical Indian, tall, middle-aged, with high cheek bones and restless black eyes. To do honour to the occasion and his mission, he dressed in native costume that night, together with wampum belt, girdle, tomahawk and knife.

"Glad to see you," said Sir George, extending his hand. "These are my officers, and this is Big Thunder, Chief of the Ojibways—one of his gracious Majesty's most loyal chiefs."

Gravely and silently the Indian shook hands with the men as they rose. Then he seated himself on a block by Sir George's side and Lieutenant Manning handed him a well-filled pipe with tobacco. The smoking was general and for some moments there was silence.

"Good tobacco," was Nenimkee's first comment.

"Yes," said the Colonel. "We always give the best to our friends."

"Nenimkee take some on his journey?" were his next words.

"Yes, you shall," was the answer.

"White chief good—always good to Indians."

"Thank you, Nenimkee," said Sir George. "You are long back from the war path?"

"Seven moons," was the answer. The Indian shrugged his shoulders and for some moments again there was silence.

"Tell us about it," said the Colonel.

"Does Sir George want to know how the English were driven back, and the Indian Prince and his men slain?" Big Thunder asked with flashing eyes.

"Yes," said Sir George. "The English soldier does not like to hear of being

beaten. But if true, it is better for him to know it."

"And tell you about Tecumseh, and how Tecumseh fell?"

"Yes. Tell it all."

For some moments the Indian pulled vigorously at his pipe, and the men around the fire could hear his heavy breathing, as he drew in the fumes of the tobacco, and expelled them with every breath through his distended nostrils.

The last rays of the setting sun had disappeared, the wind had ceased, and the air was silent again, save for the croak of the lake frogs and the twang of a whip-poor-will in a neighbouring tree. By-and-bye the Indian laid his pipe to one side, and fixing his eye on a bright star in the west far above the horizon, he commenced his story.

"The Ojibways are of the Algonquin race," he said, "a people that roamed, before the white man came, from the rising to the setting sun. I will not tell you of our wars with the Iroquois and Hurons, and with the people of the Great Father—which made the number of our braves less and less, and our women so few that you could count them like tassels on a little field of corn. But twenty moons ago, war sprang up from a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and the people to the south of the lakes dug up the hatchet and hurled it against the white men and the red men of the north. So the Indians in council buried the hatchet among themselves; chose Tecumseh, the greatest warrior of the Six Nations, to be their chief; and swore by the Great Spirit, that they would stand to the death, side by side with their white brothers. Then it was that Algonquins and Hurons and Iroquois united as they never did before; and with the paleface Britons fought the common foe.

"Tecumseh led three thousand Indians to the fight, while White Chief Proctor led the British. For a while the enemy was driven back, their warriors fell by hundreds, and many of their scalps hung at the belts of Indian braves.

"Then the foe got mad, and gathering more men together drove our people

back to Amherstburg, where we fought them to the teeth. But the Great Spirit forgot that we were his people—our day turned into night—our victories into mourning. The Great Father's warships melted like snow beneath the sun and American cannons mowed down our men like grass."

The Indian was growing excited. He sat erect, with hands gripping the block beneath him, and eyes fixed afar off as if in a vision.

"Did I say the Yankees whipped the English?" he commenced again in hollow tones, forgetful of everything but the graphic outlines of his terrible story. "Yes, but the big white chief was a coward and a squaw, or it would not have happened. Tecumseh said so, and Tecumseh never lied. Neninkee stood by him when the news came that all the captains and half the men on the lakes were dead, and the ships gone to the bottom. Then the Great Chief's heart shed drops of blood in anguish, but his eyes were dry, for an Indian never drops a tear.

"For a time the war-whoop was over. White men and red men fled back to the woods. Night and day they tramped through the forest back from the lake and on by the river. But the Yankees were after them in larger numbers, and scorning to die like dogs, the Indians turned to meet their foe. Although the coward Proctor forsook him, Tecumseh shouted the war-whoop of the Nations, and surrounded by his warriors with their tomahawks, met the horsemen from the south. Man after man did Tecumseh slay. Covered with blood and his body full of bullets, he sprang at last upon Chief Johnson, the Yankee foe, and dragged him to the ground. Then he drew his knife to strike him to the heart—but it was too late—he had gone to the spirit land and half his warriors went with him."

"Thank God, he died a hero!" exclaimed Sir George, with a strong effort at self-control, for excitement was depicted upon every face. "I knew nothing of it. Not a word has reached me. But it is terrible to lose so brave a chief as Tecumseh."

"There was no one like Tecumseh,"

continued Neninkee in tones like the thrilling blast of distant thunder. "No one so strong—no eye so true—no heart so soft when his little ones and his Laughing Fawn were with him. His bullet went straight to the bull's eye, and his arrow to the heart of the moose. His tomahawk never wavered, but as lightning from the eagle's eyrie strikes the tepee of the Indian, so his eye smote his foes while his knife spilled their life blood at his feet. Now it is all over, and while the red man's blood cries for vengeance, his heart bleeds for his chief."

"How did you escape when so many were slain around you?" asked the Colonel.

"The sun went down as Tecumseh's war-whoop ended, and Neninkee led his warriors deeper into the woods."

"Did you lose many men?"

"Forty braves went—only twenty came back."

"You did not join the troops again?"

"What use? All is quiet in winter. The Ojibways went straight to their wigwams."

"Do you know how the war goes this year?"

"Only that the fight is toward the rising sun."

"You will bring more news when you return."

"It will not take many days," said the Indian. "But the woods are thick—the rocks many—and part of the way there is no trail."

"Still, you will find the nearest road?"

"Does the crow fly crooked, or the night-hawk backward?" Big Thunder asked, sedately resuming his pipe.

"Nor does the Indian forget his cunning, nor the white man to reward his friend," said the Colonel, gravely. "You are going on the business of the Great Father, and he will expect his red brother of the forest to do his best."

"It is well. We will go quickly, and blaze the trees on the road, so that a fool, though blindfolded, could find his way back again."

"Could not a bridle path be made through the woods to carry provisions overland from Little York to Penetang?" suggested the Chaplain.

"A good idea," returned Sir George. "We need them badly enough; and it will not do at present to depend upon securing supplies by water."

"A good trail can be made, but it will take two or three suns longer," was Neninkee's comment.

"We will leave it in your hands, then," said Sir George, rising to close the interview.

"The white chief shall be satisfied." With this Neninkee left them, and at sunrise on the following morning, he started with his little party for Little York.

CHAPTER XXXI

IF it had not been for the game shot in the woods, and the abundance of bass and pickerel caught in the bay, provisions would have been very scarce at the new fort before summer opened. The heavy stock brought overland during the long march had served them well, but it was drawing near to an end; and all waited with interest, not to say anxiety, the return of the messengers from York. When they did come, they reported that the trail was open for pack horses and that supplies already purchased would soon be on the way.

In the meantime progress went on in the little settlement. The soldiers' quarters were completed and made comfortable, the pile driving for the prospective bridge was finished and even the stone walls of the new fort were in progress of erection. In agriculture something had also been done, for Indian corn and potatoes were growing well in the habitants' clearings.

What little they heard of the progress of the war was satisfactory, and during the long bright evenings the stringency of discipline was often relaxed. Then officers and men, with the exception of those on duty, would give themselves up to relaxation and pleasure.

Canoes had been purchased from the Indians, and swimming in the bay as well as spinning over its waters, soon became of nightly occurrence; and none among the men enjoyed the sport better than Harold. So one evening near the

end of May, he took Helen out for their first long paddle. Captain Cummings and the Chaplain occupied a second canoe, while Sir George and Captain Payne enjoyed a quiet smoke as they strolled along the shore. The two birch barks struck out past the northern end of the island, and paddled abreast toward the mouth of the harbour. In the west the sun was setting in gold behind the trees, while above them the blue vault was dotted with little grey clouds fretted with spangles of silver. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the lake. Now and then a white gull flew from side to side or a sportive pickerel splashed the water as he rose above the surface.

In a little while Lieutenant Smith and the Doctor joined them, paddling over from the opposite shore. They had been hunting for partridge.

"What success?" called out Harold.

"Only two brace," was the answer.

"Why not come with us for an hour's run?"

"All right," and they dropped to the opposite tide of Harold's canoe.

"What a solitary outlook!" said Helen, casting her eye from shore to shore. "Not another boat to be seen and on land nothing but woods."

"It's a mighty picturesque spot, though," said the Chaplain, who was using his paddle a few yards to the right. "It is like the sea of glass spoken of in Revelations, reflecting the sky of the Orient."

"Or like the Paradise of the hours," cried Captain Cummings, "where the wood nymphs bathe in the lake and bask in the golden sunlight."

"It is the promise of a fertile country," said Lieutenant Smith, "which needs the woodsman's axe to clear it and the toil of the settler to cover it with homes."

"Yes, and to make it yield its thirty, sixty and a hundredfold," echoed the Chaplain.

"Mon Dieu! but you are all wrong," exclaimed Beaumont, taking off his hat and shaking his curly head. "It is simply the forest of Penetang, where the Iroquois and Hurons fought for ages, and where the Jesuits of my people shed

their life's blood and died among a race of unbelievers."

"That means, Doctor, that it resembles itself," chimed in Helen with a laugh. "You are just echoing ancient history—I would say it is like a Quaker's hood, the water is the face of the wearer, the tall trees all round it are the edge of the bonnet, the mouth of the harbour is the chin, and the little islands beyond are the untied strings."

A general laugh followed.

"Bravo!" shouted Cummings. "But what are you going to do with my nymphs in your Quaker bonnet?"

"Put them behind the island where they cannot be seen," was her laughing answer.

"There are nymphs there already," cried the Doctor, "but instead of behind the island, they are in front of it."

And glancing back they could see the Indian women bathing.

"I suppose the time will soon come when this little harbour will have ships upon it," said Helen, to change the subject.

"Yes," returned Harold. "Sir George brought instructions with him from England to build here the first brig."

"And when will he commence?"

"As soon as a saw-mill can be built—not long to wait."

"So there are lots of bright things in store for us, Mrs. Manning," put in the Chaplain with a laugh, "even if we have taken up our abode in a wooden country."

"Not a wooden country, Mr. Evans, but a country of woods."

"And pray what is the difference?"

"As much difference as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

Again a ringing laugh was carried far out over the waters.

"We men should always have you with us, Mrs. Manning, to keep away the blues," exclaimed the Chaplain, "and to that end, I am just praying for that castle of ours to be speedily finished."

"One would think," returned Helen, elevating her eyebrows, "when the builders work so hard, that the castle does not need your prayers. Would it not be better to pray for the arrival of a lady-com-

panion for the only lady in the camp, lest she might get the blues?"

"That's what I say," cried the Doctor, energetically. "It's a deuced shame to have Madame alone at the fort without a single lady friend, and the sooner we secure a suitable companion for her the better."

"Rather rough on you, Manning," exclaimed Cummings, serenely.

"Pon my word, Doctor, I'll have to call you out, even if you are a Frenchman," said Harold with a laugh.

"You know what I mean," returned the young man, his face flushing. "It was a mistake—a Frenchman's. I cannot think fast in English, you know."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Cummings with a guffaw.

Harold bit his lip.

"How pretty that sunset is with its deep golden yellow! So different from England!" said Helen, who did her best to repress a sigh. With all these men around her, even with her husband by her side, she was still alone.

"Yes, and with forest, and lake, and sky and island, there is a fascinating beauty," was Mr. Evans' comment.

"The Indians say that to the north and west, throughout the Georgian Bay, the islands are like the leaves of the forest, they cannot be counted," Smith remarked.

"Still new fields to conquer," added Harold.

"New beauties to explore," said the Chaplain.

The canoes had almost reached the "glittering sands" to the right of the mouth of the harbour. The sun had set and the gloaming was coming upon them with the placid stillness of a summer night.

"Suppose we return," suggested Helen. "It will be dark by the time we reach the shore."

"Paddle gently," ejaculated Smith, in a low voice. "Let us wait a bit. You see those bushes beyond the sandy beach. Three deer come down there every evening to water—a buck with growing antlers and two does. If you sit still and do not speak they will not notice you. The doctor and I will creep up a little nearer."

Smith, who was the crack shot of the party, picked up his rifle, while Beau-

mont, the skilled canoeist, paddled noiselessly toward the shore. The former had only time to creep under cover of the bushes to a spot where an open view could be obtained, when the deer, with heads erect and led by the stag, marched slowly down to the water's edge.

Not a paddle of the watchers moved, and scarcely a muscle. Beaumont sat in his canoe grounded on the beach, with eyes fixed on the deer, for he could just discern them beyond a stretch of sand. But Smith was invisible—a few moments of silence and suspense—with head bent forward the stag waded into the water, a doe on either side. Bang went the rifle. The stag reared and fell forward with a splash. Quick as lightning his mates turned and fled to the woods, while a cheer rang out from the men in the canoes, as they paddled over to the spot.

"It was pitiful to see the poor does," said Helen, sensitively.

"But it was a capital shot," returned Harold. "I was doubtful if Smith could do it in the gathering darkness. It will make a good addition to our vanishing larder."

When they drew near, Beaumont and Smith had dragged the handsome buck farther on to the beach.

"Will it be safe to leave him here until the men come for him?" Smith asked, as he received the congratulations.

"I doubt it," said Beaumont. "Hark! yonder are wolves howling already. They must be hungry to be out so soon."

"The buck is too heavy to take in our canoe," said Smith. "Unless the Doctor—the lighter man—can return in yours."

"Have him come with us," said Helen to Harold.

"Certainly," was his answer. "There will be no danger with such a perfect canoeist."

In a few more minutes they were paddling homeward. The half moon was hovering directly above them and its sheen glowed in silvery light upon the water.

"Give us a French boat song, Doctor," said the Chaplain, who knew that he had a rich tenor voice.

"Not before Miladi," was his answer.

"If Madame will favor us first, I will follow."

"What will you have?" said Helen.

"A song of the chase or a boat song, we don't care which," said Smith.

"Well," replied Helen with a smile at the ardour of the men. "If you can imagine it is morning instead of evening, perhaps Scott's 'Hunting Song' will do."

The paddles almost ceased playing, and in the still night her rich contralto voice filled the air from shore to shore.

"Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And our feet have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green.
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay.

"Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed.
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken lords and ladies gay.

"Louder, louder, chant the lay—
Waken lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time! Stern huntsman! who can balk
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay."

Sweetly the echoes died away over the water, thanks of appreciation were murmured, and they were calling upon Beaumont to fulfil his promise, when another song was wafted from the shore towards them.

"Why that's Bateese," cried the Doctor. "He can sing better than I can. Listen to him to-night, mine will keep for another day."

"Hearken!" whispered Helen. "How quaint it is!"

"Plus jolie femme ees nice an' neat,
I sorry ven I leave 'er;
Mit eyes so blue an' lips so sweet,
She's cunnin' as de beaver.

"She love me well, dis gal of mine,
For her I toe de scratch, sir;
Ba gosh! her name is Emmeline,
An' I will be her match, sir.

"For she vas reeche, wid pater's gold,
On farm down by de rivare;
But mon cheval, it had be sold
An' all my tings, pis aller.

"But now I work so hard again
To make up for my losses;
An' nevare more will give her pain,
But cover her wid kisses.

"And from dis time I'll work and wait
As nevare yet did lover;
An' pray Mon Dieu to bless our fate,
An' make her mine forever.

"Den my sweet wife, ma fille so true,
Wid my fond arms around her,
Vill bless ma life, sweet entre nous,
An' make me still de fonder.

"An' when de leetle garçon come,
An' fille so p'tite an' jolie;
We bless de Lord an' for de same
Will give him all de glory."

The last verse almost took Helen's breath away; and forgetting all about Beaumont's song, she bade the officers good-night, and with Harold hastened on shore to their own dwelling.

T O B E C O N T I N U E D

Fancy

BY LILLA NEASE

FAIR Fancy! though you have changed with years,
Your faithful subjects you can't deceive;
You are still the sprite that won our hearts
In the childish days of "make-believe."

Oh! gladly we'd bridge the stretch of years
To thrill again with the joy of youth;
'Neath the spell that bore us far away
From the uninviting realms of Truth.

When all we wished for, and all we planned
Were ours, at will, from your changeful store,
And our future dreams beneath thy wand
A free and bountiful harvest bore.

Linger awhile, for the years glide on,
Creeps surely the time when we'll bemoan
The treasures you long have ceased to give,
And know the fickleness all our own.

For age will laugh at our beautiful faith,
And her touch of scorn will make us feel
That you, fair Fancy, must be deposed;
Alas! on your throne must sit the Real.

The Other Miss Robbins

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY



HE tone in which I requested our new stenographer to enter was not cordial. I am not an unkind man, but I had already waited ten minutes, and I disliked to wait. In order to make her aware of this in the most delicate manner possible I shrugged my shoulders slightly and glanced at the clock. Then I glanced at her and I trust that I will not impair the interest of the story if I state that I never shrugged my shoulders in quite that way again.

She was a little thing. Her hair was brown and fluffy, her eyes were brown and soft, her lips were very red and curved like a child's. She looked so young and so timid and so very unlike a stenographer, that I felt thankful for the knowledge that after all she was only a substitute engaged for a month.

"Good morning," I said. "You are Miss Robbins, I presume."

"Miss Kathrine Robbins," agreed the girl in a subdued voice.

"Just so. I understand you offer to fill your sister's place for a month until she is at liberty to free herself from her contract with Messrs. Bolton & Co., and take up her duties here." Miss Robbins gave an inarticulate assent. She looked inclined to cry. I placed a chair.

"The testimonials of your sister, Miss Elizabeth Robbins," I continued, wishing to encourage her, "are all that can be desired. Indeed, they are of exceptional excellence. Had they not been so we could not have considered the proposition of keeping this position open for a month's time. We dislike change in this office. Get the best of help and keep it is our motto, and your sister's recommendations were so far above the average that we decided not to lose the chance of securing one so competent. Our former stenographer, Miss Stalker, was with us fifteen years. She is dead."

This announcement, which I am sure I made with all solemnity, produced a

curious effect upon Miss Stalker's successor—she smiled. I thought she must have misunderstood me.

"It was a great loss to the firm," I remarked gravely. Miss Robbins stopped smiling. The frightened look which had faded out of her eyes while I was talking began to return.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't mean—the way you put it sounded so funny—I beg your pardon, I'm sure." It was clearly a case of pure nervousness. I decided to overlook it.

"You will feel more at ease if we proceed to business," I said kindly. "We will attend to the correspondence first. You are of course competent to take dictation?" I asked the question quite as a matter of form, but to my surprise the young lady looked doubtful.

"Fairly competent, I believe," she said, "but you know I have not had Elizabeth's training—I fear you will find my work very ordinary." But in this she was mistaken, for work more extraordinary it has seldom been my lot to discover.

We began with the correspondence, business letters, short and to the point, of the kind common to every office. I am not a rapid speaker and Miss Robbins appeared to follow me fairly well. I began to feel easier in my mind. But I exulted too soon. It was when I had reached a climax of denunciation in an open letter to a certain Mr. Stiggins, upon a question of burning political import, that the first hitch occurred.

I had come to a pause more for lack of breath than for scarcity of words, when I noticed that, although my stenographer was gazing at me with fascinated eyes, she was taking no notes and had not apparently been doing so for some time.

"What is the matter, Miss Robbins?" I enquired, not unkindly I hope.

"Oh, Mr. Stephens," said the girl, "I am so sorry. I am afraid I—that is I—the last word I caught was 'infamous'."

Perhaps my dismay may be imagined. Such a thing had never occurred to me before. In fifteen years not once had the estimable Miss Stalker failed me! To repeat a political article with anything like its former force and fervour is hard, but to repeat it in cold blood, in measured speech and with one eye on your stenographer, is impossible. Beside I was not even aware how far she had followed me; the word "infamous" might have occurred anywhere.

But I am not an unkind man and I decided to make allowances. I began again, slowly this time, and got through somehow, though the finished article was sadly different from its fiery predecessor, and I did not find occasion to use the word "infamous" once. I trust that the young lady was aware of my forbearance, when I left her to her typewriting with no further reproach than that which a look of resignation may have conveyed.

It was really remarkable how soon Miss Robbins seemed to recover from her first nervousness. She had not been at her work more than fifteen minutes when I became conscious of a curious sound above the click-click of her machine—the new stenographer was humming! At first I could hardly believe my ears. Such a thing was entirely unprecedented. I glanced anxiously toward the door which separates my private office from that of our head clerk, and felt thankful that it was tightly closed. If the young person must hum it were better that the sound should scandalise as few people as possible. For myself, I am a kindly man and can put up with a trifle of annoyance if necessary.

Presently the humming came to an abrupt end and the cause thereof wheeled her chair around to mine. There was a meditative expression in her eyes and she sucked her pencil. I was surprised, but, I trust, courteous.

"Mr. Stephens," said she with quite a confidential air, "do you spell 'deceive' with an 'ie' or an 'ei'?"

Shade of Miss Stalker! Here was a state of things. I felt that I must be firm. In a tone which I calculated must be several degrees below zero, I began, "I believe it is usually spelled—" and

then suddenly I realised that I did not know in the least how it is spelled. I may have known a moment earlier, but now my mind was a blank. Meanwhile Miss Robbins sucked her pencil and waited. I beat a disastrous retreat. "There is a dictionary on the shelf," I remarked, lamely.

"It is the most provoking word," said my stenographer, rising reluctantly. "One time I spell it 'ie' and the next 'ei,' and neither seems ever to be right. When I am writing it I just make both letters exactly alike and put the dot for the 'i' between them. Then no one can say whether I made a mistake or not. But you can't do that in typewriting," regretfully.

I cleared my throat. I don't know just what I had intended to say, nor why, in the end, I did not say it. After all she was only a substitute. I turned grimly to my desk again and began to sign my letters.

"Oh, don't you read your letters?" asked a surprised voice beside me, as Miss Robbins laid the political article on my desk.

"I have never found it necessary."

"Oh!"

I began to have an uneasy conviction that perhaps that blessed state of affairs had passed. "Until now," I added.

With a sigh I picked up the open letter and glanced at the first page. I gasped. There in plain sight was the salutation, "My dear Mr. Stiggins. *My dear* Mr. Stiggins!" Horror was plainly written on my face.

"Is anything wrong?" asked the delinquent timidly. I mastered myself. I did not wish to appear unkind. Besides, what did she know of the perfidy of Stiggins?

"It is not customary," I said slowly, "to begin a letter written in the tone of this one in so familiar a manner. I would suggest 'Horatius Stiggins, Esq.—Dear Sir.'" Miss Robbins flushed.

"Why that was stupid of me," she assented. "I might have known that you would not call him your dear Mr. Stiggins when in the body of the letter you speak of him as a 'blazing idiot.'" "What?" I almost shouted.

"Well, didn't you?" with an injured air. "Look, this is the place. You say, 'The appointment of such a blazing idiot to a position of such trust is a shame and a disgrace.'"

I gazed helplessly at the typewritten words. Of course I had never said it, but the horror of such a thing appearing in the public press over my signature awed me into silence. I grew cold at the thought of what I had escaped. Had I followed my usual method and neglected to read the typewritten article! It was with difficulty that I regained command of myself.

"I think," I said, "you will find it is not my custom to make use of language so undignified, it is degrading, and quite unnecessary. The sentence in question, if I remember rightly, ran in this way, 'The appointment of one so *utterly incompetent* to a position of such trust, is a shame and a disgrace.'" Miss Robbins examined her note-book carefully.

"Well," she assented, doubtfully, "it might be that. In fact it might be anything. And, as you say, the two expressions mean exactly the same thing. Shall I cross it out?"

"You will re-typewrite the entire article," I said, "after I have overlooked it." And I felt soothed to note that my stenographer looked very much like a little girl who is told to stay in after school hours and do her task properly. Still, though I am not naturally an unkind man, I am inflexible in all matters touching my business standing and dignity. The article was re-typewritten, also most of the letters, which all began wrongly and ended in all kinds of erratic ways.

"I wanted to have them different," explained my stenographer cheerfully. She was a timid-looking girl, but she certainly was cheerful under difficulties. Before the day was over the many excellencies of Miss Stalker seemed to have faded into air, into thin air. It seemed scarcely possible that I once had dictated to an amanuensis who was sure of her own shorthand and who never used a dictionary, nor hummed during office hours, nor shook hands when she said good-night.

When she was gone that evening, after I had recovered sufficiently from the cordial handshake with which she left me,

I thought things over. As I believe I have remarked before, I dislike to be unkind, indeed I felt that in this instance I could not be so, and after all, a month is only a month at longest. Also the testimonials of Miss Elizabeth Robbins, her sister (I looked them over for comfort) were so exceedingly above the average, that I felt myself justified in waiting. If the dictionary were a good one and I was very careful to read over my letters, the firm might stand it for a month. At this point in my reflections (I have never been able to account for it) I laughed. I seldom laugh, in office hours never, and yet I felt unreasonably vexed when Johnson, the head clerk, opened his door and looked in anxiously. I felt that he had taken a liberty, and showed it. It is strange if a man may not laugh in his own office.

The days which followed were eventful ones, especially the day upon which she told a hard-pressed creditor of ours who called up over the telephone in my absence asking for an outrageous extension of time, that he need not mention it, we weren't worrying if he wasn't. Also the occasion upon which she enclosed two estimates to rival firms in the wrong envelopes, a proceeding which caused me to make more diplomatic evasions than was at all good for a sensitive conscience. All reverses, however, were met by the same cheerful spirit in Miss Robbins, and the abilities of Miss Stalker seemed to grow more unreal and impossible every day.

Only one thing I noticed seriously depressed my little stenographer, and that was the mention of her sister, the Miss Elizabeth of the testimonials. The merest utterance of the name was enough to bring a frightened and sad look into her eyes, and more than once at a chance reference I saw them fill with tears. She positively refused to discuss her sister's merits in any way. I am not a curious man, yet I wondered at this and at other things, chiefly why her gloves were threadbare and her dress unmistakably worn. She must be very poor, I thought, and yet her sister must have been making rather a good thing with Bolton Bros. Perhaps her sister, though evidently so clever, was not generous, perhaps she was

even unkind. And at this thought I grew warm, not being an unkindly man myself. I am sure that it was an impulse of pure kindness which made me offer her tickets for "Othello" that night—a night which will not be forgotten in our city for many a day. She had said she had never seen Shakespeare played and had admitted that she would like it.

"Once I nearly did," she informed me; "but there was only one ticket and I had to go alone. I got as far as the outside door, but I simply could not make up my mind to go any further."

"Well," I said, "I really wish you would use my tickets to-night, for otherwise they must be wasted as I have accepted an invitation to be one of Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone's box party. Perhaps Miss Elizabeth would accompany you." Her eyes filled with tears. I was really becoming very curious upon the subject of this remarkable sister.

"Thank you," said Kathrine gratefully, "I should love to go, but Elizabeth can't come. I can take Annie with me though; she is a little younger than I, but we will be all right if we are together." I repressed a sigh; another chance of seeing Miss Elizabeth gone! "Then it is settled," I said. Kathrine blushed and seemed undecided. She raised an anxious face to mine.

"It will be lovely," she said, "but really, I hardly know—what do people wear in the kind of seats you have given us, Mr. Stephens?"

"Wear," I said helplessly, "wear—why I have never considered the question, my—my child."

"I mean," she said eagerly, "do they dress up—wear their best clothes?"

I tried to think. "Yes I think they do," I decided.

"You see," explained Kathrine, "we would not like to look different from the others; it always seems so ill-bred to be dressed up when other people are in their everyday clothes." In spite of myself I looked at her shabby black dress and felt something very strange in my throat.

"It is indeed," I said gravely, "the height of ill-breeding."

I was in good time that night and sat well to the front of Mrs. Smyth-Fether-

stone's box in a position which gave me a good view of Kathrine and her sister. Annie was a pale, slight girl with a look of habitual ill-health. Kathrine had roses in her cheeks and the light of pleased excitement in her eyes. She really was an exceedingly pretty child. There was no doubt that they both wore their best clothes and were quite satisfied therewith. The fact that others had better dresses did not appear to count, they wore their "best" and that was enough.

To me as I watched her face it seemed like seeing "Othello" for the first time all over again. I forgot that the company was but a provincial one, that Iago mouthed and Othello ranted, while Desdemona was inclined to be school-girlish. I forgot that I had ever seen Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and found it all very splendid and delightful. Then suddenly a "something" made itself felt. The packed house seemed to thrill for a moment and then stop breathing. The actors faltered in their parts. Then for a second there was silence. Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone half rose from her seat.

"Be still," whispered her husband, fiercely. A woman down in the pit gave a frightened cry.

"Idiot," groaned Smyth-Fetherstone, "we're in for it now." The next instant and the whole house was surging for the doors and the air seemed already dim with smoke. Our box was on the ground tier and I vaulted over the railings. Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone had her husband and her brother—Kathrine had nobody.

Then I thought of the fire escapes. I knew where they were. In the first blind panic they had been forgotten, none had remembered to turn the lever which opened the doors to them. I knew where it was, too. But Kathrine—how could I leave her, she might be trampled under foot; still—well, I had to do it.

"Kathrine," I shouted. I saw her standing there holding her fainting sister in her arms. She seemed too dazed to move. The smoke was already thicker, but she saw me.

"Wait," I shouted, and ran for the stage and the lever. The smoke was dense there but at last I found it and pressed hard. Something seemed to give.

If the doors were not open now they never would be. I cursed the man who had run away from his duty. Kathrine might be dead by now. I groped my way back. Thank God she was still there! But the smoke was thicker. I fought my way to their side and took her fainting sister in my arms.

"This way," I said, "and don't faint, Kathrine." Then I did what I have never been able to justify nor ever strong enough to condemn. I knew that I should have shouted to the struggling mass at once and taken my chance, but my chance meant Kathrine's life. For a moment or two, eternities it seemed, I fought my way in the direction I knew. Then, not till then, when it seemed we had a chance, I shouted:

"This way—the fire escapes."

The next moment we were swallowed up in the maddened throng. I am a strong man and I held my charges strongly. Soon we felt the fresh air in our faces and knew that we were safe. Strong hands lifted us out of the crush—we were out in the blessed night again. As we passed through the fire lines I heard a sobbing woman say:

"God bless the man who remembered the fire escapes."

Kathrine heard too and pressed my hand. But I, knowing of those moments when I had let them fight their way to death, was silent. Yet who in my place had been strong enough to do otherwise?

It was passing strange how soon the wild excitement faded; twenty minutes later as we plodded toward Kathrine's home (others needing the cabs worse than we) it seemed impossible that such a terrible thing had happened. Had we really been in danger?

"Don't cry," I said to Annie. "We will be home before Miss Elizabeth has had time to be afraid."

Even then the mention of the sister's name had its old effect on Kathrine. She began to cry too. And I, well I determined to see Miss Elizabeth Robbins for myself.

"It is here," said Kathrine, as we stopped before a rather dingy house. A motherly looking woman opened the door. She had just heard and her face was white with fear.

"Oh, Mrs. Clark," said Kathrine, "we are quite safe—Mr. Stephens has brought us home."

"I was greatly feared," said Mrs. Clark, with a broad Scotch accent. "I thought the twa lassies were alane. But come awa in, ye must have had an awfu' experience." I felt ashamed of my curiosity.

"I will say good-night now," I said. "I will return and see if I can be of any use." But Kathrine pulled me by the hand. Her face looked very white and drawn.

"Could you come in for a moment," she said, "just a moment? I want to tell you something." I followed obediently.

"I will tell you all about it presently, Mrs. Clark," she said to that lady, who would have accompanied us. "This way, Mr. Stephens." She led the way into a small room, plainly but pleasantly furnished, but cold—there was no fire in the little stove.

"We live here," said Kathrine, simply. "It is Mrs. Clark's house, we have rooms and board ourselves. Annie," with a loving look at her younger sister, "is housekeeper."

"And Miss Elizabeth?" I asked. Kathrine burst into a flood of tears. Then Annie came and touched me gently on the arm. Her eyes were wide and solemn.

"Didn't you know," she said, "Elizabeth is dead?"

I sat down by the fireless stove and looked at Kathrine. Slowly, very slowly, for I fear I am not a quick man, I began to see daylight. I waited patiently until Kathrine's sobbing ceased.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, Kathrine," I said. I am not an unkind man, but if I ever wished to be kind to anyone in my life it was to these two girls—especially Kathrine.

"She was our sister," said Kathrine at last. "She was much older than we are. She always took care of us and worked for us. She never would let me take a position. Her salary was enough for all we needed. I never even went through a business college—the little I know Elizabeth taught me. Then suddenly—she was sick only a week, she died. We had

a little money put away and we lived on that while I tried to get some kind of a situation. But I had no recommendation and no one would take me. Then, when the money was all gone—I—I was desperate. I took Elizabeth's testimonials and sent them. At first I thought I would pretend to be Elizabeth, but I knew that would be useless—she was so very clever. So then I thought of being a substitute—for a month."

"But," I said, "when the month was over?"

"It was a month's money anyway," she said wearily, "and then I thought perhaps I might get a little experience and—just perhaps—one little testimonial, which would help me to take some kind of easy position and—oh, it was a cheat, I know. You were so kind, and I was so ashamed. Then after to-night I felt I could not do it any more."

So the mystery was explained at last, such a sad little mystery. For once I

found it very hard to say anything. At last I suggested that we ask Mrs. Clark to make a fire. Kathrine cheered up at once.

"Oh," she said, "that is something I can do. It was part of my education." So together we made the fire and boiled the kettle and had some tea. Not the kind of tea I prefer, but though weak it was warming, and though it did not inebriate, it cheered. Then I remembered that I must go—there was much to do in the city that night.

"But Kathrine," I said as I resumed my coat, "I fear I cannot promise you that testimonial." Kathrine nodded gravely.

"I don't expect it now," she said.

"Because," I went on, "we are a conservative firm, we dislike changes in our office. Our former stenographer, Miss Stalker, was with us for fifteen years, and we hope to keep our present one until—well, until she accepts a better position."

The Conqueror

BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON

"HE did his best!" Can we not almost see
The whole life history of such a man?
Can we not surely say, "He found the key
To life's short span?"

Did fortune smile or frown? It mattered not,
He did his duty with a noble zest,
Living his life, contented with his lot,
Doing his best.

"He did his best!" Some things he did amiss;
But now that he is gently laid to rest,
What nobler epitaph could man deserve than this,
"He did his best?"

British Parties and the Colonies

BY THE EDITOR



THE people of Great Britain are having their affections disturbed just now. They like foreign trade, because it gives them a great deal of profit. They have a tender feeling towards the colonies, because they are members of the national family. The painful disturbance occurs when some person suggests that if they are too fond of their foreign trade, they may lose their colonies; and then another cruel person suggests that if they are too fond of their colonies, they may lose their foreign trade. This causes a conflict of sentiment and feeling. The Britisher would like to keep both the foreign trade and the colonies, and will part with neither without a struggle. "What we have we hold," is the motto of that country.

If the people of England—I cannot speak of Ireland or Scotland—were forced at the present moment to decide between colonies and foreign trade, I think they would be inclined to let the colonies go. They would do this in the hope that they might still retain their friendship and their international support. The foreign trade once lost, could never be regained. This has been their attitude for nearly a century, to a greater or less extent. It has been the attitude of both political parties, speaking generally; although of late years, the Conservatives have professed a change of heart.

Fortunately, it is not likely that the choice will have to be made. With the exercise of ordinary discretion and deliberation, both the colonies and the foreign trade may be retained for many years to come. Possibly the most necessary step in the retaining of both, the most desirable event in the political world, is the defeat of the Balfour government. It has been a strong government in many ways, but it has made some serious mistakes in administration. Mr. Chamberlain is a tower of strength to it, but he has made love and affection for the colonies a party cry. Perhaps he did not intend to do so, perhaps it was unavoidable; yet the result is not wholly desirable.

This is a point which Canadians would do well to keep in mind. It is not in the interest of the colonies that Imperialism should become the football of party politics; that one party should be known as the Imperial and the other as the Anti-imperial. Mr. Chamberlain is the strongest and most active influence in British politics to-day, and while he has done much for the colonies he is now doing some things which are not quite so beneficial. If he continues to pose as the only Imperialist, he will arouse opposition to the cause which under other circumstances would not be brought into play. Mr. Lyttelton, the colonial secretary, seems to be tinged also with this over-zealousness. The other day he had a meeting in his constituency which he styled an "Empire Garden Party." This phrase is in bad taste, to say the least. It was my good fortune to attend the dinner of the South African Association in London in July, where I heard much excellent imperial sentiment. The Colonial Secretary's speech, however, jarred upon me. No doubt he was in earnest; no doubt the Irish members and some of the Radicals have hampered his good intentions; yet these circumstances do not wholly excuse the bitter partisanship of his utterances on that occasion.

The defeat of the present government would bring in the Liberals. They, like the Liberals in Canada between 1886 and 1896, have been driven into a somewhat unpatriotic attitude. Lengthy periods in opposition breed coldness, disloyalty, and cynicism. The Liberals in Canada almost became Annexationists, because of their long residence in the cold, damp vaults of Opposition. It is the same in Great Britain. The accession of the Liberals to power will mean greater national unity, less cold water for Imperialism, and a broader interest in colonial development. Affection for the colonies will then cease to be the garment of one party; it will become a national garb, worn with equal grace and pleasure by leading Liberals and Conservatives.

Current Events Abroad.

AT the moment of writing, Japan's peace terms are in the hands of Russia's plenipotentiaries, but there is an understanding that they are not to be made public until they have been discussed and accepted or rejected. It is impossible, therefore, to set them authoritatively before the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE this month. The Associated Press, whose reputation for reliability is well founded, publishes what it claims as the main terms. They are (1) Reimbursement of Japan's expenditure in the war; (2) cession of the Island of Sakhalin; (3) cancellation of China's leases to Russia in the Liao-tung peninsula, comprising Port Arthur and Dalny; (4) the evacuation of Manchuria; (5) the recognition of the "open door" principle; (6) the cession to Japan of that portion of the Chinese Eastern railway between Harbin and Port

Arthur; (7) the recognition of the Japanese protectorate over Korea; (8) the grant of fishing rights along the shores of Russian Siberia from Vladivostock northward; (9) the giving up to Japan of the Russian naval ships interned at neutral ports; and, lastly, the limitation of Russian naval strength on the Pacific Ocean. This is evidently more than a guess, and is likely to be a close approximation to Japan's demands. They are stiff, but the main point is that Japan is in a position to enforce them all whether Russia grants them or not. That is the real inwardness of the situation. If M. Witte rejects them we will hear immediately of another smashing Russian defeat in Manchuria.

Emperor William's talent for breaking out in unexpected places was displayed in his arranging a meeting between himself and his brother Emperor, Nicholas, in the Gulf of Finland, where the two imperial yachts met by prearrangement. What formed the subject of the conversation has not been made manifest, but a liberal crop of guesses has resulted. The first question was who proposed the meeting. Did the German Emperor send an invitation to his brother sovereign to visit him on his yacht, or did the latter offer to do so? Even this important preliminary enquiry remains unanswered. A popular explanation of the meeting is that it was concerned with the political changes in the Scandinavian peninsula, and there is some corroborative evidence that the Kaiser is excessively interested just



THE CZAR (to his subject)—"You furnished the men for my war, and now you must pay for not winning victory for me."
—Cleveland World

now in all the countries which border on the Baltic. During the yacht trip of which the meeting of the Emperors was an incident, he took occasion to philander with the Danish Court and to flatter the aged King Christian.

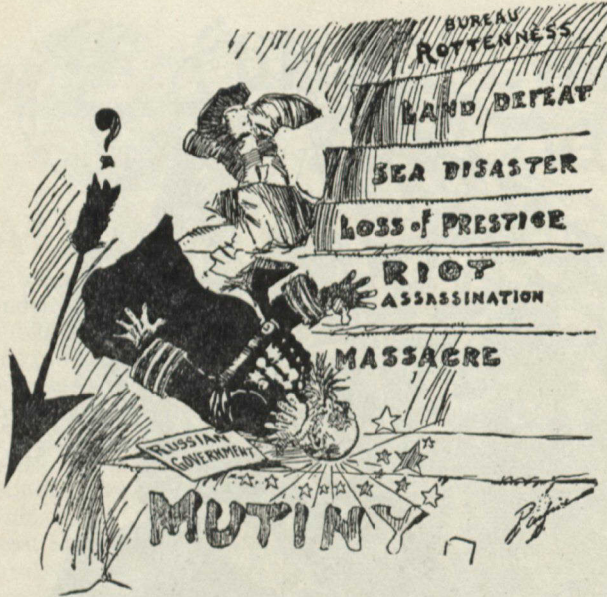
Just at this juncture, while he was playing the part of protector, it might almost be said master, of the Baltic, the announcement was made that the autumn manoeuvres of a division of the British fleet would take place in that sea. It is not difficult to conceive how distasteful this announcement was to Germany. Soon after, it was noised abroad that Berlin was endeavouring to secure the adhesion of all the Baltic powers to the principle that the Baltic was a closed sea so far as the fleets of non-Baltic powers were concerned. That such a proposition has been made seems likely, in view of the fact that a Russian newspaper alludes to it and rejects it with some show of ill-nature. Indeed, there are not wanting signs that the recent meddling activity of the Kaiser is rather nettling to Slav susceptibilities, and it is not difficult to get their point of view. The Russian Court must have felt the slight implied in the Kaiser's Moroccan measures. Could there be a plainer intimation that St. Petersburg no longer counted, and that the great man of Europe, alone and unapproachable, was the war-lord of Germany? However true this may be, it is none the less grating, and the Russians will feel with chagrin that the



"Banzai!"—*Punch*
Britannia's Greeting to Japan

German Emperor has taken the opportunity of their external and internal troubles to put them out of the concert of nations. This resentment is undoubtedly reflected in the Russian newspapers' somewhat angry rejection of the proposal with regard to the Baltic.

There will be a disposition to disbelieve that William has ever made such a proposition, not because of lack of will but because of the improbability that it could be enforced. Not one of the non-Baltic nations would accept such an addition to the code of international law. One paper publishes a detailed list of the battle-ships, armoured cruisers and protected cruisers of the British navy, together with a summary of the third-class cruisers, torpedo gunboats and scouts,



As—"Not missing anything on the way down."

—Pittsburg Post

destroyers, torpedo boats, torpedo ships, and submarine boats. It is truly a formidable showing. In the list are 54 battle-ships, ranging in tonnage from 10,500 to 16,600, and in speed from 13 knots to 20; 35 armoured cruisers, ranging from 9,800 to 14,500 tons, with speed up to 24 knots, and 39 protected cruisers, ranging from 5,600 to 11,000 tons, with a speed up to 22 knots an hour. In addition to these leviathans there are 25 third-class cruisers, 28 torpedo gunboats and scouts, 159 destroyers, 40 torpedo boats, 1 torpedo ship and 29 submarine boats. The might of Darius and Xerxes pales before the incalculable force catalogued above, and at the head of the list might well be put the query: "Can this fleet be kept out of the Baltic?" This is the crux of the whole matter. It is one thing to declare the Baltic a *mare clausum* and another to secure the acquiescence of the one power which can make any such declaration ridiculous.

While this would be necessary at any time, it was never more necessary than now, when one of the powers whose maritime strength was depended upon as a makeweight in any opposition to the dom-

inance of British war tonnage has been virtually erased from the slate. It has been the aim of the British admiralty to maintain the fleet at a strength capable of coping with any conceivable combination of powers. In this possible combination Russia has been rendered impotent and France is friendly, and moreover, has no direct interest in declaring the Baltic a closed sea. The difficulty, therefore, of imposing a new rule on the nations renders it unlikely that the Kaiser ever attempted so hopeless a task, and one which would be sure to involve him in ridicule or worse. But megalomania is a progressive affliction, and leads its victims to strange confusions of imagination and reason. There is no good cause why Great Britain and Germany should not be the best of friends. There is really no cause of quarrel between them. Their interests do not come into conflict, unless it be their commercial interests. There is sharp rivalry, it is true, but it surely should not take the form of deadly hatred of each other. It may be hard to be judicially minded in such a case, but I think it can be fairly said that Germany is or was the aggressor, and is prompted thereto, it is to be feared, by an insane envy of the extent of Britain's Colonial Empire.

When Germany and France were in death grips in 1870, the British Government and people preserved the strictest neutrality. The people naturally had their preferences and sympathies with one side or the other, but certainly the sympathisers with Germany were not inferior in numbers to those who sympathised with France. When, however, Britain's day of trial came there was an universal feeling of rancour exhibited from one end of Germany to the other, and the

most vituperative things appeared above academic names. This coming hard on the heels of the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger, naturally angered the British people greatly. It was impossible to set it down to chivalrous espousal of the Boer cause. There is no nation in Europe which is less accessible to the cry of the down-trodden than the States which own William as ruler. Does anyone remember German opinion being roused by Bulgarian atrocities or Armenian massacres? It is difficult, therefore, to attribute the storm of anti-British feeling that swept over Germany at that time to any other cause than a real antipathy to Britain and everything British. The British people are returning this antipathy with interest, and would welcome any distribution of alliances among the European powers which would leave Germany isolated.

Nor is this an impossible achievement. The Emperor has been managing foreign affairs in his own way, and it may be that he has got them in a pretty mess. It is plain that the desire by which he is possessed, to figure as the most potent ruler in Europe, is having its effect in Russia. There is nothing inherently improbable that Britain and Russia might come to an understanding. There is already great



NOT IN THE PICTURE

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

MR. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the Kaiser)—“Just a leetle further back, please, Sir. Your shadow still rather interferes with the group.”—*Punch*.

cordiality between Britain and Russia's ally, France. If William should wake up some morning and find that combination staring him in the face he might conclude that he was scarcely big enough for Bismarck's shoes after all.

The British Parliament has been prorogued and in spite of catchpenny defeats Mr. Balfour finishes his session with a good majority. The bye-elections have undoubtedly shown that he is greatly weakened in the country, but he seems determined to dissolve in his own good time.

John A. Ewan.



"The whitethroat calls across the dusk,
From woodland sweet with pine and musk,
What time the purple twilights rest
Upon the city's glimmering breast—
'Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!'

The night wind hushes and more near
The sound of revelry I hear;
And by the star-light's opal beams
My woodbird whispers in its dreams—
'Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!'

—Helen M. Merrill.

WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY

MRS. JOHN LANE, who writes in too piquant a fashion to be called a scold, has been lately expressing herself in an English magazine to the effect that women save not wisely but in the wrong place. She thus criticises the penny-wise policy of her sex:

"What self-respecting man would lunch off a sultana cake, a tart, or an ice? Show me the self-respecting woman who has not done it. At what age can the girl-child be taught that what is too cheap is usually very dear? The majority of women never learn it. How many a woman goes out to buy a warm woollen frock and returns home with a be-chiffoned tissue paper silk, because it was cheap and looked so 'smart.' That ghastly, temporary smartness which is a kind of

whited sepulchre! I think there is no doubt that the English women—and I include the Americans—are the most extravagant in the world. A Frenchwoman once expressed her amazement to me at the enormous amount of money English women spend on what is as useless as froth. Chiffon is the bane of the Englishwoman; she drapes herself in cheap chiffons, while a Frenchwoman puts her money in a bit of good lace. She adorns herself with poor furs where a Frenchwoman would buy herself a little thing, but a good little thing. Finally, when the thrifty Frenchwoman has gathered together quite a nice collection of lace and fur the Englishwoman has nothing to show for her money but a mass of torn and dirty chiffon, whose destination is the rag-bag.

After all, it is an age of wax-beads and imitation lace, and they represent as well as anything our extravagant economy. . . . If the Englishwoman would only take to the chiffons of cooking instead of the chiffons of clothes! It is an extravagance to cook badly; it is an extravagance to buy things because they are cheap; it is an extravagance to waste time in doing what someone else can do better (if one can afford it). . . . What we women need most of all is to be taught unextravagant economy, which includes the value both of money and of time, for the day is coming when women's time will really be worth something."

AFTERNOON BRIDGE

"I DON'T play cards in the afternoon," said a woman at what is called "one of the fashionable summer resorts of Canada." When she was asked what her objection could be to afternoon bridge, she replied thoughtfully: "When I go away for the summer I want the lake breeze, the walks along country roads and all of the outdoor life I can get. But I don't believe in card-playing in the afternoon, even in the winter, for women who have home responsibilities. It is making a mere amusement into a dissipation, and some women are so

emotional that they become gamblers before they know why they are so fond of bridge. It's a good game," she concluded, "but why make it anything more than a game?" Canadian women as a rule have a healthy love for outdoor sport and are not in immediate danger of becoming bridge fiends. But it is just as well for us to remember in time that in amusements as in politics and religion: "Moderation is the silken string that runs through the pearl chain of all the virtues."

WHEN LIFE IS SIMPLE

IF one refers to an article in the *Outlook*, the Canadian reader blandly assumes that the New York publication of that name is meant. But there is another *Outlook* coming from London, England, which every Canadian household would do well to place upon the library table, even if *Woman at Home* or the *Ladies' Home Journal* has to be sacrificed. In a recent number of the English *Outlook* there was an excellent article, "Simple Recipes," which exposes much of the modern cant of simplicity:

"Of course the simple life ceased to be possible from the moment that more than three or four families took to living within the same square mile. Law, duty, etiquette, a profession, taxes, the three 'R's' are complicated things. So are cooks, modern digestions, ambitions, clothes, railways, motors and games; and we cannot shed them all. But what people generally mean by the simple life is something with cheese and a country cottage in it, with top hats and frock coats out of it, the selections and exclusions to be made endurable by the cultivation of a general appreciation of dullness. This sort of interpretation has been ludicrously apparent in one of the daily papers which has recently devoted much space to the simple life. One lady's recipe was a breakfast of nice fruit and 'the whites of two eggs beaten up in milk till the spoon would stand upright.' More than half the proposals, if not so precise as this, were of the nature of ingenious little dodges: a shed in the garden, a punch-ball in the stable, predigested cereals for supper, a wife who could cook; as if life consisted of meals and muscles. As compared with the rest the Alsatian peasant at any rate has this merit, that he sees simplicity to be a spiritual thing. Cheese and a cottage complicate life if your digestion is weak and your desires urban. So poverty is a less simple state than

the possession of an income, because you are forced, if not into envy—the chief deficiency from simplicity—into struggle with unessential details, with the effort to get hold of something which is of no matter. A livelihood and life clash. But occupation is a small part of the problem. No man approaches simplicity till he has a creed of some simple sort by which he can test the complicated motives of the hurly-burly.

"At present those who chiefly boast of seeking the simple life are not the most simple. The American apostle of physical culture whom we have quoted gives the lie direct to simplicity. He would have us do something because it is good for something else, which he accepts from a complicated argument as the thing to aim at. Now the perfect simplicity is to think of the thing in hand. Instinct, for example, is the very sum of simplicity. No doubt as a genus men owe some superiority to the emergence of reason which comes from the possession of a number of instincts, parallel and cross. Between these we, as complicated beings, must find a way to decide, unless, like the ass flanked by equal bundles of hay, we are to perish from want of will to decide on the more pleasant."

AN EX-EMPRESS

IF the story of the Empress Eugénie were written as a romance, it would be regarded as highly sensational fiction. Not long ago I came across some old illustrated magazines which had been bought in a second-hand shop, and on the stained yellow pages were wonderful pictures of Napoleon III and Eugénie in all the glory of their extravagant Empire. Surely no woman ever had more startling changes in her career, or had better reason for saying "all is vanity." The woman whose marvellous gowns and costly jewels were once the talk of Paris and even of Europe, now walks about in the parks of the city, a lonely figure in black. Her only son died in the service of the country which the great Napoleon found his most stubborn enemy. The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes an interesting paragraph describing the ex-Empress as she appears in modern Paris:

"Passing through the Tuileries gardens I noticed the tall figure of an old lady, in deep black, walking slowly, with the aid of a stick, among the children and nursemaids who throng that somewhat dreary resort. It was the Empress Eugénie, who walked there on a spot where once a palace stood in which she

had reigned as Sovereign, and where now the children played; and she passed unrecognised, forgotten. Time dulls the edge of recollection; but even the thirty-four long years that have gone since the yells of the mob in the Rue de Rivoli, a few yards away, proclaimed the fall of the Second Empire, can scarcely have sufficed to efface all the memories of those other days. I turned into a side alley and watched, discreetly. The bent form in black was standing, leaning heavily on her stick. Three little girls were circling round her, absorbed in some game; one brushed against the sombre robe unheeded. The Empress seemed to be living in the past."

IMPERIAL LETTERS

IT was in a happy moment that the Daughters of the Empire thought of establishing correspondence between school children in different parts of the British Empire. Geography, which might be made one of the most vitally interesting subjects in the school course, but which is usually a matter of dry definitions and colourless maps, ought to gather more of human interest through this imperial correspondence. A small boy in Winnipeg hears from a small boy in Melbourne, and his horizon broadens until he realises what a different and yet the same world the Australian lad must know. A little girl in our Canadian London writes to a little girl in Auckland, that island which is "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart," and the map of Canada and the map of Australasia suddenly take on a new meaning for the young correspondents.

THE NEW EMBROIDERY

A REACTION has set in against machine-made garments, and the most cherished articles of dress at present are those which are hand-embroidered. If the spring hats were ugly beyond redemption, the summer brought alleviation in the form of the lingerie hat which is becoming to most women, and is positively picturesque on the head of "sweet sixteen." Our grandmother's samplers hang in reproach for our lack of skill in needlework. But we are beginning to improve the idle hours with linen and floss once more and, after all,

the woman whose eyes do not brighten over a bit of dainty embroidery is not an ornament to her much-maligned sex. All the "magazines for women" are devoting pages to this elaborate work, but for really useful and illustrative articles on this "home industry" the "Corticelli Home Needlework" is easily first. Embroidered articles, including hats, parasols, collars, blouses, aprons, buttons and pillows ravish the eye and persuade the most indolent young person to take linen, needle and silk in hand in the hopes of evolving a hat approaching in attraction the pictured designs. A pleasant little explanation is given of "Hedebo," the new Danish embroidery, which is the name of the barren plains of eastern Denmark, where nothing but the heather grows; hence the name Hedebo, which means "people who live on the heather."

THE WELCOME HOSTEL

THE movement towards establishing a receiving home in Toronto for the girls sent out by the British Emigration Society has already resulted in the purchase of a neat and commodious house on Wellesley Street. The Government has made a grant of one thousand dollars and private contributors have been generous, while it is expected that this Women's Welcome Hostel, as it is called, will soon be self-supporting, as is the case in Montreal and Winnipeg. Her Excellency, Lady Grey, asked to be patroness, and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams has been an interested member of the board. It will be a great relief to distressed housewives to feel that maids who are sent from this distributing centre have been highly recommended by home authorities.

Speaking of hostels, there is an interesting article in the *Century Magazine* dealing with Lady Warwick's hostel at Reading:

"The hostel consisted of a house, with twenty acres of land, on the outskirts of Reading, a town forty miles from London. Here a dozen students took up their residence, paying a small sum for board; for it was not Lady Warwick's idea to make her scheme a charitable one. The girls attended the classes at the Reading Agricultural College, and what they learned in theory they

applied in practical work in the dairy and the conservatories, in the market garden, the poultry run and the beehives of their own little farm.

Early to rise, early to bed, was their motto—and no nonsense. They rolled their own lawn and killed and trussed their fowls; they baked their own bread, made their own jam, and marketed what produce they did not use. At the head of the hostel was a most capable woman, who set an example of hard work and cheerfulness. Lady Warwick was indeed very fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Edith Bradley, now the warden of the college at Studley Park. But this is anticipating events. For six years the hostel at Reading continued its work, each year more cottages and more land being added. In 1901 the students had outgrown their quarters and it was then that Lady Warwick, with princely generosity, bought the beautiful castle of Studley, with its 350 acres, to give her college the room to expand that it needed. By this time her scheme had been justified by its results. It is unnecessary to give a list of the certificates and diplomas that the students won at Reading. Suffice it to say that not a single student left the hostel without gaining a post which gave her a fair means of livelihood. The majority took appointments in big country houses as superintendents of the dairy, the garden and the conservatories; for the care of flowers was one of the chief branches of the work, and every year one of the sights of Reading was the show of roses and chrysanthemums at Lady Warwick's hostel.

Some of the girls who had a little capital, set up for themselves in poultry farms and dairy farms, and have done very well, although they have had their ups and downs.

It is in these ways that a number of girls have been able to gain a livelihood from the land. If, by the way, you should go to Warwick Castle when you are next in England, ask to see the conservatories and the gardens, for they are all under the management of a lady gardener. If you could see the table at dinner you would be delighted with the artistic arrangement of the flowers. And you would then be convinced that it is not only horticulture that the students learn, but that they are also trained to make life beautiful."

H. R. H. DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who was Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, became the wife of



H. R. H. DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

Queen Victoria's third son, Prince Arthur, on March 13th, 1879, when she was only eighteen years of age. Her husband is now the only living brother of King Edward. During their residence in Ireland the Duke and Duchess greatly endeared themselves to the people by their active interest in the country's industries. Their elder daughter, Princess Margaret, was married this summer to a Swedish Prince. Their only son attained his majority last year, and their younger daughter, Princess Patricia, is the most attractive of the group of English princesses.

The Duchess has always taken a great interest in charitable work and recently "opened" a new wing of an East End hospital. She is spending her holiday this year in Normandy, at Bagnoles de l'Orne, where there are famous baths.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ENGLISH TRAITS



HE Canadian may learn much from the Britisher; the Britisher may learn much from the Canadian. The Canadian may learn that impatience, impetuosity, lack of self-control, are not virtues to be cultivated too highly; he may learn that no private corporation should be allowed for more than a few moments to demand an extravagant price for a public necessity; he may learn that corruption in politics can be eliminated by public opinion; and he will surely see that selfishness in men of wealth is not a British characteristic.

The calmness with which the Britisher takes his meals, and stops his work at four o'clock in the afternoon to drink a cup of tea, is a lesson which Canada may profitably study. When the lesson is learned, the patent-medicine business will



THE EMBLEM OF BRITAIN

not be so profitable in this part of America as it is at present. Accompanying that calmness and even superior to it is their admirable self-control. At times this is so marked as to be painful, and one wishes that a crowd or an audience would display some enthusiasm or anger, as one sees it displayed in America. Their cheers and applause are decidedly decorous, and at times insipid and almost unmanly. The self-restraint in speech and conduct, this slowness to anger, make rudeness among servants of all kinds impossible. The cabbies are gentle and respectful; so are the policemen, the bus drivers, the train attendants, the waiters, and other such classes. If there is an American party on a bus, in a public dining-room of any kind, they will be heard before they are seen. If there are only British people present, the laughter and the conversation will be subdued. This same quality gives a dignity to newspaper and political utterances. These are always the expression of a gentleman's opinions, couched in language which he deems worthy of himself. The veneration which they have for history, historical precedent and ancient lineage, is a natural accompaniment of their habitual mental attitude.

You seldom find it necessary to pay an extravagant price for anything. A Britisher may be a millionaire, but he never gives a porter or any other kind of servant sixpence for a penny's worth of service. He pays fairly, never extravagantly. For this reason he believes in government ownership of telegraphs and telephones, because the monopolistic character of these services might enable a private individual to exact an unfair fee. For the same reason, he favours municipal ownership and operation of the tram or street car service.

He does not believe in corrupting the electorate, and he makes elaborate pro-

vision for preventing it. A member of parliament may hire an agent at so much a year to devote his whole time to organising a particular constituency; he may hire halls, pay for printing, make subscriptions to cricket clubs and other associations, but he may not pay a cent to the men who do extra work on his behalf at election time. He may spend more money in a term than a Canadian member does, but he makes sure that not a vote is influenced dishonourably. In all this, public opinion is his master. To run counter to that public opinion is to ostracise himself from good society.

The selfish seeking after wealth is not admired in Great Britain, as in Canada or the United States. It is difficult to define in exact terms this difference, but it can be felt. British life has its faults, but the general tendency is to hold those in check. The proper use of wealth, rather than the mere possession of it, is made the test.

In London, the business men do not rush as they do in Canada and the United States. The average British financier and business man is like the captain on the bridge of the vessel, the general on an eminence overlooking the field of battle. He stays in the one position and issues his orders. Moreover, he is never flurried, never in haste. A man who showed haste in this country would be regarded as one lacking in culture, in class. If you want to see a business man, you know where to find him—in his office. If you go to that office you will find him there between ten o'clock and one; between two-thirty and four—perhaps after taking a cup of tea, he may remain until five-thirty or six. If you go without an appointment, you may see him or you may not. If he has any business of importance on hand, he will not see you. He feels that he ought not to work; but as he has decided to do so, he ought to be interrupted only by arrangement. Anything sudden and out of the usual order seriously annoys him.

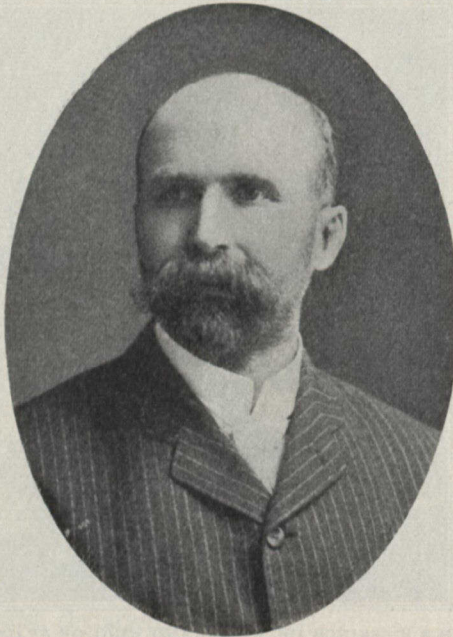
Perhaps the real basis of this custom lies in the fact that the British merchant deals in large amounts. He is not buying a case of goods, he is negotiating for a



H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES AND KING OF SPAIN
From a recent photograph

cargo, a ship load, a million cases. His decisions are important. Large transactions are possible when all the ships of the world are in your ports, or will be during the year; when governments, princes, trusts and millionaires are your customers; when your trade is with all the races of the world, black, yellow and white. The merchant who deals in less than cargo lots may be seen with much less difficulty.

This lack of rush is splendid. It is restful and it inspires confidence. The people think. They organise their business and their waking hours in such a way as to enable them to think quietly and extensively. They employ managers and head clerks, and trust them. Some of these managers and head clerks have been in the employ of the firm for a little less than a hundred years, and they are to be relied upon. They do not rush—master doesn't approve of it. They take their time and do their work deliberately. When it is done, it is well done; it does not require to be done over again. In the end, this method accomplishes just as much as the other. In the meantime, it does not work the master too hard. It



DR. J. O. ORR

Manager and Secretary of Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto

allows him to keep his nerves and stomach in good condition. A broken-down Englishman, weakened in health because of close application to business, is almost unknown.

When you go to London, do not try to use the telephone. The following of this advice will save you much time and worry. If you have an urgent message to send, use the post office telegraph, or ring for a messenger. There are two telephone services, one controlled by the post office, the other by the National Telephone Company. Some people have one line, some another. The two are competitors and refuse to facilitate each other's business. In five years the post office will take over the National, and in the meanwhile the latter proposes to make all the money and trouble possible. For eternal cussedness, commend me to the private corporation with any sort of monopoly. Five years from now when there is only one telephone company in London, there will still be trouble, because the city is large and the number of exchanges is necessarily great.

There will be this advantage, however: When you do not get proper attention, you will know where to place the blame.

All the trunk telephone lines between cities are owned by the government and operated by the post office. Some cities have civic telephone system, some have the National Company in charge, some have the post office system within their borders. Subscribers in towns where the National Company does business are penalised when using the trunk lines. The post office subscriber pays six cents for 25 miles, twelve cents for 50 miles, and so on. The National Company subscriber pays this and an extra fee of six cents where the Trunk Wire charge does not exceed 36 cents; eight cents if between 36 and 72 cents; and twelve cents if over 72 cents. This, of course, gives the post office a chance to get into the towns desiring new services installed. Civic telephone systems are on the same footing as if the system were owned by the government.

I went to a cricket match in London. I had heard that there were such things at Lord's and I was anxious to see what it was like. Of course, I intended to waste part, perhaps the whole, of one afternoon on it, as necessity demanded. Ye ignorant colonial was staggered when he was informed that the match lasted three days. Play started each day about eleven-thirty and lasted until two. After three-quarters of an hour for luncheon, the game proceeded, and play kept up until six-thirty. I went each day for three days. There were 10,000 people there the first day, 12,000 the second, and slightly fewer the third. Many of them brought their luncheons, some bought their luncheons on the grounds. There are several dining-rooms and two or three bars where food as well as drink is sold. It was a magnificent sight—the players on the beautiful green lawn, the club house or pavilion with its extensive galleries and the covered grand-stands extended all around the field.

What was most noticeable was that the people were not there to see either side win. They were much more anxious to see good cricket, to learn to detect the

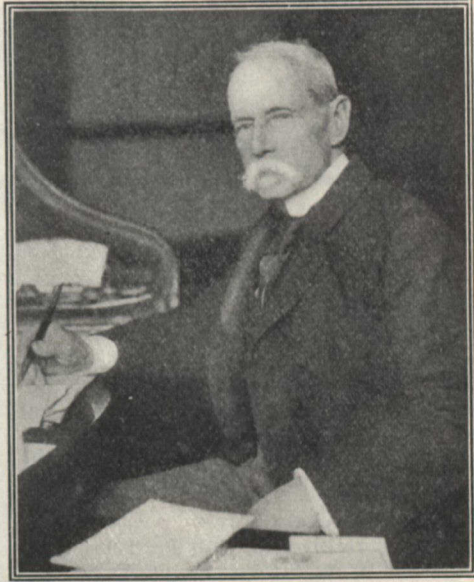
marks which distinguish one batter from another, one bowler from the other. Every good play was applauded, without reference to side. There was no unseemly shouting as we have at baseball, lacrosse and hockey, in Canada. No gentleman in England would be so rude. On the whole, I think it is an improvement. The slang and cat-calls of a baseball match in Toronto have always seemed to me to keep the game in disrepute with respectable citizens.

This cricket match was between eleven Gentlemen (the capital letter is English style), and eleven players. The latter are professionals, and played much stronger cricket. 'I was anxious to see C. B. Fry bat, because he is the editor of a magazine and is reputed to be the best run-getter in England. He made nine the first innings and six the second, so I was disappointed. The best batter for the Gentlemen was P. F. Warner, Esq. (as the card had it), who made 59 and 97. He batted very carefully and slowly, and seldom hit a ball up into the air.

Cricket is a fine game, and one could wish it were more played in Canada. It is not often, however, that players could take three consecutive days from business to play a match. Still the boarding schools and the colleges might play it more, and an annual match between McGill and Toronto might become as much a social feature as the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge, or that between Eton and Harrow.

It will be seen from these remarks that to spend three days at a first-class cricket match is to be enthused, even if one has not played the game for twenty years.

The Britisher eats often and consumes much food. The climate seems to allow this, for one seldom meets dyspeptic people. They eat slowly and with wonted dignity. Even more noticeable is their habit of drinking only as an accompaniment of eating. When a man drinks a glass of beer, he wants a sandwich with it. He drinks wine and whiskey with his meals, never between meals. The habit of dropping into a public bar or the club in the afternoon, or late in the evening,



EARL ROBERTS

Who is engaged in urging more citizen rifle clubs

for a few drinks, is an American, not a Britisher habit. Pouring liquor into an empty stomach is a ridiculous custom, which amazes the Britisher. Consequently the average Britisher looks healthy, has a fine colour, appears to be well-preserved, and always has some reserve strength.

Moreover, while he loves a good dinner, he hates unnecessary waste. The other day an American gave a dinner for a score of people at the Hotel Savoy, which cost several hundred dollars a plate. It was served in a gondola built for the occasion on a lake made in the courtyard. The other features were in keeping, one artist getting a fee of \$1,000 for two or three songs. This event pained the Britisher very much, because it brought the possession of wealth into discredit. He wrote about it in the public prints with considerable disgust. He has no objection to a man spending \$25,000 in purchasing a single race-horse, or to another purchasing a rare painting at a cost of \$100,000; but to spend \$10,000 on a dinner for twenty-five people is brutish, wasteful and selfish in the extreme. It shows a lack of that self-control and discipline which the Britisher believes to be essential qualities in a gentleman.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.

TWO RIVER BOOKS



THE lordliest river of Canada affords subject matter for two volumes lately published:—"The Saint Lawrence, Its Basin and Border-Lands,"* by Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt. D., F.R.S.C., and "The St. Lawrence River, Historical—Legendary—Picturesque,"† by Mr. George Waldo Browne. The former volume is strictly historical, the latter deals rather with the romantic aspects of the river. Dr. Dawson dedicates his book to Sir Wilfrid Laurier as "the foremost representative in the present day of the people whose deeds are recorded herein." From John Cabot's first voyage to the arrival of the loyalists and English settlement of Ontario and Acadia, the history of the development of that great Laurentian region is carefully and graphically unfolded. Of especial interest is the chapter dealing with the "Corte-Reals and Portuguese Discovery," as that episode in the story of American discovery has been too little known, although "the early geographical history of the Maritime Provinces of Canada is plainly written in the earliest Portuguese maps." The achievement of the task set himself by the author of "The Saint Lawrence" is marked by scholarly research and the literary grace that renders such work more than a mere chronicle. To the modern Canadian who sees the twentieth century stretching before him as a highway of progress, the lives of such men as Cartier, Champlain and La Salle ought

*"The St. Lawrence, Its Basin and Border-Lands." By Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt. D., F.R.S.C. Illustrated. 451 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†"The St. Lawrence River. Historical—Legendary—Picturesque," by George Waldo Browne. Illustrated. 365 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

to be familiar reading, but we fear that the newspaper too often takes the place of such literature as "The Saint Lawrence." It is a far cry from old St. Malo, or the Bristol of 1497, to modern Montreal, and it is a poor Canadian whose imagination is not stirred by this conclusion: "We have passed from John Cabot's little vessel two thousand miles into the interior of the mainland he first touched, to the Sault of Lake Superior, where locks nine hundred feet long bear the monstrous craft which carry a traffic already larger in volume, if not in value, than the traffic through the Suez Canal, between the hoary continents of Europe and Asia." The forty-eight illustrations, particularly the reproductions of old maps, are valuable and well chosen, although the frontispiece, "Go-home Bay," is not so closely associated with the river's history as "Portrait of Champlain," or "The Town and Fortifications of Montreal in the 18th Century."

"The St. Lawrence River" by Mr. George Waldo Browne, the author of "Japan; the Place and the People," and "Pearl of the Orient," is admirable in reading matter, type and illustrations. The latter are seventy-six in number and in themselves form a kind of pictorial history. Mr. Browne seldom forsakes the banks of the "reever" and devotes himself to the picturesque and legendary features of the region, rather than the purely historical. The descriptive writing is fresh and vigorous, avoiding the excess of the gushing tourist and yet doing justice to the scenery of the great river, which, in the words of the author, seems conscious of its gigantic work of "carrying to the sea in its drinking-horn one-third of all the fresh water on the globe." It would be interesting to have a companion volume in the "Ottawa River" or the "St. John." The lines of Professor Roberts come to one who



"I AM HAPPY, MOST HAPPY TO SERVE YOU, MOST NOBLE YOUNG LADY!"

From "Maid Margaret," by S. R. Crockett.

Toronto: The Copp. Clark Co.

lays down the chronicle of the St. Lawrence:—

"O sacred waters, not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
Ye sound us in triumphal tone
The summons of your high refrain."



EDWARD FITZGERALD

It is much to be able to say of a man that he produced "a single small volume of imperishable quality." If Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam could have been spoiled or coarsened it would have been sullied by the cheap and indiscriminating admiration lavished upon it during the last decade. But it has stood the severe test of popularity and those who felt its charm from the first hold it yet as a poem apart though they may refrain from quoting "a book of verses underneath the bough," since the stanza thus beginning has become the stock quotation of young writers who contribute light and sentimental fiction to the August magazines. Mr.

A. C. Benson's biography of Fitzgerald in the "English Men of Letters" series,* is written with a fine appreciation of his place among the poets of the last century and with a penetration that discovers "a certain childishness of disposition, indolence, a weak sentimentality, a slackness of moral fibre, a deep-seated infirmity of purpose." Fitzgerald's philosophy, it is objected, was not bracing. Well, we know where to go for the tonics of literature—"Rabbi Ben Ezra" and Henley's "Out of the Night." But there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon. His biographer has these final sentences on Fitzgerald's gift and grace:

"To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. To strew the threshold of the abyss with flowers, to dart an ethereal gleam into the encircling gloom, to touch despair with beauty—this is to bear

*Edward Fitzgerald, by A. C. Benson. Toronto: Morang & Co.



C. G. D. ROBERTS IN CAMP ON THE
MADAWASKA

a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God."



THE WHITE PERIL

Since the large Russians and the diminutive Japanese have met in peace conference under the kindly eye of President Roosevelt, who once rejoiced in the leadership of Rough Riders, the interest in Eastern affairs has become even keener than it was during the months when the fate of Port Arthur seemed uncertain. "The White Peril in the Far East,"* being an interpretation of the significance of the Russo-Japanese War by Sidney Lewis Gulick, M.A., D.D., is a book which is timely, and which has the further recommendation of being well written. In thirteen chapters, the writer, who is evidently familiar with Jagan, treats of the Japanese Empire from Pre-Meiji times down to the present crisis. He shows clearly the cause of the reaction against foreigners, and also of the recent eagerness to study and adopt Western methods. The question—"Is Japan Oriental or Occidental?" is shrewdly discussed, the conclusion being:—"In her social evolution, Japan has definitely crossed the line that separates the Communal from the Communo-Individual social order, whereas in Russia these principles are to-day in deadly struggle, the

* "The White Peril in the Far East," by Sidney L. Gulick. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Communal principle being still dominant. The chapter on "The Yellow Peril vs. The White Peril" is more than arresting to those who have complacently called the people of the East "uncivilised." The writer has the courage of his convictions, as the following sentences show:—

"The presence of the white man in the Far East has been distinctly destructive of morality. We count the Oriental immoral, but do we realise that we have helped to make him so? The most serious hindrance to Christian work is the immoral life and selfish spirit so universally exhibited by white men in those lands."



NEW NOVELS

Mr. Hewlett is one of the few living novelists. Since the publication of "The Forest Lovers" he has held a peculiar place among English writers. He has so much of the poetic quality that his novels can hardly be classed with modern fiction. His work is unmistakable in its strong depiction of the picturesque and the primitive. In "Richard Yea-and-Nay," we were given a masterly study of the king whose warring nature worked its own destruction. Mr. Hewlett's latest book, "The Fool Errant"* has neither the exquisite delicacy of "The Forest Lovers," nor the dramatic fire of the Coeur-de-Lion story. But the narrative of the adventures of "Francis Antony Strelley, Tennis-ball of Fate," is better worth reading than any other novel of the year, in spite of the author's defection. Francis is too much of a fool to enlist public sympathy, but the Italy of the eighteenth century lives and breathes and palpitates as we follow the unhappy Englishman from Padua to Lucca.

The author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" has written a new novel entitled "At the Sign of the Fox,"† which, although characterised by a sprinkling of clever phrases, is lacking in the spontaneity which made her first book entertaining. The "lesson" of the book is that work is the greatest thing in the world. But the heroine who takes to the manufacture of

* "The Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: Morang & Co.

† "At The Sign of the Fox," by Barbara. Toronto: Morang and Co.

sandwiches and the serving of English breakfast tea, combined with the painting of wonderful animal pictures and who ends by throwing herself into the arms of the "hired man," an artist in disguise, is a bewildering young person, even for the modern novelist to evolve.

Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Story of the Foss River Ranch," has written "In the Brooding Wild,"* a book in which the mountains and the woods overshadow the human beings whose lives belong to the wild. It is difficult to tell what happens at the last, but we are informed that it is a "sorry drama."

In his latest book "Maid Margaret,"† Mr. S. R. Crockett returns to Galloway and resorts to the time-honoured device of letters found among famous archives for his story. It is a narrative of stormy times and strong people, told in somewhat jerky fashion. One is almost forced to describe such a book in comparative terms and declare that it is not quite so good as Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," but very much above "The Maid at Arms," and that dreary stuff, "A Phantom Crown."

"Princess Sukey,"‡ is the story of a pigeon and her human friends, told by Miss Marshall Saunders, of Meadow Brook Farm, Nova Scotia, in so natural a fashion that we quite expect the Princess to "coo" when we come to the last page of her story. It has become the fashion to have a princess as heroine, but few of the royal personages in modern fiction are as restful as Sukey of the greenish-yellow eyes.



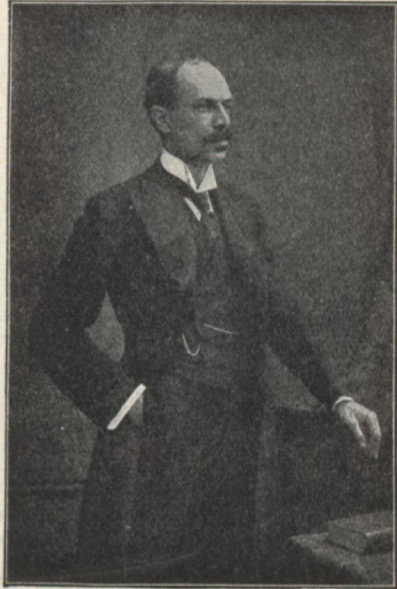
BOOK NOTES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia University, New York, has contributed to the English Men of Letters series a volume on William Hickling Prescott, which is admirable in style, although at times it is over-laudatory of Prescott's

*"In the Brooding Wild," by Ridgwell Cullum. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†"Maid Margaret of Galloway," by S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡"Princess Sukey," by Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs.

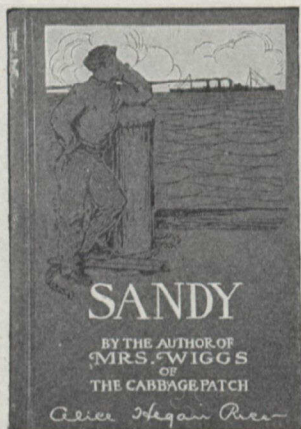


MAURICE HEWLETT
Author of "The Fool Errant."
Toronto: Morang & Co.

"splendid vitality." The writer in speaking of Prescott's rank as a historian finally says:—"Without the humour of Irving, or the fire of Motley, or the intimate touch of Parkman, he is superior to all three in poise and judgment and distinction." (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

"The Studio" as an illustrated magazine of fine and applied art is easily the first publication of its class, both in range and quality. In the June number the work of Joseph Simpson, caricaturist, and the etchings of Count Louis Sparre, are the most unusual features, while "The Venice Exhibition" and the reproductions of the water-colour drawings of architecture by Kossiakoff in the July issue are exceedingly fine. (The Studio: 44 Leicester Square, London).

"A History of the Pacific Northwest," by Joseph Shafer, M.L., appears "by a fortunate chance" at the opening of the World's Fair at Portland, Oregon. The story of settlement is vividly told and the writer displays less of the jingoistic spirit in writing of "The Oregon Question" than do his journalistic countrymen. In fact,



there is a reserve in relating the deeds and development of the pioneers decidedly refreshing in this age of superlatives. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

"The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, 1904," by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., is a useful and carefully compiled record of the Dominion's doings which means a great deal of work and an exercise of the discriminative faculty on the part of the compiler. Political affairs naturally occupy a large part of the volume, as there was a Dominion election held in November, and Ontario was on the eve of elections at the close of 1904. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

In the *Monthly Review* for July, "A Clerk of Oxenford" writes an interesting review of "John Davidson: Realist." The article on "The Battle of the Sea of Japan," by L. Cope Cornford, is illuminating both as "a retrospect and a moral." Canadians as well as Englishmen would do well to remember that "ships and the art of war are for the professional; but the men who direct and man them are our affair, too The fight of the Sea of Japan proves the inestimable and prime importance of the man as distinguished from his weapons." (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

The Government has issued an illustrated booklet, "Canadian National Park," which, the first page informs us, was "published by the direction of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior." The

illustrations, especially those in colour, are very fine and the description of the park and its neighbourhood is in keeping with the picturesque subject.

Professor W. P. Trent edits selections in prose and verse from "Southern Writers, making a volume of more than five hundred pages. Of these writers, Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest, and a happy selection has been made from his poems, but admirers of Sidney Lanier will regret certain omissions in the choice from his verse. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

"The Limestones of Ontario," by Willet G. Miller, provincial geologist, is published as Part II of the Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1904. It is illustrated and comprises 140 pages. It may be secured from the King's Printer, Toronto.

"Who's Who in Paris," is a valuable biographical dictionary of the leading members of the Anglo-American Colony of Paris, 1905, which fulfils the promise of the preface—"brief, bright and crisp." It is entertaining even to those who have no intention of visiting the gayest city in the world, and should be exceedingly useful to one desirous of knowing something of what English-speaking residents of Paris have done. Especially interesting to Canadians is the article "Relations Franco-Canadiennes," by the Hon. Hector Fabre, C.M.G., Commissioner-General of Canada. (Published by the American Register, Paris, and edited by W. H. Ingram, B.A.)

Canadians are glad to welcome Sir Gilbert Parker to his native land. He came out in August for a rest from his political and literary labours. A novel which he has had in preparation for some time will appear in serial form in Harper's Magazine next year.

"Mid The Thick Arrows,"* by Max Pemberton, is a story of adventure in the dashing, breathless style of "The Impregnable City" and "Kronstadt." It is a book that many will enjoy for "summer reading," and can be safely recommended to keep the reader awake.

*Mid the Thick Arrows, by Max Pemberton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.



Idle Moments.

THE JAPANESE GAME

The Japanese josh jiu-jitsu
Is a terrible thing if it gitsu;
You're up in the air
Before you know where
You're at when the awful thing hitsu.
—New York Mail.

BOYCOTTING THE WAR

Richard Barry, one of the few successful correspondents with the Japanese forces, tells, in the *New York Times*, some amusing stories of the trials and tribulations of his colleagues at the seat of war:

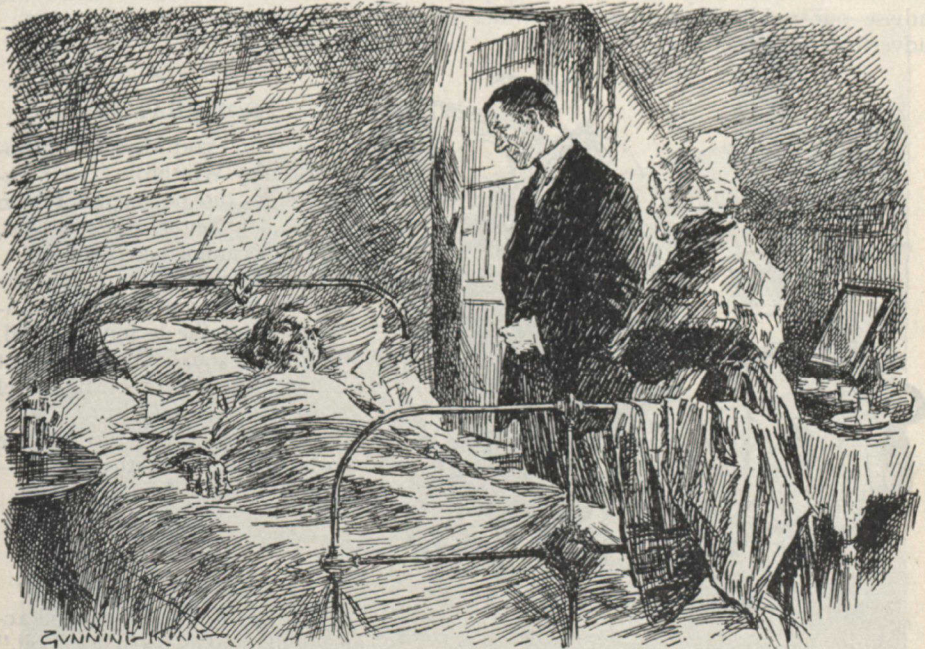
"It appears that, shortly after the beginning of hostilities, there were a number of American correspondents in a portion

of Northern Manchuria still held by the Russians who were very anxious to secure from the St. Petersburg Government permission to accompany the troops southward. This permission was denied, and notification given the correspondents in a body. 'We think you are making a great mistake,' said one of the correspondents to the officer who had read his Government's telegram.

"Possibly,' returned the polite Russian, with a smile; 'but I don't see how it can be helped.'

"At this juncture a brash young man from Chicago interjected with:

"It seems to me that your Government is taking a big chance with us. Suppose

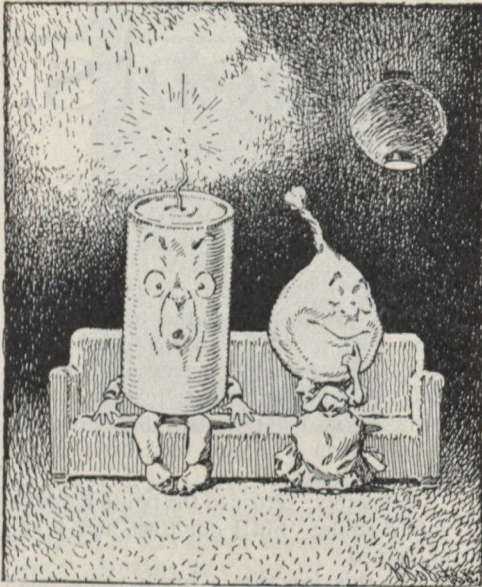


HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

DOCTOR—"Well, John, how are you to-day?"

JOHN—"Verra bad, verro bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me!"

WIFE—"Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the Doctor's physic?"—*Punch*.



TORPEDO—I do believe Mr. Firecracker is going to pop —*Life*

we should collectively and individually advise our publications to refrain from advertising your old war?"

AN EPICUREAN STEW

"Sitting opposite to me in a downtown oyster-house the other day," says a writer in the *New York Press*, "was one of those fastidious men who undertake to transmit instructions through the waiter to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. As nearly as I can remember, these were his instructions:

"Now, waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk and nothing but the best, gilt-edged butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?"

"I think so, sir," replied the waiter, "but do you wish the oysters with or without?"

"With or without what?" asked the customer.

"Pearls, sir."

NOT THAT KIND

"No," said Miss Winthrop-Bradley-Winthrop, "your ancestors did not come over in the *Mayflower*, as mine did, and I cannot marry you!"

"Do you know why they did not?" replied Mr. Johnstone Smythe de Jones. "Well, I'll tell you. They were not the kind of people who travel on excursions."

Saying which he strode haughtily from the room.—*Washington Life*.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"Dr. Bronson, your bill actually makes my blood boil."

"Then, madam, I must charge you fifteen dollars more for sterilising your system."—*Life*.

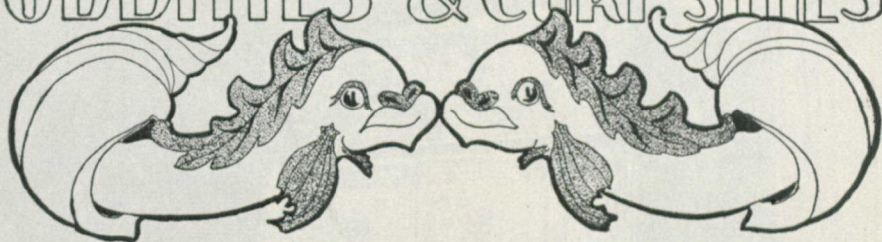


GOOD REASONING

"You see, my son, every time that you are naughty papa gets a gray hair."

"Oh, but *you* must have been naughty. Look at grandpa!"

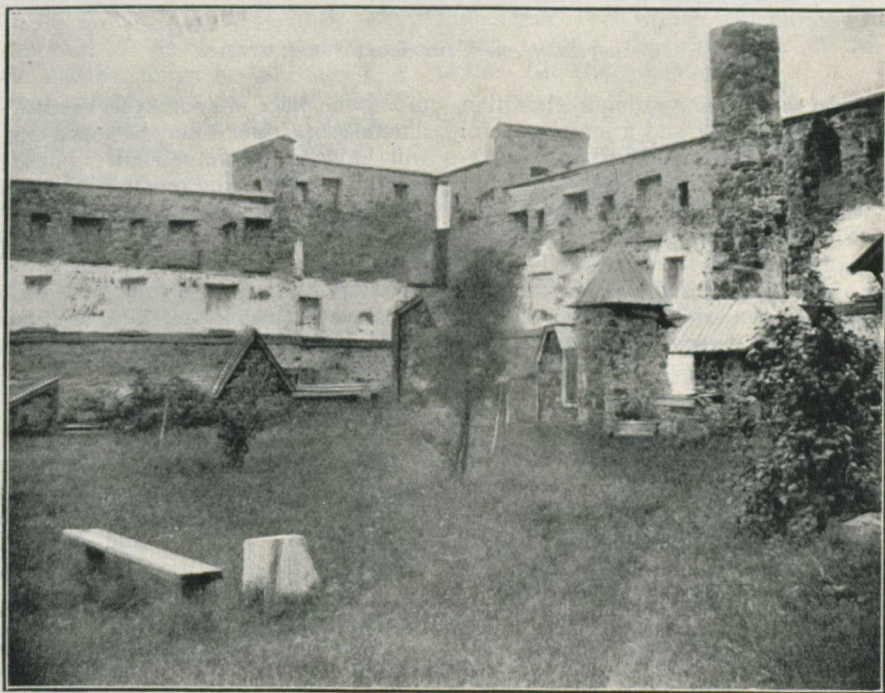
ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



AN OLD FORT

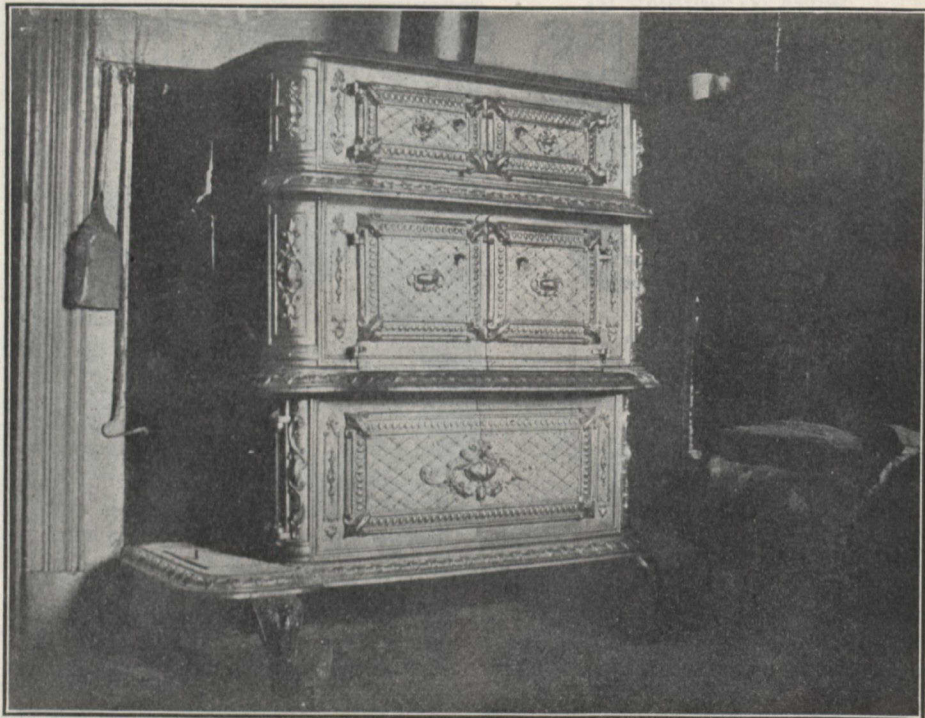
THE shores of Lake Champlain are full of historic interest for France, Great Britain and the United States. Beautiful as the lake is, the picturesque country surrounding it knew many bloody scenes in the days when the European nations were fighting for the new continent. Later on, during the American Revolutionary War, several fierce battles were fought in this region, and again in 1812 the forces of Great Britain and the American Republic met in conflict within sight of Lake Cham-

plain. In one of Hawthorne's books, he gives a quaint sketch of old Fort Ticonderoga, which had known the flags of three nations, and which now lies in ruins with yellow blossoms springing where rollicking soldiers had eaten and drunk. The old fort here pictured is also in ruins, and it is hard for the summer visitor to imagine the days when there was war, so quiet is the present scene, with the tall grass growing over the spot where carousing and fight had once echoed within the stout walls. The fortress was abandoned so long ago that



AN HISTORICAL SPOT—OLD FORT CHAMPLAIN IN QUEBEC

Interior view of ruins



A QUAIN STOVE IN A HOUSE AT THREE RIVERS

trees and shrubs are growing freely within the crumbling walls and a more peaceful spot could hardly be imagined for an afternoon's reading or an evening's stroll. In "Fort Amity," by the Cornish novelist, A. Quiller-Couch, the scenes near Lake Champlain as they were enacted in the time of the Seven Years' War and the later struggle between England and her colonies are graphically depicted.

A QUAIN STOVE

THE owner of the modern "range" in a city flat would be rather at a loss to know where to put such a substantial stove as that photographed above. It is, however, the most useful article in an old kitchen at Three Rivers. To the right is a French bake-oven of long ago, in which was cooked many a good meal before the modern stove with its many devices had entered into the mind of the inventor. Above on the mantel the candlestick lingers as if unwilling to yield place to the searching light of electricity which, in Quebec, is

taking the place of every other method of illumination. But it may be hoped that it will be long before modern "improvements" will spoil the roomy kitchen and demolish the fire-place that has given comfort to several generations. One of the most interesting manufactories in the old days was "The Forges" at St. Maurice; the stove in the picture, however, came from the more modern establishment at Lotbinière.

THE AMERICAN OUTDONE

The English merchant and the American merchant were talking. Each was fully conscious of his own self-estimated pre-eminence. "Why," said Jonathan, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year. I guess you will understand what a large number of clerks we have?"

"Oh," said the Englishman, "your office is evidently nothing compared with mine; why, we actually saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their i's."—*The Tattler*.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

IMMIGRATION

ABOUT 3,000 persons were placed on farms by the Provincial Bureau of Immigration of Ontario during May. Of this number 2,600 were British born, the balance being from other countries. Colonisation in the vicinity of New Liskeard was reported active, a large number who took up land last year having brought out their families.—*The Labour Gazette.*



CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES

IT is astonishing how Englishmen—even good Imperialists—ignore the future greatness of the Dominion which is rapidly growing to the stature of a world-power. It is a pity that Lord Grey's address cannot be reprinted and scattered broadcast over the United Kingdom in order that the underlying motives of Canadian policy might be better understood by the man in the street—and by the man in the club-window. The recent Parliamentary debate on the federation of the West Indies was a striking illustration of the general ignorance in regard to the fact that a "door of hope" has been opened in the North for these much-enduring islands. To-day the United States absorbs four-fifths of the West Indian trade, and the political consequences of this economic fact cannot be evaded by cutting down the cost of administration to the extent of a few thousand pounds. A much more effective remedy will be found in the encouragement of the trade between Canada and the West Indies, which amounted in 1904 to nearly seven million dollars as compared with four millions in 1902—an increase entirely due to the patriotic efforts of the Dominion Government. At present Cuba, where

Canadian capital is playing a chief part in the creation of a railway system, is the main objective point of the expansion of Canada's commerce towards the South. But the question of subsidising direct steamship services between the continental colony and the islands, which have been called "stolen fragments of America" by a New York journalist, is now being discussed at Ottawa, and no doubt the time will soon come when that further step is taken towards the consolidation of British North America. The truth is that Canada needs tropical possessions as much as the United States and aims at bringing not only the West Indies but also British Honduras and Guiana within the ring-fence of her tariff.—*The Outlook* (London).



FOREIGN ORES

IT appears that the iron industry of Nova Scotia is depressed because of the increasing use of foreign ore in that country under the present tariff and system of bounties. The *Halifax Chronicle* sets forth the grievance of mine owners, that the fiscal system of the Dominion places them at a serious disadvantage. Iron ores are on the free list, and foreign ores are driving native ores out of use. Government statistics certainly throw a strong light on the manner in which the iron mining industry of Nova Scotia has been sacrificed to the foreigner. In 1903 the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. used no Canadian ore, but upwards of 200,000 tons of foreign, on which bounties of 137,000 dols. were paid. The Nova Scotia Steel and Iron Co. used nearly 5,000 tons of Canadian ores, and over 15,000 of foreign ores, on which 40,000 dols. was paid in boun-

ties. Of some 412,000 dols. paid as bounties on pig iron alone, less than one-thirtieth part was paid in respect of iron from Nova Scotia ores; while as to the bounties paid on puddled bars and steel ingots, the new laws appear to give Nova Scotia ores no advantage whatever.—*B. C. Review.*



MAPS AND MAILS

ALMOST every officer who has been connected with the trans-Atlantic mail service will certify that the ideal system is to take the Canadian mail at Liverpool and land it at the terminal on this side most easily approached, *i.e.*, Halifax, November to July; Rimouski, the rest of the year—Sydney, Paspébiac, St. John, and every other rival port, are all subject to ice impediments, from which Halifax is free. In this connection we need to follow Lord Salisbury's advice and study big maps. It is not generally recognised that the present position of the British Empire as a factor in the world balance of power has been attained during the "study" of big maps by British statesmen.—*The Argus.*



CANADA AND EDINBURGH CASTLE

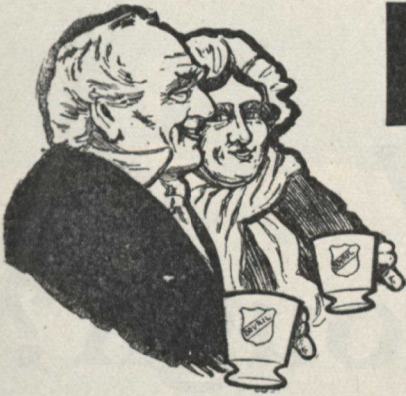
MR. W. B. Blaikie, LL.D., chairman of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, in welcoming the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to the city, made an interesting allusion to a curious incident in Scottish history which has long been forgotten. Mr. Blaikie, who is a well-known authority in matters connected with the history of Scotland, recalled the fact that, in 1621, shortly after the union of the Crowns, King James VI of Scotland and I of England, desirous of finding an outlet for the energies of his countrymen, gave to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie a charter of all the country between the river St. Croix, the St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, and New England. The colony was named New Scotland, and, by a legal fiction, it was, for administrative purposes, connected with Edinburgh. In order to raise men to help to found the colony, the King instituted the Order of Baronets of Nova

Scotia. This hereditary title was given to gentlemen who arranged to send a certain number of men and to pay a certain amount of money to help to found the Plantation of New Scotland, and there are few families among the old Scottish nobility who have not still among their titles that of Baronet of Nova Scotia. The Order was instituted in 1625, the ceremony being held in the courtyard of Edinburgh Castle. By Royal Decree that place was declared to be an integral part of the new colony. This decree has never been annulled, and, amid laughter and applause, Mr. Blaikie expressed his conviction that the courtyard and esplanade at Edinburgh Castle might be held to belong to the Dominion of Canada.



THE VISIT OF THE C.M.A.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, of London, England, in an editorial article of July 11, referring to the luncheon given by the Eighty Club, says: "The visit of the Canadian manufacturers, and the speeches at yesterday's luncheon, should do much to clear the air of confusions. The tour which these practical men of business have made in so many centres of industrial activity in this country has, we cannot doubt, opened their eyes to many things. They have seen how varied, how far-ranging, how well established, are the industries of Great Britain. They have encountered not decaying trade or derelict factories, but vast hives of commercial activity, drawing their supplies freely from all parts of the earth and sending their finished product also to all parts. They have seen something, too, with their own eyes of the carrying trade of this country, and they have been able to realise, better perhaps than they knew before, the importance of London as one of the greatest trading centres and money markets of the world. The question 'What can they know of England who only England know?' needs to be supplemented by another, 'What can they know of the Empire who do not England know?'"



BOVRIL

There is a quality in **BOVRIL** that promotes digestion and makes the delicate person

HALE AND HEARTY

Old and young alike are benefited by the use of **BOVRIL**, as it is not only palatable, but exceedingly nutritious and invigorating.

**BOVRIL MAKES YOUNG
BLOOD IN OLD VEINS**

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)



"PICKING COTTON"

OSTERMOOR FELT MATTRESSES

are guaranteed to be made from selected raw cotton thoroughly purified and treated into non-absorbent sheets of great buoyancy that will always retain their shape, never get lumpy or hard—will not attract moths, nor vermin.

They are guaranteed to please you.
Delivered anywhere, \$15.00.

If you are interested in pure, Comfortable Bedding, write for our descriptive book.

THE Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd.
Desk S, Toronto

Are You Brainy Enough?

If so, stick to the food you are using.

If not, look carefully to the reason.

Brain matter wears away each day.

Signs of nervous prostration show when the food fails to build back the daily loss.

Phosphate of Potash, (from the field grains, not the drug shop) with Albumen and water, makes the soft gray filling of the brain.

The first two are found in

Grape-Nuts,

the food, predigested in cooking at the pure food factories and ready for instant service with cream.

This food does rebuild the brain.

Trial proves.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

A WELL KNOWN EMBROIDERY AUTHORITY WRITES:



"I HAD WASHED WITH
PEARLINE

several handsome pieces of embroidery that were embroidered with Richardson's Wash Silks which had been on the road with teachers, DISPLAYED in shop windows, HANDLED by hundreds of people, and the result was in every respect SATISFACTORY.

I shall instruct all my teachers to use PEARLINE in cleansing their samples of embroidery."

Pearline washes silks perfectly

What Dr. Arthur A. Brown (Montreal), the
Distinguished Physician, says of

WILSON'S

INVALIDS'

PORT

WILSON'S



INVALIDS' PORT

A LA QUINA
DU PEROU

WINE

A LA QUINA
DU PEROU

A BIG BRACING TONIC

"Your tonic, a preparation of wine and Cinchona Bark, is palatable, which is important to people with delicate stomachs, and, in the cases that have used it under my direction, it has done good. It is a preparation which, so far as I have tried it, can be safely recommended."

ALL DRUGGISTS

EVERYWHERE



MOGUL

Pure

Egyptian

CIGARETTES

Cork Tips
10 for 15 cts.

Why You Should Use Knox's Gelatine

By CHARLES B. KNOX

EMERSON said, "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, even though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Emerson said correctly, and when I started to make Knox's Gelatine, I said I would make the best Gelatine that could be made. I hunted for the best chemist for my laboratory. I succeeded in finding one of the greatest, and this man helped me to make the best Gelatine on the market at that time. Since then I have discovered many new improvements in manufacturing Gelatine, all of which have been added. When I find anything that beats the present process of manufacturing, I will get it.

From the start, I bought the best raw stock that could be found. This I would not know how to make any better, but I am constantly studying how to improve in the manufacturing.

I was the first to make granulated Gelatine, so that the housekeeper could measure it easily by teaspoon and tablespoon, for there are so many recipes that call for just these amounts. Then, my wife, being a pretty good housekeeper, said that one of the things I must strive for in every department was cleanliness. So to do this, every employe has to be as careful in every way as any good housekeeper would be in her own household. I have invented some machines and purchased others that *do away with the product coming in contact with hands.*

This I believe is another good point in its favor.

Then, when it came to placing the Gelatine on the market, my wife said, "Your recipes must be perfect, so that a housekeeper has no failures. She cannot afford to waste sugar, flavoring and the different things used in making desserts and salads." So she took hold of that end of the work for me and wrote the first recipe book—"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

I have had the help of one of the greatest chemists in this country on manufacturing, and the help of one of the best housekeepers in this country on advice as to what housekeepers like. The rest of it I have tried to struggle along with myself.

I know that Knox's is the purest, clearest and best Gelatine made. I have the cleanest Gelatine factory in the world. My package makes from a pint to a quart more jelly than any other brand, which makes it very economical. Any housekeeper can have her money back if she is dissatisfied with Knox's Gelatine for any reason. Can I do more than this? If so, tell me and I will do it.

I am giving prizes for new recipes, so that I can be always at the head of the Gelatine makers on this, as I am at the present time. Will you drop me a postal, so that I may send you full information in regard to the contest? If you will give me your grocer's name, I will send my recipe book—"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." For 4c. in stamps, a pint package free.



CHARLES B. KNOX

77 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)

FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT

☐ Water Power Plant consisting of pair of our 30" Crocker Turbines horizontally set in central discharge steel case. All complete with Draft Tube, Driving Pulley and Woodward Governor.

☐ We have this plant in stock ready for instant shipment.

☐ We invite enquiries and will furnish promptly complete information.

☐ We can make the price attractive.

THE JENCKES MACHINE Co.
LIMITED

50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

Be Particular
about the little things you eat.
Impure salt is just as injuri-
ous as impure milk or butter.
There is one salt you can
always depend upon as being
absolutely pure and whole-
some—

**Windsor
SALT**

I can sell your Farm, Mill, Store or
Business of any kind, wherever it is.
Write to-day for particulars.

W. J. DORAN

Manning Chambers TORONTO

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid
English

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

Long Coat Costume

OF

PRIESTLEYS'
PANNEAU
CLOTH

The
Fashionable
Fabric
for Fall



In Popular
Shades of
Green and
Brown



FOR SALE AT ALL
THE BEST
DRY GOODS STORES





**THE
DOMINION
PIANO**

**THERE IS NOTHING EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT
"DOMINION" PIANOS**

No extravagant claims to mislead intending purchasers. No extravagant testimonials from artists who are bribed for their opinions. No extravagant prices to inflate values. "Dominion" Pianos are made to make music by artists who understand what makes music, and sold by agents who want your good-will, and know they'll get it if you select a "Dominion."

Write for our catalogue—you'll find it interesting.
It will help you to

**"Get Familiar" with
"Dominion" Pianos.**

**The DOMINION ORGAN
& PIANO CO.**

BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



Corticelli Wash Silks

400 Shades that do not Fade

For More Than Fifty Years the SINGER has

been recognized as maintaining the

Highest Standard of Excellence

among Family Sewing-Machines and is NOW SOLD AT LOWER PRICES, quality considered, than any other. Whether you propose the purchase of a machine or not there is much to interest most women at any Singer Store—and all are cordially invited.

By this Sign
you may know
and will find
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Everywhere



These Machines
are never sold
to dealers.
Only from Maker
to User

A small payment down, the rest at convenient intervals.
Three different kinds and a wide range of prices to suit.

SOLD ONLY BY

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

At Singer Stores in every city.



OUR HOBBY

Everybody has one and it is but natural that ours should be a distinct prejudice in favor of well-groomed men and women.

When it is possible to send a faded garment to us and have it so beautifully cleaned and dyed that it takes on the lustre of newness, there is absolutely no excuse for "rusty" apparel.

Certainly the satisfaction of always looking well-dressed outweighs our modest charge for renovation.

R. PARKER & CO.

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BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Hamilton, Brantford
St. Catharines, Galt, Woodstock



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.



This Washing Machine Costs You Nothing.

You pay for it **after** it has paid you for **itself**.

It will do a regular EIGHT hour washing in FOUR hours, and it won't wear the clothes. We **prove** this before you pay a cent.

We send you our "1900 Junior" Washer free of charge, on a month's trial. We pay the freight on it to your home station at our own expense.

YOU don't risk a penny, and we don't ask from you any cash deposit, note, or security. You simply write us for the month's trial, and we do the rest.

If on a four weeks' test you can't wash clothes with it equal to best hand-work, in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear, and with HALF THE EFFORT, send it back to your nearest Railroad Station, that's all.

When you are convinced it **saves** you FOUR hours' labor out of every EIGHT hour weekly washing KEEP the machine. Then you must pay us 50 cents a week, till the washer is paid for.

The four hours a week our "1900 Junior" Washer SAVES YOU would have cost you for washer-woman's time 60 cents. Your own time (if you do the washing yourself) is worth as much as a washer-woman's, and any servant's time costs you board and money equal to this, in the long run.

The "1900 Junior" Washer lasts at least five years. Every year it will save you about \$33.00 in labor. In five years this amounts to \$165.00—think of that.

In the free month's trial alone it will **save** an average family \$2.00, and you assume no risk whatever, no responsibility during the trial.

Isn't this the broadest and fairest offer ever made you.

We may withdraw it to-morrow, if it overflows our factory.

But whoever answers **this** advertisement shall have the benefit of the offer, provided you write to us **promptly** on reading it. Shall we send you a Washer on trial, to be paid for as it pays you? Answer TO-DAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. Address me direct, for personal attention, viz: J. E. BACH, General Manager of the Bach Specialty Co., Dept. V., 355 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. See our exhibit Implement Building, Toronto Exhibition.

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**COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA**

Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macy's, Stearn's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

\$1⁰⁰ for 500 neatly printed
Business Cards, Note
Heads, Tickets, Bill
Heads, Statements or
Envelopes. Price list and samples free.
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JULES & CHARLES'
LEADING HAIR GOODS

Made only of the best European Hair.

HIGHEST AWARDS
PARIS, LONDON.

Latest Styles in
**FRONTS, TRANS-
FORMATIONS,
WIGS AND
GENTS' TOUPEES**
Satisfaction
Guaranteed.



Biggest Stock of
SWITCHES:
Natural Wavy,
from \$3.00
Straight, from 2.00
according to size
and shade.

Use **JULES & CHARLES'** famous **Grey Hair Restorer**—8 different shades—1 box, \$3.00; 2 boxes, \$5.00.
Use **JULES & CHARLES'** "**Eau Vegetal**." Stops hair from falling. Sure cure. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00.
Use **Cappillierine**. Removes hair on face and arms—destroys root entirely. Price, \$2.00.

Sent by Mail anywhere. Write for Catalogue, 1905.

431 Yonge Street, TORONTO



OUR
TRADE MARK
 IS A
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OF THE QUALITY OF OUR
 SILVERWARE.

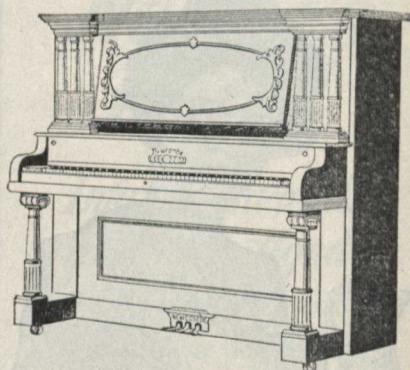
LOOK FOR IT WHEN SELECT-
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IT STANDS FOR EVERYTHING
 THAT IS BEST IN RICHNESS
 OF DESIGN AND STYLE.

ALL FIRST-CLASS JEWELLERS
 IN CANADA CARRY OUR GOODS
 IN STOCK.

The
Standard Silver Co.
Limited
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ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



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- ☞ When buying a Piano remember the reputation of the Newcombe Pianos and that our Guarantee is a further evidence of our faith in our instruments.
- ☞ Write for Catalogues. Dealers are invited to correspond with us.

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Absolute
Purity.

Not
Bleached.

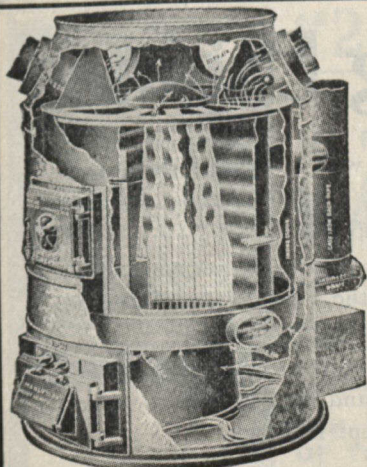
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Oak Lake — Manitoba — Canada.



"KELSEY"

MADE IN SIX SIZES

MADE IN BROCKVILLE — SOLD ALL OVER CANADA

**"KELSEY" CORRUGATED
WARM AIR
GENERATORS (Pat'd)**

A "MONEY-SAVER" IN MANITOBA

Elkhorn, Man., April 7th, 1904.

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont

Gentlemen,—Yours of March 30th to hand regarding the Warm Air Generator in use in our church during the past cold winter. As to its particular features—

1. **Efficiency of warming.** I have no hesitation in saying it surpasses everything on the market.
2. **Economy of fuel.** It has surprised beyond all measure the members of our congregation. From its commonsense mechanism, every stick of wood or piece of hard coal must send the heat up the main registers. Two tons of hard coal put us through the winter.
3. **Quality of warm air produced, Not dry,** like other furnaces, and burned, but always pure and free from gases.
4. **Freedom from escaping gas and dust.** We have not known the meaning of gas odor from our Generator thus far, and find it also absolutely free from dust.
5. **Non-radiating of heat in cellar.** The cellar has been perfectly cool when the hottest fires have been built.
6. **Coolness of smoke pipe.** This, above everything else, convinces one of the great perfection of the Generator and how all heat is forced up the registers.

To any person or Church Board needing a "money-saver," so far as fuel and comfort are concerned, I heartily recommend the "Kelsey" Warm Air Generator above anything on the market.

Yours sincerely,

(REV.) R. A. SCARLETT, Pastor Methodist Church.

MORE THAN 26,000 SATISFIED USERS

DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED.

☛ **"KELSEY SPECIALISTS" SUPERINTEND THEIR PROPER INSTALLATION.**

"Kelsey Booklet," No. 24, tells all about them.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

LIMITED
EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN MAKERS

BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO



THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.

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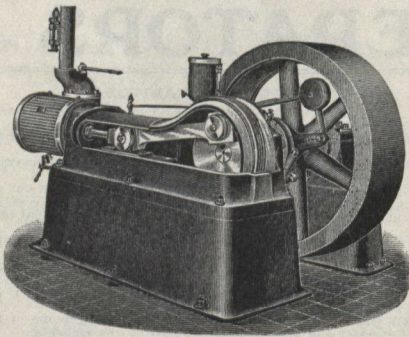
Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

Robb-Armstrong Engines



are all fitted with automatic governors and run at regular speed, whether loaded or light.

They use about 25 per cent. less steam than the best grade of engine with throttling governor.

They are built on the interchangeable system and duplicate parts, exact in fit, are kept in stock.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg



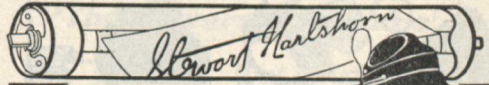
Some of the Latest Designs in

ART POTTERY

from the Leading Factories.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY.

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO.



A HOME GUARD

Free acting, easy running, durable work is secured only by using the reliable

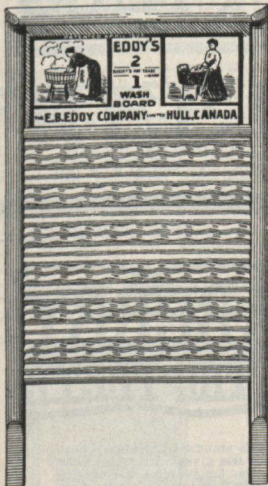
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

Always look for the script signature of STEWART HARTSHORN on the label of every genuine Hartshorn shade roller. This signature is put there for *your* protection.

**WOOD ROLLERS.
TIN ROLLERS.**



The Improved Hartshorn requires no tacks.



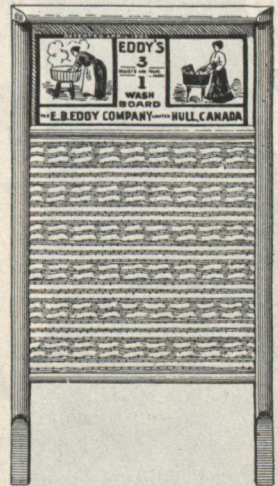
"2 IN 1" "3 IN 1"

These are
the **NEWEST** and **BEST** in

WASHBOARDS

They are scientifically constructed on a new basis. An examination of the crimping of the zinc will convince the most skeptical that in using these Washboards the **very best results** can be obtained with the **least possible labor**.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ONE
OF THESE BRANDS AND GIVE
IT A TRIAL**



The E. B. EDDY COMPANY

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HULL, CANADA

USE EDDY'S FIBRE WARE





Careless
Navigation
Wrecks Ships
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Careless
Habits
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the
wrecking of the
teeth by using

Wampole's
Formolid
Tooth Paste

Antiseptic in
action and
Delicious
in Flavor

The toilet equip-
ment of ladies or
gentlemen is not
complete without
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on
sale at Drug Stores only

Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In ma-
terial and construction, in finish
and utility, in durability and design
they lead all other makes. They
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.
**Canadian Office & School
Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.

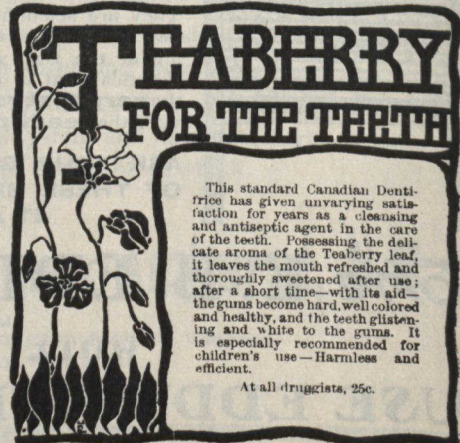
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

**BLAIR'S
GOUT
PILLS**

The late Sir Samuel Baker said: Blair's Pills have
rendered me immense service."

Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people
try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheu-
matism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

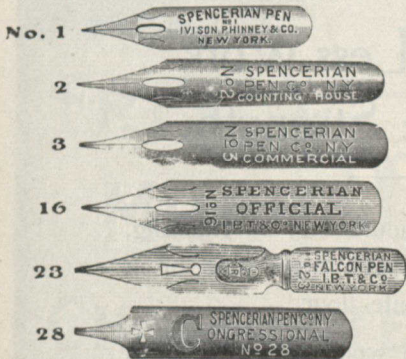


This standard Canadian Denti-
frico has given unvarying satis-
faction for years as a cleansing
and antiseptic agent in the care
of the teeth. Possessing the deli-
cate aroma of the Teaberry leaf,
it leaves the mouth refreshed and
thoroughly sweetened after use;
after a short time—with its aid—
the gums become hard, well colored
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is especially recommended for
children's use—Harmless and
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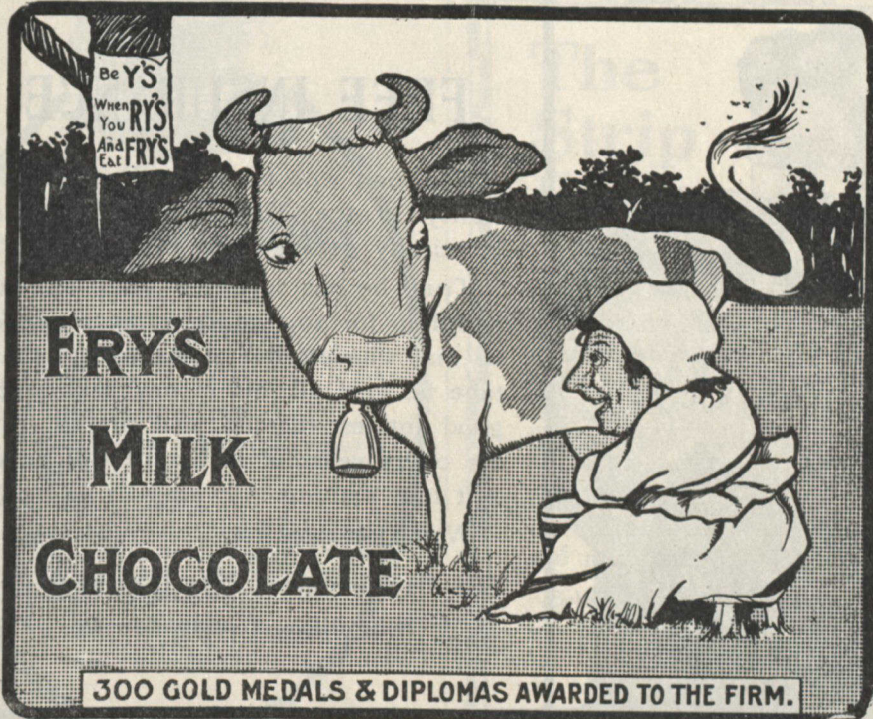
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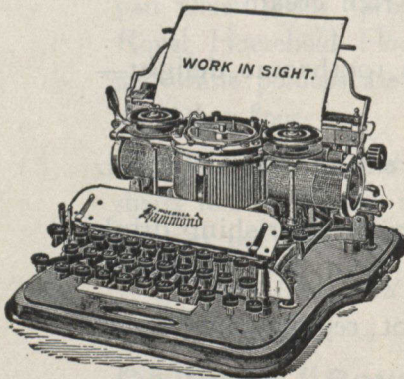
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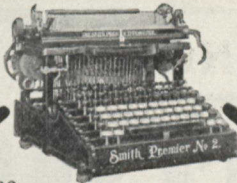
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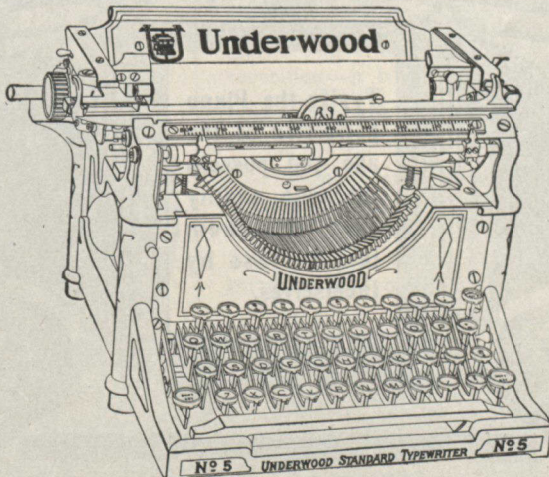
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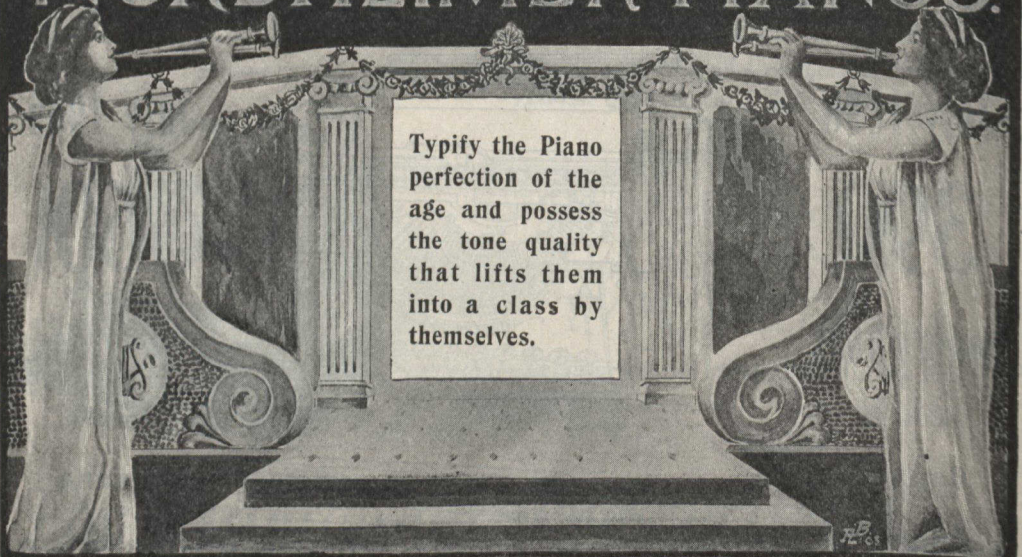
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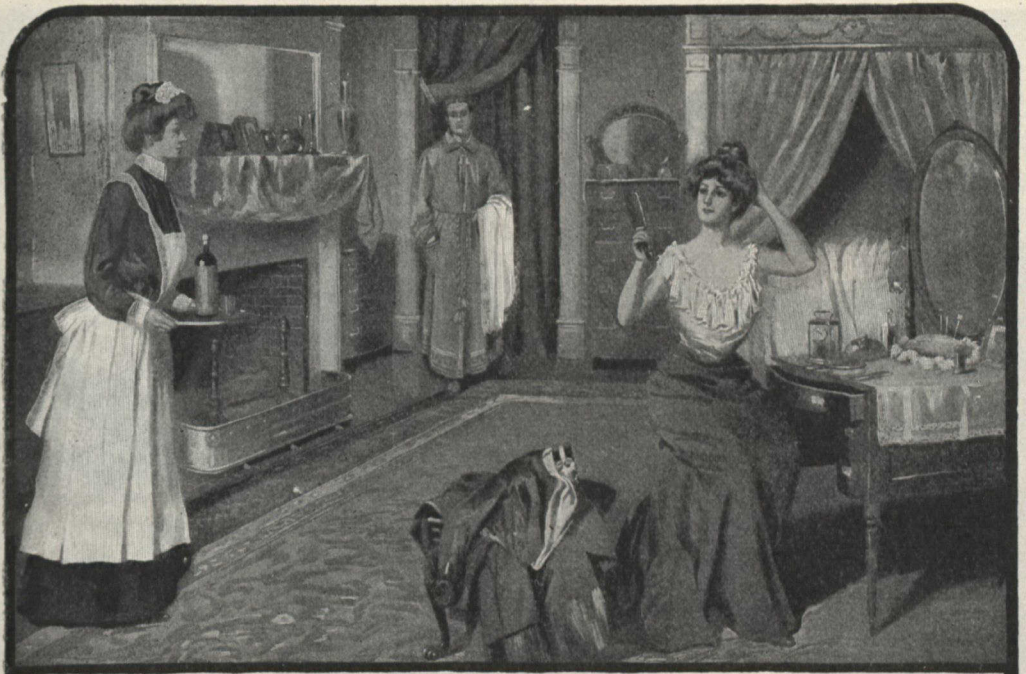
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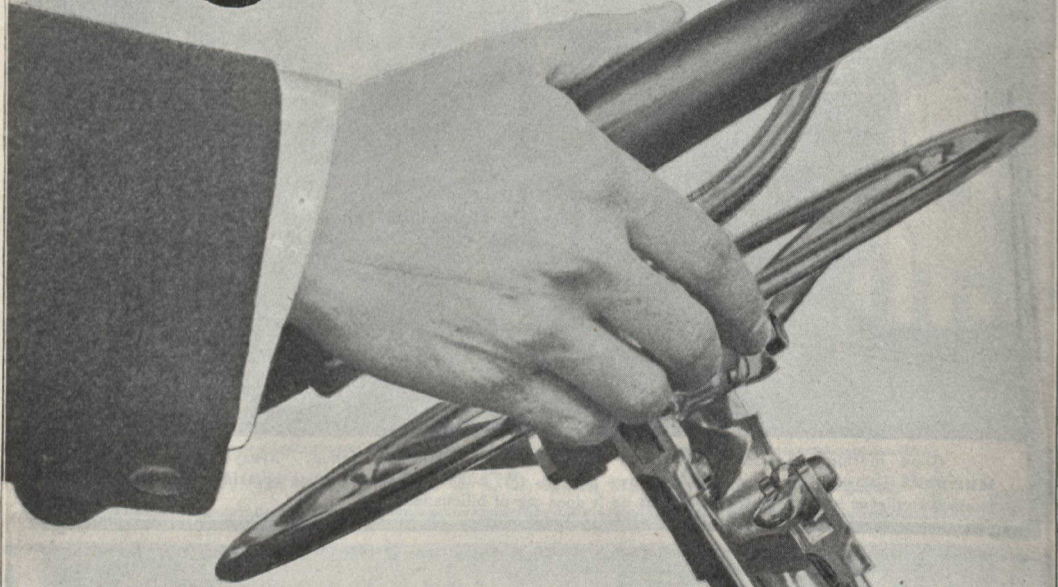
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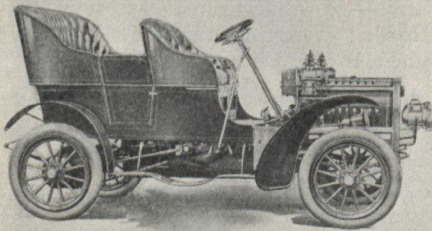
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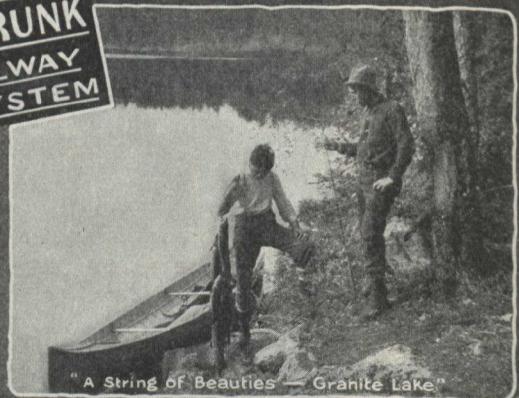
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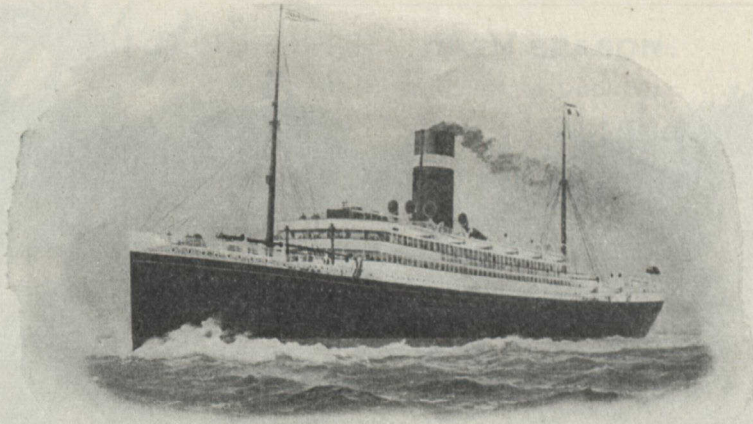
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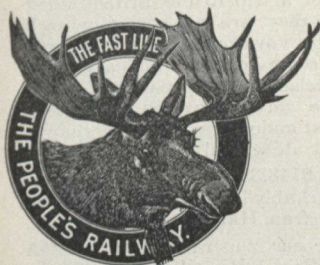
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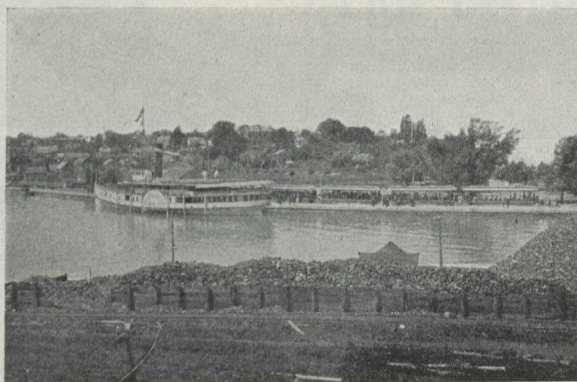
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The Evans Vacuum Cap provides the scientific means of applying to the scalp the common sense principles of physical culture. Baldness and falling hair are caused by the lack of proper nourishment of the hair roots. This lack of nourishment is due to the absence of blood in the scalp—an abnormal condition. It is the blood which feeds the hair roots, as well as every other part of the body. If you want the hair to grow on the scalp the blood must be made to circulate there. It is exercise which makes the blood circulate. Lack of exercise makes it stagnant. The Vacuum method provides the exercise which makes the blood circulate in the scalp. It gently draws the rich blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair roots. This causes the hair to grow.

Test it Without Expense

You can tell whether it is possible to cultivate a growth of hair on your head by ten minutes' use of the Evans Vacuum Cap. We will send you the Cap with which to make the experiment *without any expense to you.*

If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy glow this denotes that the normal condition of the scalp can be restored. A three or four minutes' use of the Cap each morning and evening thereafter will produce a natural growth of hair. If, however the scalp remains white and lifeless after applying the vacuum, there is no use in trying further—the hair will not grow.

The Bank Guarantee

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap and will allow you ample time to prove its virtue. All we ask of you is to deposit the price of the Cap in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, where it will remain during the trial period, *subject to your own order.* If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that the method is effective, simply notify the bank and *they will return your deposit in full.*

A sixteen-page illustrated book will be sent you on request, postage prepaid in full.

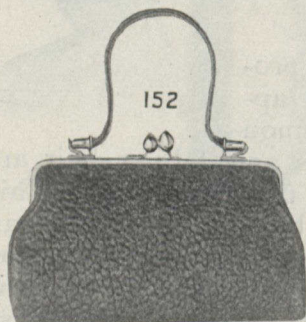
EVANS VACUUM CAP CO. 935 Fullerton Building, St. Louis, U.S.A.

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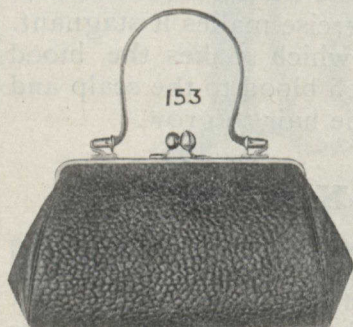
REGAL WRIST BAGS



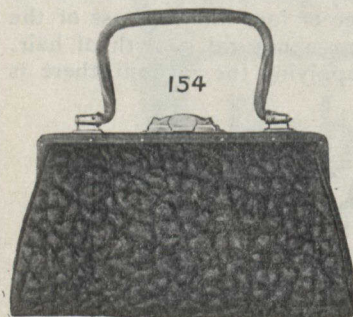
151



152



153



154

151. Genuine Dolphin Grain Leather, Nickel Frame, with change purse, 7" wide, color black or brown. Price 50 cents.

152. Genuine Walrus Grain Leather, Brass Frame, with change purse and card case, 7" wide, color black or brown. Price 75 cents.

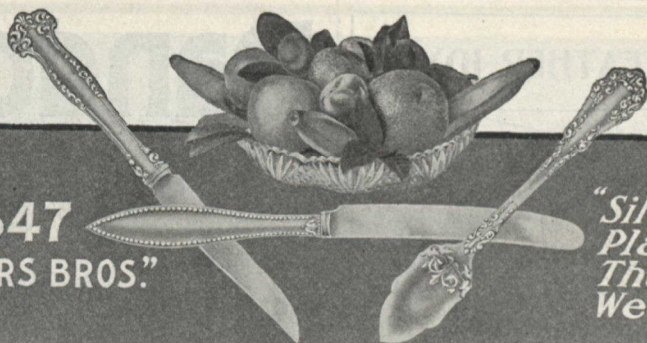
153. Genuine Dolphin Grain Leather, Brass Frame, with change purse, card case and mirror, 7" wide, color black or brown. Price \$1.00.

154. Genuine Walrus Grain Leather, Leather covered Vienna Frame, with change purse and card case, 8" wide, color black or brown. Price \$1.25.

When ordering add 10 cents extra for postage and name color. Money returned if unsatisfactory

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That
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it is not only good form but most desirable that your table should be supplied with suitable knives, spoons, etc., for individual use. Such articles, of almost daily use in the household, are also very appropriate for gifts or as gradual acquisitions to the family silver. As in other articles of table silver bearing the famous stamp, excellence of quality and beauty of design is always to be found in

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NEW YORK HAMILTON, CANADA CHICAGO



Stretch it like this and see it
spring back to shape.

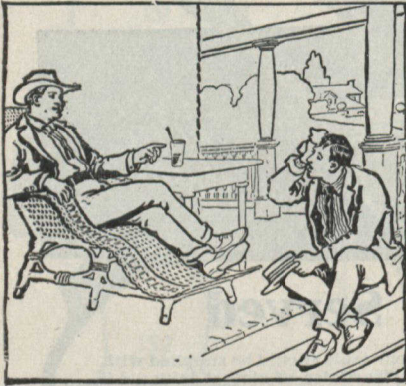
The Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

has fully demonstrated that merit cannot fail of success, as the rapidly growing demand for this line of Underwear indicates beyond a doubt. All who have worn this excellent fabric testify to its being satisfactory in every respect—"Nothing equal in all the range of Knitted Goods." Perfect Fitting and Unshrinkable. A postal card will bring you a free booklet descriptive of these goods, with sample of the fabric.

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A HOT WEATHER IDYL



THE STEAMING ONE

Gee! But it's hot, old man, to-day!
I've fanned till my hair's 'most blown away.
My house seems as hot as an oven flue,
And I thought I'd come over and sit with you.
Somehow or other you always seem
As cool and calm as an Eskimo's dream.
I don't see signs of an iceberg here;
How do you fix it? New brand of beer?
I drank two bottles an hour ago,
And I never had anything stew me so.
How do you do it? Put me on
Before I frizzle and, f-s-s-t! am gone!

THE COOL ONE

Beer! No wonder you're seething now,
With a cascade rioting down your brow.
Cut it out, old chap, and try
This draught for the gods if they were dry.
A brimming pot of the glorious brew
Of CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, true,
And brown, and rich as Roman gold,
Ice till the pot sweats dewy cold,
A bit of sugar and dash of cream,
A sip, and then you'll lie and dream
Of Polar bears and the chill North Pole,
And peace will descend on your simmering
soul.
Away with beer! It's a steaming brew!
CHASE & SANBORN'S 's the stuff for
you.

Pandora Range

STRONG GRATES



"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

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just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

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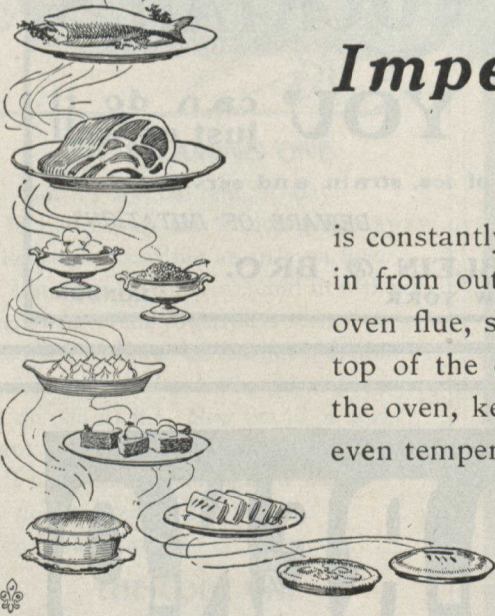
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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT—PRICE 25 CENTS.

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THE air in an ordinary oven is stagnant. It becomes saturated with the odors of the different dishes cooking—the strongest odor impregnates all. That is why you sometimes get pie with a flavor of onions, and roast beef with a taste of fish.

The air in the oven of the

Imperial Oxford Range

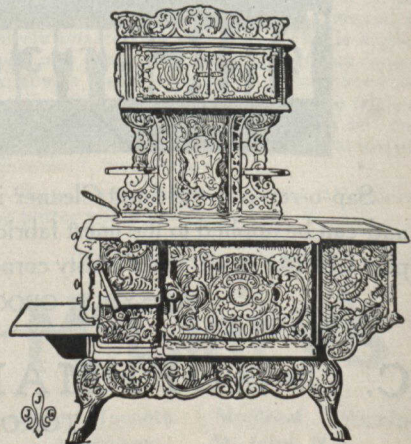
is constantly changing. Fresh air is drawn in from outside the range by our patent oven flue, superheated and forced into the top of the oven. It circulates throughout the oven, keeping every corner at a steady, even temperature. The air is then drawn off through the oven ventilators, carrying with it the fumes of the cooking dishes.

The Imperial Oxford Range cooks your food with pure, fresh, dry heat. Would you like to see this range? Call at your dealer's. If he can't show you the Imperial Oxford, write to us and we'll send you full particulars and tell you where you can see it.

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12 Blades that fit any Safety Razor, \$1.50.



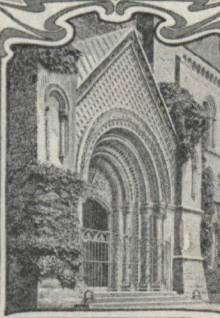
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IMPROVES EVERYTHING
EVEN YOUR APPETITE

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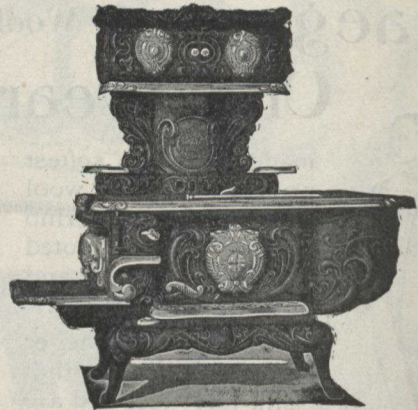
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