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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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October, 1914

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIII Contents, October, 1914 No. 6

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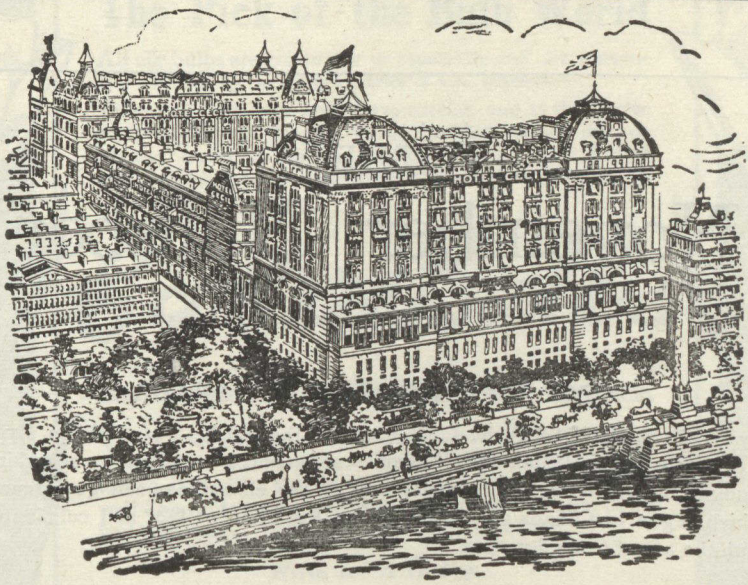

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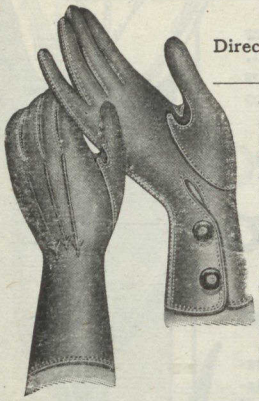

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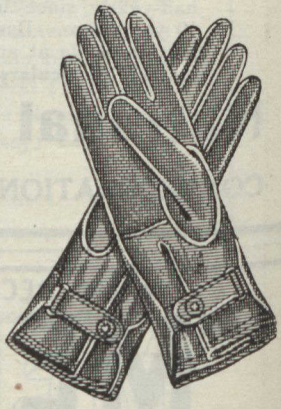

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In the present number attention should be called particularly to the articles on history in the making by Newton MacTavish and to the other two, by Dr. Campbell and Professor Wallace, on phases of Canadian history of earlier periods. Professor Wallace's sidelight on the United Empire Loyalists reveals a peculiar feature of early settlement in Canada, and many readers will thank Dr. Campbell for digging out of the archives at Ottawa the material for his most uncommon sketch of Scobie, Chamberlain and Lowe.

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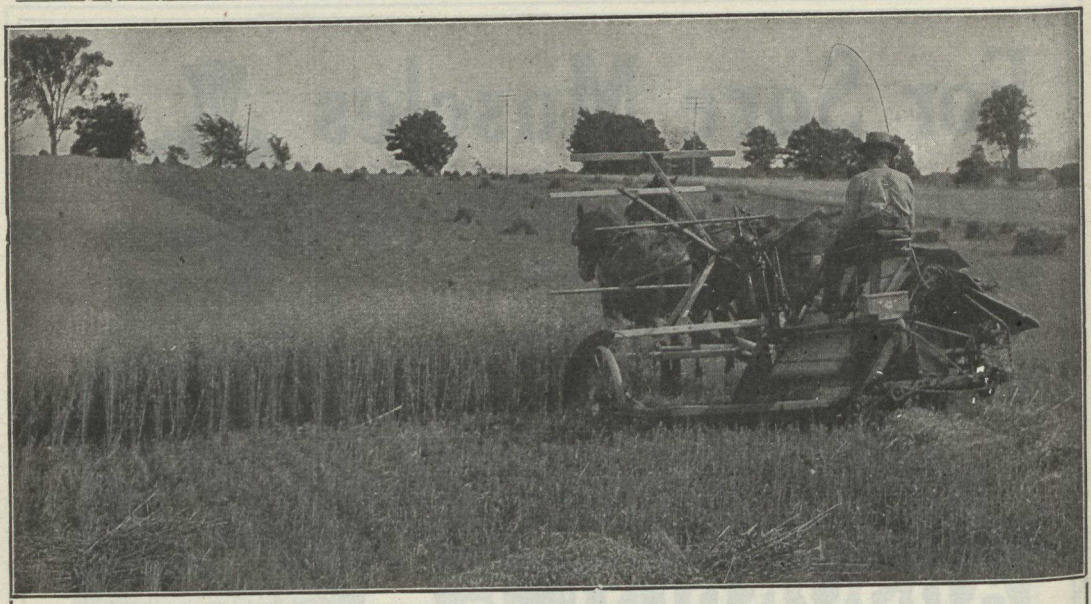

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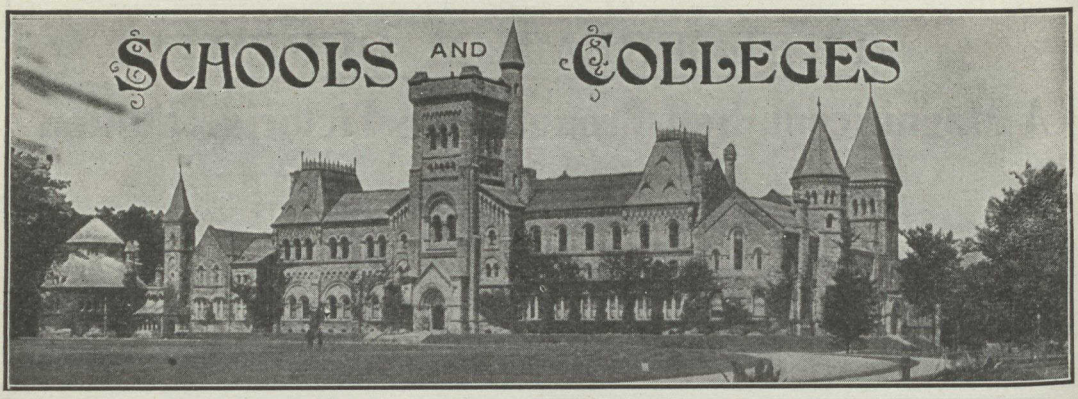

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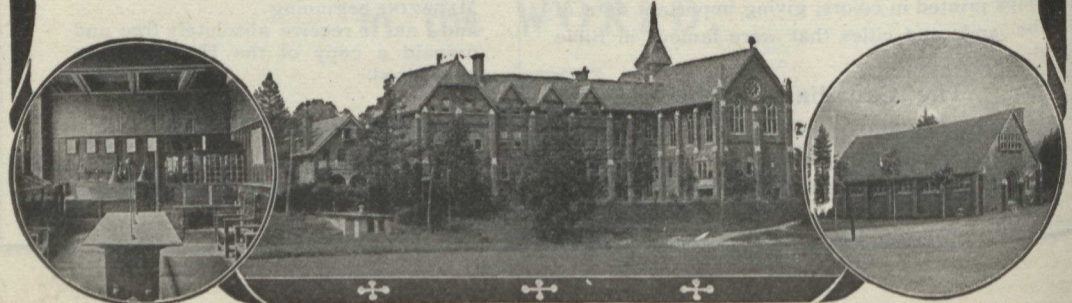

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1914 No 6.

WAR TIME IN CANADA

By NEWTON MacTAVISH

WE have had to take a peep behind the scenes in order fully to realize that for several weeks Canada has been in a state of war. Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany concerning the neutrality of Belgium expired towards midnight on August 4th, but five days earlier the event had been anticipated in Canada by the summoning of the Governor-General and his Prime Minister to Ottawa. The Duke of Connaught was on a visit to Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, and Sir Robert Borden was passing a holiday in Muskoka. Four Cabinet Ministers were at the Capital, and for that reason many persons wondered why it should be necessary for the Prime Minister of a dominion beyond seas to hurry to his post because of a war that had begun obscurely between Austria and Servia and that now involved Germany and Russia and France. But is is believable that Sir Robert Borden, while on his way to Ottawa on the night of July 31st, knew that Great Britain was bound within the next few days to join arms with France against the great Teutonic forces even then moving with aggressive insolence and already violating the territory of a peaceful neighbour.

Sir Robert Borden arrived at Ottawa on the morning of August 1st. Simultaneously there came several other Ministers. By ten o'clock the Cabinet was in council in what is known in Ottawa as the Eastern Parliamentary Block, and the sitting lasted until late in the afternoon. Cablegrams were exchanged with the acting Canadian High Commissioner at London, the Honourable George H. Perley, and during the day the Ministers drafted a message that will take a place in history. It was sealed and handed to a messenger, who went out through a door softened by green baize, and walking down the corridor entered a similar door. There the message was signed by the acting Governor-General. The messenger returned and handed the document to the Prime Minister. It was then marked "secret," and a special Government messenger took it to the telegraph office on Sparks Street. We

now have to imagine the words, which were in cipher, being sent on their lightning course across four Provinces to the cable station at Canso, and thence on their subaqueous flash to the cable station on the other side of the Atlantic. They were again flashed on to London, until finally a clerk of the Colonial Department deciphered them and the result was laid before the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who read these words:

"Secret. In view of the impending danger of war involving the Empire, my advisers are anxiously considering the most effective means of rendering every possible aid and they will welcome any suggestions and advice which Imperial naval and military authorities may deem expedient to offer. They are confident that a considerable force would be available for service abroad. A question has been mooted respecting the status of any Canadian force serving abroad, as under section sixty-nine of Canadian Militia Act the active militia can only be placed on active service beyond Canada for the defence thereof. It has been suggested that regiments might enlist as Imperial troops for stated period, Canadian Government undertaking to make all necessary financial provision for their equipment, pay, and maintenance. This proposal has not yet been maturely considered here and my advisers would be glad to have views of Imperial Government thereon."

To that message came this reply:

"With reference to your cipher telegram 2nd August, please inform your Ministers that their patriotic readiness to render every aid is deeply appreciated by his Majesty's Government, but they would prefer postponing detailed observations on the suggestion put forward, pending further developments. As soon as the situation appears to call for further measures I will telegraph you again."

By the same methods this second message was despatched:

"My advisers, while expressing their most earnest hope that peaceful solution of existing international difficulties may be achieved and their strong desire to co-operate in every possible way for that purpose, wish me to convey to his Majesty's Government the firm assurance that, if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honour of our Empire."

To which on the 2nd day of August the following reply was received:

"With reference to your telegram 1st August, his Majesty's Government gratefully welcome the assurance of your Government that in the present crisis they may rely on wholehearted co-operation of the people of Canada."

Such were the preliminary messages. War, of course, had not yet become a fact, but on its eve, on the 4th of August, the Secretary of State for the Colonies sent the following message:

"Though there seems to be no immediate necessity for any request on our part for an expeditionary force from Canada, I think, in view of their generous offer, your Ministers would be wise to take all legislative and other steps by which they would be enabled without delay to provide such a force in case it should be required later."

But something was on hand to be done apart from the sending of messages. The Cabinet sat every day, and for many hours every day, and the staffs of the Departments of Militia and Defence and of Naval Service worked unceasingly day and night. All employees were sworn to secrecy, although everything now being done was wholly anticipatory. The day before the ultimatum expired London and Toronto detachments of the Royal Canadian Artillery were transferred to Halifax, and on the very day of the declaration, but previously to it, the Department of Naval Service sent out a call for 400 naval reservists to man the *Niobe*. While these precautionary measures were being taken in the east, six carloads of ammunition were speeding towards Esquimalt, the naval station on the Pacific seaboard.

But with the *Rainbow* nearly in readiness, in Vancouver harbour, for a cruise of Behring Sea, the *Niobe* dismantled and in dry-dock at Halifax, and at least three German cruis-

ers known to be on the Pacific and Atlantic, the Department of Naval Service faced a real emergency. On August 2nd Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, wired to the Government at Ottawa that two submarines, just completed for the Government of Chile and lying in a Seattle shipyard, could be purchased and brought into active service on the Pacific. The Cabinet had some difficulty in making up its mind. If they were to get the boats they had to be purchased and brought to Canadian waters before war should begin, in order not to violate the neutrality laws. There were hopes that war might be averted, however, and if it were, what good would the submarines be? Then, an August 3rd, Sir Richard McBride took the matter into his own hands, went to Seattle, laid down the money on behalf of British Columbia, bought the submarines, secured crews for them, and on August 4th, before Britain began war, they were in Vancouver harbour. The Dominion Government gladly took them over. The *Rainbow* was held at Vancouver and her crew strengthened by the addition of one hundred volunteers from Victoria and Vancouver. Orders were issued to get the *Niobe* launched and in action with all possible speed. Apart from this, precautionary measures of an almost alarming character were taken.

A detachment of artillery, with two large guns, was shipped from Halifax to protect the cable station at Canso, and similar protection was provided for the wireless station at Glace Bay. Armed guards with orders to shoot to kill in case of disobedient trespass were placed at important points along the canals of Lachine, Soulanges, Welland, St. Clair, and Sault Ste. Marie, at the approaches to all important bridges, tunnels, wharves, elevators at ports of shipment, and ammunition factories and magazines. The presence of these guards was the cause of an extraordinary series of accidents. At London a man was shot and a whole neighbourhood upset. At Montreal a French reservist was pierced by a bullet. A sentry on the Welland Canal was shot, and likewise a Grand Trunk Pacific Railway watchman at Fort William. And it became no unusual occurrence for the quiet of night to be disturbed by the sharp report of a gun in the hands of some watchman perhaps a little over-zealous in the discharge of duty.

These measures were in anticipation of the event. Then came the portentous news that two great empires of the world were at war. Everyone's imagination was quickened. He was an unresponsive sluggard indeed who did not hold his breath on reading the injunction which on that memorable night was sent out upon ether waves to the Admiral of the Fleet somewhere in the North Sea: "Capture or destroy the enemy." It was as if the voice of Jehovah in tones that shook the earth were calling upon a modern Joshua, and from that moment the name of Sir John Jellicoe encircled the globe.

Great Britain at war against Germany! Even here in Canada, thousands of miles away, at midnight, crowds gathered round bulletin-boards or marched in down-town streets. "Rule Britannia!" was in everyone's heart and on everyone's lips, and ringing cheers for this evidence of the abiding spirit of England were heard from many lusty throats. The Governor-General and the Cabinet were at that very hour in conference at Ottawa. The summoning of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran parliamentarian, from his old home in Arthabaskaville at once suggests a superb paradox and demonstrates the fact that in Canada the Leader of the Opposition is an acknowledged part of the parliamentary machine. It was in the mind of the Government to call a special war session of Parliament, and in order to avert delays due to debate it was

an astute thing to obtain in advance the views as well as the advice of the one man whose duty we had come to regard as confined to criticism of all the Government might propose.

But while the Cabinet was considering questions of policy and procedure with respect to the war in Europe, the morning of the fifth of August dawned with the Dominion actually in a state of war. That very day all German consuls in the country received their passports, and protective measures of many kinds were undertaken in rapid sequence. Vessels were detained at ocean ports. The garrisons at Halifax, Quebec, and Esquimalt were increased. The fortifications at Partridge Island, which lies just off the harbour of St. John, New Brunswick, were strengthened. An order was given to increase the numerical standing of the Northwest Mounted Police by 500 men. Mines were placed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and at the approaches to all important ocean ports. The power plant at Niagara was placed under a military guard. A number of German reservists and others suspected of being spies were arrested and some of them held as prisoners. All wireless stations, except those operated by the Government, were ordered to be dismantled. From the Department of Naval Service went a message to the wireless station at Esquimalt and thence to the Commander of the *Rainbow,* ordering him to go down the Pacific coast and fetch to Vancouver the sloops of war *Algerine* and *Shearwater,* which were then in Mexican waters. This task was successfully accomplished, despite the fact that the *Nuremburg* and the *Leipsic,* two German cruisers, larger and faster than the *Rainbow,* hovered about the coast. At one time the *Rainbow* was not heard from for three days, and it was feared that she had encountered the foe. Portions of her deck found on the ocean, evidence that she had cleared for action, lent colour to sensational stories that she had been sunk by the *Nuremburg.* Ottawa was alarmed for some time, and troops and siege guns were actually sent from Quebec city to strengthen the defences at Esquimalt.

With the return of the *Rainbow* to Vancouver, and with the two new submarines, the two British gunboats, and the fortifications at Esquimalt, the Pacific coast was rendered fairly safe. On the Atlantic, two British and two French cruisers were considered adequate to keep the German vessels off, although all possible haste was made to get the *Niobe* into commission, she being bigger and faster than any of the German, French, or British cruisers on the coast. Towards that end the crews of the *Algerine* and *Shearwater* were sent across the continent to Halifax to help to man her.

But most significant was the following despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"With reference to my telegram of August 4th, his Majesty's Government gratefully accept offer of your Ministers to send expeditionary force to this country, and would be glad if it could be despatched as soon as possible. Suggested composition follows."

The suggested composition was one army division, which is made up of 22,500 men.

This communication called into immediate action all the resources of the Department of Militia. Six hours after it was received orders were sent to every military unit commander in the Dominion to recruit men, and soon thereafter it was announced one hundred thousand had volunteered. The Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, has made the statement that within the month two hundred thousand men had volunteered and that at Valcartier they had encamped, not 22,500, as suggested, but 32,000. With the Ross Rifle Company at Quebec an order for arms and ammunition was placed to the extent of several million dollars, for it was determined to

equip the Canadian force, although it would be absolutely under the control of the Imperial War Office, with the Canadian weapon, which does not accommodate the British army cartridge. Ammunition and arms, therefore, will be supplied from the Canadian base.

One of the first acts that interfered with the usual convenience of the public was the imposition of a rigid censorship on all cables and wireless messages, and correspondents at Ottawa for British newspapers sometimes had their despatches returned to them. The wireless stations at Petawawa were brought to Ottawa and placed on top of the Militia Building. In this way the Department kept constantly in touch with matters all over the country and all along the coast.

A special war session of Parliament was called. It lasted four days, from August 18th to 22nd, and was the shortest session ever held in Canada. It was called to approve of what the Government had already undertaken with respect to the despatch of an expeditionary force abroad, but there were other measures of importance. A special war tax in the form of customs duties was imposed on coffee, sugar, spirits, and tobacco, to meet increased expenditure of $50,000.000. Power was given to the Government to proclaim a moratorium, should that course be deemed advisable; to increase the issue of Dominion notes; to institute Government insurance of shipping during the continuance of the war, and the term of the present Governor-General was extended.

While these things were being done the war itself was having a great psychological effect on the people. Although it was causing an immense pressure of patriotic fervour on one hand, it was inducing hundreds of business concerns into a condition of commercial atrophy. Fear of what might be ahead was having a depressing effect, and towards trade in general there was a great deal of pessimism. The closing down of factories or the putting on half-time or half-pay of employees was bound to be discouraging, but in the face of it all most persons avowed there was not any real cause for alarm. Still there is no doubt that many individuals have suffered seriously. The closing of the stock exchanges, even during the first month, made it difficult for thousands of persons to pursue anything like a normal course, but by the end of the month and well into September the feeling was spreading that the trade and finance of the country would soon revert to their former activities.

Notwithstanding these discouragements charitable impulses were magnificently stirred. The National Patriotic Fund soon rose into hundreds of thousands, and after only a few days' canvass the Toronto and York Patriotic Fund reached a million. In these undertakings Canadians were not the only ones actively to participate, for sympathetic Americans residing in Canada gave liberally, and by means also of a popular concert at Toronto they aroused an immense amount of sympathetic interest. Then there were gifts to be sent abroad. The Government gave a million sacks of flour to the United Kingdom. The sacks are to be sold as souvenirs at one dollar each and the proceeds given to Belgium. The Provinces gave liberally of necessaries peculiarly fitting, for instance, potatoes from New Brunswick, oats from Prince Edward Island, cheese from Quebec, wheat from Manitoba, horses from Saskatchewan, apples from British Columbia; and there were as well many private gifts. The Government propose giving to France a hospital of fifty beds, which would be acquired, equipped, and maintained by Canada. The women of the Dominion have well maintained the place that tradition has given them in time of war. Their Hospital Ship Fund mounted beyond the quarter-million mark, and all over the country deft fingers went eagerly to the work of making those

little comforts and luxuries that are not suffered to enter the ordinary governmental commissariat of war.

We have seen that Canada is actually in a state of war. But what a difference between our state and that of unhappy Belgium! We repose serenely in magnificent isolation, while the great German guns plough devastating furrows across the pleasant plains lying between the Schelde and the Meuse. The spiked heel and the mailed fist have laid waste that land, where only a few weeks ago vineyards smiled and grain stood golden in the sun. Here we reap a bountiful harvest, and our only fear is the wrath of God. A great sea rolls between us and the place of battle; we cannot even hear the yelping of the dogs of war.

We make no attempt to analyze the sentiment of our people. For no analysis is needed: it is plain that the whole country, even including the county of Waterloo, in Ontario, from which, Colonel Hughes says, a request has come for permission to raise a corps of German-Canadians to fight with the British Imperial forces, is ready to make any sacrifice in order to assist in maintaining the supremacy of Britain. We are sending an expeditionary force to fight for the Empire. We are undertaking to send more. And although the fortune or the misfortune of war may soon be at our gates, we have a sense of security, and, to quote the apt phrase used by Sir Robert Borden in Parliament, "With firm hearts we await the event."

ACORNS FALLING

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE acorn hosts are trembling, ready to be gone.
They know not where they go, nor why, but in the dawn
A wind is coming; outflung in morning air
The brown pale cups shall scatter here and there.

It is a host that goes, inevitably goes.
It is a host that sinks down quiet to repose,
Gaining no further than to be a tragic seed
That falls and dies, missing the Life-Indeed.

It is a host that dies, inevitably dies,
It is but one discovers Life and further tries
The zest of Progress—in those mighty, fashioning hands
Of Purpose caught and hurled past low demands

Of feeble issue to the very quivering verge
Of that Completion toward which the prone host felt urge,
While dying in the corner of the crumbled wall,
Wrapped in dead leaves, lulled by late rains that fall.

FOUR EARLY CANADIAN JOURNALISTS

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE CANADIAN LAKE REGION," ETC.

PERHAPS the strongest influence in the forcing of the democratic movement of the nineteenth century was that of the press. As the years have passed this influence has grown and grown until it sometimes threatens to destroy itself.

The history of Canadian journalism is like that of any other vocation or business, a picture of succeeding successes and failures, with the number of the failures greatly in the majority. All the time, newspapers and periodicals are being brought into existence only to live a few months or years and then disappear into the limbo of all forgotten things.

It is quite a surprise to the historian to be confronted with the long-forgotten names of many defunct newspapers that saw the light in Toronto, Montreal, and other Canadian cities and towns, flickered during a little journalistic span, and then sputtered out.

Some of these papers proved to be of little account, and soon passed, like their promoters, into that oblivion which is the obvious doom of all mediocrity. But some there were of a more than common origin and individuality, and though they eventually went their way, or merged into other journalistic ventures, they had a strong influence in their time, and stood for something more than a mere financial or other personal ambition.

One of the most interesting periods of our journalistic history was that extending from 1837 to 1867, a formative and perilous period between the Mackenzie Rebellion and Confederation. Just because it was an intermediary period, it has been regarded wrongfully as a time of little interest, and is, therefore, not much dealt with by the historian.

The foundation or gradual development of great historical newspapers, like *The Gazette,* Montreal, or *The Globe,* Toronto, while of deep interest, is not within the scope of this paper, which seeks rather to bring back to remembrance some old, now long-forgotten journalists and journals which were prominent during the period referred to.

That was the era which included the union of the two old Canadas, Upper and Lower, in a political harness, which was ever at the straining point. It was a period when the capital and seat of executive and legislative government was gipsylike—ever on the move, with those consequent local jealousies inherent in the system and the race and other animosities of the yoked but not united Provinces. It was also a period of crude legislation and crude legislators, when the name Canada was restricted to the two Pro-

vinces; and the rest was maritime, and undiscovered British North America. It was a period when many of the inhabitants were British-born, and fresh from the long-tried institutions and well-balanced culture of the Motherland; so that it is easy to understand that in what we would regard as a pioneer condition there were many fine spirits of culture, refinement, and ability who essayed to solve the pioneer problems and bring the ideals of old tradition and precedent to bear upon the social and political difficulties of the young colony.

It was, if not the supreme age, a ripe and favourable period of the university and culture, and emerging out of the days of the Reform Bill in England and the Rebellion in Canada, a decade of triumph and hope for the democracy. Science on both continents was beginning to preen its platinum pinions of exact, though not heavenward flight. It was in many senses a period of hope and development for the new world.

It was quite natural that many of the newcomers should be university men and writers of ability—clever and oftentimes keen observers of their new environment, and, above all else, race-bred politicians.

It was a day of newspaper controversy and the now rare and much-sought-for pamphlet; and back of these scribes and literary pamphleteers were the editors and leaders of the dominant rival parties of that time.

Among the several groups of literary statesmen and editors whose writings and editorial pages influenced the period no names are more interesting than those of Hugh Scobie, J. Sheridan Hogan, John Lowe, and Brown Chamberlain, a slight sketch of whose careers and the affairs they took part in will be the subject of this paper.

None of these men could be called a shining success, as the very material gilt-edged judgment of to-day would estimate them. None of them died rich. One of them only (Chamberlain) was ultimately decorated with a C.M.G.

But they were men of considerable influence and importance in their day, when the Confederation was yet in the melting-pot, and after; and the student who glimpses history beneath the superficies of the mere political statement and the carefully worded state document, and reaches the private opinion and hidden passion and motive which underlie all great and little movements, will find that these men were very close to the centre of influence behind the scenes of the political drama. They were all men, as their careers show, who did more for their country than it ever did for them, willing and indefatigable pioneers in many movements for the benefit of the country.

But to the reader and student each man's separate career will be found to be interesting. One of them (Scobie) died in 1853. Hogan was murdered six years later. Chamberlain died in the nineties of the last century, as Queen's Printer of Canada; and Lowe lingered on the stage in retirement until the autumn of last year, when he died in the ninetieth year of his age—a disappointed and ill-used man. Another remarkable fact concerning these four men—all Canadian journalists, editors, and newspaper proprietors in their day—was that one was a Scotsman, the second an Irishman, the third an Englishman, and the fourth of old American loyalist extraction.

The strongest spirit, and the leader, and in many senses the father of this group was Hugh Scobie, who in his day and time was a force and influence in the affairs of Upper Canada. Had he not died while yet a young man in his forty-second year there is no saying what he might not have accomplished.

Hugh Scobie was the second son of Captain James Scobie, of Ardvare, in Sutherlandshire, and came of a stock which was of the best blood of

Northern Scotland. His father, Captain Scobie, originally an ensign in the 93rd Highlanders, was a retired captain in full pay of the Royal Veteran Battalion. He was accidentally drowned while crossing a loch in Assynt when on the eve of his departure for Upper Canada, where he intended to settle with his family. Soon after his death in March of 1833, his five sons and two daughters emigrated to Upper Canada, where the Canadian Government, on the recommendation of the War Office, allowed the same remission upon the price of lands purchased by them as would have been granted to their father as a retired officer. In a letter now in my possession, from Mrs. Scobie, of Keoldale, to her husband's (Major Scotbie's) niece, Mrs. Mackay of Pictou, she refers to the departure of the young Scobies for Canada, as follows:

"I should have mentioned in my last letter to Mr. Mackay that Captain James Scobie's family have all gone to Canada. They sailed from Greenoch 30th of March, so that I trust they are ere now at their desired haven. They are a promising lot of young creatures. The lads are Kenneth, Hugh, Alexander, Mackay, and James; the girls, Alexie and Margaret."

Kenneth and James, the eldest and youngest, according to a later letter from Keoldale, written in 1834, died soon after their arrival in Canada. Hugh, the second, is one of the group considered in this sketch.

He was born on the 29th of April, 1811, at Fort George, in Inverness, where his father was evidently stationed, and received his education at the Academy at Tain, a classical school for gentlemen's sons at that time well known in the north of Scotland. He then went to Edinburgh and commenced the study of the law in the offices of Messrs. Gordon and Stuart, writers to the Signet. But upon his father's death abandoned this intention. The year after his arrival in Upper Canada, Scobie settled on a farm in the township of West Gwillimbury—where he lived until 1838.

In that year he removed to Toronto and founded *The British Colonist*, which was destined to become in many senses the most distinctive and important journal at that time in the Upper Province. This paper, whose first two numbers bore the name of *The Scotsman*, was at first a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and finally a daily.

From the very first Scobie became a leader, and threw himself heart and soul into the struggle for the rights of the Church of Scotland in Canada. It was in the interests of this struggle that *The Colonist* was first founded. In its initial number, published on February 1st, 1838, appear the letters of the Honourable William Morris in his controversy with Bishop Strachan and Archdeacon Bethune.

As long as the battle of the Clergy Reserves continued, this paper was the principal organ in the van of the fight on behalf of the rights of the Canadian Scottish Church. But as soon as that question was settled *The British Colonist* ceased to be a church organ, or organ of any party, and Mr. Scobie assumed the position, rare in those days, of an independent journalist, and ever and consistently maintained this character to the end of his life. Having, though a plain unassuming man, in his veins the blood of the best Scottish gentry, with those old traditions of personal honour and faithful service to the state, he was a man of an independent ideal, as stern and rugged as his native mountains of Assynt. Born of a race of fighters and men who would be freemen, he was the first in Upper Canada to maintain a high-class, independent journal in a period when such a paper was considered impossible and when every engine of corruption was used by all parties to crush him. In spite of all opposition he seemed to glory in being independent.

Scobie was a native of that portion of Scotland from which came the families of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat, and many others of our Canadian pioneers of Empire. His was a different nature from that of either George Brown or John Alexander Macdonald, the latter a young local lawyer of the Bay of Quinte district, who about this time had settled in Kingston, and in 1847 entered public life as a member of Parliament, and succeeded Sir Allan McNab, another prominent Scottish-Canadian as leader, and founded the new Liberal-Conservative party.

That was the period of the formation of two great political parties, which were to strive with each other for the formation of the destinies of the greater Canada yet unborn—and amid the struggles of a formative period, *The British Colonist* held its own way and proved a great influence amid the sharp strife of opposite and bitterly militant ideals.

One of the things that Scobie accomplished was to gather about him as writers a group of young and ambitious men, some of whom afterwards became statesmen and editors and close confidants of the political controllers of Canada.

Chief among these were the other three of the quartette, the subjects of this essay—Hogan, Chamberlain, and Lowe.

In Scobie's fight for the rights of the Church of Scotland in Canada his chief opponent was Bishop Strachan, the great educationist, divine, and statesman. But it is to the credit of both men that through all the years of bitter sectarian party strife they retained a mutual respect, and it is pleasing to know that during Scobie's last illness the Bishop visited him to express his sympathy.

It may be interesting to many Canadians to learn that Hugh Scobie had to do with the foundation of what is now called the Liberal-Conservative party, and that the very name itself originated in his journal. In the editorial in the first number of *The Colonist,* then called *The Scotsman,* and published on the first of February, 1838, Scobie writes: "We are neither Tory on the one hand, nor Radical on the other; but wish to love and honour our Queen." The editorial referring to his death in December, 1853, says: "His politics, to use his own term, were Liberal-Conservative. By this he meant Conservatism in so far as concerned the observance of sound constitutional maxims, and progressive in so far as the needs of this rapidly-rising colony demanded."

While he was, as shown, a pioneer in the shaping of the foundation principles of what afterwards became a great party, Hugh Scobie was more. He was one of the closest students of municipal life and law, and he did much to encourage the development of the municipality as it was in Ontario up to the last twenty years, until the unhealthy growth of our cities and the resultant decline of the democracy killed what is called public opinion.

Scobie was also a publisher, and his famous almanac in its day contained enough municipal law and other practical information regarding the country to furnish the average public man with a liberal education.

His *Municipal Manual* was also an important work on municipal law. In addition to all this he raised the standard of journalism in the Province to a high plane, and made the better-class newspapers which followed, possible, as many of his correspondents and editorial writers became later editors and publishers of prominent newspapers in Montreal and Toronto.

He also took a deep interest in the cause of education, and was a prominent member of the Board of Education for Canada West.

One is tempted to write at greater length concerning this strong and individual man, who played so prominent a part in the upbuilding of the

young Province, but space will not permit in so limited an article. Hugh Scobie died on the 3rd of December, 1853, at the early age of forty-two, and his untimely demise was a great loss to the public life of the whole Canadian community. He had married, in 1844, Miss Justina Macleod, daughter of Captain Angus Macleod, of Rosshire, and left one daughter, who married the late Chief Justice Harrison.

We have had of late a plethora of recommendations of certain historical worthies, among them Champlain, for that more enduring fame in tablets and shafts of bronze and stone. But why is it that the worthy memory of such a personality is allowed to lapse and sink into the dust of a shrouding oblivion? Is it true that our several British-Canadian communities are sadly lacking in that proper appreciation of the acts and lives of their own deserving dead, which they often seem over anxious to show to the dead of other and alien communities?

The next in chronological order of this interesting journalistic quartette was the brilliant Irishman who met so sad and tragic an end at a period of life when most men have the zenith of success ahead of them. John Sheridan Hogan was, as his name suggests, a native of Ireland, being born near Dublin about the year 1815. He started his career, however, as a newsboy or what is called a printer's devil, on the staff of a periodical called *The Wesleyan,* published at Hamilton, Upper Canada. Becoming a skilled printer, he soon rose to be foreman, and became a contributor. He then studied law, and in 1844 was articled as an attorney and practised at Hamilton until he removed to Toronto. There he reverted to journalism and founded *The United Empire,* which has been designated a high-church Tory journal, and which was eventually absorbed in *The Leader.*

For some years Hogan acted as parliamentary correspondent for several journals. But owing to his bitter, unsparing, and daring style made many enemies. This lack of tact in his relations with parties and individuals no doubt helped to spoil his career, though his undoubted brilliancy as a writer must have created jealousy of work which few of his contemporaries could even approach. Hogan was a man of strong individuality, who, like men of his type stood very much alone, and probably because of his strong opinions was of little use to any party or leader as a journalist. In short, unlike many of his fellow-journalists, he himself aspired to be a leader.

One of his successes which gave him special prominence was the winning of the first prize in an essay competition upon the subject of Canada and its resources.

This competition was organized by the Canadian Committee of the Paris Exhibition, and there were fully nineteen essayists who sent in manuscripts, among them being the Honourable Alexander Morris, who took the second prize. With regard to this competition, Hogan wrote to Lowe, under date the 18th of January, 1855: "I was informed to-day that Keefer is writing for the prize. Respecting his talents I, of course, did not imagine that he was competing. . . . I have now gone so far that I cannot retrace my steps. Having heard of such extraordinary competition I have determined to throw my whole soul into it. . . . I have already completed the introduction, and most of the filling up, and what is by no means common with me, I like the introduction. It is the best thing I have written, and you are aware I took the £200 prize offered by the Duke of Argyle, Buchanan, and Graham, in 1849, for the best essay on Imperial Protection to Colonial Productions. . . . However, if Keefer is competiting, it is somewhat different here." Keefer, now the distinguished Canadian engineer, did not compete. Of Hogan's essay five thousand copies were issued. Five years

prior to this he had contributed able articles, dealing with Canadian affairs, to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He also wrote the New Year's ode for that year (1850) in that magazine.

In 1855 he became the editor of *The Colonist*, for which paper he had already been a correspondent, and occupied this position for some years, until that journal, which had declined since the death of Hugh Scobie, finally lost favour with the public. Hogan soon after entered the field of active politics, and at the general elections of 1857 he was returned as a member of the Legislative Assembly in the Reform interest. Brilliant as a writer and advocate, and of a strong personality, probably only second to that of D'Arcy McGee, in Canadian politics of his day, Hogan was a man a good deal alone, a free lance as it were, distrusted and eventually opposed by leaders like John A. Macdonald, Draper, and Van Koughnet. Whatever might have been the fate in store for him, it was doomed to be averted; as his life was cut short, like that of Scobie, though in a more tragic manner. One night in December, 1859, he was murdered on the Don bridge, at Toronto. The mystery of his death was never solved. But thus ended the brilliant and meteoric career of one of the ablest and most versatile writers and one of the strongest personalities in the whole history of Canadian politics and journalism.

The third in the group, chronologically, was Brown Chamberlain, a native of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, whose parents removed, in the early years of the nineteenth century, from Lewiston, New York State, near Niagara. While not strictly of United Empire Loyalist stock, Chamberlain came of forbears not unfriendly to monarchy, and that surer, more stable, and conservative government found under the British flag.

He was from his earliest days a student and an ambitious and untiring worker, and early in the fifties we find him, with his friend, and later, brother-in-law and partner, John Lowe, engaged as a contributor to *The Colonist*, under the editorship of Hugh Scobie. It was here that Chamberlain got his journalistic training, and where he came into close touch with that rising statesman and master-politician, John A. Macdonald.

On November 27th, 1856, Macdonald writes to Chamberlain as follows, and gives an interesting picture of political conditions: "As the Government hope, or rather, I hope, to get the Government to lay down some definite policy with regard to G. T. matters, including the question of removal of books. This policy, once formed, shall be communicated confidentially to you. If you like it, you will support it. If not, why then fire away. . . . I do not hear of any transactions between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Government. I shall make immediate inquiry, and it will take strong reasons to convince me of the propriety of conveying any lands to that corporation."

Then, in closing, he refers to Sir Allan McNab as "the honourable Baronet," and then uses the expression, "We are, it seems, to have war to the knife. So let it be."

Later, Macdonald, with whom Chamberlain evidently was still in close touch, both as an editor and political confidant, writes the latter from Quebec. In this letter, dated 17th October, 1860, he says: "Anxious as I have been to leave the Government for the last three years, I have no personal views and desire only to see a number of respectable men entering into public life. I protest, however, against the assumption that Lower Canada has too much influence. This opinion of Morris's only shows how the damnable iteration of a lie will influence parties, without reason or the semblance of it. I often hear in Upper Canada the same thing said, and yet when I ask for a single instance of it, no one can state that instance." Here we get an in-

sight into the inner history of the day, such questions as the Hudson's Bay Company and the Grand Trunk Railway being chief among them.

These letters also reveal the already widening cleavage between the old Tory influences of the past generation, as represented by Sir Allan McNab, and that of the young, progressive Liberal-Conservatives, whose head was that young but already far-sighted statesman, Macdonald.

As the latter writes: "It was war to the knife." But, as we have seen, Macdonald writes four years later, and not this time as the mere Upper Canadian, suspicious of Cartier and the doings of the Lower Province. He now has got a wider perspective; he has outgrown the provincial prejudices and outlook, as shown in his strong reflections on Morris and other Upper Canadians. Here we catch a glimpse of the Sir John A. Macdonald whose ideals and outlook were no narrower than the bounds of the larger Canada, the Dominion or Confederation which he was already dimly dreaming.

It gives us a sight of a new phase of this remarkable man, who has been accused of opportunism. Here we see him indignant and impatient of the mere provincial prejudice, and in this he seems to stand almost alone in an attitude which later was to widen into Imperialism.

Brown Chamberlain was in every sense a staunch Conservative, and in the interests of that party was elected a member of Parliament for Missisquoi county, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. He finally retired from journalism to accept the post of Queen's Printer for Canada at Ottawa, which he held until his death in the nineties.

Forty years before he and his brother-in-law, John Lowe, had purchased *The Montreal Gazette,* and for many years were controllers and editors of that influential journal. During this period many important developments in Canadian history occurred, which changed the whole life of the country. The greatest of these was Confederation, which gave the name "Canada" to all British North America, under one vast Federal Government; and in this solution of the national problem both Chamberlain and his partner, John Lowe, bore an important part. As journalists and close friends of Macdonald, Cartier, McGee, and other Feredalists, they were from the first in the very closest confidence of the old Canadian leaders, and from time to time ennunciated the policy of the promoters of the great scheme in their editorial pages.

John Lowe, Chamberlain's partner and brother-in-law, was a native of Birkenhead, near Liverpool, and sought his fortune as a youth in Canada at a period when industrious and intellectual pioneers were needed. Like Chamberlain, he took to journalism as a natural vocation, and early became a writer for *The Colonist,* and a parliamentary correspondent. His career on *The Gazette* was a long and exceedingly active one. He was a man with a keen instinct for work and business experiments in many directions. But his real vocation was as an untiring servant of the public. There are many letters extant from prominent Canadians addressed to him, both as an editor and in his later official capacity, which prove the confidence placed in his unselfish, untiring energy and ability. Letters from Sir George Cartier show Lowe to have been deep in the latter's confidence, and reveal the intimate political relations existing between them.

When Lowe, in 1870, retired from *The Gazette* to enter the service as an important official in the Department of Agriculture, he carried with him this confidence in his trustworthiness and ability into public life. He became for many years the head-centre of the pioneer work in Canadian immigration from Britain and Eur-

ope, and there is no doubt that he never received the recognition which his great services, i nthis and other branches of his Department, merited from an indifferent and thankless country.

Of such fine intellectual and characteristic material were these old worthies of a Canadian period now past and gone. No doubt they had their faults, as all have. But it was their splendid idealism, transmitted into action, which made whatever of good there is in Canada to-day possible.

This little group is but typical of the class of pioneers who, in spite of provincial, racial, and religious barriers, prejudices, and animosities, brought about the Canadian union and expansion which we now inherit.

Is it not meet that here, at the gateways of the present century which, according to our ideals and action or inaction as a whole people is to mean so much for the future weal or woe of Canada and the Empire, we should pause in serious thought as to the road upon which we are travelling, and take, as it were, stock of our ethical and social bank account. We are no more a mere child-community; we are at least a century old, and is it not time that we realized in more than mere contemplation our infinite responsibilities to the present, to the future, and to the past? How better can we spend our time than by now and again recalling in the pages of our leading periodicals and journals the deeds and personality of those strong and conscientious pioneers who blazed the main trails and ventured upon the uncharted seas of our national and Imperial possibilities?

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RIVER

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

NO doubt you know the river at its mouth. The city reaches close to where it swims out into the great lake and is lost. Nearby are the boat-houses where one may hire canoes for picnicking and for courtship purposes at twenty cents an hour, including faded cushions and improvised back rests for the party of the second part. Also, near the boat-house is a suburban street car stop, a few booths where watchful Greeks sell ice-cream soda and chewing-gum, and a large hotel, done in flamboyant style, where from an enterprising widow one buys "full course" meals for something like fifty cents and a tip for the dining-room girl.

You may even be acquainted with the river at a higher point, where Scotch experts have ordained a golf course, and barbered the grass into a state of holy smoothness. But beyond this, and beyond some occasional glimpses of the stream, where, farther in-land from the lake, your train may happen to cross it occasionally, you know nothing of its course. It is dwindling, the golfers say, though in the spring it swashbuckles noisily enough under the influence of vernal liquors. It is scarcely deep unless that be near its mouth, nor wide except at a certain shallow ford. It has no swagger, no majesty whatever, and even its trout are gone, killed by sawdust from mills—themselves long closed—and stirred instead by heavy-moving craft called "suckers," that wallow in the current observing the bottom from bloated eyes.

Last fall I traced this river back toward its source, just as once, no doubt, some intrepid Frenchman must have searched it out, or some staunch surveyor of early British days. What they found and what I found appear to have differed, for they have left, concerning this particular river, only scanty mention—a thin, quavering line on the map of the Province, straggling weakly between two counties, and finally, two inches above Toronto, failing altogether, whether from lack of ink or from lack of water is not clear. My experience of this placid stream is much more certain and, I think more beautiful. The Indians are gone, and the fish. Deer no longer drink from its banks, nor wily black bears fish from the ends of logs. No birch-bark makes a soft picture on its velvet surface, nor shot of gun, nor shout of hunter breaks the quiet brooding over it. But I hear church bells and the sound of cattle lowing in the meadows; the wind-tossed barks of dogs and the talk of distant ploughmen to their horses, carried on a clear current of air.

It was an empty journey, you might say, a time-wasting, folly-hunting, aimless expedition. For these days we travel swift and straight, and even the milk-train snorts to behold the hill which it must round instead of cutting through. We worship straight lines and high rates of speed, directness, brevity and point, and perhaps for this reason this river wends un-

noticed, or if noticed jeered at through the land, wandering a hundred miles to connect points scarcely forty miles apart, coiling itself this way and that through the land it holds, like a lover, never tired making poems to his lady's eyes. Does a hill intervene, he steals around its very foot, and should another block him there, turns patiently and goes round by another way. Here a railway bridge darts across his valley, and here even the highway makes a straight leap and falls restless on the other bank. But the railway and the highway do not love this dreaming land; theirs to exploit it, theirs to give it energy and traffic with the outer world. This may be good enough and of considerable importance in the making of what is called a nation. But the river, finding a high bank and a few over-leaning trees, lingers to gossip with the land, as though, to it, time were no matter, space no more than it could hold by its reflection, and mankind—a misguided interloper.

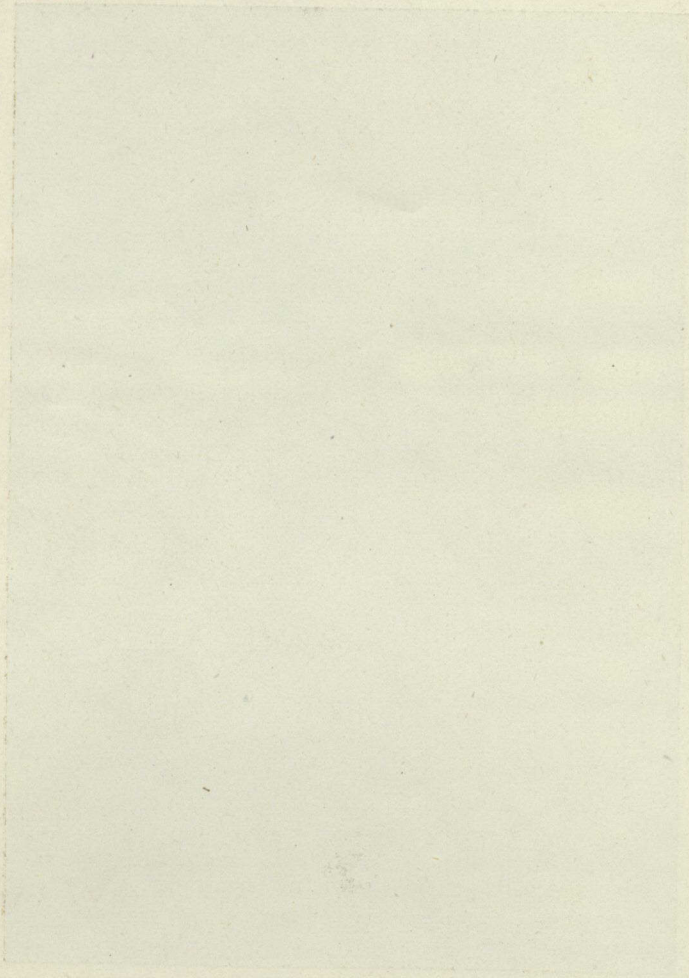
At a certain point the river broke in two parts, one tending west and one east, and the farmer who lived in a house at the point of the tongue between them, called both by the same name and could say where neither led. Proceeding against what seemed the greater volume of water, coming from the westward, we came upon broad shallows, sheltered by great elms and bedded with round white pebbles. There appeared to be no real river here, only a broad avenue covered with that which made a gurgling sound, and in which cattle stood, blinking drowsily, cud-chewing, and wet scarcely above the hoofs. This, you might say must one time have been a great water-course; some important army of waters must have moved this way, hewing a pass through yonder bank of clay, flinging a bold curve through this meadowland, battling with rocks, and where the earth gave way suddenly beneath its feet, leaping over with a shout—and marching on. So it may have been; so, when Indians rode it and trout policed it, and the high pines of the wilderness looked applause to its wild doings.

It has some temper left, of course. Thrice in its course men have dammed it and taken half its water to do service in clattering tanks, afterward to escape, frightened, into the light again. At these places it sometimes sounds a stertorous voice and roars like an old bull at a great distance. In the spring it is devil-ridden, full of strange waters that leap and jostle one another between the banks. Ice cakes ride it, and like Roman rams charge at the opposing dams that men have set in the way. Sometimes the dams give and with a crazy shout the tide leaps upon the calm fields below. But this is the flood, not the river, this is its evil genius against whom it can no opposition offer, whose will, for the time being, is its will, utterly. Suddenly the flood is gone. The menacing cakes of ice lie like stranded whales, belly up, in the low-lying fields and sadly melt in the sun, wetting the very place where violets shall presently put forth. There is now no sound of brawl or bragging. The river itself licks at the broken dam and the hurt banks and embraces the convening delegates of the sucker family with kind democracy. Whose to hurry? Whose to make straight lines?

I think it is a gentle river, lying in the lap of the land, communing with roots and immature young streams, washing the feet of cattle the white backs of boys who go in swimming, and the old thirsty roots of drunken trees that have stood too near the edge. A senile river, you may say, foolish, aimless, drooling, meaningless. But of that I am by no means certain. I think it is a philosophical river.

CHILD WITH
SEA GULLS

From the Painting by Laura Muntz, A.R C.A.
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



SOCIAL LIFE AT RIDEAU HALL

BY JUDITH MORRIS

DURING the season's press of social functions at the Capital, a visitor, nervous to the point of hysteria at being honoured with an invitation from royalty, asked a lady exalted in social-political circles to tell her what she ought to say and what she ought to do. And the lady, one of the wittiest and most amusing lights in the political firmament, answered:

"Oh, do what they do. If they stand up, you stand up; if they sit down, you sit down; if they bow, you must bow, too. And if they scratch themselves, *you scratch yourself!*"

And this very unique piece of advice held, like the clergyman's egg, its good parts. Imitate the royal party at Government House, and you will not be far wrong.

A natural curiosity exists as to the treatment of guests at Rideau Hall. Just how do the dinners, balls, teas, and other entertainments vary from the ones of ordinary experience? How much formality is observed? And how much does one see of their Royal Highnesses? Are the entertainments merely functions, or are they pleasingly sociable?

Beginning with the largest and least exclusive gatherings—the skating and tobogganing parties which take place on Saturdays during January and February—it may truthfully be said that utmost informality reigns. Guests arrive at almost any and every hour throughout the afternoon, unannounced if they come very early or very late. The enthusiastic skaters who go to the rink as early as three o'clock, simply go—that's all. A spacious pavilion is built bordering the rink, and there is accommodation for changing boots and skates, and when the Princess and the Duke arrive and repair to the ice they greet informally those fortunate enough to have a speaking acquaintance with them. Or, guests may be received by one of the *aides-de-camp*, who stand in the pavilion until his Royal Highness comes. Then the Duke and sometimes the Princess receive for a while before putting on their skates. One makes a little bow and shakes hands—nothing more terrifying or formidable. After about four o'clock, when skating is at its height, it may happen that there is no one to receive. The following little story illustrates the lack of formality:

A party of three arrived at the pavilion a little late—just as his Royal Highness was leaving his post to put on his skates. Although quite the length of the room intervened between himself and the late-comers, he crossed the space and, greeting each in turn, made a courteous speech of welcome as well as his excuse for not having been on hand to receive them.

In the upper storey of the building refreshments are served. With the spirit of informality everywhere prevailing, the guests, for the most part, look after themselves, although should anyone hold an attitude of haughty aloofness, I doubt not that there would be those who would willingly serve them. The Duke and Princess

THE ENTRANCE TO RIDEAU HALL

The Coat of Arms above the door is sixty-eight feet long and fourteen feet high in the middle—the largest in the Dominion.

mingle quite freely with the throng and are quick to note any lack of attention to their guests.

It is not customary to inflict more handshaking on the host and hostess, except in cases where one holds a high official position. Most of the persons invited simply slip away.

Next to the skating parties, in point of numbers, comes the State ball, to which several hundred persons are invited. The mode of procedure varies slightly, beginning with the instructions from a constable, who informs both you and your cabby at what hour you are expected to leave. You enter Rideau Hall at the "side door," because it is most convenient to the dressing-rooms. These consist mostly of open ticketed shelves presided over by maids, in the ladies' section, and red-coated orderlies in the gentlemen's section. Each guest receives a check, by means of which the numerous wraps necessary for a long cold drive may be reclaimed. Then comes a walk down a long red-carpeted corridor past scarlet-liveried flunkeys—their white silk hose and powdered hair giving them an intensely theatrical appearance — into the ball-room. At a given hour—ten o'clock, usually—the royal party enters.

It would be impossible to receive so many personally, therefore the ball opens with the State Lancers. Everything progresses as at an ordinary dance, until supper is announced, when the guests all repair to the racquet court. Here long tables line the walls, and supper is served from them, everyone standing except the royal party and any especially fav-

THE BALL-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

oured guests whom they invite to their table.

In the racquet court, also, are entertained the children and their parents who are invited to the fancy dress ball, which is an innovation since their Royal Highnesses came. Only the children sit at small tables and are served by an army of waiters. The Duke himself goes from table to table, sometimes criticizing the strength of a small person's tea, sometimes advising a glass of milk, sometimes noticing with remarkably human eyes that some little tot has not been provided with a handful of crackers!

The State Ball, like the skating parties, necessitates no leave-taking other than a rising from one's seat (should one be fortunate enough to have such a thing), if the royal party should leave the room first, which they would not likely do. In former times, however, especially under the régime of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, guests were dismissed by the departure of their Excellencies.

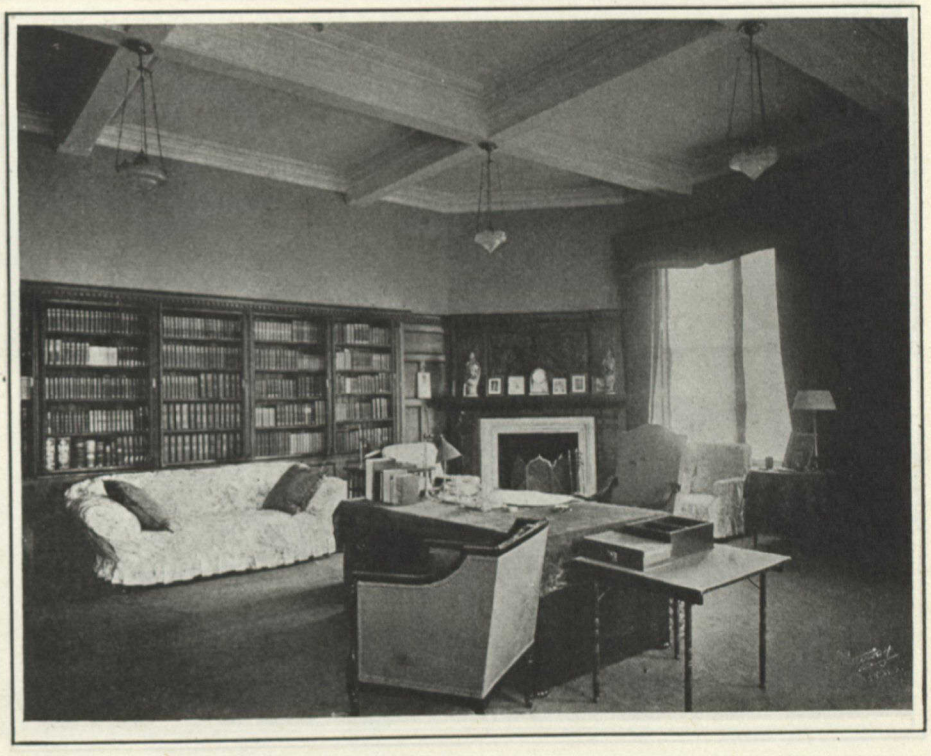
The State Dinner provides still another variation. This is a "stag" party, and takes place at half-past seven o'clock, instead of at eight, which is the hour for other dinner-parties. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen are invited. Dinner is served in the ball-room, tables being placed in the form of a horse-shoe, in the centre of which his Royal Highness sits. Previously, guests were announced to an *aide* as they entered the drawing-room, and this harassed gentleman was expected to remember all the names of those present, for he had, in turn, to present them to his Excellency, the Governor-General. Now, however, the Duke takes his

THE DINING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

stand—upon the last occasion, surrounded by his Lieutenant-Governors—at the ball-room door, and the presentations are made there, each gentleman passing into the dining-room to his seat. He knows his place, because just as he leaves the dressing-room, he comes upon what is called the "machine," a mechanical device composed of clips and cards, and this five-foot replica of the table teaches him what he has to know. In case he should try to pass the spot without studying it, an orderly respectfully begs him to learn his lesson. In the case of ordinary dinners, the same rule is observer, and both ladies and gentlemen know their places before reaching the dining-room.

When everyone is ready, the orchestra strikes up the National Anthem and the Duke enters. As soon as he has taken his seat, the long line of waiters, at a signal from the chief butler, wheel, and commence serving from tables set in the centre of the horse-shoe. Formerly, dinner was served from the outside.

Parenthetically, it may interest some to know that the utmost simplicity characterizes the dressing of the tables at Rideau Hall. The floral decorations are very fine, the conservatories being filled with rarely exquisite flowers of all kinds. But in the matter of plate and glass a rigid simplicity is shown. Their Royal Highnesses use only what is provided by Government House. Earl Grey, on the other hand, brought out his magnificent solid gold dinner service, descriptions of which would sound like parts from Arabian Nights entertainments. The tables presented a magnificent spectacle, as can well be imagined, with solid gold platters, epergnes, bowls, and dishes of every conceivable variety.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S LIBRARY AT RIDEAU HALL

The panelling is of walnut; there are four large windows, and the shape is almost rectangular.

Dinners at Government House, whether state or private, are served with great rapidity. Indeed, there have been wags more intent upon the feast of material food than mental, who have complained that one has to hold a plate with the left hand and eat with the right, for fear of having an especially succulent morsel snatched away. The laying down of knife or fork is fatal, unless one has finished.

Each guest is provided with a small unostentatious menu card, which is bordered with a gold band and carries at the top the royal crest, also in gold. It merely advises the dyspeptic what he is not to eat; that is to say, one has no option as to ordering, taking the courses just as they come. In wines there is a choice. Also in liqueurs, of which there are always four—creme de menthe, Benedictine, curacoa, and kümmel. Towards the end of the dinner, his Royal Highness rises and proposes the toast to the King, everyone rising, of course, and drinking it. When coffee and cigars arrive, there is a general moving of chairs into little groups. The Duke singles out different gentlemen, inviting them to join his circle, and thus time passes until about ten o'clock. Then an adjournment is made to the drawing-room, where the wives of these gentlemen have assembled and have been holding a little reception at the invitation of her Royal Highness.

At dinners to which both ladies and gentlemen are invited (and these are the usual kind), they assemble in the drawing-room and are received by the Duke and Duchess, or the Princess, should her Royal Highness be too ill to appear. From a study of the table all the guests know their partners, or

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S SITTING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

should they not, the *aides* see that introductions are made. Dinner is served in the dining-room, instead of in the ball-room, the lady taken in by the Duke and the gentleman honoured by the Duchess being served before their royal partners. The toast to the King having been drunk, the Duchess makes the move to retire, turning at the door to courtsy to his Royal Highness, who remains seated, although all the other gentlemen have risen. Each lady follows, and passes after the Duchess to the drawing-room, where coffee is served. Fortunate ones are singled out to hold conversation with her Royal Highness. Naturally ,one does not approach the royal family unless requested to do so ,and many of those invited to Government House hardly do more than see them.

The smaller the party, the less formality. At tea or luncheon, for instance, when but three or four persons are invited, there is a much better opportunity offered for studying royalty at close range, for, like any other host or hostess, they remain in the room all the time. A lady tells a humorous story of her first experience at luncheon, when the Duchess led her to a seat and talked for half an hour without interruption. The lady became increasingly nervous, not knowing whether she was committing a *faux pas* by staying so long, or whether she would commit one if she got up to leave, and there was no lady-in-waiting about to help her out of the difficulty. It is no ignoble thing, by the way, to ask fine points of court etiquette of these charming women; positively no function takes place without an inquiry from some one. They expect it.

Finally the lady, looking in an agonized way at the clock, murmured:

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S SITTING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

The pictures on the wall are the work of the Princess herself

"I am afraid I am keeping your Royal Highness an inexcusably long time."

"Oh, do you wish to leave?" asked the Duchess, rising at once. And she had the motor ordered immediately.

"But should you have done that?" asked one to whom the story was told.

"I don't know!" answered the lady helplessly.

The motion to leave is made in ways almost indescribable. Cabs being ordered for a certain hour—eleven o'clock on dinner nights—everyone is rather on the *qui vive* for a signal. The first lady in point of precedence makes the move, shaking hands with whichever of the royal party is receiving. It often happens that the Duke or Duchess makes the move, walking with a sort of "good-night" look toward a guest. He or she immediately rises and makes adieux. The crowd follows.

"But the situation has become something of a problem," complained one of the *aides* lately, "on account of all the ladies disclaiming seniority. There are no senior ladies any more. This is the age of perpetual youth. And we shall soon have to begin with the youngest present!"

In closing, it might not be inapt to state that the Government does not pay for the entertaining done by our Governor-Generals. Neither does their salary compensate them for their expenses. This is not as widely realized as it should be. There are those who take their invitations at a matter of course, criticizing the Government for not doing more. It is well-known that Lord Dufferin impoverished himself by his lavish entertaining while

Governor-General. Lord Minto must have found a big deficit when the day of reckoning came, and Earl Grey as well, and each year instead of growing less complicated, the entertaining at Rideau Hall becomes more so, with the growing numbers of those who for reasons of state or office must be included on the lists. And it has been a surprise to many that our royal Governor-General has been such an indefatigable host, adding to the arduous duties imposed upon the King's representative, rather than curtailing them; leaving nothing undone which should have been done to promote the spirit of hospitality and cordiality at Rideau Hall.

TIME'S GARDEN

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

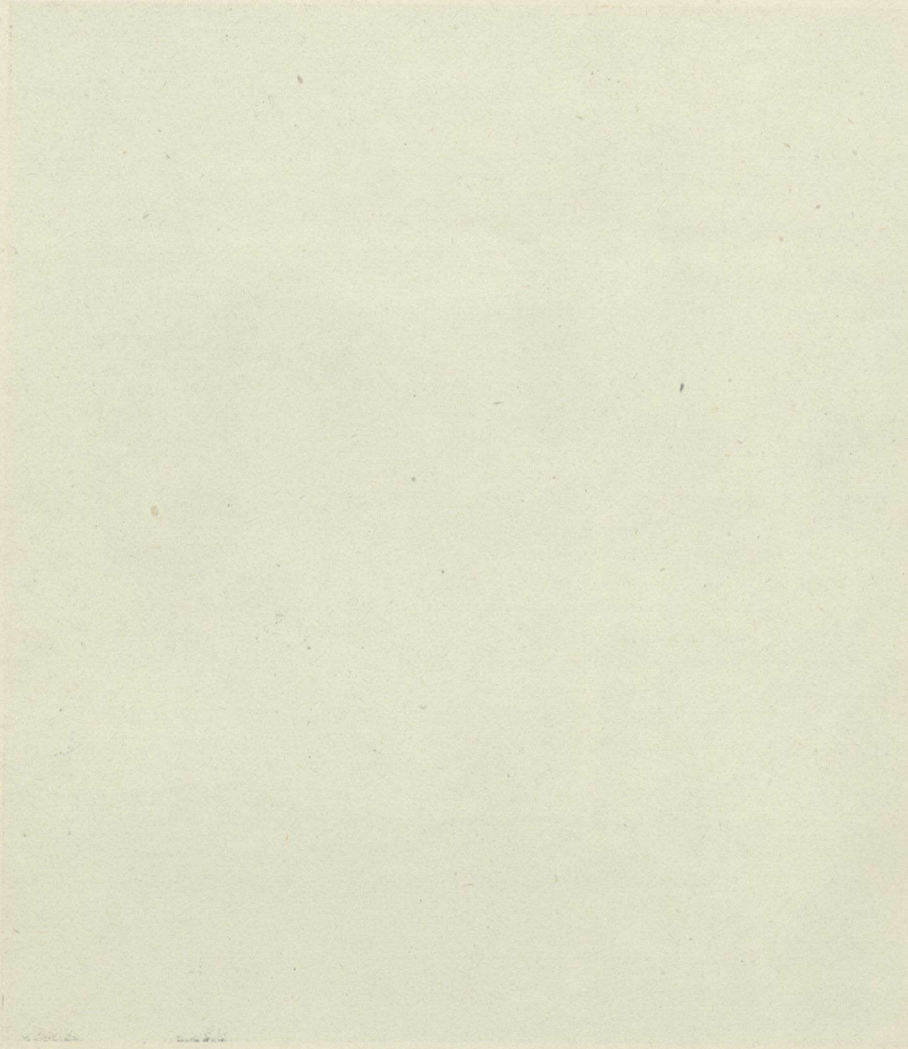
YEARS are the seedlings which we careless sow
In Time's bare garden. Dead they seem to be—
Dead years! We sigh and cover them with mould,
But though the vagrant wind blow hot, blow cold,
No hint of life beneath the dust we see:
Then comes the magic hour when we are old,
And lo! they stir and blossom wondrously.

Strange spectral blooms in spectral plots aglow!
Here a great rose and here a ragged tare;
And here pale, scentless blossoms without name,
Robbed to enrich this poppy formed of flame.
Here springs some heart's-ease, scattered unaware;
Here hawthorn-bloom, to show the way Love came;
Here asphodel to image Love's despair!

When I am old and master of the Spell
To raise these garden ghosts of memory,
My feet will turn aside from common ways,
Where common flowers mark the common days,
To one green plot; and there I know will be
Fairest of all (O perfect beyond praise!)
The year you gave, Beloved, your rosemary!

MOONLIGHT

From the Painting by Archibald Browne
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



THE OVERLAND LOYALISTS

BY W. S. WALLACE

A GOOD deal is known about those Loyalists who during and after the American Revolution went by ship to England or New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. We can compute almost to a man the numbers of the migration to the latter Provinces, for many of the *émigrés* left behind them memoirs and journals which have found their way into print; and a storehouse of information has been opened by the publication of the collection of documentary material known as "The Winslow Papers". But with regard to the Loyalists who came overland to Canada proper we know little, for there was hardly one of them who left behind him a written account of his experiences. The reasons for this were twofold. In the first place, many of the overland Loyalists were illiterate; and, in the second place, those who were educated were so occupied for many years in carving out for themselves a home in the wilderness that they had neither the time nor the inclination for literary labours. Were it not for the state-papers preserved in England, and a collection of papers made by Sir Frederick Haldimand, the Swiss soldier of fortune who was Governor of Quebec at the time of the migration, our knowledge of the overland Loyalists would be of the most sketchy description. Traditions there are, of course, in plenty; but the value of these is almost wholly vitiated by their purely mnemonic basis.

The overland migration of the Loyalists into Canada began very early. The first Loyalists came over the border in 1775, the year before the Declaration of Independence. In the summer of 1775 Colonel Allan Maclean, a Scottish officer in the English army, went down into the Mohawk Valley, in central New York, and, assisted by Colonel Guy Johnson, a son-in-law of the famous "Indian-tamer," Sir William Johnson, raised a Loyalist regiment, known as the Royal Highland Emigrants, which he took with him back to Canada. This regiment was named the Royal Highland Regiment, because the greater part of the men were Scottish Highlanders. Sir William Johnson, before his death in 1774, had interested himself in schemes for the colonization of his vast estates in the Mohawk Valley, and he had been successful in the main in obtaining two classes of settlers, Germans and Scottish Highlanders. Of the latter he had induced more than a thousand to settle on his estates, some of them as late as in 1773. Many of these Highlanders had been Jacobites; some of them had seen service at Culloden Moor; and one of them, Alexander Macdonell, whose son afterwards became a member of the Legislature of Upper Canada, had been on Prince Charlie's personal staff. These men had no love for the Hanoverian sovereign of England; but their loyalty to the Johnsons and their lack of sympathy with American ideals kept them at the time of the Revolution true, almost without exception, to the

British cause. King George had no more faithful allies in the new world than these rebels of '45.

In the spring of 1776 there was a fresh influx of refugees. Sir John Johnson, the son and successor of Sir William Johnson, received word that he was to be arrested by the revolutionary authorities, and in order to escape arrest he fled from Johnson Hall, his seat in the Mohawk Valley, to Canada. With him he took three hundred of his Scottish and German neighbours and dependants; and he was followed by the Mohawk Indians, under their famous chief, Joseph Brant. On his arrival in Canada, Sir John Johnson received a colonel's commission to raise two Loyalist battalions of five hundred men each, to be known as the King's Royal Regiment of New York. The full complement of the regiment was soon made up from the numbers of refugees who came in from other counties of northern and central New York; and Sir John Johnson's "Royal Greens," as they were called, were in the thick of nearly every border foray from that time until the end of the war. As the tide of immigrants swelled, other corps were formed. Colonel John Butler, one of Sir John Johnson's right-hand men, organized his Loyal Rangers, a body of irregular troops, who adopted, with modifications, the Indian method of warfare; and Major Jessup, an officer of the "Royal Greens," organized a separate regiment, which was known after him as "Jessup's Corps".

These Loyalist troops played an important part in the later stages of the Revolutionary War. Owing to the incapacity of the British War Office, their operations were not made part of a concerted plan of action, but sank into the category of isolated raids; yet the Loyalist regiments were more feared, and inflicted more damage, than all the King's regular forces. The ferocity with which they threw themselves into the war has given rise to charges of inhumanity and barbarity preferred against them by Whig historians. They have been accused of murdering women and children, of cutting down prisoners of war, and of scalping the dead. In view of the fact that it was by these men that Upper Canada was largely settled after the war, Canadians are interested to know just what truth there was behind these charges.

It is to be feared that the charges cannot be wholly denied. Sir John Johnson's Highlanders, especially, seem to have imported into the struggle the methods of warfare which they had learned in the Highlands of Scotland. There are well authenticated cases of barbarities committed by Prince Charlie's former aide, Alexander Macdonell. Certainly the behaviour of the Loyalist troops during the war did a great deal to embitter the attitude of the Whigs toward the Tories. But there are three observations that deserve to be made. In the first place, the Loyalists were in many cases, no doubt, blamed for the excesses of their Indian allies; and it is no more just to blame Sir John Johnson and Colonel Butler for the excesses of the Indians at Cherry Valley and Wyoming than it is to blame the Marquis of Montcalm for the massacre at Fort William Henry. In the second place, it should be remembered that the Loyalists were men who had been evicted from their homes, and whose property had been confiscated. They had been made liable to the penalties of treason, and had been forbidden to return to their families under penalty of death without benefit of clergy. They would have been hardly human had they waged a mimic warfare. In the third place, their depredations were of great value from a military point of view. Not only did their raids prevent thousands of Whig militiamen from joining the continental forces, but they very seriously threatened Washington's food supply. The valleys which they ravaged were the

granary of the Revolutionary forces; and while it cannot be denied that the work of rapine and destruction was carried on by them *con amore,* that fact does not diminish the strategical value of their expeditions.

The next wave of refugees came into Canada after the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Those refugees who were able to bear arms were drafted into the Loyalist regiments; but the non-combatants—the old men, the women, and the children—were accommodated at the Government's expense in barracks at St. John's, Chambly, Montreal, Sorel, and Machiche, near Three Rivers. The most important refugee camps were at Sorel, where the seignory had been purchased by the Government, and at Machiche, where a settlement was established for the express purpose of housing the Loyalists.

But the greatest influx occurred at the end of the war. The failure of the English Government to safeguard the interests of the Loyalists in the Peace of Versailles left thousands of the extreme Loyalists no choice but to seek a home elsewhere. The overwhelming majority went by boat to England or Nova Scotia; but a few, especially those belonging to the families of the Loyalist troops operating on the Canadian border, took the overland route to British territory.

Haldimand issued a proclamation inviting these people to rendezvous at four places—at Isle aux Noix, at Sackett's Harbour, at Oswego, and at Niagara. Of these places the most popular seems to have been Oswego. Especially after the settlements had been made about Cataraqui (now Kingston), the Oswego route seems to have been that usually adopted. "Refugees," wrote an officer at Cataraqui in the summer of 1784, "are daily coming across the lake." The hardships of the forest trail which these men had travelled are still enshrined in Loyalist legend.

It was in the summer of 1784 that the Loyalists in Canada were placed on the land. The site chosen for the new settlements was the north shore of the St. Lawrence above Montreal, and the north shore of Lake Ontario as far west as the Bay of Quinté. Settlements were also contemplated at Niagara and Detroit, which were at that time in British territory. Surveys were made, and on a given day the Loyalists were ordered to proceed to their allotments. As far as was possible, the settlers were placed on the soil according to the corps in which they had served during the war. Sir John Johnson's regiment, composed mostly of Highlanders and "Dutchmen," settled on the first five townships west of Montreal. Great care was exercised in settling the Protestant and Roman Catholic members of the corps separately; and it was this arrangement which brought about the grouping of Protestant and Roman Catholic elements in Glengarry. The remaining three townships north of the St. Lawrence were settled by part of Major Jessup's corps. The townships about Cataraqui were filled up with a variety of people. There were settled here a detachment of Jessup's Corps, some companies of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, which had been stationed as a garrison at Oswego, some of Roger's Rangers, some New York Loyalists (mostly of Dutch and German extraction), commanded by Michael Grass and Peter Vanalstine, and some detachments of regular troops, as well as a handful of disbanded German mercenaries. The parties commanded by Grass and Vanalstine, it should be explained, were not overland Loyalists; they had come all the way from New York by boat after the evacuation of that city by the English. The settlements at Niagara and Detroit were composed mainly of the officers and men of Butler's Rangers.

Of course, the Loyalist migration did not cease in 1784 nor in 1785. It went on for many years. Especially under the vigorous immigration pol-

icy which Colonel Simcoe inaugurated after he became Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1792, many Loyalists who had remained in the States came over the border, attracted by the offers of free land. But with them came many who had no claim to be described as Loyalists. Evidence of this is plentiful. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld, a French *émigré* who travelled through Upper Canada in 1795, asserted that there were in Upper Canada many who "falsely profess an attachment to the British monarch and curse the Government of the Union for the mere purpose of getting possession of lands." He has left an amusing picture of an encounter between Colonel Simcoe and some immigrants of this sort:

> "We met in this excursion an American family who, with some oxen, cows, and sheep, were emigrating to Canada. 'We come,' said they to your Governor, whom they did not know, 'to see whether he will give us land.' 'Aye, aye,' the Governor replied, 'you are tired of the Federal Government; you like not any longer to have so many kings; you wish again for your old father,' (it is thus the Governor calls the British monarch when he speaks with Americans); 'you are perfectly right; come along, we love such good Royalists as you are; we will give you land.'"

The evidence of la Rochefoucauld is supported by that of Richard Cartwright. Writing in 1799, Cartwright said that "it has so happened that a great portion of the population of that part of the Province which extends from the head of the Bay of Kenty upwards is composed of persons who have evidently no claim to the appellation of Loyalists." It is to be feared that in many cases the descendants of these immigrants today pose innocently as United Empire Loyalists.

To attempt to compute accurately the numbers of the overland migration would be a rash undertaking. We have definite returns with regard to the marine migration. From the port of New York in 1782 and 1783 there sailed more than 30,000 persons. But for the overland migration we have no definite figures to rely upon. The population of Upper Canada in 1791 has been placed as high as 25,000; but this is certainly an exaggeration. Pitt's estimate of 10,000 is probably much nearer the mark. And it may be doubted whether the original Loyalist migration between the years 1775 and 1785 amounted to more than five or six thousand. The total population of the settlements along the north shore of the River St. Lawrence and about Cataraqui was in 1784 only in the neighbourhood of four thousand.

There is one misapprehension about the Loyalists who migrated to Canada which deserves to be corrected. The impression has grown up that the Loyalists comprised the upper classes in the American colonies at the time of the Revolution. There is some truth in this impression so far as the Loyalists that went to England, and even to Nova Scotia, are concerned. But there is very little truth in it so far as the overland Loyalists are concerned. The overwhelming majority of the Loyalists that settled in Upper Canada were people of humble origin. Even the half-pay officers were described by Sir Frederick Haldimand as "mechanics, only removed from one situation to practise their trade in another." Many of the so-called half-pay officers had no real claim to the title. "Many," said the Reverend William Smart, a Presbyterian clergyman, who came to the St. Lawrence settlements at the beginning of the nineteenth century, "many were placed on the list of officers, not because they had seen service, but as the most certain way of compensating them for their losses"; and Haldimand himself complained that "there is no end to it if every man that comes in is to be considered and paid as an officer." There is evidence that many of the Loyalists were ill-edu-

cated. "There were but few of the United Empire Loyalists who possessed a complete education," wrote the Reverend William Smart. "He was personally acquainted with many, especially along the St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinté, and by no means were all educated or men of judgment; even the half-pay officers, many of them, had but a limited education."

The aristocrats of the Family Compact in Upper Canada did not come in with the overland Loyalists of 1775-1784. They came to Upper Canada, in most cases, after 1791, some of them from England and some from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The overland Loyalists were in the main either Highland peasants, or German farmers, or American frontiersmen. This fact, however, does not diminish, but rather enhances, their proper glory. The courage and buoyancy with which they faced the toils and privations of life in their new home would have done credit to a race whose blood was bluer than theirs.

"Not drooping like poor fugitives they came,
In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect,
And fearless eyes victorious in defeat."

WAR DEBT

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDOUGALD

SOME pay the tax in riven gold,
But we, in blood and tears,
Heart-throbs, lone vigils, and passionate tendance through the years;
First bending low to cull the drifting smile of sleeping innocence incarnate;
Then, level, eye to eye with love's divining glance,
Would read the riddle of the dawning man innate,
Held hostage still by roguish, straight-limbed youth;
And when, with lifted eyes, do we behold the flower
Of manly strength stand up above us,
As with an all-protecting recompense;
And we review, with every quickened sense,
Our love, our very soul reflected in a thousand tricks of grace and mien;
And the blood of a thousand thousand forbears,
Surging and beating sounds a réveille in the ears:
The mute appeal of that race stream which still would feed
A thousand yet unborn, our veins the consecrated channel,
Perchance to be forever stanched at Empire need!
And thus, gazing, the vision fades
To martial, blood-sweet strains that swoon upon the ears.
And then, with miser fingers, we con the horded treasure of the years,
And "ponder," even as Mary, all human, all divine,
That all such fair investment of fine gold
Should buy us but a crown of glistening, bitter tears.
So that we look upon that magic square of banded blue and red;
And though the colours blur, and waver,
Through a haze of tears, we bow the head
In high renunciation.
'Tis thus we women pay.

THE ABALONE TWINS

BY PHILIP VERRIL MIGHELS

THE wind from the hills was softly spreading on the air; the sun was smiling in its radiance from out a cloudless sky, and the broad Pacific swelled, and heaved, and flashed like an undulating cloth of diamond.

Years of beating on the Californian coast had robbed the rocky cliff of monster boulder hostages, that lay below in groups, some of them jagged, some all rounded and trimmed with the plush of moss and weed, yet the cliff stood proudly up and offered to the sea another scornful cheek to smite. A space to the south of the breach, less abrupt, and the boulders met, and the rock, as if to escape the waters, was deeply buried in sand.

From a squatty little house that stood to its knees in the grass, a man emerged, a long and bony Chinese, booted for wading, a basket on his back, and made his way to the sea by a trail through the rocks. In his hand he held a spear-like tool, armed only on the end with a rusted iron chisel. He sang at a weird composition, for lately he had finished a small brass pipe of opium-tainted tobacco, while his meal of rice and seaweed gave to his system a circulating comfort.

Where a long and slippery reef of rocks projected like teeth above the ebbing tide, he shambled down, and prodding here and there with the spear, went slowly zigzagging outward. Now and again he stopped to lift or to pry a smaller rock from its nest of weed and barnacles, keenly gazing in the yawning maw thus created, in search of the gray and rough-backed abalones.

The house in the grass was a tumbled-up structure, suggesting a much-pelted target, for its roof was flat, and the rocks were a-top to keep the boards from scudding away in the breezes that frequently blew. Its colour was greenish and grayish, with the moss and the painting of weather. It stood on a hillock, and between its "yard," and the rocks, and the beach of the sea, a winding road was curved from the near-by woods.

Presently out of these woods appeared a man, who slowly and somewhat furtively advanced. His face was florid, jaws a-bristle with a stiff, black stubble of beard, eyes aluminum gray and restless. The red flannel shirt, faded trousers, shapeless hat, and wrinkled boots, which made his dress, were heavy with dust.

His gaze went rapidly from sea to house. In front of the latter, near the grass-grown road, a stand, constructed of the roughest lumber, was fairly ablaze and glinting, in iridescent hues, with two or three dozen remarkably beautiful shells. They were polished abalones, radiant with the greens and purples, and the subtlest shades of highly tinted mother-of-pearl, red as ruby and garnet without, and mottled with grays that were warm, glossy, and brilliant as opal.

Leaning in diffidence against the stand, his plump little hand on a basket, his round face very coyly and wistfully inclined toward his feet, while his brown and wondering eyes

looked shyly up at the staring man, was a very diminutive Chinese boy, dressed in a blouse and thin, yellow trousers that hung in folds to the top of his small, stiff shoes. His cheeks were rosy as a tinted russet apple, his hands were brown as bronze. The sun and salt-laden breezes of the roaring Pacific had coloured him boldly with master touches of health, and life, and beauty. On his head was a monster hat, a basin-shaped affair, wrought of bamboo strips, the crown no larger than a cup for tea, and jutted up like a small volcanic peak.

They stood there wondering, the dusty man from the mountains and the short little chap of the shore.

"Hullo, kid," said the man, "what's the matter of yeh?"

"You likee buy abalone?" piped the shrill voice of the tender of the stand, who was growing unassured; "velly plitty abalone."

"Putty, hey? Aberlones, hey?" replied the stranger. "No, I don't."

"You mamma velly muchee likee," piped the child, in echo of what he had learned, "velly plitty."

"Yeh don't tell," rejoined the man. Then he stood there silently and shifted his weight from leg to leg, and thought and gazed so long that the Chinese lad, embarrassed, sank slowly down, till it seemed as if he intended to crawl at the last beneath his hat. As it was, he sat in an odd little heap on the ground.

From a shed or low addition at the rear of the Chinaman's hut there started now a reddish horse, a thin and unambitious creature, that slowly trod about a circular path and turned a machine, to a pole or lever of which he was loosely secured. Sounds of a grumbling and then of a grinding, and grating, and gritting issued harshly on the air.

The stranger sauntered around. The horse, in walking tediously about, was turning wheels that constantly complained, while sitting on a lever, a long crooked stick in his hand, was apparently the same identical Chinese lad who a moment before had been in front attending the stand. The same red cheeks, the same brown eyes, the round little face and the hands of bronze—everything was reproduced with an accuracy incredible. Round and round on the lever rode the tiny fellow, slashing mechanically now and again at the horse with his stick, but keeping his gaze, with astounding turnings of his much-behatted head, on the visiting man.

"Like buy abalone?" he shrilly piped from his lever, like a parrot. "Velly plitty, takee home for mamma!"

"Yeu go tuh heck," the visitor answered. "I tole yeh once I didn't." He thrust his large, hairy hands in his pockets and stood thinking "at" the timid little driver such a time that the latter gradually snuggled very closely to the pole and attempted, as his brother had, to hide beneath his hat.

"Koy yong foy toi," called a high falsetto voice from the shed. The boy responded by cutting at the horse, for the steed had all but ceased to move at all. The stranger started, turned, and looked toward the place whence the voice had proceeded.

What he saw was a Chinese woman. She was evidently wife of the man who had gone to hunt in the rocks for more of the shells, and the mother of the chaps of the hats. Before a ponderous revolving wheel of stone she was perched on a stool, a shell in her hands, holding it firmly and bearing it hard on the grinding surface, to polish the back. Her hands were grimy and streaked with lines of sand and muddy water; her clothes were soiled; but her face was joyous and warmed with colour, and she hummed at a Chinese melody in keeping with the rumbling of the stone. From time to time she dipped the shell in a can of muddy water near, when the grit departing showed a wondrous spot, jeweled with tints of the opal and ruby, where the hard and rough and apparently hopeless back of the house

that once had harboured Senor Abalone had succumbed to the polishing process.

The quick, hard eyes of the man turned hither and yon, from one of the curious objects in the shed to another. Fish, cut open and spread out flatly, were drying here and there against the walls; nets were draped from nails, or depended from the roofs in swags and pendants; baskets, of odd and often attractive designs, were piled together or strewn about on the ground; and near the woman was the tray with the two or three shells she could grind before the night.

Fifteen minutes the visitor stood, absorbing the sights and muttering observations to himself. The slightest of noises then attracted his gaze to the right, and he there beheld the first little lad he had seen, regarding himself with much timidity. From this one to the one astride the lever he looked alternately.

"Pair of aberlony twins," he hoarsely muttered. "Don't see what in hell they're doin' way up here. 'Spose they lug the blamed things to 'Frisco bye'm bye, to sell."

He walked to the shed to stand and watch the woman at her work. She ground for a time, seemingly oblivious of everything on earth. Sousing her shell in the water, she turned.

"Likee buy abalone? Velly plitty," she rehearsed in a voice a trifle softer than the voices of the lads. Then she added in a moment, "Velly plitty for mamma," and her whole supply of the English language was all but exhausted and done.

The citizen grinned. "Naw," said he, in a milder tone, "don't want 'um; not to-day." He started along the road, but paused to look at the place and nod his head approvingly. "Not so dang bad," he grumbled. The brown little chaps were gazing intently at where he stood. "Bloody putty kids, them, dang 'um. What in heck they givin' me, anyhow?—'Plitty fer mamma'—dang 'um." Slowly walking, he entered the trees and plodded out of view.

The Chinaman, down on the jutting reefs of rocks, hunted in patience, turning the smaller boulders, jumping from place to place, prying, twisting, and delving. The reef, so much and thoroughly searched, was seemingly barren of more of the creatures he sought.

For about an hour the tide had been low, and nothing made heavy the basket. Toiling somewhat blindly to turn a stubbon rock, he lost himself in the nearest approach to enthusiastic endeavour of which his kind is capable. Down came the rock when he almost had it toppling. His spear weapon was caught and held so firmly that none of his efforts availed to drag it forth.

Suddenly, just to the front, a large, flat-round surface, seen before but classified as a rock, was slowly raised. A huge abalone was lifting its shell not three long strides away.

Quickly, cunningly, abandoning spear and all, he glided forward and caught the shell abruptly, under the edge, with his long, bony fingers. A tug he gave, but with strange results; the shell closed powerfully down, with a quickness so amazing that his hands were caught, and held as if beneath a ponderous, immovable weight.

Crying aloud with pain and fright, he jerked and tore at the shell, to tear it away from the granite.

The rocks themselves had been easier to lift.

He thrashed, he screamed for help, but the abalone merely closed a trifle harder on all the bones of his fingers. Up and upwards lapped the fawning tide, swashing, seething, then retreating, as a creature playing with a victim. The roar of the breakers on the boulders of the beach drowned his cries as they boomed, and frothed, and rose upon the cliff.

The Chinese woman, as the wind increased climbed from her stool, and trotted to the front of the house to look toward the sea. She knew it was

past the time for the man to be returning. Only the gulls, however, that flapped on aimless wings, came up from the rocks.

Again she came in half and hour, to shield here eyes and scan the prospect far and wide. At length she ran to the edge of the cliff. A bending figure, struggling and screaming, was frothing the water that rose above his knees. The two little lads saw her run to the trail, saw her slip from sight, and together they sat on the step of the door, hand in hand, to wait.

Louder and louder grew the voice of the sea. The wind was fresher, and the birds aloft went flapping and circling out and away. The horse at the lever hung his head and lifted a hoof. The long, soft hours of the warm afternoon glided uncounted away.

Sitting on the step, holding each to the wee bronze hand of the other, the two little fellows waited and waited.

The sun began at its low, western painting, splashing with red and gold the rifts in the huge cloudy masses. The long, gray horizon merged with the dark, leaden sky.

Walking rapidly, heavily, glancing often back, the dusty visitor of hours before abruptly appeared in front of the shanty.

"Hey," said he, looking rapidly about, "where's yer dad? Where's yer mammy?"

"Likee buy abalone?" murmured one of the children, the two arising timidly; "velly plitty abalone."

"Naw, yeh dang little shaver. Where's yer dad? I likee buy pants, boots." He brushed the two aside hurriedly and went within. The children moved in a backward, wistful manner to the stand, and took a shell apiece, in the hands disengaged, as if to guard the property.

The man came out again, muttering curses. He went to the cliff, to peer about, rapidly. Down in the rocks, tossed by the sea, something was floating. He gazed at it sharply—a long, still minute. Then back to the cabin he hurried.

"Yeh pore little devils," he said to the boys, "an' don't know nuthin' about it. Well hang the luck, it's no biz of mine. An' some of them duds I've got to hev."

The little fellows watched him enter the house again, and both little grips were tightened on the shells.

It was dusky now, and the man, when he reappeared, clad in the garments of the Chinaman, was quickly clutched by either arm by the anxious little boys.

"Hey—I ain't yer dad!" he blurted, starting.

With a silent gasp the small, round Chinese children edged away, to stand there wistfully looking in his face.

"Yeh pore little devils," he slowly repeated, "what'll yeh do? May not be a waggon er nuthin' comin' by fer ten er fifteen days. Hang yer luck, yeh got tuh take yer chances, same as all of us. Putty little kids. If they's any good of wishes of sech as Billy Young, I wishes yeh luck."

He turned no less than seven times to see them standing in the fading light, and then the woods received him to the shadows.

*

The moon had climbed above the trees, to silver-plate the grass and rocks, bestowed its glory on the shanty's front, and wantoned with the abalone mirrors on the stand, making a gleaming constellation there, shot with arrow beams of green and ruby lights. And searching about, the cold, white light found the two little lads sitting as before on the steps, their large brown eyes afraid of the stillness, yet their heavy heads nodding and nodding toward the realm of dreams. Each was holding still to the hand of his brother, each was clinging faithfully still to a shell.

The reddish horse had parted his harness and wandered away, feeding slowly as he went.

It was late in the night when the

twigs and grass betrayed approaching steps.

"Yeh dang little kids," said the voice of a man who twice already had come to the place, "I couldn't get away. Hang yeh, anyhow—what in bloody thunder d'yeh mean by coddin' a tough 'bout his mother, hey? Here, yeh pore little cusses, we gotter shake this joint—most too near the bloody road—they might be somebody come—an' mebbe not. An' dang me, Johnny, I'd starve meself, on nuthin' but rice an' hay."

He lifted the two frightened children till their clasping hands were held athwart his neck, and supporting each on a vigorous arm, strode away to the blackness of the forest.

*

The morning dawned but slowly in the dense, chilly shade of the towering redwoods, and out of the chimney and the holes in the roof of the long-abandoned camp of hunters the thin blue smoke ascended lazily.

Bare of head, vigorously washed in the cold, bright spring, the man prepared a breakfast, and spread it on the rickety affair that answered for a table.

"What in heck's the matter, kids?" said he, "can't yeh go the bacon an' beans? Ain't yeh used to nuthin' but rice an' hay? Ain't scared, air yeh, kids? Nuthin' to make yeh scared of Billy Young. Guess yeh couldn't a slept too bloody hunky. What'll I do with yer, anyhow?"

They swallowed dumbly a trifle of the food he placed in their trembling mouths, but edged away to the basin hats at the earliest chance, their questioning eyes forever on the face of the man.

"Got 'er lie low a week, yeh see," he told them in confidence presently, "an' it's forty mile if I lugged yeh 'crost to Chinee Camp, to yer kind, an' 'crost every road in the hull kingdom."

In the afternoon a drizzling rain descended. He placed the children in the blankets of his bunk and patched the roof. The two little fellows sat there slowly winking, their hats on their heads, holding each other still by the hand, grasping as ever the two bejewelled shells.

At night he piled the wood up high on the fire. Darkness came early, clinging, it seemed, to the falling drops of rain. He left them his coat, and wended his way through the dripping trees, miles and miles, to the ocean.

The Chinese man's cabin was dark and silent in the rain. He loaded a sack with the rice and weeds, and floundered back through the gloom.

Yet the following day the tiny fellows of bronze were never a whit more eager to eat, never responsive with smiles or words.

"Say," said the man, "Billy Young ain't never hurt *yew* little devils—never hurt your mammy, neither. Couldn't yeh cod a tough ole cuss 'bout thet mamma racket, hey?"

*

The trees and vines of a farm, in the black of night, ten good miles from the forest camp, he robbed of apples and grapes, to carry home to the wistful chaps. The dog was abroad; and, running through the bush, the man was thrown and his ankle wrenched; but he limped away with the clumsy sack.

The ankle was swollen and red when at length he came to the cabin. The candle being lighted he looked in the bunk. Sitting up as usual, blinking dumbly, the two little fellows regarded him in silence.

"See here little mugs," he said to them tenderly, "nights is fer sleepin'. Yeh can't be healthy an' sit there thet a-way—an' never eatin' skasely a bite. Billy Young ain't a hull lot of shakes on singing songs, but I reckon he kin try, if yeh like. He cleared his throat and started several times. "Too high, I reckon," or

"thet's too low," he muttered, until at length he struck what seemed like a possible key.

> Way down upon the Swanee River,
> Fur, fur away,
> There's where muh heart—te dum
> Te dumpty—
> Dum—in the sweet by'm bye.

he sang, time after time. At length the monotony soothed the children to a sort of hypnotic slumber, in which they sank slowly down in the blankets.

The week that followed saw the two little Chinese boys grow pale, thin, and faded. Their eyes seemed constantly increasing in size. The man, who lay for hours at a time racked by pain in the red and puffed-out ankle, watched them hopelessly, his eager eyes grown brilliant, his bearded face becoming thin and drawn.

"See here, my pore little babies," said he, "we got to git yeh down to Chinee Camp, with wimmin Chinees, er bust a leg."

He wrapped his ankle tightly about with long strips of cloth. A package of food he fastened to his belt.

It was night. Taking the children in his long, strong arms, their hands tightly clasped at the back of his neck, he limped away.

Over the ridges, down through the hollows, fording the ditches and climbing the canons, he plodded on, singing his song and guarding the two from jolt and jar of the long and lonely journey.

At the fork of the road a post was standing, dim in the darkness of the coming dawn—a post with a placard, grayish white. Pausing here to rest, the traveller lighted a match and held it aloft. The face of the placard blanched in the glare, and black as holes were the letters of the printing on its surface.

REWARD

One thousand dollars reward will be paid for the arrest of the "Lone Highwayman," who robbed the Molodero stage, Friday, September 30, at Sweeny's Bend. Man supposed to be "Billy Young," alias "Black Bill," alias "Shotgun Billy." Described as medium height, broad shoulders, short, black beard, steel-gray eyes. Above reward will be paid for apprehension and detention at Willow Grove.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. EXPRESS.

"Kerrect," said the man, and limped away in the woods to lie in the brush for the passing of day.

Again in the night he staggered doggedly forward. Hills and valleys he slowly crossed. The dawn found him far from cover. Slowly limping, toiling hard for every step, he made for a haystack, standing erect in a field.

One of the children awoke at the touch of the hay. "Likee buy—abalone?" he lisped in a whisper, feebly raising the shell he clutched; "velly—plitty;—you mamma—velly muchee likee."

*

Late in the afternoon the man awoke. His face, shaggy and haggard, came slowly up from the hay. He winked in the light heavily, gazing unmoved and unconcerned down the double muzzle of a shot-gun held at his head a yard away.

"Don't shoot Jimmy," he hoarsely whispered, "the aberlony twins is asleepin'."

A second man came rudely up. "Huh," said he, "them Coolie kids air dead."

Wearily Billy Young extended his hands, and the captor slipped the cuffs of steel on the limp and careless wrists.

A COMEDY OF DULNESS

BY J. J. BELL

I.

"WHY will people write dull books?" Mrs. Methven murmured impatiently, flinging the red-covered novel aside and rising from the couch whereon she had been reclining for a long hour. "Life is dull enough in all conscience, without any addition from the libraries." Languidly she crossed the spacious drawing-room and halted by one of the large windows.

She was a dark, handsome woman of twenty-five, and she had been a widow for almost a year. The late Mr. Methven had married at an age when the average man is either a grandfather or a confirmed batchelor. The orphan girl on whom he had set his venerable but virgin heart had accepted him quite honestly for the home and wealth he could give her, yet she had made earth such a cheerful place for him that he had been sorry indeed to leave it at sixty-eight. Now she was free and rich enough to indulge her freedom as she choose, and—desperately dull.

Few people were moving in the square on which she idly looked, but presently a tall, slight, black-coated figure caught her attention.

"I do believe that is Dick Charterhouse," she said to herself, after a brief scrutiny. "Haven't seen him for years. How earnest he looks! It would be rather nice to have a chat with him again. Why does he not think of calling? He knows perfectly well that I live here."

The black-coated figure went on without looking to right or left.

On an impulse Mrs. Methven rushed to the bell. On the appearance of a maid she said quickly, but calmly:

"Eliza, a clergyman has just passed the house—to the left. Run after him and say that I desire to speak to him."

Roused from a dulness almost as heavy as that of her mistress, Eliza obeyed with alacrity.

"What a goose I am!" muttered Mrs. Methven. "I have nothing to say to him. I hope Eliza does not catch him."

He entered the room, looking somewhat bewildered.

"It was good of you to come back," she said, after the formal greeting which was rather awkward on his part.

"Good of you to ask me, Mrs. Methven. I have passed your house frequently of late, and have intended calling upon you."

"Bolton Square is paved with good intentions, I suppose. You have never come to see me since I was married. I never had a host of friends, you know."

"You have been having a sad time," he began lamely.

"Dulness, sheer dulness, is my chief trouble at present. I don't know what I want. But let us have tea, and please tell me about yourself."

"Myself!—a limited subject, Mrs. Methven. Only my work—"

"It was always your work, I remember."

"Ah! you remember! Well, well," he continued, with a sigh, "there's nothing new to tell you, I go into the same sad corners as of yore, and I have to confess that I don't see much change for the better."

"The poor are strong conservatives," she remarked. "You remember when I tried my little hand at slumming? Oh, dear! the flesh was still weak."

"Still," he went on, " it is my work—"

She shook her head.

"You don't believe in it?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you confess it is a failure."

"Oh, no," he returned quickly, with a note of bitterness; "I am the failure."

"Why not give it up? You've done your share of the dirty work. Now you deserve to be presented with a sweet little living in the country. The town appears to be wearing you out. Why you look fifteen years older than at our last meeting, five years ago. You ought to have learned wisdom."

"It is kind of you to consider my welfare," he said gravely, remembering their last meeting.

Mrs. Methven proceeded to pour out tea.

"Two lumps?" she asked lightly.

"What a wonderful memory!"

"Merely for trifles, Mr. Charterhouse. Do you know you are making me feel almost merry?"

"You should always be merry," he said softly.

No, I ought to be serious, but I never get deeper than dulness."

"But you must meet so many people nowadays. Surely—"

"Yes, yes. But they are all too like myself. They are all rich or pretend to be. Oh, if you come when I'm 'at home,' I shall introduce you to some extraordinary ordinary people. They are distinguished by being commonplace. They try to appear so worldly and only succeed in appearing foolish."

"You are severe on them—and on yourself."

"No; I'm different. I try to be foolish and end in being worldly."

They talked on for half an hour, and then he looked at his watch and mentioned an engagement.

"Is it very important?" she asked in a way that redeemed the forwardness of the question. Charterhouse was tempted. It was sweet to be in her presence again, after a period such as he had passed through. The fascination of her eyes and the enchantment of her voice seemed even stronger than in the old days; the very flippancy of her speech was a delight to him. He hesitated, and consulted his watch once more.

"It's kind of you, Maud," he said gratefully. "It's good to be your friend once more."

"I'm sefish, as you know," she returned, "and I'm often lonely. Take pity, and come and see me sometimes."

"Whenever I can get away from my work I shall come," he said.

"Always your work!" she cried, a little impatiently.

He smiled. "Yes; and I'm neglecting it now."

"Then if you must go—" She expected him to resume his seat, but he held out his hand.

"I must go."

A minute later he was hastening from the square towards the station, whence the underground railway would bear him to the eastern slums of the city. He had a particularly disagreeable case of chronic drunkenness to visit, but he went in company with Hope.

Mrs. Methven watched his departure from the window.

Her dulness seemed to have lifted a little.

II.

Mrs. Methven laid aside her mourning, not suddenly, but by artistic gradations through grays and violents. It seemed to Dick, who was now her

frequent visitor, that each succeeding shade set off her beauty in a new and clearer light.

But at times he was ashamed of himself. He had not reached the point of neglecting his work, but he knew that his interest in it was in danger of being chilled. It began to be an effort. An illness in the spring might have been held as an excuse—had he been less a man. He had been very near to death, and his recovery was slow, made bearable, however, by the cheery messages and kindly gifts of invalid luxuries from Maud and the prospect of seeing her again. But Maud was never more than friendly, and whatever he may have hoped during the period of his convalescence appeared mere folly to him after the first meeting after his recovery. Moreover, he told himself with sad repetition, his circumstances were utter poverty compared with hers.

Still, the charm drew him, and he continued to find his way to Bolton Square on every possible occasion. If the widow was secretly amused, it was in a tender fashion. She perceived his struggle between duty and inclination, and accepted the compliment. It would be too much to say that she actually tempted him to neglect his work, but she certainly did nothing to stimulate the old enthusiasm which appeared to be failing.

But at last an incident occurred to check the fall of Dick. He was sitting talking to Maud one autum afternoon, when the maid entered with a basket of hot-house blooms.

Mrs. Methven laid them carelessly on the table.

"So you've given up the idea of going eastward to-day, Dick?"

"Well, I didn't promise I would go," he answered weakly.

"I'm afraid your poor people will be offended," she said teasingly. "You know you've got them into the bad habit of expecting you nearly every day."

"Do you think I ought to go?"

"Oh, no, my friend. I require you more than they. I want you to preach to me for a change."

"Maud!"

"So you think I'm hopeless. Oh, Dick!" she cried, with a little laugh. "Tell me, do you love the people you preach to?"

He was silent.

"You used to—at least you told me so. And yet, you are sitting here with me—"

She broke off suddenly, observing his face.

"Maud, you don't know what you are saying!"

"Heigh-ho!" she sighed lightly. "I'm aware I'm very dreadful. That's why I want you to preach to me. Or, stay! Let me make a confession first."

She picked up the basket of flowers and handed them to him.

"They are beautiful," he said; and then his eye caught sight of the name on the card in their midst. "They are beautiful," he repeated.

"Sir Lewis Morton wants me to marry him," she said.

"I must congratulate you," he returned feebly.

"But is it not rather soon to consider such a thing? I want your advice. Besides," she added, "I don't specially care for him."

"Then, what advice can I give you?" he said endeavouring to speak naturally.

"On the other hand," she continued, "I'm not sure that I especially care for anyone. But I'm getting tired of myself."

"How can I advise you? I don't know Sir Lewis Morton except by name. I've heard he is an exceedingly brilliant scholar. He left college the year I entered.

"But would it be right for me to marry again?"

"Maud, Maud, how can you ask me?" he cried hotly.

"Why?"—innocently—"am I rude? I've told you before that you are my only real friend. If I asked my aunt she would dissolve in tears.

My uncle would congratulate me; and straightway fly to borrow money from my probable fiancé, as he did from poor Mr. Methven. Can't you understand, Dick, why I'm not after the exact pattern of the average woman?''

Dick was touched, and he said very gently—

I wish I could help you, but you must please yourself.''

''You're a most unsatisfactory friend,'' she sighed.

''I know it,'' he said ruefully; ''I make a very poor friend to you. But now I must be going; I've stayed too long as it is.''

''Then you leave me to my fate?'' she questioned, with a faint smile.

''To yourself, Maud,'' he replied

When he was gone, Mrs. Methven seated herself at her desk, and, after much deliberation, wrote a letter to Sir Lewis Morton.

III.

Once more dulness had settled upon Mrs. Methven. It was nearly a month since Dick's last call, and she was angry with him. A week's visitation from her uncle and aunt had not left her in a cheerful mood. And now, apparently, her friend had deserted her. She tried to make herself believe that she regretted the letter she had written four weeks previously to Sir Lewis Morton.

When Dick did call he was received with coldness his recent neglect merited.

''I'm sorry I could not come before this,'' he said.

''Pray, don't mention it. I've been busy and hardly noticed the time.''

''It will be four weeks to-morrow since I saw you.''

''Really?''—with polite dubiety.

''Yes; and I fear it will be a longer period ere I call again,'' he said sadly.

''You needn't trouble to be rude.''

''You misunderstand me, Maud. I've come to tell you that I am about to leave London.''

Mrs. Methven became interested at once; she clapped her hands.

''I knew it, I knew it! And I'm delighted!''

''It is you who are rude now,'' said Dick rather sulkily.

''It is you who misunderstand now,'' she replied. ''But I'm glad for your sake. Oh, I was sure it would come! Is it a nice place? Oh, my friend, you do deserve a beautiful country home after the slums of London.''

''But my destination is China.''

She gave a little gasp, but said nothing.

''Maud, you know how discontented I have been of late. I've felt that I was doing little or no good in London, and when I heard about a month ago, of a man being wanted for China,I volunteered. My steamer sails on Saturday.''

''How foolish you have been,'' she said in a helpless sort of voice.

''I have been foolish, and that is perhaps my best reason for making this change.''

'' Ah, you will take me up wrongly. Have you not considered how your poor folk will miss you? You shake your head, but I know they used to depend on you, and I beleive they still do. And don't you think it's a little cowardly to throw up your work here because you haven't been able to right the wrongs of half a million souls in a few years?''

The curate flushed. ''Maud I like to hear you talk like that,'' he stammered.

She nodded sagely, and continued.

''Don't you feel that you are exhibiting a sad lack of faith in giving up here? And yet''—suddenly changing her tone—''I can't understand you. You have always set your mind against a comfortable country charge for the sake of these London poor, and all of a sudden you throw them over for the atrocious Chinese.''

''I know you don't understand me, Maud, and so it would be vain to try and explain why I take this step.''

"Quite vain to try and explain folly."

"However, it's all arranged now, and I feel it's for the best"—the tone of his voice scarcely agreed with his words. "Of course I'm sorry to leave the home country and the people. I hope you will write occasionally to me, Maud."

"I'll think over that," she said.

"And I'm glad that you and Sir Lewis Morton will—"

"Are you?"

"Have you not—"

"No; I have not," she replied quickly. And ere he could make further remark, she deftly changed the subject, and for the next half-hour kept the ball of conversation rolling among the slightest everday topics.

At last they were both weary of it all, and Dick rose to go. There was no reason he considered, why his farewell should be longer delayed. He was pale, while Maud's colour and ready smile did not desert her, despite her nervousness. She wondered if he would not speak at the very last moment. If not—

"Good-bye, Maud. You'll think over my annual letter," he said, with a poor attempt at lightness.

"I've a shocking memory," she said cruelly.

"I can't forget you, Maud," he blurted out in a boyish fashion.

"You are very kind."

"Good-bye, Maud."

"And is this all?" thought Mrs. Methven, with a strange sharp misery in her heart. But she smiled sweetly. "I shall honour your last visit, Dick, by seeing you to the door myself."

They went downstairs together.

"Don't you feel like changing your mind at the elevanth hour?" she asked laughingly.

He shook his head.

"Think once more of the poor folk in the East End. Think of your own people."

"I have done so, Maud."

He laid hold of the handle of the door—one of the handles, rather, for the door had two, Mrs. Methven held the other.

"Think how dull I shall be," she said with a great effort. "And oh! how dull you are!" she added under her breath.

He gripped the handle hard.

"I must go, Maud. Good-bye," he said huskily, attempting to open the door.

"The wrong handle, Dick," she managed to say.

How stupid the man was! His hand groped six inches lower and met something soft. But they were cold little fingers that his own caught.

"Oh, Maud," he whispered, "how can I leave you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's mean of you to leave me to my d—dulness." Her voice shook.

He suddenly ventured, and said his say in three words. But words, after all, are not everything. And even after they had remounted the remaining steps, an hour elapsed before Dick remembered that in a few days he must leave for China. Good, earnest man though he was, he was aghast at the prospect.

As to Maud, she merely laughed and said, in her old flippant manner:

"Send them word that you've found a better engagement."

"But, dear, I can't turn back now," he protested, "it would be cowardly."

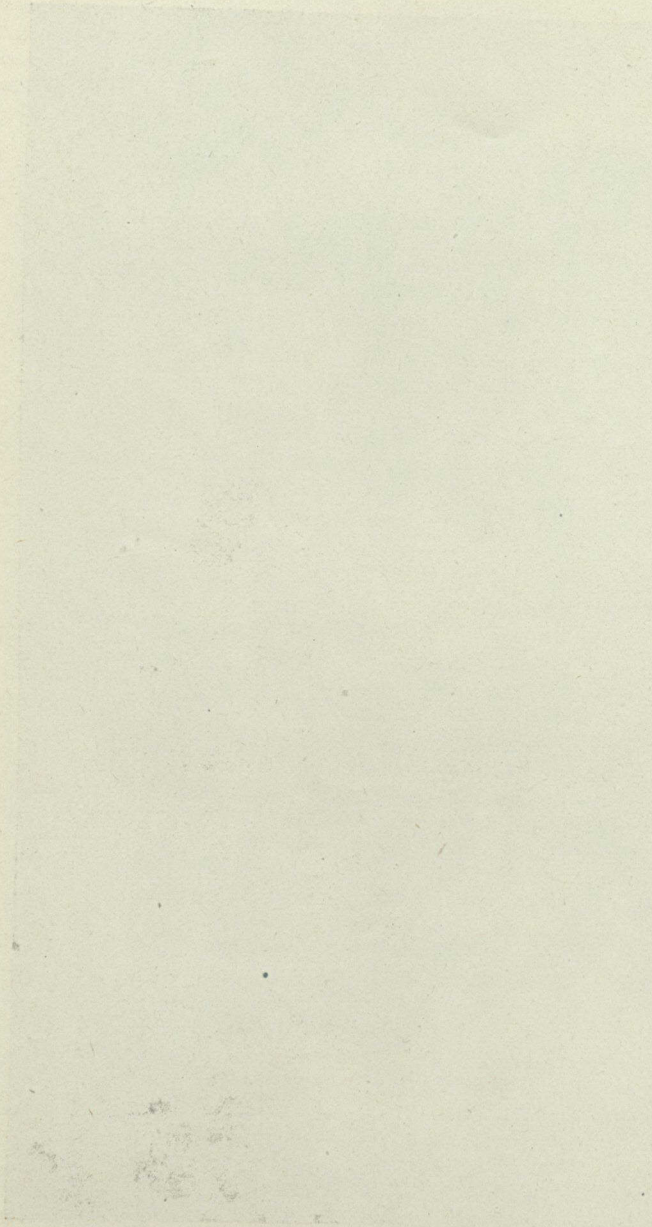
"Pouf! It would be cowardly not to confess that you want to stay at home. It would be dreadfully cowardly to desert a defenceless woman. No, no; remain in London, and go on with your good work."

"But what do you care about my work?" he asked astonished.

"Oh, my dear, did you believe that I held your work cheaply? I didn't know before, though I do now, that I was jealous of it. Stay at home, and see if I'm not interested in all your schemes. We'll make it up to the Mission in other ways. Or, if you must go—take me."

From the Painting by William Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy

AFTERGLOW



A GLORIOUS FOURTH

BY CHARLES STOKES

"WELL, upon my soul," exclaimed John Warner, "if that impident feller ain't got a flag up!"

He pointed excitedly across the prairie, to where, some two hundred yards distant, on the other side of the fence, was another cosy little farmhouse very like his own. The enormity of his neighbour's offence lay in the fact that the flag which floated from its hastily improvised flagstaff was the Stars and Stripes.

Now, John Warner was that sturdiest of mortals, an English yeoman farmer from the shires. For nearly three hundred years, without a break, his family had cultivated one farm, in one place; such was an undeniable fact, attested by the tombstones which clustered round the little gray church, and though the long record of the Warners may have been obscure, yet it was unblemished, and (as cannot always be said of a lineage) brought no blushes to anyone's cheeks. But in the twentieth century a devastating change had snapped the historical thread. John Warner, listening to the blandishments of an emigration agent, and influenced perhaps by that discontent which, when it gets into the skulls of the English, makes them the great exploring race they are, had pulled up his stakes and, lock, stock, and barrel, had voyaged across the sea, then travelled a further weary two thousand miles by rail, and finally come to rest on the prairies of Western Canada.

He admitted the change brought its advantages. He realized soon that he was likely to make more money and to leave his children better off. The children themselves were not apparently suffering; they were as healthy and as bonnie as before—if anything, more. His first season promised to be highly successful. He reared his ancient household gods, including the famous blue-and-white china that his great-great-grandfather had been presented with by What's-his-name for doing What-d'ye-call-it, and, except that he found Alberta vaster, bluer, yellower—except that he had to drive his plough into virgin soil which had not been disturbed since its creator set it there, and that instead of his picturesque green hedges his fields were bordered by barbed-wire fences—he made himself his transplanted Norfolk. The only fly in the amber was that his next door neighbour was an American.

"I'd like to know," he said, "who gave that man the right to put up that—that rag."

"Why, father," cried his wife, coming to the open door, "you mustn't call it that! I should say Mr. Robson has as much right to it as we have to ours."

"I ain't denyin' that," he maintained. "If he happens to be a—a—" (he failed to think of a sufficiently powerful adjective) "an American, that's his lookout, not mine. But that ain't givin' him any right to shove his old flag down our throats."

"It's the Fourth of July to-day,"

piped the youngest Warner, aged eight.

"Well, an' what's that?"

"Teacher was telling us about it at school. It's something the American boys and girls are very proud of."

A glimmer of intelligence shot across his father's memory. Now you can't blame an English agriculturist if he is somewhat shaky on history, and has but scanty knowledge of an event that happened one hundred and fifty years ago; but John Warner dimly remembered once having learned something like this. "That's it!" he fumed. "That's what you learn —all about a pack o' rascals who thought they knew better 'n we did! That's what they teach you at these schools, is it—what they call bein' loyal? Wasn't there some feller named Wash—Wash—"

"George Washington. Some man, he was—we learnt about him."

"Don't you let me hear you usin' that vile American slang again, Dick, or I'll—I'll thrash you!" This was a terrible threat for John Warner. "And does your teacher expect you to become an American, too?"

"Don't be so silly, father," exclaimed Mrs. Warner.

"Oh, no," said little Dick. "She just tells us about him—that's all. I had a fight with Billy Robson yesterday, for saying Americans was better 'n English, an' I licked him, dad. Gee, it was fierce!"

"Good boy!" said his father, overlooking the Americanism. "Did you whop him hard?"

"You bet I did, dad. Didn't I, Else?"

His eldest sister, Elsie, had come to the door, and stood shading her eyes against the sun. "I think you're all crazy," said she.

"Why, can't you see what that feller has done?"

"Yes. What difference does it make, anyway?"

"It's easy to see you don't love your own flag, miss."

"Why, of course I do. But then we're not at home now, and you must admit there's more people in the world 'sides English."

"But not so good?"

She laughed, and her laugh was good to hear. "Dad, one of these days, if there's strangers round, there'll be murder near here if you don't be more careful how you talk. I don't care a snap what country a man comes from so long as he's all right himself."

He glared at her; he had always been slightly afraid of his first-born. "Oh, I ain't got nothin' against Tom Robson. He's a good enough fellow. But all the same, if he puts up a flag I'm goin' to, too."

"That will only make you look crazier than ever," she retorted, ending the argument. However, less than half an hour saw a flagpole alongside the Warner farm, and from it floating the Union Jack, mysteriously produced from somewhere.

During the morning, John Warner was down to the lower field, which served as pasture, and it chanced that Tom Robson and one of his boys were there on a similar errand.

"Mornin'," said Robson genially, coming close to the dividing fence.

"Mornin'," grunted John Warner, looking pointedly over his shoulder to his own flagpole.

The other had already noticed it, but made no comment. "Find that there cross-saw 'ny good?" he asked.

Warner, a day or two previously, had borrowed his neighbour's big cross-saw to cut up some poles. "Not too bad, thanks."

"Weather keeps up well?"

"Yes, it ain't bad. Come, giddap!" he admonished, giving one of his milkers a violent push, in an endeavour to get her going towards home.

"Guess," said Tom Robson, "you don't have weather like this across where you come from." It was said half banteringly; but it was sufficient.

"Where'd you get that idea?" John blazed out.

"Shucks, don't get sore now."

"I'd like to have you understand, Robson, that where I come from we get better weather than this any time we want, and all the time, if we want it, an' ten times as good as where you come from. So put that in your pipe an' smoke it."

"Feels like thunder," remarked the American to his son, whose face wore a broad grin.

"Yes," said John, "an' there'll be lightnin', too, soon. Giddap, you ugly old fool, you!"

"Tell you what, John, you Anglish people do sure get up in the air easy." John made no reply. "Well, this is our one great day of the year."

"That so?"

"You bet!"

"You fellers in the United States think a sight too much of your bloomin' old States."

"We got the right to. They're 'bout ten million times the size of your Angland."

"Size ain't everythin'. Where I come from, what we go by is sense."

Tom Robson had to think a long while before he could answer this. "Well, why didn't you stay there, then?"

"What's that got to do with you? What 'd *you* come here for, flyin' your old flags?"

"I shall fly as many flags as I like, see?"

"If I was back in England, I could have the law on you for talkin' like that."

His neighbour, walking slowly along to keep level as John Warner whacked and pushed his herd, laughed derisively. "D'ye hear that, Bill?" he inquired of his son.

"Yes, pa. He don't mean it, does he?"

" 'Course he don't. He's talkin' guff. Guess that Angland o' yours must be a crazy kin' of place, if it's all like them there fellers you send out."

"Better'n your bloomin' old States. I was readin', only t'other day, how it said the States was the worst place a body could live in, an' no wonder everybody was beatin' it out."

"Where'd you read that?"

"In one of your dirty old American papers. That's where I read it."

"How'd you come to have any real American papers?"

This was too good an opening to miss. "Feller who gave it me said he was takin' it to the madhouse."

Tom Robson had to make another long pause. "Guess he didn't have to look much further," he ventured.

"No," chuckled John, "he could see it from my place—just to the east."

"Them papers what you have in Angland ain't papers at all—they're just junk." Robson had never seen one, but he felt safe in making the assertion. His sole reading matter, by the way, was his weekly farm journal. "I'd hate to be Anglish."

They were very close to the house now, and Warner's cattle turned off without bidding in the direction of the watering trough.

"Why?" demanded John.

" 'Course the United States has got Angland skinned a mile. You can't tell me any way they haven't."

"If we was to send out our navy," his voice thrilled, "we could blow your old States out of the water."

"Why didn't you do it before? You had the chance. That's what us Americans fly that there flag for on the Fourth of July."

This was his parting shot. John Warner was left so speechless with anger that for several minutes no sound escaped his lips; and by that time his neighbour had gone. Angrily he turned to the job in hand—watering his cows; and somehow the pump wouldn't work, which did not tend to mollify him. After trying it, he concluded that what was wanted was a little tightening of the piston-bolt; and turning to get a tool, he stumbled and nearly fell over some bulky object. Looking down, he saw that it was Tom Robson's cross-saw.

He picked it up, carried it to the fence which divided the two farms—it was over a hundred yards—and threw it over. "There's your old saw," he yelled to its owner, who was watching him from his porch, "an' go to blazes!"

Tom Robson came from Iowa. Until he came northwest to Alberta he had never been out of the country in which he had been born for longer than two weeks. Nor had Mrs. Robson. But their forbears had come originally from "down east," that vague territory which means invariably the seaboard States, in the early days when the West was almost as unknown as, say, the hinterland of Siberia; and beyond two generations back the family history was dim. "Pioneer," said Tom Robson, was his family's middle name. For himself, he took no stock in where his ancestors came from, but gloried in the fact that he was a free-born, dyed-in-the-wool American citizen.

At dinner he related his encounter with John Warner. "What gets me," he said, "is the way them there Anglishmen try to show off their superiority. Seem to think they own all the goldarned earth."

"They do own quite a considerable chunk of it," observed Jim, his oldest son and right-hand man.

"They ain't got the United States, anyway, an' that's a biggish slice."

"You're about as bad as old man Warner, father—he's always boosting up England an' knockin' the States, an' you're always throwin' bouquets at the States an' bricks at England."

"I believe, my boy, you're on the old fool's side yourself, talkin' like that to your old dad."

"Me? Shucks, I'm as good an American as you are, all the time, but you see we ain't in the United States now—we're in Canada."

"Well, Canada's more American than Anglish."

"It's Canada all the same, an' you ain't got any kick comin'—these English sure know how to run a country when you get down to brass tacks. You like it better 'n Iowa—you said so yourself."

"I did?"

"Surest thing you did. Didn't he, mother?"

Mrs. Robson said: "Oh, he jes' don't get on with Warner. Them's jes' two obstinate, pig-headed old men—"

"Gettin' on that way, Tom—you know it. Look at me—am I a young woman? But you're both so set on your own ideas you can't agree, but jes' argify for the sake of it."

"That's your views on them Anglish folks, I guess. Excuse *me.*"

"Mind you, I don't say they ain't difficult to get on with. That Mrs. Warner, she's so stiff an' standoffish, you'd think she'd got a pole for a backbone. It was a long time 'fore I got to know her. She used to come to the Women's Society at the church, an' never spoke a word to no one. But she's all right when you get used to that. Pie, father?"

"Yep. That darter of hers is a stuck-up miss, anyways." Tom was being beaten back. "That biggest 'un, I mean."

"She's a good girl, father," said his wife, "an' I think she ain't too bad-lookin'. What d'you think, Jim?"

Jim said nothing.

"Warner's sure peeved 'cause its Independence Day," continued Tom, smiling at the recollection of their interview, "an' 'cause we got the flag up. He's got one, too."

"So I saw."

"The kids 'd better let their firecrackers off quiet, 'cause they might worry him."

"You don't mean it, pop?" demanded the younger Robsons at once.

"Not a bit! Let 'em off an' make all the goldarned noise you can, an' let them Anglish know as we're American citizens, by gosh."

"Now, don't be mad, father.'

"I want the kids to remember it's Fourth of July, an', whether we're in Canada or ———" (the place is

mentioned in the Scriptures), "we gotta have a glorious Fourth, an' don't fergit it, if you're in Canada two million years."

After dinner, Tom went out and picked up the saw, which was still lying where Warner had thrown it. The Englishman was close at hand, setting his faulty pump to rights. Tom opened the battle.

"No thanks asked for," he said.

"It won't work right, anyhow."

Tom held the saw up, and examined its cutting edge critically. "Seems like there was two teeth missing."

"Like that when you lent it to me."

"Must have forgotten it, if there was."

John Warner made no reply, but worked ostentatiously, and in silence.

"You was saying," pursued Jim, "the other day, that Angland 's better governed 'n the United States. Now, I been thinkin' that over serious."

"I hope it did you good, then."

"Well, it ain't what you'd call a proper argiment, 'cause there's only one side to it. The American Constitootion—"

"You an' your old American Constitootion! I wish you'd do me a special favour, an' not mention that old constitootion any more."

"Sorter makes you sore?"

" 'Tain't that. I'm sick an' tired o' hearin' about that old American Constitootion. Do try an' talk about somethin' new f'r a change."

"Aw, nix on that! What about your House of Lords?"

John Warner, as may have been deduced, was at heart a Tory, cherishing all the average countryman's pride and respect for a lord—above all, a fox-hunting lord. "Well, what about it?" he demanded.

"What sort of a place is Angland, anyway, to keep a—a—dead un' like the House of Lords?"

"Well, you've got your Senate, ain't you?"

"It ain't a lot of old fools like you got. Oh, I've read about 'em, stoppin' legislation the way they do."

"Don't your Senate never do that? Why, of course they do. I've read it." This was unanswerable. "Tell you one thing, Robson—you ain't got any Empire like we have."

"What 'd be the use of it to us?"

"Jus' this—that the British Empire? Tell me that!"

"Look what it costs you."

"How much—tell me!" Tom could not; nor could he. "Why, we've got the best Empire there ever was. There never was a Empire like the British. The sun never sets on the British flag. D'you know that?"

"An' what's it mean?"

"Jus' this—that's the British Empire's so big that whatever time o' day it is, the sun's always shinin' on some part of it."

"D'you have dif'rent time in Angland from here?"

" 'Course we do, you—you mut!" A vile Americanism escaped him unawares. "Ain't you learnt that yet?"

"An' what d'you do with your Empire?"

"We send out people to live there. That's what's the use of colonies. That's what you'll find in the old United States in a few years—you'll have too many people, an' 'll have to send them to colonies. An' then what? Why, you ain't got any—England's got 'em all!"

"Don't you fret," said Tom. "We'll send them to Canada."

"It'll show your good sense if you do. We'll make sound British of them—that is, if they ain't all like you. Let 'em all come on them terms."

"You'll never make me no Anglishman."

"We don't have to. We can pick an' choose."

"Seems to me, we're goin' to do jus' the opposite. 'Stead o' you makin' us Anglish, us Americans is going to make you Anglish Americans."

"Ah, do talk sense, Robson! Would think you're a child!"

"You want bright'nin' up some, I figure."

Elsie Warner came out of the back door. "Got it fixed, father?" she asked. "How do, Mr. Robson?"

"Howdy."

"You're slow," she went on. "I'd have thought you'd have finished it long since."

"It's that feller worries me too much, with his fool talk," said the father.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you two. If I were a man, I'd put my time to better use."

"If you was a man," said Tom Robson, "you'd be taught to treat your elders with respec'."

"Only when they earned it, Mr. Robson. Do please hurry up, father —we want some water pretty soon."

"Got some spirit, that girl," said her father, when she was gone.

"Maybe, maybe." The direct implication carried in her retort was just percolating Mr. Robson's brain, and he resented it because he couldn't for the life of him think up a crushing reply.

John Warner went busily to work, and in a short time had his repairs finished. His friend smoked away, and watched him.

"Don't mind if the kids let off their crackers to-night, do you?"

"Mind? Me? Why?"

"Fourth o' July, y'know."

"Oh, really? Goin' to join in?"

"May do."

"I can lend you some old rattles and things, too, Tom, if you run short o' playthings."

Tom Robson stared hard. He began, "We did it once, an' we c'd—" but John was out of earshot.

John Warner had a load of cream to send off to the city that night. About half-past eight he hitched up his wagon and drove away. The firework ecstasies of the Robson family had provided during the earlier part of the evening an entertainment of a mingled nature for his. The younger members had watched enviously. His oldest boy and Elsie had pretended a rather transparent indifference, while his wife had placidly hoped no one would get hurt. His own feelings were the reverse of hers. He could have seen Tom Robson singed all over with crackers with uncommon fortitude!

Tom also had a mission in the town. He had expected letters by the afternoon train. Had the requesting of favours not been so distasteful, he would have asked his neighbour to collect them, and honest John would have been only too ready; but no, that there Anglishman was too goldarned pig-headed, and he guessed he'd jes' fetch them hisself. Yes, they *were* important. So it chanced that he, too, set out, ten minutes later, with the inevitable result that when he reached the small town which supplied the needs of the district—three miles distant—he found John's team hitched to the fence in front of the station. His also he hitched there, but not too close.

The little post-office up Main Street was still open. As he entered it, a hearty voice cried out, " 'Lo, Tom!"

" 'Lo!" responded Tom "Where'd you blow in from, Ed?"

"Same old place," said big Ed Willis. "I'm still holding down that little old homestead. How's things?"

"Not too bad. Crops doin' well your ways?"

"Might be worse. Just come in? What are you doing in town so late?"

"Jes' come in fer some mail," said Tom, at the same time asking for it.

"Why, I saw Warner drive in, five or ten minutes back."

"Guess you did. He come down, too."

"Why didn't you—" and then Ed Willis stopped. The relation between the two farmers was fairly well-known all over the neighbourhood, and afforded indeed some mild diversion. "You and him don't mix well," Willis remarked.

"Water don't mix well with wine as a rule," observed Tom dryly.

"In other words, you're a couple of old fools. Got your mail?—then let's get outside."

Big Ed Willis deserved the adjective. He stood some six-foot-three in his stockings, and his physique matched his stature. Not only that, but his mind was correspondingly broad. For many miles around he was deeply esteemed for his practicality and commonsense — outstanding qualities which had raised him above the rank and file of farmers to a position of comparative affluence. The "little old homestead" to which he was fond of jokingly referring, was the biggest and richest farm in that part of the country, lying some five miles beyond Tom's own. More than one quarrel had been adjusted by big Ed Willis —more than one trouble and difficulty set right.

"There must have been a regular procession of us to-night," he said. "First me, then Warner, and then you, all a short way apart."

"Yes, it do seem our road's gettin' pop'lar, don't it?"

"Tell you what, Tom, it's time you and him cut out this fool arguin'."

"One of us has got to change his opinions some, in thet case. *I'm* quite ready myself to cut it out, but that there Warner—"

"Oh, shucks, he'd say the same!" Willis laughed. "And, if I'm not mistaken, here he is. Good night, John!"

"Good night, Ed!" Everybody was on good terms with Ed Willis.

"Meet Mr. Robson, John." Both of the others nodded, and smiled crookedly. "You're just in time, boys, to come on in and have a drink."

"Oh, say," began Tom, but Willis, not heeding his or John's protestations, took them both by the shoulder and hustled them into the bar of the Maple Leaf—every Canadian town, big or little, has, of course, its Maple Leaf Hotel. Now to resist Ed Willis's grip was useless, and so the two antagonists were without delay lined up against the bar.

"What's it to be?" he demanded.

"Well, I guess a beer will do me," said John.

"And you, Tom?"

"Beer, too."

"Me likewise," said Willis. The beers duly arrived. "Here's lookin' at you!" With this invocation the glasses were drained. "Now," he said, when they were set down, "I want to talk to you two, serious. D'you know you're makin' yourselves the laughin'-stock of this section?"

"Can't say as I was aware of it."

"That's Gospel truth. It's got to stop—you're both old enough to know better. Now, look at it this way. You're English, an' you're American —why not begin to understand that right here in Canada is where you big races meet."

"That's all very well for you, Ed," said John. "You're a Canadian."

"So I am, thank God; I'm one of the real races, too."

"You can't get to understand, seemingly, that English and Americans ain't got much in common."

"That's it, Warner, that's it!" cried Tom, in agreement for once. "You've said the truth."

"An' that's your mistake," Ed Willis went on, rather gravely. "You've got everything in common, but you don't understand each other's way of lookin' at things. If you did, there'd be less bickering."

"Anyway, he does all he can to aggervate me," said Tom.

"That's just cussedness, Tom. An' I lay a ten-spot you do the same." Tom was silent, but John struck in: "Sure, he had his old flag a-flyin' to-day, just because he knew I didn't like it."

"That's a lie!"

"S'h, Tom!"

"It is, Ed! Can't a feller fly his own flag on the Fourth without askin' leave of an Anglishman?"

"You bet you can, if you want. An' I tell you this, Tom, I'd be sorry to see the day come when an American kid forgot to—to reverence Old

Glory, just as I'd be sorry to see an English kid or a Canadian kid forget to reverence the Union Jack. Lord bless you, Tim! they both stand for the same things—there ain't much in the way of freedom an' liberty an' progress that the Union Jack an' the Stars an' Stripes don't fly over."

"Maybe," said John.

"Well, right here in this country is where those two peoples meet, an' others, too. This is where they all mix. There's fine old English stock like you, John, and good sturdy blood like yours, John, an' I tell you that when they do mix, by the holy smoke, there'll be the best Anglo-Saxon race yet. We'll have the salt of the earth, boys, an' you an' I won't be dead, either. Say, Tom, how old's that boy of yours?"

"Which 'un?"

"The oldest."

"What, Jim? Oh, he's goin' twenty-two."

"An' how old is that girl of yours, John?"

"Elsie—say, what you hintin' at?"

"Twenty, did you say?"

"No, only nineteen."

Ed Willis took out his pipe, and filled it leisurely. "Saw a funny thing last Sunday night," he said, as he applied a match and puffed out dense clouds of smoke. "You were out, weren't you, John?"

"Yes—we all went down to church, bar Elsie. She stayed home to keep house."

"I think all the Robson family went to church, too, Tom—bar Jim?"

"By gosh, now I remember, that there Jim offered to stay home without me or his mother askin' him!"

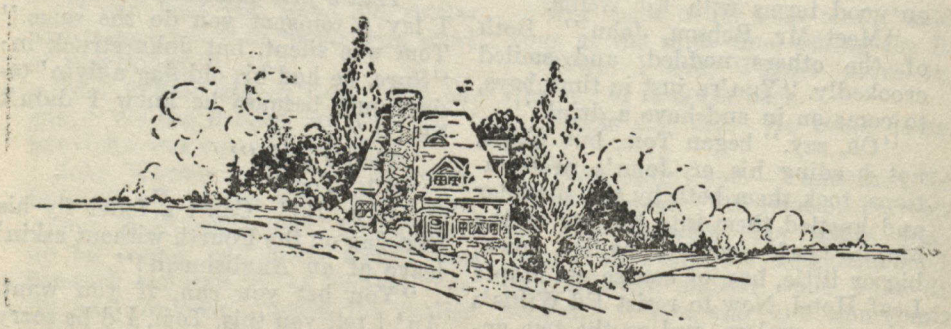
"I was down past John's place 'way long eight. Guess it's easier to keep any little old house with company than without, boys?"

The two fathers glowered, outraged, and dreading what they felt was coming.

"Guess your house had to shift for itself, Robson, 'cause there was your boy on John's porch makin' goo-goo eyes at John's daughter! She didn't seem to resent it any, either."

"Was—was that all?" faltered John.

"Well, I did have a suspicion he had what looked like an arm twined round her waist, but then, the light was gettin' bad, an' my eyes may have deceived me. *I* didn't butt in—I'm a sport, if nothing else. . . . So cut out this fool wrangling, boys, an' don't spoil the kids' fun. Say, bartender! Come along, there's time for another—we'll drink to the kids, English an' American an' Canadian! Set 'em up, bartender—same as before—here's two old grandads want to drink to the best race yet!"



THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

V.—THE PICKED CARAVAN

BY MADGE MACBETH

THE FIFTH AND CONCLUDING STORY OF THIS SERIES

SIX weeks had passed since the night Chisholm had nearly captured Aniwar Ali and his band of Thugs in the fakir's cave near Pultanabad. During that time he had scoured the jungle for miles in every direction, searching for the man who not only inveighled unsuspicious travellers into his cruel hands, but who had gone so far as to murder one of his wounded comrades rather than help him get away—or possibly for fear he would fall into his (Chisholm's) hands and turn King's evidence.

With the booty acquired in their several late raids, Chisholm knew that the Thugs could live quietly for many months, as most of them followed some respectable profession in their native towns, and their true calling was not even suspected by their wives and families.

In Chatara, Baum, Hondeer, and Pultanabad Chisholm had searched diligently, but to no avail. Morgan, the District Superintendent of Police, and the two Eurasians who had been with Chisholm since he commenced his quest, were as eager as he himself was to apprehend the criminals; he worked out his instructions to the minutest point. But Aniwar Ali might have been a myth as far as capturing him was concerned, and travellers arrived safely at their destinations from any place in the suspected district—a thing which had not transpired for a considerable length of time.

Chisholm was in despair. But one afternoon, toward the end of July, when all the world seemed but a melancholy mass of sodden mud, something happened to quicken his hopes and to put fresh interest into life. He had just returned from Chatara and was telling Morgan of the fruitlessness of his trip, when the latter made an exclamation of pleased surprise.

"There is Harris, of the Fusileers," he cried. "I expect he is home for his wedding shindy. Had clean forgotten all about it. Shows how you and your precious Thugs have driven the gentler interests from me!"

"He is heading this way," said Chisholm, putting down his glass.

Harris, dripping from helmet to boots, came up the steps.

"Welcome, old man, welcome!" cried Morgan hospitably. "Give me those wet things. Here, boy, take these away and bring another glass! Chisholm, an old friend of mine—Harris, previously of Pultanabad and now of Poona," Morgan continued, introducing the two men in his nerv-

ous way. "Here, someone, bring that glass along quickly!"

Over their whiskies and sodas the three touched upon divers subjects; Harris's approaching marriage, home politics, Morgan's chances of getting leave, and finally Chisholm's reason for coming to Pultanabad.

"Thugs!" exclaimed the Captain. "Why, man, you are wasting your time here—Poona's the place! They say every third merchant, there, is a murderer, and men look with suspicion upon their own brothers if they set out on a journey together!"

"How long has this been going on?" asked Chisholm excitedly. "And has anything been done by the authorities? Do you think it is Aniwar Ali and his gang? Can—"

"Hold on," interrupted the other, laughing. "One at a time. I will tell you all I know—which isn't much—and you can ask your questions later. Let's see—about—er, well, about six weeks ago, perhaps, before the rains, anyway, a most highly respected merchant, named Abdullah, set out to Mhalone, at which place his brother lay dying. He reached there in time to receive instructions from the other and stayed long enough to accompany the body to the burning ghat with due pomp and ceremony. Abdullah decided to take his brother's effects back to Poona, where he thought he could dispose of them to greater advantage than in Mhalone; and for safety he engaged a body of men as escort. I believe they had heard in the bazaar that he contemplated a journey and through their leader had offered themselves."

"The merchant and goods were never heard of again," interrupted Chisholm. "I know the sequel by heart. But how did you find it out?"

"Through Abdullah's widow, who notified the district 'supe' that her husband was long overdue and said she feared some treachery. Our 'supe' got in touch with the brother's widow and between them they decided that the unfortunate merchant must have met a horrible death at the hands of Thugs."

"What was done?" asked Morgan abruptly.

"Well, that's the trouble," answered Harris, rather fretfully "Nothing much has been done; it is so hard to move the Department concertedly. Half of them won't believe what the other half say, and then you know the yards of red tape which really doing anything calls for! Our old Commissioner is a good sort and all that, but any emergency sends him 'way up in the air. This Thug business had quite unbalanced him."

"Couldn't you appeal to the Rajah—old What's-his-name?" asked Chisholm.

"Belwar? Of course, the police could appeal to him, but between ourselves I fancy he is one of the beneficiaries of the Thug band. He allows them to murder on his domain, and for that privilege, he and all his dependents go unharmed upon their journeys. At least, that is the current gossip."

"Then, by heaven, I'll bring British pressure to bear on old Belwar!" cried Chisholm. "And I leave for Poona to-night."

He was as good as his word. A small caravan, composed of two white-haired old men, two body-servants, and an escort left Pultanabad at sundown, and before the moon rose they had accomplished the first stage of their journey.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Morgan, as he removed his beard and wig for the night. "Muffling up one's head and face in these things is far from pleasant in this steamy heat. The Eurasians have the best of the bargain, as their disguise called for a shaving of their beards! It will not be for many days, however, and if we can only lay those devils by the heels, I will not have broken out with heat, in vain."

They met with only the ordinary incidents of the road during the four days it required to reach Mhalone.

There the party halted long enough for Chisholm and Morgan, still aged in their masquerade, to hold several conversations with the widow of Abdullah's brother. When they left for Poona they were accompanied by three new recruits, Sethjee Khan, Ameer Khan, and Habibullah, the three brothers of the widow.

"So far our scheme is working satisfactorily," said Chisholm to his friend as they camped at a well-known stage between Mhalone and Poona. "If Aniwar Ali does not get wind of our coming—or worse—attack us on the road before we have a few words with Belwar, I will be satisfied."

"He would never attack a European."

"He never has, but if some of his men get drunk with success, and if they are assured of Belwar's protection, there is no telling what they may do."

Morgan drew a healthy muscle.

"Gray as I am," he said, laughing, "there's fight in the old dog yet!"

The party arrived in Poona, however, without adventure. There they separated, the two aged patriarchs repairing to the dak bungalow (a house reserved for the use of Europeans), the three brothers going to the house of Abdullah's widow, and the escort disposing of themselves at various hostels in the bazaar.

"The first move is an interview with Belwar, isn't it?" asked Morgan on the morning following their arrival. "Can you manage it alone?"

"No, I will take the old Commissioner with me," answered Chisholm, fitting on his wig with care. "Can you see the murdered Abdullah's male relatives in the meantime, and unfold the plan to them?"

"I'll start out at once."

They met at dinner that same evening.

"How did you make out?" Morgan wanted to know.

"No better and no worse than I expected. I merely paid a social call, represented myself as being the father of Bradley, Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, and pointed out the prosperity and increasing popularity of that district in the eyes of the British. In comparison, I touched upon the atrocities which had of late transpired within Belwar's own domain and hinted that such reports did not make good reading at home."

"How did he take it?"

"The old fox claimed me as being his father and his mother, swore he loved every hair in my head, which he held no less sacred than the Himalayas, and vowed that it was only to please the British King he lived at all! He further remarked that he knew nothing of Thugs or their crimes, and he considered the reports which had reached the Department grossly exaggerated. He had heard nothing. But anything I desired would be done; if any command of mine was not carried out satisfactorily by his worthless servants, he would cut their filthy livers out!"

Morgan laughed. "He would love to do it, too! But hear how successful I have been!"

"Yes, go ahead."

"I found Abdullah's only male relative, a brother, who is a jewel merchant of high standing here. His name is Ashruf and his daughter is shortly to be married. At first he was suspicious of me, but I finally won him over and now he is as keen as we are. He pointed out a satisfactory circumstance — his daughter's marriage furnishes him an excellent excuse for a trip to Mardessa, at the end of the week."

"Good. But why Mardessa?"

"Because it is the *rendezvous* of jewel merchants from the east, and he could make several purchases for the bride."

Chisholm rubbed his hands.

"Surely, Morgan, we have set the trap without a break, this time, eh?"

"We shall see what we shall see," replied the other, cautiously. "You know Aniwar Ali of old."

Ashruf made no end of a fuss previous to his departure; all the town was stirred up over it. His servants were driven to the last extremity racing back and forth between the bazaar and the merchant's establishment. Upon one trip they negotiated for bills of exchange; another time they haggled over the price of pack horses; again they ransacked the dealers' quarters for firearms, "for," they boasted, "our master travels with a heavy waistband; the Mardessa merchants do not trade with *dhers* (low-caste Hindus), and we must be well protected."

Finally, the important business of hiring an escort was considered. Ashruf was irritable and hard to please; he frowned upon all the men who were brought into his presence and dismissed them upon one pretext or another. At last, on the evening of the day before his departure, a stalwart Mussulman was ushered before the merchant, and his body-servant—one of the disguised Eurasians—instantly recognized the *sotha,* or Thug inveigler, Hossein.

"Shall I depart?" asked the servant, salaaming.

It was a signal.

"Do so, and see that all preparations are completed," answered the merchant in the words agreed upon, to show that he understood this was the man he must engage.

"Well?" he asked, turning to the Mussulman.

Hossein assumed a properly deferential attitude. "May it please your gracious excellency," he said, "to look with favour upon me and accept my loyal services for your projected journey."

"What is the arm of one man against the terrors of the road?" grunted Ashruf fretfully.

"Usually nothing, excellency. But in this case my arm stands also for those of my trusty men."

"So?" questioned the merchant. "And how does it happen that you and your 'trusty men' tarry in Poona? You have not the bearing of men of our country?"

Hossein was equal to the occasion.

"We accompanied the Nawab of Chatara to Poona, excellency, then he dismissed us, taking Belwar's men with him to the end of his journey."

Ashruf knew this was not true, but allowed himself to be impressed.

"Do you know the road to Mardessa?"

"One of my men was born in Mardessa," Hossein glibly replied, "and there is not a palankeen rut that is not familiar to him."

"Very well! But let it be understood, that not a cent do you get if you and your men do not serve me well! I shall require six of you, and we start at sun-rise."

"Sir?" echoed Hossein, in a surprised tone. "Why, most honourable sir, six men are but a paltry escort for the wealthy merchant Ashruf, who it is rumoured, journeys to purchase jewels in Mardessa."

"I want but six," repeated Ashruf. "My three nephews and their servants accompany me."

"Even so," argued the other, "I could not guarantee a safe journey to your noble self with so few swords at my command. Why, no later than yesterday a caravan arrived in the bazaar with seven members missing. They had been attacked on the road and only the arrival of some Feringhi (English) soldiers saved the ones who reached Poona from wholesale slaughter."

Ashruf grumbled tremendously, but Hossein stood firm. And in the end he agreed upon a niggardly sum, to be paid when the party arrived safely in Mardessa.

The escort was to be fifteen strong.

Ashruf, well pleased with his part in the big game, lost no time in communicating with Chisholm, after the Mussulman's departure; he sent Sethjee Khan to visit the dak bungalow. He was received by Morgan and Chisholm, who were eager to hear how the ruse was progressing.

"So the inveighler insisted upon taking fifteen men as escort?" repeated the latter.

"He did, sahib."

"And exactly how many of Ashruf's party will there be?"

"We three—my brothers and myself—our three servants, four drivers, Ashruf's body-servant, and himself."

"That makes twelve."

"Yes."

"Well, depend upon it, the Thugs will not start out fifteen to twelve, or if they do they will pick up other members of the band along the road and thus augment their forces."

"I have no doubt but that the sahib is correct," replied the native. "What, then, is to be done?"

"Play their own game, that is all. Tell me accurately of the road and I will arrange for more men to join you, also."

They talked and laid their plans far into the night, and each looked confidently for the morrow. But they were not the only ones laying plans; Aniwar Ali listened intently to the account of Hossein's interview with the merchant and made characteristic comment.

"It is a pity old Gopal is not alive to help us out! For, by Bhowanee, we have need of all our expert stranglers. If the old Ashruf is suspicious of us at the start, we will have a hard time with him at the end."

"I doubt that he is more suspicious than any of our recent booty," replied Hossein. "He did not want to pay a large body of men, saying, which was entirely reasonable, that he would rather put the silver into his daughter's dowry."

The leader shook his head.

"It will not be an easy job, mark you! We will arrange for some more stranglers to join us on the road."

"And the burying-place?" asked Hossein.

Aniwar Ali thought for a few moments. "The well where we buried the last caravan is now so filled with water, I am told, that it is possible bodies will be discovered floating there. So we cannot even pass that way. We had better take the high road, where a shrine stands about a coss (two miles) from the main road. We should reach it about dusk of the second day, in time for the evening meal. Let the grave-diggers prepare for at least a dozen people, well back of the shrine where they will be unobserved by any passing travellers. I fear that many will take that old, disused road now, on account of its comparative dryness."

Ashruf was a little late in starting, and he laughed in his beard as the saying goes, as he was met half-way between his house and the city gate, by his escort. Hossein still assumed the leadership of the party, although from Chisholm's description, the merchant had no difficulty in picking out the magnificent figure of Aniwar Ali.

They proceeded slowly, and did not reach the first stage until afternoon. There, alone, was an old mendicant eating currie, squatting on his filthy mat, which was sunk deep in mud. As soon as he sighted the party, he began to beg for alms, his wail only ceasing when one of Hossein's men spoke to him. Then, with a loud cry of delight, he clasped the young fellow to his dirty bosom and embraced him.

"The uncle of Goodrut," explained Hossein to the merchant, later. "And he wishes to know if he may not join your excellency's party so that he may converse a little with his nephew on the way."

Ashruf, in accordance with his rôle, grumbled. "An old man like that cannot keep pace with us."

"It may be somewhat of a tax on him, your excellency," agreed the Thug, "but if he *can* manage it, is it your wish to separate him from Goodrut?"

Ashruf muttered something which the other chose to take as favourable, and the old mendicant joined the party. In much the same manner ten other travellers were added to the

caravan by the afternoon of the second day. The last three were soldiers, ostensibly, and were halted at the divergence of two roads, in perplexity.

Mutual greetings were exchanged as the caravan drew near, after which one of the soldiers asked:

"Which road leads to Mardessa, sir? Or, if my surmise is correct and both these highways lead there, which is it advisable to take? Our journey, thus far, has been more than usually tedious, owing to the bad road and swollen streams, and our poor beasts need consideration."

A man named Lal Meah stepped forward and gave the desired information.

"Both roads lead to Mardessa," he said, "but I advise you to take the lower and more frequented one as there are but three of you."

Just at this moment Ashruf came riding forward to find out the cause of the delay.

"Are we going to take the lower road?" he asked. "No? Then you are welcome to join with us and take the road we take," he said with a hint of cordiality toward the mud-stained soldiers. "I have a large party and will see you safely to Mardessa."

In spite of their efforts to ride beside the merchant and his nephews the soldiers were kept in the midst of the sturdy escort. This move on the Thugs' part was covered by a ceaseless flow of anecdotes and jesting. Aniwar Ali himself was the life of the party, until a hare ran across his path, after which incident his hilarity waned. It was a very bad omen, and several times the leader turned his head in answer to what he thought was the sound of stealthy steps creeping up upon him.

The Thugs numbered twenty-two, counting seven men who had joined them on the road, and their force would be further augmented by four grave-diggers, who had preceded them by several hours and were lying in ambush near the open graves.

The merchant's party numbered twelve, and there were now the three soldiers besides, who would need, according to Aniwar Ali, to be reckoned with. He cursed them heartily, then looked quickly behind him, as the ever-recurrent sound of footsteps fell upon his ear.

"It is the hare," he said.

About dusk they came upon a shrine set in a lonely spot, and surrounded by a thick growth of shrubs.

"Let us halt here and enjoy the evening meal, your excellency," suggested Hossein, "then we can push on to the next stage, which Lal Meah tells me is only three coss beyond."

The party dismounted and separated into groups according to their caste and creed, before preparing their supper. After the meal was finished, Aniwar Ali stepped forward and addressed Ashruf:

"Noble sir, the way has been trying and difficult and our bodies as well as our beasts are weary. Will you encourage a little entertainment our men have prepared—in haste though it be—and rest here an extra hour or so?"

The merchant assented indifferently, it seemed to the Thug, but his back was scarcely turned before Ashruf exchanged significant glances with his companions. Surreptitiously, they looked to their weapons, intensely on the alert for a sound coming from the road upon which they had but lately travelled. They were not left alone long. The entertainers appeared, ten fellows fantastically garbed—some as women—in clothes collected God knows from what unfortunate victims, and they began a ludicrous dance. The ground was a sheet of slippery mud, into which the dancers slid constantly, causing Ashruf and his companions to laugh immoderately. When each of the ten looked like an earthenware figure—so coated were they with mud—they entered into lively dialogue, learned probably for similar occasions, and not unamusing to attend, either! Dur-

ing this, Ashruf and his men had not been unmindful of their danger, nor as entirely engrossed in the performance as they appeared. They successfully resisted every effort made by the actors and their friends to separate them, and the three soldiers, at last, managed to gain a place near the merchant.

"*Please pass the tobacco,*" said Ashruf, unconsciously using the signal so often employed by Aniwar Ali when he considered time for the stranglers was ripe.

Instantly four dark figures leapt from the bushes. All was turmoil and confusion! The grave-diggers, lying in ambush, had heard the merchant's innocent speech and had thought it was their signal; before the time, they had struck! Even the Thugs, having seen Aniwar Ali standing beside Sethjee Khan, dangling his *roomal,* thought he had given the signal, and they fell upon the men nearest them. Others realized that a fight to the death was the only thing to save them from exposure, so attacked Ashruf's band with all the savagery of which they were capable. The leader, with Ismael and Hossein, the only ones who understood the cause of the miscarried plans, fought because the others were fighting. A series of piercing shrieks rent the darkness as Lal Meah ran his sword through one of Ashruf's drivers; knives clashed; a volley of pistol shots rang out, and the spot made holy by the knees of the faithful, was desecrated by a score of bloodthirsty devils!

Aniwar Ali pressed in toward Ashruf, his *roomal* ready. The brothers were fighting grimly with the soldiers, against Ismael, mad with the lust for blood, Hossein and three other Thugs. But before the chief could reach his victim a familiar figure confronted him, pistol poised. It was the accursed Feringhi, Chisholm!

"Cornered this time, eh, Aniwar Ali?" he shouted above the din. "Call off those devils of yours—every death will be counted against you!"

Aniwar Ali knew when he was beaten; he saw in the flickering light of the torches that they were surrounded by native police, each of whom carried firearms; he saw Morgan sahib—son of a thousand devils! Many of the Thugs lay dead or dying; others had been or were being handcuffed; escape was impossible! So, with Oriental resignation to fate, he put forth his own hands, which were immediately locked together.

Chisholm's force had suffered also; one of the faithful Eurasians and one of the soldiers had been killed, while several others of the party were badly wounded, among them the lad, Habibullah. He was lying across the body of one of the Thugs, a horrible gash in his side, and a small locket clasped in his hand. He had evidently dragged this from his enemy's neck.

"It was a gift from the murdered merchant, Abdullah, to my sister," said Sethjee Khan, softly. "See, it contains a piece of her baby's hair."

Habibullah was tenderly lifted and carried from the hideous scene. When the face of the Thug was discovered he was recognized as being the old mendicant—none other than Budrinath, disguised.

Later, as they rode back to Poona, Chisholm brought his horse abreast with that of the captured chief.

"You are wondering how it was managed," he said, reading the man's thoughts aloud, "why these men distrusted you, and how it happened that they were ready for you. Look around this caravan, Aniwar Ali! Every man was picked, every man had some reason to hate and fear the Thugs. See the brothers, there, brothers of Maya, the widow of the Mhalone merchant, whose brother, in turn, Abdullah, you strangled on his return to Poona! See Ashruf, *his* brother! Consider how we, Morgan sahib and I, have sought and missed you! We set out for the cross-roads with forty police, some of whom followed your grave-diggers on their hellish mission! We sent three soldiers to augment Ash-

ruf's party in case we were a little late in reaching the shrine. And you —wholesale trafficker in human lives —have you nothing to say?"

The Thug shrugged his shoulders. "It was my fate, I suppose, sahib," he said. "A life devoid of adventure was not for me! You Feringhis spend your lives at sport—so did I! You risk your lives in the destruction of a lion, a tiger, or even a poor panther. So did I! But my game was human beings — truly a nobler quarry!"

THE END.

WAITING

By A. G. McKAY

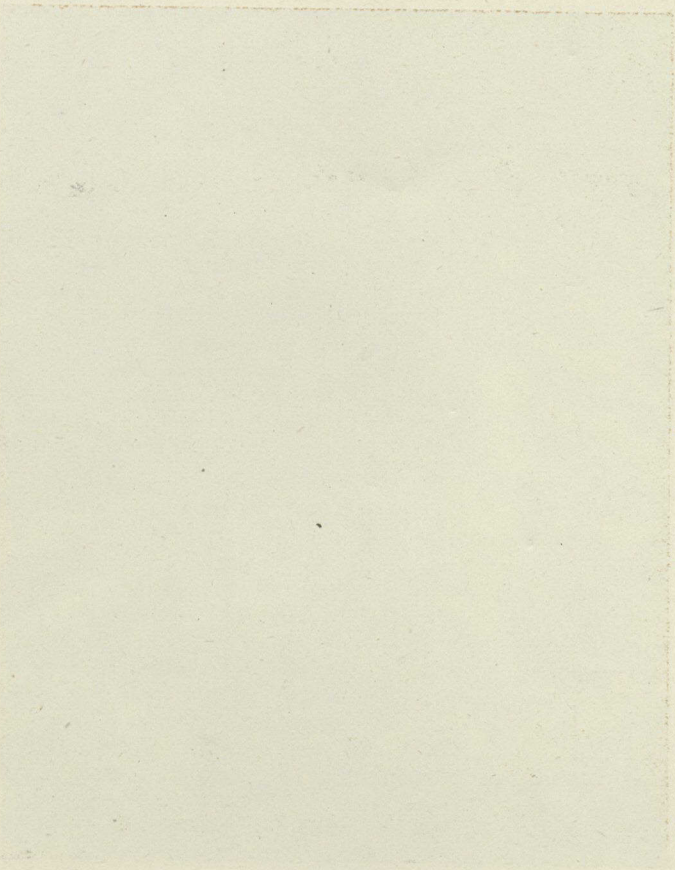
OH, listen, lad! The harvest songs
Sound lightly on the breeze,
But I can hear an undertone,
The sob of lonely seas.

The dykelands gleam with harvest, lad;
We reaped them once together,
But faint mists float in from the marsh
And veil the golden weather.

The wayward tides creep through the sedge,
Birds come on weary wings,
And, oh, I wish you back, my lad,
Back from your wanderings!

ROBINETTA

From the Painting by John Crealock
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

V.—THE BATS OF MÉYDUM

BY SAX ROHMER

SALUTING each of the three in turn, the tall Egyptian passed from Dr. Cairn's room. Upon his exit followed a brief but electric silence. Dr. Cairn's face was very stern; and Sime, with his hands locked behind him, stood staring out of the window into the palmy garden of the hotel. Robert Cairn looked from one to the other excitedly.

"What did you say, sir?" he cried, addressing his father. "It had something to do with—"

Dr. Cairn turned. Sime did not move.

"It had something to do with the matter which has brought me to Cairo," replied the former—"yes."

"You see," said Robert, "my knowledge of Arabic is nil—"

Sime turned in his heavy fashion, and directed a dull gaze upon the last speaker.

"Ali Mohammed," he explained slowly, "who had just left, had come down from the Fayoum to report a singular matter. He was unaware of its real importance, but it was sufficiently unusual to disturb him, and Ali Mohammed is not very easily disturbed."

Dr. Cairn dropped into an armchair, nodding towards Sime.

"Tell him all that we have heard," he said. "We stand together in this affair."

"Well," continued Sime, in his deliberate fashion, "when we struck our camp beside the Pyramid of Méydum, Ali Mohammed remained behind with a gang of workmen to finish off some comparatively unimportant work. He is an unemotional person, fear is alien to his composition; it has no meaning for him. But last night something occurred at the camp—or what remained of the camp—which seems to have shaken even Ali Mohammed's iron nerve."

Robert Cairn nodded, watching the speaker intently.

"The entrance to the Méydum pyramid," continued Sime.

"*One* of the entrances," interrupted Dr. Cairn, smiling slightly.

"There is only one entrance," said Sime dogmatically.

Dr. Cairn waved his hand.

"Go ahead," he said. "We can discuss these archæological details later."

Sime stared dully, but, without further comment, resumed:

"The camp was situated on the slope immediately below the only *known* entrance to the Méydum pyramid; one might say that it lay in the shadow of the building. There are tumuli in the neighbourhood—part of a prehistoric cemetery—and it was work in connection with this which had detained Ali Mohammed in that part of the Fayoum. Last night about ten o'colck he was awakened by an unusual sound, or series of sounds, he reports. He came out of the tent into the moonlight, and looked up at the pyramid. The entrance was a

good way above his head, of course, and quite fifty or sixty yards from the point where he was standing; but the moonbeams bathed that side of the building in dazzling light so that he was enabled to see a perfect crowd of bats whirling out of the pyramid."

"Yes. There is a small colony of bats in this pyramid, of course; but the bat does not hunt in bands, and the sight of these bats flying out from the place was one which Ali Mohammed had never witnessed before. Their concerted squeaking was very clearly audible. He could not believe that it was this which had awakened him, and which had awakened the ten or twelve workmen who also slept in the camp; for these were now clustering around him, and all looking up at the side of the pyramid.

"Fayoum nights are strangely still. Except for the jackals, and the village dogs, and some other sounds to which one grows accustomed, there is nothing — absolutely nothing — audible.

"In this stillness, then, the flapping of the bat regiment made quite a disturbance overhead. Some of the men were only half awake, but most of them were badly frightened. And now they began to compare notes, with the result that they determined upon the exact nature of the sound which had aroused them. It seemed almost certain that this had been a dreadful scream—the scream of a woman in the last agony."

He paused, looking from Dr. Cairn to his son, with a singular expression upon his habitually immobile face.

"Go on," said Robert Cairn.

Slowly Sime resumed:

"The bats had begun to disperse in various directions, but the panic which had seized upon the camp does not seem to have dispersed so readily. Ali Mohammed confesses that he himself felt almost afraid; a remarkable admission for a man of his class to make. Picture these fellows, then, standing looking at one another, and very frequently up at the opening in the side of the pyramid. Then the smell began to reach their nostrils—the smell which completed the panic, and which led to abandonment of the camp."

"The smell—what kind of smell?" jerked Robert Cairn.

Dr. Cairn turned himself in his chair, looking fully at his son.

"The smell of hell, boy!" he said grimly; and turned away again.

"Naturally," continued Sime, "I can give you no particulars on the point, but it must have been something very fearful to have effected the Egyptian native! There was no breeze, but it swept down upon them, this poisonous smell, as though borne by a hot wind."

"Was it actually hot?"

"I cannot say. But Ali Mohammed is positive that it came from the opening in the pyramid. It was not apparently in disgust, but in sheer, stark horror, that the whole crowd of them turned tail and ran. They never stopped, and never looked back until they came to Rekka on the railway."

A short silence followed. Then:

"That was last night?" questioned Cairn.

His father nodded.

"The man came in by the first train from Wasta," he said, "and we have not a moment to spare!"

Sime stared at him.

"I don't understand—"

"I have a mission," said Dr. Cairn quietly. "It is to run to earth, to stamp out, as I would stamp out a pestilence, a certain *thing*—I cannot call it a man: Antony Ferrara. I believe, Sime, that you are at one with me in this matter?"

Sime drummed his fingers upon the table, frowning thoughtfully, and looking from one to the other of his companions under his lowered brows.

"With my own eyes," he said, "I have seen something of this secret drama, which has brought you, Dr. Cairn, to Egypt; and, up to a point,

I agree with you regarding Antony Ferrara. You have lost all trace of him?"

"Since leaving Port Said," said Dr. Cairn, "I have seen and heard nothing of him; but Lady Lashmore, who was an intimate—an innocent victim, God help her—of Ferrara in London, after staying at the Semiramis in Cairo for one day, departed. Where did she go?"

"What has Lady Lashmore to do with the matter?" asked Sime.

"If what I fear be true," replied Dr. Cairn—"but I anticipate. At the moment it is enough for me that unless my information be at fault, Lady Lashmore yesterday left Cairo by the Luxor train at 8.30."

Robert Cairn looked in a puzzled way at his father.

"What do you suspect, sir?" he said.

"I suspect that she went no further than Wasta," replied Dr. Cairn.

"Still I do not understand," declared Sime.

"You may understand later," was the answer. "We must not waste a moment. You Egyptologists think that Egypt has little or nothing to teach you; the Pyramid of Méydum lost interest, directly you learnt that apparently it contained no treasure. How little you know what is *really* contained, Sime! Mariette did not suspect—Sir Gaston Maspero does not suspect! The late Sir Michael Ferrara and I once camped by the Pyramid of Méydum, as you have camped there and we made a discovery—"

"Well?" said Sime, with growing interest.

"It is a point upon which my lips are sealed, but—do you believe in black magic?"

"I am not altogether sure that I do—"

"Very well; you are entitled to your opinion. But although you appear to be ignorant of the fact, the Pyramid of Méydum was formerly one of the strongholds—the second greatest in all the land of the Nile—of Ancient Egyptian sorcery! I pray heaven I may be wrong; but in the disappearance of Lady Lashmore, and in the story of Ali Mohammed, I see a dreadful possibility. Ring for a time-table. We have not a moment to waste!"

II.

Rekka was a mile behind.

"It will take us fully an hour yet," said Dr. Cairn, "to reach the pyramid, although it appears so near."

Indeed, in the violet dusk, the great Mastabah Pyramid of Méydum seemed already to loom above them, although it was quite four miles away. The narrow path along which they trotted their donkeys ran through the fertile lowlands of the Fayoum. They had just passed a village, amid an angry chorus from the pariah dogs, and were now following the track along the top of the embankment. Where the green carpet merged ahead into the gray ocean of sand the desert began, and out in that desert, resembling some weird work of nature rather than anything wrought by the hand of man, stood the gloomy and lonely building ascribed by the Egyptologists to the Pharoah Sneferu.

Dr. Cairn and his son rode ahead, and Sime, with Ali Mohammed, brought up the rear of the little company.

"I am completely in the dark, sir," said Robert Cairn, "respecting the object of our present journey. What leads you to suppose that we shall find Antony Ferrara here?"

"I scarcely hope to *find* him here," was the enigmatical reply, "but I am almost certain that he *is* here. I might have expected it, and I blame myself for not having provided against—this."

"Against what?"

"It is impossible, Rob, for you to understand this matter. Indeed, if I were to publish what I know—not what I imagine, but what I know—about the Pyramid of Méydum, I

should not only call down upon myself the ridicule of every Egyptologist in Europe; I should be accounted mad by the whole world."

His son was silent for a time; then: "According to the guide-books," he said, "it is merely an empty tomb."

"It is empty, certainly," replied Dr. Cairn grimly, "or that apartment known as the King's Chamber is now empty. But even the so-called King's Chamber was not empty once; and there is another chamber in the Pyramid which is not empty *now!*"

"If you know of the existence of such a chamber, sir, why have you kept it secret?"

"Because I cannot *prove* its existence; I do not know how to enter it, but I know it is there; I know what it was formerly used for—and I suspect that last night it was used for that same unholy purpose again; after a lapse of perhaps four thousand years! Even you would doubt me, I believe, if I were to tell you—what I know, if I were to hint at what I suspect. But no doubt in your reading you have met with Julian the Apostate?"

"Certainly, I have read of him. He is said to have practised necromancy."

When he was at Carra, in Mesopotamia, he retired to the Temple of the Moon, with a certain sorcerer and some others, and, his nocturnal operations concluded, he left the temple locked, the door sealed, and placed a guard over the gate. He was killed in the war, and never returned to Carra, but when, in the reign of Jovian, the seal was broken and the temple opened, a woman was found hanging by her hair. I will spare you the particulars; it was a case of that most awful form of sorcery—*anthropomancy!*"

An expression of horror had crept over Robert Cairn's face.

"Do you mean, sir, that this pyramid was used for similar purposes?"

"In the past it has been used for many purposes," was the quiet reply. "The exodus of the bats points to the fact that it was again used for one of those purposes last night; the exodus of the bats—and something else."

Sime, who had been listening to this strange conversation, cried out from the rear:

"We cannot reach it before sunset!"

"No," replied Dr. Cairn, turning in his saddle; "but that does not matter. Inside the pyramid, day and night makes no difference."

Having crossed a narrow wooden bridge, they turned now fully in the direction of the great ruin, pursuing a path along the opposite bank of the cutting. They rode in silence for some time, Robert Cairn deep in thought.

"I suppose that Antony Ferrara actually visited this place last night," he said suddenly, "although I cannot follow your reasoning. But what leads you to suppose that he is there now?"

"This," answered his father slowly. "The purpose for which I believe him to have come here, would detain him at least two days and two nights. I shall say no more about it, because if I am wrong, or if for any reason I am unable to establish my suspicions as facts, you would certainly regard me as a madman if I had confided those suspicions to you."

Mounted upon donkeys, the journey from Rekka to the Pyramid of Méydum, occupies fully an hour and a half, and the glories of the sunset had merged into the violet dusk of Egypt before the party passed the outskirts of the cultivated land, and came upon the desert sands. The mountainous pile of granite, its peculiar orange hue a ghastly yellow in the moonlight, now assumed truly monstrous proportions, seeming like a great square tower rising in three stages from its mound of sand to some three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the desert.

There is nothing more awesome in the world than to find one's self at

night, far from all fellow-men, in the shadow of one of those edifices raised by unknown hands, by unknown means, to an unknown end; for, despite all the wisdom of our modern inquiries, these stupendous relics remain unsolved riddles set to posterity by a mysterious people.

Neither Sime nor Ali Mohammed were of highly strung temperament, neither subject to those subtle impressions which more delicate organizations receive, as the nostrils receive an exhalation from such a place as this. But Dr. Cairn and his son, though each in a different way, came now with the aura of this temple of the dead ages.

The great silence of the desert—a silence like no other in the world; the loneliness, which must be experienced to be appreciated, of that dry and tideless ocean; the traditions which had grown up like fungi about this venerable building. Lastly, the knowledge that it was associated in some way with the sorcery, the unholy activity, of Antony Ferrara, combined to chill them with a supernatural dread which it called for all their courage to combat.

"What now?" said Sime, descending from his mount.

"We must lead the donkeys up the slope," replied Dr. Cairn, "where those blocks of granite are, and tether them there."

In silence then the party commenced the tedious ascent of the mound by the narrow path to the top, until at some hundred and twenty feet above the surrounding plain they found themselves actually under the wall of the mighty building. The donkeys made fast.

"Sime and I," said Dr. Cairn quietly, "will enter the pyramid."

"But—" interrupted his son.

"Apart from the fatigue of the operation," continued the doctor, "the temperature in the lower part of the pyramid is so tremendous, and the air so bad, that in your present state of health it would be absurd for you to attempt it. Apart from which there is a possibility more important task to be undertaken here, outside."

He turned his eyes upon Sime, who was listening intently, and continued:

"Whilst we are penetrating to the interior by means of the sloping passage on the north side, Ali Mohammed and yourself must mount guard on the south side."

"What for?" said Sime rapidly.

"For the reason," replied Dr. Cairn, "that there is an entrance on to the first stage—"

"But the first stage is nearly seventy feet above us. Even assuming that there were an entrance there—which I doubt—escape by that means would be impossible. No one could climb down the face of the pyramid from above, no one has ever succeeded in climbing up. For the purpose of surveying the pyramid a scaffold had to be erected. Its sides are quite unscalable."

"That may be," agreed Dr. Cairn; "but, nevertheless, I have my reasons for placing a guard over the south side. If anything appears upon the stage above, anything—shoot, and shoot straight!"

He repeated the same instructions to Ali Mohammed, to the evident surprise of the latter.

"I don't understand at all," muttered Sime; "but as I presume you have a good reason for what you do, let it be as you propose. Can you give me any idea respecting what we may hope to find inside this place? I only entered once, and am not anxious to repeat the experiment. The air is unbreathable, the descent to the level passage below is stiff work, and, apart from the inconvenience of navigating the latter passage, which as you probably know is only sixteen inches high, the climb up the vertical shaft into the tomb is not a particularly safe one. I exclude the possibility of snakes," he added ironically.

"You have also omitted the possibility of Antony Ferrara," said Dr. Cairn.

"Pardon my scepticism, doctor; but I cannot imagine any man's voluntarily remaining in that awful place."

"Yet I am greatly mistaken if he is not there!"

"Then he is trapped!" said Sime grimly, examining a Browning pistol which he carried, "unless—"

He stopped, and an expression, almost of fear, crept over his stoical features.

"That sixteen-inch passage," he muttered, "with Antony Ferrara at the further end!"

"Exactly!" said Dr. Cairn, "but I consider it my duty to the world to proceed. I warn you that you are about to face the greatest peril, probably, which you will ever be called upon to encounter. I do not ask you to do this, I am quite prepared to go alone."

"That remark was wholly unnecessary, doctor," said Sime, rather truculently. "Suppose the other two proceed to their post."

"But, sir," began Robert Cairn.

"You know the way," said the doctor with an air of finality. "There is not a moment to waste, and although I fear that we are too late, it is just possible we may be in time to prevent a dreadful crime."

The tall Egyptian and Robert Cairn went stumbling off amongst the heaps of rubbish and broken masonry, until an angle of the great wall concealed them from view. Then the two who remained continued the climb yet higher, following the narrow zigzag path leading up to the entrance of the descending passage. Immediately under the square black hole, they stood and glanced at one another.

"We may as well leave our outer garments here," said Sime. "I note that you wear rubber-soled shoes, but I shall remove my boots, as otherwise I should be unable to obtain any foothold."

Dr. Cairn nodded, and without more ado, proceeded to strip off his coat, an example which was followed by Sime. It was as he stooped and placed his hat upon the little bundle of clothes at his feet, that Dr. Cairn detected something which caused him to stoop yet lower and to peer at that dark object on the ground with a strange intentness.

"What is it?" jerked Sime, glancing back at him.

Dr. Cairn, from a hip pocket, took out an electric lamp, and directed the white ray upon something lying on the splintered fragments of granite.

It was a bat; a fairly large one, and a clot of blood marked the place where its head had been. For the bat was decapitated.

As though anticipating what he should find there, Dr. Cairn flashed the ray of the lamp all about the ground in the vicinity of the entrance to the pyramid. Scores of dead bats, headless, lay there.

"For God's sake! what does this mean?" whispered Sime, and glancing apprehensively into the black entrance beside him.

"It means," answered Cairn, in a low voice, "that my suspicion, almost incredible though it seems, was well founded. Steel yourself against the task that is before you, Sime; we stand upon the border-land of strange horrors."

Sime hesitated to touch any of the dead bats, surveying them with an ill-concealed repugnance.

"What kind of creature," he whispered, "has done this?"

"One of a kind that the world has not known for many ages! The most evil kind of creature conceivable; a man-devil!"

"But what does he want with bats' heads?"

"The *Cynonycteris*, or Pyramid bat, has a leaf-like appendage beside the nose. A gland in this secretes a rare oil. This oil is one of the ingredients of the incense which is never named in the magical writings."

Sime shuddered.

"Here!" said Dr. Cairn, profer-

ring a flask; "this is only the overture! No nerves."

The other nodded shortly, and poured out a peg of brandy.

"Now," said Dr. Cairn, "shall I go ahead?"

"As you like," replied Sime quietly, and again quite master of himself. "Look out for snakes. I will carry the light and you can keep yours handy in case you may need it."

Dr. Cairn drew himself up into the entrance. The passage was less than four feet high; and generations of sand-storms had polished its sloping granite floor so as to render it impossible to descend except by resting one's hands on the roof above, and lowering one's self foot by foot.

A passage of this description, descending at a sharp angle for over two hundred feet, not particularly easy to negotiate, and progress was slow. Dr. Cairn at every five yards or so, would stop, and with the pocket-lamp, which he carried, would examine the sandy floor and the crevices between the huge blocks composing the passage, in quest of those faint tracks which warn the traveller that a servant has recently passed that way. Then replacing his lamp, he would proceed. Sime followed in like manner, employing only one hand to support himself, and, with the other, constantly directing the ray of his pocket torch past his companion, and down into the blackness beneath.

Out in the desert, the atmosphere had been sufficiently hot; but now with every step it grew hotter and hotter. That indescribable smell, as of a decay began in remote ages, that rises with the impalpable dust in these mysterious labyrinths of ancient Egypt which never knew the light of day, rose stiflingly; until, at some forty or fifty feet below the level of the sand outside, respiration became difficult, and the two paused, bathed in perspiration and gasping for air.

"Another thirty or forty feet," panted Sime, "and we shall be in the level passage. There is a sort of low, artificial cavern there, you may remember, where, although we cannot stand upright, we can sit and rest for a few moments."

Speech was exhausting, and no further words were exchanged until the bottom of the slope was reached, and the combined lights of the two pocket-lamps showed them that they had reached a tiny chamber irregularly hewn in the living rock. This, also was less than four feet high, but its jagged floor being level, they were enabled to pause here for a while.

"Do you notice something unfamiliar in the smell of the place?"

Dr. Cairn was the speaker. Sime nodded, wiping the perspiration from his face the while.

"It was bad enough when I came here before," he said hoarsely. "It is terrible work for a heavy man. But to-night it seems to be reeking. I have smelt nothing like it in my life."

"Correct," replied Dr. Cairn grimly. "I trust that, once clear of this place, you will never smell it again."

"What is it?"

"It is the *incense*," was the reply. "Come, the worst of our task is before us yet."

The continuation of the passage now showed as an opening no more than fifteen to seventeen inches high. It was necessary, therefore, to lie prone upon the rubbish of the floor, and to proceed serpent fashion; one could not even employ one's knees, so low was the roof, but was compelled to progress by clutching at the irregularities in the wall, and by digging the elbows into the splintered stones one crawled upon!

For three yards or so they proceeded thus. Then Dr. Cairn lay suddenly still.

"What is it?" whispered Sime.

A threat of panic was in his voice. He dared not conjecture what would happen if either should be overcome in that evil-smelling burrow, deep in the bowels of the ancient building. At that moment, it seemed to him, ab-

surdly enough, that the weight of the giant pile rested upon his back, was crushing him, pressing the life out from his body as he lay there prone, with his eyes fixed upon the rubber soles of Dr. Cairn's shoes, directly in front of him.

But softly came a reply:

"Do not speak again! Proceed as quietly as possible, and pray heaven we are not expected!"

Sime understood. With a malignant enemy before them, this hole in the rock through which they crawled was a certain death-trap. He thought of the headless bats and of how he, in crawling out into the shaft ahead, must lay himself open to a similar fate!

Dr. Cairn moved slowly onward. Despite their anxiety to avoid noise, neither he nor his companion could control their heavy breathing. Both were panting for air. The temperature now was deathly. A candle would scarcely have burned in the vitiated air; and above that odour of ancient rottenness which all explorers of the monuments of Egypt know, rose that other indescribable odour which seemed to stifle one's very soul.

Dr. Cairn stopped again.

Sime knew, having performed this journey before, that his companion must have reached the end of the passage, that he must be lying peering out into the shaft, for which they were making. He extinguished his lamp.

Again Dr. Cairn moved forward. Stretching out his hand, Sime found only emptiness. He wriggled forward, in turn, rapidly, all the time groping with his fingers. Then:

"Take my hand!" came a whisper. "Another two feet, and you can stand upright."

He proceeded, grasped the hand which was extended to him in the impenetrable darkness, and panting, temporarily exhausted, rose upright beside Dr. Cairn, and stretched his cramped limbs.

Side by side they stood, mantled about in such a darkness as cannot be described; in such a silence as dwellers in the busy world cannot conceive; in such an atmosphere of horror that only a man morally and physically brave could have retained his composure.

Dr. Cairn bent to Sime's ear.

"We *must* have the light for the ascent," he whispered. "Have your pistol ready; I am about to press the button of the lamp."

A shaft of white light shone suddenly up the rocky sides of the pit in which they stood, and lost itself in the gloom of the chamber above.

"On to my shoulders," jerked Sime, "you are lighter than I. Then, as soon as you can reach, place your lamp on the floor above, and mount up beside it. I will follow."

Dr. Cairn, taking advantage of the rugged walls, and of the blocks of stone amid which they stood, mounted upon Sime's shoulders.

"Could you carry your revolver in your teeth?" asked the latter. "I think you might hold it by the trigger-guard."

"I proposed to do so," replied Dr. Cairn grimly. "Stand fast!"

Gradually he rose upright upon the other's shoulders; then, placing his foot in a cranny of the rock, and with his left hand grasping a protruding fragment above, he mounted yet higher, all the time holding the lighted lamp in his right hand. Upward he extended his arms, and upward, until he could place the lamp upon the ledge above his head, where its white beam shone across the top of the shaft.

"Mind it does not fall!" panted Sime, craning his head upward to watch these operations.

Dr. Cairn, whose strength and agility were wonderful, twisted around sideways, and succeeded in placing his foot on a ledge of stone on the opposite side of the shaft. Resting his weight upon this, he extended his hand to the lip of the opening, and drew himself up to the top, where

he crouched fully in the light below him, he reached out his hand to Sime. The latter, following much the same course as his companion, seized the extended hand, and soon found himself beside Dr. Cairn.

Impetuously, he snatched out his own lamp, and shone its beams about the weird apartment in which they found themselves — the so-called King's Chamber of the pyramid. Right and left leapt the searching rays, touching the ends of the wooden beams, which, practically fossilized by long contact with the rock, still survive in that sepulchral place. Above and below and all around he directed the light; upon the litter covering the rock floor, upon the blocks of the higher walls, upon the frowning roof.

They were alone in the King's Chamber!

III.

"There is no one here!"

Sime looked about the place excitedly.

"Fortunately for us," answered Dr. Cairn.

He breathed rather heavily, yet with his exertions, and, moreover, the air of the chamber was disgusting. But otherwise he was perfectly calm, although his face was pale and bathed in perspiration.

"Make as little noise as possible."

Sime, who, now that the place proved to be empty, began to cast of that dread which had possessed him in the passageway, found something ominous in the words.

Dr. Cairn, stepping carefully over the rubbish of the floor, advanced to the east corner of the chamber, waving his companion to follow. Side by side they stood there.

"Do you notice that the abominable smell of the incense is more overpowering here than anywhere?"

Sime nodded.

"You are right. What does that mean?"

Dr. Cairn directed the ray of light down behind a little mound of rubbish into a corner of the wall.

"It means," he said, with a subdued expression of excitement, "that we have got to crawl in there!"

Sime stifled an exclamation.

One of the blocks of the bottom tier was missing, a fact which he had not detected before by reason of the presence of the mound of rubbish before the opening.

"Silence again!" whispered Dr. Cairn.

He lay down flat, and, without hesitation, crept into the gap. As his feet disappeared, Sime followed. Here it was possible to crawl upon hands and knees. The passage was formed of square stone blocks. It was but three yards or so in length; then it suddenly turned upward at a tremendous angle of about four on one. Square footholds were cut in the lower face; the smell of incense was almost unbearable.

Dr. Cairn bent to Sime's ear.

"Not a word, now," he said. "No light—pistol ready!"

He began to mount. Sime, following, counted the steps. When they had mounted sixty, he knew that they must have come close to the top of the original cornice, and close to the first stage of the pyramid. Despite the shaft beneath, there was little danger of falling; for one could lean back against the wall while seeking for the foot-hole above.

Dr. Cairn mounted very slowly, fearful of striking his head upon some obstacle. Then, on the seventieth step, he found that he could thrust his foot forward, and that no obstruction met his knee. They had reached a horizontal passage.

Very softly he whispered back to Sime:

"Take my hand; I have reached the top."

They entered the passage. The heavy, sickly, sweet odour almost overpowered them; but, grimly set upon their purpose, they, after one moment of hesitancy, crept on.

A fitful light rose and fell ahead of them. It gleamed upon the polished walls of the corridor in which they now found themselves—that inexplicable light burning in a place which had known no light since the dim ages of the early Pharaohs!

When first that lambent light played upon the walls of the passage both stopped, stricken motionless with fear and amazement. Sime, who would have been prepared to swear that the Méydum Pyramid contained no apartment other than the King's Chamber, now was past mere wonder, past conjecture. But he could still fear. Dr. Cairn, although he had anticipated this, temporarily also fell a victim to the supernatural character of the phenomenon.

They advanced.

They looked into a square chamber of about the same size as the King's Chamber. In fact, although they did not realize it until later, this second apartment no doubt was situated directly above the first.

The only light was that of a fire burning in a tripod, and by means of this illumination, which rose and fell in a strange manner, it was possible to perceive the details of the place. But, in deed, at the moment they were not concerned with these; they had eyes only for the black-robed figure beside the tripod.

It was that of a man, who stood with his back towards them, and he chanted monotonously in a tongue unfamiliar to Sime. At certain points in his chant he would raise his arms in such a way that, clad in the black robe, he assumed the appearance of a gigantic bat. Each time that he acted thus, the fire in the tripod, as if fanned into new life, would leap up, casting a hellish glare about the place. Then, as the chanter dropped his arms again, the flame would drop also.

A cloud of reddish vapour floated low in the apartment. There were a number of curiously-shaped vessels upon the floor, and against the farther wall, only rendered visible when the flames leapt high, was some motionless white object, apparently hung from the roof.

Dr. Cairn drew a hissing breath and grasped Sime's wrist.

"We are too late!" he said strangely.

He spoke at a moment when his companion, peering through the ruddy gloom of the place, had been endeavouring more clearly to perceive that ominous shape which hung, horrible, in the shadow. He spoke, too, at a moment when the man in the black robe raised his arms—when, as if obedient to his will, the flames lept up fitfully.

Although Sime could not be sure of what he saw, the recollection came to him of words recently spoken by Dr. Cairn. He remembered the story of Julian the Apostate, Julian the Emperor—the Necromancer. He remembered what had been found in the Temple of the Moon after Julian's death. He remembered that Lady Lashmore—

"Am I mad?" he whispered hoarsely, "or—"

A thinly veiled shape seemed to float out from that still form in the shadows; it assumed definite outlines; it became a woman, beautiful with a beauty that could only be described as sinful.

She wore upon her brow the uraeum of Ancient Egypt royalty; her sole garment was a robe of finest gauze. Like a cloud, like a vision, she floated into the light cast by the tripod.

A voice—a voice which seemed to come from a vast distance, from somewhere outside the mighty granite walls of that unholy place, spoke. The language was unknown to Sime, but the fierce hand-grip upon his wrist grew fiercer. That dead tongue, that language unspoken since the dawn of Christianity, was known to the man who had been the companion of Sir Michael Ferrara.

In upon Sime swept a swift conviction—one could not witness such

a scene as this, and live—and move again amongst one's fellowmen! In a sort of frenzy, then, he wrenched himself free from the detaining hand, and launched a retort of modern science against the challenge of ancient sorcery.

Raising his Browning pistol, he fired—shot after shot—at that bat-like shape which stood between himself and the tripod!

A thousand frightful echoes filled the chamber with a demon mockery—boomed along those subterranean passages beneath, and bore the conflict of sound into the hidden places of the pyramid which had known not sound for untold generations.

"My God!"

Vaguely he became aware that Dr. Cairn was seeking to drag him away. Through a cloud of smoke he saw the black-robed figure turn; dream fashion, he saw the pallid, glistening face of Antony Ferrara, the long, evil eye, alight like the eyes of a serpent, were fixed upon him. He seemed to stand amid a chaos, in a mad world beyond the borders of reason, beyond the dominions of God. But to his stupefied mind one astounding fact found access.

He had fired at least seven shots at the black-robed figure, and it was not humanly possible that all could have gone wide of the mark.

Yet Antony Ferrara lived!

Utter darkness blotted out the evil vision. Then there was a white light ahead; and feeling that he was struggling for sanity. Sime managed to realize that Dr. Cairn, retreating along the passage, was crying to him in a voice rising almost to a shriek, to run—run for his life—for his salvation!

"*You should not have fired!*" he seemed to hear.

"Down flat!"

Some sense of reality was returning to him. Now he perceived that Dr. Cairn was urging him to crawl back along the short passage by which they had entered from the King's Chamber.

Heedless of hurt, he threw himself down, and pressed on.

"I have dropped my pistol!" muttered Sime.

He threw off the supporting arm, and turned to that corner behind the heap of debris where was the opening through which they had entered the satanic temple.

No opening was visible!

"He has closed it!" cried Dr. Cairn. "There are six stone doors between here and the place above! If he had succeeded in shutting one of them before we—"

"My God!" whispered Sime. "Let us get out! I am nearly at the end of my tether!"

Fear lends wings, and it was with something like the lightness of a bird that Sime descended the shaft. At the bottom:

"On to my shoulders!" he cried, looking up.

Dr. Cairn lowered himself to the foot of the shaft. "You go first," he said.

Sime, with his breath whistling sibilantly between his clenched teeth, hauled himself through the low passage with incredible speed. The two worked their way, arduously, up the long slope. They saw the blue sky above them. . . .

"Something like a huge bat," said Robert Cairn, "crawled out upon the first stage. We both fired—"

Dr. Cairn raised his hand. We lay exhausted at the foot of the mound.

"He had lighted the incense," he replied, "and was reciting the secret ritual. I cannot explain; but your shots were wasted. We came too late—"

"Lady Lashmore—"

"Until the Pyramid of Méydum is pulled down, stone by stone, the world will never know her fate! Sime and I have looked in at the gate of hell. Only the hand of God plucked us back! Look!"

He pointed to Sime. He lay, pallid, with closed eyes.

THE TALE OF A RUNAWAY STORY

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

THE cry of an auto-horn wailed through the night, as the big, six-cylinder car sped through the hills. The glare of the headlights illumined the high wall of rock which hemmed the road to the right; every pebble stood out in bold relief in the dazzling brilliance which finally lost itself in the depths of the yawning chasm at the left.

A moment later, under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, the car was bowling smoothly along an undulating country road with grass growing luxuriantly between the wheel-ruts of the rustic wains which were its most familiar travellers. The fields which lined the way were yellow with golden-rod and white with serried troops of daisies. The breeze which the car made for itself in the lazy, summer air was redolent with the fragrance of clover.

The change of scene was not geographical; it was purely literary. The author had merely decided to alter the setting of his tale. The difference in light effects and general atmospheric conditions was due to the same vagary of creative whim.

Somewhat back from the road, two, stately elms whispered together in low, susurrous murmurs. Their function was like to that of the Greek chorus; they had furnished a conversational background for many scenes, for they had been employed by this particular author for a long time. They had never been able to reconcile his unceremonious transitions with their personal views of arboreal dignity; but, nevertheless, sinking their pride, they continued to talk over the heads of his characters —sometimes, even over the heads of his readers.

To-day there were three travellers seated in the big touring car, a man, a woman and a chauffer. The girl was young and fair with gray eyes that held a childish innocence as they smiled up into those of the reader. Right away, that reader knew she would be the heroine. She might retain the girlish innocence, amounting almost, to a silly simplicity; or in the crucible of imminent disaster, she might become "a commanding, young figure in white"—a favourite trick the author had of playing her. But you could rely on that, whenever she appeared upon the page, she was bound to be the heroine of the tale. Futhermore she was the author's most pampered heroine. He never failed to provide her with handsome and costly gowns, or with those whose severe simplicity of line at once revealed their price to the discerning eye. He saw to it that she rode in nothing but the most expensive touring cars and limousines; for—in fiction—the finest cars cost no more than the poorest runabout—and verbal gasoline is cheap. This heroine would have been shocked at thought of a taxi.

The man who sat beside her in the car was tall, dark-visaged, strong of frame. About his eyes, was a sinister look of double-dealing and intrigue for which the author held a special literary patent. Here again, the reader could not be at a loss; the villain, this author's villain, his old reliable brand of villain—sold at all the leading newstands—was unmistakable in whatever book or whatsoever magazine he might come.

The chauffeur was another matter entirely. Perhaps he would turn out to be a sort of first-aid to the heroine. He might even be the hero at a pinch—a college graduate, scion of some wealthy sire in temporary banishment for the more than ordinary playful follies of youth. On the other hand he might, in complicity with the villain, develop a deep-dyed rascallity second only to the pre-eminent wickedness of that arch-fiend, himself. To-day he was French; to-morrow he might be Italian; he was generally one or the other. The author had often looked longingly at Spanish, as a woman will inspect some ultra fashionable article of dress which is, however, utterly beyond her means; but in the main he made his chauffeurs French. Otherwise he would have had a large stock of carefully acquired Parisian expletives lying useless on his hands.

Somewhere about the bottom of the third page of the manuscript, the car came suddenly upon the the verge of a steep declivity—the farmers of the locality called it "Brigge's Hill." The chauffeur was utterly unprepared for this. He had driven over this road a hundred times, in good weather and bad, in tragic and comic tales; but the road had always run smoothly on to some quiet roadhouse, or into some peaceful villiage. Adventure might spring up beyond; but the road had always been perfectly dependable as far as that roadhouse or village.

Little wonder then that the chauffeur was surprised. He looked up suddenly from a pleasant reverie in which he dreamed of his beloved boulevards of Paris, to mutter *Peste! Sacre!* and *Nom de Dieu!* in rapid succession. This was the author's favourite way of indicating surprise, followed by consternation, ending in furious anger.

The chauffeur was in the last stage. Surprising one's readers is all very well, highly commendable at times; but to surprise one's characters, one's partners in friction—that is another matter! The chauffeur had almost said "a horse of another colour" when he remembered that horses of any colour whatever were considerably beneath his chauffeurial contempt.

His surprise would not, however, have prevented his applying the brakes, and safely negotiating the descent, had not the author wilfully smitten him with a nervous chill—purely of his own invention and having no apparent natural cause; perhaps it was in retaliation for the resentment of the chauffeur—for what right have mere characters to resent the decrees of the authors of their being or the publishers of their person? At all events the author had smitten him with this fortuitous chill with the result that the motor car, feeling the helplessness of the foot at the throttle leaped madly on its course.

Meanwhile, for about three pages back, the black-hearted villain had been artfully wooing the fair Hope Gray—That was the lady's name, rather a pretty one, and a prime favourite with the author. He—the author or the villain—it is all the same—had poured exactly one thousand words—a good hour's work—of honeyed love-making into the pink shells that were Hope Gray's ears, while he gazed into the deep wells of her limpid, not to say pellucid eyes. He, the villain of course, had at the same time, with the aid of the author's "Manual of Engineering," been able to ascertain the exact acreage of the wholly desirable fields

which bordered the road, and which were among the extensive holdings of the bluff, old squire, Hope Gray's dad.

Thus it was that, while his voice was glibly breathing "I love you," his mind was reiterating with promotorial gusto "Ten thousand acres, cut up into subdivisions!"

Of course, the author could easily have said in so many words that this old and trusted villain of his was courting the beautiful heroine for her father's property; but, had he done so, he would have lost most of his feminine following; and must have shortened his tale by that thousand words at the rate of five cents a word. It was not to be thought of—utterly out of the question. Think of the outrageous cost of living, and you must instantly agree.

Be that as it was, the villain was still wooing the heroine in manner aforesaid and with the collateral calculations noted, when they came suddenly upon the brow of "Brigge's Hill." Perhaps his attention had been a little too much occupied by his calculations in real estate, for a false note had crept into his wooing. The maiden was just about to repulse him with the modern equivalent of "Unhand me, wretch! Villain, have done, I say!", when the car nosed into the descent.

Already the chauffeur had steeled himself against the fit of literary palsy with which the author had smitten him; but it was too late. The car was bounding down the uneven wagon-track which hugged the high wall of the hill. Every lurch threatened to tumble it a considerable number of feet to the valley below. This must spell "DEATH"—in enormous capitals—for its luckless occupants.

The brunette villain was now as pale as his swarthy complexion would permit. (The author had turned off the sunshine; rushed on the darkness; and had, himself, lighted the great headlights of the car). The chauffeur, thoroughly terrified, accidently pressed the button operating the horn, and its voice wailed through the darkness, as it had done in the discarded opening paragraph of the tale. The long revealing shafts of the headlights staggered drunkenly in the velvet blackness of the night. The car plunged madly on.

Rising to his feet, the villain whose complexion now shown sickly white with the phosphorescent luminosity of an unhealthy cheese (That is how it must have appeared if the author's high-sounding description had been accurate) braced himself against the trembling heroine, and leaped from the flying car. In the bewildering darkness, the frantic scoundrel misjudged his distance, his direction, and even his intention. He was hurled to instant and entirely satisfactory death on the rocks below.

Left alone in the wide expanse of the deserted tonneau—with an alarming stretch of white paper below her on the manuscript—Hope Gray felt a cold fear clutch at her heart. There was no friendly shoulder against which she might trustingly cower, crouch or snuggle, secure in the sense of the eternal adequacy of the man—whoever he might be—to meet and overcome the most devilish complications that the mind of author ever devised. But stay, there was always the author, himself. He had never forsaken her. Surely he would guide her safely through the terrors of this black night and white paper. He would do it for his own sake, for was she not his most remunerative heroine?

Trustingly the gray eyes smiled up at him as he pounded away at the typewriter. There was a comforting reassurance in the smile which he flashed back at her; he was merely striving for a whirlwind finish. The tale would soon be told; and no editor had ever known him to violate the unwritten law of the happy ending.

True, he would save her, but she, too, must help in the solution of the dilemma. She caught sight of the

chauffeur. She had known that he was there, but she had forgotten him. He had not as yet, by any overact, allied himself with the forces of good of ill. Pleadingly, she flung her white arms about his neck. She was just about to whisper a few appropriate extracts from Browning's "Last Ride Together," when he, too, leapt to his feet.

Wildly, he clutched at his throat to free it from those strangling arms. He had mistaken their clasp for the throttling grip of the cruel fingers of the villain, whose departure he had failed to observe and with whom he had entered into conspiracy—upon a commission basis—to secure the fruitful fields of Old Man Gray. Shaking himself free from the clinging arms, the now terrified Frenchman cast himself from the swaying car.

As he did so, he stepped upon the button of the horn; and once more its weird skirl resounded through the night. With an answering shriek, he, too, plunged to his death below.

Now did the plight of Hope Gray appear desperate indeed. But she did not falter. Glancing up at the perspiring author with her brave, young smile, she clambered forward into the driving seat. Firmly she grasped the steering-wheel, and sat erect—a commanding young figure in white! With strong, young arms—tense as the very finest piano wire—she held the bounding motor to the road until it rolled out well upon the level.

The girl leaned forward on the wheel, smiling tenderly up at the author. He smiled back at her, and there was the promise of many saleable tales in that exchange of knowing glances. The author gallantly assisted her to alight.

Both had forgotten the car; and realizing that its power had not been shut off, the face of the motor grinned—from lamp to lamp. Chuckling contentedly, it rolled off the road into the margin of the last page of the manuscript. It had been a good run—six thousand words at least! The car fancied it had got a little out of hand, that journey—even out of the hand of the author.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

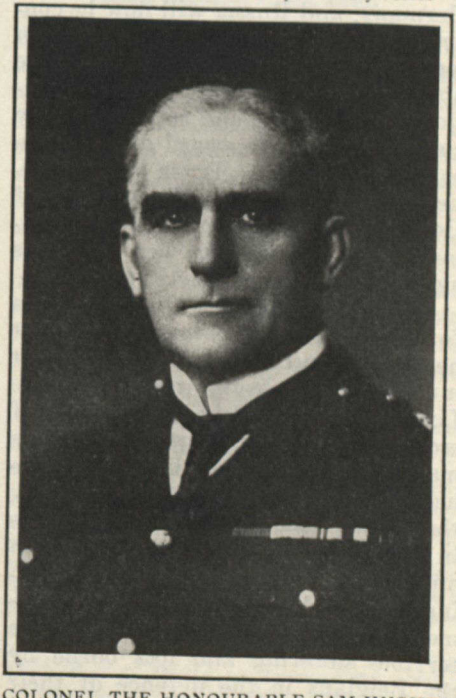
FOR over a month the tide of battle in France and Belgium ebbed and flowed, victory resting now with one side and now with the other. Anxious days those when the fate of Paris and of civilization seemed to be in the balance, as the German machine pressed onward with ruthless determination. For weeks hope and despair struggled for the mastery as with irritating reiteration the despatches from Paris and London recorded strategical retirements of the Allies. Then the veil was lifted by General Sir John French's memorable despatch recording the miraculous escape of the British by a four days' retreat that will live in history with the most notable achievements of British arms. Outnumbered four to one, the British expeditionary force by brilliant leadership and the dauntless courage of the men succeeded in extricating itself from the clutches of a powerful and persistent enemy and placing the River Oise between it and its pursuers. The wonderful resource of the divisional commanders and the bulldog tenacity of the men saved the retreat from becoming a disorderly rout. The British troops were no sooner detrained at the front than they went into action, only to discover to their dismay that the French were retiring all along the line. This necessitated a similar movement on the part of the British. The extreme left, held by the British under General Smith-Dorien, had to bear the whole brunt of the turning movement of the German right, and at times was in danger of annihilation. How the British retired slowly and sullenly, fighting every foot of the way with their face to the foe, inflicting terrible losses on the Kaiser's troops as they stood at bay, thrilled the whole world when the belated official account of the early operations was published. The Kaiser was evidently bent on destroying the British army by one swift, decisive blow. Thousands of German soldiers were wantonly sacrificed as the enemy hurled dense masses of infantry and clouds of cavalry at the retiring British, harassing them day and night and not allowing the men a moment's rest.

For a few days Paris seemed to be within the grasp of the exultant foe. President Poincare and the members of the French Government, bankers, newspapers, and other interests threatened by the impending fall of the Capital, left for Bordeaux, the new seat of government. But the German, with his guns and cavalry within thirty miles of Paris, had reached the highwater mark of his military success on French soil. Sweeping past Paris, the enemy for a day or two seemed to be hesitating. As the Allies did not choose to shut themselves up in any fortified place the Kaiser was evidently undecided in his mind as to whether the occupation of Paris was the more pressing objective. Like a bolt from the blue the news trickled through that the German advance on Paris had been halted and their offensive met by a counter-attack along

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE
In Supreme Command of the British Navy

FIELD-MARSHALL SIR JOHN FRENCH
Commander of the British Expeditionary Forces

FIELD-MARSHALL EARL KITCHENER
Secretary of State for War



COLONEL THE HONOURABLE SAM HUGHES
Minister of Militia and Defence for Canada

the whole battlefront from Louvain to to Verdun. Then followed in quick succession reports of the enemy's retreat, of the demoralization of the German troops, of great confusion and heavy captures of ammunition and supply transports. At the end of August the British casualties alone amounted to twenty thousand. On the German side the losses were proportionately higher than among the Allies. It is estimated that nearly a quarter million Germans were either killed, wounded, or captured.

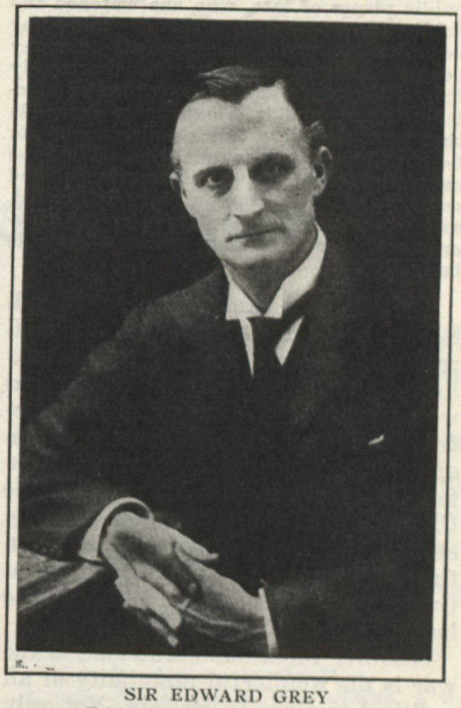
In the east, Russia succeeded, after one of the fiercest battles ever waged, in bringing Austria-Hungary to her knees. Two Austrian armies—the flower of the Austrian Empire—were routed in a series of engagements in Galicia and Russian Poland, and Lemberg in Galicia, and Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, were evacuated. This smashing defeat of the Austrians forced the Kaiser to withdraw several army corps from Belgium and France for the defence of Germany, and Russia will now be confronted with the pick of the German legions. Austria may sue for peace at any moment. Her internal condition is very grave, and revolution may complete what the sword of the Muscovite has spared. Servia and Montenegro are driving the Teuton out of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Roumania is sharpening her weapons against the day of partition.

Events have taken a dramatic turn for the Kaiser. Despatches relate that he is pale and haggard. For him it must mean the beginning of the end. Look where he will he sees no way of escape from the retribution which his mad deed has brought upon him. He has outraged the civilized world by the barbarous methods of his armies in Belgium. The burning of Louvain and many smaller places, the shooting in cold blood of non-combatants—men, women, and children—and the terrible suffering and loss borne by the Belgians in the defence of their soil from the treaty-breaking invader, have combined to stir the wrath of civilized nations, and to make difficult any attempt to stop the war until the power of Germany is humbled in the dust.

At sea the Germans are impotent. By a dashing and hazardous attack under the guns of fortified Heligoland, part of the British fleet, under Admiral Beatty, succeeded in sinking several of the enemy's cruisers and gunboats, but up to the time of writing there is no indication that the Germans contemplate a decisive naval battle. They are relying on the murderous effects of floating mines to reduce the British fleet to smaller proportions. Henceforth, anyone caught laying mines will be shot at sight by the British. Several trading vessels flying the flags of neutral nations have been sunk by mines which the Germans recklessly strewed in the path of navigation. Germany's power by land and sea has been successfully challenged by the Allies. "To Berlin!" is now the rallying cry of the six allied nations, thirsting to be avenged for the terrible losses and suffering brought about by the German war lord.

One of the most remarkable results of the war has been the military spirit of the British people. It is said the British people put off doing a thing until they are compelled. As a rule they blunder through to victory after initial mistakes and reverses due to unpreparedness. The expeditionary force led by General Sir John French proved to be too small for the task before it when it first landed. But it saved France from a terrible reverse from which Joffre's army never might have recovered. Since then the British people have nobly responded to the call, and soon Britain will have an army of two million men. This in a country which rejects conscription is a remarkable testimony to the virility and patriotism of the people. In Canada, of the first twenty thousand enrolled, sixty per cent. proved to be British-born. In India there has been

a truly wonderful outpouring of wealth and men for the defence of the flag, and native troops, led by native princes, will fight side by side with British, Canadians, and Australians. Even far-away Thibet offered one thousand men and the prayers of its faithful. In South Africa, Boer and Briton have joined in an expedition into German East Africa. Germany will lose all her colonies. Whether they will be restored to her after the war remains to be determined. Her world ambitions have been brought to naught. Berlin is reported to be in a terrible condition through unemployment, and starvation stares the people in the face if the war is prolonged. All stock exchanges throughout Europe and America are still closed. An appeal from Austria for a loan was refused by Germany, probably because Berlin had no superfluous cash to dispose of to her ally. Germany has since floated a big loan to meet her own war expenditure. There is a feeling in well-informed circles that the war may last a year or two. To the lay mind this does not seem possible, having regard to the enormous loss of life and the dislocation of trade and commerce. For the Kaiser it is a life and death struggle. Already speculation is rife as to his future, and the opinion is freely expressed in England that terms of peace must include his abdication. The end may come sooner than is expected. The failure of the German plan of campaign in France may have serious results for the Kaiser in his own dominion. The German plan was to mass an overwhelming force on the Allies' left where the British were and to force the centre, cutting the British off from the French. This necessitated the weakening of the German centre, as the withdrawal of several corps for service in East Prussia reduced the number of men at the disposal of the Kaiser in his march on Paris. On the other hand, the Allies' left, driven back close to Paris, was strengthened by reinforcements from the Paris forts and by the arrival of fresh levies from the southwest. The weakening of the German centre brought it down to a strength no longer superior to the Allies' centre. By falling back fast enough to preserve an unbroken line and to gain the support of Paris, the Allies at the critical moment were able to meet the Germans on more equal terms. The fortunes of war were reversed. The Germans were compelled to fall back, with the Allies in hot pursuit. Paris was saved.



SIR EDWARD GREY
British Minister of Foreign Affairs

The press censors have a champion in *The Saturday Review*, who says:

"We entirely approve of the press censorship arrangement of Lord Kitchener and the Government, with this one reservation, in our view, that censorship is not quite drastic and thorough enough. War news should be kept down at a time like this: we say this with absolute conviction. It should be kept down in quantity, well kept down, whether it is of the kind that is likely to depress the public or whether it is of the kind likely to exalt the public. No one who has frequented

public places of late, who has watched the public demeanour, can doubt this—war news has a certain heady effect on many people which is distinctly and thoroughly bad. War news is in the nature of alcoholic 'nips'; and it is extremely desirable that at a time like this people should not be supplied with alcoholic nips. We have carefully followed the information served out by the Press Bureau since it started, and we express our gratitude to the Government for starting this admirable body."

Britain has excited universal admiration by her wonderful financial resources at this time of world-racking events. Mr. Lloyd George has won unstinted praise for his successful handling of the difficult problem of ways and means. Taking Mr. Austen Chamberlain into his counsel, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has succeeded in establishing confidence in the City, and in restoring comparatively normal conditions in respect to banking facilities and credit.

Another remarkable outcome of the war is the wonderful unanimity of all political sections in Britain. Not only have the extreme militant suffragists turned to the support of their old enemy, the Government, but also in Socialist and Labour circles the conduct of the war is approved. One notable example was the case of the South Wales miners who, in order to help the Admiralty, agreed to set aside the eight-hour day and to work on Sundays.

Britain is supremely confident of the outcome. She is determined to destroy once for all the power of Prussian militarism which has quadrupled the burdens of the peoples of every European country. With Lord Kitchener at the War Office, Sir John French at the front, and Jellicoe's watchdogs patrolling the North Sea, the British people sleep calmly in their beds of nights. Russia, France, and Britain have signed an agreement that they will act as a unit in respect to peace negotiations. To ensure that there shall be no mistake over the final adjustment of accounts between herself and Germany, Britain is aiming at putting a million men in the field before the end of the war. Deserted by Italy, and with Austria broken and humbled, the Kaiser will fight with the desperation of despair, but he must know that the end is in sight. The conflict of ideals is for the German Emperor a more significant portent than the clash of arms.

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The death of Pope Pius X. has removed one of the most attractive personalities that has adorned the chair of St. Peter. The new Pope is Giacomy della Chiesa, a member of the Italian nobility, born at Pegli, near Genoa, sixty years ago. "Benedict XV.," writes a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, "comes to rule when all the arts of diplomacy and the disinterestedness of the highest spirituality will be needed to enable the Papacy to regain its rôle as peacemaker, and to revive religion to those fair countries of Europe which now are devastated by terrific war."

The Library Table

AT THE SHRINE

By George Herbert Clarke. Cincinnati: The Stewart and Kidd Company.

THE poems of George Herbert Clarke are so well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine* that it seems only necessary here to mention their appearance in book form. Readers will be interested to know, however, that the author is yet another Canadian scholar who has won distinction in educational work in the United States. He is Professor of English Literature at the University of Tennessee, and the editor of a volume of selected poems by Shelley, as well as a work on Sidney Lanier. To praise his art in these pages would seem to be egotistical, but we might be permitted to say at least that to us his work possesses a fine introspective quality, a felicity of expression, and genuine poetic feeling. We quote the poem that gives title to the book:

AT THE SHRINE

Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it Thou, Thou alone, that art pure, and never another?

For the babe at my breast many deaths did my body endure:
The girl died, the virgin—yea, all that the Past counted pure.

Then the deepest last dying, the shudder so woeful and wild,
The smothering darkness . . . the pitiful cry of the child!

O, Mary, the bliss that came after—the rapture of bliss—
How I would laugh him to laughter, and how we would kiss!

How I would clasp him in terror when trouble would linger and stay!
Trouble? for any but him, my masterful man-child alway.

How he would lie in my bosom, and how I would breathe his name,
How I would watch him and love him and dream of his lordly far fame!

'Twas a wraith, a mistake—'twas not I that lived there in the Past,
A pale, futile girl—now a woman, a woman at least!

For how could she know, that pale one, so saintly and so clean,
That Madonna dwells eternal in the breast of Magdalene?

Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it Thou, Thou alone, that art pure, and never another?

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THE TREASURE

By Kathleen Norris. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a clever novel that has to do with the servant problem. The Salisburys keep house and have a hard time making both ends meet. The main fault is the continual waste in the culinary department. Further, the peace of Mrs. Salisbury is broken by her series of domestics, who are merely intermittent inmates in her "old-fashioned home." The problem is solved by the arrival of "the

treasure,'' a highly respectable young woman, with a college education in domestic science. Her methods create a revolution in the conservative mother's breast, but effect a considerable saving in the father's pocket-book. All of which causes the father, an unusually clear-visioned man, to offer the following comment:

"It's a funny thing about you women. You keep wondering why smart girls won't go into housework, and yet, if you get a girl who isn't a mere stupid machine, you resent every sign she gives of being an intelligent human being. No two of you keep house alike, and you jump on a girl the instant she hangs a dish-towel up the way you don't. It's you women who make life so hard for each other. There's going to be some domestic revolutionizing in the next few years. It's hard enough to get a maid now; pretty soon it will be impossible. Then you women will have to sit down and work the thing out, and ask yourselves why young American girls won't come into your home, and eat the best food in the land, and get well paid for what they do. You'll have to reduce the work of the American home to a system, that's all; and what you want done that isn't provided for in that system, you'll have to do yourselves.''

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FRANCE FROM BEHIND THE VEIL

By Count Paul Vassili. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

FOR politics, social life, and absorbing personal characters one could select no better country than France and no better city than Paris. But Count Vassili did not select France; France was selected for him, and all he had to do in preparation for the writing of this fascinating volume was to gather together the materials of which he was already quite familiar. He begins about fifty years ago, with the last days of the Empire, and brings his narrative down to the present time. At the outset, therefore, Napoleon III was in his sixtieth year, the victim of a painful malady and remorseful for the follies of youth. He is described as still maintaining the good looks and graceful dignity for which he was famous, and as being a sovereign to the finger-tips. He had many love affairs in which, contrary to French tradition, he had not the full sympathy of the Empress Eugenie. The Empress, indeed, smarted under the Emperor's foibles, and instead of smiling up her sleeve, as many another Frenchwoman would have done and has done, she made free with her confidences, with the inevitable result that the private conduct of Napoleon was well known even outside court circles. But if the Empress was indiscreet in this respect, she more than made up for it by her beauty, grace, and refinement. Count Vassili says that with the exception of the Empress Maria Feodorovna of Russia, he had never seen anyone bow like Eugenie, who, with a sweeping movement of the whole body, seemed to address each person in the room in particular and all in general. At forty she was still a great beauty, and it is said that when she finally left the glitter of the Tuileries she did not carry away with her even so much as a pocket-handkerchief. The volume is otherwise interesting because many of the personages discussed in it have international reputations. One chapter recounts the Dreyfus affair, and another deals with the meteoric career of General Boulanger, who committed suicide and ruined a political party because he could not bear to see a woman weep. The author points out the significance of the Dreyfus case. He regards it as the cause of a strong anti-military spirit abroad for years in France, and also for the reaction from the war against Roman Catholicism. Then, coming down to the present time, Count Vassili laments the disappearance, with the crinoline, of

good manners and refinement. It is, one might infer, a harking back to the good old days, but still it is perhaps too true, as the author avows, that "women have grown loud and men have become coarse, girls have lost their modesty, and boys have become impertinent." But one does not need to go to France to discover at least tendencies towards the same conditions here in America. Indeed, Count Vassili blames the change on the incursion of rich Americans, many of them Hebrew millionaires. He regards Paris as one vast hotel, "where one meets all kinds of people, and no one feels the necessity to observe etiquette or restraint. It is a place where the man who pays can obtain anything he wants." This is a book that gives one a frank, intimate glimpse into that circle of Parisian society in which there were many glaring weaknesses as well as excellent virtues.

*

THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY

By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

IN this instructive volume the author of "D'Arcy of the Guards" gives a remarkably frank and entertaining account of much of what took place in connection with the writing and producing of this well-known play. As far as one can make out, he started his work with a good idea and ended with a good play. He had sympathetic friends, such as Daniel Frohman, E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Frederick Taber, James K. Hackett, the head of at least one first-class literary agency, and many others; and yet before he saw his play actually produced and royalties coming to him he underwent many unnecessary discouragements and disappointments. A delay of several years was first caused by a contract made by himself and Frederick Taber without any time limit as to production. In the end Taber found that he could not produce the play. But at length Shipman made an agreement with Henry Miller, and the play was produced. The combined efforts of Miller and the author to improve the play is an illuminating insight into the possibilities of plays even after they have been produced. The details of the contract as to royalties and the like are given, and many letters from actors and managers are reproduced. The play was at first presented before various audiences throughout the States, and then it enjoyed a fair New York season. Later on it was taken up in London by Sir George Alexander, but was not a success over there. Every aspiring playwright should read this book. One can only conclude that if one whose friends and acquaintances in the theatrical profession were numerous had a hard time to get a good play produced it would be heart-rending for a beginner, especially if he were not well known.

*

PLANTATION STORIES OF OLD LOUISIANA

By Andrews Wilkinson. Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a fine book for boys. The stories are wholesome and entertaining, and there are as well many excellent anecdotes and quaint experiences. The insight into the wild life of the South is in itself well worth any boy's attention. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull have an unsurpassed quality in work of this description.

*

FOLIAGE

By W. H. Davies. London: Elkin Mathews.

WE confess a liking for this poetry, even if it is light and pleasant to read. It is not pretentious poetry. Rather is it like the spirit of the first stanza of "Strong Moments":

Sometimes I hear fine ladies sing,
Sometimes I smoke and drink with men;
Sometimes I play at games of cards—
Judge me to be no strong man then.

One of the strong moments, however, is in "Return to Nature," which is an appeal to the people of towns and cities to come out into the country:

My song is of that city which
Has men too poor and men too rich;
Where some are sick, too richly fed,
While others take the sparrows' bread;
Where some have beds to warm their bones,
While others sleep on hard, cold stones
That suck away their bodies' heat.

But for fine, buoyant optimism, for the real Davies touch, we quote:

A GREETING

Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend—
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk—
Be't calico or silk;
Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.

*

ODES

By Lawrence Binyon. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE first edition of this book, published in 1901, made the author famous. Now this second edition should help to spread his fame. It is not a book for the vulgar or uncultured, but it is a splendid example of what one reads as a gauge to one's taste and culture in literature. Here are the first few lines of "Orpheus in Thrace":

Dear is the newly won,
But, O, far dearer the for ever lost!
He that at utmost cost
His utmost deed hath done
The lost one to recover, and in vain,
What shall his heart, his anguished heart, sustain?
Not the warm and youthful sun,
Flowers breathing on the bough,
Nor a voice, nor music now—
Touches of joy, more hard to bear than pain!
These charm not where he is, but only there
Where she is gone, who took with her delight,
Peace, and all things fair,
And left the whole world bare.
And, O, what far well's fountain shall requite
Him who hath drunk so deeply of despair?

*

A STEPDAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE

By Margaret Lynn. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a relief to find a novel of Western prairie life that actually gives one a frank, natural picture. Most books of the West, as is well known, deal with Indians, cowboys, cattle rustlers, all very devilish characters, but this book has to do with the quiet domestic existence of a small girl on the prairie. Its charm lies mostly in its unaffected, simple style, and one leaves it with a feeling of what it would mean to live on the prairie. As a very little girl, the writer had no sympathy with the prairie and its moods, but the plot, if a word so suggestive of mechanics may be applied to her work, in which there is nothing of the artificial, reveals how the little girl's hatred of the prairie and all appertaining to it gradually changes into a feeling that prairie life can be endured, but that it is never a thing for enthusiasm, and finally evolves into a tremendous love for the plains.

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Follow Shackleton's example. He is taking Bovril to the Antartic because his men must get every ounce of nourishment out of their food.

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Got along with it for quite a good many years, but when indigestion, nervousness and biliousness began to bother, and my heart "kicked up" a little, Wife, without my knowing it began to serve

POSTUM

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are getting more than usual consideration in these troubled times, even from those who have hitherto spent freely. The steady toll of the barber shop is noticed now—and stopped—and more men every day are shaving themselves at home with the

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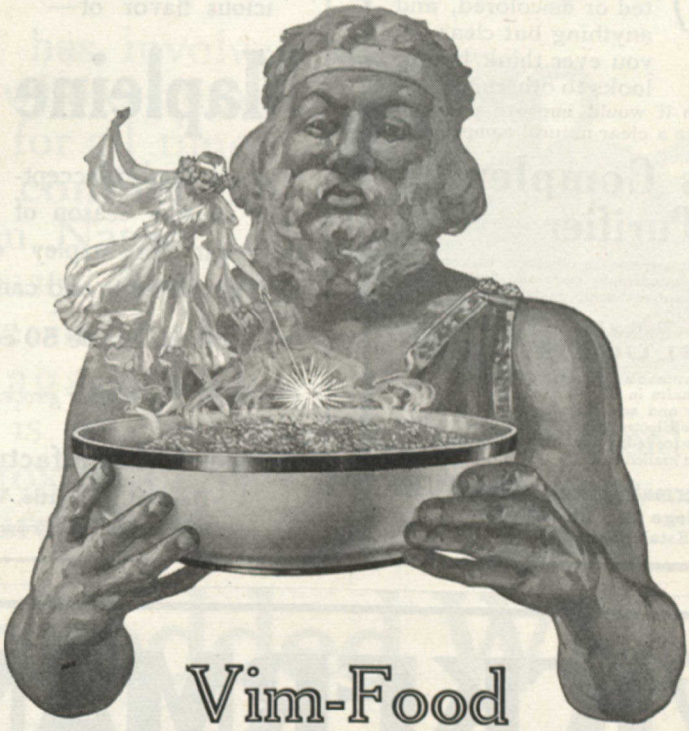

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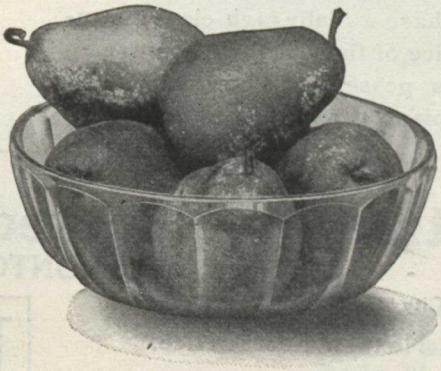
the food that keeps the bowels healthy and active by stimulating peristalsis in a natural way and at the same time supplies all the tissue-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form.



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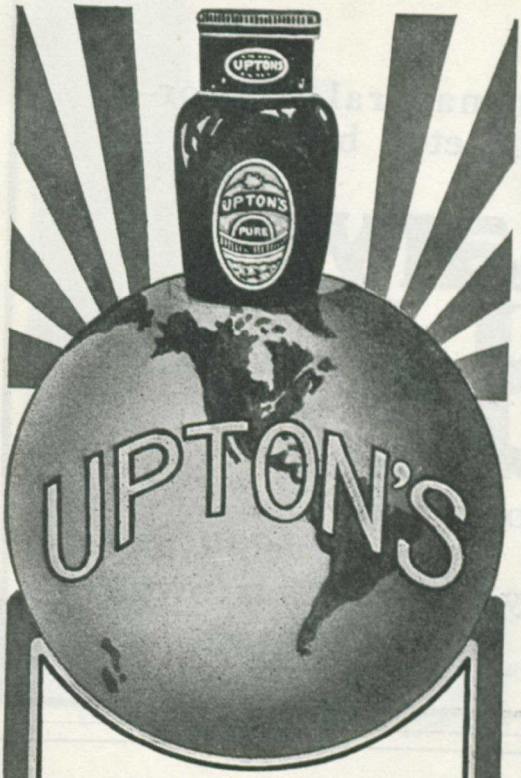

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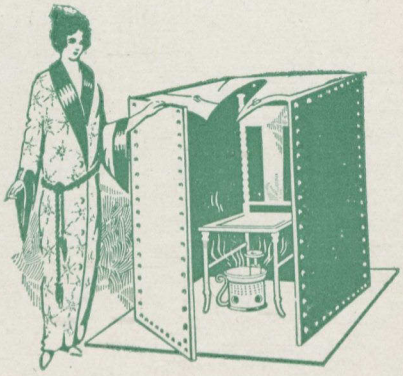

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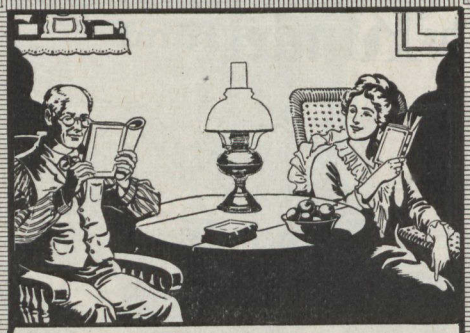

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Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

WRITE TO-DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH

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364 St. Catherine St. W.
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Oxydonor TRADE MARK

Guard the Rising Generation by using always in the home

EDDY'S
"SESQUI" Non-poisonous MATCHES

Positively harmless to children, even if accidently swallowed, because the composition with which the heads are tipped, contains *no poisonous ingredients.*

AN OLD GOULD STORY.

George Gould was making one of his last trips as president of the Missouri Pacific. His private car was laid on a siding for some reason or other, and he got out to stretch his legs. An old Irishman was tapping the wheels. Gould went up to him.

"Morning. How do you like the wheels?"

"Not worth a darn," said the Irishman.

"Well, how do you like the car?"

"It's good enough for the wheels."

"What do you think of the road?"

"It matches the car."

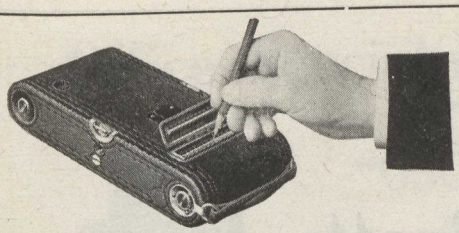
Gould looked at the old chap for a minute.

"Maybe you don't know who I am."

"Yes, I do," retorted the Irishman. "You're George Gould, and I knew your father when he was president of the road. And, by gob, he's going to be president again!"

"Why, my father is dead," said Mr. Gould.

"I know that," replied the Irishman, "and the road is going to hell."



The Autograph Kodak

Date and title your negatives, permanently, at the time you make them

TOUCH a spring and a door opens in the back of the Kodak; write on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge; close door. Upon development a permanent photographic reproduction of the writing will appear on the intersections between the negatives. You can have this writing appear on the prints or not, just as you choose.

The places of interest you visit, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative, the date—all these things add to the value of every picture.

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

No.3a Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½ in., $22.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited.

At all Kodak Dealer's. TORONTO.

Pennies saved on cheap carbon paper

May mean dollars lost on faded, illegible carbon copies

Don't take a chance with cheap carbon paper.

The one way to insure permanently neat business records is with Multi Kopy carbon paper.

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

CARBON PAPER

In black or blue, it *never* fades.

Its everlasting sharp, non-smudging copies are readable as long as the paper holds together. In clearness they actually rival the originals. 100 copies can be made with one sheet of MultiKopy because of its absolutely smooth surface and unique formula, and 20 clear copies at one writing. Save pennies *and* dollars. *Write for FREE Sample Sheet.*

United Typewriter Co., 135 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 36 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh

Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

No beer brewed gives such general satisfaction to so many men as

COSGRAVES

Mild (Chill-Proof)

PALE ALE

Men drink what they like—that's why almost all true judges of good beer prefer COSGRAVES.

As light as lager, but better for you.

A Pretty Skin Makes a Pretty Face

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Cleanse the Skin Very Quickly and Make It Clear and White

Do you envy the girl with the delicate tints and the rosy glow of good health on her face? Do you long for the perfect freshness and beauty of her complexion? The means of gaining them are within your reach this very minute.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will work this wonderful miracle of good looks for you within a very few days. No matter how covered with pimples, rash, eczema or any sort of skin eruption your face may be—no matter how dull and yellow your skin appears—your complexion will be transformed almost instantly into all that is lovely and desirable.

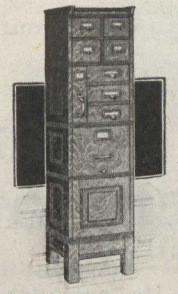
Face lotions and creams merely alleviate the irritation of the skin—they are of no permanent value. Stuart's Calcium Wafers go right after the cause of pimples—the poisons and impurities in the blood. They chase them into the pores, change them into gases that are easily eliminated and then stimulate the pores into throwing them out. There is no waste of time—no fooling around. These little wafers assimilated into the blood, work night and day until every impurity is gotten rid of and you not only have a clear complexion but pure, vigorous blood that endows you with new life and energy.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain nothing harmful—nothing but what thousands of physicians have used and recommended. Its chief constituent, calcium sulphide, is universally recognized as the most powerful of blood purifiers.

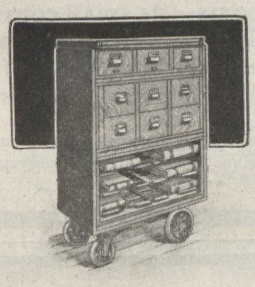
Surprise your friends by meeting them with a face radiant with loveliness instead of the disagreeable, pimply one they are used to. Give yourself the supreme happiness that the consciousness of good looks and the power of attraction will bring you.

Buy a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers today and see how quickly the pimples will disappear. They can be obtained at any drug store at 50 cents a box. They come in a form convenient to carry and are pleasant to the taste. A small sample package will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

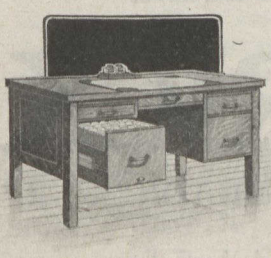
Office Specialty Systems Simplify



Half Sections—Compact and convenient filing units



Office and Vault Trucks for moving books and records around the office and to and from the Vault.



The System Desk—the most useful desk made.

"OSCO" Filing Devices

Save time and Simplify Office Work

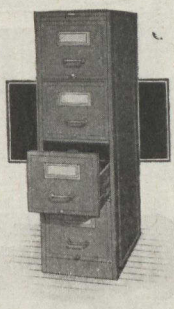
SECTIONAL FILING CABINETS

Every kind of business document is provided for in the Office Specialty line of Sectional Filing Cabinets. These are made in both steel and wood, every Cabinet guaranteed to give long service and permanent satisfaction.

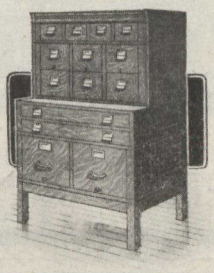
OFFICE AND VAULT TRUCKS

An office that assumes any importance in size requires one or more Trucks to convey the many books and records to and from the Vault. Office Specialty Trucks are made and stocked in a number of styles, in both Steel and Wood. If the requirements are for special arrangements of compartments and filing devices, plans in accordance with specifications will be gladly submitted.

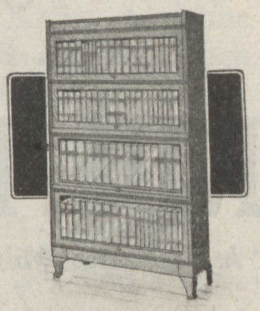
The Office Specialty line of Office Equipment is complete. Write us stating the items in which you are interested and we will gladly send you our catalog giving complete information for your guidance in buying.



Vertical Filing Cabinets—of both wood and steel construction.



Sectional Filing Cabinets in Wood and Steel



Bookcases—for Library and Office.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

Head Office: 97 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

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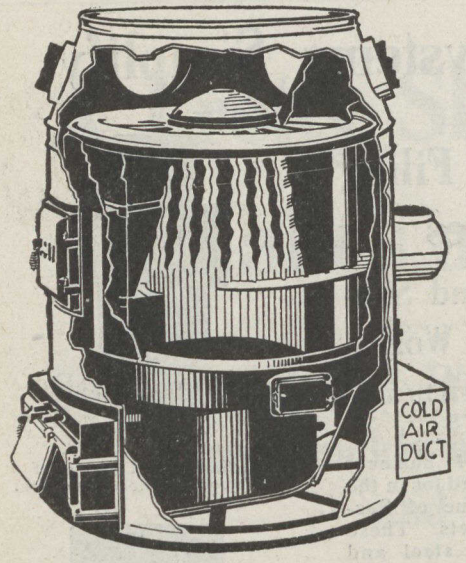

Don't Worry and Stay Awake Nights

thinking how you can warm your home.

THE

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

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Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

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HOUSE cleaning is much easier and twice as effective if you moisten your dust-cloth with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

A dry dust-cloth merely scatters the dust. Ioco Liquid Gloss gathers up all the dirt and leaves a bright, disinfected surface. It feeds the varnish and makes soiled furniture and woodwork look like new.

Ioco Liquid Gloss is especially good for cleaning and polishing all highly finished surfaces, such as pianos, automobiles, and carriage bodies.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, and five gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels at furniture and hardware stores everywhere.

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THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

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CALGARY EDMONTON HALIFAX
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This sunlit factory is the home of

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Knox Gelatine is made pure and kept pure. Especially designed machinery does all the work — hands never touch Knox Gelatine until you yourself open the package.

It is endorsed by all Pure Food Experts and Teachers of Cookery.

You will find it indispensable to good cooking.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

The KNOX book of recipes tells you how to make delicious Desserts, Jellies, Salads and Candies, and improve Soups, Sauces, Gravies, Sherbets, Ice Cream and Ices. It is free for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for a 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

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499 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Can.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED
HEAT LIGHT POWER LUBRICATION

Warm the Cold Corners

AUTUMN Days are chilly, but there need be no cold corners in the house where a **PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER** is used.

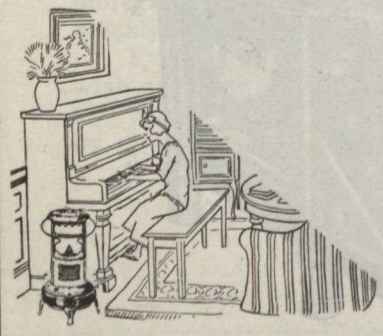
It warms up bedroom and bathroom on cold mornings before the furnace or the stove is going, and in very cold weather gives just the extra heat needed to keep the living rooms comfortable. A Perfection Heater saves money, too—coal bills are a lot less because you don't have to start the fire so soon.

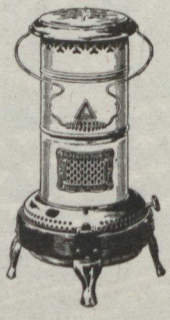
Perfection Smokeless Oil heaters are inexpensive to buy and inexpensive to use. They are clean, light, portable. and guaranteed smokeless and odorless. At hardware and furniture stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle Trademark.

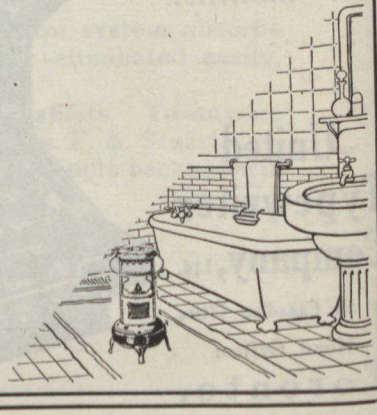
ROYALITE OIL GIVES BEST RESULTS

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Ottawa Quebec
Calgary Edmonton Halifax St. John Regina Saskatoon







Clark's Pork and Beans

Plain Sauce Chili Sauce Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited - - Montreal

COFFEE

Knows No Substitute And

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Knows No Superior

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CHASE & SANBORN - - - MONTREAL

"SAVORA" THE NEW APPETISER

THE fact that this preparation is manufactured by J. & J. Coleman, Ltd., of London, England, is the best guarantee that its ingredients are the purest and finest obtainable.

Savora is a new form of mustard for flavoring fish and all kinds of grilled meats, making them much more palatable and appetizing.

Used with salad dressing, mayonaise sauce, etc., Savora adds a delicate taste and flavor which can be obtained from no other condiment.

To ensure having the genuine see that the signature J. & J. Coleman is printed in red ink across the label.

MAGOR SON & CO., Limited.
AGENTS FOR CANADA.

30 Church Street, TORONTO.
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FOR SALE AT ALL LEADING GROCERS

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Black
White
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In our new "Easy-Opening-Box."
No trouble. No muss.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LTD.
BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, ONT.

FREDERICK'S PATENT SANITARY ERASERS

2/3 SIZE

Handy, Economical, Always Covered.

The holder of the SANITARY ERASER receives, at its open end, a strip of rubber 1/8 inch in thickness, of a width and length nearly that of the holder.

By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil. *Note,*- the loop for attaching to typewriter or desk.

Attractive, Easy to Operate and "They Always Work."

Your Stationer. Price 10¢. Refills, either pencil or ink, 5¢ each. When ordering by mail, state whether ink or pencil and enclose 2¢ extra for postage.

Liberal Discount to the Trade.

O.K. TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. U.S.A.
Stationers' Specialties.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

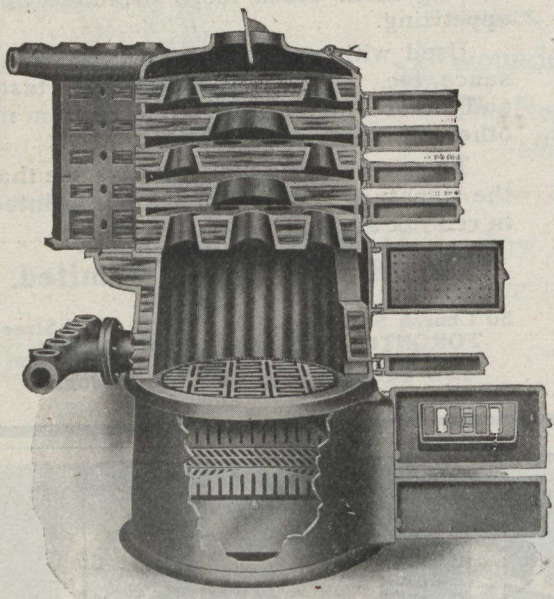
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

"Sovereign" Saves the Coal With Real Economy



"Cutting down the coal bill" usually means making a sacrifice of winter comfort for the sake of saving two or three tons of fuel on a possible consumption of ten to twelve tons.

Saving coal with the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler means *real economy.*

The "Sovereign" promotes fuel economy. It does not require to be watched in order to save coal.

The "Sovereign" will turn every shovelful of coal put into the firepot into the maximum amount of heat and if you try to use too much coal in the "Sovereign" you should ordinarily have too much heat.

That is how the "Sovereign" saves coal. It draws *all* the heat out of *all* the fuel put into the firepot.

Write for the "Sovereign" Bulletin, a quick-to-the-point argument, that shows, almost at a glance, the exclusive features of the "Sovereign," which increase its heating efficiency and promote fuel economy. Send a post card to our nearest address and mention "Canadian Magazine."

"WESTERN JR." BOILERS

TAYLOR - FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

"SOVEREIGN" RADIATORS

A3

Toronto—1088 King Street West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
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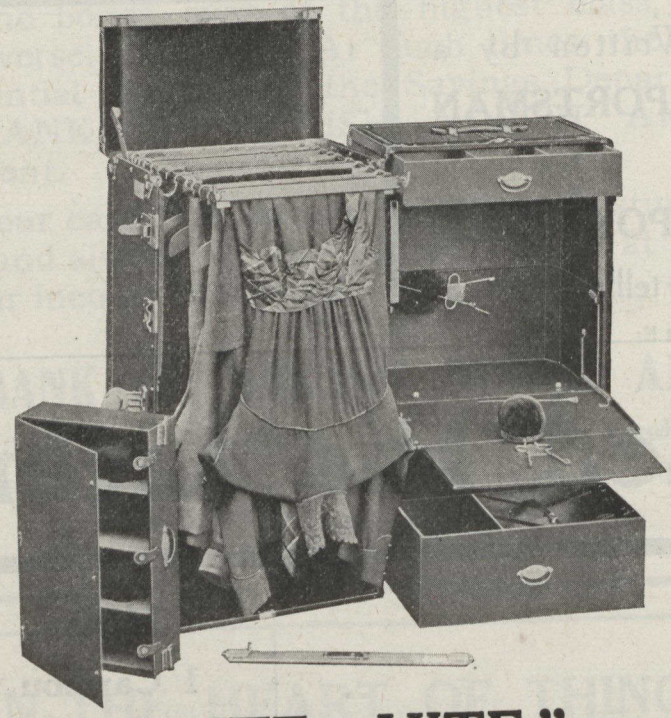
Head Office and Founderies: Guelph, Canada

"Julian Sale"

The Name Behind the Goods is Your Guarantee of Quality.



"RITE - HITE" WARDROBE TRUNKS

The Wardrobe Trunk is becoming so universally known and its advantages, its convenience as compared with the ordinary trunk so vastly superior that it leaves no room for argument.

In the "Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks there are many new exclusive and practical features—with simplicity and utility as the first demands in its construction—it is the last word in completeness in travelling requisites.

We have just issued a very comprehensive little booklet, in which the "*Rite - Hite*" Wardrobe Trunks in the different lines are described and priced—you may have one for the asking.

"Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks cost

$50. to $145.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED

105 King Street West, Toronto

You Don't Have to Go to New York

We've solved the problem of style in shoes for Canadian women.

Few can afford to visit New York or Boston every time a new pair of shoes is needed—We bring the new York and Boston styles to you. You get the newest, latest models from the American shoe centres when you get the

ALTRO
SHOE *for* WOMEN

No shoes at any price excel those that come from the Minister-Myles factory. Few brands come anywhere near them in style, in fit or in wearing qualities. You can settle the style argument for yourself by dropping into almost any good shoe shop and asking to see a pair of Altros. To see them is to want them on your feet—then will come that lasting satisfaction that these good shoes insure through months and months of wear.

Minister Myles Shoe Co. Limited
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BOOT & SHOE WORKERS UNION
UNION STAMP
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SOUTH AMERICA

Will attract travelers seeking health, recreation or business opportunity. Frequent sailings to Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

TOURS AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

Over the Andes by rail and through the Panama Canal. Write to

BUSK & DANIELS, GEN. AGTS.
313 Produce Exchange, New York
OR LOCAL AGENTS

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

No Spluttering

with

JOHN HEATH'S TELEPHONE PEN 0278

Registered in Canada

To be had of the leading Stationers in Canada.

HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON, D.C.

HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS

Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Sts.

New, European, Fireproof, Restful, Refined.

Hotel Powhatan occupies the most ideal location in Washington—"the City Beautiful."

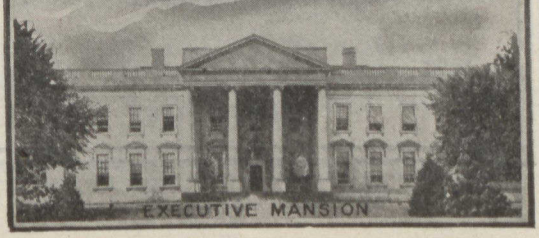
The proximity of the Hotel Powhatan to the public buildings, as well as to many points of historical interest, adds greatly to the popularity of this most select hotel.

Quiet elegance, combined with every modern and up-to-date appointment, renders this hotel unique in its simplicity and perfect taste.

Rooms with detached bath, $1.50, $2.00 and up.
Rooms with private bath, $2.50, $3.00 and up.

Write for booklet with map.

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS,
Manager.



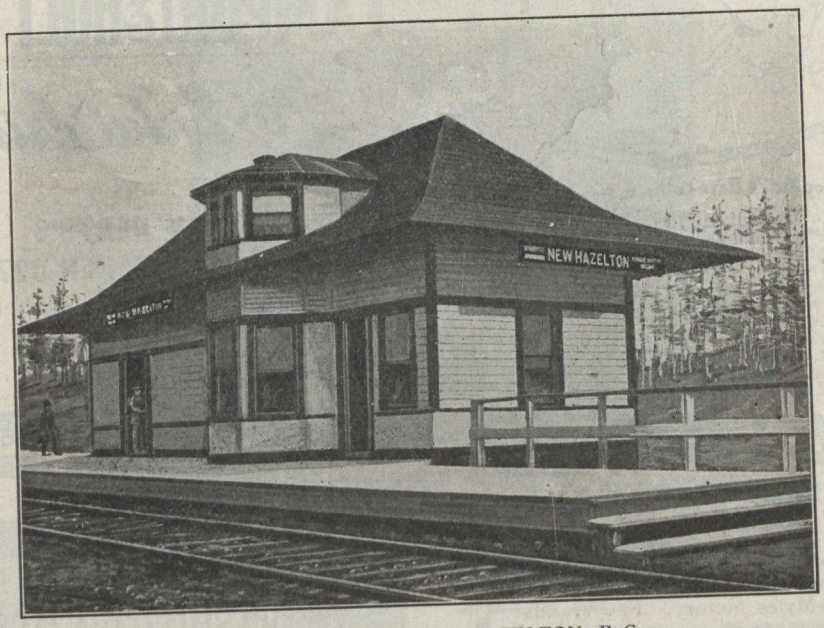
EXTRA SPECIAL PREMIUM INDUCEMENT

BY SUBSCRIBING FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR TWO YEARS

You receive a building lot 33 x 120 feet at East New Hazelton, B.C., a coming city on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, get your friends to subscribe and get one or more of these premium lots. This inducement will not last very long, so let us hear from you at once. We will send you full particulars by return mail. In order to secure the choicest lots, YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY.

Subscribe to the Canadian Magazine for two years at the regular price and receive a lot 33 x 120 feet in East New Hazelton, B. C., AT COST. This offer is for new subscribers only.



G. T. P. R. STATION, NEW HAZELTON, B. C.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW

East New Hazelton adjoins the well established town of New Hazelton, in a district immensely wealthy in coal and a variety of minerals, and fringed by some of the most productive farm country in the world. Lots in this very neighborhood are now selling from $150.00 to $1,500.00 and prices are increasing rapidly.

GRASP THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY NOW.

There are no strings to this offer, the reputation of the Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

THIS GENEROUS OFFER WILL STAND A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.

The Canadian Magazine is in the publishing business and not in the real estate business, but is offering these lots as a special inducement to get your subscription.

THIS IS A SIMPLE AND DEFINITE PROPOSITION.

Manager Premium Dept.,
200-206 Adelaide St. W.
Toronto,

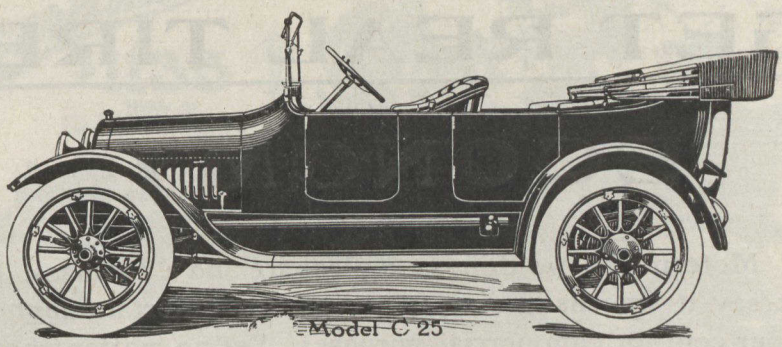
Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton, you are offering with your magazine as a special premium inducement.

Name .....

Address .....

Investigate this Offer NOW

Write Manager, Premium Department, The Canadian Magazine, 200-206 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Can.



Price, $1,250, f. o. b. Oshawa.

Improvements all along the line—and lower prices

HERE'S where we widen the gap between the McLaughlin and all other cars. You—if you THINK—cannot fail to choose a McLaughlin. You—if you investigate—must admit there is none other like it at the price. You'll be simply captivated by the appearance of the 1915 models—marvels of grace, true exponents of pure streamline beauty. They have all the power and "lug," all the built-in efficiency, of former models—with these important features added:

Some 1915 Improvements

New and improved Delco system of electric starting and lighting; Non-skid tires on rear wheels; Speedometer as part of regular equipment; Tungsten steel valves — valves of proven efficiency; Carburetor supplied by Stewart-Warner gravity feed vacuum system.

These and Many Other Improvements

that create efficiency—not at prices advanced (as you might reasonably expect) but at prices substantially lower.

And retaining the power, the speed, the dependability of former McLaughlin models—featuring again the powerful Buick "valve-in-head" motor—emphasizing afresh the big fact of "greater power with less fuel."

Fours and Sixes—three chassis—six types	
Model C.55 Touring Car, 7 passenger	$2250
Model C.37 Touring Car	$1600
Model C.25 Touring Car	$1250
Model C.36 Roadster	$1525
Model C.24 Roadster	$1150

Shipments of 1915 McLaughlin models commenced in August of this year.

Write now for full particulars and complete specifications. All prices F. O. B., Oshawa.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, Oshawa

Branches at ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, EDMONTON, CALGARY and VANCOUVER.

GET REAL TIRE ECONOMY

Motoring is two things—a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced costs of mishaps.

No accident ever befell an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.

Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires.

What's really a better slogan than Safety First is Sagacity First—because that seems to apply more to yourself than to the other fellow. If each motorist thinks of himself there will be no other fellow to look after, because there will be no skidding.

"MOST ENVIED TIRE IN ALL AMERICA."

The Unexpected—

An Overland—Electrically started, electrically lighted, stream-line body, 4 inch tires, large five-passenger touring car—priced at only $1135.

This is the very first car of this design, quality, size, capacity, power and electrical equipment, to sell below $1375.

SPECIFICATIONS

30 H. P. motor
Stream-line body
Ample room for five passengers
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Electric horn
High tension magneto
All electric switches on instrument board of cowl dash
Ventilating, rain-vision type windshield
High grade upholstery
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five bearing crankshaft
Rear axle; floating type
Rear springs; extra long, underslung, 3-4 elliptic
106 inch wheelbase
33 inch x 4 inch tires
Demountable rims
One extra rim
Left-hand drive
Center control
Body color; Brewster green with ivory white striping
Complete equipment, including electric head, side, dash and tail lights, electric horn, top, top cover, robe rail, speedometer and ventilating, rain-vision type windshield.

Two-Passenger Roadster - - - $1065
Delivery Wagon with closed body - $1195
Delivery Wagon with open body - $1135
The larger four-cylinder Overland Touring Car - - - $1425
35 H.P. four-passenger Coupe - $2150

All Prices f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

Handsome 1915 catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take *your* skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment *regularly.*

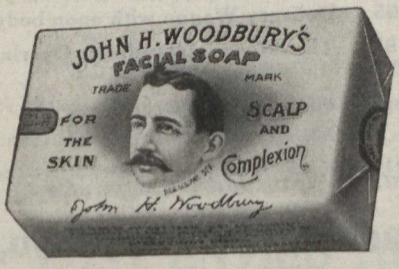
Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It cost 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury Preparations.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept. 109-U Perth, Ontario.*

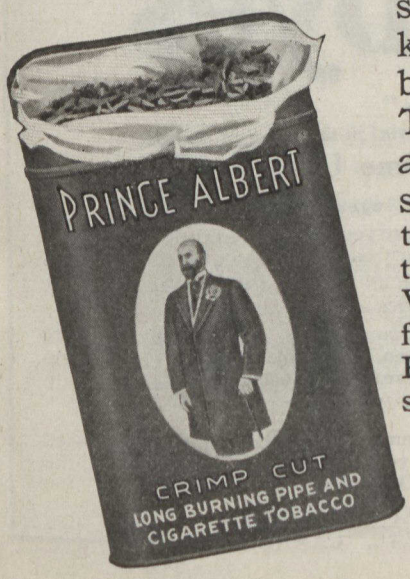
The Short Cut to Pipe Joy

Hard smokers go to P. A. like they're being salaried for using matches. They light up after breakfast and make smoking their 'tween meals nibble, all day, 'cause Prince Albert won't parch their vocals nor their tempers. You stuff some gentle, lovable

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

into your home-trained jimmy pipe or roll it into corking good cigarettes and see why men keep coming back for more P. A. The bite's taken out by a patented process that sent the pipe-grouch to the scrap-heap to stay. Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States.



Prince Albert is sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tidy red tins.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

Make Last Years Suit Look Like a Stunning New One

Mahogany Gabardine dyed Brown

DIAMOND DYES enable you to re-color your clothes yourself. To use DIAMOND DYES is simple and easy.. In fact many women find home dying to be a fasinating pastime.

Every woman likes new clothes. Buy all your purse affords but make them do double service by changing their colors when their newness wears off.

Mrs. Cora Hastings, writes:—

"I had a mahogany color suit made of the new gabardine. I tired of the color as one is apt to when you wear it very often and as it was an expensive suit, I didn't feel as if I could afford to throw it away.

"While talking about it to a friend she suggested "Diamond Dyes." I was almost afraid I couldn't do it but the druggist explained to me how simple it was, so I bought a package of brown dye, and I have a stunning new suit. I also dipped an old hat in the dye and moulded it over while wet and I am not afraid to go anywhere with my Fall outfit."

Miss L. Helm, writes:—

"I needed a new suit for early Fall in the worst way and no money to get one as I had been out of a position for some time. In glancing over the pages of a magazine, I saw an ad. of "Diamond Dyes," which set me thinking.

"I had a cloth suit from last Spring which had been a beautiful shade of purple when new, but, like many others it had faded so that I dreaded to put it on again. I thought I couldn't make it much worse no matter how stupid I might be, and as the directions for using the "Diamond Dyes" were so plain, I bought a package of black dye. I was delighted with the result. It came out a beautiful black and has not smut one bit."

Purple Cloth dyed Black

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

Once upon a time

there was an alarm clock who wanted to get up in this world.

So he had himself fitted with a regular watch escapement, a light-running motor, selective alarm calls, and large easy-winding keys.

Then, so they could see him in the dim morning light, he ordered himself a great big white dial and large, black, clean-cut hands.

When he was dead sure he could make a clean sweep, he hung out his shingle and bid for business.

Today there are three and a half million names on his calling list—he's got the biggest practice in the alarm clock business.

His name is *Big Ben*, and his imprint "*Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*," is the best oversleep insurance that anyone can buy.

Fact is, he is really two alarm clocks in one—an intermittent alarm ringing every other half minute for ten minutes, a long alarm ringing five minutes straight without interruption unless you shut him off. Price $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada.

Clever Ideas

Are valuable, and strength and clear brains are necessary to carry them through.

The most perfect food for body and brain of the Man of Ideas, is

Grape-Nuts

and Cream.

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason"

Write today—
It's worth your while

You may be one of those who are looking for a dentifrice that is pleasant to use as well as efficient. If you are, send us 4c in stamps and we will post you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice without a "druggy" taste.

Ribbon Dental Cream checks decay-germs, corrects excessive acidity and cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. "P" Drummond Bldg., MONTREAL

Makers of the famous Colgate Shaving Stick.

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal
Sole Agent for Canada.

Ask Your Neighbor

There are over a million of these mops now in use, and every user completely satisfied. Every purchaser of the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

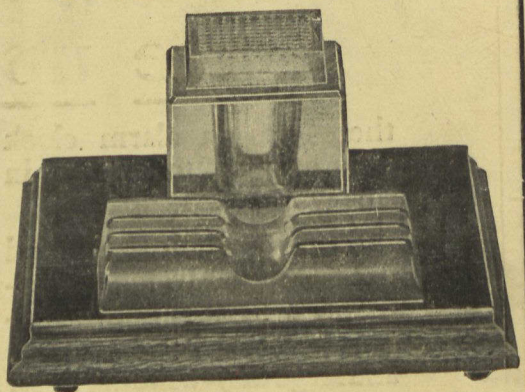
will gladly recommend it to her friends and neighbors. It makes housework easy and quick—stops all that bending and reaching—gets at those hard-to-get-at places.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate it.

Channel Chemical Co., Ltd.
369 Sorauren Avenue - Toronto, Can.

We Make and Keep a Full Assortment of

INKSTANDS



Wood Base - Crystal Bottles

Golden Antique Oak, Mohogany, etc.
With our Non-Scratching Rubber Feet.
Great Assortment and Variety.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

Stationers, Simcoe and Pearl Sts., Toronto

T. H. BEST PRINTING CO. LIMITED, TORONTO