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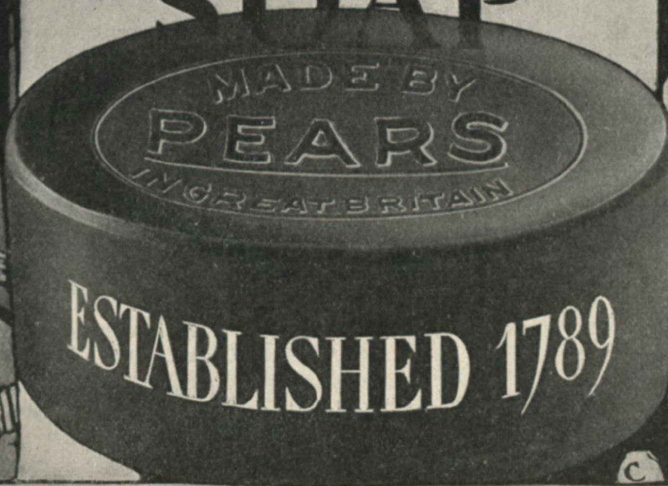


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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX. No. 4

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# FOR SEPTEMBER

MR. J. S. WILLISON, Managing-Director of The Toronto *News*, will have first place in the September CANADIAN MAGAZINE with an article entitled "The Genius of the Canadian Club." At first thought the subject does not look particularly inviting, but it will astonish most readers when they realise the importance and interest of the subject as appreciated by Mr. Willison. ¶ Mr. F. A. Carman, who has had exceptional opportunities to observe the trend of opinion towards church union, will contribute an article entitled "The Outlook for Church Union." Photographs of leaders in the movement will illustrate the article. ¶ There will be also some excellent illustrated articles and fine short stories. ¶ One of the professors in the agricultural college at Truro, N.S., will contribute an article on fruit growing in the Annapolis Valley. ¶ A splendid historical article by Mr. Barlow Cumberland is entitled "Lower Fort Garry." ¶ Perhaps the dozen or more other features will appeal to the average reader more than the foregoing.

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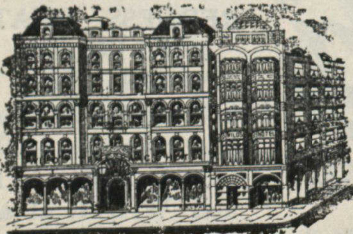

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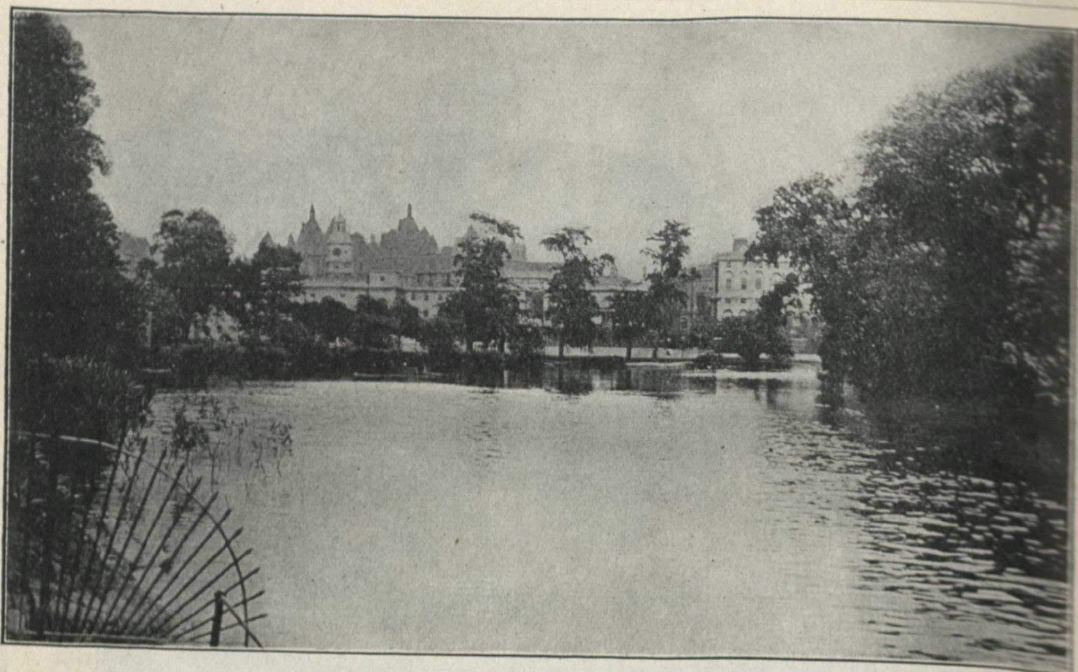

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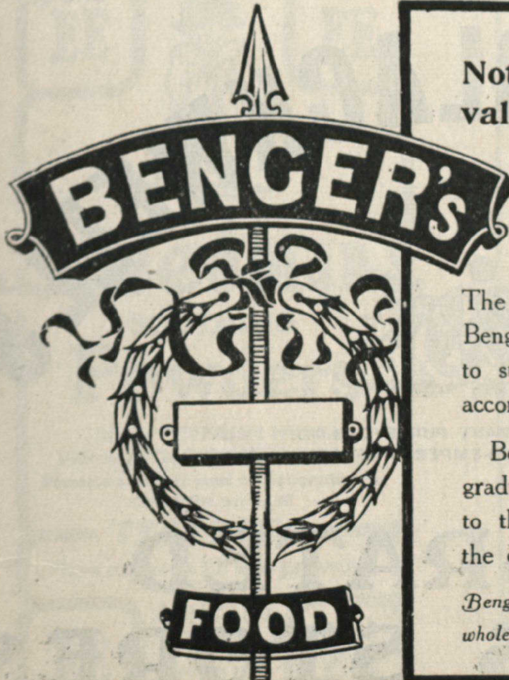


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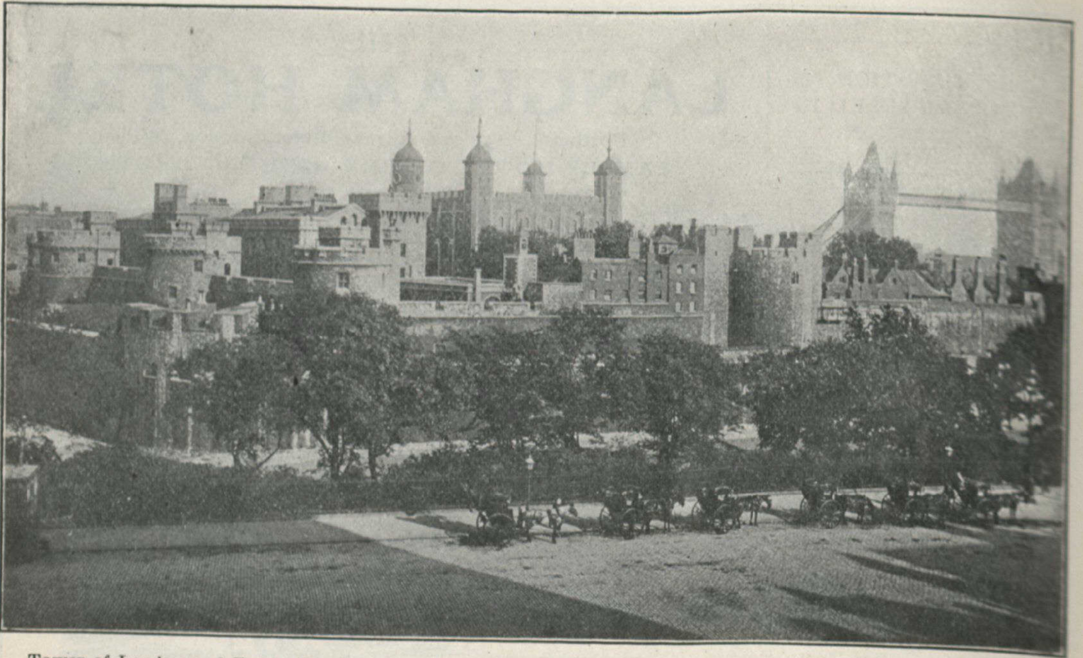

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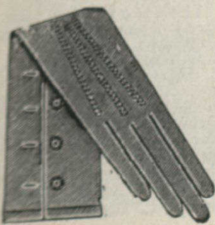

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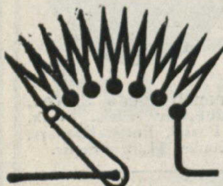

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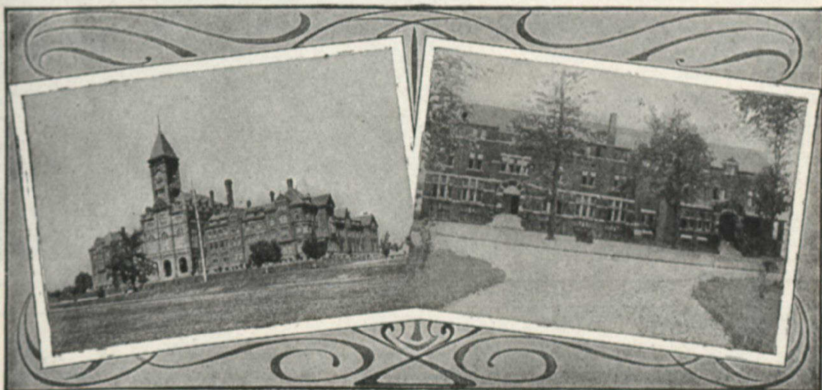

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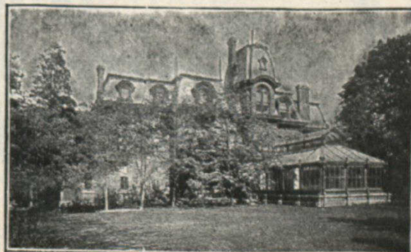

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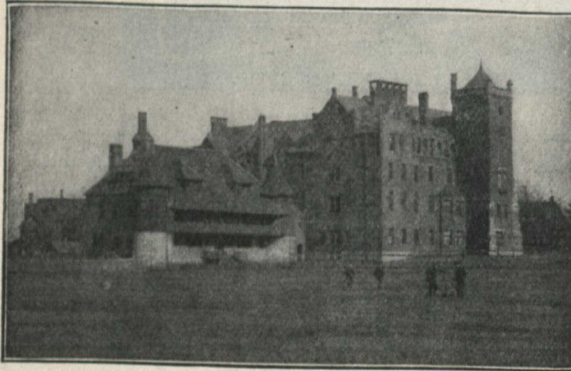

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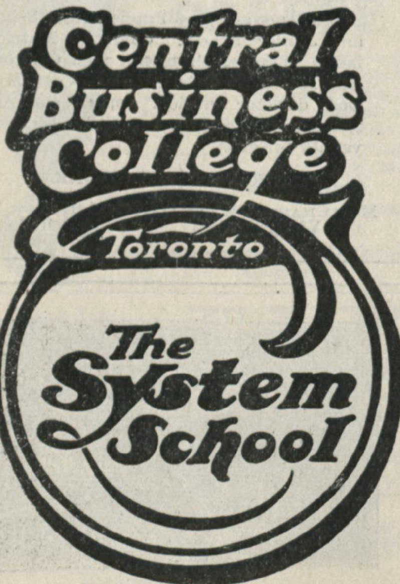


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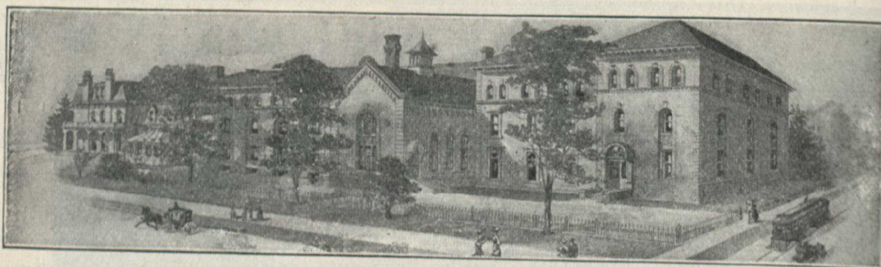

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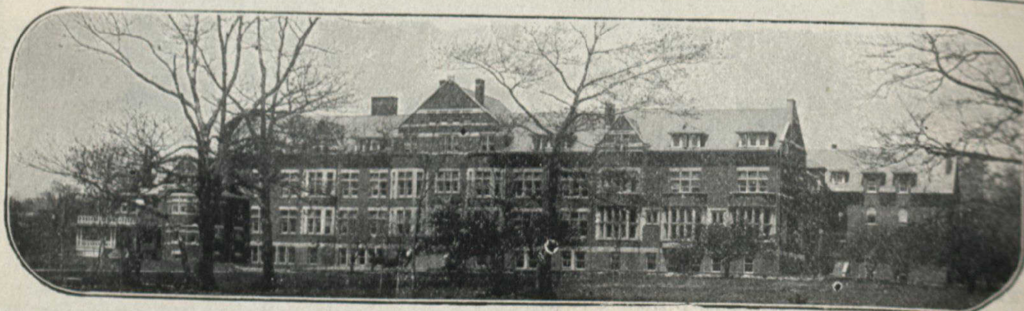

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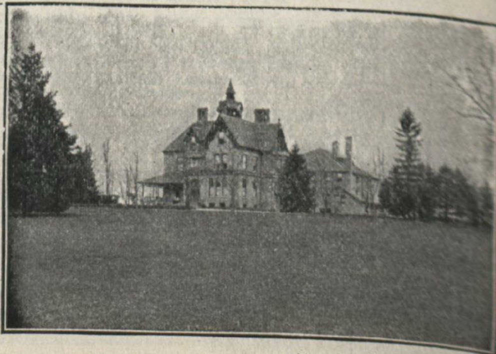

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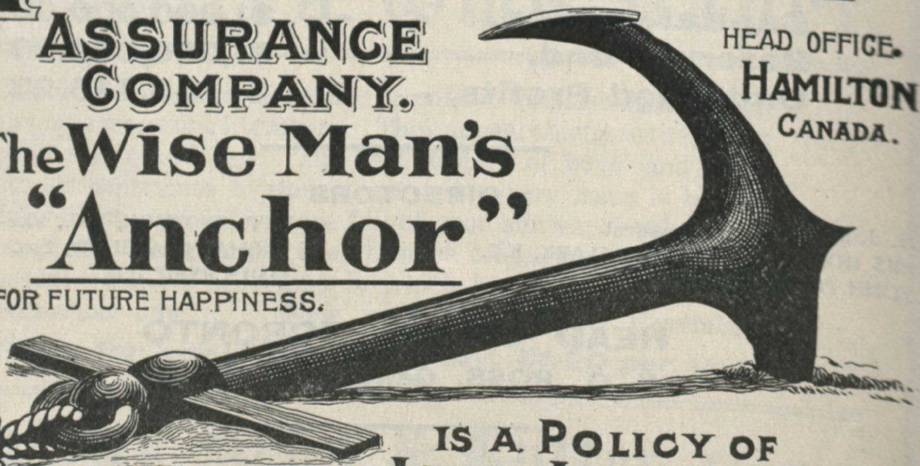

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HON. WILLIAM GIBSON - - - - - President
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|---|---|
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| **Government Reserve** | **488,257.32** | **24%** |
| **Surplus Security for Policyholders** | **257,854.51** | **34%** |

**Expenses decreased by 3%**
**Interest Income paid all death losses**
**87% of Assets are interest bearing**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Financial Gain during year** | **$53,068.65** |
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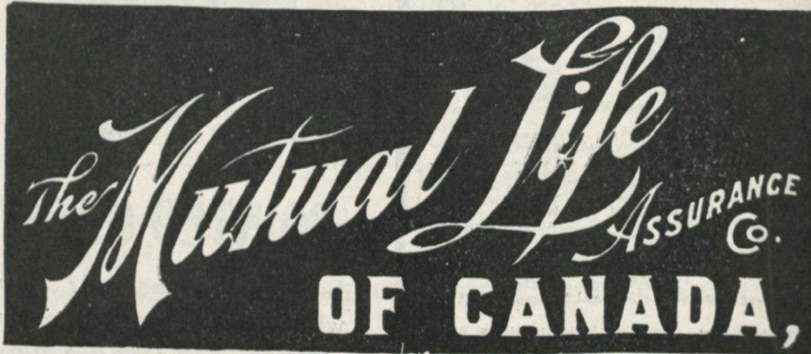
The class of securities in which the yearly increasing Trust Funds of




are invested has met the uniform approval of the shrewdest and most conservative investors in Canada. When examining the list of investments it will be noticed how small a sum is locked up in Real Estate owned by the Company:

| LEDGER ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1906 | | Percentage |
|---|---|---|
| Mortgages on Real Estate | $5,013,647.45 | 50.64 |
| Municipal Debentures and First Mortgage Bonds | 3,429,025.49 | 34.63 |
| Loans on Policies issued by the Company | 1,155,303.63 | 11.67 |
| Cash | 271,092.58 | 2.74 |
| Real Estate (Head Office, $30,876.05; Land for Sale, $900.00) | 31,776.05 | .32 |
| Total Investments | $9,900,845 20 | 100% |

Referring to the investments of this Company as above, the late A. Hoskin, K.C., First Vice-President, said:

"I venture to say that not a suggestion of an objection can be taken to any of the above securities. I imagine that the fact that one-half of the Policyholders' funds is invested in mortgages on Real Estate in Canada, and the other half in Municipal and Land Mortgage Bonds issued in Canada, on the Company's own Policies, and cash on hand, must be most gratifying to all the friends of the Company.

**HEAD OFFICE, - WATERLOO, ONT.**

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The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully $60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to $100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

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# Fifteen-Minute Meals for Midsummer

MARY JANE McCLURE

¶ When meal-time comes in midsummer, the housewife is seized with a langorous disinclination to go into the hot kitchen and cook. The mere thought of preparing the meal drives away the appetite. The up-to-date, commencement de siecle housewife is prepared for occasions of this sort. Her larder is stocked with materials which make it possible for her to prepare an appetizing meal on short notice, with never a thought of sweltering and broiling over a hot kitchen stove.

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¶ One of the greatest secrets of quick-meal cookery is hidden in the little jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. It has proved to be one of the most successful beauty remedies on the market, for it smooths away wrinkles of worry and care

more effectually than a massage roller, and replaces them with smiles of happiness which transform the woman before the stove into a laughing Hebe.

¶ American women do not place a proper value upon Extract of Beef. They consider it merely a part of invalid diet. They will cook a shin of beef for hours in an effort to secure the essence of it, when they could buy the soul of the shin ready to be transmuted into delicious dainties with the mere addition of hot water. Italian, German and French women give Extract of Beef the place of honor in their kitchen closet. They know that it doubles the resources of the woman who desires to have things taste a little better than "Mother used to make." A jar of Extract of Beef (if it is Armour's) is a necessary concomitant of things culinary—soups, entrees, roasts or vegetables. It is so concentrated from the richest and best of beef that it is spicy with the absolutely pure beef flavor. Just a bit of it on the tip of a spoon transforms an insipid dish into a gastronomical delight.

¶ I have found that Armour's Extract of Beef solves the summer soup problem. On a hot day the stomach rebels at the very thought of steaming dishes. One eats more from a sense of duty than because of real hunger. Iced bouillon or consomme teases the flagging appetite into activity and satisfies that gnawing feeling in the pit of the stomach which is at the same time hunger and disgust. The bouillon may be made in the morning and set away until dinner time is at hand. Make it this way:

## ICED BOUILLON

Three teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Two quarts of hot water.

One sprig of parsley.

One tablespoonful of salt.

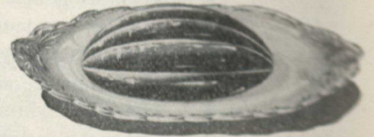
One-half bay leaf.

One-fourth tablespoonful of whole pepper.

One tablespoonful of butter.

One-fourth cup each of carrots, onions and celery cut in dice.

To the boiling water add the Extract, vegetables and seasonings; cook 30 minutes. Strain, and when cool add a small quantity of sherry or Madeira wine. Chill and serve cold. If the wine is not desired it may be omitted without detracting materially from the palatability of the bouillon; but it will



be found to give a tantalizing flavor which will add greatly to its merits as a hot weather appetite-tempter.

¶ Frozen Beef Tea is another novel mid-summer tit-bit. Make it in the proportions of one-fourth teaspoon of Armour's Extract of Beef to each cupful of hot water. Season it with salt and pepper to taste. Add to it a small quantity of gelatine previously dissolved in water, and set the mixture on ice until it is jellied. Serve very cold in place of soup.

¶ Aspic Jelly seems peculiarly a part of hot weather cookery. To make it, take:

One teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

One-half package of acidulated gelatine.

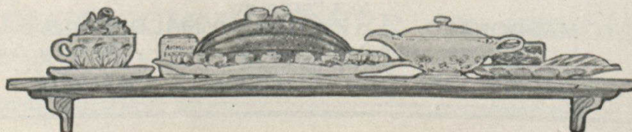
One pint of hot water.

One cup of cold water.

One-half cup of sherry wine.

Two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Cover the gelatine with cold water; let it stand for five minutes, then add the hot water, sugar and wine. Strain and put into a mold until cold. Use as a garnish for salads or entrees.



ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Drawn by C. M. Manly, O.S.A., A.R.C.A.

"A ROAD OF MANY DELIGHTS"

(Between Centerville and Digby, N.S.)

For Descriptive Article, See Page 302

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX TORONTO, AUGUST, 1907 No. 4

# Party Government

By
Goldwin Smith.
D.C.L.

*A pithy review of a system by which "Government becomes standing machinery for the demoralisation of the people."*

WITH regard to all subjects of discussion but one, we deem it wise and right to be openminded and dispassionate. That one subject is the government of nations.

Recent events in England have specially directed attention not only to the Irish question or that of the House of Lords, but to the party system of government. In the Irish trouble the country never would have been involved had not the division of Parliament into two hostile parties, and a party leader's desire to force his way back to power, enabled Parnell, with his Irish section, by playing on the balance of parties to bring the United Kingdom to the verge of dissolution. Nothing surely but blind devotion to party could have induced all those British members of Parliament to vote for a bill giving Ireland a Parliament of her own and at the same time a representation in the Parliament of Great Britain, which would have been constantly used in an interest virtually foreign to extort concession from the parties there.

Lord Randolph Churchill was a perfect master of the party system, to which he owed his own extraordinary rise to prominence and power. In his "Life" by his son we read the following:

> Some of Lord Randolph's maxims in Opposition are well known. He is often credited with, though he cannot rightly claim, the authorship of the phrase, "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose." Lord Salisbury condemned early in 1883 "the temptation, strong to many politicians, to attempt to gain the victory by bringing into the Lobby men whose principles were divergent, and whose combined forces therefore could not lead to any wholesome victory." "Excellent moralising," observed Lord Randolph, "very suitable to the digestions of country delegates, but one of those Puritanical theories which party leaders are prone to preach on a platform, which has never guided for any length of time the actions of politicians in the House of Commons, and which, whenever apparently put into practice, invariably results in weak and inane proceedings. Discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and impracticable. Obtain the victory, know how to follow it up, and leave the wholesomeness or unwholesome-

ness to critics." His second maxim was as follows: 'Take office only when it suits you, but put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can'; and his third: 'Whenever by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances an Opposition is compelled to support the Government, the support should be given with a kick, and not with a caress, and should be withdrawn on the first available moment.*

Go into any one of the Assemblies which are called deliberative; how much deliberation will you find? What will you find but volleys of argument or declamation interchanged between the opposite benches without the slightest thought or hope of producing conviction? The press is enslaved by the same influences, on which its organs depend for circulation, though it fondly flatters itself that it is free.

Burke's apologetic definition of party is well known, and is always quoted in defence of the system. "Party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." The oracle does not tell us how a principle of sufficient importance to unite half the nation and warrant its antagonism to the other half is always to be found, and how, when the question has been settled, as all questions of policy must sooner or later be, its place can be filled so as to make the combination still rational and moral; or if the party is disbanded, how a new party is to be formed, and party-government carried on.

Burke's political philosophy seems in this, as in some other cases, to have been in some degree inspired by the occasion. When, by the defeat of the last Pretender, the conflict between the Hanoverian adherents of constitutional government and the Stuart adherents of monarchical government had been brought to a close, parties, having no longer distinctive principles, broke up into cliques or connections, each with some magnate at its head, caballing and conspiring against each other for power. An era of intrigue and corruption very dangerous to national character and interests ensued. To this Chatham strove to put an end in the obvious way, by the formation of a national government. But Burke, a follower of Rockingham, wanted the Rockingham connection, "party" as he called it, to be in power. Later on, upon the eve of the rupture with France, the apologist of party himself left his party, broke openly with its leader, and assailed its policy with violence, almost with frenzy, in his Essay on the French Revolution.

People sometimes talk as though there were no practicable or even conceivable system of government but party. They are like the British footman who thought blue absurd as a uniform except for the artillery or the Horse Guards Blue. There were governments in England before there were party cabinets; that of Edward I for example, and that of Burleigh and Walsingham, under the name of Elizabeth, which carried the country safe through the terrible crisis of the Reformation and the war with the Catholic powers. There was a government, very short-lived, but great in performance while it lasted, that of the Protectorate; wrecked by storms and adverse accidents, the death of the Protector, and the turbulence of the army chiefs, almost in port; yet great while it lasted. The "Instrument of Government," which will be found in Whitelock's *Memorials*, deserves study, for its principles apart from its details. It is the work of profound politicians and men who, although they had taken arms against autocratic and sacerdotal reaction, were not revolutionary in temperament but the reverse. It will be found on inspection to be a notable effort to combine the stability and impartiality of government, to which party is adverse, with the recognition of the elective principle and the due influence of public opinion.

In England party government had its temporary justification. William III tried hard to govern impartially with a coalition cabinet. But the Jacobites were in correspondence with St. Germain's, and he very reluctantly formed an exclusive cabinet of the Whigs. The necessity of excluding Jacobites, or Tories as they were thenceforth called, from the government continued till after Culloden.

There must be only two parties, otherwise government breaks down, and there ensues a chaotic conflict of sections, such

*Life I, 233

as has been producing a ridiculous series of ephemeral governments in France. Government is always weak, and is always driven to intrigue or demagogism for temporary support. But political intellect and political speculation are now active, opinions are divergent, and it is impossible to shut up in one penfold enough political sheep to give a government a safe majority. It can be done at least only by compromise of principle.

The government majority at present in England, though numerically large, is really made up of sections most imperfectly united, as they have just shown by breaking on a vital question. A commonwealth cannot rest for ever on such a basis.

It is in the United States perhaps that the system is carried to its greatest extreme and its consequences are most plainly revealed. There two great organised factions carry on a continual contest for power, each of them making up a new platform before the Presidential election, and shifting their policies, so that one who had seen the Republican party, for instance, forty years ago, would hardly recognise it now. The obvious consequence is sacrifice of the national interests to those of faction. When the military pension list was instituted, an annual cost of about $25,000,000 was talked of as the amount. Now, forty years after the principal war, the annual cost is about $140,000,000; and an act has just been passed, without opposition, which will cause an addition of $20,000,000 at least, some say a good deal more. The *Congressional Record* still swarms with private pension bills, which go through as a matter of course. Everybody knows and owns in private that this is party bidding at the cost of the nation for the soldiers' vote. In public not a single politician has dared to say an honest word. Both parties in their platforms, on the contrary, applaud the system.

The late J. M. Forbes, of Boston, was about the wisest and most thoroughly patriotic man of the Republican party. He has left on record his conviction that war was made on Spain to keep a party in power. Those who have read the diplomatic correspondence and seen that Spain offered to sacrifice everything but her honour, will be inclined to think that Forbes was right.

What fills the political air of Canada now with "graft" and suspicions of "graft"? What is impairing the integrity of judicial appointments and thus assailing the last stronghold of public right and purity of government? What but the necessities of party, which compel it to pay its adherents? Our people are good, but corruption will gradually work downwards. It has its instruments in party organisations and conventions, which, though the people are not aware of it, practically take the elections out of their hands. Government thus becomes standing machinery for the demoralisation of the people.

It seems impossible that the world should forever acquiesce in such a system.

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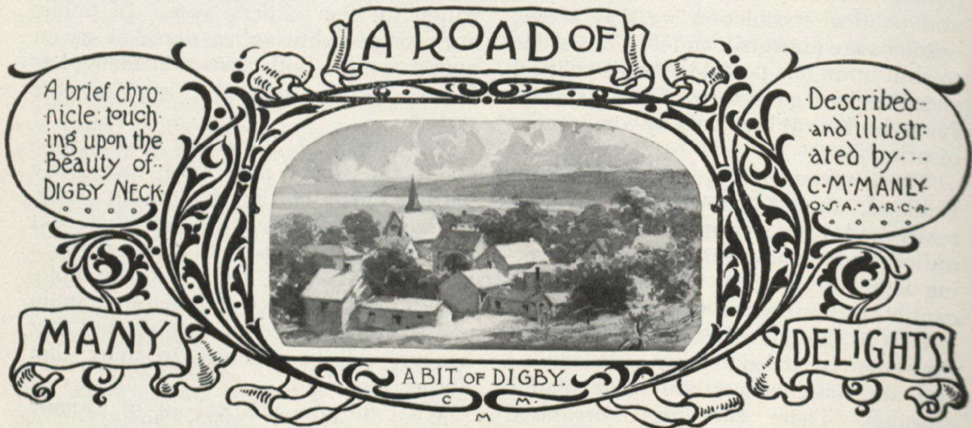
# The Drought

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

A RED-MOUTHED reptile by whose fiery tongue
The fields are licked of green, the orchards stung,
The pastures burned as with a blighting brand,
Swept back and forth across the heated land;
Whose touch is poison, and whose tortuous tread
Sets quivering all the withering earth with dread:
A grim, slow-moving monster, whose hot breath
Enkindles Desolation, Famine, Death.



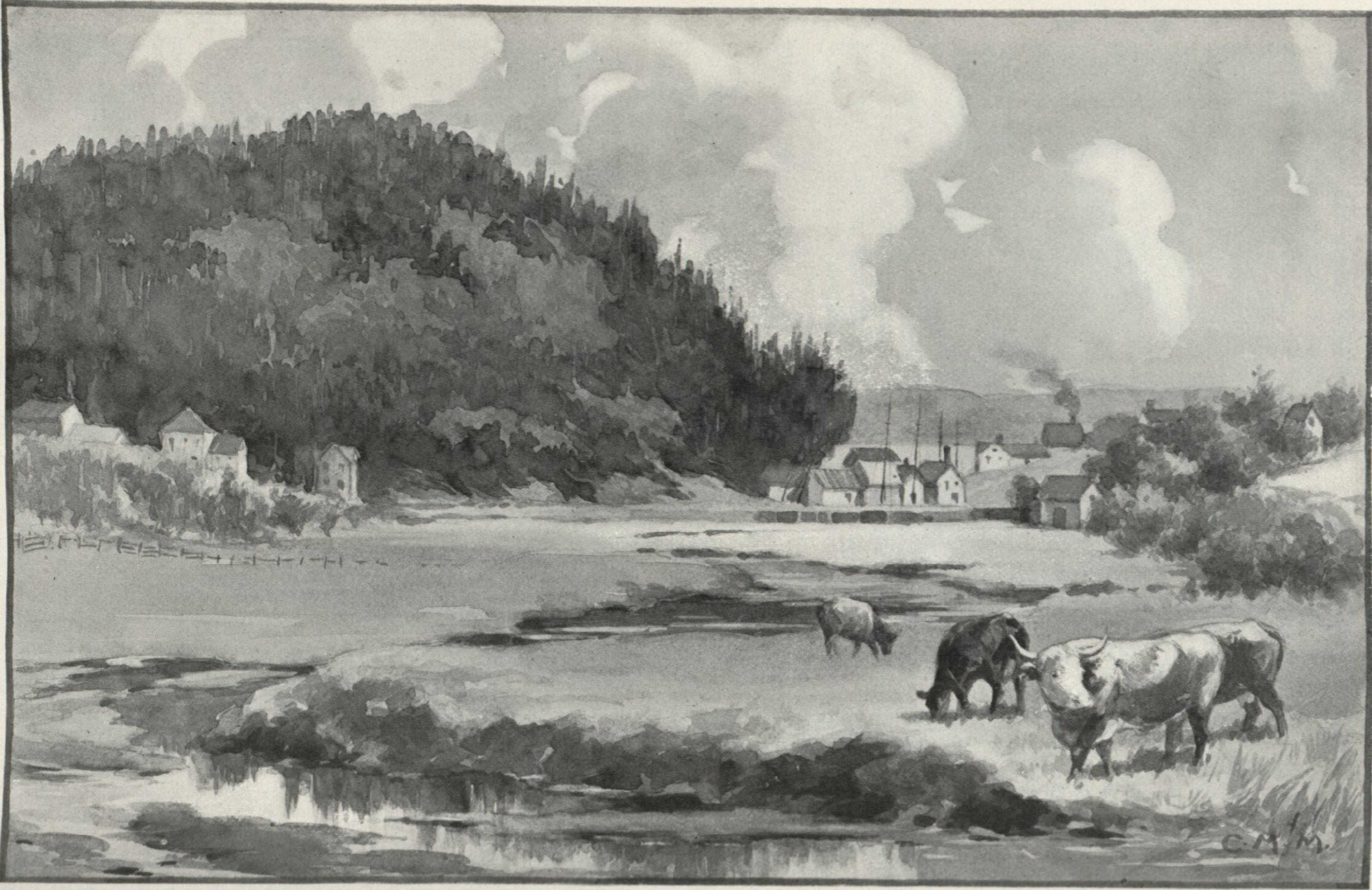
A BIT OF DIGBY.

THIS brief record deals with nothing more than the peaceful change and quiet charm that may be obtained in that far-away corner of Nova Scotia that lies upon the sea's edge, and is part of the historic ground that was the scene of some of the earliest Canadian history; ground upon which France and England often met; upon which they put up many fights: England winning at last, which is "just her little way," even now. The home of the Acadian was, and still is, there. It may be seen in all its picturesque simplicity in the country back of *Evangeline's land*. But we are interested just now in panoramic scenes along the *Neck*, Digby Neck, as it is quite properly known. So we must begin at Digby, a clean, bright little town, for the most part, much sought after and beloved of the American at play. Here may be found tucked away in odd corners those ancient fish-like smells, suggesting toothsome viands like unto the "Digby Chick" and the ever-popular haddie. Digby snuggles a bit inland from the Bay of Fundy, right across from St. John. Weymouth is the first stop out, so there I gave the *Flying Bluenose* the slip and got busy preparing for the run across St. Mary's Bay, to touch the *Neck*, handing my bike over to the tender mercies of "old boy Bongard." He turned it out ready for any kind of road. The little steamer that made the trip across the Bay regulated her movements according to the vagaries of the tide, and slipped away before I was quite ready, so I had to spend the night and best part of the next day in Weymouth town. At last the welcome whistles of the dinky little *Ida Lue* were heard, promptly accepted, and she steamed away, passing under the railway bridge, speeding gently down the placid and pretty waters of the Sissiboo river, past the little town of Weymouth, lying at its mouth, and distant some three miles odd from the first-named Weymouth, which is commonly known as Weymouth Bridge, and out upon the quiet, sunshiny waters of St. Mary's Bay. The *Ida* meets a barkentine lying far out, discharges the captain of that vessel, and then heads for Little River, her first port upon Digby Neck. Here, with others, the Weymouth schoolmaster is landed, and in short order our "little liner" brings up at Mink Cove. Sandy Cove is her next port, where she is berthed for the night. It is a case of all hands ashore, so I seek the shelter and hospitalities of the *Sandy Cove House*. Mine host is also mail carrier from Digby, throughout the whole length of the *Neck*, to Brier Island, whose extremest point is

washed by the heave and swell of the mighty Atlantic. Eldridge, ably assisted by his wife, keeps a comfortable little house and makes the summer tourist very welcome, hinting at improvements that will be sure to please, and make his house more popular still. He is just the man I want, and as good as a guide-book to all points upon the *Neck* road and its varying conditions over the whole distance. A charming spot is Sandy Cove. The little village lies at the head of a deeply indented and almost land-locked cove; the houses, climbing the bold slopes, have much more than a fancied resemblance to a Rhine town. So near are the waters of the Bay of Fundy, that a few minutes' walk brings one there, to find a thriving little fishing industry; a strongly built pier makes snug harbour for the fishing boats; round about the fish houses cluster, and again one comes upon the ancient and fish-like odours, some of them particularly strong. To dismiss Sandy Cove without any remark about the fine view to be had from the top of what is locally known as the "Bluff" would be most unfair. From this lofty eminence the enthusiastic climber looks over the wide waters of the Bay of Fundy; on the other hand, the eye is caught and charmed with the expanse of St. Mary's Bay, running away and across to the Weymouth shore, and down and down, until the land is attenuated and lost in the extreme distance towards Yarmouth. From the same point may be viewed that wondrous spectacle, a sunset upon the waters! The traveller who approaches Sandy Cove from the north, and gets the first impression and peep of this really beautiful place from the top of the highway hill, ought to engrave it deep upon the tablets of memory. The southward approach is also very fine and entirely different in aspect. It is such things as these that make the *Neck* a unique and charming place. One is in touch with the sea all along; at many points both waters can be seen by climbing a little, and always the land is interesting, with its fine sweeps and bold hills. On a bright and breezy morning I make my start, the wind blowing strongly in the wrong direction. Wind or no wind, this means a long climb up and out of Sandy Cove. Once at the top, with so good a road, and the machine running free, the miles begin to spin off—glorious prospects of hill and valley; a turning, twisting and vanishing road always, accompanied ever by the blue waters of St. Mary's Bay.

The little hamlet of Mink Cove is flashed through, and a passing glimpse caught of a neat little hostelry, intended evidently for the stray tourist who wanders so far from the beaten path of travel. Next comes Little River with its bold hills and flash of water caught through a gap in the harbour heights. On and on spins the wheel, and wondrous are the views. Well might this be termed the *road of many surprises*, with all its twists and turns. The town-tired man can soon shake off his staleness on such a road and with such a progress as this. The air is like wine; the traveller is "on the heights," and quickly sheds off the burden of daily routine.

The ten-mile run from Sandy Cove brings up with the bright waters all in front now; far below lies the racing foam of the *Petit Passage;* on the opposite shore the village of Tiverton is seen; a gasoline launch plies between the two shores, and an ancient bell, high-hung and rung by a long hand-rope, is used to summon the ferryman of the passage. Tiverton is fishy; everybody goes after the fish; all live by it, in one way or another. Once again the odours are not to be mistaken; a little strong perhaps for town-bred noses. One could soon get accustomed to this varied *bouquet*, which at the first seems a little overdone—something too much. Tiverton cannot boast of a hotel, but good fortune and the ferryman directed my steps to the home of Mrs. Outhouse, where rest and refreshment both were obtained. Tiverton village is on the part of the *Neck* called Long Island; at the other end is the village of Freeport—also abandoned to the fishing—whose southward edge is washed by the waters of the *Grand Passage*. The race through the *Petit Passage* is a thing to go and see, and at all times it has to be treated with respect. With a high tide running and a heavy blow from the sou'west, it is a wild and dangerous place. A sailing vessel caught



*Drawn by C. M. Manly*

LITTLE RIVER, N.S.

in there under such conditions would probably be knocked into matchwood and even steam would have a very "sea-green" time of it.

The ten miles of road down Long Island was interesting, with the road itself better than the previous part; it was still a push against the strong head wind, which appears to be the favourite "summer blow." The road always keeps part way up the slopes, the changing hills heaving and swelling upward on the right, while, far below on the other hand, a small stream winds along, appearing and again vanishing in a very pleasing way. Beyond all, lies St. Mary's Bay, with its far-away shores of Yarmouth county. This "thread of water" is with the traveller the whole ten miles to Freeport, there losing itself, most likely, in the waters of the *Grand Passage*. Always, the near approach to these passages was most interesting; the feeling of being so much above and "in the air," with the blue sea in front and the land beyond, with its possibilities to be explored, gave a keener zest to the sight.

Freeport, for the most part, lies low and upon the sea edge. There the telephone calls the ferryman across from Westport, to bridge the passage and take the traveller across. Westport lies very long drawn out—practically the whole length of the *Passage*, which is much wider than the *Petit* at Tiverton. Here again, strong tide-rips and dangerous race-ways have to be reckoned with, and might easily be the undoing of the over-confident novice in boating or sailing. In these parts the weather changes with extreme rapidity; what had continued to be a warm and sunshiny day came to an end at Freeport, without any warning. The skies became overcast; the wind freshened, and before the "gasoline" had put well out, a half-gale was blowing, with a strong lift to the water. Westport can boast of a very comfortable little hotel, to which the stray traveller is cheerfully received and made very welcome. To find a nice bathroom, with an abundance of hot and cold water, was a cheerful surprise, and a welcome addition to the other comforts. It would appear that I am on the track of schoolmasters, for one is found lodging in the house. As night settles down, the heavy fog comes in, with the horn down at the lighthouse blowing a drear accompaniment. Morning prospects are none too bright; fog is still heavy, and the rain beats down; a sudden shift of the wind, and the fog vanishes. The warming sun shines brightly again; skies are blue, and everything invites. I must to the end of Brier Island. So, after dinner, the three miles are ridden, and I stand upon the outmost rocks, and look off across the wide Atlantic. Fishing vessels dot the expanse, appearing like mere specks upon a sea that has become quite calm. The lighthouse, close by, is responsible for the noise of the night before. Hereabouts the rocks are tumultuous in formation, the prevailing colour a dingy and somewhat mournful gray, not at all of a character to much tempt the men who "map down sceneries" and paint things.

In the evening I cross back to Freeport, and finding another hotel, put up for the night. It is kept by a widow named Morrell; she is helped by her son, and between them the good quality of the *Neck* entertainment is well sustained. Once again the schoolmaster! The new morning in Freeport is fine, a cool, fresh breeze is blowing gaily and the bright sun nicely tempers the edge of it. I stroll down to one of the wharves, where seems something of a crowd and the stir of business. A fishing schooner has come in, and the process of unloading the fish goes on. The crew are busy and the captain very much in evidence; the eyes of the idle and curious watch him as he bustles about and talks and laughs with the loudest. This captain and his vessel have assumed something more than the ordinary importance of those who go out after the fish and home-along again; for they have had a very near chance of being sent to the bottom. While "lying to" in the fog of the morning before, the schooner came into collision with an *ocean liner*, and just the little fact that the fishing crew had finished breakfast and were on deck again saved them from being ploughed under in the heavy fog. Skipper made very light of the whole matter, and so did the crew. That they had escaped with a sound boat and whole skins seemed to be

Gathering Sea-wrack: "Gulliver's Hole."

all that there was about it to note. Captain raised a loud laugh by emphasising the remark that "he blew his bell and rang his whistles like the very d——l!" The schooner bore the marks on her port side of a very heavy rake or scrape, and anything in the track of it had been carried clean away, but no timbers were started.

The scene was an animated one. There lay the "vast" of cod in the vessel's hold, the crew losing no time in getting it out on to the wharf and into the fish-houses. A "very old boy" prowling about began to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen and had a hand in, "round about here some seventy-five year agone." It was plain to be seen that old "frosty-but-kindly" was playing for an opening, and when it came he went on to say that he was ninety-four years of age. Our friend the captain took him and his great age very irreverently. In boisterous manner, supplemented with one or two rude oaths of the subtly jovial kind, he told him that he had lived long enough and that it was about time he went away altogether. Our ancient man did not seem to be put out or to take the rebuff amiss, but he carried his reminiscences a little way apart from the irreverent seaman. Small of figure and wonderfully withered and shrunken as to face was this prodigy of years; but his legs held out well, and with the aid of a stout staff he could get about in quite lively fashion.

The run from Freeport up the *Neck*, now, was something of the easiest, helped by a following wind and cheered by the gladness of the sunshine. Arrived at Tiverton, it is the ferryman's lunch hour; he has just brought a boatload across, and being a case of oars he wriggles out of taking a passenger so soon again, the other way, by inducing one of the fishermen to row me across. So to the tender mercies of jovial Sol Stanton bike and man are committed. The *machine* is laid across the bow of the boat, and over the *rip* we go, quite expecting any moment to see the *bike* slip her insecurities and take a header into the boiling waters. No such calamity happened, however. Sol did his work well, and we made the other shore ship-shape and dry, in spite of the pounding and tossing. At Tiverton there are rocks whose formations are

basaltic and similar to those found at the *Giant's Causeway* in the north of Ireland. The land on both shores of the *Petit Passage* is bold and high and contains a wealth of interest for the geologist.

The run back to Sandy Cove from the *Passage* was a merry and an easy one. I had a "drop off" at Little River, where the seaward side of the hamlet was explored, coming upon the fishermen carrying the usual game along and kicking up something more than the ordinary smells. One man was tending the fire under a huge cauldron that contained an unpleasant looking, bubbling mass, from which emanated indescribable odours, which, he desired it to be understood, were really healthful and good for a man. In Sandy Cove again, I form one of a little party that goes over to the Fundy shore ostensibly to search for the elusive amethyst. Some kind of search was made, but strange to say, this wary type of the semi-precious stone was always just a little further off, or on. Indeed, it might have been so guessed, for twenty years before this expedition amethysts may have been found along the cliffs and shores at Sandy Cove. Sir William Dawson has said so. What enthusiasts, native and otherwise, must have joined the chase during all those dead and gone years! This story of the amethyst pursues one among all the beautiful coves, and along the many beaches of the *Neck*, with always the same result—a weighty collection of doubtful material that tears out the pocket and brings neither joy nor profit to the burdened collector.

Character studies abound upon the *Neck;* one of them I shall lightly sketch. Not to be too literal, I call him "Uncle Johnny," and settle him in Centerville. He might well be called the *Sage of Centerville*, and he was so clear-cut and pronounced a type that he invited study. Johnny Price had put a lot of years behind his back, and the process had left its mark upon his tall, still upright and big-boned frame. The face that looked out at you was clean-shaven (or ought to have been); the large nose suggested power, and the square, big-boned jaw, with the hard, dry, determined mouth, plainly said: "What Johnny gets he keeps." The story of his life bore the suggestion out. All through the years "Uncle" had been "standing by" and "off and on," so to speak, watching for signals of monetary distress among his neighbours and fellow-townsmen, and ever ready to negotiate a loan. He was the friend in need who knew the ropes and could drive a fine coming-out bargain; as a consequence, he had become very rich and practically owned half the town of Richby. With riches, old age had come; his eyes had taken on a hard, not-to-be-moved expression, and the lips that once may have smiled in youthful gaiety had contracted to thin, hard lines, smiling but seldom. We were all talking about the lumbering in Nova Scotia and the complete demolition of the great forest trees; deploring the fact that the lumber interest was now recklessly cutting down anything and everything that would saw up to any small size; the lumbermen going into the woods and taking their portable sawmills with them.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "once upon a time the logs, real logs, came down the streams to the town mills. Now the mills go up after the little sticks!"

Johnny had amassed wealth and secured ample leisure; but he did not seem quite solid upon religious matters. However, his method of patronage was upon a broad and inclusive principle. He took his ancient frame among the Methodists on Sunday mornings, bestowing upon them five dollars per annum. To the Adventists he would hie in the afternoon, his liberality in this department of religion expanding to twenty-five dollars a year; on the Sunday evenings he would be found among the Baptists, to whom his yearly contribution declined to five dollars. Thus we may see that he gave of his bounty to all, and was encouraging the notion of including the Episcopal flock in the round of public worship; the puzzle seeming to be, how would he be able to get the fourth service in?

Arrived at Centerville, the name explaining itself as being half way on the *Neck*, I look up the Dakins, who keep a neat little hotel, and whose acquaintance was made the year before. The place has many charms of its own. Attached to it is the important fishing industry of Trout

Carting Sea-weed; "Gulliver's Hole."

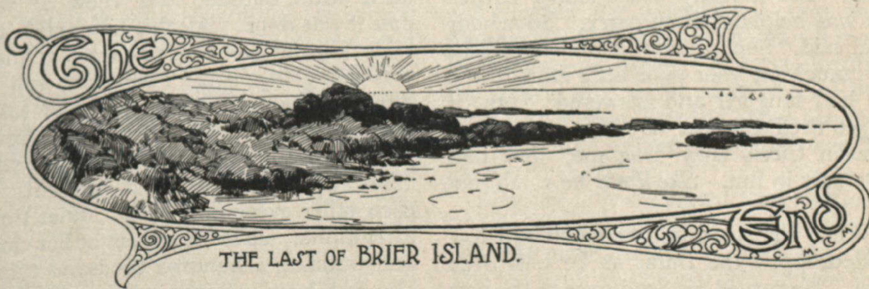
Cove, giving employment to almost all the men in the place. The features of the men almost always suggested much intimacy with boats and nets and the things of the sea. At Centerville one can stand and look over both waters. A deep cove here, on the St. Mary's Bay side, is very picturesque, and getting to it necessitates a wild scramble over a path of the rockiest kind. Visitors to this charming spot can once again pursue the amethyst in what is certainly a very fine air, a most exhilarating pursuit that ends, alas, in the usual way. It is good-bye to Centerville, with the morning gray, cool and threatening. The scenic qualities of the road are fine, and "wispy" bits of fog come and go as I push along the way, with an eye to ending up at Digby. The road mounts steadily until the top of the long two-mile descent of Sea-wall Hill is reached. A magnificent view of the northward prospect is caught, with Sea-wall Cove tucked neatly in, far, far below. What a piece of pie for the wheelman is this big hill! Nothing to do but let her go down and round and down again with a glad rush near the foot and a long, spinning "straight away" along the levels of the cove and over the little bridge that crosses the stream from Gulliver's Hole; past the red cliffs on the right and gently up along towards Digby.

A mile or two from Sea-wall a road branches off to the left. It looks inviting, so I take the cue. It matters little that the road-bed is not first-class; the beauty and interest of all that is to be seen far outweighs the trifling inconveniences of stones and boulders, more or less. And then towards the end of it, as Gulliver's Hole comes largely into view, the road improves, speed increases, and the shore is reached.

Here may be found the remains of a one-time prosperous fishing industry, with things very much on the quiet now. The sun is gaily shining and the sea beats merrily in; the tide has turned, and eight or ten men and boys are busy forking up the great masses of seaweed that have come in on the flood. It is an animated scene with lots of colour and go, and just the sort of thing for picture-hunters. The beach is a long sweep, beautifully curved, composed as it is of rounded stones of all sizes; the movement of the numerous ox-carts waiting about for the weed is none too easy. These oxen give splendid colour-notes to the scene, and I leave it all with great regret; for it seems too bad to turn the back upon the gaiety, beauty, and abundant charm of the place.

There is little to say for the rest of the way, and my return to Digby was made in a downpour of rain. The tourist in

ordinary, or that more deserving personage, the town-worn toiler, will find that the rarest enjoyment is to be found in an exploration of the *Neck;* it is not necessary to ride a *machine*, for one can be otherwise conveyed. The little steamer trips are most enjoyable, and they occur daily. The hostelries are inviting in their simplicity and quiet comfort. The people of the *Neck* are kindly disposed to the stranger within their "two waters," and hospitality rules. It is no land of high prices one comes to make acquaintance with. To the average traveller and summer tourist who still retains an interest in the things of sea and land, to whom the beauty of the earth and the gladness of the sky still mean something; to those who keep in touch with their fellow mortals, when and wherever found, there is a rich reward in the study of native character, either among those who till the earth, or among the hardy, simple-minded fellows who go down to the sea in ships, and whose main business is upon the great waters. The fishing villages all along Digby Neck are interesting, especially from the human standpoint. The fisherman, as I saw him at various places, is a quiet, unpretending man, wearing pretty generally a somewhat serious air; not apparently a great talker, and good (like his fishing brethren in other parts of the world) at gentle idleness, with passive hands buried deep in pocket—withal, a brave and fearless fellow, and a fine worker, when work calls. These hardy men count the sea their friend, wresting from her depths the fish that make life pleasant and possible for themselves and their families. Their little lives come in, countless times, with the raging seas pounding and threshing almost at their very doors; and the roar of the gale is an oft-time lullaby. For them, the sea has no terrors; they are not troubled with that fear that shrinks and hesitates, but put forth upon the waters at all times and under all sorts of serious conditions, with a simplicity of courage and faith in themselves that is sublime.




THE LAST OF BRIER ISLAND.

# The Little Page

By MARGARET WILSON

*A frequent incident of childhood, showing an opportunity to administer comfort that is not always grasped.*

HE was not thinking of his yellow satin coat and white knee breeches, or of the three-cornered hat under his arm, or of the big silver buckles on his shoes, as he walked up the aisle behind his cousin Cicely. He was thinking of the tears he had seen her wink back when they were standing in the church vestibule—his dear Cicely, who had wiped away so many of his tears. When his mother was ill or absent it was always to her arms he ran in time of trouble, and they had the right mother feel—they comforted. *His* arms were at *her* service now. For it really was a heavy burden he was helping her to carry. Somebody had said, "Such a heavy train—it will be too much for your poor little arms"; and he had laughed and answered: "Oh, if I get tired I'll just lie down on it, and Cousin Cicely may drag me," but that was only in fun. *She* knew he would not fail her.

When she stood still he stood still too, and dropped the train, as he had been told. He turned his head once to the pew where his mother was standing and asked with his eyes, "Am I doing it right?" and she smiled back "Yes." Then he stood as motionless as a page should until it was time to take the bride's flowers.

He looked up into her eyes as she handed him the bouquet, and then he looked down at the violets and thought they were the same colour. He had often told her that her eyes were like violets. He had made her other pretty speeches as poetical and more original—though, after all, so far as this poet was concerned, "eyes like violets" might never have been said before. "You have a dear little point to your chin that makes me want to pinch it," he told her once, reaching up to illustrate; "not the angry kind of pinch—*this* kind." Her smile he described as like "lemonade; with a sweet taste, but another taste besides that makes you want more and more of it." He called her D, because it stood for Dear, Delightful and Delicious.

There were no tears in the violet eyes now, but that was nothing; he had kept back tears himself, and knew at what cost it was done. All this fuss and bother—no wonder she was unhappy! And it was going to change everything—all the old customs she loved, that had lasted forever and were meant to last forevermore—the cunning post-office in the staircase wall where they hid presents for each other every day, their "quiet time" after dinner, his management of her clocks and watches, a hundred thousand things. He had been against it from the first. From the moment she confided in him he had advised her not to do it. Only last night when *he* came in and spoiled their last "quiet time," the little page had pleaded with her that it was not too late to change her mind yet. He might have prevailed even then if his mouth had not been stopped by the masterful hand that was putting the ring on her finger now. What had he said? "I had trouble enough to persuade her in the first place."

That was it. She had been persuaded into it against her will, and now she was sorry.

In the vestry he kissed her and whispered, "I love you, D!" for what comfort she could get from it. The bridegroom tried to make up friends, but he would have nothing to say to him. "You persuaded her," he thought.

While his mother was taking off the three-cornered hat and arranging his curls after the drive to the house, she talked to him about the wedding. The little choristers, singing as they walked together, two and two—wasn't it a pretty sight?

"I didn't look," he said. "I was so sorry for Cicely that I couldn't think of anything else."

"Sorry for Cicely! But, my dear, Cicely is happy."

The page shook his head decidedly.

"She's just pretending," he said, and then he ran away as fast as his little white legs would carry him to take up his position near her again and give her what support he could.

A great many people were passing before her, some of them shaking hands with her, some of them kissing her, all saying the same thing, they hoped she'd be happy. She was smiling. He would not have told them about those tears at the church door for the world—he would help her to pretend. So he smiled and allowed them to kiss him too, though it was very disagreeable to be kissed and kissed *and* kissed, when one was trying hard to look pleased.

Then came the wedding breakfast, and he had his from the bride's plate. He discovered that he was very hungry, and though he urged her to eat her share, somehow he got it nearly all. And it was all the things he liked best—she remembered them even then. As he had sometimes told her, she was "a most remembering person."

Now there was a sudden hush in the room and a man began to speak; when he stopped for a moment somebody called "hear, hear!" and when he stopped altogether there was a tinkle of glass and a murmur of "The bride!" And now his new cousin was speaking. "You persuaded her," the little page thought again, but not so bitterly this time; when you are eating good things it is hard to keep up a grudge, and the voice was pleasant.

When the bride went to change her dress, the page felt tired and sleepy; but when she joined him again at the head of the stairs and clasped his hand whispering, "We must run for our lives," he was quite wideawake at once. He knew what came next at a wedding.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered valiantly, "I'll take care of you."

And then they flew down the stairs and through the hall together, in the face of a shower of rice. It was as if they were out in a driving storm of sleet. The little page felt his cheeks stinging. He looked at the bride. She was laughing, but her cheeks were scarlet—he was sure they were stinging too. He pulled her down the doorsteps and helped to bundle her into the carriage, dancing from side to side in his efforts to make a shelter of his tiny form. A dinner bell was clanging hideously; it was tied to the back of the carriage with white ribbon, and there was a white kid shoe fastened to the pole between the horses' heads. He tugged at the ribbon in vain. He made a dash for the shoe, but only got half-way; for in passing, he caught sight of Cicely's head bowed behind the shelter of her elbow. She had not escaped her persecutors; they were flinging handfuls of the hateful rice through the carriage windows. His own brother, the cadet, was worst of all. The little page flew at him, tore the paper bag from his hand and rained blows all over the disgraced uniform.

A louder murmur of voices, a rumble of wheels—he turned just in time to see the carriage moving away. Cicely was gone! She was gone, and he had not protected her.

All the way back through the crowded hall and stairway the little page ran, crying with sorrow and rage and mortification. He repulsed those who held out detaining hands and ran on until he reached Cicely's bedroom. There he shut himself in and threw himself upon the heap of wedding finery on the bed and wept his heart out, mopping his eyes with two little fists full of the beautiful lace veil. He had refused to go to the train, for

fear he should cry in public, but now he did not care that all those people had seen his tears. He was too unhappy for Cicely to think of himself.

The door opened and shut. Somebody was lifting his head; he was clasped in somebody's arms. He looked up. It was the bride! She was sitting beside him on the bed, holding his wet face close against her, just as if she had never gone.

He accepted it without wonder, as one of the happy miracles, so much more natural than a non-miraculous continuance of unhappiness. She had gone but she was there; she was wiping his tears away, as she had never failed to do when he fled to this spot for comfort. He did not know that she had caught a glimpse of his tearful flight and had ordered the horses stopped and followed him, defying superstition and risking the loss of the train rather than leave him unconsoled. He knew nothing of the deserted bridegroom, waiting in the carriage, watch in hand, or of the laughing guests calling after her. He did not care to know. She was there—that was enough.

"And you're sure you're not sorry to be married?" he held her back, at the last, to ask.

"Quite, quite sure."

"And I was a good page?"

"The best anybody ever had."

"And the rice didn't hurt you, and you didn't mind the horrid old bell?"

"Not a bit."

The little page drew a sigh of relief.

"You're such a good comforter!" he said, and of all the pretty speeches made to her that day the bride liked this best.

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# To a Violet

BY E. M. YEOMAN

VIOLET, when I do look upon thy face,
  And on the lofty loveliness that lies
In the high sweetness of thy fragile grace
  And in the pale blue beauty of thy guise;
Briefly I mark thy charm and darling worth,
  Thy shape and painting all so delicate;
And straight new thoughts do lead me from the earth,
  And new-known wisdom holds me separate.
I look upon thy beauty's mystery,
And judge thee fair, and think no more of thee;
  For, as I hold thee in my caring hand,
  New things of earth and heaven I understand.

O Violet! when I look upon thy face,
  Visions of a company come to me
Of angels ling'ring o'er earth's barren space,
  Floating on white and gold wings grieffully,
Grieving that inscient man forgets that those
  Whom chill Death steals exalted are above.
And, oh! they weep for all man's heavy woes,
  And shed soft tears of sympathy and love.
And, lo! their sighings fill the painted air,
Vain whisp'ring man the vanity of care.
  And I do hear earth's dark complaining host
  Wailing sad symphonies of loved ones lost.

# The Flitting of Fergus McDougal

*By S. FRANCES HARRISON, Author of "The Forest of Bourg-Marie"*

*Showing characteristic racial courage and fortitude in the face of the grim irony of fate.*

THE Reverend Fergus McDougal, B.A., sat at his deal writing table. He had no desk, for he was poor. City pastors, who have their own luxuriously furnished study, as well as free access to the "church parlour," library, or vestry, can have no conception of his poverty. He did not pay rent for his house, but it was very small; and Fergus, who was an unusually tall man, had grown to carry his head down upon his chest because the doors of his little dwelling were so uncomfortably low. He stooped, not so much because he was a scholar, as on account of the low doors and the proximity of the rough, whitewashed ceiling.

He sat, looking at the objects that covered his writing table. In the centre stood a statue about a foot high, modelled out of ordinary clay and surmounted by a stick bearing a ticket. On this ticket were the words "John Bunyan." Around the statue were six plates of some kind of home-made cake, and around these again, more posts and pillars of clay, pinched into shapes suggestive of things ecclesiastical, such as church steeples, belfry, and an open Bible resting on a cushion. At the four corners of the table were four other statues, smaller than "John Bunyan," with their features somewhat muddled and indistinct. "Calvin" had his hands raised to Heaven; "Wycliffe" carried a tiny Bible; "Knox" was portrayed with the fiercest of grins, and the fourth, bearing no name, upheld a flag pieced together out of bits of coloured cotton, red, blue and dirty white. The whole certainly formed a unique combination and one evidently dear to the minister himself, who was the designer of the flags and the statues, and also the maker of the homely cake. Over the door the words, "Exhibition Now Open," afforded to the uninitiated a glimpse of his meaning.

The Reverend Fergus, having completed his survey from a chair, rose and walked slowly around the table. His spare, angular figure was clad in dull, much-brushed, much-greased black. His face was long and thin, and of a peculiar grayish-yellow tint, matching his straggling hair. His hands were those of the labourer rather than of the scholar, and his eyes, of a glassy gray, had something vacant in their lustreless depths. His slouching, ungainly frame was not prepossessing, but there was much that was pleasant in his occasional smile, and the grim mouth was not altogether devoid of sentiment.

The arrangement of the table did not please him. He dusted John Bunyan and rearranged Wycliffe. One of the tickets was refractory and would not stand out properly; this he righted. A shelf that held worn books and yellow newspapers was also carefully dusted and each article put back in its accustomed place. The few chairs were pulled out, inspected, dusted, then set back again. On the walls and over the shelf were a number of

water-colour sketches, crude, hard, stiff, and especially faulty in perspective, yet faithful enough in their way to black pine and white *chute*, gray beach and angular coast—the chief features of the surrounding landscape. Other curiosities, more or less worthless, filled every available inch of space.

As a clock in the adjoining kitchen struck seven, the minister started, and, going into the room, set the kettle to boil, quickly laying out cup and saucer and plate on the window-sill. There was no table because there was no space for one.

A little later, he took his solitary meal, standing first in deep humility as he pronounced aloud, and with striking, peculiar fervour, a grace and prayer combined.

He paused in the midst of it, and seemed to gather strength, for when he spoke again he declaimed in a still louder voice and with passionate conviction the old form of Psalm One Hundred and Two:

> My heart within me smitten is,
> And it is witherèd,
> Like very grass; so that I do
> Forget to eat my bread.
> By reason of my groaning voice
> My bones cleave to my skin;
> Like pelican in wilderness
> Forsaken I have been.

He paused again with a deep sigh that was almost a groan.

The kettle having commenced to boil, the minister infused his tea and sat down to bread and butter—not too much of either—and ate as the solitary eat. Having acquired habits of abstraction and repression, he ate hurriedly, vacantly, alternately gazing at the bread in his hand and out of the window. In ten minutes he had dispatched the "great bounties" set before him, and then proceeded to wash the few dishes. While he thus washed and wiped, his brain seemed ever active and his tongue as well, for he frequently broke into disjointed quotations from the Word of God, particularly those antiquated selections from the Psalms of David which he appearèd to prefer as a means of expression. These contrite utterances were not muttered or whispered, but declaimed in a loud and monotonous sing-song, approaching a chant. Was it so strange that to some of the superstitious, ignorant folk of a remote *paroisse*, that of Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, and to the, in times past, non-exacting congregation, it was apparent that a change was necessary.

His domestic duties over, the minister took a straw hat from a peg in the kitchen and went out to the front door to await the approach of his guests.

The evening was fine, but cold. Behind the manse, as his frame dwelling was styled—chiefly by himself—the wide Atlantic lapped and gleamed. Tongues and fingers of black, slimy rock ran at low tide far out into the steel-gray water. The only break to the flat monotony of this dismal coast was in the shape of a huge boulder rising fifteen or twenty feet above the rough level of the stony beach. But in front of the manse, a different scene lay spread. The dusty white road was bordered by rich, green banks, in which waved tall plumes of golden-rod. A little farther from the high-road, ferns showed their feathery tops four or five feet from the ground; underneath, a scarlet, coral-like growth of *cornu* twined around wild-rose and huckleberry. The rosy *linnœa* crept over fallen log and rotting stump. The manse garden was gay with Old World flowers—hollyhocks, petunias and asters, as distinguished from purely Canadian blossoms.

The guests began to arrive, the French contingent being about the first. Although Catholics, they did not come to scoff, even if they did not remain to pray. The exhibition was not as good as the Christ in the Manger in the large church at Rimouski, but it was better than nothing, and summer is a dull season at Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, compared to the gaieties of the French-Canadian winter, both ecclesiastical and secular.

There followed several representatives of Scotch families, for whom the little kirk had been established twenty-five years ago—the McNiders, McBrides, Fergusons and Frasers. The chief man of the district was Duncan McCallister, who had a winter house at Rimouski and who controlled a large and paying saw-mill. These were all simple, frugal, hardworking people, and needless to say, strict Presbyterians. To some there the manse

had stood for culture, for authority, and for guidance a long time now, but these were rather the exception.

The minister greeted each arrival in the same manner, making no distinctions unless it were in the case of the pretty daughter of the McCallister, who had been for years a favourite of his.

Janet had brought a little sister with her, but it seemed as if the Reverend Fergus had expected someone else to accompany her. He gave her a strange, searching and yet furtive look. Where was Duncan himself?

That burly, prosperous, pushing, aggressive personality was away from home, said his daughter. The minister sighed.

"I was just hoping that Duncan himsel' would be with us this evening, but no doubt he's a busy man—is the McCallister."

Mrs. McNider also apologised for her husband—familiarly known as "old Andra."

As if he need wait for nothing else now, the minister turned and followed the last guest into the little sitting-room, full to overflowing. With a deep sigh he took down his large Bible and stood before them.

"We know, dear friends," said he, "it is always our custom to conduct these evenings, these exhibitions, and other entertainments, in the spirit of humble duty to the Lord, and we must not make any exception to that rule to-night of all times. Before we enter on our diversions, kindly permitted to us by the grace and favour of the Lord, let us remember Him, Him, the Almighty, in silent prayer."

A scramble on the part of his visitors caused him to remark: "Ye needna kneel. If ye'll just incline the head and say a bit prayer to yersels, that'll do."

A silence followed, broken only by a smothered laugh from Janet's little sister, promptly suppressed by Janet, who knew something of the minister's life and character. When a decent interval had elapsed he set the example and they all sat up straight once more, or stood, as the case might be.

"I would not care to go so far as to hold a sairvice here to-night," began the Reverend Fergus, erect, pallid, looking attentively at his flock, "for I am well aware that the most of ye are regular attendants at the kirk every Sabbath, and I have no wish to let an occasion like this take the place of the sairvice ye are accustomed to. But there is an end to all things and a time to bid farewell as there is a time to give welcome, a time to depart as well as a time to arrive, and the truth—the truth, dear friends—is just this, that I shall not be with you in the kirk next Sabbath, nor any succeeding Sabbath. There's a good reason for this, as some of ye know already, and all of you had better know after to-night. So I intend—the Lord sparing and upholding me—to speak to ye now."

He coughed, long and hard, to hide emotion.

"Ye are not prepared for this, I doubt—I can see it in your faces. Some of you are saying—it's a holiday he'll be taking, with his auld carpet-bag there (it lay packed, ready to his hand, as Janet McCallister now noticed with a start), and his auld staff and auld straw hat—but ye're wrang. Twenty-five years I've put in with ye—but I'm going at last. I was twenty-five when I came to ye, which makes me fifty now."

His hand went up to his hair, and a smile played for a moment around his mouth.

"I'm not so gray as some, but 'tis a queer colour. The sun bleaches it more than cares whiten it, I'm thinking. So here I am, after twenty-five years of it, and you know best, you, the people I have served before the Lord, how I have read His Word and preached His Gospel and gone in and out before you in a sinful world during that time."

The French remained unconcerned, for indeed they understood very little of what had been said, but there was considerable interest among the Scotch contingent.

"I'll now read ye the letter I have lately received from two elders of our kirk:

THE REVEREND FAIRGUS McDOUGAL, OF STE. FLAVIE D'INVERNESS.

DEAR SIR,—In our concern for the *speeritual* welfare of this Parish, as well as for the increase of its material prosperity, we are about to take a step which, we feel sure, will

commend itself to your sense and good-nature —if not at first, then, surely, upon mature and serious reflection.

You have now been in charge of our congregation for the long period of twenty-five years, during which time you have served us faithfully, conscientiously, and, we are confident, to the best of your *abeelity*. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that the time is ripe for a change. You, yourself, are doubtless in need of a well-deserved rest and stimulus to future endeavours, and we are compelled to admit that for the last three or four years we have lost more members than we have gained. Our young people especially have shown a tendency to criticise the form of *sairvice* and to forsake us for the new Methodist edifice at Kemptville, even going so far as to attend—for the sake of the music—the Basilica at Rimouski.

There is also another matter which compels our attention—the exhibitions, Dissolving Views, and other entertainments so kindly organised by you for us in the past, seem to have outlived their usefulness. Our people are beginning to show signs of moving with the times, and upon these grounds we have brought your case, and ours, to the notice of the General Assembly, having no doubt that the members thereof will come to our decision —namely, that a younger and more progressive man must be found for this parish, and a suitable and congenial post be given to yourself.

Trusting that you will view this communication, though indited with every wish for your best future, as final.

We remain on behalf of the congregation,

DUNCAN MCCALLISTER.
ANDREW MCNIDER.

When he had concluded, he folded it up neatly and took off his glasses.

"That'll be the letter," he said. "Ye'll understand why ye'll not see me again in my place yonder."

The first to speak, after a constrained silence, was a short, florid-faced man, the only Englishman in the region, successively sailor, lighthouse-keeper, and owner of a general store.

"Tell you wot, Mr. McDougal, Sir," he cried, "*I* advised the Elders a little in this matter, and told 'em that you ought to 'ave a 'Sistant, wot they calls a Curate in the Old Country. A man can't go on year after year without repeatin' 'imself! And so I said. But they wouldn't listen to me."

Mrs. McNider stepped timidly forward.

"I'll beg ye to believe, Sir," said she, visibly trembling, "that I've had no knowledge of that doccyment. I know this—that minister or no minister, ye're the last man to require *stimulants*, and Andra should have known better than to have put his hand to sic a letter."

The mistake, which no one present was competent to estimate properly as a poor joke, though certainly not so intended, brought a wave of unhealthy colour to the minister's face. He immediately broke out into the Eleventh Psalm:

"For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Their shafts on string they fit;
That those who upright are in heart
They privily may hit."

Then he closed his eyes and lifted his voice till it became a pleading groan.

"O Lord—in Thy mercy bear with me, Thy poor human instrument; bear with these people that they become not backsliders and recreant hearers of Thy Word. Lord—be my Heavenly Witness that I have striven for this people before Thy face, lying at the foot of the throne. Yet bless them, O Lord, in their families, in their work, on the sea in ships, at the forge, in the fields, in the forest. Bless even those who still bow down to images and idols. Turn their hearts to Thee, the only true God, and rescue them from the perils of latter darkness and utter confusion."

He stopped almost as suddenly as he had begun. Janet McCallister kept her hand over her eyes as if in church. Then he began again:

"We'll read together for the last time in the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians......'For neither at any time used I flattering words, as ye know, nor a cloak of covetousness, God is witness. Nor of man sought I glory......But I was gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children. Remember, therefore, brethren, my labour and travail, as labouring night and day, I preached unto you the Gospel of God—and that only......And ye were my glory and my joy.'"

He closed the Bible and set it reverently on the shelf. "And now, if ye please, I declare the Exhibeetion open, and I hope ye'll all walk round and obsairve the—the decorations, and help yersels and each other to the cake—good Scotch shortbread that'll not hurt the youngest here."

With feelings of relief and curiosity, mingled with a slight contrition, the people did as they were told, glad to be able to gossip and exchange ideas. The minister passed the plates of cake, described the statues, explained the flags and displayed the sketches, all in his usual grim manner. That rare smile which so well became him appeared only when he bent from his great height to address the pretty daughter of the McCallister.

"I'm thinking I've watched ye grow up, Janet," he said, looking wistfully at her. "I know your age to the day. Ye'll not give up the class when I'm gone?"

"But when *are* you going, Sir?" cried Janet. They were standing a little apart and her sister was pulling at her gown.

"I'll be going—well, very soon," said he, with the Scotch dislike of a definite statement.

"But how soon? Perhaps my father—perhaps someone—Oh, isn't there anybody to help, cannot anything be done? It's so sudden!"

"The letter is just six weeks old. Not so sudden after all. And it's the new minister, the nephew of old Andra, will be with ye to-morrow."

Her gaze fell once more on the carpet-bag.

"You are going to-night!" she said reproachfully.

"I was thinking of getting away in the airly morning," said he, qualifying the remark—"if it does not rain."

Janet, too sorrowful to say more, took her sister and went hurriedly home. The McCallister dwelling was the chief place in the neighbourhood, a comfortable gray-stone manor-house of some antiquity, as it had been the residence of the *seigneur* of the district for many years. The daughters of Duncan McCallister would have money, therefore, chances in life—education, travel, possibly good positions in society. Janet was shortly to go to Montreal, after that to Edinburgh, to school. The McCallister was a prominent, clever, progressive man, and would soon be in Parliament.

So, as she did not wait for the close of the entertainment, she did not assist at a leave-taking of mixed emotions, nor hear the vivid phraseology in which the minister delivered his farewell oration, ending by presenting his various collections of flags, statues, sketches, fossils, botanical specimens and imperfectly stuffed birds to the parish of Ste. Flavie d'Inverness. Little regret was expressed. Even Tibbets and Mrs. McNider felt relieved. The minister was "dour" and "fey" to many of his people. He had been there for twenty-five years—it was a long time. He would not have a servant, and it was not fit that a minister of the Gospel should wash his own linen and cook for himself all the year round. Old Madeline de Courcy who worked for the priest, or Tibbets' Irish "help" would gladly have done for him occasionally. But he was one who would "dree his weird" and gang his own gait, and the general impression—that things had got into a groove and that any change would be desirable—was allowed to remain.

The company departed and the night wore on. There was little to be done for all his earthly goods were packed. He opened his Bible and read long by the light of a candle. Frequently he ejaculated aloud, and prayed for his detractors. Great emotions held, thrilled him. He was leaving a place he loved despite its hardships, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as he read. At twelve o'clock he put out the light and composed himself to sleep in his chair, for, as he had made up the bed for his successor, it might not be used.

Though the moon shone bright and cold upon the window, and the waters of the Gulf were beating with the thunder of a full tide on the rocks behind the manse, he slept soundly, with his gaunt face turned to the road. So, had he had an enemy, would he have been easy to kill.

But it was no enemy that stole along in the moonlight, frightened of the open high-road, three miles from her home, and at the mercy of any loafing labourer or drunken sailor. Janet McCallister came to the window and screamed. Then she ran back into the shade of a tree.

The Reverend Fergus awoke directly, but as might have been expected of him, never thought of looking out into the road. He went to the back of the manse and listened. The bay was white and glister-

ing, and not a sail showed. The tide had just turned and was flowing noisily out. Close at hand, the one large boulder loomed up hard and black and the graduated masses of stones and pebbles that formed the curve of the inhospitable bay were revealed distinctly as in a photograph or stereoscopic view. Like a continuous flashlight the moon poured out a steady flood of pure white beams that served to burn the scene more vividly into the brain than the most glorious sunshine would have done, because of the absence of haze and cloudy vapours.

Satisfied that neither ship nor stranger was in the vicinity and that the cry must have reached him in his dreams, he found some milk and drank it, and laid upon the window-sill cup, saucer, and plate for his successor. He saw the water in the kettle, the wood stacked by the stove, the fire ready for the match—before he turned to leave. Then with the carpet-bag, the stick, and the Bible in the outer pocket of his drab linen overcoat, he left the manse.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be His Name! Thus I came and thus I go, and may he who comes after be as just to the poor man, and as plain-spoken to the rich, and as careful of the deeshes as I, Fairgus McDougal!"

He started, for a hand was laid on his arm.

"Janet!" said the minister, with a frown. "I doubt but that there is something amiss with ye at home! What are ye doing here, out of your bed, at sic an hour?"

"I—I came to see you," said Janet earnestly. "Don't send me back! Let me walk—walk to the station with you."

"Six miles? It's too far, lassie, too far."

"Then it's too far for you. I am young and a good walker—Oh, please!"

The minister shook his head.

"'Tis not for you, Janet. As for me, it's a clear nicht and I'll be liking it fine once I am started."

Janet had evidently more upon her mind.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed excitedly, clasping her hands on his arm. "You—so good, so kind to these people, these ungrateful, these ignorant people, as many of them are, for I know—to be sent away like this! If it is my father's doing I shall never forgive him. And why cannot something be done, why cannot I do something? I went home to speak to my mother about it, and she thinks you ought to appeal it, carry it somewhere—I don't understand, but I thought I would tell you."

He removed her hands and shook his head.

"And that's not for me, lassie—that's not for me. A younger man, maybe, might stay and fight it out—but that's not for me. The matter is all settled by now; it was taken out of my hands from the first. I'm fifty, Janet," he said with his rare smile, and her heart sank.

"But I take it kindly of ye, Janet—and of your mother. And I am upheld by my conviction that I have done my duty, given the best of my manhood and of my talents to this place, which now casts me off. At first, I thought it shame to be in so small a place—there were only seven families to minister to when I came, but soon I got to love it because my work lay in it, as we do often by God's wise ordering—and I have nothing to say against the people, not even the French—poor, ignorant, priest-crammed folk, with one vairtue, Janet, they're mostly sober."

He talked on, forgetting the hour and the girl by his side, yet she was happy thus. A long life of solitary habit had rendered him innocently selfish, had induced a solemn egoism in which he was strongly wrapped.

"Ye'll bear a message of brotherly love to the McCallister for me——" he was beginning, when a fog-horn sounded across the bay. The night had changed. Large masses of cloud ruffled delicately at the edges, were rapidly obscuring the sky, the moon was hidden. It looked as if it might rain before morning. The minister cast a hurried glance around and for the second time that night took up the carpet-bag and stick.

"I must be off while it is clear," said he, "so it's good-bye to ye, Janet, lass, Miss McCallister. To the new minister, old McNider's nephew, I wish him weel—I wish him weel."

"And I shall hate him!" cried Janet, with a break in her voice. "Hate him—hate him—hate him! Oh—you're not really going! You don't really mean to go!"

Something in the broken sentences, in the girlish, eloquent voice, stirred his chivalrous side, never even remotely touched before. He looked at her narrowly, and for one moment, hope sprang up in her maiden breast. The next, she heard him say:

"Ye have a kind heart—and the McCallister should be proud of his ain daughter. He's the same age as mysel'. Maybe, if I had not come to this wilderness by the sea, to Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, but stayed in the Upper Province and mixed with my kind—for I am a college man, Janet, and took a fine degree—I might have married, and even had a daughter like you. That'll be a strange thought, you say! And if ye were my ain daughter, what would I be saying to ye now but this?—'Janet—or Janet McDougal, as your name would be then—'tis almost two in the morning, and you on the white, dusty high-road from Ste. Evremonde de Kilkenny to Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, talking to an old fule of a minister and making his flitting the harder, instead of being safe in your ain bed at home. Go back, lassie, go back.'"

"I don't want to go back," sobbed Janet. "Oh, I don't think I care if I never go back! And you'll change your mind, perhaps! You'll not really go. Oh—please stay! I'm asking *you* to go back, to remain with us and teach us again and never, *never* go away, unless of your own accord.

The minister seemed all at once to lose his clerical reserve, his national caution, his vague, halting, half-shy, half-grim manner.

"I tell ye, Janet, lassie—ye're making my flitting the harder! Are ye like all the rest of the folk, thinking that because I preach the Gospel on Sabbath, and wear the black coat all the week, that I am without a heart in my body, a flicker of memory in my brain, a grain of sense in my intellect? If so, ye're wrang, Janet, ye're wrang. How *can* a man, a minister of God's Word, stay after he's cast out? How can anyone stay where they are no longer wanted? Where there's another chosen and put over his head—ay, ye'll be sitting under him next Sabbath and it is Donald McDonald is his name, the nephew of old McNider. So I must go, Janet, there's no way out of it. No one must ask me to stay. It's by the general wish of the parish, and as such must be respeckit. But I'm no denying it's a wrench, ay, and a painful one. I have a pain at my heart that will not let me be."

Janet was sobbing quite uncontrollably now. The minister suddenly realised the possible dangers that might overtake this young and courageous heart, and his somewhat narrow thoughts of self faded away.

"Ye must do now as I bid ye," he said sternly. "Ye know well that the high-road to Matane at two in the morning in this wild light is no place for your father's daughter. I cannot let ye walk with me to the station, nor must ye think of going back to your home at this hour. Ye'll just come back with me to the manse and bide there till the dawn is well up. Then ye can easily make your way home and no one will say a word to ye. But unless ye want to be the first to bid Donald McDonald welcome, ye had better get away before he comes. That'll be about seven o'clock."

Her excitement had subsided at his tone of authority. She let herself be guided by him, and together they retraced their way to the manse.

All would soon be over. In a moment he would be going......The moment came. He was going.

"Stand up, Janet....I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast raised up one friend in the day of my dire trouble. Out of the mouths of babes and children hast Thou perfected praise ere now. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, now and forever. Amen."

She heard the door close and the uneven step go down the narrow path. But

before she could sink into his chair and give herself up to tears, he was back, outside at the window.

"Ye'll not forget the message of brotherly love to your father!" he said. "And if ye get hungry—as ye may—ye'll find a bit candle and plenty of shortbread in the cupboard. I left it for—*him* that's expeckit."

This time he was actually gone. She could weep now.

"He wouldn't let me walk to the station with him," she cried from her aching heart, "and he doesn't know that I would walk to the end of the world with him—if he'd only ask me, if he'd only ask me!"

Let no one laugh at or deprecate the lost illusions of youth. By reason of their freshness, delicacy, intangibility, their hopelessness is more bitter and their evanescent beauty more precious than when the passions overtake us in later life. Janet could only stay as she had promised, and sat on into the morning with a "bit candle" by her side, still weeping.

Meanwhile the new minister was nearing the scene of his future labours, and finding only an uncomfortable "buckboard" at the station, concluded to wait till his relative, old McNider, should drive him the six miles. So this explains why he was still in the waiting-room when a tall, ungainly, shambling figure, carrying a shabby carpet-bag and clad in a drab linen overcoat, descended from a cart and took the early express for the west.

The Reverend Fergus had been lucky in getting a "lift" from a French labourer, thus reaching his destination several hours earlier than he had expected. So he passed out of the life of the remote parish, Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, which was now about to wake up and be "progressive." But he never quite passed out of the heart and recollection of Janet McCallister.

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# A Holiday O'er

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

THERE are hazy mists where I lie and dream,
  And the scented hours flow swiftly by,
So full of an iridescent gleam,
  As the nodding flowers flash in between,
When down the sun shoots a dancing beam,
  Through the latticed leaves that gently sigh.

I have filled my heart with happy store;
  I have lived to learn to love it all.
But the long, white road lies stretched before,
  So I softly close the cool, green door:
"Farewell, farewell," lest I come no more,
  For the long, white road has giv'n my call.

And I must plod in the dusty way;
  But I shall see in the weary hours
A glimpse of green in a treasured day,
The low, broad fields of the sweet mown hay,
The bare-footed children at their play,
  And the breath, ah! the breath of the flowers.

# The Two Colonels

*By WILLIAM HARRISON*

*The removal of the old Moodie residence at Richmond Hill recalls an important incident of the Rebellion of 1837.*

THE OLD MOODIE HOMESTEAD AT RICHMOND HILL

THE demolition of the old Moodie homestead at Richmond Hill to give way to a branch of the Metropolitan Electric Railway, sacrificing it to the unfortunate necessities of a utilitarian age, removes one more of the few remaining landmarks incident to an epoch in Canadian history that is growing in significance year by year—the Rebellion of 1837. A Loyalist meeting to consider portending emergencies was held in this house on December 4th, 1837, seventy years ago. Among those present were Col. Moodie (who was shot dead that very night) and Col. Bridgford.

The efforts of a large branch of the Canadian people to rid themselves of the abuses of those days and the causes and consequences of the uprising are so well known to every student of Canadian history that we need only refer to what suits our purpose.

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie by his writings and speeches had raised the enthusiasm of his sympathisers up to the fighting point. The air was filled with rumours of impending "something" that it was incumbent upon every loyal citizen to resist. The arrangements of the insurgents were that active measures were to begin on December 7th. The Mackenzie party were to assemble at Montgomery's Hotel on Yonge Street and proceed to the city where they expected large reinforcements; march to the City Hall, seize the arms, garrison, banks, the Governor, etc., etc. The whole ill-starred movement fell through by having too many leaders.

Through an order given, unknown to Mackenzie, Lount and his men came from the north three days too soon, and arrived at Richmond Hill on December 4th, armed with pike-poles, ancient muskets, rusty rifles and anything else that could be converted into war material. That morning Col. Bridgford strolled over from the farm to "The Hill" in quest of the latest news, and was immediately

arrested by Lount as an adherent of the Family Compact.

Lount and Bridgford had been schoolmates, and apart from politics were on friendly terms. Bridgford was offered his liberty if he would go straight home. He agreed, and did so, but hearing that it was the intention of the invaders to take the city that night, he became very uneasy and, notwithstanding Mrs. Bridgford's most earnest entreaties with him to stay at home, he crossed over to Col. Moodie's house and found the Colonel in consultation with Capt. Stewart. Parties on the look-out had brought word that the insurgents had placed a guard across Yonge Street at Montgomery's hotel to intercept any who might endeavour to inform the city. Moodie and Bridgford at once decided to ride through the guard and apprise the Government.

Just as the two Colonels had come to the conclusion to mount their horses and away, Mrs. Moodie appeared upon the scene with an emphatic protest. To Mrs. Moodie, as to Mrs. Bridgford, there appears to have been a vivid presentiment of danger, which prompted immediate action. The lady had been taking in the situation with an attentive ear behind a half-open door. "Moodie shall not go," was an imperative declaration that demanded attention. Moodie and his fellow-officers never feared the face of man in peace or war. But this was a woman. Belligerent conditions were different. A fusilade of feminine artillery had not been provided for in their code of military tactics. Hostilities were useless. Conciliatory measures were resorted to. Duty and necessity were strongly urged. The parley ended in a compromise. Col. Bridgford became surety for Moodie's safe return, and Moodie was to be guided by Bridgford's advice.

COL. BRIDGFORD

One of the "Two Colonels." A portrait of Col. Moodie has not been available.

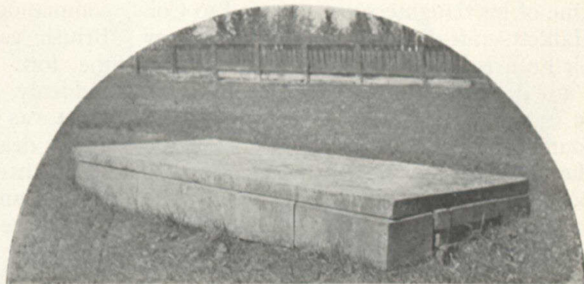
Had Mrs. Moodie persisted in her protest that day there might have been one tragedy less in Canada's struggle for responsible government. The officers mounted their horses and rode to save the city from the spoiler.

As they neared the hotel they saw the guard across the road. The "Patriots," who were assembled in large numbers, presented a rather formidable aspect. Bridgford, with his characteristic prudence, suggested a longer but a safer route. Moodie replied that he was too old a soldier to play the coward. Firing his pistols right and left he made a dash toward the guard. The moon shone brightly upon him, presenting a target too tempting to be resisted. In the excitement some one fired, and Moodie fell. The wounded man was taken into the hotel, where he expired in a couple of hours. Dr. Scadding remarked that it seems a strange fatality that a brave and efficient officer in the regular army should pass through all the dangerous experiences of battles that have brought about important results in the history of nations and finish his military career in a skirmish in a colonial quarrel.

Col. Moodie fills a soldier's grave in the Church of England at Thornhill. The marble slab bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT MOODIE,
Late of the 104th Regiment,
who on the night of the 4th Dec., 1837,
was shot by a party of Rebels

while on his way to Toronto to give information to Government of their intended attack upon that city



COL. MOODIE'S GRAVE AT THORNHILL

As soon as Moodie fell, Bridgford, who had a young horse, rode around the hotel, leaping the fences, and, though fired at several times, succeeded in reaching Yonge Street on the south side of the tavern. On his way to the city he fell in with Powell, who was afterwards Mayor of Toronto. Powell and Bridgford were the first to reach Government House. His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, when aroused in the middle of the night, was extremely incredulous of the uprising, and said to Bridgford: "You country gentlemen are easily alarmed."

"Easily alarmed or not," replied Bridgford, "the rebels will be down on the town in two hours."

The Governor then told them to order the bells to be rung. This was the first alarm given to the city of the impending danger.

In the arrangements for the defence, Col. Bridgford was commissioned by Col. Fitzgibbon to raise volunteers for immediate active service. Before starting on his mission it was agreed that if on his way north he should get into any difficulty Bridgford was to signal by displaying a silk handkerchief. This subsequently proved of service, for shortly afterwards he and his assistant, Mr. Perine Lawrence, were taken prisoners by the Mackenzie party near Montgomery's. The Colonel, seeing a chance for his man, secretly handed him his papers and Lawrence made good his escape.

As soon as Bridgford was taken prisoner a consultation was held and it was decided to execute him as a spy. Mr. David Gibson, the well-known land surveyor, whose residence was burned by the Government forces, suggested that he be held as a prisoner of war, became his security, and saved the Colonel's life.

With several other prisoners, Bridgford was relegated to the ballroom of the Montgomery Hotel, and placed under a guard. Here he was interviewed by Mackenzie himself, who asked him the latest news. The Colonel replied that he (Mackenzie) ought to have it as he had stopped the mails.

Mackenzie then said: "Do you know what is to be done with you?"

Bridgford said "No."

"You are to be shot to-morrow at 12 o'clock; have you any request to make?"

Bridgford answered that he had but one, and that was that the execution be deferred until 2 o'clock.

"Why this delay?" asked Mackenzie.

"Because," was the reply, "you will then have enough to do to look after your own life without attending to mine."

When the troops from the city, led by McNab, Fitzgibbon and Jarvis, with an overwhelming force, appeared, the silk handkerchief was hung from the south window of the hotel, and the Loyalists fired their shot clear of the room where the prisoners were confined. The "Patriots" were unable to maintain their ground, a general stampede ensued, the hotel was burned, and the seat of war transferred elsewhere.

The house whence the two Colonels started, as well as the farm of 200 acres on which it stood, was owned by Col. Moodie, who was a half-pay officer in the regular army, having been Lieutenant-Colonel in the 104th Regiment. He distinguished himself as an able officer in the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington. He was also engaged in active service during the war of 1812. Like many of his fellow-officers he had retired from military service in order to enjoy domestic comforts and farm life.

One of his daughters was married to Col. Halkett, *aide-de-camp* to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head.

Of Colonel Bridgford we are able to say more. His name is to be found among the earliest records of the village of Richmond Hill. He was born in New York City in 1792. His father was the owner of a vessel which plied between New York and Greenock, Scotland, each passage occupying two months. Having drawn a large sum of money from the bank, the father was murdered and his body found at the foot of Broadway. The widow came to Canada, bringing with her the son David, then a lad of seven years. Arriving at York (now Toronto) they put up at the McDougall Hotel, kept by the grandparents of the late Hon. Wm. McDougall. Their next trip was to Richmond Hill, then not out of the woods; their conveyance an ox-cart; their right of way an axe, and the time two days from "York" to "The Hill." Mrs. Bridgford then married Mr. Robt. Marsh, the first of the Marsh family, whose members have been prominent in local affairs for nearly a century.

The family was not long settled before there was something to do. The war of 1812 was declared on the 18th June, and a draft made on every available man. Young Bridgford in his dilemma went to Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Strachan, who shrewdly advised him to avoid the draft by joining the volunteers. Men were badly wanted at the front. On the 29th July a detachment of volunteers under command of Colonel Allen were ordered to be in readiness for active service, and to be at the head of the lake for equipment. Among them the name of D. Bridgford is recorded, who subsequently was on active service. He was at Detroit when Hull, the American general, surrendered and signed the capitulation. To the end of his life the Colonel wore upon his breast a silver medal, struck in commemoration of that Canadian victory. On the 27th April, 1813, Bridgford was at the fort at York waiting for orders when the magazine blew up, blowing into the air two hundred of the Americans with their commander, Pike, and several of the British garrison as they were vacating the fort. Among those who were so suddenly compelled to take an aerial flight was Col. Bridgford, who was picked up for dead and placed in a wheelbarrow ambulance for burial. On the way suspended animation returned. He lived to do service for his country at Fort Erie, Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

Col. Bridgford survived his adventures for many years, and was engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1850 he was elected councillor for the township of Vaughan. He was deputy-reeve from 1852 to 1858, when he succeeded Squire Gamble as reeve of the township. The Colonel died in 1868 at the age of seventy-five years. His remains lie in the village cemetery. Col. Bridgford's daughter, Mrs. D. C. O'Brien, a highly esteemed and intelligent lady with a memory as tenacious as *Hansard*, and an excellent conversationalist, to whom the writer is indebted for much of the information contained in this narrative, died August 24th, 1906. Her remains were brought from Toronto and placed beside those of her father.

To Mrs. O'Brien, Moodie's was a familiar face. In her girlhood days she was quite an equestrienne. Out for a ride one afternoon she was overtaken by the Colonel, who jocularly challenged her to race to a certain point in the distance. The young lady at once urged her steed to a gallop. The Colonel to his surprise found that frequent application of the spurs were necessary to enable him to keep alongside. The Colonel, however, gallantly allowed Miss Bridgford to reach the goal a length ahead.

Col. Bridgford's military mantle fell on his youngest son, Mr. D. B. Bridgford, who left Richmond Hill when about twenty years of age for Richmond, Virginia. There he joined the army before the breaking out of the civil war, and afterwards did considerable service in the Confederate camp. He was promoted to the rank of major, and subsequently was *aide-de-camp* to General Stonewall Jackson. At the funeral of the famous Confederate General, Major D.

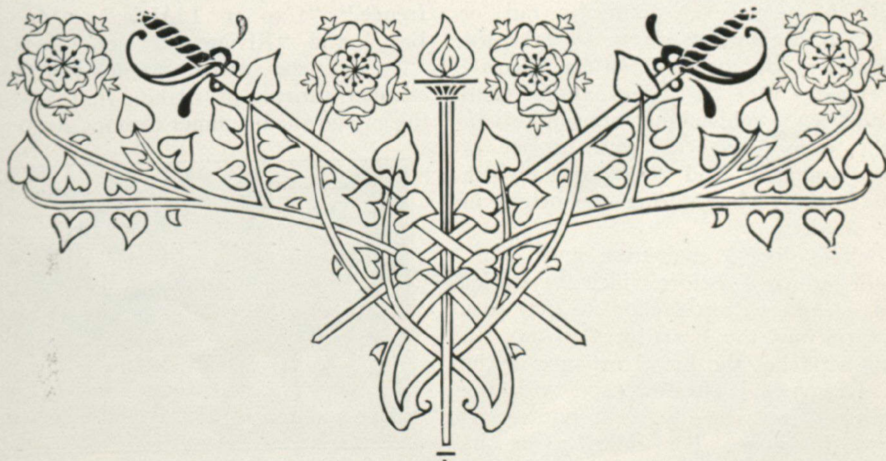
B. Bridgford, by the choice of his fellow-officers, represented the army. He fought among the "Boys in Gray" until the close of the war.

CHURCHYARD AT THORNHILL WHERE COL. MOODIE'S REMAINS ARE BURIED

Doubtless there are many persons who would like to see the memory of a landmark like the old Moodie residence and its associations perpetuated in some way.

The Historical Associations of Toronto have brought their influence to bear upon the civic authorities so that they have planted memorial stones in many spots where the last relics of important events in the history of the city are fast becoming obliterated by the ever-advancing utilitarian tendency of the age. The earnest efforts of those who are now endeavouring to perpetuate as long as possible the remains of the Old Fort and its surroundings will merit the gratitude of the lovers of history in generations to come. There are historic spots in many of our cities, towns and villages, and "the powers that be" should not allow them to pass into oblivion. A knowledge of the spot where originated some discovery, or where was the scene of some remarkable event in the past that has had much to do with the development of our present surroundings, is a great factor in riveting the record on the memory.

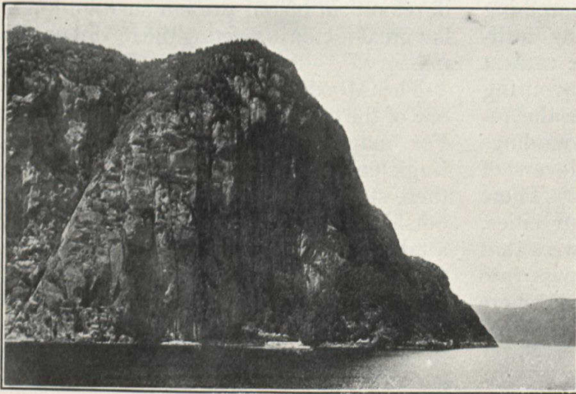
The Moodie residence was erected by one of the early settlers, Dr. Reed, in 1820. For many years before and after the tragic end of its next owner, Col. Moodie, there stood in front of the residence, as an outside evidence of the loyalty within, a tall flagstaff from which the Union Jack floated in the breeze on every national holiday.



# Up the Far-Famed Saguenay

By *MARY S. WILLIAMS*

*A picturesque description of a trip that possesses peculiar national characteristics.*



TRINITY ROCK, SAGUENAY RIVER

FROM whatsoever point, by rail or boat, the tourist starts to take the Saguenay trip, he does not feel directly *en route* for his destination until seated, some midsummer morning about eight o'clock, on the deck of one of the staunch R. and O. steamers which run from Quebec during the height of the season.

Behind looms the grim, gray bluff, citadel-crowned, before which the world-wide steamers drop anchor ere they pass onward into the heart of Canada. In front stretches the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence; salt now, and widening gradually, but steadily, as it pursues its seaward course. For miles along its northern bank run the Laurentian Mountains—an austere and massive chain, forming, as it were, an agreeably modulated prelude to the magnificent scenery in store when, some 130 miles downward from Quebec, its great northern tributary, "the far-famed Saguenay," is reached. To the southward, pale-hued in the distance, lie the hills of Notre Dame.

The region of the Lower St. Lawrence is replete with a charm of atmosphere all its own, and characteristic of no other spot on earth. The very names of the places are picturesque and suggestive: "Baie de St. Paul," "Les Eboulements," "St. Irénée," "Cap a L'Aigle," "Murray Bay," and "Rivière du Loup." Here one sees the native French-Canadian element thrown in striking foil against the gay-gowned summer throngs attracted

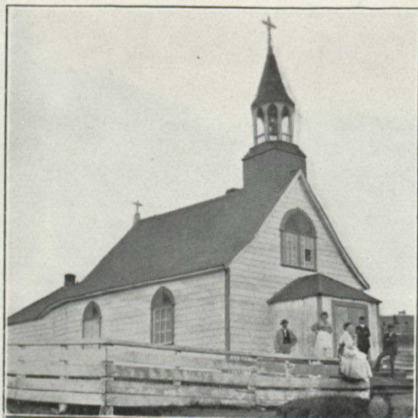
ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE SAGUENAY TRIP. A GROUP OF CALÈCHES AT QUEBEC

A VIEW OF TADOUSAC

thither by the beauty of scenery and invigorating air. The great flanks of the wharves are discoloured with the embrace of many tides. The ropes creak and strain over the landing posts to hold the struggling steamer. There is a glimpse of narrow, mountainous roads running corkscrew-wise into the sky; of cottages perched in perilous rocky footholds; of a fashionable hotel flaunting its palatial structure atop some beetling river-bluff, and of quaint two-wheeled *calèches*—a relic of old French Canada, much patronised by tourists; for a *calèche* drive, in a country which is mainly "up hill and down dale," with a *habitant* Jehu on the front seat, is an experience unique of its kind throughout the hemispheres.

Romance still lingers, primitive and unabashed, in this Lower St. Lawrence district, and the Saguenay-bound tourist may count himself defrauded if he does not encounter, during the course of his pilgrimage, at least one native bridal couple. On a breezy midsummer day, a few seasons back, the writer, in com-

A TYPICAL VIEW ON THE LOWER SAGUENAY



OLD INDIAN CHURCH AT TADOUSAC

pany with other passengers on the Saguenay-bound steamer *Carolina*, watched the movements of such a pair, to the no small gratification of the principals—be it said—for a French-Canadian couple on their honeymoon trip, so far from striving to conceal their felicity, glory in its display. The girl was pale and interesting, with a pretty childish face, and big dark eyes. She was gowned in some clinging mauve-coloured material, with frills and boa of dove-gray chiffon. Both hands were clasped tightly around a huge "mixed" bouquet. Her hat was heavy with artificial orange blossoms, and a long spray of the same was caught through her hair, low-down, and hung loosely over one shoulder.

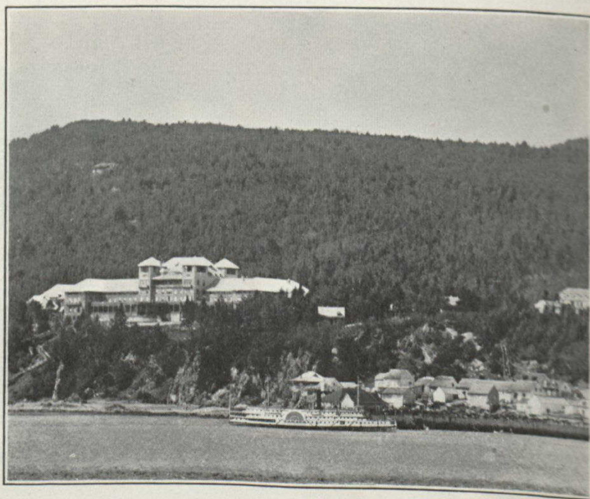
The bridegroom was a dapper little man—French-Canadian to the core, from his slightly-pockmarked face, to the tall silk hat, lemon-coloured gloves, swallow-tailed coat, and miniature cane which he swung with careless grace.

It was evident that even thus early a clash of individualities had occurred. The gallant bridegroom was impatient to take up permanent quarters in the stuffy cabin, with his arm around the conscious bride's waist; while she, tired and excited from much sight-seeing in Quebec, petulantly insisted upon going on deck. The red lips pouted dangerously, but the difficulty was finally settled in the bridegroom's favour, and without great apparent infelicity on the part of the vanquished.

A little native village, flat on the river's rim—its guardian church spire graceful above the rest—came presently into view, and we leaned over the steamer rail to watch our bridal couple disembark, arm in arm. The punctilious young husband assisted his bride to the narrow foothold leading up the side of the wharf, while he endeavoured, still holding her hand, to clamber up the slippery middle partition, rendered almost perpendicular by reason of the low tide. There ensued a wild commingling of silk hat, dapper boots, and swallow-tail, and a final glimpse of a dark-eyed French-Canadian girl laughing as only such an one can, without offence, on such occasions.

About sunset the first day out from Quebec, the Saguenay steamer beats diagonally across the St. Lawrence from Rivière du Loup, and one trains one's eyes expectantly back and forth across the opposing mountain barrier to catch the first faint indentation, which means Tadousac and the mouth of the Saguenay.

Strong and salt from up the distant



MURRAY BAY, SHOWING THE *MANOIR RICHELIEU*

Gulf comes the breath of the sea. The passengers brace themselves against it, and pace the deck in groups of two or three, stung to action by its invigorating lash. Soon a dark-cleft in the mountain front becomes visible, and the conflicting waters of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay meet in a strenuous embrace. They grapple till the waves stand upright, thrown on their haunches by the force of the encounter; then as the quieter shoreward waters are gained, there steals out—so warm, so sweet, so subtle—the breathing of the fir woods.

Of a sudden, it grows dark—sullen, uncompromising nightfall, with no twilight, and after what seems an endless while of swerving and manœuvring, there's a spangle of lights like the glitter on a lady's ball dress, and in the curve of the bay Tadousac crouches by the water's edge.

Whether one wears away half the night on deck watching the moon coquet with the fearsome crags which line the sombre entrance to the Saguenay; or yields, unconditionally, to the dreamless slumber engendered by the heavy fragrance of the fir trees—while through the steamer's framework the patient heart of the engine throbs—throbs—is largely a matter of age, temperament, and constitution. But, however this may be, one's first waking impression is, doubtless, of someone pounding on the stateroom door to say that if one hurries one can see Chicoutimi.

Chicoutimi is a thriving manufacturing town at the junction of the Chicoutimi and Saguenay rivers. The name is Cree Indian, meaning: "Thus far it is deep," and is appropriately bestowed, since the Saguenay is broken by turbulent rapids a few miles above. Here, therefore, the steamer turns to retrace her course by daylight. The first noteworthy point on the return trip is "Ha! Ha! Bay," a large inlet seven miles wide, and nine in length, into which, in the early days of New France, some French voyageurs pushed the prow of their vessel supposing it to be the main channel of the Saguenay. "Ha! Ha!" was their laughing exclamation when they discovered themselves landlocked.

Posted conspicuously in the corridors of the Saguenay boats, are notices strictly prohibiting the taking of berth rugs out of the staterooms; but, after the manner of most prohibitory placards, this one suffers infringement. Seated tranquilly in a quiet corner of the deck, warmly ensconced in one's own personal steamer rug, a stateroom window near by will be heard to stealthily open, and a berth rug makes an unceremonious exit through the aperture, and is projected upon the deck chair just beneath. Presently the perpetrator of the deed saunters, in the most casual manner possible, around the deck, and proceeds to wrap herself luxuriously in the tabooed property.

This incident naturally brings the question of temperature to the fore. For obvious reasons midsummer is the accepted season for taking the Saguenay trip, but even then one is forewarned that it will be cold—a circumstance upon which the traveller reflects complaisantly, with the thermometer registering 90° in the shade. "Up the Saguenay" in reality, however, such a prediction is verified with alarming accuracy. Canny folk pack winter furs in their steamer trunks when contemplating the Saguenay trip; but to the unfortunates who go ill-prepared, the most alluring visions which present themselves are of the warm wraps which they might have brought.

Those untamed mountain winds were never bred to mildness. They pound the blood stiff in the cheeks; they beat the muscles numb, and the fair tourist in gay headgear is meekly grateful for the snug-fitting cap proffered by some sympathetic gentleman of her party. But it is a bracing, exhilarating cold, if adequate preparations have been made, and an unfailing stimulus to a flagging appetite.

The real Saguenay blueberries, as far-famed within a wide radius as is the river itself, occupy a prominent place on the August *menu*. Blueberry corn-cake, blueberry biscuits, blueberry fritters, blueberry pudding, "tea-cake," warm, with blueberries scattered through it like currants, and big saucers of fresh-gathered blueberries, to be eaten with sugar and cream, comprise a few of the favoured methods of utilising the luscious fruit.

Alongshore, at a certain stage of the trip, appear the bushes themselves—scraggy, unkempt objects, nurtured in desolation. Fresh fish in unlimited variety, served with delicious sauces, and seasonable dainties of other descriptions, also constitute a feature of the bill of fare—if one goes to work aright.

Theoretically, the Canadian conscience rebels at the tipping system; but despite the fact that Canadian waiters receive good salaries from their employers, they are gradually forcing the practice upon the public. It is humiliating, to say the least, to order a favourite dish from the bill of fare, only to be stolidly informed that the supply is exhausted, and a few minutes later to behold the self-same waiter deferentially bring the self-same dainty to your smiling neighbour opposite. Almost insensibly one's prejudices suffer a relapse. One tips with the merriest, and fares accordingly.

Like Bunyan's pilgrim hero, the average tourist is "hard put to it," in attempting to describe the wonders of the Saguenay. Barring the Ottawa, it is the most important tributary of the St. Lawrence—a dark and awesome river, sixty-eight miles in length, and varying from one to two and one-half miles in width, flowing through a gigantic chasm of the mountains as through a mammoth chimney where the winds hold high carnival. There may be times when its waters know quietness, but mostly they are black as midnight, chafing in great troubled waves flecked with foam, where the steamer's prow cuts spray like frozen tears. From each brink of the river rise precipices of syenite and gneiss, clothed only with stunted birches and tall, pinched fir trees, which stand aloft in scathed and riven majesty, mutely testifying to the elemental conflicts which have racked their limbs since ancient times, "before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood."

Sometimes the white filament of a stream crawls slowly over sheer breaks of rock and writhes, snake-like, into the river. No plumb-line can fathom its depth. No birds frequent the fastnesses along its shores. The modern steamer with its freight of eager globe-trotters is as alien a note in the landscape as if a houseboat of adventurers had gotten astray upon some sombre Styx. It is hard to realise that just beyond that mountain barrier lie fertile farm lands, railroads, and the evidences of many industries.

It generally happens that soon after leaving Ha! Ha! Bay, the passenger least acquainted with the geography of the surroundings circulates the report that Cape Trinity is approaching; and like children in pursuit of a street organ, the throng of sight-seers surges, *en masse*, to the forward deck to secure good posts of observation, for among the many marvels of the Saguenay, Capes Trinity and Eternity are by far the most noteworthy. But endless rounds of discussion and conjecture have time to die away and be revived again before—long after the first alarm was given—the great triple-crowned promontory looms into view.

From far away, on the lowest mighty heave of the cape, the passenger notices a slim upright line, resembling the trunk of a white-barked sapling. When the steamer comes sufficiently near he sees clearly.

High and alone, in the heart of that wild scene, her hands clasped on her breast, her back to the mighty mountain, her face to the river, stands the pure, girlish form of the Virgin. Even to holders of an alien creed, that slim white figure seems to cast over the fearsomeness of the surroundings a spell of peace and assurance, symbolic of "the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith." The statue is thirty-five feet high, and is attached to a small platform by means of strong cables.

Cape Trinity reaches a height of 1,700 feet. Cape Eternity is more than 100 feet higher. They are separated by a bay also bearing the name "Eternity." By inches, as it seems, the steamer creeps closer until she is opposite the base of Cape Trinity. With a feeling akin to disappointment we tell ourselves that it is not, after all, so stupendous. But when we swing into Eternity Bay, and crawl toward the great flank of the cape, the wonder tingles over us. The water is black and very still, with an ominous

glitter as of jet. We seem as close to the huge precipice as prudence would allow, but still the steamer creeps nearer, nearer, while the wonderful markings on the rock begin to stand out; broad streaks and beltings of gray, tan, yellow, white, cream, and inky black, combined and shaded in a manner which no painting or word-description could ever hope to portray.

When, finally, the monstrous structure appears to be an arm's length away, the steamer stops dead. A steward comes forward with a bucket of rough pebbles, and the men among the passengers who are acquainted with this time-honoured custom, throw off their coats, roll up their shirt sleeves, and begin to cast the stones at the cape apparently so near. Invariably they fail their mark. Their ammunition has the appearance of falling in the very shadow of the steamer itself—so erroneous is the conception of distance. The throwers are plainly putting forth all their strength; their faces flushed with exercise and chagrin, the muscles on their arms standing out. Someone, wilfully confounding the names of the two capes, boasts that he has "flung a stone into Eternity," but there is no corroborating evidence from the bystanders.

Before leaving Eternity Bay it is customary to sound the steamer whistle that the passengers may hear the famous echo. Clear and fine as notes from silver strings, pure-toned as a cathedral bell, it rings from peak to cradled crag; is caught, held for an instant, then hurled on again, and never allowed to rest until the whole mountain side is awake, quivering and reverberating with the multiplied volume of sound.

From Cape Eternity to Tadousac, the river winds continually. It is a lovely channel. Great heads of rock jut forward in their desire to meet across the water which sternly separates them. Fresh panoramas appear at every turn. Sometimes the gray sail of a fisherman's boat, on a grayer stretch of water, cuts into the blue, or a long, red sawmill sullies the primeval landscape with its venturesome trail of smoke.

Tadousac is a quaint and historic village. Tourists frequently spend the entire summer there, and the Saguenay boats stop long enough to enable their passengers to traverse the rambling old place—centre of the fur trade and of the Christian faith, in the days of Champlain; as early as 1639, the seat of a Jesuit mission. Near the steamboat landing is the Government salmon hatchery, where the fish may be viewed in every stage of development, from spawn to lolling, full-grown salmon, ripe for freedom.

In the Tadousac of to-day there is something, at least, which holds identity with the past—the little old Indian church. A bark-covered hut formed the first mission chapel. In 1648 a more substantial building supplanted this makeshift, and in 1750 the present church was built, a fair-sized structure of gray stone, whose only outward adornment is the Symbol of Redemption.

It was raining, soft as a mist of tears, as our steamer emerged from the mouth of the Saguenay upon the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. On the Laurentian side, bright twisted knots of lightning were playing high among the hills, leaving the river exempt. In our wake, a mirage of rocky islets floated in a purple halo. Above us circled myriads of sea gulls, heavenly white and fair. A priest of Rome, with bent head and moving lips, paced the deck; while from the lee-side of the steamer came snatches of conversation from an American tourist party.

"The Hudson?....Oh, of course, the Hudson is *beautiful*, but (a welcome tribute from our friends across the border) to fully *appreciate* it, one would have to see it before going up the Saguenay."

# The Obliging Mr. Parker

*By R. STORRY DEANS*

*A true tale of Scotland Yard, the action of which takes the reader to Canada.*

FRANK SALMONBY was a broker in the city, where his father had been a broker before him. From these facts it may be inferred that Frank Salmonby was in comfortable circumstances. His father had left him £50,000 and an excellent business; and his pretty villa at Blackheath was presided over by the prettiest, most charming, and most amiable of wives. If some of Frank's friends and acquaintances envied him his lot, how much more did the ladies of Blackheath sigh as they contemplated the felicity of Mrs. Salmonby! What more could any woman wish for than a husband young, stalwart, handsome, devoted, popular—and rich?

But one day Blackheath received a shock. The men ceased to envy the young broker. The women began to shake their heads and say, after the manner of the sex in all ages, that they had "thought so all along," and to wonder whether Mrs. Salmonby's last diamond bracelet was paid for. That lady obstinately kept within doors.

What had happened was an event not by any means unprecedented. Frank Salmonby had made up his mind, at an early period of his career, that the life of a country squire was preferable to that of a city broker. He set himself to amass a specific sum of money. When this had been accumulated he intended to buy an estate in the country, hand over his business to his managing clerk, and say good-bye to Threadneedle Street for ever. Ere long, however, he found how difficult it was to make money nowadays. True, he could make three or four thousand a year at his business; and this, with the interest from his £50,000, gave him an excellent income; but he liked to live well, and what with his Blackheath house and his yacht on the Colne, and his little shoot in Wiltshire, he found it difficult to lay by more than £1,000 a year. At this rate, obviously, the £250,000 would never be reached in his lifetime; and, indeed, he would be an old man before he had put together even the half of the desired fortune.

Now Frank Salmonby was not content to grind in the city all his days, and at last he made up his mind that if he would get rich quickly he must take risks—in short, he must speculate. He had friends on other markets than his own; so he set his wits to work to find out "good things." At first he was cautious and risked only a thousand or so. The "good things" came off, and he netted £10,000 in a month.

Emboldened now, and confident in his own judgment, the young broker almost gave up his old-fashioned and legitimate brokerage business, and began to speculate right and left. Soon he had on his hands a gamble in Kaffirs, a speculation in South American rails, and a flutter in the cotton market. He was quite confident they were all "good things," and made up his mind to gain £100,000 before three months were up. But trouble in

South Africa sent the Kaffirs down with a run; the South American rails announced diminished traffics and fell several points; and, worst of all, cotton broke, as cotton sometimes does. Ere long Frank Salmonby had lost every sixpence he had in the world and a good deal more besides.

All this was merely folly; but worse was to come. The prosperous young broker had been asked some time previously to become trustee of a marriage settlement, having as his co-trustee an elderly man who left the management of the trust in his young colleague's hands. At the moment of his ruin, and before the publication of his default, Salmonby forged his co-trustee's name to a number of deeds and transfers, realised about £10,000 of the trust money, and then disappeared. He had a fortnight's start, for it took that time for the news of his ruin to leak out. The co-trustee made inquiries, the forgery was discovered, and a warrant was issued.

But Frank Salmonby had vanished, leaving not a wrack behind.

Scotland Yard telegraphed to every port and to its secret service men all over the world; but no trace of the missing broker could be found. Meanwhile, pretty Mrs. Salmonby continued to live at Blackheath until the creditors came down and sold the furniture. Then she went off to Streatham, to her mother's. All this time she was being watched by Scotland Yard, and one fine day she was observed to enter a cab that was piled up with luggage and drive to Euston. A detective travelled in the same train to Liverpool, and saw the lady embark on a liner for New York.

A cipher telegram to an agent in America was enough to ensure that Mrs. Salmonby, who had changed her name to Brooks, was met on landing and carefully watched to her destination—Snowhattan, a village on the border of Canada, an out-of-the-way place only to be found on the very largest maps. Here the lady took lodgings—under the name of Mrs. Turner this time—and settled down to a solitary, quiet life.

The secret-service agent who followed her expected her to be met, or at any rate soon joined, by her husband, but he was disappointed. Moreover, a thorough inquiry satisfied the agent that Frank Salmonby was not in Snowhattan at all, and never had been. Wherefore, after waiting about for a fortnight or so, the agent returned to his normal occupation of spying on the Fenians in New York, having first reported to London his failure to discover anything of the forger's whereabouts.

Scotland Yard, however, was not disposed to give up the chase. The chief called to him Tounsell, known to the swell-mobsmen of London as "the Sailor," and, explaining to him the state of affairs, ordered him to set out for Snowhattan by the first boat. Tounsell was nothing loth. He had lived some three years of an adventurous life in the United States, and therefore knew his ground. Next day "the Sailor" was pacing the deck of the *City of New York*.

## II

Snowhattan was not a lively place. It possessed a single store, which was also the post office; an hotel of sorts, and two meeting-houses. One train a day connected it with civilisation, and by this train visitors occasionally came to Snowhattan—usually "drummers," bent on selling dry-goods to the store or machinery to the farmers.

One day, at the end of the autumn, there emerged from the cars a couple of drummers and a tall, handsome, devil-may-care looking fellow who spoke American with a strong English accent. English he was, so he told his fellow-travellers, though he had been in the States a year or two. He talked glibly enough of New York, where he had filled a post in a store; but he was tired of shops and counters and had come out to Snowhattan with a view of getting employment on the land. The drummers strongly advised him to return to New York, as he would find no work on the land in the winter. But the stranger was hopeful of coming across some farmer who would at least give him his keep until the spring came round.

Next morning the Englishman strolled into the store and gave his name as Parker.

Could the storekeeper tell him of any employment that was to be had. The storekeeper had heard of the stranger from the two drummers, and promptly informed him that no farmer would engage help at the beginning of winter. Parker's face fell. A desultory chat ensued, and soon it appeared that the storekeeper was a brother Mason. The bond was strong enough to cause the kind-hearted American to suggest that the stranger should stay with him until spring and help in the store in return for his board and lodging. Parker accepted gratefully and promptly entered on his new duties.

Ere long the employer and his assistant were on the most friendly terms; for the Englishman was a genial fellow, with plenty of intelligence, and his good looks caused him to be sent forward to serve the women customers. In this way, Parker soon made the acquaintance of Mrs. Turner, who came sometimes to make purchases and sometimes to ask for letters. But there were never any letters for her, and as time went on her inquiries were made in a more anxious tone.

One day the lady called and asked, "Are there any letters for me?"

"Well, madam," replied Parker, "there's a letter here, but the address is so badly written that I don't rightly know if it's for you or not."

"How so?"

"Because I can't tell whether it is addressed to Mr. or Mrs. Turner. You see, madam, there was a Mr. Turner, a drummer, here this week. He left yesterday."

"If you let me see it, I can tell you whether it is the letter I expected."

"Can't do it, Mrs. Turner. It's a registered letter, and I should get into trouble if it was not yours."

The poor woman's face fell.

"Tell you what, ma'am, if you were expecting a letter from somewhere, you might tell me where from, and then, if it's the right postmark, I'll risk it. Shouldn't like to disappoint you."

"Mine was from Philadelphia," replied Mrs. Turner.

"Then this can't be yours," the assistant answered, "because this is from Chicago," and, covering up the address, he showed her the postmark.

Again the look of keen disappointment came back into the wan, refined face.

"It might," said she, timidly, "have come from Chicago. Do, please, let me see it."

After persistent entreaty Parker allowed the address to be seen. It was in a scrawling handwriting, and, sure enough, the first word was so carelessly written that no one could tell whether it was meant for Mr. or Mrs. The lady begged that she might be allowed to open it, but Parker was politely inflexible. At last, however, Mrs. Turner burst into tears, and the Englishman relaxed so far as to announce that he himself would open the letter and see if she could identify the writer.

"I shall lose my job for this, madam, I expect," he grumbled, "but I can't bear to see a woman cry. What name did you say?"

"Nixon," replied the lady.

"Then it isn't for you," said Parker. "You can look at it," and he handed over a note:

> "Dear Tom,—Enclosed the ten dollars, for which much thanks. Hope see you Saturday at the old spot.
> —Yours, "J. D."

A ten dollar bill was enclosed.

"No, this is certainly not for me, and I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble. If you get into a scrape, I'll try to help you out if I can."

Hardly was Mrs. Turner out of the store when Parker, for the first time since his arrival, asked for half a day's holiday and proceeded first to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, where he made that lady solemnly promise never to say a word about the opened letter, and then walked on to the station, where he despatched a telegram to an address in Philadelphia.

Two days later a telegram arrived for Mrs. Turner. It was from Philadelphia and ran as follows:

"Not heard long time. Write immediately."

All that day Parker the Englishman kept watch at the store and examined

the address of every letter posted there; but he appeared to find nothing satisfactory. Now the post office closed one hour before the mail (the only) train left; but the public had the opportunity of posting letters in the train itself up to the moment of its departure. That night Parker carried the mail-bag down to the station. Entering the post-office van, where some sorters were, he delivered his mails and then settled down for what Scotsmen call a "crack." His funny stories amused the sorters mightily, and they voted him, not for the first time, a real good sort.

Just as the *raconteur* was in the middle of one of his most entertaining anecdotes he caught sight of Mrs. Turner. That lady bore in her hand a letter. The admirable Parker began to walk about, illustrating his story by action. Flop fell the letter on the floor. What more natural than that the obliging Parker should pick it up and hand it, address uppermost, to a sorter?

The letter was addressed to "Mr. H. Nixon, Bunker's Hotel, Philadelphia."

That very night a long telegram sped over the wires from Snowhattan to Philadelphia. And next day a message came by the same medium to "Parker, Snowhattan." It was evidently a family matter, for it said:

> "Harry very sick. Come immediately. Important.—MAISIE."

Mr. Parker showed the telegram to his employer, urged that Harry was his best friend on earth, and that he must go to Philadelphia at once. The storekeeper was sorry to lose his genial assistant and brother Mason, but tried to cheer him up as best he could, and apparently succeeded.

The outward-bound train of that day carried no more cheerful-looking passenger than Mr. Parker, whose spirits seemed to rise as he neared his sick friend. When he stepped from the car at Philadelphia he was greeted by two men with keen faces and stalwart frames, of whom he asked:

"Is all right?"

"Perfectly," said one of them.

Entering a closed carriage that was in waiting, the three drove off at a round pace and were soon at Bunker's Hotel, where one of the two who had met Mr. Parker exchanged nods with a man near the door.

"Where?"

"In his room," replied the man.

In a trice the three visitors were in the elevator. "Room 102." And up they mounted. Out of the lift, they walked swiftly along the corridor until they came to No. 102, on the door of which one of them tapped lightly.

"Come in," said a voice.

In walked the three. The man who had taken the lead looked at Parker, who nodded and then walked up to the occupant of the room

"Mr. Frank Salmonby," said he, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery."

"Who are you?"

"I am Detective-Inspector Headland," replied the leader.

Here Parker stepped forward.

"You may know me better, Mr. Salmonby—by name, at any rate. I am Tounsell, of Scotland Yard."

The wretched man went quietly. So astounded was he that he confessed both his identity and his offence, nor did he resist extradition. On the voyage to Liverpool he tried many a time to find out how his hiding-place had been discovered, but Tounsell never would tell him.

The postal authorities of the United States made no fuss about the opened registered letter, which is not surprising when you consider that Mr. Parker wrote it himself and had it posted in Chicago by a confidential agent.

# The Subjection of Ruth

*By DEAN MACLEOD*

*A love story of simplicity and force, with a rural setting and a doubtful moral.*

RUTH FRASER, aged nineteen, with skirts held high, was scuffling through the crackling masses of dry, brown leaves in the lane, giving way to a very exuberance of happiness. Beech leaves, mellow and gold; oak leaves, brown and dry; the red maples and round yellow leaves of the poplar lay ankle-deep in the October sunshine. A basket half-full of acorn-cups and little three-sided beechnuts was carelessly thrown to one side in the delight of this new-found play. The air was so fresh and clear, the sun so bright and warm and the world seemed such a beautiful, kind place to live in, that Ruth laughed aloud as she tossed the bright leaves in the air and they fell around like bits of broken sunlight, catching in her shining hair and faded blue print dress as they fell.

The echo of her laugh had hardly died away when the stillness was suddenly broken by the quick beat of hoofs on the grassy road, and before she could shake the leaves from her head a horseman galloped around the bend; then, seeing the girl, wheeled suddenly and stopped before her. At sight of him a wave of delight rushed over her.

"Oh, Dan! where yu goin'; can't I go with yu?" she asked eagerly, her face all bright with a sudden flush.

His own face reddened as he looked at her, conscious of his rough clothes. But the want to see her, to be with her, here in the sunshine, overcame it, and he drew nearer. The ardent love-light in his eyes was so unmistakable, yet he spoke in his usual, slow drawl:

"I told Pete White's wife I'd git her a couple of birds to-night. Her sister's son's there fer a week, and he's ailin'. I heard they was plenty up to Si Warren's back lot. I'd like it mighty well to take yu, Ruth; give me yur hand and I'll help yu up." He learned forward eagerly to lift her to the saddle, but the look of bright anticipation faded out of her eyes.

"If yu go way up there, yu can't be back 'til nigh seven o'clock, and I promised Dad I'd make him rye-cakes fer supper, so I can't go. Ain't it too bad, Dan?"

"Can't yu fix it somehow, Ruth? It seems an awful time since I seen yu. The moon'll be jest right, too. I want to—to talk to yu, anyways, it's important," he coaxed. But she shook her head, her disappointment was great.

He slipped from his horse's back. "All right, Ruth," he said. "Never mind—I'm goin' to tie Betsy and stop a bit with yu."

"Oh, will yu now!" She was all smiles again and danced around in the rustling leaves like a child, while he tied old Betsy to the fence and carefully rested his rifle against a stump.

Her woman's love of brute strength delighted in his bigness. The rough clothes and high leather boots he wore were new to her, and with her quick perception she noted how it all suited him. When he came to see her he wore his

Sunday suit of black, with a stiff front shirt and paper collar, and always looked so scrubbed and uncomfortable, but, now, even his hands didn't seem to look so big and red when he wore that old cardigan with the loosely knotted tie, all soiled and rumpled as it was. "Anyway it looks a sight better'n that made one he wears ev'nin's," she thought to herself.

He turned and came to her where she was sitting on a fallen tree.

"I didn't cal'late on seein' yu," he said simply.

"Is it why yu look as if yu shaved last Sunday and not since?" she asked saucily.

He rubbed his rough chin in embarrassment, and she laughed. It was such fun to tease Dan.

"Well, I ain't," he answered. "I've been that busy," he went on hastily, "I'd hardly call my soul my own. How've yu been, Ruth? Ain't this a warm day fer October?" He mopped at his perspiring face with a dark-looking handkerchief. "Them trees is mighty nice looking with the leaves dropping so quiet-like off'n them, don't yu think? 'Pears to me, Ruth, that's an awful thin-looking dress to be wearing late's this. Ain't yur Pa goin' to git yu a warm one? It's about time yu——"

She interrupted him breathlessly. "Why, Dan Burton, whatever's got into yu, yur just one lot o' questions? I never heard yu talk so much at one stretch in my life." She laughed merrily at the discomfited expression on his face. "I do believe yur getting nerves, Dan, yur face is jest the colour of—of a sunset."

He stood awkwardly before her, wanting to answer her ridicule, but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth and he shifted from one foot to the other.

"Dan," she started again, "do yu expect me to answer all them questions? And do yu plan on standing there 'til the end o' time like a hitching-post?"

He turned at that and came and sat on the log near her, but did not attempt to touch her or offer the caresses he always took as his right. She felt the unnatural restraint and the uneasy restlessness of his usually frank eyes; but thought he was put out by her teasing, so she determined to try him further. "They ain't any call for him to get huffed at a little thing like that," she thought to herself.

"Dan, is that some of yur own sewin' on that patch? Yu'd really ought to do better, after all my showin' yu. And that tie! It ain't tied right at all. Let me do it fer yu?"

She leaned across to tie it, her soft, pretty hair brushing against his forehead, and she felt his quick breathing and the sudden dropping of his arms when he raised them towards her. She almost stopped in her surprise, and did a little thinking while she fussed with the knot. Why had he stopped that way? He had not even tried to kiss her. She had intended him to, at least had known he would. He usually did not wait for even that slight excuse. And why should he? Wasn't she going to marry him? It couldn't be he really took to heart her little fun with him?

She finished the tie, and stood looking at the distant blue hills. It was so new and dear to see him this way—his natural every-day self, that she had never seen before, and a little, sudden wave of tenderness swept over her. She had never made his love-making a bit easy for him, and his most persistent efforts to make her admit she loved him had only wrung from her a laugh and "that she didn't mind seeing him round." She secretly joyed in the masterful tenderness with which he treated her, but he had hitherto hoped in vain that he might surprise her into showing a bit of the love he so greatly coveted. So his breath almost stopped when she laid one little hand on his arm, and with her sweet eyes very near his own, said softly: "Dan, dear, yu never'd take it serious, this, me teasing yu, would yu, now?"

He dug his hands into the soft ground at his side and steadied his voice with an effort, but he smiled as he answered: "Wus yu teasin' me? I didn't sense it, Ruth."

She looked at him, puzzled by his evident unconcern of her, and tried to think of something that would stir him up. Her eyes grew suddenly tender and a little flush came into her cheeks.

"I didn't answer yur questions, did I, Dan, 'bout me wearin' this old dress?"

"No," he said, "yu didn't, and I'd like to know what yur Pa means not buyin' yu warm clo's." His voice grew a little harsh, and she hastened to explain.

"Now, don't yu get riled up about what yu don't know, Dan Burton. Dad lets me buy all my own clo's. I have all the butter every week, and he let me have all the beans and peas in the south lot this summer, besides the extry he lets me have."

"It's no more'n he should, yu working the way yu do," he broke in.

"Why, Dan Burton! what ever's got into yu? Yu've often said Dad was very reason'ble, and, anyway, he's allays telling me to go ahead and get clo's and things, but I kind o' fancied as how my cashmere would do this winter, if the skirt was turned. I was goin' to do it to-day, but it was such a nice kind of a day I couldn't come to it, fer staying in. I thought as how I'd get Linda Hughes to come in and help me with it some day. I just hate sewin'."

"There ain't no call fer yu to sew. Why don't yu spend yur money if yur Pa's layin' it out so?" he demanded.

She blushed crimson, and was silent. Seeing her confusion, he forgot his own ill-humour and drew her down beside him. "There, Ruth, little girl, yu needn't to tell me; it's none of my affairs how yu spend it or what yu wear, s'long as yu don't git cold. As fer looks, there ain't a girl in Nova Scotia, there ain't one in the world as good-looking and sweet as yu are, but I guess yu'd ought to know it, I've told yu often enough."

She ignored his open flattery, and drew his arm closer about her, looking shyly up at him. "I—I'd like to tell yu what I'm doin' with it—the money yu know, Dan. I'm putting it all by, in that brown wallet yu give me, and when spring comes ——" she hesitated and dropped her eyes. Then he seemed to grasp her meaning; his head turned dizzy with the joy of it. She was going to say it at last, and without his habitual pleading. His grasp on her hands tightened. How sweet she was, so well worth loving, and in this new bit of graciousness, so sweetly surprising! He felt he could never, never let her go. But that to-day of all days she had chosen to be thus gracious! If she knew what he had to tell her, would she still say it? He had most serious doubts, so he put the thought doggedly from him, and determined to have this one blessed minute, and afterwards—well, he would have now at any rate. So he lifted her face to his, and looked into her eyes.

"Yes, Ruth," he said encouragingly, as if speaking to a bashful child, "what will yu do when spring comes?" He knew she wanted him to help her out, but the longing to hear her say it herself conquered, and he waited. The red surged into her cheeks, and she looked up at him timidly.

"Yu know what I mean, don't yu, Dan?"

"Do I, little girl? Well, yu tell me, so I'll be sure." He stopped and touched her hair with his lips. "Tell Dan, sweetheart," he coaxed.

"I'm keeping it till spring, Dan," she started bravely, "to buy a lot of dresses and perhaps one of those hats with roses on them, like that lady from Boston had this summer, all under the brim and on top, just roses, du yu mind it, Dan? It had buds and leaves just like real."

"I've a notion of what yu mean, Ruth, but yu ain't told me what yu're getting all these fixin's fer?"

Her eyes fell again, and she trembled a bit in his arms; so he helped her. "Ruth," he whispered, "are yu goin' to wear 'em when yu marry me—in the spring? Are you goin' to make it then, dearie?"

She waited a long minute, then looked up with her old mischievous smile. "If you say so, Mister Burton," she said softly.

He stood quite still, speechless with the joy of it, and not until she turned her lips to be kissed did he remember that not yet could his own lips meet hers with equal right, so he choked back the temptation and tried not to see the amazed look in her face.

"Ruth, little girl, I've told yu so often how much I love yu, I s'pose yur tired hearin' it, but I'm goin' to tell yu agin that every minnit of my livin' is just one big love fer yu all the time. Ruth, I can't tell yu—not if I lived fer ever—I couldn't tell yu how I love yu." His manly face

was tense with feeling, with thoughts he couldn't express.

The girl's face was a study; there was surprise at his refusal to kiss her, and yet a glow of gladness from his words was there. He waited anxiously, half fearing a storm. Then all at once, "Dan," she demanded hotly, "why didn't yu kiss me then? It ain't every day yu get it even fer the asking. I guess you'll wait awhile afore the next time, Dan Burton." Her voice trailed off into a half sob of resentment and hurt pride, and when he came nearer she drew away from him. Then all his honest resolves went in a flash where the old moons go, and he grasped her arms with a desperate roughness, and kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair—hot, passionate kisses—until she struggled to free herself, but he held her close and kissed her again. Then they stood, flushed and breathless.

"The next time yu think I don't want to kiss yu, Ruth, let me know."

She made another attempt to shake off his hold and then his hands slipped down and held her wrists in a grasp.

"I think yur just horrid, Dan Burton," she cried. "Yu ain't never ——," she stopped in the impetuous threat she was going to make, for never had she seen him look like that. Was that stern-looking man the easy-going, shy boy she was used to teasing and tormenting? She felt a little afraid of this new Dan. Then suddenly the humour of it struck her. Why she could pull every hair out of his head and he would be only too glad if it pleased her. So she smiled up at him, a smile of sunny sweetness intended to drive away his crossness. "You big Foolish," she laughed.

"Look a here, Ruth. I'm not foolin'. I want to know and you'll tell me—now. Do yu love me?"

A pert retort flashed to her lips; then that steady, earnest look in his eyes checked it, and she answered less carelessly.

"Of course I do, Dan, yu know that."

"Well, say it," he insisted. "I want to hear yu."

She looked at him again, then, "I love yu, Dan Burton," she said quietly.

"How much do yu love me, Ruth?" he went on.

She didn't answer or look at him, but simply reached up her arms around his neck and touched his forehead with her lips.

They walked up and down the lane in silence for awhile, under the drooping branches in the bright sunshine. Not a breath of wind, yet the leaves dropped silently with perfect ripeness. As they passed, a bird flew startled from a clump of frost-killed ferns, and a last, late butterfly winged stupidly out of the pathway.

He spoke first: "When did yu see yur Pa last, Ruth?"

"He had to take some corn to the Centre this morning, and I gave him a lunch. He cal'lated he'd be home before sundown. I s'pose I'd ought to be goin', Dan; it's gettin' late," she said regretfully.

"There's no hurry, Ruth. I passed yur Pa down there by the shoein' stand. He was talkin' to me some," he finished, with a touch of sarcasm; but she did not notice it.

"Dan, I was telling him last week 'bout us perhaps goin' to the States fer our trip when we was married. He quite notioned it; he said it would take a sight more money than if we jest went to the Centre like everyone does, but he guessed that needn't stop us. Oh, Dan," she cried wistfully, "don't yu jest wish we had heaps and heaps of money, more'n we could ever dream of spending? There ain't nothin' I'd like better'n money."

She did not see the troubled look in his eyes.

"I wish to God I had it for yu, Ruth; but I ain't," he sighed. "If my potatoes sells well, we can go to the States and have our time, and then save up afterward. John Best, down to Peck's store, was to Boston once, and he kin tell us where to stay and all that. I'm glad yu like goin', Ruth." He paused, then spoke again, his voice tense:

"Say—Ruth—if some feller with lots of money come along and could buy yu everything yu ever wanted—would—would yu go and marry him and not bother 'bout me?" The bit of jealousy was new

to him, and it hurt. So he watched her face eagerly.

But his doubt went wrong, for she turned her eyes full of love to him. "Why, Dan—why, Dan Burton, I wouldn't miss marryin' yu, not for all the money in Boston, not for all the money in the world." So in earnest was she, she laid her hand on his arm, and he took it.

He was relieved but not quite content. "Ruth, there ain't any reason—nothin' at all—you'd let hinder yu marryin' me?"

She burst into a merry laugh. "Yu Foolish, of course there ain't." Then, more seriously: "Dan, yur awful strange actin' to-day; what's amiss?"

He ignored her question. "Yu are sure there ain't nothin' at all to hinder yu, Ruth?" he scanned her face anxiously and she was puzzled.

"No, nothin', nothin' at all," she answered him. Then her voice faltered, and she looked up fearfully, "'cept—'cept—yu know, Dan, what I said that last time."

The colour surged over his face, and then left it white and drawn.

"Dan—oh, Dan, yu ain't never gone and done that—not again!" There was horror and a pitiful little agony in her voice.

"Yes, I have," he answered doggedly. "I've been drinkin' again. If you'd asked me why I wasn't down to yur place Thursday night, when I said I would, I'd told yu—told yu I was down settin' in Joel Winter's barroom drinkin' whiskey; and I got drunk, drunker'n time. Some of the fellers drove me home. I guess all the village knows it now. Yur Pa knows."

He had jerked the words out sullenly, brutally, and the girl shrank from him, as if he had struck her.

"Yur Pa knows," he repeated nervously. "Me and him nigh had some words back there, but I left afore I said much. I minded he was yur Pa, and an old man. But he said enough to let me know I'd better keep away from yu and the place." He waited for her to speak. "I knew yu hadn't heard when I stopped and yu started talkin'," he added; then waited again. Still she did not speak, so he went on:

"It's not so bad, Ruth," he pleaded, "not so bad as he heard. And I brought all the money home. I didn't even touch the cards, and—and—Ruth, if you'll overlook it, just this once, I'll give you my solemn, tee-total word that it'll never happen again, and that's true."

Her silence was worse to him than the suspense, and he cried in exasperation: "Why don't yu say somethin', Ruth; yu needn't take on like that."

"I ain't takin' on," she blazed forth, "and as fer sayin' anythin', I'll do that now, and I say, Dan Burton, that I take back what I said 'bout marryin' yu or wantin' to marry yu, fer I ain't goin' to do it—ever. I told yu the last time—"

"It was the first time, too, Ruth," he broke in.

"I told yu the last time," she repeated, "that I wasn't goin' to marry any drinkin' man. I won't do it. If I'd a' known you been doin' it again I wouldn't a' spoke one word to yu to-day, and yu know it." Her voice grew lower and quivered with anger. "Yu are jest like a snake, comin' so easy like 'round me gettin' me to promise things to yu and all that, when yu know I'd never have done it. I'd a struck yu, sooner'n let yu kiss me."

She stopped, breathless, and looked at him. The utter misery in his face must have touched her, for suddenly the whole realisation of what it would cost her swept over her, and her voice became a pitiful little cry: "Oh, Dan, why did yu do it? How could yu, Dan, when yu'd promised me not to?"

"Yu set down there, Ruth Fraser, and I'll tell yu. I ain't tryin' to get out of it none, but it all come of that trip to the States. I knowed yu wanted to go bad, and I was set on takin' yu. Then I was fer getting some money ahead to get some extry curtains and things fer the house when we was married, and I didn't know where on earth the money was to come from. It kept worrying me, and so last Thursday, when one o' them railroad chaps came and offered me five hundred dollars fer that corner lot, yu bet I jumped at it, but to him I was mighty careful, and afore we closed the deal I had him for another fifty. He hustled me right down

to the village to get the papers made out. He was kind of riled about that fifty, so I had to be careful and not cross him any. I just kept thinking of the things I was goin' to do with that five hundred and fifty dollars, and I was so skeered he'd back out, I'd a' done most anything; and when he called the drinks I took it right down, never thinkin'. Then, o' course, I had to stand treat fer him; and the next thing I knowed it was flyin' round like water, and I was that drunk I couldn't stand up. But I got the money, and it's down there in the safe in Si's store. As true as I'm here, Ruth, I never intentioned it to happen. Ruth, yu ain't goin' to take it to heart, are yu?"

He was half afraid of her, standing there so pale and merciless-looking. He hadn't known it was in her to look that way, so he waited, fearful for her answer.

"There ain't any kind of excuse yu kin make, Dan Burton. Yu got drunk once, and I told yu then I wouldn't never tolerate it again and yu promised, yu passed yur word not to, and here it ain't a month and yu go and do it worse'n ever. If yu do it twice yu'd do it again lots of times, prob'ly, and I won't stand fer it. I ain't goin to marry yu, and I don't want to see yu again. Yu can go and drink yourself into the river, and I wouldn't open my mouth to stop yu," she cried recklessly, white with anger.

He felt a desire to shake her, and he was losing his own temper.

"Well, I will," he burst out, "if yu talk that way. I'll go down to Joel's to-morrow and get drunker every day 'till there ain't nothin' left o' me, and it will be you that's to answer fer it, Ruth Fraser. Jest because I ain't got as much money as some fellers has, yur glad of any excuse to fire me. I might a' had the money if I'd wanted it; but I never did, 'cept lately" (just the thought of that "lately" made his voice less harsh), "when I knew yu'd be happier with it," he added, almost gently.

There are some men to whom it is an impossibility to act the part of a brute to a woman. Dan was one of them; also, to love as he did was not a thing to be turned lightly aside because of a few angry words from the girl he loved. Already, the change of thoughts—and such thoughts—stirred his love into an agony of fear that she might be in earnest, so he put forth every persuasive effort, and in his voice was a great tenderness. "Ruth, I couldn't ax fer nothin' more'n to jest have my farm there in the valley and marry yu. I never was fer hankerin' after the dollars. I can't sense the feelin' of it. We'd have enough to eat and wear every day, and we'd jest be there ourselves. It would be heaven fer me. We could go all round over the hills, and sometimes we could camp for a week or so down to Ward's River in the fall when the shootin' begins. I've thought it all out, when I've been at my work, and half the nights I can't sleep fer thinkin' of the times we kin have. Yu needn't work none at all, Ruth—I've got plenty fer that. And I love yu so, Ruth, there ain't a thing I wouldn't do fer yu. Yu won't be sorry fer marryin' me either. I'll be awlful good to yu—dearie."

There was such intense longing in his voice and he pleaded so earnestly that she half wavered. The anger had left her face; he saw his chance and hastened to take it, then blundered hopelessly, for he threatened her.

"But, I'll tell yu this, Ruth," he went on, "if yu don't marry me, I don't care fer nothin' and I'll do jest as I said about goin' to Joel's to-morrow."

Scorn flashed in her eyes. "Yu big coward, Dan Burton, fer talkin' that way. If I married yu, the first time yu got riled yu'd likely's not rush off to Joel's and get drunk again. I'm glad enough I've found out the kind yu are. Yu ain't got any ambition either. Yu could have the best-payin' farm in the valley. Dad says so, and yu don't do any more'n get a livin' off it. Then yu go and try to shift the blame off on me, as if 'twas me wanted the money or wanted goin' to the States any more'n yu. Who designed it anyway, I'd like to know?" she went on excitedly. "If I was a man and couldn't sell a little bit of land without makin' a—a fool of myself, I'd wait awhile before I axed any girl to marry me; and I'll tell yu again, Dan Burton, I ain't goin' to marry yu; there now (as he started to argue and protest). "Yu can't say

nothin'; no earthly thing can make me change. I'm goin' home now, and I don't want to see yu again."

She turned and started off down the lane.

For one minute he watched her in silence, his face desperate with distress. Then with a few strides he was at her side, and caught her arm. "There ain't goin' to be none of this between us, Ruth," he said imperatively. "Quit foolin' now, and talk right." But one look into her face, where was scorn and disdain, assured him she was not joking, and it roused all the passion in him. He grasped her shoulders with his two hands and shook her in exasperation.

"Leave go of me," she cried.

"I won't," he said stubbornly, and shook her again; then forced hot, passionate kisses on her mouth, and let her go.

"There, Ruth Fraser, I reckon yu won't forgit that for awhile, and one thing more, yu needn't forget and that is if yu ever reckon on marryin' any other feller I'll kill him first, yu mind that."

"Yu'll probinly be too drunk, Dan Burton," she flung back spitefully, and ran off, with the angry tears blinding her eyes.

Once she stumbled and fell over a clump of withered, brown ferns, and she buried her head in the dry, prickly mass and cried with anger and hurt pride. Then after a while her wrath passed, and just a dull ache of misery held her in a tearless, sobbing grasp.

The sun was fast dropping under the purple hills; already the valley was in shadow. Ruth shivered in her thin dress, and started for home again.

The very comfort and cheeriness of the kitchen, as she entered, sent a wave of lonesomeness over her. It flashed into her mind that never again might she pretend she was Dan's wife, getting supper for him and making plans for their home together. She pressed her fingers against her eyes and threw herself into the old rocker.

Dan had said he was planning too, she had often wondered if he did, but now it was all over. She remembered what he had said about camping at Ward's River in shooting-time. How she would have loved it! It was so like Dan to think of things like that—for her pleasure, not talkin' about his crops, and the farmwork, like some men did. She rocked back and forth in misery. "Dan—Dan—dear," she whispered to herself.

"Ruth, do yu know it's most six?" Her father's voice called impatiently from the sitting-room.

"Yes, Dad, I'll hurry round," she answered, and hastily dabbed at her eyes, as she hurried to stir the fire.

"Ruth," he called again, "I s'pose you've been off with that good-fer-nothin' Dan Burton. I'll tell yu right now, girl, that if I ketch him 'round here talkin' to yu, it'll be a bad day fer yu both, yu hear, du yu?"

The old man's voice was angry.

She hesitated a moment; then, "Yes, I hear, Dad," she answered quietly. His tone and words had aroused a sudden unreasonable desire to defend Dan. The scarlet flamed in her cheeks an instant. "It—it wasn't his fault, Dad; he told me all about it," she faltered. "I—I don't hold it agin him, it was all my doin's."

The swift change from her merciless condemnation to this eagerness to excuse him amazed her, but with it came relief.

"What!" the old man shouted, as he hurried into the kitchen. "Yu mean to say yur fool enough to let that rascal wheedle yu into overlookin' his disgraceful actin'? I thought yu had more sperrit in yu. And as fer marryin' him, yu kin give it up right now, fer I won't—"

He stopped short in his loud-voiced denunciation, as she turned her face toward him, white with abject misery and contrition.

"Why, Ruth, Ruth, little gal, Ruthy, what's the matter? Tell yer ol' Dad, dearie." His voice softened, and he stroked her hair, tenderly as a woman, as he drew her to his knee in the old rocker.

"Oh, Dad!" she cried, "I was so horrid to him. I—I was mad, just like yu. He—he promised not to, again—and he did, but—but he thought I wanted the money. Oh, poor, poor Dan!" her voice trailed off into a little wail, and he let her sob and cry on his shoulder, listening to her broken murmurs of

reproach for Dan; then words of pity, and, lastly, of remorse for her treatment of him.

Many changes passed over the old man's face. Indignation and anger cooled down to fast fading resentment, and, finally, pity and sorrow for the boy he loved as his own son. His forehead was puckered in perplexity.

The firelight flickered and cast weird shadows in the now dark kitchen. The kettle had steamed unheeded, and not until the old clock in the corner struck eight did the two in the rocker stir. Then the old man lifted her braid of fair hair and caressed it lovingly. "Yu are awlful like yur mother to-night, Ruth," he murmured. "She looked just like yu 'bout the time I married her. She was quick fer gettin' mad, but quicker fur bein' sorry. We was both that way; yu get it honest, Ruth. I—I've never quite got used to doin' without her," he went on pensively. "Yu was just a mite of a thing when she died, and there ain't never anyone looked after yu but me. It's a heap o' comfort to have yu lookin' and bein' like her, little gal."

The girl threw one arm round his neck sympathetically, and nestled closely to him. "Dad, dear," she whispered in comfort.

"Ruth, tell yur Dad about it—'bout Dan. Perhaps, I misjedged him this afternoon. We'd ought to give him his chanst, dearie. And the Lord knows I ain't one to jedge him—I kin understand it in him," he said slowly.

So she told him the whole story just as Dan had told her, and when she had finished the full conception of what she had lost swept over her—"And, oh Dad, I love him so. Do yu think he would ever overlook it—me bein' so horrid and mean?" she cried in distress.

The old man was silent awhile; then he smoothed her hair again, and spoke in a half-sad, dreamy voice, as if his thoughts were far in the past. "Ruth, I never told yu 'bout yur mother and me gettin' married, did I?"

She shook her head listlessly, and he went on.

"When I was a young feller like Dan, I was pretty wild, drinkin' and playin' fer money and all that, which is the worst harm that can get a young chap. Then one night at a huskin' I saw Ruth, that's yur mother, and I jest loved her (he stopped in reflection), and I've never stopped fer one minute," he went on, "and it's nigh twenty-three year. She use ter try and get me to stop drinkin' and the like, but I use ter laff at her—I thought I was smart then. Well, her folks raised a fuss and wouldn't let her marry me, because of my actin' so.

"She was awlful fond of her ma and pa, and it broke her up awlful that she couldn't make things peaceable. One night I told her that if she didn't marry me next day, I'd just start in and go to the devil."

"That's just what Dan said," the girl broke in, wide-eyed with wonder that her mother had been through this too.

"Yes, dearie. Well, Ruth—that's yur mother, yu know—she cried and coaxed, but I never gave in, bein' a stubborn fellar. I told her if she married me I'd never drink another drop, and I'd be just as good to her as I know'd how, and that she' never'd be sorry fer marryin' me."

"That's just what Dan said," the girl breathed against his shoulders, and the old man sighed and went on.

"She cried some more, and finally she said she'd take the risk and me with it, and so we was married. Her folks came around all right too, and" (he finished softly to himself) "I don't think she was ever a little mite sorry fer it. She only lived four years, and at the end she told me they wasn't one minnit of it that she didn't jest love, jest love," he repeated to himself.

He still smoothed the golden brown braids of the girl's hair absently, and she did not disturb his reverie.

Suddenly she stirred. "Dad, is that what yu mean fer me to do? Is it what yu told me fer?" she asked eagerly.

"What, what's that, Ruth? Oh, yes, yu mean 'bout yu and Dan?" He put the thoughts of those other dear days back into their own big corner of memories, and turned with a sigh to the present.

"Du yu love him a great deal, dearie?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes, Dad, seems as if I never

loved him s' much as jest now—jest this minnit. Oh, Dad, what'll I do? I jest can't seem to stand it, fer him to think I was that mean-like and actin' so, after him just doin' it fer me, too."

She cried again and the old man looked helplessly down at the sob-shaken figure in his arms. Then he smiled, almost sweetly, and half-raised her face and whispered: "If yu love him that way, dearie, yu had better du like yur mother did—take the risk. There ain't any real bad in Dan. I know that, and perhaps—it's more'n likely—if he had yu, he'd be the better fer it, like I was. Poor Dan," he went on, "if he loves yu like I loved yur mother, and I think he du, yu take the risk and marry him. Yu won't be sorry either, dearie."

"Oh, no—I won't be sorry—never—never." She sat up, her cheeks flushed and eyes bright in the darkness. "Yu—yu think he'll overlook it—me actin' so, Dad?" she asked, half fearfully.

He stooped and kissed her forehead. "Yu go and find out, little gal. Get yur jacket on, and I'll get ol' Bob fer yu."

The October moon was at the full, just rising, a huge orange immensity growing over the dark mountain-top. It cast its first light as the girl rode out of the gateway.

"Bring Dan back with yu," the old man called after her.

She did not answer, but turned her horse's head up the hill towards Dan's house.

When she reached the grassy road, the moon had launched free of the mountain, and rode, a clear, shining ball of light, bathing the lane in a flood of beauty.

Turning the bend of the lane, she was startled to see old Betsy still tied to the fence. The two horses whinnied in a friendly greeting. A great fear had seized her. "Dan! Dan!" she called shrilly. No answer.

Slipping from her horse's back she ran, terrified, to the place she had left him.

The moon was hidden behind the tree-tops, and for a minute she could not see in the darkness. Then she sprang toward a dark, huddled heap; and there he was, stretched full length on the ground, his face buried in his arms.

She stopped to quiet the riotous throbs of her heart and she would not give name to the terrible alarm that crept over her. "Dan—Dan, dear," she called softly, and shook him gently.

He turned and opened his eyes, and the relief was so great she almost screamed. "I—I've come back," she faltered. "I didn't mean that 'bout yu bein' what I said."

Still he did not speak.

"Dan," she cried again, "ain't yu goin' to speak to me. I'm sorry fer it, awlful sorry. I didn't mean none of it—what I said 'bout not wantin' to marry yu. I do, Dan, more'n anythin' ever was. I couldn't stand it not to. Dan," she pleaded, "ain't yu goin' to speak to me?"

She crept nearer and put her fingers on his hair.

Then he sat up and smiled at her. "Yes, Ruth, I'll speak now. I was waitin' fer yu to say that last. I wasn't goin' to take any risk this time. He held out his hands to her, and with a glad little cry she put her own in his strong clasp.

"I knew'd when yu got home yu'd be sorry," he explained; "so I waited. I knew'd yu'd come, but it seemed an awlful time waitin'. I was gettin' most scared," he whispered, as he turned her lips to his.

The moon had crept to the tree-tops and a shaft of light fell like a blessing on their two heads.

# A Vision of India

*By H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN*

*How the people live and what the visitor may expect to see to-day in this great British possession.*

AN INDIAN BUNGALOW

Showing occupants and servants. The author of this article is standing immediately behind the horse.

THE first few days in India, if the visitor has never set foot on the soil before, are likely to be a period of delightful amazement and most enjoyable confusion. You wander about perplexed and absorbed by all you see, for Bombay is full of the wealth of the East and of the West, full of the poverty and vice of both. Bombay has its palaces and human kennels. It is the city of the *boxwalla* and the banker; the home of the Parsee millionaire and the Hindu pauper. You drive from the landing stage to the hotel, and your eyes rest on the magnificent buildings which face the harbour. You wander through the crowded streets to the bazaar, where there are several different worlds—a city of the Arabian Nights, where the shops are like boxes set on ends with the lids off. Here the native butcher and baker and candlestick-maker are at work, for the native passes most of his life in the open. He has no idea of time, and is never in a hurry. Nothing is in the East, except the rising and setting of the sun. People are roosting like fowls on the edges of the pavements or on the sides of their verandahs watching passers-by and chewing beetle-nut. You drive back to civilisation as the carriage mounts the hill where the great bungalows are built, covered by gorgeous creepers hanging like screens over the verandahs to keep out the mid-day sun. It's the magic moment before the sun sinks below the horizon and there is a pink glow spreading like a gauze curtain over the white houses of the Indian city below. Carriages are passing along the sea front, and the Parsee ladies, with their flowery silken robes and their pale, oval faces set off by the floating muslin veils, are taking the evening air, wives and daughters of rich merchants and bankers, descendants of a people who were driven out of Persia and made Bombay their home.

What is that weird-looking, round tower behind the palm trees on the hill? It is the Tower of Silence, where the dead Parsees are laid out to rest for a few minutes in the sun, and the vultures are sitting on the walls waiting for the funeral procession to pass away, when they will swoop down and devour the remains, and when all is over the bones will fall through the gratings to the great well beneath.

To-night we dine at the Yacht Club—our first glimpse of European life in the land of exile. Dinner is served at the round tables covered with exquisite flowers, and behind each chair a servant dressed in white stands watching his master or mistress eat, and a *punkah* flaps overhead continuously, keeping one deliciously cool. The *punkah wallah*, who sits outside somewhere, is indispensable. He comes from a race of men who have waved fans to keep other people cool, quite contented that he is doing his duty, and to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. He keeps time like the pendulum of a clock, and sleeps whilst pulling the cord. We sit in log chairs afterwards on the lawn at the water's edge. Officers, civil, naval and military, are clustered round their lady friends, each of whom has two or three admirers at her side. The ladies love the East. The next day we visit the shops. We order white suits at nine in the morning, and they are ready before we leave at night. We go to the Army and Navy stores and buy excellent cheroots at three dollars a box—and we smoke them while we wander through the highways and byways of this city—and watch the performing cobras and miniature mango trees come up under covers of baskets and a handful of earth accompanied by much pigeon English and mysterious music. Then a butler comes to us and presents his *chits*, for we are hurrying to the cities of Central India—to the lands of the Moghul kings—those great builders of temples and mausoleums of peace. We must have a servant in the train. No one in India makes a long journey without one; the faithful butler always accompanies you.

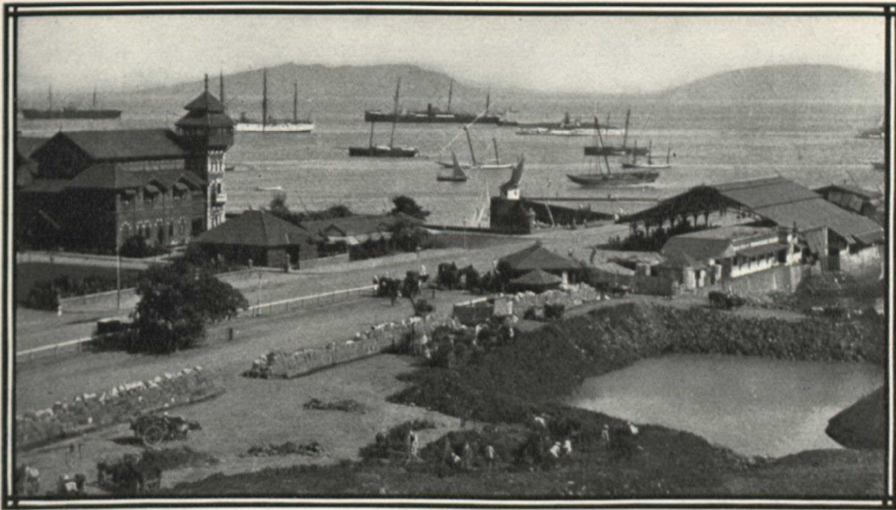
The trains in India are slow, but the carriages long and comfortable and airy. There is a little verandah outside where you can sit and watch the rice fields and the temples hiding in the palm trees. Every person has a long seat to himself like a sofa. The carriages hold four, but if your butler is clever and quick he makes the compartment only accommodate two, for he piles all your luggage into the carriage. The more he can get in the happier he is. At night your bedding is unrolled (for you always take it with you), a whiskey and soda is placed at your side, and a novel and cigarettes. You are comfortable except when the train stops, when the noises are horrible. Natives are calling to their friends—women are shrieking and trying to squeeze into the vans.

Hindu water men—called *pane wallahs*—are calling to their caste to drink. Mangy pie dogs are seeking food and beggars are asking for *baksheesh*.

Sahibs are scolding their servants in loud voices. All this is mixed up in the midnight madness of the crowd, while your faithful butler stands at the door of your compartment keeping watch over his master. The hotels in India are few and far between, and bad when you reach them, except in Bombay, at Simla and in the Happy Valley at Lucknow.

A few years ago a friend of mine was visiting Calcutta and was dining at Government House. The Viceroy asked him if he had seen the Black Hole. "Yes, your excellency," he replied, "I live in it. It is No. 3 at my hotel."

But to return to the men who make life worth living in the East. The butler's aim and object is to make you happy and comfortable, so that he can get a good character or *chit* when you leave the country. He lives in your compound, and has a large family, and often his brothers and uncles live with him at your expense. The butler issues orders to the servants. He is your body servant, your banker. His father and grandfather were servants before him, and brought him up in the way he should go. When you marry he selects an *ayah*



THE HARBOUR AT BOMBAY

for your wife, and he engages your *bobajee* or cook. His son acts as *chokra*, and will some day be a butler too. He takes off your polo boots and runs messages. He carries your *chits* to the memsahibs' bungalows or to the club, and your lantern on a dark night when you go to the mess; and he tries to play golf in the backyard with your old clubs. The butler engages the *chokidha* as night watchman, who carries a big stick and until you are asleep walks about the garden. If you light your lamp in the middle of the night he has a loud cough, or beats the stone steps of the verandah to show you that he is awake on duty—and earning his wage. The butler orders the *syce* to saddle your pony—the groom who rides behind your cart and carries a whisk to keep off the flies, and who waits and waits at the club or the *gymkhana* while the master is chatting over a cocktail or a rubber of bridge. The butler hires a gardener, another servant who waters the flowers in the hot weather and brings you a nosegay on your birthday or at Christmas, the sahib's "Kissmiss"—the festive season for the year—when there is a *bunakhana* or big dinner at the Lord Sahib's bungalow, and the masters do not come home until the morning.

The butler has charge of your wardrobe and sends your shirts to the *dhobie*, the laundry man, who beats your linens on the rocks by the side of some pool near the river, and sends them home with frills. The butler makes an inventory of your kit and sends for a *dursi*, a man who lives in the bazaar, who comes and works by the hour on your verandah and mends your clothes, or makes new ones exactly like the pattern you give him.

En route to palaces of the Delhi kings, Akbar's Tomb and the Secundra, we stop at Udaipur, the city of enchanted lakes, built in a great brown valley enclosed by rugged mountains and bare, jagged peaks. In this desolated land there is a chain of still and silvery lakes, with palms and plantations and blossoming wisteria, and by the margin of the great lake and on the lower ridges of the upland is built a city of snow-white palaces, of fretted and delicate domes and balconies, with railings of marble-like bits of ivory. And in the middle of these lakes there are islands, each with a snow-white palace and palms. Imagine this in the glare of the Indian sun or by the full moonlight under the clear Indian sky, when the windows are picked out with "The Lights of Asia," and you have some idea of the earthly paradise which the children of the Sun erected for themselves when the Moghuls sacked their ancient capital and drove them to find a home behind the desert hills. You see one of the most

beautiful sights in the world. Words cannot describe such a scene as this. Alma Tadema might paint a picture of one little marble corner of the palace where His Highness the Maharana Diraj. Sir. Futteh Singh Bahadur lives—one of the many types of Rajahs one meets in India, one of the tall, high-bred gentlemen, loyal to the backbone, a G.C.S.I., with a salute of nineteen guns, which denotes his rank amongst the princes of the Empire.

We are asked to dine at his palace and stay at the guests' bungalow which overlooks one of the enchanted lakes. The dinner is a wonderful feast arranged by a German caterer, and is held in a frescoed hall with walls painted with red and gold designs and hung with gorgeous tapestries. It is lighted by enormous glittering chandeliers, relics of a past. While we feed His Highness and his staff wait outside, for it is not meet or right for them to eat with us or partake of our food. They watch us through curtains, and wait until after the meal is over, then we drink the health of the King Emperor, and there are speeches full of loyalty and thanksgiving. There are other Maharajahs and Rajahs to see later, and also the Begum of Bhopal, whose mother and grandmother shielded our people in the time of trouble. Every one else was against us. I saw her given the Grand Cross of the Star of India and kneel before the future Queen of England and kiss her hand, when the little Purdah lady said in English: "This is the proudest moment of my life."

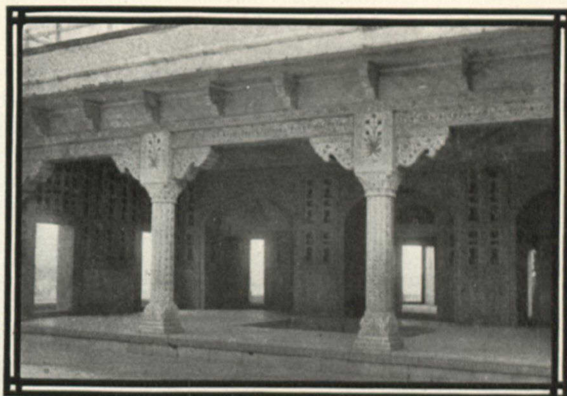
At Indore, a neighbouring State, one saw the large, broad-shouldered fat Rajahs, who reeked with scent and wore European clothes with their turbans. Lean, hooked-nose gentlemen, too, from the north were there, and others with oval faces and olive complexions. There were soldiers amongst them with rows of medals. Young Patiala and Bikanir, who lives in the middle of the desert and goes to London for the season, and General Sir Pertap Singh, Maharajah of Idar, K.C.B., A.D.C., the best rider and polo player in India—which means, perhaps, in the world. We saw all these men, descendants of kings and princes, who filled their harems with dark-eyed ladies, and spent fortunes on jewels and finery, who wasted their money on elephants and silver *howdahs*, or on fighting bears and tigers, and adorned the palaces with useless ornaments. Happily these are things of the past, for now the State money is carefully guarded by the British Raj, by a political agent who manages the affairs of the State. In these days there is a relief for famine and distress—irrigation works, hospitals, schools and railways. The native gentleman is becoming more enlightened every day, more accustomed to British supremacy, adapted to European ideas. He goes to Paris and New York, and buys his clothes in London. He drives his motor car and his four-in-hand and plays polo at Harlingham. He commands his own regiment of the Imperial Service Corps and leads it past on parade. In the hot weather he goes to the hills and gives garden parties and plays golf and bridge. What more can he do to be civilised? Of his *zenana* we know nothing. We ask questions from our lady friends who are permitted to visit the harems, but they only see a corner; there are walls within walls.

A friend of mine asked a loyal prince—one of the greatest chiefs in the central provinces—what would happen if the English were to leave India to-morrow? His Highness replied: "The day after to-morrow my men would be in the saddle and in three months there would not be a *baboo* or *boxwalla* in Southern India." That just about hits the mark. There would be a rush to the cities for the wealth, and then what would happen?

But we are not going away just yet. And we have only to see the army in India to realise that our strength on land lies in the East. You see it in the cantonments of a garrison town, you see it along the Grand Trunk road, and on th plains round Rindi, or at a review where Sikhs, Goorkhas and Pathans, horses, camels and bullocks, are marching past the Union Jack.

There surely was never a finer body of men trained to take the field with its transport and stores than this. Even the Japanese attaché opened his eyes

at the great parade before the Prince of Wales, and the Ameer of Afghanistan turned round to his Commander-in-chief the other day at Agra and said: "I thought you told me that my army was the finest in the world. I see here trained fighting men far better than mine, and I am told that there are other armies more powerful in Europe. You lied to me. Now I find mine are worth nothing."



SCENE IN THE TEMPLE AT DELHI—MARBLE INLAID WITH MOSAICS

From this temple the famous *Peacock Throne* was stolen.

That speech was far-reaching. It will be echoed through the mountain passes to the walls of Cabul and Kandahar, away over the plains of Afghanistan to the hills where the Russian outposts stand.

But it is in the north-west that you must go to see the flower of the army and the men who hold the sword of Britain in the East. You see it best of all at the point of the blade along the mountain passes at Peshawar, at Dera Ismail Khan and Quetta, or at Nilt, where three empires meet. Peshawar is like a ship cleared for action. It is always on guard. It faces the breach of that wall of rock by which the men of the north have been marching on to the plains from time immemorial, through which kings and emperors have passed since Alexander the Great brought victory and plunder in his train. Here are our outposts, where officers and men sleep, so to speak, with their arms in their hands; where an officer might be shot any morning when he goes his rounds. There are many who say that the young British officer is always foolish, always idle. I say go and look at him in India—when he talks *shop* (all about his work), and is not afraid of doing it; when he gets no help from a European sergeant-major; where the oldest bearded native *ressaldan*, a landed proprietor, with twenty years' service and three campaigns and the order of merit, will come to a mere boy for orders. Officers in India on the frontier have no time to be idle; their work trains the character and the brain. In that exacting school, duty, self-reliance, intelligence, a knowledge of human nature are needed for success. And the officer is proud of his men, his native comrades in arms. These men, who are sober, temperate and thrifty, who have the *esprit de corps*, the fire of patriotism, the "bushido," as it were, that helped the yellow race to conquer a European power.

Perchance you visit a civil servant's camp, and you begin to understand life in the shine in this country, where "there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst." The tents are comfortable, large and airy, twenty feet square, and rising twenty-one feet at the apex. You have a bedroom and a parlour hung with cloth of a yellowish hue with a pink dado and fringe. You have bathrooms, and verandahs covered by native blinds and you are surrounded by comforts. The collector sahib or the commissioner tells you about his work and invites you to join in his sport. He is the judge of the district. He travels about in state, and every one salaams to him and offers him fruit. He shoots the black buck and spears the wild pig, and sometimes kills a tiger. He draws a large salary, and after thirty years' service retires with a pension and a C.I.E. The civil servant rules India. He is a great man in Hindustan, and he speaks the language like a native. We are sorry to leave his camp, for he is entertaining

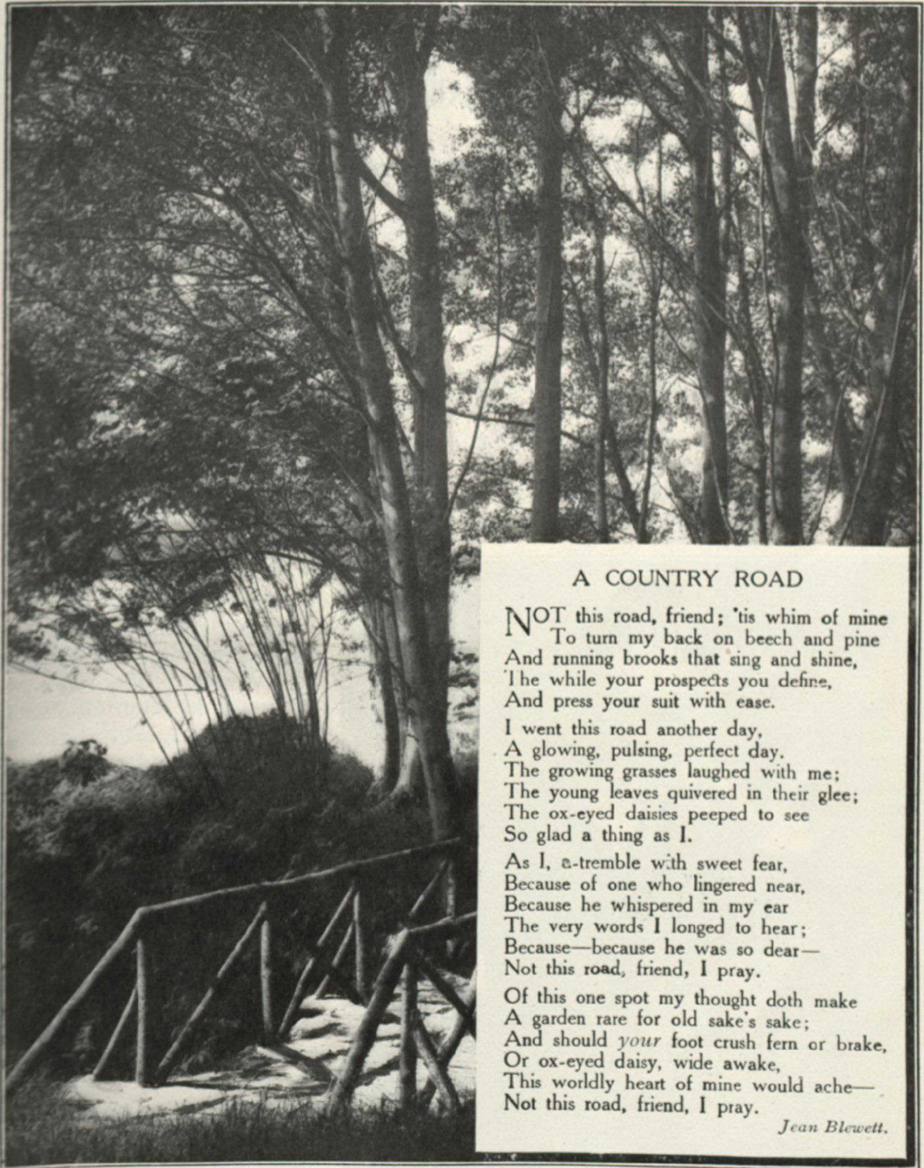
and his sport is splendid, and his dinners divine. He gives you a snipe and quail with green chillies, and wild duck livers on toast, roast venison and curry, Heidsik wine in the middle of a jungle 100 miles from civilisation! He is assisted by a nice boy whose people live far away. His brother works in the city of London. He occupies a small room which overlooks a dirty yard half the size of a tennis court, with a kennel in one corner and a chicken-run in the other. In the morning a maid-of-all-work leaves a can of lukewarm water at his door, and he stuffs some porridge and an egg down his throat before catching the 8.40 train up to town. A few people ask him to dance; he sometimes goes to the theatre. He plays the violin and on Sunday a game of golf. Smith Sahib's brother worked six and a half days out of every seven. He spends three weeks at the seaside in August or takes a cheap ticket to the Continent. He sometimes rides a bicycle, and has just enough to keep himself decently clothed. *Smith Sahib*, the boy we met in the jungle, has just joined Civil Service. He is stationed in a small garrison town in Central India, where there is a club, a *gymkhana* and a British regiment. Smith lives with two other men in a large bungalow surrounded by beautiful trees and flowering shrubs, and there is a huge compound. He dines at the club, and sometimes gives a little dinner in his own house. He can often be seen sitting on the verandah, smoking his cheroot, and be heard shouting to his "boy" to bring a whiskey and soda. Smith Sahib plays bridge and is learning to play polo. He keeps five servants and two ponies and a dogcart of sorts, and plays tennis and *badminton* on off-days with the General's daughter. Smith Sahib often writes to his brother at Putney, and sends him photographs of his home in the land of exile.

A TYPICAL HINDU RAJAH

We pass on to Agra to see the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal. From there you hasten away to Delhi to the Cashmir gate, to Cawnpore, where the marble angel stands above the well. You wander through the halls and king's palaces at Delhi and Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, and wonder at all you see there. Lucknow and Cawnpore are full of memories of the past.

You may take the train to the edge of the Himalayas, to the borders of Cashmir, and see the great ranges which rise to a height of 24,000 feet, and you may visit the Viceroy's summer home amongst the junipers at Simla, and see the offices where the Commander-in-chief works over his great military schemes; and then you begin to understand what a great Empire this is beyond the seas, and you take off your hat to Clive and the Lord Minto who consolidated what Wellesley had acquired; to Hardinge and Dalhousie and Lord Northbrook, and later to Lords Dufferin and Lansdowne, with his great Commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts; and last, but not least, Lord Curzon, who was at the great durbar in 1903, when over a hundred rulers of separate states, whose united population amounts to 60,000,000 of people, were assembled to testify their allegiance to the sovereign.

It remains for Lord Minto to carry on the rule that has symbolised the unity of the mightiest Empire of the East.



## A COUNTRY ROAD

NOT this road, friend; 'tis whim of mine
To turn my back on beech and pine
And running brooks that sing and shine,
The while your prospects you define,
And press your suit with ease.

I went this road another day,
A glowing, pulsing, perfect day.
The growing grasses laughed with me;
The young leaves quivered in their glee;
The ox-eyed daisies peeped to see
So glad a thing as I.

As I, a-tremble with sweet fear,
Because of one who lingered near,
Because he whispered in my ear
The very words I longed to hear;
Because—because he was so dear—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Of this one spot my thought doth make
A garden rare for old sake's sake;
And should *your* foot crush fern or brake,
Or ox-eyed daisy, wide awake,
This worldly heart of mine would ache—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

*Jean Blewett.*

# Poet and Priest

*By JAMES B. WASSON, D.D.*

*Sketch of Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, a Canadian who has won much distinction abroad.*

IN the bachelor lodgings in the centre of the most socially conservative section of the City of New York, the region near Washington Square, for many years has lived one of Canada's most loyal and most gifted sons. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M.A., D.C.L., priest, poet, historian, and general literary man, was born in Nova Scotia, educated in that province and in New England, for ten or eleven years had his home in Boston, and for more than twenty years has been a resident of New York. Officially, Dr. Eaton is a priest of the Episcopal Church, in which he is a preacher of repute, by native aptitude and sympathy, as in habit of life he is essentially, and so has long been recognised, a devoted literary man. Born in a rarely beautiful town in Nova Scotia's famous central valley, with superb skies, divine fruit orchards, great drooping elms, green dykes, old gardens, mysterious brooks and pools, and a winding tide-river, to stimulate his youthful imagination, he early showed the tendency he has now followed so long. His father, William Eaton, Esquire, represented an important Puritan family who had settled in Nova Scotia after the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. He was a man of education and the highest worth, at one time inspector of schools for his county, and when he died in 1893 an honoured official of

DR. ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON

his town. Dr. Eaton's mother, from whom he undoubtedly inherited much of his keen sensitiveness to impressions, his passionate love of nature, his strong genius for friendship, was Anna Augusta Willoughby Hamilton, the youngest granddaughter of a Scottish gentleman who had emigrated to New England about the time of the Revolutionary War, her ancestry otherwise appearing in several of the best families of New England Puritan stock.*

In 1873, Dr. Eaton left Nova Scotia to get his education, and in 1880, in a class, the most famous member of which now is President Roosevelt, was graduated B.A. at Harvard University. After a course of theological reading and study, during which he was also writing much, in 1884 he was ordained to the diaconate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, his advancement to the priesthood coming a little less than a year from that time. For a while he was nominally Rector's Assistant in the old Church of St. Mark's, in New York, but he soon assumed charge of the parish of Chestnut Hill, Boston.

Educated under the mutually antagonistic influences of Calvinistic and Anglican theology, with a naturally sensitive conscience and with a persistent impulse to examine all sides of things, before ordination the young clergyman went through extremely deep theological waters. Taking his final stand from conviction on Broad-Church ground, the ground of Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, Kingsley, Mulford, Allen and Brooks, it was not strange that his brief incumbency of the Chestnut Hill parish should have resulted in a volume called "The Heart of the Creeds, Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." In this book, the first notable literary achievement of the writer, appeared not only evidences of keen spiritual insight, and clear comprehension of the historical development of doctrinal truth, but as well the fine taste for literary expression that Dr. Eaton had inherited and had had stimulated in his cultured Nova Scotia home. Not only did the chief Broad-Church leaders in the United States give high praise to this book, cordially welcoming it as an important contribution to rational theological literature, but recognised masters of literary style gave its English the highest praise. If the author had never done any other work than this book, his place among thinkers and scholars, and writers of choice English, would be fully assured. "I am glad," wrote an eminent clergyman and scholar, since dead, when the book first appeared, "that the Episcopal Church has a man capable of writing such a book." Said the New York *Nation:* "Mr. Eaton is the exponent of theological tendencies which are very deep and wide, and which derive much of their volume and momentum from tributary streams as far apart as Schleiermacher and Matthew Arnold." "The Heart of the Creeds" appeared in 1888, and the next year Dr. Eaton made his first conspicuous essay in verse with his "Acadian Legends and Lyrics." In 1891, entering the historical field, he produced an interesting pioneer book, "The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution." As Nova Scotia is the oldest Colonial diocese of the British Empire, and as the author is intimately acquainted with the history of the Province, it is needless to say that he produced in this laborious work a permanently valuable and eminently readable book. In 1892, in collaboration with another Canadian, Mr. C. L. Betts, Dr. Eaton published a book of short stories which have had some recognition, "Tales of a Garrison Town." In 1901, he carefully edited and published an old Loyalist manuscript written by the mother of one of Nova Scotia's most famous statesmen, the late Judge James William Johnston. In the meantime, also, he compiled and edited several educational works, and by means of a number of valuable genealogical and family historical monographs made himself an authority in the American genealogical field.

From the first appearance of Dr. Eaton's volume, "Acadian Legends and

*It may be mentioned here that Frank H. Eaton, M.A., D.C.L. (also a graduate of Harvard University), Superintendent of Schools for Victoria, B.C., and a governor of Victoria College, is Dr. Eaton's brother. Of his first-cousins the best known is Benjamin Rand, M.A., Ph.D., a sketch of whose life lately appeared in the pages of this magazine.

Lyrics," his place among American poets has been secure. In the years that have elapsed since, not a single anthology of note has appeared in Canada or the United States in which he has not been well represented. Stedman's "American Anthology," "The World's Best Poetry," "Younger American Poets," "Songs of the Great Dominion," "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," "Poems of Wild Life," "Canadian Poems and Lays," and other collections, English and American, contain much of his verse. For sixteen years, however, after his first book of verse, he produced no other, but in 1905 there came simultaneously from the press of Thomas Whittaker, New York, two attractive volumes entitled, respectively, "Acadian Ballads," and "Poems of the Christian Year." Inspection of the author's newly published poems at once revealed the fact that he had steadily grown in his command of the poetic art. "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" was flatteringly received by the press, but though it showed wide sympathy with life, keen love of natural beauty, a rare gift for reproducing events and scenes of the past, and the fine rhythmical sense that must be part of every true poet's endowment, it must be frankly confessed that some of the work in it was crude. In the more recently published "Acadian Ballads," we have a few of the best poems which appeared in the earlier volume, but even these, finely conceived and truthfully coloured as they were, are generally not a little, and for the better, changed. Improvements are to be found, for example, in the well-known musical ballads, *The Naming of the Gaspereau*, *Puritan Planters* (in the earlier volume called *The Resettlement of Acadia*), *L'Ordre de Bon Temps*, and *De Soto's Last Dream*. In this volume we see more than ever how the striking events of Acadian history, in both French and English times, have stirred the poet's imagination, how real the men and women that figured in them have become to his mind. The departure of Howe's fleet from Boston in 1776, the sailing of the New York Tories for Nova Scotia in 1784, the achievement of that remarkable Acadian heroine, Madame La Tour, the devoted friendship of La Tour and Biencourt, the grace of Lady Frances Wentworth, the friendliness of Lady Falkland—these are some of the inspiring subjects that the author has selected from the rich field of Acadian history, and has once more given life to in his musical, artistic verse.

The mere enumeration of subjects, however, fails to give any true impression of the vivid colour of Dr. Eaton's poetry. Whatever is beautiful in the crisp skies, luxuriant landscape, rich forests, and sparkling seas of his Acadian country, he has reproduced—the white mists of the Atlantic rolling up to the Basin of Minas and wreathing the low mountains that shut in the winding Fundy shore, the rugged face of Blomidon, "grim guardsman of the gateway of the tide," the old gray wharves that line the harbour of Halifax; and, as well, the world-famed apple orchards of the Annapolis valley in their marvellously rich pink-petalled bloom; fields of red clover and white daisies, maple forests in their flaming autumn-crimson dress, old-fashioned gardens, magnificent with spring crocuses, midsummer pinks and bluebells, autumn phloxes and dahlias,—all these contribute to the beautiful setting of Eaton's Acadian verse.

In his "Poems of the Christian Year," the author has shown his power in another special department of poetry. Arranged in the familiar order of the church seasons, with groups of several beautiful poems each for the great feasts of Christmas and Easter, the poems in this volume have all the qualities that make religious verse live. No one can read, for example,

> I know a vast cathedral,
> With sculptured walls and high,
> And windows dight with every light
> That decks the sunset sky;

or

> Who does not love the tranquil mystery
> Of twilight, when the day is almost spent,

or

> They speak deep truths, those lilies dumb,
> Whose waxen forms our altars hide,
> Fresh from Bermudian gardens come
> To help us keep our Easter-tide,

without being moved as men are always moved by tender, musical religious verse. In January, 1907, Dr. Eaton published a

fourth volume of poems, this time again of a general character. In the "Lotus of the Nile and Other Poems," we have vivid flashes of light on the inner nature of the man. Some of the poems in this new volume, also, in an incomplete form, are to be found in the author's first book of verse. But everywhere here we discover nature, poetical feeling and finished poetical form. The themes are as varied as the author's life has been fruitful and wide. Travel abroad has given us his fine descriptive poem, "Fountains Abbey," a poem rich in imagination and in delicate poetic thought; the study of historic religions has made possible the strong stanzas on "The Egyptian Lotus," "Foundry Fires" has evidently been suggested by the sound of ringing anvils and the gleam of the glowing forge. But by far the great part of the poetry in this volume may properly be classed as "Nature Poetry." It is nature poetry, however, of the truest sort. One or two poems, like *The Lady of the Flowers* in "Acadian Ballads," are purely descriptive, but there is in most of the verse an intense subjectivity, the subjectivity of Wordsworth and Shelley. The poet feels always the oneness of earth with "the deep heart of man," he perceives in nature

A motion and a spirit which impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

He finds in earth's ordinary processes the changing moods of humanity's immortal mind. The poems are usually not long, most of them contain not more than a dozen stanzas, but one turns from them, as a rule, with the satisfaction one finds only in the finished productions of those who have followed long and faithfully the lyric art.

The range of subjects treated in these poems is wide, the poet is a man whose experience of life has gone deep, he has had strong friendships and ardent loves, he has profound sympathy with children and with the poor, he has threaded the intricate passages of theological speculation, he has suffered disappointment and undergone severe mental pain, but he has had also the most beatific visions and has stood on the loftiest heights. In his verse there is a certain transparency, by means of which we can learn much of the visions that have inspired and the sorrows that have chastened the writer's inner soul.

The "Acadian Ballads" are not all ballads, some of them, like *Impressions*, *Atlantic Mists*, and *Orchards in Bloom*, are highly-coloured bits of descriptive verse. What a fine picture the poet gives us of the June orchards:

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
  Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall, that rain,
  Allah's garden everywhere.

Infinite depths in the blue above,
  Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,
Orioles trilling songs of love
  With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
  Yellow, and azure, far outspread—
O the measureless delight
  In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Or of the dreamy mists that rise from the "mighty Atlantic," and move like wraiths along the steep sides of the "North Mountain":

Up from the sea the white mists roll,
  Soft as the robes a dancer sways,
Pure as the dreams that swathe the soul
  Of a laughing child, at peace always.

The blue-veined hills at the north they hide
  With a veil that hangs like filmy gauze,
And they lower and lift and fling aside
  Their matchless drapery, without pause.

Grange and meadow and dyke below
  Lie in the sun in calm content,
Hither and thither like wraiths they go,
  But their shadowy grace on the cliffs is spent.

No poet was ever more emphatically the child of his early environment than this one. For many years he has lived in the heart of a great metropolis, but in every bit of descriptive nature-verse he writes, we see that the scenery of his native Nova Scotia holds his imagination captive still. "Eaton, I think," said an English reviewer once, "has been the most happy of the Canadians in treating their national legends. There are few writers in the United States who equal him in this respect," and the recently published volume adds much force to this judgment, uttered twenty years ago. Nova Scotia, at least, of the Canadian provinces, ought

to hold Dr. Eaton closely to her heart, for there is scarcely an epoch in her romantic history that his pen has not commemorated, and with peculiar grace. *The Legend of Glooslap*, *Poutrincourt's Return to Port Royal*, *L'Ordre de Bon Temps*, *The Baptism of Membertou*, *La Tour and Biencourt*, *Puritan Planters*, *The Arrival of Howe's Fleet*, *A Ballad of the Tories*, *Lady Wentworth*—all these are poems of high merit in the realm of verses celebrating historical places and characters and events. Long after their gifted author has gone from the world, they will be read with interest and will be gathered into collections of notable poems of places, and anthologies of historical verse.

In the field of subjective verse few modern poems, at least, are better than *Purple Asters*, in "Acadian Ballads"; *God's Manifoldness*, in "Poems of the Christian Year"; and *Lombardy Poplars*, *The Prophecy of Beauty*, *Once again the Summer Dies*, and *I Plucked a Daisy*, in "The Lotus of the Nile."

Interest in strong, human occupations is also a characteristic of this poet. The activities of fields, gardens, foundries, whale-ships, wharves, the sea, and city streets, are all signalised in his verse. For gardens and the sea-shore he has a peculiar fondness, the love of flowers is evidently a passion with him, and he seems almost colour-mad.

In such a poem as *The Prophecy of Beauty*, one feels the same sense of beauty that inspired Keats:

Sometimes I think the source of souls must be
 The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond
To loveliness in earth and sky and sea—
 Green in the majestic oak and fine fern-frond.

Pure in sunsets, undulate lines of hills,
 Ships spreading white wings on the western wave,
Turbulent currents that turn mossy mills,
 The dim cathedral's arch and spire and nave;

The moon's reflection on the limpid lake,
 The plash of oars, the rowers' voices there;
The enrapturing scent that follows in the wake
 Of spring's first movement in the forests bare.

Who has not often felt a sovereign power
 To lift his spirit to majestic pose
In these, or mountain peak, or vine-clad bower;
 In violet blue, and crimson-petalled rose.

Such stanzas strikingly remind one of lines in "Endymion," or indeed, in their choice of epithets, of Milton's "L'Allegro."

When Eaton's first book of verse appeared, the New York *Outlook* said: "In his individual criticism of life, the author's special significance lies. We hope that we may not seem anxious for a pretentious phrase when we term this poetry the cry of the heart of the age. . . . With all its fierce struggle, disease, and damning sins, we do not believe that the heart of the age is pessimistic. On the edge of the gloom is the glimmer of a dawn. This Mr. Eaton discerns, and utters our modern life's varied emotions; and it seems to us that his utterance is as true in its own way as the message of Browning or Tennyson." "*Flood-Tide*," said another reviewer, "has something of the pathos of Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' without being in the least indebted to it. . . *Sometime* is an exquisite lyric, worthy of comparison with Stedman's 'Undiscovered Country.'"

In his later verse Eaton shows the same characteristics of thought and feeling that critics found in his earlier work, but in the meantime he has grown much, if not in poetic feeling, certainly in the art of perfect poetic form. Such exquisite lyrics as *The East and the West*, *Thou Art My Guiding Star*, *Where Are Ye Now*, the new version of *The Roots of the Roses*, and *The Still Hour* amply attest this. Take these delicate stanzas as an example:

When the still hour draws near that I must die
I ask that in some western-windowed room
Where I can see the sunset, I may lie.

I love so well the blue and green and gold
That fuse in liquid splendour, ere the gloom
Of evening settles and the day grows cold.

A single rose I crave beside my bed,
For I had once a bush of roses white,
Whose fragrance through my deepest soul
 was shed.

Let some one skilled in friendship hold my
 hand
For all my life my peace has suffered blight
If none were near me who could understand.

I want no weeping, but I ask a prayer
That God would rob the evil I have done

Of harmful power, and make my influence
fair.

Then as my breath grows fainter, and my
eyes
Dim to the last trace of the kindly sun,
Kissing my forehead, say your last good-
byes.

In the earlier part of this article, Dr. Eaton's incumbency of the parish of Chestnut Hill, Boston, has been mentioned. This incumbency did not last long, for finding literary occupations on the whole more congenial, in a little over a year he withdrew from it and went to Europe, when he returned settling permanently in New York, in the part of the city where he still lives. For many years he has given part of his time to the special teaching of English literature, this occupation being more congenial to him than parochial work. He has, however, continually exercised the functions of the ministry, and during the last year has been one of the Cathedral Preachers of the New York Cathedral of St. John-the-Divine.

Dr. Eaton is a man of varied social experience. Thoroughly identified with the old exclusive community about Washington Square, he is yet widely known and warmly welcomed the city through, and for many years his summers, completely or in part, have been spent as the guest of well-known cottagers at New York's magnificent watering place, rich Newport-by-the-Sea.

In June, 1905, in recognition of his high scholastic attainments and literary achievements, King's College, Nova Scotia, the oldest Colonial College of the British Empire, conferred on Dr. Eaton the honour of a Doctorate of Civil Law.

Canadian literature is now slowly growing in volume and strength, and the time approaches when the country, great in material prosperity, will have also a worthy national literature. When that time comes, though like others of his Canadian contemporaries he has been obliged, for the most part, to work out of his native land, the name of Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, it may safely be prophesied, will occupy a truly distinguished place.

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# The Dead Day

BY A. L. FRASER

THE golden day is dead and now doth go
Out through the portals of the evening gray,
And somewhere o'er the hills will be laid low
In strange, far, viewless fields, by each dear yesterday;
Nature doth not that dying smile forget,
For all her face with sorrow's tears is wet.

# The Scalping of Wiggy

*By J. W. FULLER*

*Telling how a missing portion of head-gear made one man ridiculous and brought good luck to another.*

LOUNGING about the roundhouse doors at the western terminal of one of the great transcontinental lines a group of seasoned railroaders were indulging in a quiet smoke and chat before "turning in" at the bunk-room. A huge *mogul* detached from a heavy freight, which it had just brought in, came throbbing down the yard and rolled slowly into its stall.

"Hello, Bill!" shouted one, as a dark bulk climbed down from the cab. "How in thunder did you get back so soon? Thought your turn wouldn't bring you in till to-morrow?"

"Oh, everybody ain't so slow as you, Jim," returned the new arrival as he walked around to the other side of his engine.

"Worked some dodge to get ahead, I'll bet," commented his questioner. "He's most as cute as old Chinny De Bong, down east. Did I ever tell you boys how Chinny did up Wiggy Wallace?"

"No. Cough her up, Jim," responded another, and without further preliminary the story proceeded, for these men of the iron steed waste no words:

"It was back in the eighties, when I was running out of Montreal. One Saturday I was called to haul a heavy freight to Richmond, and I started out feeling pretty much down on my luck; for, like all the boys, I hated to be buried in that hole over Sunday, and as freight was light from that end there seemed precious little chance of getting out again before Monday. Once in a while there'd be an emigrant special up; but I wasn't counting any on that this trip, for I knew both Wallace and De Bong had gone down ahead of me. I'd heard Chinny called, and his language wasn't exactly what you'd call edifying for a Sunday School. Chinny was as good a driver as ever pulled throttle out of Bonaventure Station; but he was a bit excitable at times, and it seems his little girl was to be confirmed on the Sunday, and he'd been set on being at the church to see the job done. He knew Wiggy was ahead of him, so, though he heard an Allan Liner was coming up the river, it didn't help things, for Wiggy, of course, had the cinch on any special. However, it couldn't be helped, for as I told you freight was mighty light and none of us could afford to let a turn go by.

"Well, I got my train through after a goodish bit of trouble on the way with a hot-box, and pulled into Richmond about dark. I thought it hardly worth while to ask what was on the road, for I'd made up my mind that I was booked for a reserve seat at all the Richmond funerals till Monday; but I saw De Bong coming away from the dispatcher's office, so I hailed him with:

"'Anything doin', Chinny?'

"'Emigran' spesh 'bout four 'clock; but he Mr. Wallace. I keep company wit' you here to-mor'.'

"The trip down must have quieted

Chinny's nerves, for he seemed in tip-top spirits.

"I took a stroll up street and smoked a pipe or two before turning in, and when I got back to the bunk-room both Wallace and De Bong were asleep and snoring like good fellows. It didn't take me long to follow suit—I mean as far as sleeping went. We'll say nothing about the snoring.

"Well, long toward morning I heard the call-boy come in and call someone, but as I knew it wasn't my turn, course I just turned over and snoozed again; but pretty soon I heard a rustlin' and a shufflin' around, and somebody mutterin' low-like, under his breath; but being pretty well tired I didn't rouse up just yet. The noise kept up though and in a minute or two someone threw a boot and called out:

"'Quit that row, Wiggy, and let us fellows sleep, can't yer? Ye needn't rub it in because we've got to stay here while you bowl back to St. Lambert.'

"Then there was an explosion, and the exhibition Wallace—for 'twas him—give would ha' made the most hardened reprobate want to kick himself for envy. And, mind you, as a general thing he was no swearing man; didn't like to hear it, an' more'n once I'd heard him call the boys down for it. So you may know I guessed something extra special was on, and sat up in my bunk in a jiffy.

"There was Wiggy in shirt and trousers, with one boot on an' the top of his head shining white, an' bare as a billiard ball, dancing up an' down the bunk-room, cursing and shouting that somebody had stolen his *toupeé*—for he was bald and wore a wig; that's why we called him 'Wiggy'. The boys were all sittin' up in their bunks and chaffin' him—all but De Bong. He was still snoring away like a pig.

"'I guess it fell in your mouth while you was asleep, an' you swallowed it, Wiggy,' shouted a fireman.

"Wiggy walked up to his bunk an' made a vicious pass, but the fellow dodged.

"'None of yer blasted impudence, you young whelp!' he howled. 'If you know where that *toupeé* is, hand it out, or I'll smash yer face in.'

"'Come off, Wiggy,' yelled another fellow, 'yer just wild cause you got the bulge on us fellows by that emigrant special. Feel the top of yer head just to see if it ain't there.'

"Wallace made a snatch at his bald pate, while he cursed Sam Hunter for a crazy fool, and everyone howled the more. This sort of thing kept up till the call-boy came in, grinning like a cat.

"'Hustle up now, Wallace,' he shouted, 'that spesh'l be 'long right away, an' it's time yer engine was out.'

"Wiggy wheeled round, caught him by the shoulder, and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"'You young brat,' he yelled, 'I believe you hid it! Tell me quick where 'tis or I'll kill you.'

"'You leave me alone, Wiggy, or I'll report yer to the boss,' snarled the kid, jerking away; 'I don't know nothin' 'bout yer old wig. I wouldn't touch the dirty thing with a stick. But if you don't come along in two minutes I've got to call the next man; so look sharp.'

"'Oh, go on anyhow, Wiggy. You look better without the wig any day!' someone said.

"'Yes, but he's afraid the missus'll think he's her grandfather,' bawled Sam Hunter, and the row got worse than ever.

"'Time's up,' sang out the boy. 'Are you coming, Wallace?'

"'You go to blazes!' was all the answer he got. So he walked over and gave De Bong a dig in the ribs.

"'*Mon Dieu!* What matter?' yelled Chinny, sittin' up and rubbin' his eyes.

"'Yer next for the emigrant spesh, De Bong,' said the kid.

"Go you way. He Mr. Wallace. Why you wake me?' grumbled the Frenchman.

"'No, he won't take out his engine. So it's you.'

"'Won't take out engine! Why?' shouted Chinny, throwing up his hands in amazement.

"'Never mind, but step lively or you won't neither,' yelped the kid; and so De Bong tumbled out and scrambled into his clothes, while Wiggy still kept up the hunt for his wig, swearing what he wouldn't do to the villain what stole it.

"'I believe you're the thief, you sneaky

Frenchy!' he yelled, just as De Bong was going out. 'Ye've been too all-fired quiet to be honest.'

"'I know not what you talk about, Mr. Wallace,' returned Chinny, 'but I enquire of you when we meet in Montreal, for why you call me thief,' and with a low bow he cleared out.

"Quite a bit longer Wallace kept up the hunt, the boys pretending to help and chaffin' unmercifully all the time, At last there was a war-whoop from Wiggy as he jerked the *toupeé* from out of the mattress of an empty bunk. Somebody had ripped up the ticking, shoved in the wig, and then turned the mattress over so that the slit was toward the wall.

"Wiggy put on his other boot, grabbed his coat and started on a run for the station, and we all after him. De Bong had just backed his engine down onto the train, and was looking out the cab window waiting for the signal to start, when Wiggy ran up shouting and swearing. He hadn't taken time to put on his wig, but held it in his fist; an' somehow or other he'd got the top of his head scratched in the rumpus, an' the blood was smeared over his white pall, lookin' quite ghastly. All together he was a tough lookin' sight.

"'You dirty, frog-eatin' Papist!' he yelled. 'I'll make you sweat for this. You hid my *toupeé*, so's to git my turn!'

"'Keep you cool, Mr. Wallace,' smirked Chinny. 'You now are beside yourself. Could I while I sleep tak' your wig an loose him? You talk no sense. When I in Montreal you meet, we talk 'bout this. For now, good-bye. I hope you the Sabbath day joy at Richmond,' and getting his signal, Chinny pulled out.

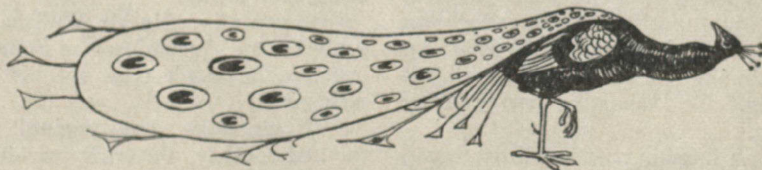
"Poor Wiggy danced along beside him for a rod or two, swearing and shaking his fist with the wig clenched in it until the speed of the train dropped him behind, while Chinny leaned out of his cab window grinnin' and blowin' kisses to him.

"Some of the emigrants roused up by the racket stuck their heads out of the window, and as the last car pulled by we heard one shout out:

"'By Jove, George, I thought we was told the Injuns was peaceful in Canada! There's a bloke what's 'ad 'is scalp taken off clean!'

"We dasen't go near Wallace all that day; and he was sulky with all the gang for weeks afterwards. I heard he went to the 'old man' about it, but of course got no satisfaction, for he couldn't prove De Bong did it. He swore 'twas him though, and vowed to get square some day. He did too; but that's another story.

"Well, I guess I'll turn in now. Good-night, boys."



# The Toast of the Archdeacon

*By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH*

*Illustrations by Jack Hamm*

*A tale of Local Option, in which a wolf in sheep's clothing wins a bride by sacrificing the Temperance Workers.*

THE Venerable Archdeacon Mortimer, of Brockville, Ontario, was not displeased that his son Horace had written home from Birmingham soliciting a parental loan of two thousand dollars.

There had always been something about Horace vaguely unsatisfactory to the Archdeacon—nothing really wrong, just a lamentable lack of ballast, and a disposition to look at life from too worldly a viewpoint.

From the first he had opposed his father's most cherished desire, which was that he should enter the ministry, or, failing in that, should study law. Unfortunately the wayward one had shown very little inclination to study anything. He was morally certain that he was not cut out for the ministry, but he had never had any particular objection to being called to the bar—only it wasn't the kind of bar his father meant.

His uncle, when called into conference on the subject, agreed at once with Horace. The boy was never meant for the professions. His limitations were obvious. He might do for a politician, or a hotel man, or possibly a commercial traveller; but a minister—never. The Archdeacon, when they talked it over, couldn't help admitting that it looked that way. So a position was obtained for Horace in the office of a large manufacturing concern in Birmingham, where his father fondly hoped he might one day be advanced to a partnership.

Horace soon found it a long, up-hill road to the presidency of the company, but it was only a pleasant little five minutes' stroll down to the Arlington, where Joseph C. Murphy kept a jovial house. So it happened that he usually gravitated thither, and before he had been long in Birmingham, found himself chasing the glowing hours when work was done in divers ways decidedly objectionable from a clerical point of view, which state of affairs would undoubtedly have turned the Archdeacon in his grave, if he had occupied one. Being of the quick, of course he knew it not.

It was not long, either, before Horace began to realise that his present way of doing things was having a bad effect upon the credit side of his bank account. He noticed it more particularly because he had become suddenly possessed with an intense desire to get rich very quickly because—because—well, the Murphys set great store by an accumulation of this world's goods, and Maggie Murphy was just the best, and prettiest, and sweetest girl in all Birmingham.

His affairs having reached this interesting crisis, it was natural that when the proprietor of the local soft drinks factory wished to sell out, Horace should make a bid for the business, subject to the "governor's" advancement of the funds, which offer was promptly accepted—hence the letter aforesaid to the Archdeacon.

The reverend gentleman, of course,

could not refuse his son. If the manufacture of soft drinks was not a calling which he, personally, would have selected, it was undoubtedly respectable and probably offered greater opportunities than work in a factory office. At any rate, it was a gratifying indication that the boy was disposed to settle down and take life seriously.

So Horace became owner and manager of the "Birmingham Bottling Works, manufacturers of ginger beer, pop, lemon sour, etc., etc."

It was just at the time that the Local Option agitation was developing into a live public question in the city. The Birmingham Band of Temperance Workers were firmly resolved that the bar must go, and said so openly, upon all occasions. The Retail Liquor Dealers' Association were equally determined that they shouldn't. So, as the Rev. Dunkley Simpson, who took tea at Horace's boarding house on the average of three times a week, was the president of the one, and Joseph C. Murphy was the head of the other, Horace just naturally found himself right in the very centre of the fray where the blows fell thickest and the bullets hummed the loudest.

As a director of a soft drinks establishment, the temperance people seemed to take it as a matter of course that he was a strong prohibitionist, and earnestly besought him to go out and smite the Philistines.

"We want you to join the Temperance Workers, Mr. Mortimer," said the Rev. Simpson. "It is your duty. You owe it to your father, to yourself, and to the public. We know that we have your sympathy, but we want more than that. We want you to be a strong and enthusiastic worker. We particularly need young men like you to throw all their vim and vitality into the good cause. As the proprietor of the bottling works, you will occupy a position of certain prominence in the city, and your action will be an example to others. The average young man, Mr. Mortimer, hesitates to come out openly on the side of right—he fears too much the ridicule of his comrades; but if a man like you would make a strong stand, it would give many a vacillating youth courage to do what he felt to be right."

"Well," replied Horace, "I'll think it over, Mr. Simpson."

"We have a meeting to-morrow night in the old town hall; I want you to promise to be present."

It was at that moment that the first of the great ideas struck Horace. Afterwards he clearly saw in the whole affair the hand of fate.

"I will, Mr. Simpson," he said, "and I believe I will be with you."

He walked home pondering the great idea, with the result that on the morrow two things happened.

In the morning, Mortimer's Mango Punch appeared on the market for the first time; a new drink, as the advertisements stated, containing nothing but the pure flavour of the delicious mango, king of all tropical fruits, and highly carbonised pure spring water drawn from wells drilled through to the solid rock. The last was almost true, seeing that the bottling works were situated in an old gravel pit.

In the evening Horace appeared at the meeting. More than that, he made a speech. His ideas on the subject were a little hazy, and addresses impromptu or studied were scarcely his forte, but some years ago he had been hypnotised into entering a debate at the high school on this very subject, and being pressed he gave them his old speech almost verbatim. It was decidedly of the Rum-must-go and Liquor-is-the-curse-of-this-fair-country order, but he handed it out with fervid eloquence.

The oration would have bereft his reverend father of speech in sheer delight, if he had heard it. In fact the report of it in the local papers of the next day, duly sent home by Horace, actually did so. It is on record that Jos. C. Murphy was rendered similarly speechless by the event, although he was subsequently able to express his feelings fluently.

The meeting was consumed with delight and elected Horace secretary.

It was with some misgivings that he entered the Arlington next day.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," he said.

Murphy grunted.

"You're a helva man, you are. I pass you up. I don't want anything more to do with you."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You know well enough. Passing yourself off as a Christian with your speeches and your resolutions."

"Oh, that was nothing but a part of my little game."

"Well, I don't want no games around here. I've seen fellows of your type before."

"Now, look here, Mr. Murphy, listen to me. These people have been after you with an axe for years. Local Option has simply got to come in Birmingham sooner or later."

"I don't see that."

"Well, it has. The thing is to make it peter out as soon as possible, for it's bound to break up in the long run. Now hasn't it?"

"I don't know but it has."

"Well, then, that's what I'm going to do. You see if I don't end it in six months."

This was the second of the great ideas born suddenly of his urgent need of an explanation. Truly fate was leading Horace forward at a giddy pace.

"Humph! How're you going to do it?"

"I'll tell you."

A confidential talk of half an hour followed. At the end of that time, an outsider might have thought that the heart of the president of the liquor dealers had thawed in some measure to Horace, for, as the latter picked up his hat, he said:

"Have something before you go?"

"Thanks, Mr. Murphy. I don't care if I do."

And for the secretary of the Temperance Workers he had something pretty strong.

About a month passed by. The prohibitionists got their machinery into full working order. The fires roared, the water bubbled, the steam hissed, wheels revolved, belts spun, and the smoke spread out to heaven over the whole city. The Reverend Dunkley Simpson buzzed about like a little busy bee. It was definitely announced that the Local Option would go before the people at the coming municipal elections, and the combatants tightened their belts and prepared for the final struggle.

"The Prettiest Girl in Town"

*Drawn by Jack Hamm*

Horace spent Christmas at home. The pleasure of the family over his account of the campaign was delightful. They begged him to send the papers from Birmingham every day, and a letter too. The Archdeacon, in an exuberance of joy, gave his son another thousand dollars to put into the pop business. They were all certain of victory in the fight to come.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Horace. "You see the liquor men will spend plenty of money and our people won't. That's the trouble with them—they're too innocent. And anyway they haven't got it. Men are willing to put up money as a business investment and charge it up to the expense account, but when it comes to paying it out on principle—that's a different matter."

"But it isn't right, you know, Horace," said his sister.

"And surely a good cause would never prosper if it countenanced corruption," said his mother.

"Well, maybe," said Horace, doubtfully. "I hope it will carry without."

"Money is undoubtedly useful in such a campaign," remarked his father.

"But it is wrong to use it so," objected Mrs. Mortimer.

"Yes, my dear, possibly. But you must sometimes fight evil with its own weapons. To do a great right, do a little wrong, you know. I would gladly give my right hand to see Local Option carry in Birmingham."

"I never expected to hear you advocate bribery," said his wife.

Mr. Mortimer was silent, but as Horace was boarding the train, he produced five hundred dollars to be used in the good cause.

"And never mention it to your mother, my boy, nor to any one else. I may be wrong in doing this, but I trust you to use it well. So good-bye, and God be with you."

Horace arrived in Birmingham with better hopes, and hastened to see the president of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association.

"Hullo, Horrid!" said that worthy.

"Mr. Murphy, how are you to-night?"

"Oh, not too bad! Been up home for the holidays?"

"Yep. How's the campaign?"

"Getting pretty hot. I'll make it hotter for 'em before I've done."

"That's where you're wrong. Let the thing go through. Didn't I tell you I would smash it in six months?"

"Yes, but if it don't pass, it will be smashed right now."

"And come back again next year."

"Well, time enough then to get in your good work."

Finding Murphy so obdurate, Horace threw himself heart and soul into the contest. His knowledge of the world and its wicked ways was of great assistance. His uncle had probably been right when he said Horace would do for a politician. Anyhow, with five hundred dollars in his pocket, he showed that he knew how to get out the vote.

As the contest progressed, Murphy became heated to a dull red, and it spoke little for Horace's tact that he chose this of all times to solicit the paternal sanction to his engagement to Maggie.

"No, sir!" said Murphy, bringing down his fist. "I don't know enough about you. You may be all right, but it looks to me like you were playing a double game, and if you are, you're not the man I want for a son-in-law."

"How can I prove my sincerity, Mr. Murphy?"

"When you break up this temperance business, as you boast you will, I'll believe you and not before."

"And you'll give us your consent then?"

"I'll see. Time enough when you do."

And with this equivocal reply, Horace was forced, for the time being, to be content.

There had never been so much excitement on election day in Birmingham, even when the member for the Provincial Legislature got in by a majority of three. The streets about the paper offices were packed before six o'clock. The braying of a brass band on the balcony of the Fenster House indicated the headquarters of the liquor interests. The Rev. Dunkley Simpson, Horace, and the others awaited the returns in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, a silent and a soulful company.

Ward Three was in first, and went liquor by a good margin, but from that time on the city declared most emphatically that the bar must go.

Horace telegraphed to his father at once, and the wires fairly sizzled with the Archdeacon's reply.

The next morning the town was decidedly startled at its own action. To tell the truth, there was no one more surprised than the Temperance Workers themselves—unless, maybe, it was the liquor people.

The hotel men acted with vigour and unanimity. They bundled their guests unceremoniously into the streets and locked the doors. Thus travellers who happened to be in the city were thrown upon the hospitality of the Temperance Workers with a dull, sickening thud.

Then, too, the town dried up. To

the boys it became an arid waste, a barren desert, incapable of supporting life. It was in vain that Horace besought them, through the columns of the newspapers, to slake their unnatural thirst in mango punch. They were inconsolable and would have none of it.

The lack of hotel accommodation soon became unbearable. Merchants began to utter protesting shrieks and a distant echo sounded from the general public. Obviously it was up to the Temperance Workers to set the matter right.

A meeting of that association resulted in the renting of the Fenster House, and its re-opening under the name of the Hotel Vendome. As it was practically the only hotel in town, and was well managed, it at once became a standing refutation of the liquor dealers' assertion that a temperance house would never pay, and the Temperance Workers' cup of joy was as full as the glasses of the opposite faction were empty.

Yet Horace was not satisfied. The beautiful bar, glittering with its cut glass, looked so utterly cold and cheerless. Why should it thus lie idle and forlorn, when up at the works some three thousand bottles of soft drinks were simply shrieking to be used? He intimated as much to the Rev. Dunkley Simpson, as they strolled together through the new hotel. Mr. Simpson approved. A temperance bar would be an innovation, and Horace knew a man who would make a model wine clerk.

So once again that hospitable room resumed its pristine splendour. Pop, ginger ale, birch beer, lemon sour, and mango punch decorated the walls in innocent magnificence. Behind the shining board, Bertie Harrison, clad in virgin white, dispensed the flowing bowl that did no harm to any man.

Horace sought the now dismal Arlington.

"Say, Mr. Murphy, I guess our time has come. I want you to fill me a couple of hundred bottles with something warm."

"Eh? You're not in earnest about that business?"

"Never more so. You fill them up and tell the boys you are sure of. No one else, mind, and Bertie Harrison must

"A Pleasant Stroll to the Arlington"
*Drawn by Jack Hamm*

have their names. We can't afford to make any mistakes."

So several cases of bottles, labelled "Mortimer's Mango Punch," appeared quietly one night in the Arlington back parlour. Around the bottom of each bottle was a scarlet band marked in big black letters, "Double Export Strength."

On the table was the *Evening Herald* of the day. In it was a news item telling of a new production at the bottling works: "a concentrated solution of the famous mango punch, for export to tropical

countries. The addition of sufficient pure spring water would make two bottles of the sparkling punch. The new departure was another instance of the enterprise of Mr. Mortimer, etc."

The bar at the Vendome began to be a success. The sale of Double Export Mango Punch became enormous. Bertie Harrison found himself quite unable to cope with the evening rush, and, as it would never have done to trust another with the great secret, Horace volunteered his own services free of charge. The committee of the Workers gave him a vote of thanks.

The boys had found at last an oasis in the desert. Horace got a neat profit on tremendous quantities of liquid refreshments, Mr. Murphy quickly disposed of certain stock left on hand by the sudden closing of the hotel doors, and the coffers of the Temperance Workers swelled to the bursting point. Thus everyone was pleased, and everything went merry as a marriage bell until, one day, something akin to the falling of the heavens occurred.

It was about eleven o'clock at night. The bar of the Vendome was still open for business and was doing it. That was one of the advantages of prohibition—intoxicants having been banished, they could keep the bar open all night if they wished. Before it five gentlemen were rapidly absorbing moisture, the odour of which should have been highly offensive to the secretary of the Birmingham Temperance Workers.

One man demanded another glass, but Harrison demurred.

"You've had enough, you know. Go on home. We don't want to give the thing away."

"Allri, Bertie. Just gimme 'nother 'fore I leave you."

"No, I can't, Charlie. You've had too much now."

"No, I ain't. Gimme 'nother. Just one more. Good old Mango Doublex."

"Don't you do it, Bertie," interposed Horace. "He's got too big a parcel now."

"What thells that t'you? Stand back," said Charlie, with dignity.

Then through the open door Horace saw a vision.

"Here comes Simpson," he gasped. "Change that stuff. Quick!"

Five glasses were whisked behind the bar in a moment, and five others appeared to view, innocently filled with birch beer.

"Hello, Mr. Simpson," yelled Charlie, catching sight of the visitor, "come on and have a drink. Jovial old boy. Fill the reverend gentleman's glass with Doublex, Bertie, you old nomad."

"Put that man out," said Horace loudly. "He's intoxicated. It's disgraceful. I've a good mind to have him arrested. Why good evening, Mr. Simpson. You are out late to-night."

"Yes, I was visiting one of my friends who is very ill, and seeing the lights as I passed, I thought I would drop in. Isn't it very late for you to keep open? You must be quite tired out."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Horace, modestly. "We must attend to business, you know. But look at this man," he continued confidentially, coming around in front. "Isn't he a pretty citizen for a prohibition town? He is drunk. The whole room reeks of the fumes."

"I thought I noticed something of the kind."

"I should say you did. It is enough to make anyone sick. I have suspected for some time that liquor was being sold in town. It's disgraceful. It must be stopped."

"Lemme alone. Lemme alone, I say," said Charlie, for Bertie and one of the others were essaying to put him quietly out. "I want 'nother drink. Le' go me, I tell you. You're a lot of hypocrites, every one of you. Say, Mr. Simpson, d'you know what's in them bottles? It's whiskey and good whiskey, too. Mango punch on th' outside and whiskey in middle. Just like me, Mr. Simpson. They're punching me on outside, but I'm all whiskey on the inside just th' same."

"Take him out, Bertie, and put him to bed somewhere. It would be a pity to send him home like this," said Horace.

"Put me to bed? Well, I guess not. You're scoundrel, Horrid! You're sellin' whiskey. Know you are. Those men

are all drunk on it now. Taste it, Mr. Simpson, and see."

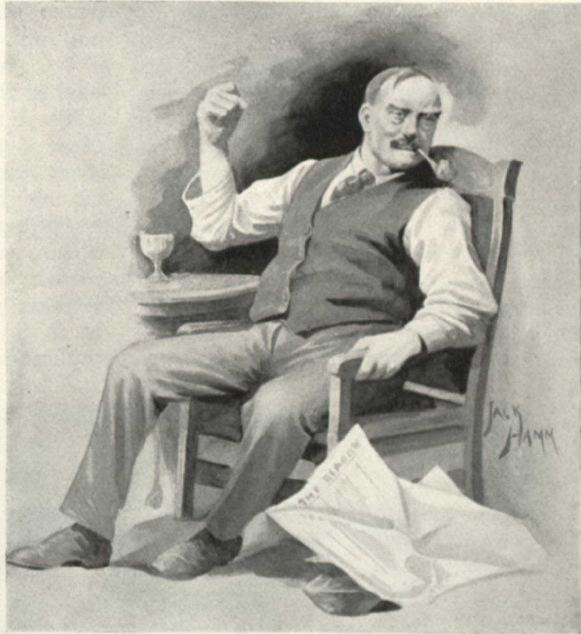
"What absurd rot!" ejaculated Horace, as they shoved Charlie out the door.

"Here's my glass, Mr. Simpson. Smell it for yourself," said one of the drinkers, coming forward.

"Drink is the—hic—curse of this country," remarked another, didactically. "Smell this, sir."

"Never mind, boys. Mr. Simpson doesn't believe that fellow."

"Well, but I'd be better satisfied," returned the first man. "Mr. Simpson, I was as bad a drunkard as any man in Birmingham for twenty years, but since he took hold of things I've never tasted anything stronger than his mango punch, and that's the truth."




"You're a Helva Man"
*Drawn by Jack Hamm*

To please him, Mr. Simpson sniffed at the glass.

"This is innocent, certainly," he smiled.

"You bet. That fellow came here drunk. Do you think Mortimer would have a drop of liquor in his hotel? I guess not."

"No siree," said the other man. "Medicinal purposes only. Liquor is the—hic—"

"Shut up, Lane," said Horace. "It's all right."

"I am very sure he would not," said Mr. Simpson. "And now, since we are here, I think we cannot do better than to drink to the future prosperity of the Hotel Vendome. It is something new for me to stand treat at a bar," he went on, pleasantly, as Bertie filled the glasses.

So, with this innocent libation, the evening was brought to a close, the lights put out and the bar locked.

Horace accompanied Mr. Simpson to his door, and then walked home, feeling like a soldier who has just had his helmet carried away by a cannon ball.

The weeks passed on. All attempts at finding where the liquor was sold were unavailing, and, as the amount appeared to be insignificant, the officers of the Temperance Workers were disposed to be very well pleased with themselves.

As the summer drew on, the city gradually became accustomed to the new *régime*. Then it occurred to the Rev. Dunkley Simpson to celebrate the present happy state of affairs by holding a great picnic. The revenue from the hotel made this feasible on a large scale.

The picnic should be undenominational. Every child in the city should have a whole day out in the country to revel in the beauties of the green woods, the broad fields and pure air. It was altogether right and fitting that the money which had heretofore been used in debasing men's morals should be the means of bringing refreshment and innocent enjoyment to the hearts of the children.

The idea took hold of the public fancy. Horace wrote home and invited the folks to come down. They promised they would. Even the Archdeacon was pre-

vailed upon to deliver an address during the celebration.

Everything was ready. The great day came. The weather was perfect. Archdeacon Mortimer was just bubbling over with joy at this culmination of his son's efforts. For, of course, he was convinced that the whole campaign had been won entirely through Horace's work, and possibly he was not far wrong.

Horace showed his parents and sister through the Hotel Vendome. After they had duly admired its wide halls and beautiful bar, they had a glass of mango punch—not the Double Export strength—and no nepenthe would have been more grateful to their palates.

Then it was the Archdeacon's turn to have an idea. Like Horace's, it came suddenly and carried the distinct impression of the hand of fate.

He would send to the picnic several cases of mango punch, and at the end of his speech he would propose a toast and drink it in that appropriate beverage.

So he quietly disengaged himself from the others and hastened down to the bottling works.

Unfortunately there was no one at the factory at the time but a new hand who had only been working for Horace a day or so. And that was how the variations worked themselves in.

The Archdeacon ordered a number of cases of mango punch and paid for them. They were to be delivered immediately at the picnic grounds.

The new hand did not know much about it, but as most of the punch in the warerooms seemed to be labelled "Double Export," he thought he had better send that. So he loaded it on the wagon, and in due time it was landed at the grounds.

"Smell It Yourself, Mr. Simpson"

*Drawn by Jack Hamm*

No one there, of course, knew that there was anything unusual in the innocent-looking bottles. So, while the picnickers made merry with light hearts, they little recked that in their very midst was a bomb, capable of blowing up the Local Option, the bottling works, and the Birmingham Band of Temperance Workers higher than the top story of the Hotel Vendome.

From early morning, every car had been loaded with picnickers. Everybody in town was there—including Maggie Murphy. Horace eventually found her and introduced her to his mother and sister,

not thinking it worth while to mention her father's occupation.

Everything went off grandly. The games were a success. The races were a success. The little lunches in detached groups were distinct successes.

At last came the supper. They were to have this meal all together, and now the cloths were spread on the green grass for some distance along the lake shore.

Supper over, came the speeches. Everybody said something, from the Rev. Dunkley Simpson to the manager of the Vendome. Then came the Archdeacon's turn. He rose to his feet beaming. At that moment a waiter tapped Horace on the shoulder.

"You are wanted at the 'phone, Mr. Mortimer," she said.

The telephone was in the store back of the picnic grounds. It was Bertie Harrison that was speaking.

"Is that you, Horrid?"

"Yes,"

"Well, they've got twenty cases of Double X out there. That idiot at the factory sold it to your father. He is going to give a toast. I am sending out some of the other. See that you exchange it."

"Lord! It's too late. He's speaking now."

"Can't you do something?"

"Impossible. The waiters will have the bottles ready before this."

"Whee-ew! Then right here is where I see our finish. Say, there's a train for Detroit at 7.03. I'm going to take my week's wages out of the till and fly my kite. If you have an aunt or any relations in the States, this message is to tell you that they are very ill. You'd better go and see them."

When he had recovered himself, Horace called up Murphy.

"Say, if you want to see the end of the Temperance Workers, you had better come right out to the picnic. It is due in just about five minutes. I am leaving town to-night, and may not see you again, so I want to know if we have your consent."

"What do you mean? Who?"

"Maggie and I."

"If the other is all up, you have, certainly."

"All right. Thanks. I'm off. Good-bye."

He returned to the table. The Archdeacon had reached his peroration. Horace touched Maggie on the shoulder.

"Come here a moment," he whispered.

They moved back a little.

"Your father has given in," said Horace.

"What?"

"The temperance business is all up. Listen! Watch!"

"And now, in conclusion," the Archdeacon was saying, "I wish I could tell you how proud and happy I am in the thought that a son of mine has held high office in your association, and that he has so largely contributed to the magnificent victory which that association has won. And I think it eminently appropriate that you should here join me in a toast, drunk in a beverage which he has lately originated, which this campaign has rendered famous, and which, I can assure you, is equally agreeable to the palate, and infinitely better both for the body and the soul than the potent liquors of our adversaries. My friends, to the continued prosperity and long and useful life of the Band of Temperance Workers."

Five hundred glasses were raised in triumph. There was a gasp and a splutter, and five hundred glasses came down again with a crash. Everybody rose.

Horace caught one glimpse of his father's face, and on it were compressed all the amazement, horror, shame and indignation of a lifetime.

He turned and made for a car. That same night he slept in Detroit, where the next week, through Mr. Murphy's influence, he got a position, and where Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer—*née* Murphy—at this very moment reside.

Of course, the contrite son and his parents were soon reconciled. For, as Horace pointed out, he couldn't have helped it—it was the hand of fate, and anyway, to warn them would have been to lose his bride.

The Archdeacon evidently thought the explanation satisfactory, for he was understood to answer, as he kissed Maggie's forehead: "If you did wrong, my boy, I see here the best excuse you could offer."

# De Nice Leetle Canadienne

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

EDITOR'S NOTE: So much interest has been aroused in the work of the *Poet of the Habitant*, owing to Mr. Drummond's death on April 6, that we are constrained to publish, on request, "De Nice Leetle Canadienne," a favourite poem for reading in public.

YOU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
  Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back
  An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
  W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
  De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
  Her dress is so neat an' clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree
  An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' herse'f,
  For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she never get lef',
  Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariee,
  You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
  Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not mouche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison
  Cos' only nine dollar or ten;
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
  Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
  An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
  No smarter crowd you never see.
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
  Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten;
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out
  Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O, she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
  If you know correc' way go about;
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
  Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
  She will make it more beautiful den;
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
  Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

By

F. A. ACLAND

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has been again unlucky in his manœuvres as leader of the British House of Commons. His resolution against the House of Lords was studiously moderate, so moderate as to leave entirely unsuggested any idea of the abolition of the House of Lords. A particular day was set down for the discussion of the resolution, but before the day arrived Lord Robert Cecil, a son of the late Lord Salisbury, had introduced a bill which proved to be a paraphrase of the Prime Minister's resolution, a proceeding which, under an old rule of the House, blocked discussion on the motion. Sir Henry appealed to Lord Robert to withdraw, but Lord Robert was obdurate, mainly for the reason that the Prime Minister had not reformed the procedure of the House as Lord Robert and some other active spirits of the Opposition had been urging. Of course it was no more than a trick, and we may take it for granted that next session the procedure of the House will be revised and some of these antiquated methods of blocking business destroyed. In the meantime a second session of the Liberal Parliament has passed, and the best efforts of the Government have been thwarted.

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As to the resolution itself, it is not likely that anything practical would have come of it during this Parliament, nor in the next, unless the Liberal Party should be sustained at the next general election by a practically undiminished majority. That this will be the case does not appear to be at all likely. The Campbell-Bannerman Government is faring like most of its predecessors, and the bye-elections, of which there have been many of late, all tell the same story of increased Unionist votes and decreased Liberal votes, though there have been few actual wins scored by the Opposition. If the process of decay continues the Unionists will win the next election, for it need hardly be remarked that the majority of the Liberals in Parliament is out of all proportion to their majority in the country; that is one of the characteristics of the system of unproportional representation to which we have become accustomed. The Liberals scored their great triumph on the strength of the disruption of the Unionist Party on the tariff question, and with the great protagonist of this new tariff movement removed with almost dramatic suddenness from public life, it is likely that it will play only a minor part in the next great struggle at the polls in Great Britain; in which case the see-saw of British politics would return and the Lords would remain unscathed.

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It must be confessed the attitude of Mr. John Redmond, the brother of the Irish Parliamentary leader, and himself a prominent figure in the House at Westminster, is not reassuring. His open declaration of hate on the part of Ireland to England smacks rather of mediævalism. With a Government in power disposed to do its utmost to satisfy Irish aspirations, with a Prime Minister whose sympathies are avowedly beyond those of many of his followers, one might have hoped for some words of a conciliatory character from Mr. Redmond, words that would have strengthened the hands of the

Premier in his uphill fight and tended to remove doubts on the part of some of his wavering followers. Ireland's greatest misfortune is to be represented in Parliament by men who so seldom voice the spirit of modern progress and modern methods. How should we regard the representative of a province of Canada, who, in an effort to secure a revision of the terms of Confederation, as in the case of British Columbia to-day, thus frankly declared a bitter and lasting enmity against the rest of Canada?

Premier McBride does not return to British Columbia without a crumb of comfort. Mr. Winston Churchill is proving a clever tactician, and wonderfully adroit in extricating the Government from difficult positions. His half-humorous defence or repudiation—it is hard to say which it was—of the charge that the Liberals had used the term "slavery" with regard to the employment of the Chinese on the Rand, his argument being that it was perhaps a "terminological inexactitude," suggests something of the cynicisms of Disraeli, as well as something of the brilliancy. In dealing with Premier McBride Mr. Churchill had to be careful not to appear to be otherwise than strictly neutral in the slight conflict between Dominion and Province. Fortunately for all parties the phrase "final and unalterable" in the bill presented on behalf of the Dominion Government and applied to the scheme of settlement of Dominion subsidies to the Provinces contained therein, was found to be out of harmony with Imperial legislation generally, which will, wisely, not undertake to say that anything is final and unalterable. The words were taken out therefore, and Premier McBride or any successor of his is free to continue the effort to secure better treatment. This may not be all Mr. McBride had hoped to secure by going to England, but at least it is better than returning empty-handed.

In other ways, also, Mr. Churchill is proving himself a clearer thinker than many among either his colleagues or his opponents in the Imperial House. His views are sound and he has the faculty of expressing them with felicity. Take for instance his letter to a resident of Swan Lake, Man., who had written him concerning the attitude of Canadians on the tariff question in Great Britain, and apparently on the general question of imperial unity in its various aspects. On the last-mentioned subject Mr. Churchill wrote: "I do not think myself that the colonies contribute enough towards naval defence, but the British Empire is much too complicated and delicate a concern for us to worry about the equal apportionment of the burden. We must be content steadily—and for a great number of years—to smooth away points of difference between different parts of our Empire, and to improve and strengthen all those forces which make for closer union. How and when that union will come are questions which we cannot possibly answer now; and it is very likely that it will not come during our lives. A hundred years is not a very long time in the history of an empire, and the slow and steady growth of sentiment is much endangered by attempts to force the pace."

This is eminently sane and statesmanlike, and in striking contrast with the utterances of those who, like Prof. Leacock, call impatiently for action, action, if not for unity then against unity—that at least is the inference from his arguments. There is no anti-imperialism in Mr. Churchill's remarks, nothing contemptuous of Empire, as is implied sometimes in utterances by Mr. Lloyd-George and other extremists, but a broad and tolerant outlook entirely consistent with a slow and certain movement towards Imperial consolidation. But Mr. Churchill sees the folly of attempting a hurried reconstruction of the Empire, instead of allowing it to develop naturally along the lines of least resistance.

Mr. Churchill can talk in other manner too. Those were stinging words delivered by him the other day at a political gathering in England, with regard to the British press and the recent Imperial Conference. "The conference is over," he said. "The

mischief-making press, eavesdropping, misrepresenting, dealing in word-pictures and dissolving views, tale bearing, not shrinking from wilful and persistent falsehood, have done their best to make ill-feeling between colonial representatives and ministers of the Crown, and to do them justice, they have not altogether in some respects been unsuccessful. Some offence has been given to the Liberal Party by some statements that have been made in the course of the last month. Luckily the forces of unity which are at work within the British Empire are strong enough to mar the exertions of such mischief-makers, and are one feature of this conference which no amount of machine-made linotype has been able to affect." It is not a very flattering tribute to the press, but those who have followed the British press of late years will readily admit its deterioration to the level almost, and with a few admirable exceptions, of the American standard. In many cases, in fact, it has been frankly Americanised, and Americans are in charge of the news departments if not of the editorial columns.

The statements regarding the condition of Mr. Chamberlain remains conflicting, but so prolonged an illness in the case of a man who has passed his seventieth birthday leaves little hope of his real recovery. Mr. Chamberlain has left his mark on English history, whether or not wholly to the advantage of the Empire it is premature to say. He was what Carlyle would call a "stirring man," and a stirring man is bound to go wrong sometimes unless his faculties are superhuman. But, in the main, Mr. Chamberlain represented with wonderful fidelity the feelings of the British people of his day. When he was radical they were radical; when he forsook radicalism they followed him; when he became an enthusiastic Imperialist they echoed his words, but when he tried to turn them away from free trade his day of leadership came to an abrupt close, and his physical collapse followed with sad swiftness. But his figure has been a commanding one for these twenty-five years, and his outlook and motives were cast in no narrow mould. He was thorough and downright in his convictions, in an age when few men dare to be positive, and in consequence he became a great leader with many triumphs to his credit. His final failure will not affect his reputation as the greatest Imperial statesman of his day.

M. Nelidoff, the Russian diplomatist who is presiding at the Peace Conference at the Hague, can not be accused of optimism. He gave a rude shock to the idealists in his opening address when he declared talk of the serious limitation of armaments was folly, yet one can at least feel that practical statesmen concur in the view he expressed. It is not quite so clear that his douche of cold water on the proposition to exempt private property from seizure in war times was equally reasonable or equally acceptable to the normal mind. The ground urged by M. Nelidoff was that such an exemption would tend to minimise the cost and risks of war, and would have been liable to increase the chances of war, especially on the part of nations possessed of great wealth open to attack in war time; the allusion to Great Britain is, of course, obvious, but this expression of opinion by M. Nelidoff seems to have met with considerable general disapproval. Undoubtedly among the smaller and less responsible nations the exemption of private property may have a tendency such as M. Nelidoff suggested, but war is a far more serious affair with the great nations, and losses from the derangement of trade and commerce that would ensue from a severe conflict would far surpass those inflicted on private property. The exemption of private property from attack in war would not in the case of such nations as Great Britain, France, or the United States, exercise any appreciable influence in causing or preventing a war. Now, if these nations will allow themselves to be urged to war save on points of honour, real or imaginary, and in such cases, losses and gains cease to be counted.

How unattainable is the ideal of permanent and universal peace at the moment, and how hopeless the agitation for a reduction of armaments is seen in the angry discussion proceeding even at this moment of the Hague Conference, between the United States and Japan, the former being one of the nations foremost in the proceedings at the Dutch capital. Right at the doors of the White House at Washington, read possibly by President Roosevelt at breakfast in the morning, is published a newspaper which thus discusses an international dispute that treated unwisely may well lead to worse than angry words: "Another thing is certain. If this war comes this country will get fighting mad, and Japan will be lucky if the end of it does not witness her relegation to a fourth or fifth-rate power. We have got the money and the men, and what ships we lack we can make." Wars will continue unhappily because for many a year to come editors will continue to print and the public to read without serious demur such evil mischief-making sentences as these. Water will not rise above its level, and human nature seems to have the same property.

The gift of free institutions to Orange River Colony follows almost as a matter of course on the bestowal of a constitution on the Transvaal. There is not in the case of the smaller of the new colonies any General Botha, who offers his assurances of the general good intentions and loyalty of the Boer population. One can only hope that his influence in the Transvaal and the consequent good example of the Transvaal will have its effect on the Orange River Colony. In the latter State the Dutch are in the proportion of eight to one to the British. The press of Bloemfontein, the little capital, is frankly anti-British, the leading journal, *The Friend*, being controlled by Mr. Fischer, who, as an official of the Kruger Government at Pretoria in 1899, drafted the ultimatum that precipitated, if it did not actually cause the war. Altogether the prospects of the Empire in South Africa are not of the brightest. Natal is of course largely British, the Transvaal still British by a majority concentrated on the Rand, though the English-speaking population is emigrating from the province at this moment; the other provinces are Dutch by a large majority. Should the scheme of confederation urged by Dr. Jameson, the Cape Premier, and discussed not unfavourably by General Botha, be achieved, the outlook for British rule is brighter. The new confederation would have wider interests, and its long sea coast could demand protection from sea power, which it would only possess through Britain. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the Dutch governments which control two of the colonies, and will control three when the voters of Cape Colony who were disfranchised as rebels begin again to vote, will make any serious efforts to promote British immigration, or even to encourage the stay of those British settlers who are there. It is the Imperial Government that will have to make South Africa British, or consent to its remaining Dutch, and if Dutch, doubtless always more or less uncertain in its attitude to England.

The Post Office Department reports an enormous increase in its receipts of British mail since the new postal arrangements went into effect. It is to be noted, too, that some British journals have been especially quick to take advantage of the new opportunity for circulation. In several Canadian newspapers a week or two ago was to be seen a page advertisement from a well-known illustrated weekly. Somewhat curiously, and furnishing a surprising comment on the agitation from this country for British as against American reading that brought about the change in the postal rates, one journal that contained this English advertisement contained also on the page opposite an article headed "Our Trade in North Africa," in striking type, and discussing to the extent of three or four columns, the commerce of the United States in that region, with suggestions how it might be extended. It was a syndicate letter for American journals, but the Canadian journal had got it cheaply, and was apparently content.

Unreasoning and foolish prejudice against the United States is, of course, to be deplored, but still more to be deplored is the attitude that through carelessness or caprice abandons Canada in this way to the United States, and merges its individuality in that of her larger neighbour.

As to the general effect of the new postal arrangements, it is too soon as yet to ascertain what it may be. One result of the increased rates from the United States is to make the better class of American magazines more expensive as well as the poorer publications. This is a distinct misfortune, but, of course, inevitable, since it was obviously impossible to discriminate in favour of certain magazines. Nor must one forget that not only good English publications, but the poorer ones also, will pour into Canada if they find purchasers. There is as much trash on a London book-stall as on a New York news-stand, and it all comes in under the cheap rate. The Dominion Government cannot discriminate in this case any more than in the case of the American magazines. It comes back, therefore, in the end to the "intellectual preference" suggested by Hon. Mr. Lemieux, the Postmaster-General, unless this also is exercised by the Canadian people, the postal preference will prove a delusion and a snare.

British and American periodicals have developed on curiously different lines. There is not in the United States a single illustrated weekly journal that compares with half a dozen such publications in England, the best of them, such as the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, being world famous, and having become practically national institutions. The illustrated Sunday paper, with its frequently unspeakable atrocities, has probably prevented the development of any American publication of a character similar to those excellent journals. In monthly illustrated magazines, on the other hand, the United States stands much higher than England, which has no periodical that compares favourably with such publications as *Harper's*, *The Century* or *Scribner's*. In the solid class of periodicals, however, Great Britain stands immeasurably higher than the United States, which have nothing, or at least the *North American Review* alone, to set against the *Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary Review*, *Blackwood's*, *The Fortnightly*, *The Monthly*, *The National*, and others, not to speak of the too, too solid quarterlies, which, to tell the truth, are not now much in vogue. Of the same type as the first named, are the famous weeklies, *The Spectator* and *Saturday Review*. The outlook of the new Liberal organ, *The Nation*, succeeding *The Speaker*—defunct three months since; on this side we have nothing better than *The Nation*—a by-product of a daily newspaper, and a good deal lower down the scale, *The Literary Digest*, which makes no pretence of original literary merit or interest. Of the mass of inferior publications in both Great Britain and the United States, the less said the better; and we may well pray to be spared from a heavy flow of either.

The fortieth anniversary of Confederation finds Canada in the very heyday of prosperity, with population and trade rapidly increasing, credit sound, and absolutely no burning question left in politics at the moment, if we omit the unfortunate personal element that, for lack of stronger matter, fills the public mind. The star of Canada is in the ascendant, and none can say when it will reach its zenith. Forty years more and where will Canada stand? By that time there should be, at a moderate estimate, at least twenty millions of people in the Dominion, probably over half of them west of the Great Lakes. It does no harm to take note of Mr. Roblin's warning cry about the possible de-Canadianisation of the west, but at the rate English-speaking immigrants are pouring in, and particularly those of British birth, we may feel fairly well assured that the west will become and will remain thoroughly Canadian.

### IN THE AFTERNOON

Wind of this summer afternoon,
Thou hast recalled my childhood's Tune;

My heart—still is it satisfied
By all the golden Summer-tide?

Hast thou one eager yearning filled,
Or any restless throbbing stilled,

Or hast thou any power to bear
Even a little of our care?

Wind of the summer afternoon,
Be still; my heart is not in tune.

Sweet is thy voice; but yet; but yet—
Of all 'twere sweetest to forget.

—*C. G. D. Roberts.*

### SUMMER TRAVEL

WE Canadians are not at all pleased when our land is referred to as cold and ice-bound. There are times when we are ready to avow that our snow-drifts are not very deep, and that very few of us have had a frost-bitten experience. But the eagerness with which we make the best of our short, brilliant summer shows how golden are the hours of long afternoons and evenings on river or lake. It is an ideal land in July and August, and we forget all about chilly April and gray November.

Canadians travel much more than they once did in the summer months, but too many of them neglect their own country for the United States or Europe. There are Montreal and Toronto citizens who have seen Switzerland and Rome several times, but who know nothing of the Bras d'Or Lakes or the Rockies. "But," they urge, "there is a historic charm about the old lands utterly lacking in the new. There are also art galleries and great cathedrals, with all the glamour of an immemorial civilisation." While the truth of these statements is admitted, the fact remains that most Canadians with opportunities for travel will return frequently to trans-Atlantic regions, and seem rather proud of their ignorance of their own country. In recent years, however, the Alaska trip has become fashionable, and, in consequence, Western Canada has fared well in the matter of tourists. The population of Central Canada is too much taken up with local growth to spend much thought on the picturesque charms of Cape Breton or the towering magnificence of the mountains of British Columbia.

### LADY MARJORIE SINCLAIR

WHEN Lord and Lady Aberdeen lived at Rideau Hall, their only daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, was but a slender, graceful young girl, who bore a striking resemblance to her distinguished father. About two years ago, Canadians were interested in the marriage of Lady Marjorie to Captain Sinclair, who had been A.D.C. in Canada, and who was much older than his fair bride. The National Council of Women in this

Dominion observed the event by sending the bride a handsome necklace of Canadian stones, curiously set. Lady Marjorie and her husband are now receiving congratulations on the birth of a son and heir, who is the Earl of Aberdeen's first grandchild.

M.A.P., in speaking of Lady Marjorie's literary taste, says that she was once editor of a paper called *Wee Willie Winkie.* This small journal was edited in Canada, and it was to its columns that Mr. Kipling contributed the famous Limerick, beginning "There was a small boy of Quebec," in reply to the many Canadian protests against "Our Lady of the Snows." Lady Marjorie is thoroughly in sympathy with the political ambition of her husband, who is a strong Liberal, and she is also a graceful public speaker, while showing herself equal to the heavy responsibilities of a political hostess.

## TINSELITIS

THE great world of dress, says the *Argonaut*, is threatened with an attack of what has been called tinselitis. Last season the corresponding malady was known as sequinitis, but the sequin as a dress decoration has now given place to tinsel.

An authority upon such matters allows himself to say that women love to glitter. The tinsel fashion began with the postal cards of actresses, in which the jewels were picked out with tinsel. The favourite picture postal card is now a blaze of glittering powder. A well-known French costumer says:

"There is an innate desire in the feminine heart to glitter. The millionairess can indulge in diamonds. 'Tinselitis' will be the pet disease of the enormous number of women who cannot afford real diamonds and will not wear paste.

"The most delicate effects can be obtained on dre ses by tinsel powder. We are making a *debutante's* gown for the next drawing-room of white chiffon on which are scattered tiny silver tinsel rosebuds. Gold tinsel poppies on black tulle is also one of the latest designs.

"Many ladies are adding tinsel work to their knowledge of fancy embroidery.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
PRINCESS ALEXANDRIA
AND BABY PRINCESS MAY OF TECK

"'Tinselitis' has also affected millinery, and 'flower' toques are now made, the centre of each blossom being filled with silver, gold, or jet powder."

## HUMOROUS TESTATORS

A WRITER in the *Grand Magazine* gives various instances of amusing bequests. Most of these mirth-provoking wills are literally at the expense of the wife of the testator. A Glasgow doctor had a final fling at the wife of his bosom in this fashion:

"To my wife as a recompense for deserting and leaving me in peace, I expect the said sister Elizabeth to make her a gift of ten shillings to buy a handkerchief to weep in after my decease."

A most cruel clause in the will of a Mr. Sydney Dickenson reads in this wise: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were those when my wife sulked with me, and when I remember that my married life might, for this reason, be considered a fairly happy one, because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with, and leave her the sum of £60,000, on

condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than myself." Mr. Dickenson could not have been a kindly spouse.

The most cheerful of these queer bequests is that made by an angler, who left £20 to provide an outing for the members of his club at which he hoped good sport would be enjoyed, and no mourning worn. He further directed that his ashes should be carried in a bait can to the river side, and, before a line was cast, scattered from a boat over the surface of the stream.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE meeting of the National Council of Women in Vancouver during July is an event of general interest to feminine Canadians. To Lady Aberdeen, the Council owed its initial success, and its present dimensions show how well organised the original movement must have been. The National Council has been fortunate in having had for some time as its chief executive, such a broad-minded and experienced officer as Lady Edgar, whose prominence as a Canadian writer has added literary distinction to the presidency.

In Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Victoria and New Westminster receptions are the order of the journey, and when the West undertakes to entertain the occasion is the brightest that hospitality can afford. The social element is naturally prominent throughout the annual meeting of the National Council, and, aside from the deliberations of the organisation, the broadening and enlightening effect of meeting delegates from all parts of our wide Dominion must be an inspiration to further effort.

The work of the Council is done through committees in local, national and international councils. When a local council is formed in any town or city it is "comprised of representatives of the various organisations of women already working for church, charity, art or education. Each of these societies is asked to affiliate with the local council by the payment of a small yearly fee, and this entitles it to a certain representation. It is this collection of representatives of the various societies which makes up the local council. The national councils are similar federations of the various local councils of the country."

The question is frequently asked—"What is the work of the National Council?" The answer can be given in the words of Gertrude Macdougall Acheson, who recently wrote an article for the Toronto *Globe* on Canada's Greatest Organisation of Women: "The object of the Council's work is woman's work, for women of every class and creed, and the furtherance of the application of the golden rule to society, law and custom, and this work is done through committees. These committees, through the local councils, search out the facts regarding the objects under investigation, and bring them before the National Council, which takes action in whatever way seems best: by bringing the matter before the Government, before the public through the press, or before any of the organisations interested in or working for the object in question."

This year a protest is brought from the Northwest and Ottawa local councils against immigrants allowing their families to be brought into Canada in winter without some certainty of means of support on their arrival. Last winter a large proportion aided by Ottawa charity was of this class, so, in conjunction with the Northwest councils, who suffered in the same way, they brought the matter before the national executive, and it is now being investigated by the locals.

The quinquennial meeting of the international councils is to be held in Toronto in 1909, when the university buildings will be placed at the disposal of the conference, and at which Lady Aberdeen is to preside. English will be the language generally used, although French and German are also official languages of this gathering. The former conferences have been held in London and Berlin, so the Toronto congress will

form the third. The international council is a federation of national councils now numbering twenty-three, organised in the following order: the United States, Canada, Germany, Sweden, Great Britain, Denmark, the Netherlands, New South Wales, Tasmania, New Zealand, Italy, France, the Argentine Republic, Victoria, South Australia, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Norway, Belgium, Queensland, Greece and Bulgaria. In the interests of such organisations as the National Council, it is to be hoped that the new universal language, *Esperanto*, will become a general study.

### SOUVENIR FIENDS

THE Duke of Abruzzi was pardonably indignant when he found that United States souvenir thieves had despoiled his ship at Jamestown of such airy trifles as a gold toilet set, a few cabinets of silver and many pretty things in the way of china and cut-glass. Admiral Evans has picturesquely stated that an American souvenir fiend will steal anything except a cellar full of water. The subject of snatching souvenirs has been fully ventilated by the New York press, and various interesting statements have been made.

"Hotel men say that some of the larger New York hostelries lose at least $50,000 a year by the raids of souvenir hunters and the petty thefts of guests. The hotels with silver and linen of special design suffer the most. It does not take long for the losses to mount into the thousands when towels cost $6 and napkins $5 a dozen, and the demitasse spoons 60 cents and the small coffee cups from 85 cents to $1 each at wholesale. Nor are all the losses confined to the impecunious. Some time ago a housekeeper in one of the big hotels found thirty-five towels belonging to the house in the trunks of wealthy western families as they were about to leave. Another hotel man tried to beautify the women's reception room, but soon gave it up in despair. He lost nine bureau scarfs in a week. A pin-cushion a foot square and weighted with sand was stolen from the bureau. The towels were cut from the locks which held them to the wall. The souvenir hunter is taken so much as a matter of course by the hotel men that in some of the big hostelries there is a system of selling certain articles to the guests who ask for them."

### OF THE NOVELISTS

IT is a curious fact, as several United States critics are beginning to remark, that women write all the most popular stories in England, while in America the "best sellers" are written almost entirely by men. "In England," observes one puzzled observer, "the twelve best selling novels are all by women, and considering the power of the modern novel in shaping the inner life of a nation, we may well wonder what these things portend. A list of six American *successes*, prepared at the same time, shows that there was only one female novelist to five of the other sex, and it must be admitted that no ready explanation of this contrast comes at once to mind."

But if one drops the popularity side of the matter and turns to the literary aspect of the case, it is evident that no English woman novelist—not even Mrs. Humphry Ward—is equal to Mr. Thomas Hardy or Mr. George Meredith. Among American novelists, on the other hand, it is difficult to find the man whose work is as finely wrought as that of Mrs. Edith Wharton. Not Mr. Howells, himself, has written better novels. As for Mr. James—but is that highly finished writer American or English? In the monthly magazines of the "States" women are certainly holding their own, even on such serious subjects as Standard Oil and the Tariff.

But when we come to explain the fact of feminine popularity in novel-writing in England and the comparative contrast in a country which is supposed to be a paradise for the independent woman, bewilderment must be admitted. True there was *Mrs. Wiggs* who became famous about four years ago. But *Mrs. Wiggs*, as someone has unkindly remarked, is only the widow of *David Harum*.

*Jean Graham.*

WHEN a man unnecessarily goes out of his way to slander his native land, one cannot help feeling that there *breathes a man with soul so dead.* The charge can fairly be made against Mr. W. R. Givens, a Canadian who has written for the New York *Independent* an article entitled, "The Canada of To-day." What really makes the article worthy of attention is the amazing fact that it ever passed the editor of so reputable a publication. The main claim in the article is that eastern Canada is not progressing as fast as her people, her position and her resources warrant. Space will not permit of an enumeration of the absurdities and contradictions that distinguish the article, but a few might be referred to as an indication of the wrong impression of a country that can be given by one whose editor is particular in introducing as a native of that country. Mr. Givens first of all blames the fiscal system, and thinks that if Canada would trade freely with the United States, she would be immensely benefited thereby. Seemingly he forgets that it takes two to make a bargain, and that until Uncle Sam removes his tariff wall there can be no free trade with that country. He goes on to call Canada an Old Man's Land, "ruled largely by old men, and running in its every phase of life in a narrow groove, rust on the rails, moss on the sides, and ballasted unevenly and unsecurely."

"Canada is not only an old man's land," Mr. Givens adds, "but it is essentially not a place for young men. The field, limited at best, is doubly limited by the really crude and foolish notions that prevail there of 'seniority' and of the rights of seniority. There one always feels, unlike Pitt, that one must actually endeavour either to palliate or to deny 'the atrocious crime of being a young man.' It will not necessarily benefit him that he have ability; he must advance 'in order,' rarely displacing an older man save in the event of death. Of course there are exceptions even in Canada to this rule; but these very exceptions prove the rule, which is applicable to all lines of business, to the law, to the church, to medicine, and, though to lesser degree, to politics. In politics in Canada, as elsewhere, rewards come to those who 'do things'—the word 'do' being here used in the large sense—but for the very reason that Canadian young men are rarely permitted to do things even in politics, being kept in their 'proper place' by their lordly elders, any political rewards that come to young men are few and far between. There are no young men leaders. In politics, it may be ventured, there is scarcely a man of prominence who is not well on to sixty years of age; in law, with one or two exceptions, the same statement will hold true; while in business it assuredly is true. Indeed, one may well wonder if Dr. Osler was not taking a sly dig at his former countrymen and hinting

to them that the young men there be given a chance when he made his now celebrated dictum that a man's best work is done before forty. In Canada, however, it certainly is not done, and for the simple reason, already explained, that the young man has not a chance. Seeing this, the observant young man, when he is old enough properly to observe, promptly shakes the dust of the country off his shoes and gets him to the United States, where a man may be a man before his Canadian time."

That is strange talk from one who claims to be a Canadian. In the field that Mr. Givens calls politics, or, in other words, public life, he no doubt has overlooked such young men as the Postmaster-General, the Deputy Minister of Labour, the Premier of Quebec and a number of his cabinet; Premier McBride of British Columbia, the new Commissioner of the Yukon, besides various members of the respective Provincial Governments and scores of others.

Comparisons are sometimes odious, but nevertheless one can scarcely refrain from a glance at the great array of gray heads that figure conspicuously in public life in the United States. No Canadian who has travelled throughout the Dominion or has kept his eye on positions of prominence, needs to be told that the statement is false that there is scarcely a man of prominence in law or business or medicine or the church who is not more than sixty—it is absurd. Young men in positions of distinction are to be found in commercial and financial life, in journalism, and in religious and educational work; in fact, everywhere.

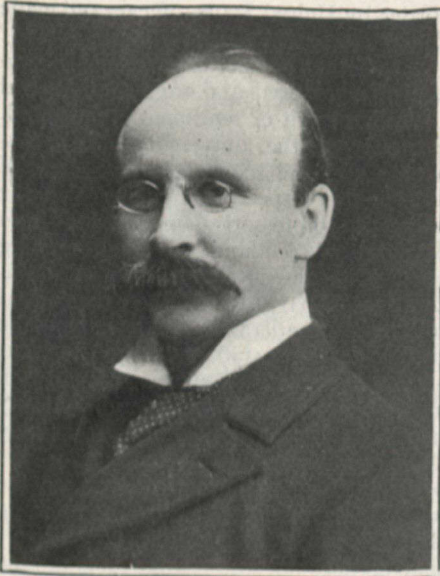
Then ridicule is made of the fact that a Royal Commission investigated charges against the Alien Labour Act in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific surveys, a result of which a number of men were deported. Again, Mr. Givens forgets that the Canadian Alien Labour Act is a direct result of a more stringently enforced act of the same nature in the United States. Perhaps his sarcasm would be more seasoned had he, like many reputable Canadians, experienced the humiliation of being held up at the international border by United States officers and made to pay the head tax.

Mr. Givens has not overlooked the subject of education, and says that no real Canadian spirit or sentiment is produced. He charges the universities, the newspapers and the magazines with lack of duty in this respect, and he says that the university professors come mostly from England or Scotland, knowing nothing about Canada—intolerant and self-opinionative. Apart from the theological colleges, Canadians bulk large on the various teaching staffs, and the President of the University of Toronto itself is a native of Prince Edward Island. At any rate, Mr. Givens should know that only an extremely small percentage of the population of all countries ever see the inside of a university. When he refers to the press of Canada he shows conclusively that he does not know what he is talking about, for he says that independence in Canadian newspaper thought is a thing unheard of. As a matter of fact, independence both within and without party lines is the one outstanding movement in Canadian journalism to-day.

Here is a typical sentence: "Surely the military 'set' will not always dare to presume to lord it over the civilians." The writer must be familiar with the Halifax or the Kingston of a quarter-century ago.

Mr. Givens says that French-Canadians are French first and Canadians afterward and that they openly resent a celebration such as the anniversary of the death of Nelson. Apparently he is not aware that to call a French-Canadian a Frenchman is to insult him, or that at the recent centennial of the death of Nelson the monument to the hero of Trafalgar, which stands in a French section of Montreal (on Jacques Cartier square) and which is the only monument to Nelson in the Empire outside the British Isles, was decorated and a patriotic demonstration conducted at its base without the slightest evidence of resentment from any one.

The article contains other statements and generalities that are as glaringly inaccurate as the foregoing, and, as is said at the outset, it merits attention only be-



HON. ALEXANDER HENDERSON

The new Commissioner of the Yukon.

cause it was unfortunate enough to pass the editor of *The Independent*.

A NEW MAN FOR THE YUKON

HON. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, the new Commissioner of the Yukon, is a native of old Ontario, having been born at Oshawa in 1863, of Scotch parentage. He is a graduate in arts of the University of Toronto, and he took a course in law at Osgoode Hall. He practised his profession in Whitby for a short time, but about sixteen years ago he went to British Columbia, where he has been distinguished in public life ever since. To his appointment to the Commissionership of the Yukon the Vancouver *World* refers as follows:

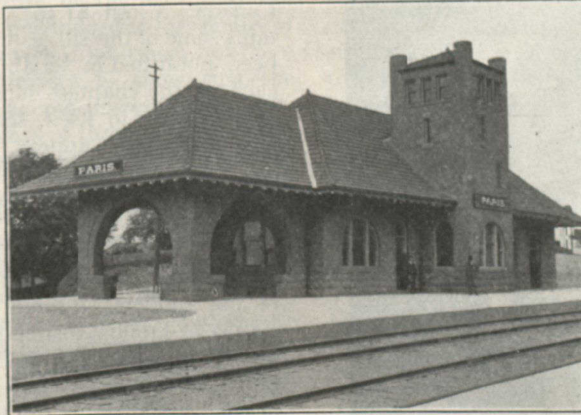
"It will be generally agreed that it would have been difficult to find a gentleman better fitted for the post. For Mr. Henderson has not only the legal training almost a first essential for the duties which he takes up—he has been both Attorney-General and County Court Judge in this province—but he has the social qualifications which, even in the most democratic system, have their practical uses in the art of government. That he will be a popular governor, there can be little doubt; that his will be a wise and judicious administration, none. We congratulate him, therefore, upon the honour bestowed upon him, and the Government upon the happy choice it has made."

FLAG WORSHIP

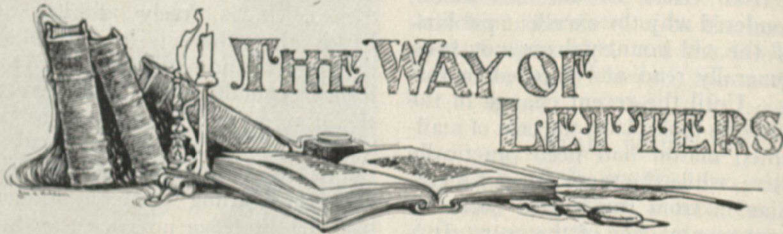
VERY little gratification comes to any one when a mob rushes into private premises and tears down a flag that is flying in honour of some national celebration in a foreign country. To outrage a flag in so trivial a circumstance, displays the essence of intolerance, gross-breeding, extreme bigotry, and the worst kind of jingoism. Only the greatest enemies of the State would do it. But, nevertheless, every little while we hear that this insult is still practised. It is not an insult to an individual, but, rather, an insult to a nation. It is exactly the same spirit that prevents a rooster from crowing in safety anywhere but near his own straw stack. In private life, when a member of any family celebrates his birthday, it is customary for friends, members of other families, to celebrate with him. Why should not the same spirit prevail amongst nations? Simply because nations have been born mostly with the cost of war and all the animosities that war entails. But, after all is said and done, would it not be an admirable practice, when one nation celebrates the chief event of its history, for other nations to show a sympathetic spirit with them? If the peace conferences at the Hague ever amount to anything really effective, they will have to be backed up by a common national tolerance in small things. Between the people of Canada and the people of the United States nothing but cordial relations should prevail. They have many common aspirations, and their progress should be mutually advantageous. They have had similar and peculiar national experiences, but the fact is too often forgotten. If what are called "flag incidents" are allowed to arouse national animosities, national insults are sure to follow.

THE NEW POSTAL REGULATIONS

CANADIANS who have not been acquainted with the postal charges on newspapers, periodicals and magazines coming from Great Britain to Canada, have wondered why the excellent publications of the old country have not been more generally read and enjoyed in this country. Until the recent change in the postal charges took place, the cost of mailing printed matter had been practically prohibitive, while the same class of literature came in from the United States at just about one-quarter of the cost. It is well known that all intelligent Canadians are interested in the affairs of the Empire and also of the whole world, and they have long recognised the fact that nowhere outside of the high-class periodicals and reviews of Great Britain can information so reliable, so plentiful and so well written be found. But the cost of mailing had always been a bar. Now, however, with the charge reduced from eight cents a pound to two cents, that obstacle no longer exists. Surely, therefore, it is the duty of patriotic Canadians to show their appreciation of the change by patronising the publications that have heretofore been denied to them. Canadians who have been used to reading United States magazines and reviews will find a refreshing change in the English publications that are now within their means. It is freely admitted on all hands that there is in the old country newspapers and reviews of a high tone that is not generally found elsewhere. Why, therefore, should not Canadians take advantage of the opportunity that is now offered to become acquainted with this class of reading matter? It has been said, truthfully or not, that the absence of British publications from Canada has hindered the growth of Imperialism and checked the spread of true British sentiment. Doubtless it is at least true that their absence has been a loss to Canada in general culture, refinement of expression and loftiness of national ideals. Some of the pictorial weeklies of London are without parallel anywhere, while a number of the publications of comment and opinion are unequalled. It would be to the advantage of Canadians to properly appreciate the change in the postal charges and to see for themselves the advantages that the change offers.



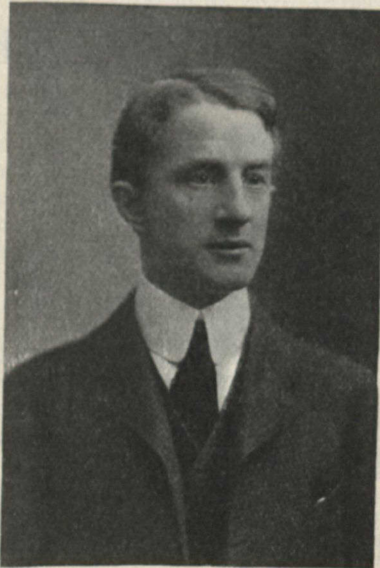

A FINE TYPE OF RAILWAY STATION FOR A THRIVING TOWN. THE NEW G.T.R. STATION AT PARIS, ONTARIO




THE Roosevelt-Long controversy over truth and fancy in stories about animals adds interest to the recent appearance of two books, written by Canadians, that come under that category. The one is entitled "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming, and the other "The Haunters of the Silences," by Charles G. D. Roberts. The latter book is more precisely than the former a collection of animal or so-called nature stories. In Mr. Heming's stories the red man figures more prominently than the animals he encounters, and the book therefore is scarcely in a class with those to which it is supposed that the President of the United States took occasion to criticise. A new Canadian writer, Mr. Archie P. McKishnie, who, by the way, is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett, comes into the field of fiction with a volume entitled "Gaff Linkum." Reviews of these books and others follow.

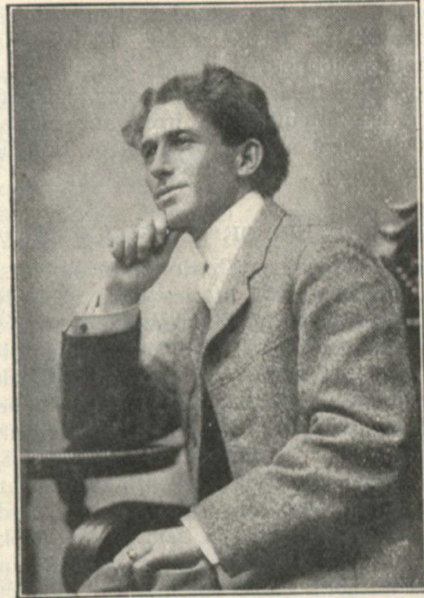
ON NEUTRAL GROUND

MR. ARTHUR HEMING, a Canadian who has been known heretofore mostly as an illustrator and as an occasional contributor of short animal stories to the magazines, has just published an attractive volume entitled "Spirit Lake" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50). The book contains some of the stories that had already been published in serial form, but while each of the chapters is a complete and distinct story in itself, some of the leading characters appear in all. There are seven of them, as follows: "The Spirit Wolf," "The Talking Moose," "The Snow-Wetigo," "The Buffalo Spirit," "The Dance of the Dead Men," "The Lone Dance," and "The Routing of the Raiders." While possessing few claims to literary distinction, the work is nevertheless of value and interest, inasmuch as it appears to be a faithful account of what might ordinarily take place in the everyday life of certain tribes of North American Indians. Perhaps unfortunately for the author, this book falls upon neutral ground between the real and the fanciful. It does not pretend to be what might be called a practical work on



MR. ARTHUR HEMING
Author of "Spirit Lake."

Indian customs and characteristics; and yet that is what it really is. It falls short as a work of imagination, and it lacks idealism and art. In other words it is too true to the real thing to permit it to be classed as a work of art. "The Talking Moose" is the best piece of the book, its departure from the absolute being the furthest. The author has given a good deal of time and study to the life and habits of the red man, and it is almost a pity that he has not, like Hill-Tout, produced as a result an out-and-out scientific book. But, after all, Mr. Heming is more at home when drawing than when writing, consequently the volume contains a number of expressive illustrations. If the writing displayed as much idealisation as the drawing, the book would rank higher as a work of fiction.



MR. ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE
Author of "Gaff Linkum."

A NEW CANADIAN NOVEL

A NOVEL by a new writer who is a Canadian should always be of interest to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and therefore attention is called to "Gaff Linkum," by Archie P. McKishnie (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25). This is a story of Ontario country life, with the scene laid in Talbotville, about, perhaps, a quarter-century ago. The picture of the village is not clearly drawn, nor indeed is the genius of the community well established, but there are enough glimpses to show that the place and the people possessed the average characteristics of those to be found at that time along the Kent and Elgin shores of Lake Erie. The plot, rather melodramatic in some of its turns, is not convincing, and it is obscured by side issues whose importance is not shown as the story advances. There are, however, several excellent character studies, although it must be said frankly that there are too many characters, some of which dwarf the one that gives title to the book. Gaff Linkum is a lad who was thrust by gypsies into the charge of a man who became an appreciative foster parent. The parentage of the child is, of course, in obscurity, and as the story proceeds, evidences of crooked work are seen in the movements of some members of a band of gypsies encamped in the neighbourhood. One of the band is a woman known as Di, and it appears that she was a woman of refinement and anti-Bohemian qualities, but that she tolerated existence as a gypsy in the hope of getting possession of her husband's will from the leader of the band. While she is engaged in that pursuit, the leader is awaiting an opportunity to kidnap the lad Gaff. In time the villagers, by whom Gaff is held in much esteem, became aroused to the undesirability of the gypsy encampment in the neighbourhood, and in taking drastic measures to rid the community of it, they rescue the woman Di. This woman turns out to be Gaff's mother. The redeeming parts of the book are the chapters that describe the excursions that Gaff and his boy comrade take together into the haunts of the mink and muskrat, for in these chapters the reader experiences a refreshing contact with nature in some of her most inviting moods. To all intents and purposes the book ends when Gaff's mother is discovered, and the lad remains in much the same environment as he is discovered in at the outset, with a promise

by the writer of a sequel dealing with his later years. If the author has in mind another volume, it is just possible that more prominence to outstanding incidents and less attention to irrelevant matter would effect an improvement on this his first attempt.

"HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCES"

EIGHTEEN of Charles G. D. Roberts' latest animal stories have recently been published in an unusually attractive volume entitled, "Haunters of the Silences" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25). Everyone who reads current fiction, particularly in form of short contributions to magazines, is pretty well acquainted with the flavour that permeates Mr. Roberts' work, and therefore little need be said for the book in that respect. There are, however, in this author's latest volume, two distinct classes of story, for some of the stories go beyond man's (as yet) possible means of observation, while others are within human scope. For instance, no man could well witness a battle between monsters in the depths of the ocean, but, as for that, Mr. Roberts clearly does not claim for his stories of that class more value than is afforded by their merits of entertainment. On the other hand, in such a story as "The Summons of the North," precise information respecting the life and instincts of the polar bear might be easily available. "Haunters of the Silences," then, contains stories that are in two distinct classes, and all of them have to do with creatures that inhabit or frequent marsh, river, lake or sea. The volume contains forty-eight full-page, half-tone illustrations, some in colours, and is, therefore, an excellent book for children. It is, in fact, one of the handsomest publications of the season.

A NOTABLE APPRECIATION OF EMERSON

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY'S contribution, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," to the *English Men of Letters* series (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 75 cents) is regarded as the most valuable appreciation extant of America's most gifted philosopher and essayist. The volume is so comprehensive, both in sketching Emerson's life and in criticising his work, that no person who wishes to have a full acquaintance with this model of American writers could well afford not to read it. Mr. Woodberry says: "He (Emerson) was exclusively a man of religion; his other thought is a corollary from his religious premises. It belongs to primary honesty, therefore, to say that he was not a Christian in any proper use of the word; it is a cardinal fact in considering his relation to the religious changes of the time; rather he was a link in the de-Christianisation of the world in laying off the vesture of old religion; but it is plain that no modern mind can remain in his ideas. They were the tent where the Spirit rested for a night, and is now gone; and who can foresee the ways of the Spirit? To those who live in the Spirit, he will long be, as Arnold said, the friend; to the young and courageous he will be an elder brother in the tasks of life; and in whatever land he is read he will be the herald and attendant of change, the son and father of Revolution."

A NOVEL OF THE STAGE

ALL who are interested in stage life and who would see behind the scenes after the glamour of the footlights has been overcome, should read "Felicity" by Clara E. Laughlin (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25). The book affords first-rate entertainment, combining a fascinating romance with what has all the ear-marks of actual experience in the theatrical world. It is the story of a young woman whose success on the stage is shown to have been due to hard work and an earnest endeavour to perfect herself in her art. It teaches that, after all, and contrary to the other recently published accounts, hard work is what counts on the stage as well as in other pursuits. No attempt is made to minimise the deplorable side of stage life. The heroine herself is led into an undesirable marriage with a handsome but worthless "leading

man," who is killed in an accident, and she then marries one who is more in sympathy with her own temperament.

### A HIT AT SOCIALISM

A TIMELY volume, one that, if it does not serve the function of corrective, should at least be a check to rampant socialism, has appeared with the title "True and False Democracy," by Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1). The author sees in wealth the means of obtaining leisure, the outcome of which he takes to be *civilisation*. Therefore it would be folly to destroy wealth. He believes that the United States is in sore need of an aristocracy of intellect and service, for the people "have only the President to speak for them and do their will." He observes that "Socialism is primarily an attempt to overcome men's individual imperfections by adding them together, in the hope that they will cancel each other. He says that is not only bad mathematics, but worse psychology. False democracy shouts, Every man down to the level of the average. True democracy cries, All men up to the height of their fullest capacity for service and achievement. The two ideals are everlastingly at war."

### HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

WHEN one takes into consideration the fact that the history of the University of Toronto is practically the history of higher education in the Province of Ontario, one does not wonder that it was considered advisable to publish a history of that university. The volume was recently issued from the press of the university library, under the title "The University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906." From a mechanical standpoint, it is an excellent production, the printing, binding and illustrating being first-class, while some of the colour reproductions are very fine. Editorially, it is likewise full of merit, the general editorship of Prof. Alexander of University College being an assurance on that point. The contributors' list includes well-known names such as Chancellor Burwash; F. A. Mouré, Bursar of the University; Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Alexander, Principal Hutton, Dean Reynar, Provost Macklem, Prof. J. McGregor Young, Dr. A. Primrose, Prof. Ellis, the late Principal Sheraton, the late Principal Caven, Prof. F. H. Wallace, and Ex-President Loudon. The contributions of these gentlemen are extremely valuable, and to all graduates of the University of Toronto, or of any of its affiliated colleges, this book should be a splendid acquisition. Even to the ordinary person interested in the growth of education it should be of inestimable value.

### NOTES

—It would astonish most persons who are not acquainted with the fact, to know how many men and women in all walks of life write for publication and yet how few of them possess more than a very crude idea of the essentials of the art. Punctuation is perhaps the most misunderstood essential, largely because most beginners seem to think that there are precise rules, but that they have never been able to locate them. Mr. J. D. Logan, A.M., Ph.D. (Harvard), is the author of a little volume that has just been published under the title "Quantitative Punctuation," an essay in the pedagogy of English composition (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents). The common sense displayed in this work is apparent at the outset, when the author admits that in "almost all matters of English grammar and composition there is no such thing as absolute right or wrong; there is only good or bad, better or worse." Dr. Logan goes on to give the guides to punctuation, and to point out the newer methods in general practice.

—Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, whose verse has frequently appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has won a prize of one hundred dollars for a historical poem to be published in the *Christmas Globe*. Mrs. Mackay is a resident of Woodstock, Ont. References to her work occasionally appear in some of the very best reviews.

# What Others are Laughing at

## LIMERICKS OF THE WEEK

THERE were once some Colonial Prems.
Who were famed for post-prandial gems;
Being taxed with free food
Their zeal was subdued,
And they couldn't set fire to the Thames.

There once was a caustic R.A.
Who painted grand ladies all day;
To Lady Sassoon
He appeared as a boon;
Of the rest, when he liked, he made hay.

A wonderful athlete called Miles
Cooked cabbage in forty-four styles;
The result of this fad
Was exceedingly bad:
Jay Gould has a corner in smiles.

There was a young Beerbohm named Max
(For telegrams: "*Brummel, Carfax*");
Though demure and discreet,
If swelled heads he should meet,
His pencil turned into an axe.

There was once a Professor named Raleigh,
Who with Shakespeare grew awfully pally;
When they asked Sidney Lee
His opinion, said he:
"This rot is exceedingly bally."

*—Punch.*

## OBVIOUS

Said the oculist to the old man who came to have him find what the trouble was with his eyes. "I see nothing." "I don't either," answered the man. "That is why I came to you."—*Silhouette.*

"If it vas not for your viskers I'd slap you in the fa-ace."—*Life.*

## SIFTINGS FROM THE ZAZOOSTER

"How did the deaf and dumb wedding come off?"

"Very quietly."

SEED: "I've got a suit for every day in the week."

BIRD: "I never saw you wear any but the one you have on now."

SEED: "That's the suit."

HE: "Don't skating on the ice make you tired?"

SHE: "No; it's the only chance I have all day to sit down."

DOCTOR: "Do you sleep well?"

PATIENT: "Yes, indeed. I fall asleep at 9 o'clock every night, and don't wake up until 7 the next morning."

DOCTOR: "What business are you in?"

PATIENT: "I'm a night watchman."

KILLE: "Did your poor uncle leave much?"

BILLE: "Only an old clock."

KILLE: "Well, there won't be much trouble winding up the estate."

SCROP: "Johnson and I had an awful row last night. I called him a liar and he said I was no good."

WRAP: "That's the first time I ever knew either of you to tell the truth."

### DOCTOR AND HEARSE

A Washington physician was recently walking on Connecticut Avenue with his five-year-old son, when they were obliged to stop at a side street to await the passing of a funeral procession.

The youngster had never seen anything of the kind. His eyes widened. Pointing to the hearse, he asked, "Dad, what's that?"

"That, my son," said the physician, with a grim smile, "is a mistaken diagnosis."—*Sunday Magazine.*

HOLIDAY JOYS

LITTLE BOY (with pail and spade): "Say, Dad, when will we be at the sands?"—*Punch.*

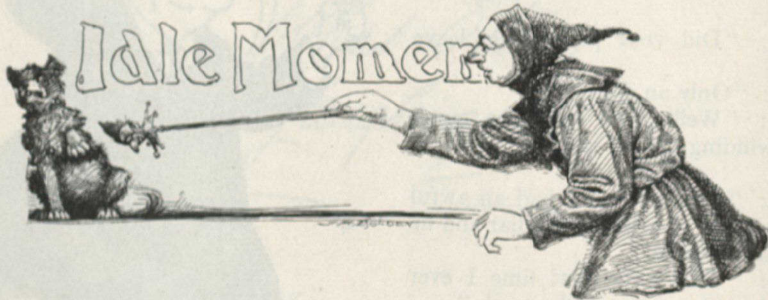
THE BATTLE HIM OF THE REPUBLIC

—*Life.*

### EVERYBODY PAY UP

A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'oceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."
—*Independent.*




### BAY, BAY, BAY-BEE

THE Madawaska flows between pleasant green hills in the eastern part of old Ontario. Sometimes the hills crowd in, and then the river flows dark and swift between. But never for long do the hills crush the river so; most of the time they recede and leave it to sparkle and flow lazily in the sunshine, with broad flats on either side.

The old village of Pakham is scattered on one of these flats. At the head of the village are the roaring rapids, at the foot of which is a big eddy, regarded with dread and wonder by the village children; for their elders tell them if they are drawn in there, never more will they be seen by mortal eyes.

Here the capricious water runs to the left someway, even attempting to cross the village street, but, foiled by a long stone wall placed at an angle, it backs out swiftly behind an island, flows over a dam and finds rest in an immense bay below. Here Jack lived. His cottage home was sheltered by two immense willows; the garden lay along the bay. On an afternoon in August (Jack's mother said it was "just frizzling"; he thought it was delightful), he sat by the roadway, that clung close to the foot of the hill in front of his home, squeezing the white dust between his toes and patting it into mounds and race-courses.

Often he stopped his aimless work to gaze at a brilliant canary on a near-by downy thistle, piping:

*Bay, bay, bay-bee,*
*Bay, bay, bay-bee-bah.*

Jack vaguely wondered if it had lost its baby, and why it did not busy itself searching for its child, instead of perking at him. He was still in this dreamy state when a shout behind and a stone whizzing in the dust before warned him that someone was coming. Who it was, he knew without raising his eyes, for Peter and Marie were always dramatic in their actions.

Jack was very much attached to his French-Canadian chums, for was not Marie as good a sport as any boy? She could make a stone skip nine times on the water, climb any tree that was climbable, and a few that were not, and also paddle the log dug-out as well as he could himself; which raised her high in his esteem and affection. As to running, why she flew—no one in the village could catch her if she had three steps start.

And Peter (at home he was *Petit Pierre*) was amiable and shy, mostly shy.

Marie flopped down beside Jack in the dust.

"Heggies!" she exploded, "mother nearly caught us coming."

"But we hid in the woodshed until she passed," gasped Peter, quite out of breath from running.

"Where will we go?" queried Marie, impatient to be on the move.

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter. "Let's go up the creek in the bush and watch for squirrels and minnows, and—"

"Minnows" (they pronounced it minnies), broke in Jack, "why, the creek is dried up."

"Yes," said Peter, "but there are holes, such deep holes. Me and Marie saw them on Sunday, with fish in them."

The children were very fond of nature. In the spring the violets by the creek were eagerly watched for. Later the hepatica and trillium were gathered, while the birds and squirrels were lovingly welcomed back. To throw a stone at them was a sin, so Father Murphy had told Marie; and she saw to it that her companions threw none. But no persuasive pictures of the cool shadows of the woods would entice Jack there to-day.

"No," said he. "Let's go to the island. I'm sure we could wade out to-day."

Up jumped Marie. "Golly! yes," she cried, "we'll be first out to it this year."

"But," objected careful Peter, "mother'll see us and we'll be tied to the stove-leg."

"No," replied Marie; "you know she is making raspberry preserves in the kitchen, and will not see us pass on the front road."

So up jumped the boys and legged it as fast as possible after the fleet-footed lass, who turned her head and shouted: "Last there is a duffer."

A minute's chase up the road, raising clouds of white dust, brought them to the bend in the river and to one end of the stone dike opposite the island. There lay the island, so fresh, green and diminutive, but crowded with tall trees, and a thick underbrush. Only in midsummer can it be approached, when the water is low. Even then the current is swift and treacherous as it runs over the stony bottom. Straight in front of the near end of the stone dike the water was shallowest, and here the children stood on the shore, anxiously searching the clear water and trying to follow the highest ledge of stone running to the island. It could be seen all right, but here and there were spots deep enough to make the eager young folk think twice before venturing.

"I t-think it's too deep yet," faltered Peter, the first to break the silence.

Marie began to slowly wade along the ledge, raising her short skirts as the water came higher and still higher. Suddenly becoming conscious that her dress was trailing behind, she screamed, turned around and in her frantic efforts to return, dropped her skirts, raised her arms and came through the water like a rabbit through a snow-bank.

"Oh! oh!" shouted Jack, laughing and dancing on his toes.

"Fraidy cat! fraidy cat! Got her tail wet," he exclaimed, with scorn.

"I'll show you how to go over. Girls ain't no good anyway," he vociferated. So saying, he rolled his knickerbockers high about his stout little thighs and waded boldly out. Soon he came to a standstill. The water reached to his knickers, and he was not half-way across. Besides the swift current was becoming harder to keep steady in. His upstream foot had developed an extraordinary affection for the downstream one; that was a little embarrassing.

"Come back, Jack," called Peter.

"Get your pants wet," warned Marie.

That last call settled it; out he strode recklessly. The rock slanted up. Good! That was better. No! Down it went again. An incautious step, a slippery spot—and Jack, with outspread arms, was floundering in the rushing, carrying swirl of the sparkling water. Too swift to sink in, too swift to regain his footing in, he bumped along rapidly with the current. He had the presence of mind to keep his mouth shut during his immersion, and in a moment or two the strength of the current slackened enough to allow him to gain an upright position.

As soon as Marie saw Jack stumble and take so peculiar a flight through the water, she turned and ran to the end of the stone dike, mounted it, and raced down with the river until she came up

to the now spluttering boy, standing in the water below.

It is a little hard to keep a brave face on things when one's clothes stick like the paper to the wall, and when rivulets are coursing down one's nose. But Marie's sympathy and native politeness would not allow her to remark that "possibly his trousers might be damp."

Instead, she said to the now boldly-smiling boy: "How are you going to get out of that?"

"I don't know," said Jack, complacently. "It is too swift to go back."

"And too deep to go to the end of the wall," put in Peter, who had now come upon the scene.

"I'll tell you what," flashed Marie; "we'll make a monkey ladder, like we read about in the story book.

"But we have no tails," objected Jack.

"Don't need 'em, stupid!"she answered. Instantly laying herself flat on her stomach, she ordered Peter to the road behind her, with instructions to hang on to her ankles with his full weight like an anchor. Then she reached her hands down to the now comprehending boy, who, standing tip-toe on a very accommodating stone, could just grasp her hands.

It was only a moment's struggle for the nimble-toed urchin to mount the rough sides of the low stone wall, once he had a firm grip on Marie's hands.

But poor Marie! "Oh, Heggies!" she cried. "I feel all stretched out. I'm glad I'm not a monkey for keeps."

What to do with the sopping Jack never entered their minds. They had had wet clothes before. Had not Marie herself taken an unintentional dive out of the log canoe when pulling water-lilies? So down they sat in the blazing sunshine, and discussed the probability of their being able to cross to the island to-morrow.

Behind them on the roadside thistle tops the yellow and black canaries still cried for the lost *bay-bee, bay-bee.*

*J. Alex. Riddell.*

HARD LUCK

HE (reading paper): "Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant girl put some gunpowder into the fire and was blown through the roof."

SHE (sympathetically): "Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice!"

ALL IN VAIN

BRIGGS: "Jones is running on the Independent ticket, isn't he?

GRIGGS: "Yes—he had to make pledges to both sides."

VANITAS VANITATUM

Oh, I have a dolls' house all complete,
And a brand new shovel and pail,
And Babe has a pig that waggles its feet,
And a cow that waggles its tail.
And Cis has a gun and a phonograph,
And Sue has a clockwork doll;
But we're none of us in it, Oh, not for a minute,
With the Kid with the parasol.

*—M. L. C. P.*

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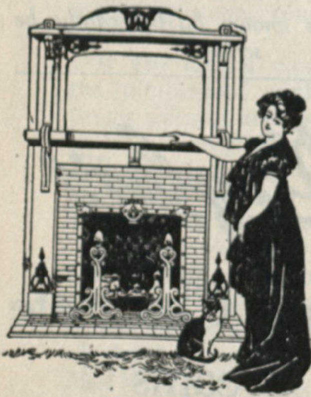

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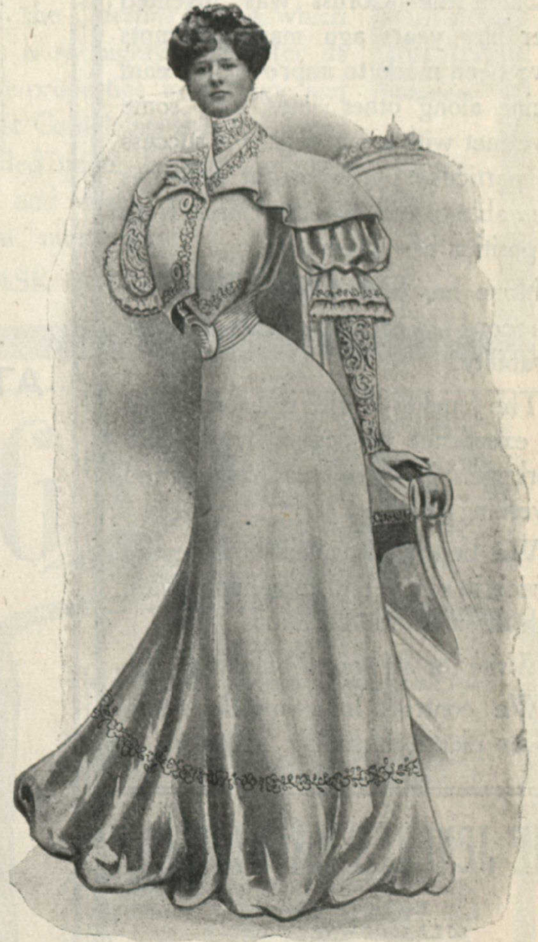

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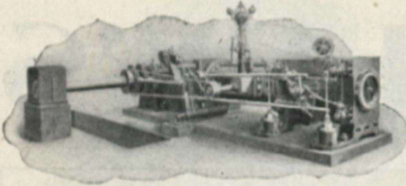

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The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

## The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

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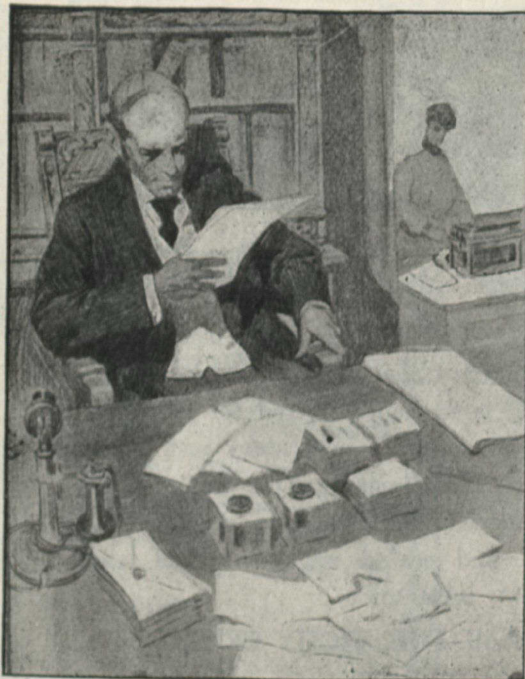

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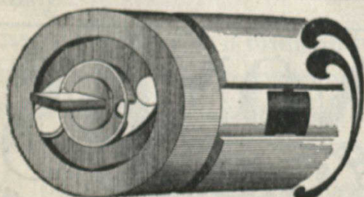

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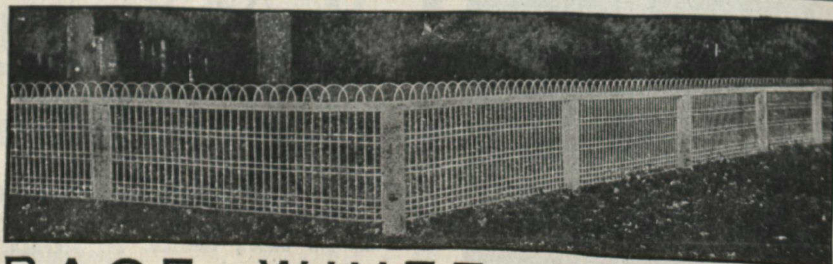

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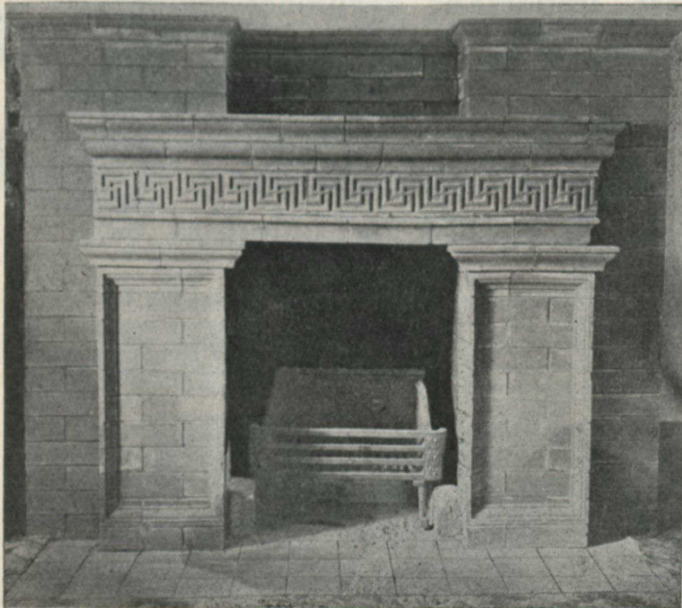

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in red or buff colors

Prices from $15.00 up

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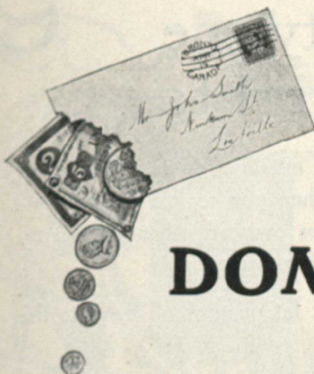

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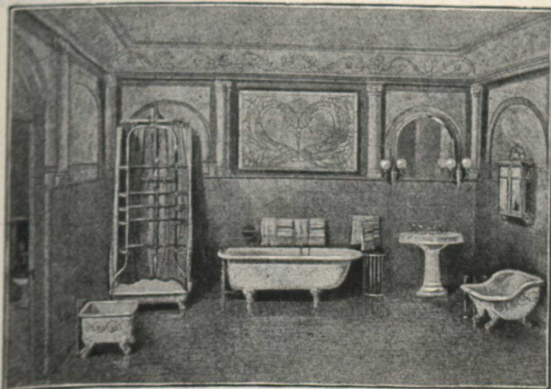

than in the sanitary equipment of a modern home. Poor plumbing is synonymous with loss of health, loss of comfort, loss of savings, loss in property values.

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installed in the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen or laundry guarantees health for the family, reduces home expenses and adds to the cash value of the home.

Practical in construction, lasting as iron, finished in pure white enamel, with no joints, crevices, or lodging place for dust, dirt or microbes, **"STANDARD IDEAL" WARE** is the finest gift of the master-artisan's craft to the home-builder. Moderate in first cost, it soon pays for itself and becomes a valuable asset.

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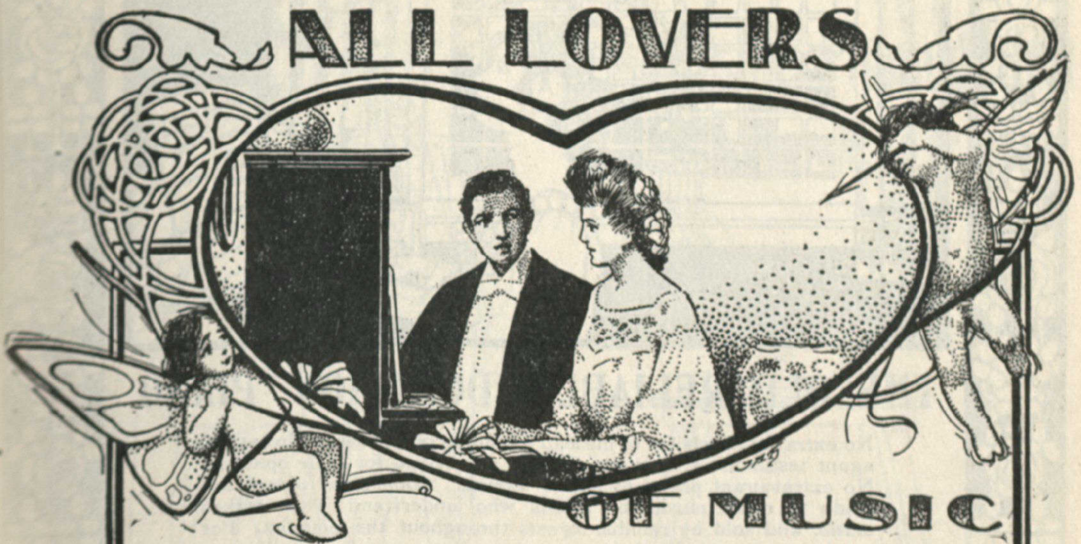


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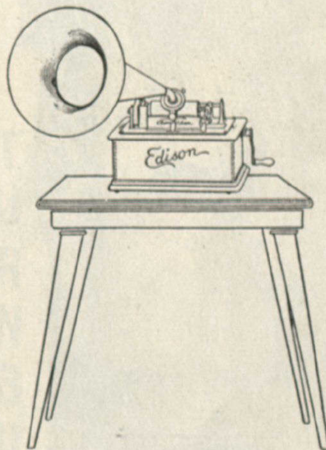


WE think it is wonderful when we read about a magician who can pour out of a bottle any kind of wine that may be asked for—champagne for one, sherry for another and so on. How much more wonderful then that a single instrument can pour out at will any kind of music that anyone may want! Yet such an instrument is

## THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH
### with Edison Gold-Moulded Records

invented by the great American wizard, Thomas A. Edison. By simply changing a record you can have any music you want, from a magnificent aria of one of the world's great song birds to an irresistibly funny rag-time coon song. It does each equally well and pleases everybody who hears it.

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The COUNTESS is to sell at

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**FOR BOOTS**
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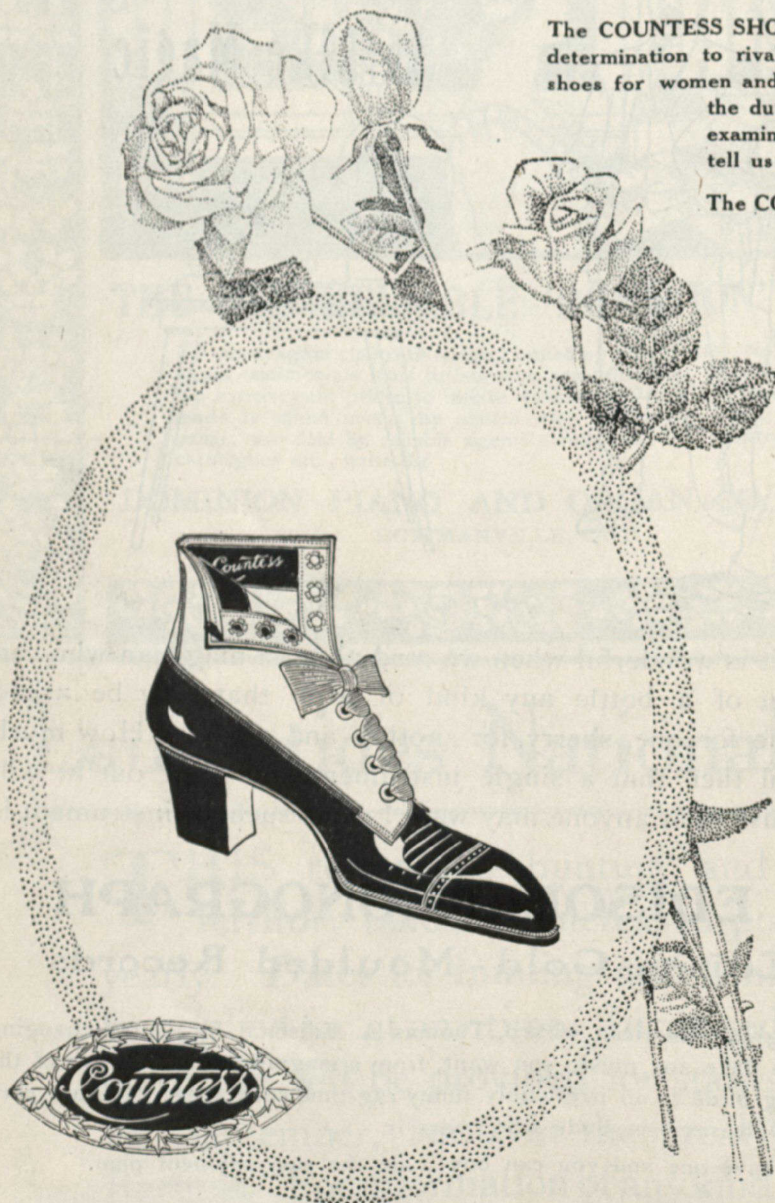
**$3.50**
**FOR OXFORDS**




It embodies the best ideas in shoemaking current at the present time.

**Goodyear Welt**

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**Vici Kid**

A score of styles picked from over 100 different successful models from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. Made in the popular sizes and widths. Our own shoe, and we think it will do us credit.

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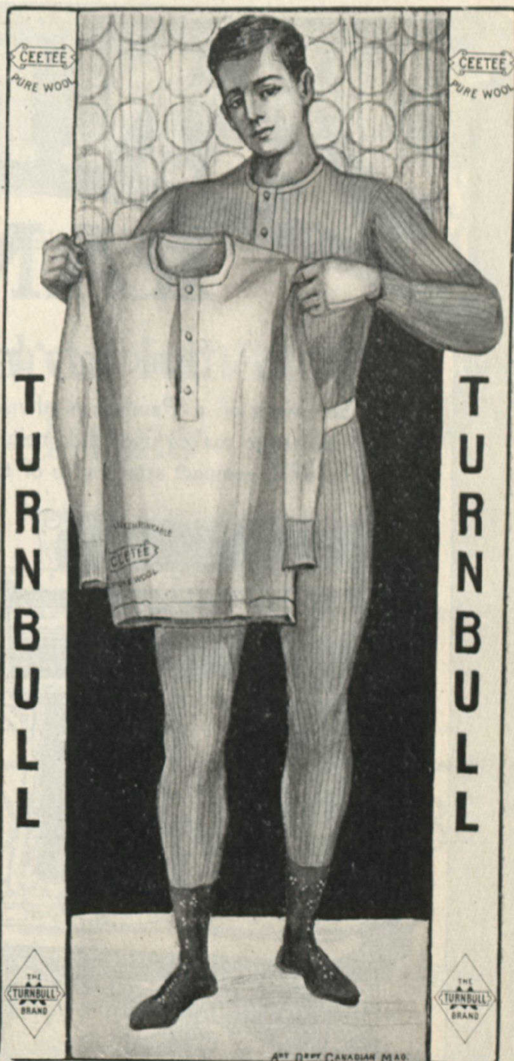


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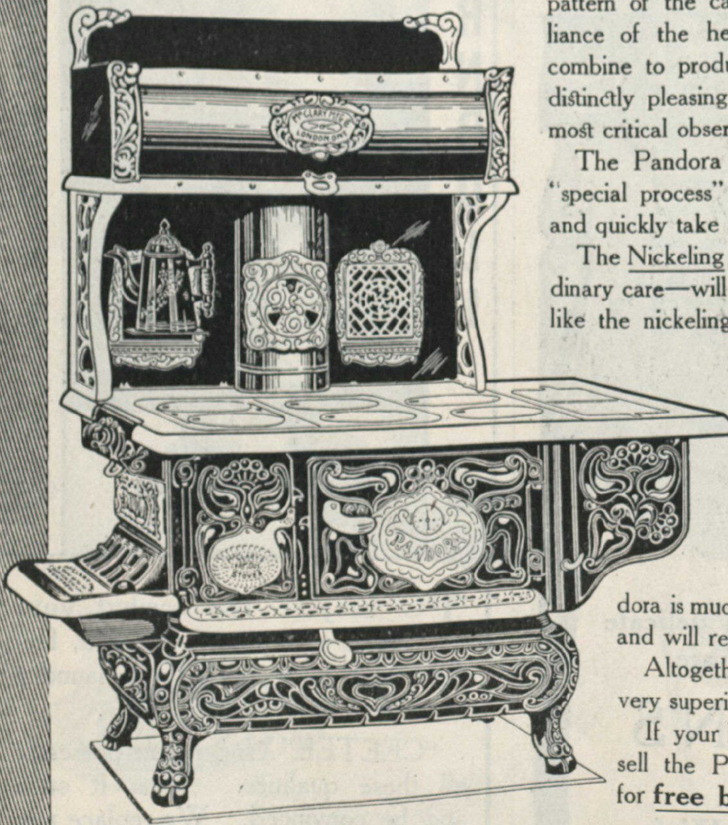
## A Strikingly Handsome Range

The owner of a Pandora is always proud of the impression this strikingly handsome range makes upon her neighbors.

The solid, compact appearance of the smoothly finished body, the bold, large pattern of the carving, and the brilliance of the heavy nickel coating, combine to produce an effect that is distinctly pleasing to the eye of the most critical observer.



The Pandora Castings undergo a "special process" to make them easily and quickly take a lustrous shine.

The Nickeling is done with extraordinary care—will not chip and crack like the nickeling on ordinary stoves, but will retain its smoothness and brightness for years.

Because of the absence of any fine, fancy carving, which catches and holds the dust, the Pandora is much more easy to polish and will remain clean longer.

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If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora, write direct for **free booklet.**

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## COMBINATION

**Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers**

FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or Kepple Oak. Each wardrobe has capacity for 10 complete suits or costumes and is also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper door of chiffonnier with extension dressing slide, 3 large drawers and a soiled clothes bin. Price complete . . **$35.00**

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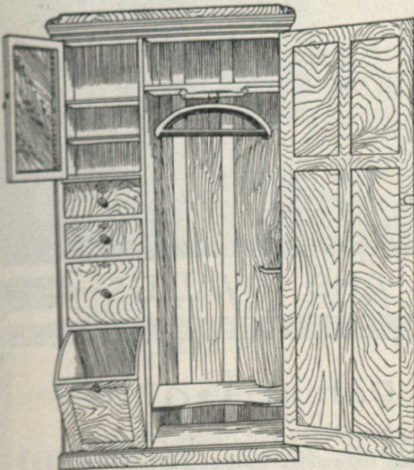

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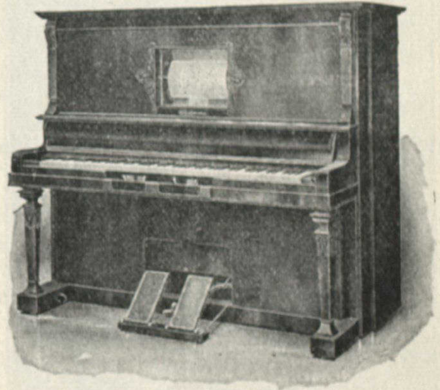
can be successfully played by anyone without any musical knowledge, and any musical composition can be rendered on it in a most artistic way.



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characterize the Autonola in its every part. The player mechanism is the latest and best, while the piano itself is the well-known **BELL.**

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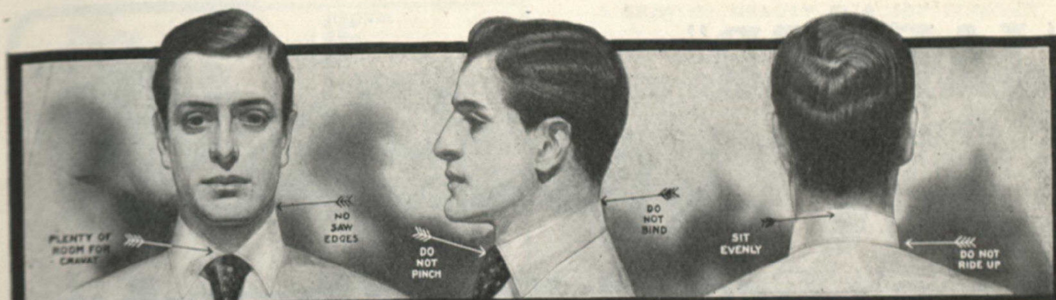


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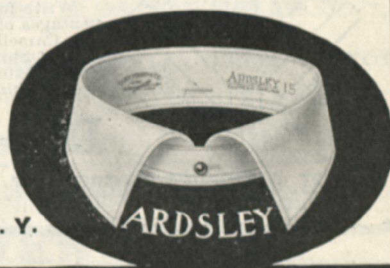


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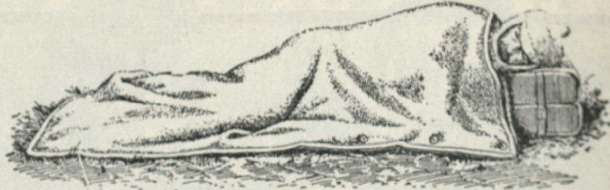


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## Don't Crowd Your Camp Kit

with unserviceable and unwearable clothes. One garment of **"JAEGER" Pure Wool** generally does the duty of three garments not made of pure wool.

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"Jaeger" clothing is the **Choice Always** of experienced campers, because:
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They know that for Durability, Serviceability and Adaptability, "Jaeger" Pure Wool Wear is unsurpassed.

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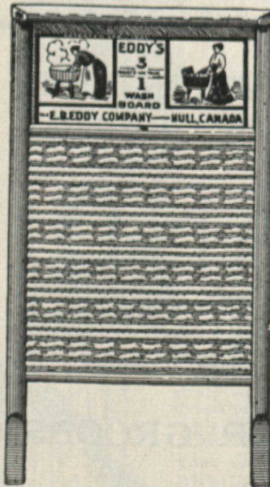


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**3 IN 1 WASHBOARD**

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IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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One pressure of the foot opens the door of the oven and, at the same time, slides out a cast iron shelf with the contents, so that you may examine what you are cooking without the fear of burning grease sputtering all over you. Or, less pressure will merely open the oven door without sliding the tray out.

If your local dealer does not handle the PERFECT IDEA, write us direct.

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Branches at Montreal, Winnipeg and Calgary.

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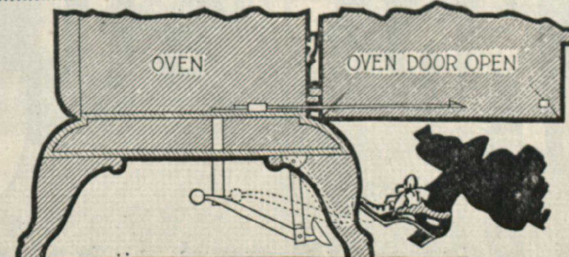


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Jams, Jellies and Orange Marmalade please the most particular people.

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Purity, Brilliancy and Uniformity

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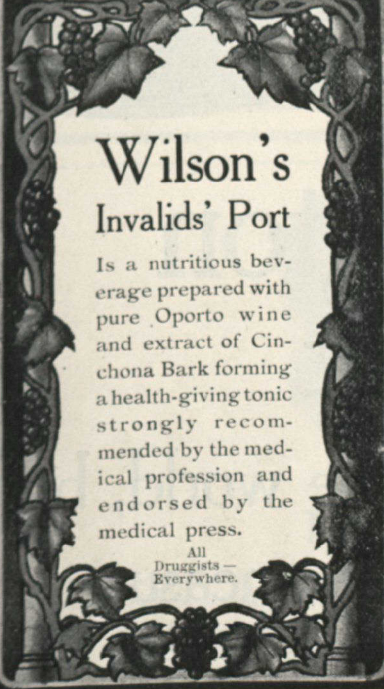


# MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
## TOILET POWDER

**"YOU'RE SAFE"**
in the hands of the little captain at the helm,— the "complexion specialist," whose results are certain, whose fees are small.

**MENNEN'S**
Borated Talcum
**TOILET POWDER**

protects and soothes, a sure relief from **Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chafing,** etc. Put up in **non-refillable boxes** — the **"box that lox"**--for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's **genuine** and **a guarantee** of purity. Delightful **after shaving.**
Guaranteed under Food & Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c.
**SAMPLE FREE**
**G. Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.**

**Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Powder**
It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

The Remington

**Typewriter**

is the standard of the world, by which all others are measured.

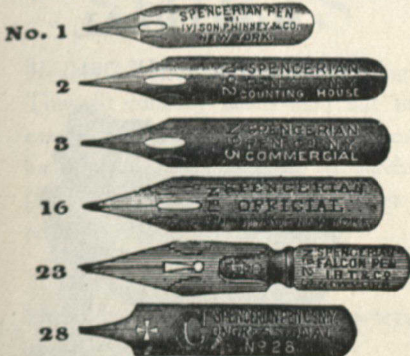
**Remington Typewriter Company**

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years,
**PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND**
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.




**SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING**
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
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**SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City**

Right Here
within easy reach of the operator is the small lever which enables

## The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

to write PURPLE for letters to be copied; BLACK for documents to be preserved; RED for emphasis and for billing.

This three-color feature, which enables the modern office to produce all of its work in the proper kind of typewriting with one machine and one ribbon, is the last word in typewriter construction. Let us send you a bit of printed matter describing it fully.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier models.

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Branch Stores Everywhere.

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The Underwood is the best typewriter. That fact is generally recognized, but even the best typewriter would be of little value without an operator.

In buying a typewriter it is well to keep this fact in mind. All the best commercial schools in Canada teach the Underwood only, and scientific typewriter operation to-day can be learned only under proper instruction.

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The selection of *Silverware* is too important a matter to be left to the discretion of another. Make your own selection and see that the above *trademark* is stamped on every piece you buy, *it's a guarantee of quality.* It is always artistic in design and proportion, and because of its long wear, affords unbounded satisfaction.

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**SPECIALISTS FOR TREATMENT AND COLORING OF THE HAIR**

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Transformations, suitable for every age, self-dividing, and adaptable to any style of coiffure. Palmer's Transformations, Pompadours, and all kinds of Hair Work are unequalled by others for their coolness, lightness, durability and exact fit.

**Pompadours in all styles and sizes from $3.00 up.**

Switches and braids made of long hair, only having very short stems inside and can therefore be used for any style of dressing.

The above figure is dressed with our latest Pompadour and Coronet Fashion Curls. These curls are very stylish and becoming. Price $3.00 up.

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Will give you a clear, transparent, beautiful complexion. It is perfectly harmless, cleanses, purifies and removes all blemishes, giving the skin and flesh a beautiful clearness. It is not a powder, paint or grease, and it will not promote the growth of hair.

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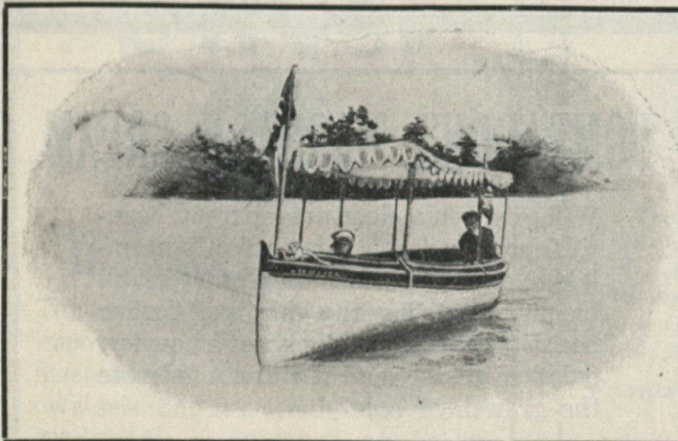
**TORONTO**



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Complete Launches

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"The Best"

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
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"MAGI" CALEDONIA WATER LEADS

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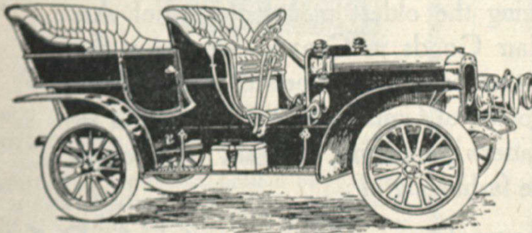
# COMFORT, PERFECTION AND SIMPLICITY



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Introduce the first one of these CANADIAN CARS in your town. IT WILL PAY YOU in comfort, satisfaction and other ways.

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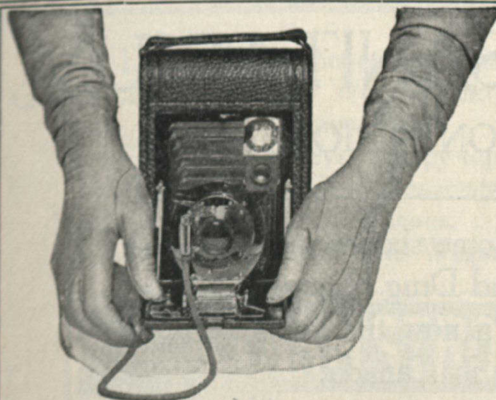
**THE CHATHAM MOTOR CAR CO., Limited**
CHATHAM, ONTARIO



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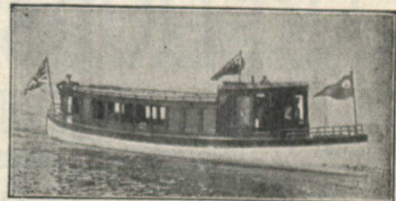

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Being the oldest manufacturers of Art Hair Goods in Canada, we enjoy the distinction of being looked upon by the women of Canada as the leaders in all matters pertaining to Hair, whether in the fashioning of

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For men who are losing their hair or are bald, there is no other Toupee that so completely takes the place of your own hair. Write us for our circular "Baldness." It contains full particulars also how to order a Toupee by mail. Write for it.

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This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

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THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"

THE FULL LUXURY OF THE BATH

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The Genuine

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FLORIDA WATER

Used in the bath it is delightfully cooling and invigorating, and the relief it affords from the depressing heat of Summer is truly remarkable.

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for
# Warm Weather

Clark's Preserved Meats in tins make delightfully choice, light and tasty dishes for the warm weather.

No cooking—no trouble—no waste, and just as economical as they can be.

Try some of these with a salad:

**Sliced Smoked Beef**
**Lunch Tongue**
**Veal Loaf**
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**Potted and Devilled Meats for Sandwiches**

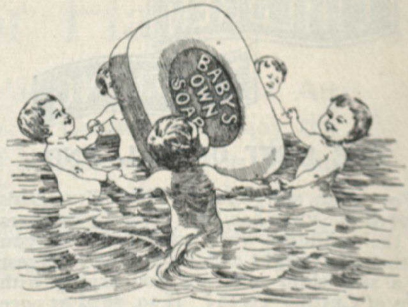
Now don't just ask for canned meats, but see that you get

## Clark's Preserved Meats

Guaranteed by the name of Wm. Clark.

WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL



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## Use
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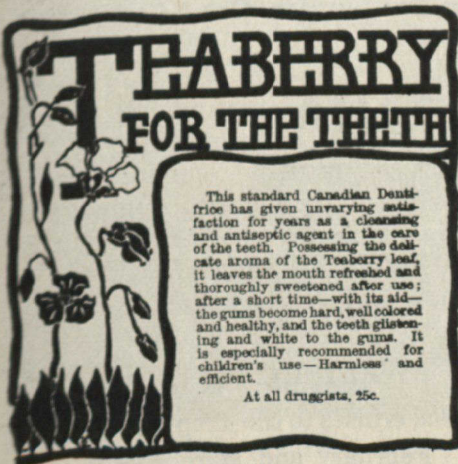
## Daily

**It is the Best for Babies**
**Beware of Substitutes**

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS.
MONTREAL

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**FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA**
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
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THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

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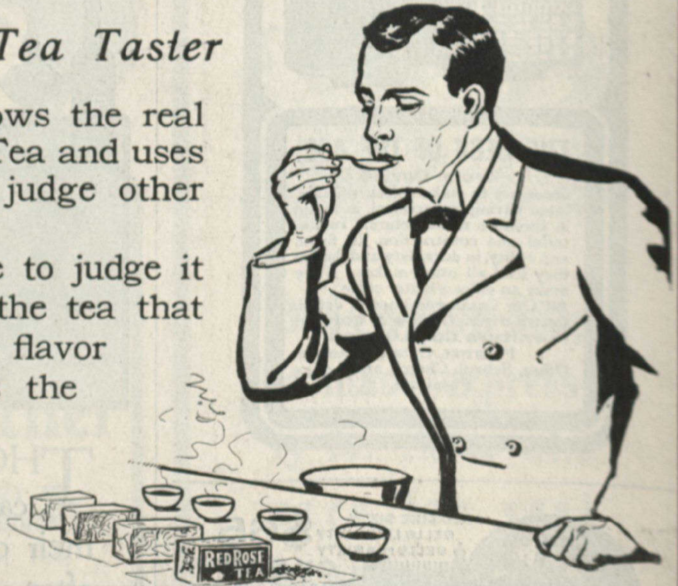
*The Expert Tea Taster*

is the one who knows the real value of Red Rose Tea and uses it as a standard to judge other teas by.

Wouldn't you like to judge it for yourself? It is the tea that has that rich, fruity flavor —just what pleases the expert tea taster.

Ask your grocer to send you a package to-day.

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*Limited*

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**Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes**

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1,700 tons, lighted by Electricity, and with all modern comforts, leaves MONTREAL at 4 p.m. on 1st, 15th and 29th July; 12th and 26th August, and 9th September, and Quebec the day following, at noon, for GASPE, PERCE, GRAND RIVER, SUMMERSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN and PICTOU.

The finest trip of the season for health and comfort

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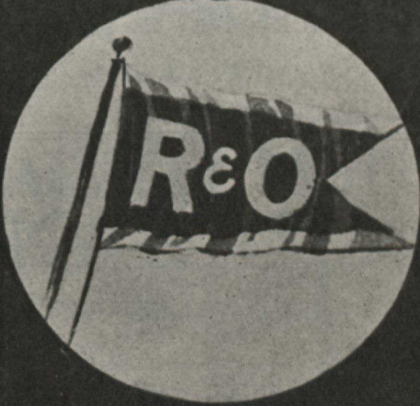
Niagara to the Sea

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Lined with English Linen and Sewed Frame

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A peerless Region for the Tourist, Camper, Canoeist, Angler and Sportsman, reached by the

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

## TO LIVERPOOL

DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

**FAST ELEGANT SAFE STEADY**

THE above picture may convey an impression of the beauty of the decorations of the new Allan Line Steamers; it does not, and can not portray adequately this apartment when its dimensions are illuminated by the clusters of artistically arranged electric lights. The smoking room, library, children's play room and the grand Saloon are all of the same order, differing only in the purpose for which each is planned. The promenade decks—there are three—are each 260 feet long and 60 feet wide at the widest part. The steamers are floating hotels of the highest class, combined with speedy and practically unsinkable ships. They are built of steel and in 22 separate water-tight compartments. The Turbine Engines give them steadiness of motion with entire freedom from vibration. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught and suite crossed on the "Virginian," and expressed themselves as delighted with the steamer and her accommodation. Two new steamers now building, "Corsican" and "GRAMPIAN," will be added to the fleet for the summer of 1907. "Virginian's" record passage is 5 days, 14 hours.

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# The new road to far-famed

# MUSKOKA

¶ If you are wise you will travel to beautiful Muskoka this summer on fast trains of Canadian Pacific's new line. It's the last road built, therefore most up-to-date and comfortable. Being a section of transcontinental track it is built to last; 80 lb. steel, heavily ballasted. It all means smooth-running trains, and high speed with maximum of safety.

¶ C.P.R. is the DIRECT short line to Bala, the western gateway to the Lakes, where connections are made by every train with fast steamers for all points on Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau.

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**There are also local trains**

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Let us send you further particulars of trains, summer rates, and illustrated descriptive literature. Gladly furnished by

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District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway
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Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s
ROYAL MAIL Steamship
Lines

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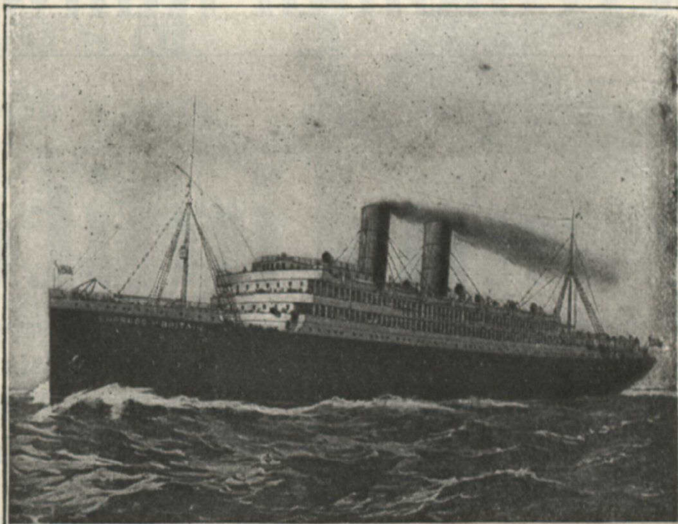
— ATLANTIC SERVICE —

FINEST



"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AND "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"

FASTEST

AND 14 OTHER MODERN ATLANTIC LINERS

For rates, sailings and other information apply to any Steamship and Railway Agent, or to G. McL. Brown, C. P. R., Rooms 3, 4 and 5 Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

# DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

WEEKLY SAILINGS

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IN SUMMER

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(Via Halifax in Winter)

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*S. S. "SOUTHWARK"* *S. S. "VANCOUVER"* *S. S. "OTTAWA"*

The S.S. **"CANADA"** holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. **"CANADA"** and S.S. **"DOMINION"** have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

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**To Liverpool, - $42.50** **To London, - $45.00**

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These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

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# Intercolonial Railway

The

# Ocean Limited

| FIRST TRIP<br>June 30.<br><br>LAST TRIP<br>Sept. 10<br>1907 | No. 200 WILL LEAVE No. 199 | | FIRST TRIP<br>June 29.<br><br>LAST TRIP<br>Sept. 10<br>1907 |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Daily except Saturday<br>Montreal, 19.30<br>Daily except Sunday<br>Levis, - 24.10 | Daily except Sunday<br>Halifax, - 8.45<br>St. John, 11.00 | |
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| | Daily except Sunday<br>St. John, 17.30<br>Halifax, 20.15 | Daily except Monday<br>Levis, - 2.50<br>Montreal, 7.30 | |

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**Dining Car Service Unequalled**

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# STAR BRAND HAM

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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A pretty custom now is for the bride to cut the cake with a knife presented for the purpose.

This is but one of the many appropriate gifts suggested in the

**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**

ware—the brand of silver plate famous for more than half a century. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Send for catalogue "C" to aid in making selections.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**
LIMITED
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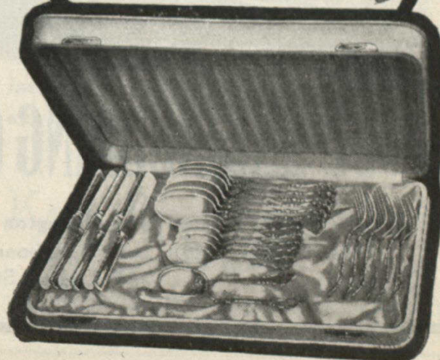
AVON Cake Knife



# Lea & Perrins' Sauce

***makes good Roast Beef taste Better.***

By Royal Warrant served on the King's Table.

Imitated everywhere—never equalled.
Insist on the Genuine.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal,
Established 1857. 129 Canadian Agents.

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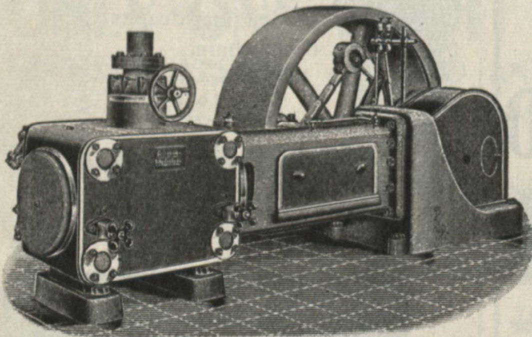

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## ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

District Offices
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- Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
- 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager

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## SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR

**The ELLIS**
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is knit on SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED MACHINES, of which we are SOLE USERS in CANADA. These machines will knit ONLY THE FINEST YARN and produce a finished fabric of the most REMARKABLE ELASTICITY. Garments of this fabric fit EASILY and NATURALLY. They yield readily with every movement of the body, yet ALWAYS retain their original ELASTICITY. Write for Free Booklet.

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DO you know that the Oxford Gas Range will do better cooking in an easier, cooler way than a coal range?

It will get you through Wash Day quicker, in more comfort. It will save you fuel money on Ironing Day. It will bring you relief from the health-destroying work over a hot coal range these summer days.

The Oxford Gas Range will do all the work any coal range can do, and do it better than any other gas range.

It's the most practical gas range made. Built of heavy gauge, cold rolled steel throughout — won't crack, warp or leak.

The oven is lined throughout with asbestos millboard and has a double back wall—all the heat stays in the oven instead of leaking out and making the kitchen like a Turkish bath.

The oven is ventilated so all the fumes of cooking are carried up the chimney.

The oven door drops down and forms a solid shelf for basting—it is balanced so it cannot slam.

The Oxford Adjustable Gas Valve regulates the pressure of the gas so none is wasted when the pressure is too strong, and you get plenty of flame even when the pressure is low.

We want you to see the Oxford Gas Range. If your dealer cannot show it to you write to us for our booklet "Cooking by Gas" and we'll tell you where you can see the range. Write to-day and sizzle no longer over a hot coal stove.

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if you can't feed the children properly when they come.

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You can't build sturdy boys and girls out of corn or oats or white flour bread or pastries. A Shredded Wheat Biscuit supplies all the energy needed for work or play, for children or grown-ups, for invalids or athletes.

**A Breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT, with hot or cold milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for work or play TRISCUIT is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a toast for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.**

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Are of graceful outline and beauty of design, combined with the quality that endures. Good bakers, easy to manage, and will last a lifetime. You can positively rely on a Souvenir Range.

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# Libby's

(Natural Flavor)

# Food Products

The charm of the meal depends upon the taste and quality of the food, together with ease and quickness of serving.

**Libby's Deviled Ham**
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would grace any table. Ready to serve on the moment with all the bother of preparation done away with.

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| Ox Tongue | Peerless Dried Beef |
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are food products made in the famous white enameled kitchen, the only one of its kind in the world A supply of Libby's should be in every pantry. Just the thing for outings, picnics, motoring and fishing trips, etc.

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The new 84-page booklet gives many delightful recipes for luncheon, dinner and special occasions. It is sent free on request.

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When you are bilious, when your stomach is deranged, when your bowels are not in good order, when you have sick headache or can't sleep at night, things are apt to look very bad and it is no wonder that you feel discouraged and depressed.

At such times as these you need a remedy that will regulate and tone the digestive organs, rebuild the nervous energy, rest the tired brain and restore natural sleep. Go to the nearest drug store and get a box of

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Take another dose when you go to bed and you will awaken, in the morning, feeling like a new person. Beecham's Pills act at once on the digestive organs, give the liver natural exercise, operate the bowels, improve the blood, clear the brain and assist Nature to restore healthy conditions to the entire body. They do their work thoroughly and quietly, in perfect harmony with physical laws. Beecham's Pills have a remarkably buoyant effect on both mind and body, without the slightest reaction. A great remedy for the "blues" as they dispel the gloom of disease and

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