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VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1902.

No. 3.

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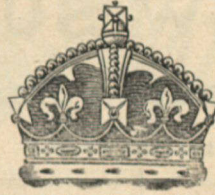
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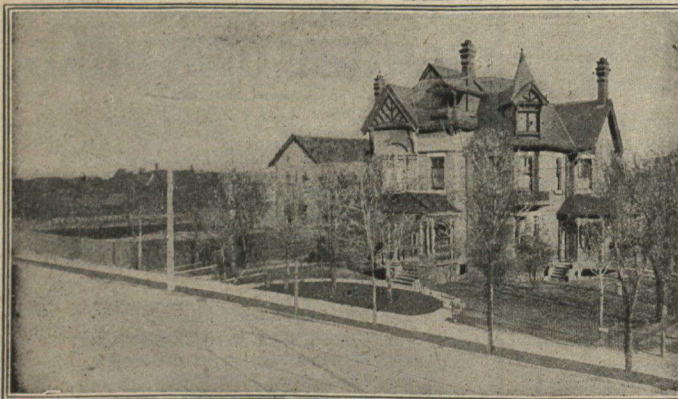
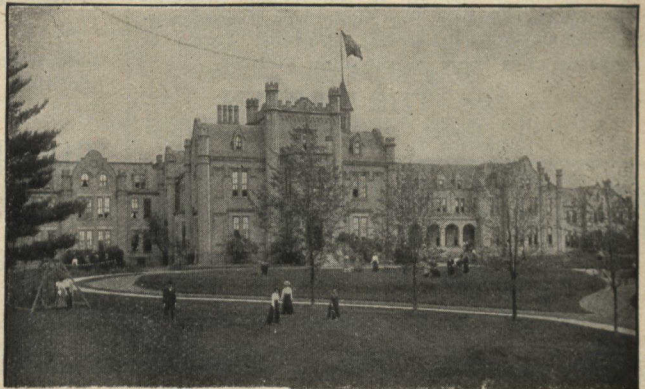
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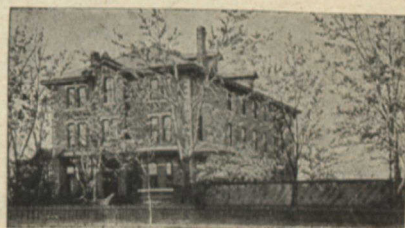
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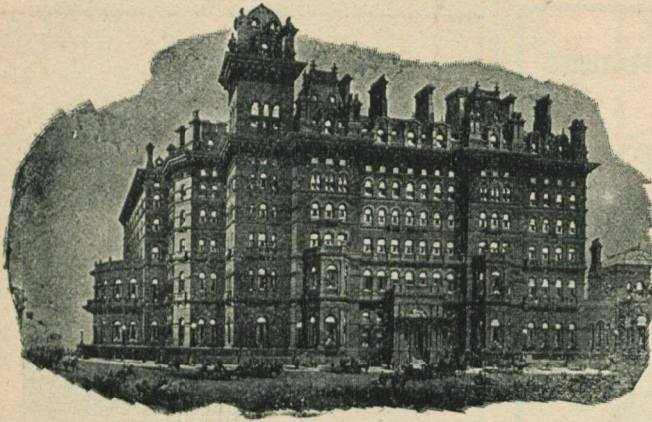
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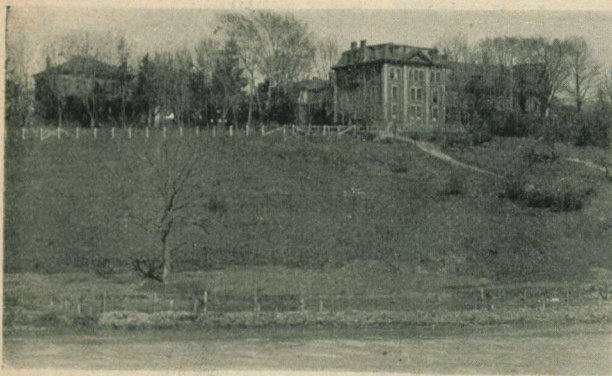
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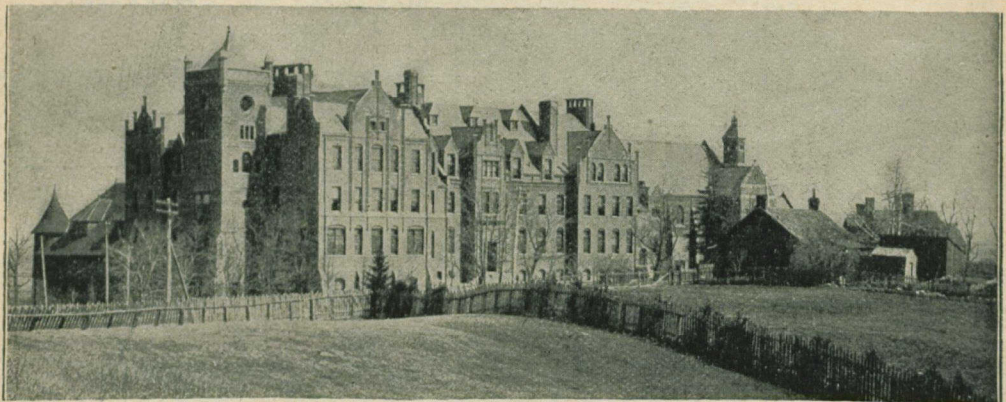
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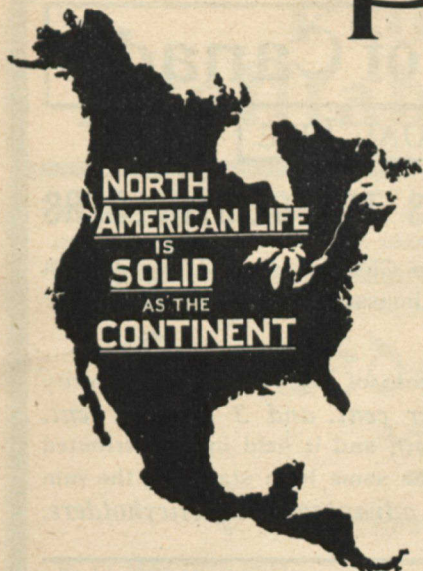
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4%	CAPITAL, - - - - -	\$2,500,000
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1901 was the Banner Year.

		Increase over last year.
Insurance written....	\$1,267,500.00	52 1/3%
Insurance in force....	2,769,870.00	34 %
Premium Cash Income,	75,928.72	32 1/4%
Total Cash Income...	84,755.92	29 %
Government Reserve..	122,983.93	51 1/3%
Total Assets	284,275.55	11 1/4%

The Ratio of Expenses to Premium Income shews a decrease over last year of 15%.

The Interest Income has more than paid all Death Claims since the Company commenced Business.

Our Policies are up-to-date.
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The Mutual Life of Canada

*It
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them
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in
Profits*

FORMERLY
THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

Leads all Canadian Life Companies for 1901 in **DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS**

It paid out of its Surplus in Cash, or applied in reduction of premiums that year, many thousands more than any other Canadian Company.

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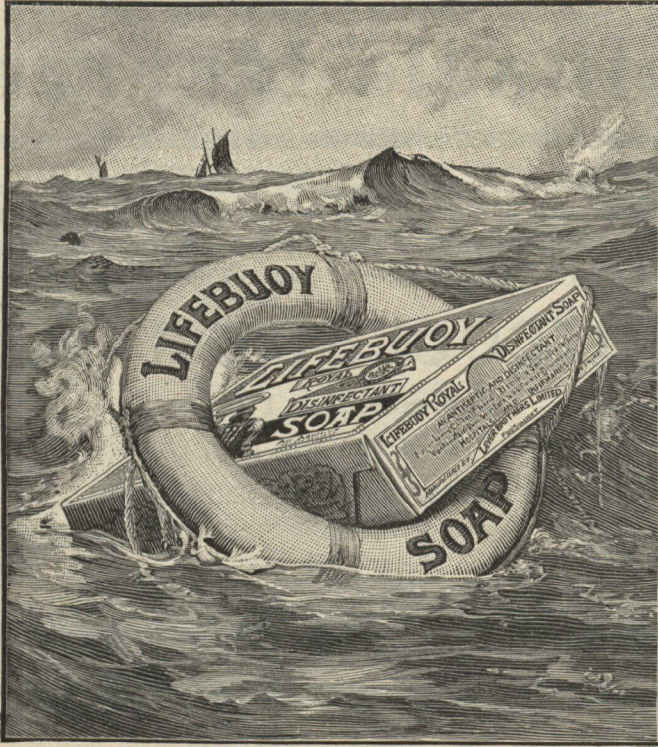
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.

Statement for the Year 1901

Net Premium Income, - - - - -	\$ 428,205.70
Amount of New Policies issued and paid for, - -	2,281,710.50
Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1901, - -	13,058,777.61
Capital and Assets, - - - - -	2,319,925.58

DAVID DEXTER

Managing Director



SAVES LIFE

Lifebuoy Soap is a practical and specific disinfectant. Its use prevents the spread of contagious diseases, such as Typhoid, Cholera, Diphtheria, Smallpox, Consumption and other bacteriological maladies, by destroying the microbes in bedding, clothing, sickroom dishes or utensils, or anything in which microbes may lodge. Its use in sinks, etc., prevents the **origin** of disease by keeping such places sanitary and clean. Use it on the woodwork, on the washbowl, bathtub, closet, etc.—it will disinfect the drain pipes. Highly recommended by Physicians, Health Officers and Bacteriologists all over the world. Ask for

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Made by LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



PHOTO BY FREDERICK LYONDE, TORONTO

TAKING THE WATER-JUMP

A FEATURE OF STEEPLECHASE RACES IN THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB'S MEETS

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX

TORONTO, JULY, 1902

No. 3

SOME REMINDERS OF WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

By Frank Veigh

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

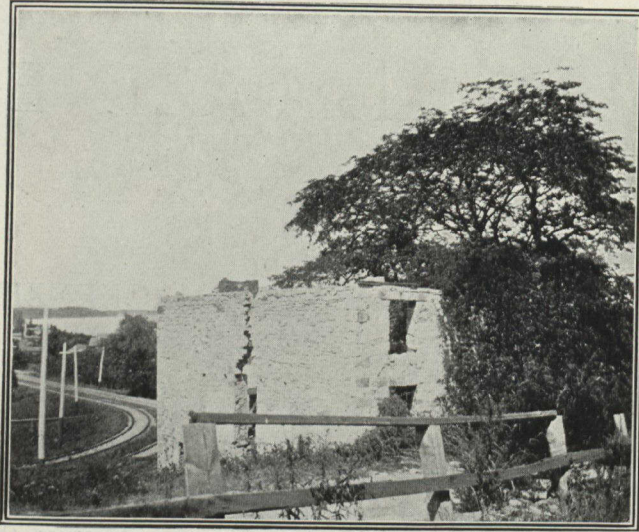
MANY reminders still exist, in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, of William Lyon Mackenzie, one of the prominent figures of Upper-Canadian life for three decades. When the Scottish lad set sail for Canada in 1820, it was little thought that he would play such a stirring part in the life of his adopted Province. Within a few years after his arrival, young Mackenzie had been employed on a survey of the Lachine canal, had opened a drug and book business in Toronto, had entered into a similar business in Dundas, and had produced a newspaper—a series of rapid changes that were typical of his restless activities in later years, when he radically disturbed the smooth currents of his day. The store in which the young man opened business in York (Toronto) in 1821 is not in existence, but part of the Dundas building still stands, though now used as a dwelling. His residence in the same town is still good for many years of use.

In 1823 Mackenzie moved to the village of Queenston, on the Niagara River, where he established a general store, but the trend of his mind was in the

direction of journalism and politics. On May 18, 1824, the first number of the famous *Colonial Advocate* was issued from an old stone structure, the roofless walls and glassless windows of which still stand at the base of Queenston Heights. With the birth of this journal was born the agitation that led to the uprising thirteen years later, known as the Upper-Canadian Rebellion. This first edition of several hundred copies was issued on the eve of a general election, and was remarkable not alone on account of its editor and his radical policy, but because it began its uneven and eventful life without the enrolment of a single subscriber, the initial copies being dis-



LESLIE HOUSE, DUNDAS, ONCE OCCUPIED BY MACKENZIE



THE ROOFLESS WALLS AND GLASSLESS WINDOWS OF MACKENZIE'S FIRST PRINTING OFFICE, AT THE FOOT OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

tributed free at the expense of the publisher. It was probably the only journal ever printed in two countries: the outside pages being struck off in Lewiston, in the United States, and the inside pages being set up and printed in the Queenston structure.

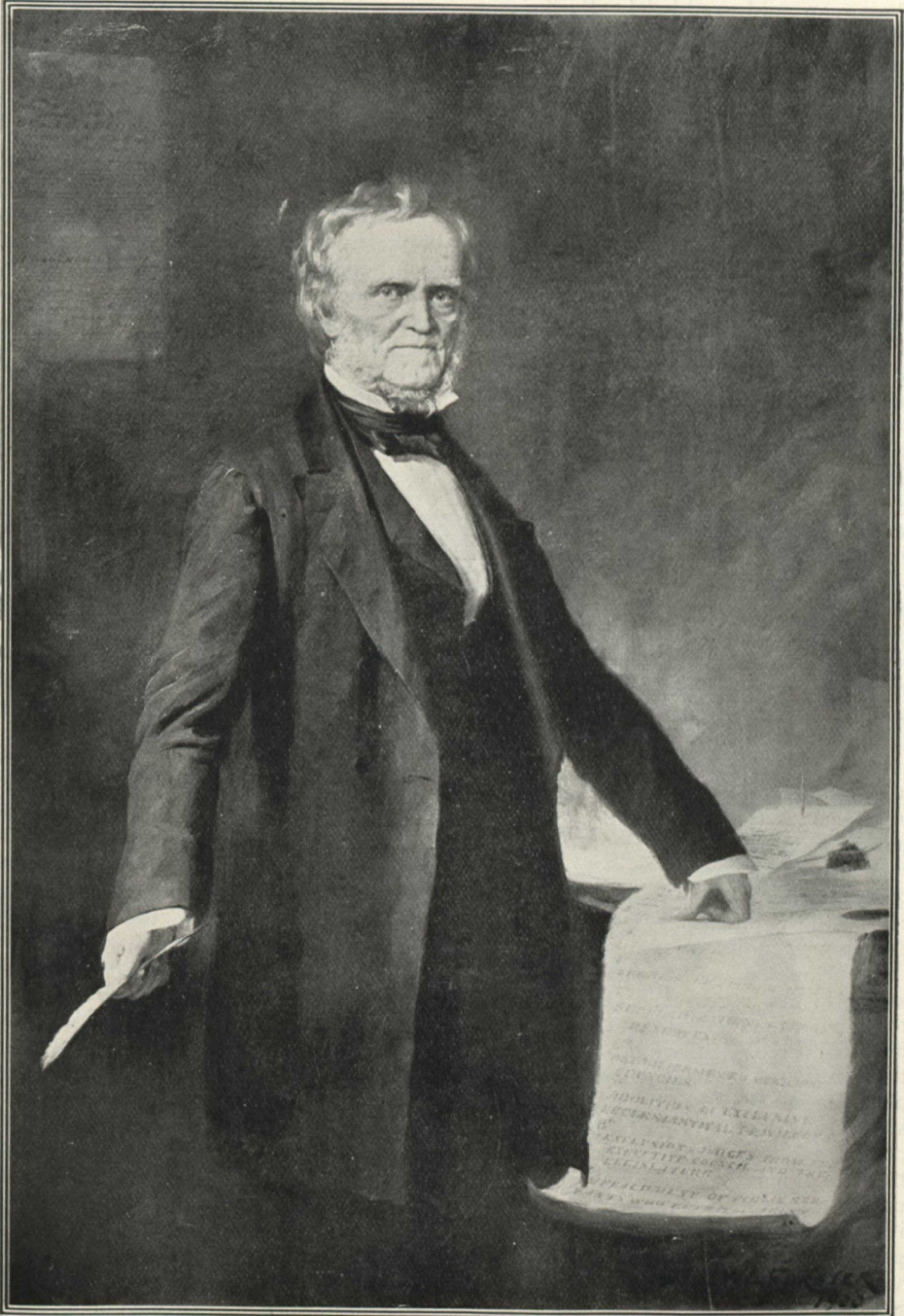
From the windows of the *Advocate* office, now fast crumbling to ruin, its editor could view the summit of Queenston Heights, where Brock had lost his life but a few years before, and where the first monument to his memory was in process of erection. When the Masonic ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner-stone took place in 1824, the usual collection of coins and papers were placed in a fissure of the rock on which the monument stood. One of the publications thus honored was the *Colonial Advocate*. When this became known to Sir Peregrine Maitland, the indignation of the Lieutenant-Governor was intense, for already he was smarting under the attacks and jibes of the free-lance editor. At least one method of revenge was open, and this was taken advantage of. The receptacle was ordered to be reopened, and the obnoxious sheet taken therefrom and ruthlessly

destroyed. This was done with no little dramatic effect, the offending publisher being present at the curious ceremony of disinterment!

It was during his residence in Queenston that Mackenzie became involved in a libel suit for his criticisms in connection with the building of the Welland canal. The old court-house in Niagara, which is still intact, was the scene of the trial. An eye-witness was Mr. Thomas Vrooman, of Queenston, who recalls that the defendant pleaded his own

cause, and spoke in his defence at a rapid rate for seven hours. "It was a splendid speech," Mr. Vrooman tells. "Occasionally the speaker would declare with great emphasis: 'You'll get no jury here to bring in a verdict against me!' It was practically true, as they simply fined him a nominal shilling. He needed no lawyer; he was enough for them all."

Mackenzie removed to York in 1824, establishing a printing office at the south-east corner of Front (then Palace) and Frederick Streets, where he lived for a short time. The two years that followed were signalized by severe criticisms of the governmental powers of the day, to such an extent that the attacked parties were furious in their hatred of the troublesome printer. On June 8th, 1826, his press and type were seized by a band of young men, who threw the material into the bay at the foot of Frederick Street. The building connected with this episode has long since disappeared, as well as a house occupied at a later date by Mr. Mackenzie on the west side of York Street, midway between Richmond and Queen Streets. But the theatre in which he played his leading part was



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. W. L. FORSTER

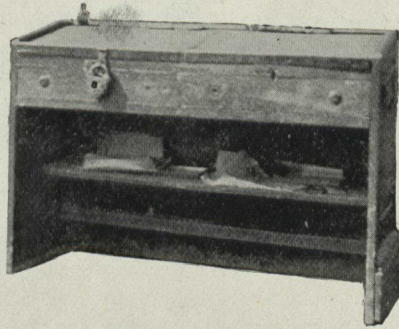
the grim old red-brick Parliament Buildings on Front Street, for sixty years the seat of government and the fountain of authority of the Province, now a deserted pile left to the dust and cobwebs and the ghosts of men.

In the cabin of the York pioneers, hidden away in a corner of Exhibition Park, Toronto, is the desk used by Mackenzie in the Upper Canadian Legislature, first as member for York from 1829 until 1835, and afterward as the member for Haldimand in the United Parliament from 1851 until 1858. What a tale the old ink-stained piece of furniture could tell of its master through those stormy and strenuous years! It stood on the immediate left of the Speaker's chair, and to it the editor-legislator brought his exchanges, his scissors and his paste-pot, and here, according to a chronicler of his day, "he clipped, and snipped and scribbled with the utmost industry." What a tale it could tell of the wordy conflicts, and physical ones, too, that raged before the "flare-up" of 1837—the vigorous thumpings on its unoffending surface, the curious mass of papers stowed away in its recesses, the struggles to evict the recalcitrant member by physical force. Stirring battle scenes they must have been when the honourable member suffered five expulsions from the historic Chamber in succession, followed by as many re-elections. The first expulsion was on account of his having printed reports of the Legislative Assembly in his paper without parliamentary authority. Other causes were alleged: such as libellous statements in his journal that "the House was an assembly of sycophants," and that his opponents in power were "a band of public robbers." Then it was that the unconquerable little radical

earned his title of the "stormy petrel." Other titles were given him from time to time, and if half of them were true they would have made the man a marvellous zoological and human specimen. He was not only, according to his enemies, a reptile and a spaniel dog, not only a seditious little liar and a firebrand, but a political mountebank, a squib scribbler, a notorious mountebank indeed, who, according to an esteemed contemporary, "began to feel his consequence among small people and to swell, like the frog in the fable, with pomp and vanity. This emporium of political villainy, this heavy curse upon the public, little Mackenzie, has been raised from a prostrate

baboon posture to assume the attitude of a man!" He was also a political mountebank in the eyes of Sir Francis Bond-Head—one "whospoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth and then spoke again!" Sir Francis did not confine himself to this one expression, however: "Mackenzie is, without exception, the most no-

torious liar in all Canada. He lies out of every pore in his skin. Whether he be sleeping or waking, on foot or on horseback, talking with his neighbours or writing for a newspaper, a multitudinous swarm of lies, visible, palpable, tangible, are buzzing and settling about him like flies around a horse in August!" Such were the amenities of journalism and public life in the good old days of our grandfathers. The press and parliamentarians are alarmingly polite in these degenerate days, in contrast with the freedom of speech of seventy-five years ago. It was possibly only a passing pleasantry of the time when Robert Gourlay spoke of Dr. Strachan as "a lying little fool of a renegade Presby-



THE DESK USED BY MACKENZIE IN THE U. C. LEGISLATURE, NOW IN THE CABIN OF THE YORK PIONEERS IN EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO

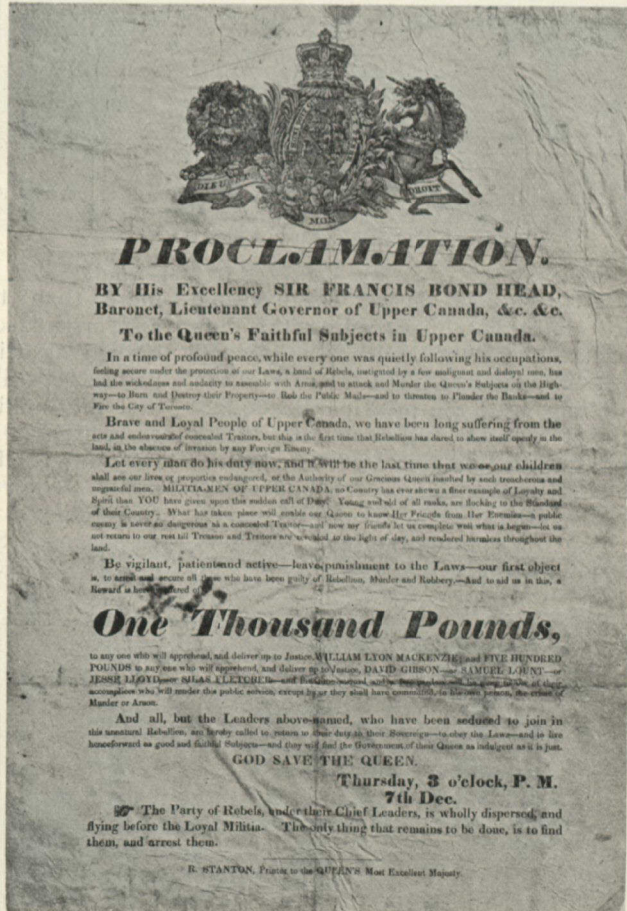
terian." And it was but a mild expression for Mackenzie, who was a past-master in the art of vituperation, when he wrote that "a government emanating from England can cherish such a corrupt, such a star-chamber crew (as the Family Compact), then the days of the infamous Scroggs and Jeffreys are returned upon us."

"They were tools of a servile power, official fungi more numerous and pestilential than the quagmires and marshes that encircle Toronto!"

To return to the deserted Chamber, its ghostly memories tell of the gallery gods hissing Sir Allan McNab, of the Speaker ordering the galleries cleared in consequence, of the seizure of Mackenzie by the serjeant-at-arms, of barricaded doors and even of the sacred brass bar of the House being wrenched from its place.

The old desk might then go on to describe the last eviction of the imperturbable Scotchman, who was three times in succession forcibly removed from his seat while a crowd of sympathizers without gave vent to their anger. No wonder Sir John Colborne ordered the articles of war read to the regiment, and a member of the Legislature gave notice of an address to the King praying him "to remove the seat of Government to a point where they would not be daily liable to be annoyed, insulted, overawed by a mob so ignorant or infatuated as to become the ready tools for executing every species of violence and outrage to

which any political demagogue may choose to incite them!" Matters must have been in a parlous condition to have given birth to such a ponderous and wordy complaint. And one ventures to imagine that the "little Mannikin from York"—another pet name given Mackenzie by his oppon-



PROCLAMATION.

BY His Excellency SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD, Baronet, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, &c. &c.

To the Queen's Faithful Subjects in Upper Canada.

In a time of profound peace, while every one was quietly following his occupations, feeling secure under the protection of our Laws, a band of Rebels, instigated by a few malignant and disloyal men, has had the wickedness and audacity to assemble with Arms and to attack and Murder the Queen's Subjects on the Highway—in Blood and Destroy their Property—Rob the Public Mail—and to threaten to Plunder the Banks—and to Fire the City of Toronto.

Brave and Loyal People of Upper Canada, we have been long suffering from the acts and unbecomingly concealed Treasures, but this is the first time that Rebellion has dared to show itself openly in the land, in the absence of Invasion by any Foreign Enemy.

Let every man do his duty now, and it will be the last time that we see our children shall see our lives of property endangered, or the Authority of our Governor General insulted by such treacherous and ungrateful men. MILITIAIRES OF UPPER CANADA, no Country has ever shown a finer example of Loyalty and Spirit than YOU have given upon this sudden call of Duty. Young and old of all ranks, are flocking to the Standard of their Country. What has taken place will enable our Queen to know Her People from Her Enemies—a public enemy, is never so despised as a cowardly Traitor—and now my People let us complete what was begun—let us not return to our rural and Trades and Trades are wretched at the sight of day, and rendered harmless throughout the land.

Be vigilant, patient and active—leave punishment to the Laws—our first object is, to arrest and secure all those who have been guilty of Rebellion, Murder and Robbery.—And to aid us in this, a Reward is hereby offered

One Thousand Pounds,

to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to Justice WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE and FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to Justice, DAVID GIBSON and SAMUEL LINDY—JESSE LLOYD, SILLAS FLETCHER—and all other Rebels, and their Accomplices, and the going Parties, of their accomplices who will under the public notice, except by or they shall have committed to the Queen's prison, the crime of Murder or Arson.

And all, but the Leaders above-named, who have been seduced to join in this unseasonable Rebellion, are hereby called to return to their duty at Home—on they the Laws—and in due honor—on as good and faithful Subjects—and they will find the Government of their Queen as indulgent as is just.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Thursday, 3 o'clock, P. M.
7th Dec.

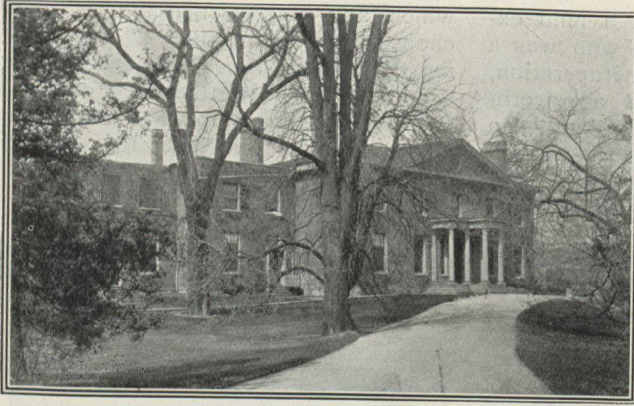
The Party of Rebels, under their Chief Leaders, is wholly dispersed, and flying before the Loyal Militia. The only thing that remains to be done, is to find them, and arrest them.

R. STANTON, Printer to the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty.

THE PROCLAMATION OFFERING £1,000 FOR THE CAPTURE OF MACKENZIE

ents — heartily enjoyed the excitement, of which he was indirectly the instigator.

The Doel house, standing on the northwest corner of Adelaide and Bay streets in Toronto, is another reminder of rebellion days. John Doel became associated with the leaders of the Party



THE GRANGE, TORONTO, ONE OF THE SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE FAMILY COMPACT. NOW THE HOME OF PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

of Reform, and during the exciting days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Rebellion, his house and brewery (which stood in the rear of the dwelling) were the principal headquarters of the new organization. Many important meetings were there held—committee meetings in the house and larger gatherings in the brewery. As a result of these gatherings, Mackenzie published in *The Constitution* (the

more than two hundred meetings, and organized one hundred and fifty branch associations. Many of these had secret drillings for their members, and the making of pikes and the resurrection of old flint-locks indicated the unsettled state of affairs. The news that reached the Lieutenant-Governor of these secret gatherings so alarmed Sir Francis that he removed his office to the Legislative

Buildings on Front Street, which were placed in a state of barricade, and the challenge of the sentry and the march of the picket was heard along the water front of the provincial capital—and all because a radical Scotchman set up a printing press in Canada thirteen years before!

An illustration of "The Grange" is a fitting accompaniment to that of the Doel residence, inasmuch as the former was popularly known as the place where the members of the Family Compact foregathered



BOND'S HOTEL, NEAR TORONTO, ONCE KNOWN AS THE BOND-HEAD INN

in social reunions and planned their campaigns against "the Patriots." As the home of the Boultons—the Chief Justice and his son, D'Arcy—the followers of Mackenzie regarded the old red brick home as the chief centre of their official enemies. "The Family Compact' could not have been a very formidable body," Goldwin Smith has said, "at least numerically, judging by the limited dimensions of the dining-room in the Grange."

The historical student will find an additional reminder of rebellion days in the old tavern, on upper Yonge Street, once known as the Bond-Head Inn, named, as it is alleged, after Sir Francis Bond-Head by an ardent admirer of the Governor. The creaking sign once bore a crude portrait of Sir Francis, but whether he ever tested the hospitality of the place is not known.

There are many relics of a documentary nature in the Toronto Public Library, and in the hands of private individuals, that throw some light on Mackenzie. A few have to do with his tenure of office as the first Mayor of Toronto in 1834, and as such, being the first Mayor ever elected in Upper Canada. His Honour—to give him one of the few titles that came his way—seems to have made a fairly successful civic chief, and to have done good work for the lit-



GRAVE OF MACKENZIE AND HIS FAMILY IN THE NECROPOLIS, TORONTO

tle town. It was during his year of office that the cholera plague swept over the town, and the heroism of the Mayor during those trying days, in caring for the dying and assisting in burying the dead, at the risk of his own life, should cover a multitude of errors



LOUNT AND MATTHEWS' MONUMENT IN THE NECROPOLIS, TORONTO

in his wider public career. Indeed, he was himself stricken with the disease, but his wiry constitution and his indomitable pluck saved him.

Among the relics in the Toronto Public Library are some of the military orders issued in connection with the secret society organized by Mackenzie and the rebel army. One reads in this grandiloquent style :

Headquarters,
Windsor, U.C.

SIR—By authority of the Grand Council, the Western Canadian Association. The Great Grand Eagle Chapter of Upper Canada on Patriot Executive Duty: You are hereby commissioned to the rank in line of a _____ of the _____ Regiment of the _____ Brigade of the _____ Division on Patriot Service in Upper Canada. (Signed), Commander-in-Chief of the North-Western Army on Patriot Service in Upper Canada.

E. J. ROBERTS,
Adjt. General N.W.A.T.

Reverting to the rebellion narrative, the time came when the fiasco of Montgomery's Farm took place on Dec. 7, 1837. Mackenzie made his escape. A proclamation offered a reward of £1,000 for the capture of the declared rebel, but the fugitive had at his command an underground railway, by means of which he was enabled to reach the American frontier on the following Monday. During his flight he hid, according to local legend, in a cave on the mountain side near Dundas, the mouth of the cavern being still pointed out. Mackenzie was also sheltered at St. David's, and at several other points, and in due time made his way to Navy Island. Here he organized his "Provisional Government," from whence he issued his well-known proclamation of December 13, 1837, promising three hundred acres of Crown Lands to every volunteer who would join his forces, and adding a reward of £500, by way of exchange of compliments, for the head of Sir Francis Bond-Head! In response several

hundred gathered at Navy Island, but the Provisional Government was short-lived, the evacuation taking place in January of 1838. An old barn on the Slater Farm, opposite Navy Island, still shows the holes made by the cannon shot fired during the chase of the rebel leader by Col. (afterward Sir Allan) McNab.

One of the curios in the Provincial Museum, in the Toronto Normal School buildings, is a substantial cane, apparently given to Mackenzie by some political enemies in a spirit of irony. The inscription reads: "This vine was cut on Navy Island, C.W., after the Lion (Mackenzie) and his pirate followers fled to their boats on the 16th January, 1838, finding the grape of Canada too potent for their relish." Signed, "HEMP."

The literary remains of Mackenzie are an evidence of his tireless industry. They are now in possession of Mr. Charles Lindsay, of Toronto, a son-in-law of the deceased, and the author of "The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie." Scores of portly volumes are scrap books, containing clippings on every conceivable subject and fully indexed, apparently used by the gatherer in his journalistic work. Others, again, have to do with the subjects that came up for discussion in Parliament, while masses of letters reveal the extensive correspondence carried on by the old-time member for York with people in Canada, the United States and Europe. Notes of speeches and memoranda of all kinds abound. Even a cursory glance through this treasure-trove indicates a rich storehouse of material from which the history of Upper Canada yet remains to be fully written. Mr. Lindsay is engaged in writing a book dealing with the Navy Island episode of the Rebellion, based on the documentary evidence in his possession.

I will pass over the next decade to a time when William Lyon Mackenzie again lived in Toronto, in his declining days. His friends, moved by sympathy for their old leader's condition, contributed funds sufficient to buy a

home for him, although he strenuously opposed the movement at one time. Sufficient was raised, however, to buy a house, a three-story building yet standing in good preservation at No. 82 Bond Street. The closing years of his life were years of gloom and despair. In 1860 he ceased the intermittent publication of his last paper, *The Message*, and on August 28, 1861, the stormy petrel was at peace. His sixty-six years of strenuous struggle and abnormal activity were at an end; his page of history was closed. The dust of the rebel or patriot—choose which title you will—rests beneath the low-spread branches of a mountain ash in the Toronto Necropolis. Within a hedge-bordered square, four small marble slabs, each but a few inches in height, mark a row of graves. One bears the word "FATHER," and below it "William Lyon Mackenzie." Adjoining is a stone marked: "William Lyon and George Mackenzie," and the fourth, "Barbara and Helen." Thus they form a tale that is told in a place where human harvests grow. Here, in the same God's acre where a granite shaft marks the graves of Lount and Matthews, lie the remains of the Man of '37, freed from the storm



MACKENZIE'S RESIDENCE, BOND ST., TORONTO.
IT WAS HERE HE DIED

and stress of his span of life. And though a later generation recognizes the benefits that flowed from the agitations of the Scotch lad from Forfarshire, yet no stately monument marks his grave—naught but a few inches of granite hidden at the base of a green hedge. Lie lightly on his ashes, Mother Earth!

MUSIC

O GLORIOUS spirit, bringing joy and freedom
To Care's sad captives, pent by prison bars!
Thou callest us; and—to thy voice responding,
We soar beyond the stars!

O'er space triumphant, our glad spirits traverse
The starlit paths by angel footsteps trod;
Till we behold, at last, in light and splendour,
The Paradise of God!

Helen Holton



SCENES AT HALIFAX—MAJ.-GEN. O'GRADY-HALY CONSULTING WITH LIEUT.-COLS. IRVING, BOULANGER AND MACDONALD

THE WAR AND CANADA

By Norman Patterson

THE Boer War is over, and Canada is thankful. This is our first Imperial war—the first for the generations now living—and for that reason it was interesting while it lasted. Since the Boers rode across the borders of the two Republics and invaded British territory on October 12th, 1899, Canadians have watched the progress of the struggle with mixed emotions. They shuddered when the news of Maagersfontein flashed across the cable, because it was a battle which came home to them. It was more real to them than any battle since the heavy engagements in Egypt. They trembled with fear and joy when the name of Paardeberg burned in red letters upon the record, for their brothers and

their sons were there. Paardeberg will always be a holy name. They did not rejoice because Cronje was defeated, but because their sons had become men in the eyes of the world. It was not a question of whether the Boers were in the wrong or in the right, whether Lord Roberts was a greater general than Piet Cronje, but "How do we look in the eyes of the world?"

So their sons went to fight for the Empire, for the old flag, and for Canada. The first Contingent, the Second Contingent, the Canadian Quota to the South African Constabulary, the Third Contingent and the Fourth. The last instalment of our Imperial contribution had scarce cleared the dock

at Halifax when the word came, "It is enough. The war is ended." The whistles blew, the bells rang, the reciters led in thanksgivings, the unthinking youngsters lighted their firecrackers, and the rest of us heaved a sigh of relief. Canada was glad. Because of the triumph over the Boers? No, for there was no hate. The Boer is and was a colonial—a man who went out into the edges of the world to lead the way for following civilization. He fought as Canadians would have fought—perhaps not so honourably, but just as sturdily. This feeling of brotherhood removed our hate, and yet we were glad he was beaten, very glad. He had to learn that ignorance and prejudice are not virtues and that the Empire is something too big for him to dismember.

Canada sent seven thousand of her sons. Two hundred and fifty of them will never come back, for they have been laid away in the sandy veldt.

Nearly four thousand are still there, struggling against disease, accident and fate, and some of them may not return. These are part of the price we pay for our nationhood. Canada gave them willingly and will keep their memory green.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

Because the terms of peace were not signed until one hour before midnight on the last day of May, 1902, it must not be supposed that the British were unwilling to grant peace before that date. As a matter of fact, from the time Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, the British were willing to grant terms to the Boers. If peace did not come until twenty-two months later, it was entirely due to the attitude of the Federals. They were implacable. They would have nothing to do with a peace which did not give them their inde-



SCENES AT HALIFAX—LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAMS INSPECTING HORSES

pendence. Independence was the one thing which the British would not give.

On September 13th, 1900, Lord Roberts issued a proclamation asking the Boers to surrender. Had they done so then they would have received as good terms as they eventually secured, and there would have been many more of them to participate in the results of those peace terms. Three days later the unyielding Kruger replied to Lord Roberts' proclamation, and declared it null and void. He asserted that the

tions were again initiated through Mrs. Botha, who arranged a meeting between her husband and Lord Kitchener. This took place at Middelburg on February 28th. General Botha said he did not think peace could be arranged without independence, but asked for information concerning the future government proposed for the two colonies and on other points. Lord Kitchener, after consultation with Lord Milner and the British Government, sent Botha a letter offering amnesty for all bona-



SCENES AT HALIFAX—AN OFFICER INSPECTING HIS MOUNT

Republics were unconquered. Soon afterwards he fled to Europe.

On December 20th of the same year, Lord Kitchener issued a proclamation from Pretoria notifying all burghers that if, after that date, they voluntarily surrendered, they would be allowed to live with their families in Government laagers until such time as the guerilla warfare was ended. All stock and property brought in would be respected and would be paid for if appropriated. Only a few took advantage of this offer.

In February, 1901, peace negotia-

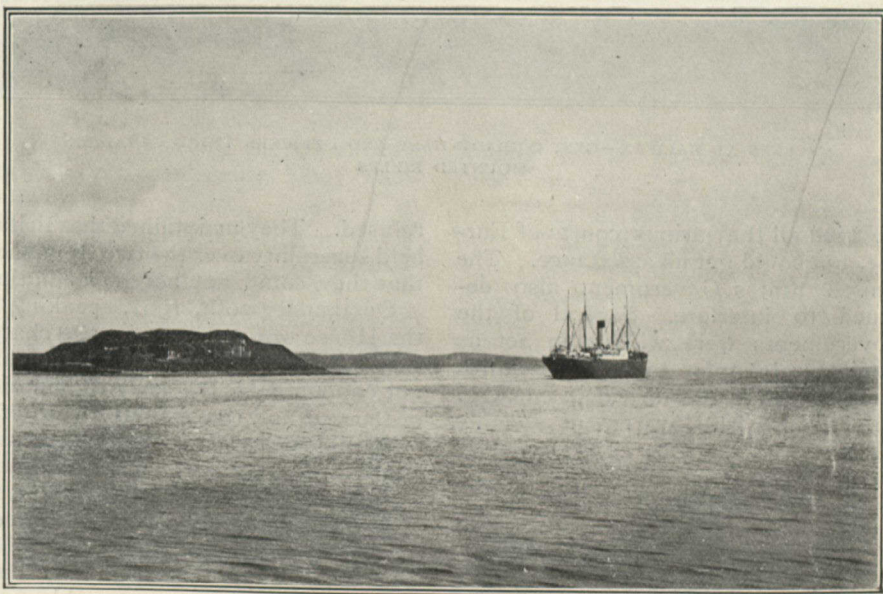
tions were again initiated through Mrs. Botha, who arranged a meeting between her husband and Lord Kitchener. This took place at Middelburg on February 28th. General Botha said he did not think peace could be arranged without independence, but asked for information concerning the future government proposed for the two colonies and on other points. Lord Kitchener, after consultation with Lord Milner and the British Government, sent Botha a letter offering amnesty for all bona-

fid acts of war committed during the recent hostilities, except that the Cape Colony rebels must suffer disenfranchisement. All prisoners of war would be brought back from St. Helena, Ceylon and other places as quickly as arrangements could be made for their transport. At the earliest possible date military administration was to cease and be replaced by civil administration in the form of crown colony government. The colonies would thus be governed by a Governor and nominated council, but, as soon as circum-

stances permitted, a representative element would be introduced, to be followed later by the privilege of self-government. On the cessation of hostilities, a High Court was to be established in each of the new colonies, to administer the law of the land, and this court was to be independent of the Executive. Church property, public trusts, and orphan funds were to be respected. Both the English and Dutch languages were to be used and taught in public schools when desired, and allowed in courts of

the war, and no special war tax would be imposed on farmers. Burghers requiring the protection of firearms were to be allowed them by license and on due registration, provided they took the oath of allegiance. The just predominance of the white races was to be maintained.

No person can read these terms without feeling that they were generous. Nevertheless General Botha replied that he could not recommend the terms to his Government. Apparently the Boers were not yet willing to



SCENES AT HALIFAX—A TRANSPORT LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA

law. The British would not assume the debts of the late Republican Governments, but were prepared as an act of grace to set aside a sum not exceeding £1,000,000, to repay the burghers for goods taken from them by the late Republican Governments, or subsequently by commandants. Such claims would have to be established to the satisfaction of a Judge or Commission appointed for the purpose. The British were also willing to consider the possibility of assisting by loan, all farmers who took the oath of allegiance, to repair injury or loss during

accept anything short of independence.

Nothing more was done until June when the Boer leaders held a conference at which they decided that a peace which relinquished independence and amnesty for colonial rebels would be worthless and vain. In August Lord Kitchener issued his proclamation giving burghers until the 15th of September to surrender. On September 29th he issued another proclamation providing for the sale of the properties of Boers still in the field.

During this time Mr. Kruger was in Europe trying to secure intervention,



SCENES AT HALIFAX—GEN. O'GRADY-HALY AND OFFICERS THIRD CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES

He tried all the various courts of Europe, but could get no assistance. The United States Government also declined to interfere. Several of the Governments were willing to act as mediators in order to bring about a peace if Great Britain would consent. This the British Government steadily

refused. They maintained that Britain held suzerainty over the two Republics, that they could not accept mediation.

On January 20th, 1902, speaking in the House of Commons to the charge that the attitude of the Ministers had not conducted to the early termination of the war and the establishment of a durable peace, Mr. Chamberlain said that no punctilio would be allowed to stand in the way of a settlement. The Government proposed no general confiscation and they intended to grant full political rights. They would listen to any reasonable overtures from a responsible authority, and they would grant the largest possible amnesty.

A few days later the Netherlands Government sent a note to the British Government stating that the Boer delegates in Europe desired to go to South Africa to obtain power to conclude a treaty of peace. To this note Lord Lansdowne replied that, while appreciating the motives of the Netherlands Government, they could not accept the intervention of any foreign Power. He added that it was not clear that the delegates retained any influence with the Boers in South Africa, where all



A TYPE OF C.M.R.

powers were understood to be vested in Steyn and Schalkburger. From the tenor of this note it was quite evident that the British Government would not open negotiations with the Boer delegates in Europe, and were determined to make peace only with those who remained in the field. As events proceeded, this impression was deepened and, henceforth, Mr. Kruger and his associates ceased to be a factor in the struggle.

Nothing more was heard of peace until March, when it was reported that Messrs. Schalkburger, Reitz, and other Transvaalers had arrived in Pretoria from Middelburg under a flag of truce. They remained in Pretoria for a short time, and then went on by train to Kroonstadt. President Steyn and Generals De Wet and De la Rey were located and a conference held. Subsequently the leaders collected at Klerksdorp, and on April 11th they were again in Pretoria. For a week they held conferences there with Lords Kitchener and Milner, and on the 18th left for their respective commandoes to lay before the burghers the proposed terms of surrender. Later it was announced that a peace conference would be held at Vereeniging on May 15th.

The Boer leaders duly met their commandoes, took their views, and repaired to Vereeniging for a final conference before going to Pretoria to present their answer. This lasted only a few days, and then the leaders left for Pretoria, where the final terms were settled. These were practically the same as those offered in the previous year except that £3,000,000 was appropriated for restocking the farms, and it was agreed that the Cape rebels might be tried and punished with disenfranchisement, but that they could not be sentenced to death.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

The full list of all officers, non-commissioned officers and men who have been mentioned in despatches from South Africa has been published, to-

gether with all honours of special promotions, etc., gazetted up to May of the present year. The number and names of the Canadians who have been so distinguished will be interesting reading, and is here published as a matter of record.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, March 31st, 1900.

SPECIAL—Major S. Denison, R.-C.R.I. Capt. E. Girouard, (Brevet-Major and local Lieut.-Col.) D.S.O., R.E., Director of Railways, has carried out his duties in a highly creditable manner; the concentration of troops prior to my advance was carried out by him without a hitch, and he has recently performed valuable services in restoring through railway communication between the Orange Free State and Cape Colony.

ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT OF INFANTRY—Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, Canadian Staff A.D.C. to Governor-General of Canada; Majors L. Buchan, O. Pelletier (Lieut.-Cols.); Capt. H. Stairs (Capt. 6th Princess Louise's Fusiliers); Lieut. and Adj. A. Macdonnell (Capt.); Sgt. Utton; Ptes. J. Kennedy, H. Andrews, J. H. Dixon, C. Duncafe and F. Page.

FABER'S PUT, MAY 30TH, 1900.

Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Intelligence Officer; Major Ogilvie, E. Battery, R.C.A.; Capt. Mackie, R.C.A.; Surgeon-Major Worthington, C.A.

General Buller's Despatch, March 30th, 1901.

LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele, commanding, has great influence with all ranks; having a thorough knowledge of frontier work, his services have been most valuable. Majors A. Jarvis, R. Belcher, Capt. and Adj. E. Mackie, and Lieut. R. Magee, have done excellent service throughout, and proved themselves most useful soldiers in every duty they were called upon to perform. Warrant and non-commissioned officers and men who have specially distinguished themselves:—Regtl.-Sgt.-Major J.

Hynes, Sgt. H. Nelles, Armr.-Sgt. J. Brigham, Cpl. A. McLellan; Ptes. C. Rooke, G. Gamsby, W. Graham, A. Garner. The remark about the South African Light Horse applies equally in this case, and I subjoin a list of names:—Major A. Snyder; Capts. G. Cameron, F. Cartwright; Lieuts. F. Harper, J. Benyon, P. Fall, J. Macdonald, J. Leckie, T. Pooley, A. Christie, W. Parker (quartermaster), J. Snider (transport officer), E. Steele (paymaster), A. McMillan (veterinary officer), A. Kyle (attached); Surg.-Lieut. C. Keenan; Civil Surg. A. Houseman; Sq.-Sgt.-Major Richards; Sgt. Trmpr. J. Farmer; Farrier-Sgt. A. Gillies; Sgts. R. Moir, J. S. Lambert, G. Clarke, C. Whitehead, S. Kelly, P. Routh; Cpls. E. Clarke, Alex. Norquay, W. Lafferty, F. Mulligan, C. McDonald, R. Grogan, Read; Ptes. J. Carpenter, C. Kindrew, R. Hammond, H. Saxby, A. Stewart, J. Waite, J. Devine, S. White, R. Dearing, T. Pym.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, April 2nd, 1901.

DIRECTORS OF RAILWAYS DEPT.—The difficult and arduous work performed by this department reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. Brevet-Major E. P. C. Girouard, D.S.O., held the important position of Director, and to his able administration, power of organization and unflagging energy, the success of his department is mainly due. I am much indebted to him for his valuable services.

CANADIAN A. D. C.'s.—Major Denison, R.C.R.I.

CANADA—ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS—Lieut.-Cols. T. D. B. Evans, F. L. Lessard; Lieut. R. E. W. Turner; Pte. L. W. R. Molloy.
STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele; Majors A. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis; Capts. G. W. Cameron, F. L. Cartwright, G. F. Mackie (adjutant); Lieuts. A. E. Christie, J. E. Leckie; Surg.-Lieut. C. B. Keenan, M. D.; Regt'l.-Sgt.-Major J. Hynes;

Sq.-Sgt.-Major J. Richards; Sgts. W. H. Nelles, J. M. B. Skirving. **ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY**—Col. C. W. Drury; Majors Houdon, G. Ogilvie; Surg-Major A. N. Worthington (attached); Capt. H. A. Panet; Lieut. L. E. W. Irving; Batt. Sgt.-Major W. H. Grimlett, Gunner Laidlaw. **ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT**—Col. W. D. Otter; Lieut.-Col. L. Buchan; Capt. A. H. Macdonnell; Lieut. J. H. J. Ogilvie (adjutant); Ptes. J. Kennedy, J. Landen, M. Crooke, R. R. Thompson. **MOUNTED INFANTRY**—Trpr. Waite. **MOUNTED RIFLES**—Capt. A. C. Macdonald (2nd); Lieuts. H. Davidson, A. L. Howard, W. M. Inglis, F. Young; Regt'l.-Sgt.-Major Church; Sgt. R. H. Ryan; Cpls. T. Gallagher, T. R. Miles, F. W. Whitlow; Trpr. Crawley; Ptes. T. Kerr (killed), S. E. Morrison, Hammond, Miles.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, Sept. 4th, 1901.

CANADA—Majors R. Cartwright, Capt. H. B. Stairs, Lieut. J. C. Mason, Royal Canadian Regiment; Majors V. A. S. Williams, W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Major G. E. Sanders, Lieut. H. L. Bowen (killed), Canadian Mounted Rifles; Lieut. E. W. B. Morrison, Royal Canadian Artillery.

CIVIL HOSPITALS—Lieut.-Col. G. S. Ryerson, Commissioner Canadian Red Cross Society.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, March 8th, 1901.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut. I. R. Snider.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, May 8th, 1901.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Major A. L. Howard (killed) has been repeatedly brought to my notice for acts of gallantry.

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—Lieuts. Borden and Chalmers (both killed) brought to notice for gallantry in action and for stubborn fighting.

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES
—Corpl. Morden, killed on outpost duty whilst with five men holding off a large body of enemy. Sergt. Builder, killed whilst bringing in guns near Belfast.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, March 8th, 1902.

CANADIAN SCOUTS—Pvte. D. McIntyre (promoted Corpl.), for conspicuous dash on several occasions.

CANADIAN SCOUTS—Capt. T. H. A. Williams, for conspicuous good service in December and January.

VICTORIA CROSS.

COCKBURN, LIEUT., H. Z. C., Royal Canadian Dragoons. At Kemati River, Nov. 7th, 1900, Lieut. Cockburn, with a handful of men, at a most critical moment held off the Boers to allow the guns to get away; to do so he had to sacrifice himself and his party, all of whom were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, he himself being slightly wounded. Later in the day, when the Boers again seriously threatened to capture the guns, Lieut. R. E. W. Turner, Royal Canadian Dragoons, although twice previously wounded, dismounted and deployed his men at close quarters, and drove off the Boers, thus saving the guns. Sergt. E. Holland, Royal Canadian Dragoons, did splendid work with his Colt gun and kept the Boers off the two 12-prs. by its fire at close range. When he saw the enemy were too near for him to escape with the carriage, as the horse was blown, he calmly lifted the gun off and galloped away with it under his arm.

SERG. E. HOLLAND, Royal Canadian Dragoons, see above.

SERG. A. H. L. RICHARDSON, Lord Strathcona's Corps. On July 5th at Wolve Spruit, about fifteen miles north of Standerton, a party of Lord Strathcona's Corps, only thirty-eight in number, came into contact and was engaged at close quarters with a force

of eighty of the enemy. When the order to retire had been given, Sergt. Richardson rode back under a heavy cross-fire and picked up a trooper whose horse had been shot and who was wounded in two places, and rode with him out of fire. At the time when this act of gallantry was performed Sergt. Richardson was within 300 yards of the enemy, and was himself riding a wounded horse.

LIEUT. R. E. W. TURNER, Royal Canadian Dragoons, see above.

ARMY HONOURS AND PROMOTIONS.

Companions (C.B.)

CANADIAN CONTINGENT—Col. C. W. Drury, Royal Canadian Arty.; Col. W. D. Otter, Royal Canadian Regiment; Lieut.-Cols. T. D. B. Evans, F. L. Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele, M.V.O., Strathcona's Horse.

Order St. Michael and St. George (C.M.G.)

CANADIAN CONTINGENT—Lt.-Cols. L. Buchan, R. Cartwright; Capt. and Brevet-Major S. J. A. Denison, Royal Canadian Regiment; Majors R. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis, Lord Strathcona's Corps.

Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.)

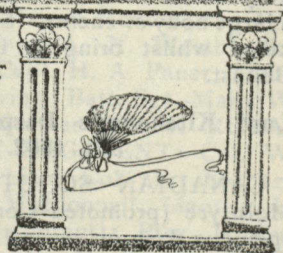
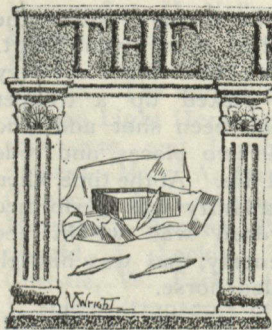
CANADIAN CONTINGENT—Lt. R. E. W. Turner, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Capt. H. A. Panet, Lieut. L. E. W. Irving, Royal Canadian Arty.; Lieut. J. H. J. Ogilvie, Royal Canadian Regt.; Capt. (now Major) A. C. Macdonnell, Canadian Mounted Rifles; Capts. G. W. Cameron, F. L. Cartwright, E. F. Mackie, Lieuts. A. E. Christie, J. E. Leckie, Surg.-Lieut. (temp. Capt.) C. B. Keenan, Lord Strathcona's Corps; Majors A. L. Howard (since killed in action), C. E. Sanders; Capts. H. B. Stairs, A. H. Macdonnell, Lieuts. E. W. B. Morrison, J. C. Mason.

THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Butler,"
"Parson Kelly," Etc.

CHAPTER XV—IF HE
COULD ONLY
HEAR!



RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermot Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit.

CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY opened his eyes and stared at Ethne.

"Engaged to Jack Durrance!" he exclaimed. "Then I seem to have wasted my time in bringing you that feather," and he pointed towards it.

Ethne drew her hand away with a quick instinctive movement.

"I am most grateful for it," she returned "you have taken a great deal of trouble to bring very good news to a stranger."

Captain Willoughby tilted his hat,

scratched his forehead and ruminated.

"It's a bit of a muddle, isn't it?" he remarked. "Seems a little rough on Feversham perhaps, what? It's a little rough on Jack Durrance too, when you come to think of it." Then he looked at Ethne. He noticed her careful handling of the feather, he remembered something of the glowing look with which she had listened to his story, something of the eager tones in which she had put her questions; and with an unusual sense of sense, he added: "I

shouldn't wonder if it was rather rough on you too, Miss Eustace."

Ethne did not answer him, and they walked together out of the enclosure towards the spot where Willoughby had moored his boat.

"Those old codgers who wrote verses knew a thing or two after all—Homer and his lot, don't you know?" said Willoughby.

"What in the world do you mean?" asked Ethne.

"Why, here you are, sort of tangled up, as far as I can see," he said, "whereas the Penelope racket would have saved a deal of embarrassment."

Ethne stopped and turned to him with a flush of anger.

"There is no parallel whatever, and I am not 'tangled up' Captain Willoughby. I wish you to understand that distinctly."

Captain Willoughby bowed.

"Of course," said he, "since you wish it, by all means."

They descended the bank to the water's edge. Captain Willoughby stooped down and lowered the painter of the boat. As he rose erect again, Mrs. Adair came down the bank and joined them.

"I saw you cross the lawn from the drawing-room window. I thought Colonel Durrance was with you," she said, and after she had spoken she waited.

"No," answered Ethne, and she said no more. Mrs. Adair, however, did not move away, and there followed an awkward pause. Ethne was forced to give in.

"I was talking to Captain Willoughby," and she turned to him. "You do not know Mrs. Adair, I think?"

"We have not met," he replied. "But I know Mrs. Adair very well by name. You see I am acquainted with Durrance and of course I knew—" A glance from Ethne brought him to a stop. He began vigorously to punch the nose of his boat from the sand.

"Of course, what?" asked Mrs. Adair with a smile.

"Of course I knew of you, Mrs. Adair."

Mrs. Adair was quite clear that this was not what Willoughby had been on the point of saying when Ethne turned her eyes quietly upon him and cut him short. "Captain Willoughby," she repeated to herself. Then she said:

"You belong to Col. Durrance's regiment perhaps?"

"No, I belong to the North Surrey," he answered.

"Ah! Mr. Feversham's old regiment," said Mrs. Adair pleasantly. Captain Willoughby had fallen into her little trap with a guilelessness which provoked in her a desire for a close acquaintanceship. Ethne, however, had disconcerting ways which at times left Mrs. Adair at a loss. She looked now straight into Mrs. Adair's eyes and said calmly:

"Captain Willoughby and I have been talking of Mr. Feversham." At the same time she held out her hand to the Captain. "Good-bye," she said.

Mrs. Adair hastily interrupted.

"Colonel Durrance has gone home, but he dines with us to-night. I came out to tell you that, but I am glad that I came. For I can ask your friend to lunch with us if he will."

Captain Willoughby who already had one leg over the bows of his boat, withdrew it with alacrity.

"It's awfully good of you Mrs. Adair," he began.

"It is very kind indeed," Ethne continued. "But Captain Willoughby has reminded me that his leave is very short and we have no right to detain him. Good-bye."

Captain Willoughby gazed with a vain appeal upon Miss Eustace. He had travelled all night from London, he had made the scantiest breakfast at Kingsbridge and the notion of lunch particularly appealed to him at that moment. But her eyes rested on his with a quiet and inexorable command. He bowed, got ruefully into his boat and pushed off from the shore.

"It's a little bit rough on me too, perhaps Miss Eustace," he said. Ethne laughed and returned to the terrace with Mrs. Adair. Once or twice she opened the palm of her hand and dis-

closed to her companion's view a small white feather, at which she laughed again and with a clear and rather low laugh. But she gave no explanation of Captain Willoughby's errand, since, had she been in Mrs. Adair's place, she would not have expected one.

Mrs. Adair's point of view was not hers, however. Here was Ethne, afraid of Durrance, shrinking from him, and now Captain Willoughby had come with news of Harry Feversham, good news if that low, clear laugh of Ethne's could be trusted. And it could, Laura Adair had no doubt of that. It might even be that Willoughby had brought a message. Perhaps that white feather which Ethne so tenaciously held, was in some way a message. And if the message was innocent, why were there these concealments? Laura Adair got hot and indignant over what was plainly an underhand proceeding, as she sat in the shade of the house after lunch. But she did not ask for an explanation. She was by nature, behind her pale and placid countenance, a tortuous woman; and she preferred to look through a keyhole even when she could get in at the door. She sat and wondered what in the world had occurred at that hall at Ramelton so many years ago; she perplexed herself with questions as to the character of Captain Willoughby's visit; she became actually suspicious because Ethne had left her to herself that afternoon.

Ethne was, however, at that moment merely sitting by her window looking out between the great trees across the estuary. She told herself again the story which Captain Willoughby had related and her heart thrilled to it as to music divinely played. She was conscious of a new exhilaration in the air and a quickened pulsation in her blood. Once she rose and unlocking a drawer in her dressing-case drew out a portrait—a portrait which at some near time must be destroyed. She had barely glanced at it, however, when a feeling of disloyalty brought the blood to her cheeks, and she laid the palm of her hand flat upon the face. She replaced it in the drawer without look-

ing at it again and laid the white feather with it. But the good news was not so easily to be thrust aside. Her own pride, which had never quite recovered from the blow which Harry Feversham had dealt to her, was now restored and by the man who had dealt the blow. For the heart of her great content was the one thought that Harry Feversham had needed no word of faith or encouragement from her. The muddle might be rough on her, as Willoughby had phrased it, but she was not conscious of that; and she sat in a golden mist until the lights began to change upon the still water of the creek and the rooks wheeled noisily out from the branches, circled about the treetops, settled again amongst the leaves and warned her of evening. She brought to the dinner-table that night a buoyancy of spirit which surprised her companions. Mrs. Adair had to admit that seldom had her eyes shone so starrily, or the colour so freshly graced her cheeks. She was more than ever certain that Captain Willoughby had brought stirring news; she was more than ever tortured by her vain efforts to guess its nature.

It therefore escaped her notice that Durrance's spirits rose to match Ethne's, that he seemed to be throwing off a burden of restraint. He answered laugh with laugh, and from his face that habitual look of tension, the look of a man listening that his ears might make good the loss of his eyes, passed altogether away. It escaped Ethne's notice; for upon this night she was off her guard.

"You will play your violin to-night, I think," he said with a smile, as she rose from the table.

"Yes," she answered, "I will;" and when he joined her in the drawing room she was already tightening the strings. She was seated in the window and Durrance took a chair behind her.

"What shall I play to you?" she asked.

"The Musoline Overture," he answered. "You played it on that first evening when I came to Ramelton. I

remember so well how you played it then. Play it again to-night. I want to compare."

"I have played it since."

"Never to me."

"You wish to hear whether I improve?"

"Improve? I won't use that word. There's another."

"Well?"

"Perhaps I will tell you after I have compared."

Ethne was off her guard. She did not speculate as to that other word. She laughed lightly and drew her bow across the strings.

They were alone in the room; the windows stood open; it was a night of moonlight. Ethne suddenly crossed to the lamp and put it out. She resumed her seat, while Durrance remained in the shadow leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, listening—but with an intentness of which he had given no sign that evening. He was applying, as he thought, a trial test upon which his life and hers should be decided. He sat so motionless that he seemed a figure of wax posed there as a jest.

Ethne played the overture, and as she played she forgot that Durrance was in the room behind her. In the garden the air was still and summer-warm and fragrant; on the creek the moonlight lay like a solid film of silver; the trees stood dreaming to the stars; and as the music floated loud out across the silent lawn, Ethne had a sudden fancy that it might perhaps travel down the creek and over Salcombe Bar and across the moonlit seas, and strike small, yet wonderfully clear, like fairy music, upon the ears of a man sleeping somewhere far away beneath the brightness of the Southern stars with the cool night wind of the desert blowing upon his face.

"If he could only hear!" she thought. "If he could only wake and know that what he heard was a message of friendship!"

And with this fancy in her mind, she played with such skill as she had never used before, she made of her violin a

voice of sympathy. The fancy grew and changed as she played. The music became a bridge swung in mid-air across the world, upon which just for these few minutes she and Harry Feversham might meet and shake hands. They would separate, of course, forthwith, and each one go upon the allotted way. But these few minutes would be a help to both along the separate ways. The chords rang upon silence. It seemed to Ethne that they declaimed the pride which had come to her that day. Her fancy grew into a belief. It was no longer "If he should hear," but "He *must* hear!" And so carried away was she from the discretion of thought that a strange hope suddenly sprung up and enthralled her.

"If he could answer!"

She lingered upon the last bars waiting for the answer; and when the music had died down to silence she sat with her violin upon her knees, looking eagerly out across the moonlit garden.

And an answer did come, but it was not carried up the creek and across the lawn. It came from the dark shadows of the room behind her, and it was spoken through the voice of Durrance.

"Ethne, where do you think I heard that overture last played?"

Ethne was roused with a start to the consciousness that Durrance was in the room, and she answered like one shaken suddenly out of sleep.

"Why, you told me. At Ramelton, when you first came to Lennon House."

"I have heard it since, though it was not played by you. It was not really played at all. But a melody of it, and not even that really, but a suggestion of a melody I heard stumbled out upon a zither with many false notes by a Greek in a bare little whitewashed café lit by one glaring lamp at Wadi Halfa."

"This overture?" she said, "how strange!"

"Not so strange after all. For the Greek was Harry Feversham."

So the answer had come. Ethne had no doubt that it was an answer.

She sat very still in the moonlight; only had anyone bent over her with eyes to see, he would have discovered that her eyelids were closed. There followed a long silence. She did not consider why Durrance, having kept this knowledge secret so long, should speak of it. She did not ask what Harry Feversham was doing that he must play the zither in a mean café at Wadi Halfa. But it seemed to her that he had spoken to her as she to him. The

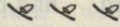
music had, after all, been a bridge. It was not even strange that he had used Durrance's voice wherewith to speak to her.

"When was this?" she asked at length.

"In February of this year. I will tell you about it."

"If you please," said she.

And Durrance spoke out of the shadows of the room.



CHAPTER XVI—DURRANCE'S STORY

"IT was on the night before I started eastwards into the desert for the last time," he said and the final words and the voice of yearning with which he lingered upon them for once left Ethne quite untouched.

"Well," she said, "go on," and there was something of impatience in the way she spoke. Durrance construed that impatience according to his inclinations. Since he wished to tell her of this meeting with Harry Feversham, let him tell her and have done with it.

"I had been busy all that day. I turned the key in my office door thinking with relief that for six weeks I should not open it, and I strolled out of Wadi Halfa along the Nile Bank into the town of Tewfikieh. As I entered the main street I saw a small crowd—Arabs, negroes, a Greek or two and some soldiers, standing outside the café, and lit up by the gleam of light from within. As I came nearer I heard the sound of a violin and a zither, both most vilely played, jingling out a waltz. I stood at the back of the crowd and looked over its shoulders into the room. A troop of itinerant musicians were playing to that crowd of negroes and Arabs and Egyptians for the price of a night's lodging. There were four of them; two were evidently man and wife. They were both old, both slatternly and almost in rags, the man a thin, sallow-faced fellow with grey hair and a black mous-

tache, the woman fat and unwieldy. Of the other two, one it seemed must be their daughter, a girl of seventeen, not good-looking really, but dressed with a scrupulous care which in those sordid, mean surroundings lent her good looks. The care indeed with which she was dressed, assured me she was their daughter, and to tell the truth, I was rather touched by the thought that the father and the mother would go in rags so that she at all costs might be neat. A clean ribbon bound back her hair, an untorn frock of some white stuff clothed her. The fourth was a young man; he was seated in the window with his back towards me bending over his zither. But I could see that he wore a beard. When I came up the old man was playing the violin, though playing is not indeed the word. The noise he made was more like the squeaking of a pencil on a slate; it set one's teeth on edge; the violin itself seemed to squeal with pain. And while he fiddled and the young man hammered at his zither, the old woman and the girl slowly revolved in a waltz. It may sound comic to hear about, but if you could have seen! . . . It fairly plucked at one's heart. I do not think that I have ever in my life witnessed anything quite so sad. The little crowd outside, negroes, mind you, laughing at the troupe, passing from one to the other any sort of low jest at their expense, and inside the four white people—the old woman, clumsy, heavy-

footed, shining with heat, lumbering round slowly, panting with her exertions, the girl, lissome and young, the two men with their discordant, torturing music and just above you the great African sky and just about you the great silent and spacious dignity of the moon-lit desert. Imagine it! The very ineptness of the entertainment actually hurt me."

He paused for a moment, while Ethne pictured to herself the scene which he had described. She saw Harry Feversham bending over his zither and at once she asked herself "what was he doing with that troupe?" It was intelligible enough that he would not care to return to England. It was certain he would not come back to her, unless she sent for him. And she knew from what Captain Willoughby had said that he expected no message from her. He had not left with Willoughby the name of any place where a letter could reach him. But what was he doing at Wadi Halfa, masquerading with this itinerant troupe?

"You spoke to him?" she asked suddenly.

"To whom? Oh, to Harry?" returned Durrance. "Yes, afterwards when I knew."

"I beg your pardon. I interrupted you. Tell me all!"

And she listened with that question growing more and more urgent in her mind. There came a dread with it, an increasing dread. She did not move, she did not even turn her head towards Durrance. Through the open window the moon threw a broad panel of silver light upon the floor of the room at her feet. She sat gazing into it as she listened and wondered, as though it was itself a window through which if she looked but hard enough, she might see very small and far away that lighted café blazing upon the street of the little town upon the frontiers of the Soudan, and pluck her answer from the vision. Durrance continued from the dark shadow behind her:

"The waltz came to an end. The old woman sank upon the bench against

the wall; the young man raised his head from his zither; the old man scraped a chord upon his violin and the girl stood forward to sing. Her voice had youth and freshness but no other quality of music. Her singing was as inept as the rest of the entertainment. Yet the old man smiled, the mother beat time with her heavy foot and nodded at her husband with pride in their daughter's accomplishment. And again in the throng the ill-conditioned talk, the untranslatable jests of the Arabs and the negroes went their round. It was pretty horrible, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered Ethne, but slowly in an absent voice. She was too absorbed by her one pressing thought to have sympathy to spare for those three outcasts of fortune. "Yes, go on."

"I was wondering by what stroke of ill-luck that troupe could have been flung so far in their quest for a living—though, upon my word, if one had considered the value of what they did, one could not have found it strange. When the song ceased, the young man with his back towards me began to fumble out a solo upon the zither. He struck so many false notes, no tune was to be apprehended at the first. The laughter and noise grew amongst the crowd, and I was just turning away, rather sick at heart, when some notes, a succession of notes, played correctly by chance, suddenly arrested me. I listened again, and a sort of haunting melody began to emerge—a weak, thin thing with no soul in it, and yet familiar. I stood listening in the street of sand, between the hovels fringed by a row of stunted trees, and I was carried away out of the East to Ramelton and to a summer night beneath a melting sky of Donegal, when a girl had sat by the open window as you sit now, and had played the Musoline Overture—not as you played it now."

The last words and a rather happy note of laughter in which they were uttered struck upon Ethne's mind for a moment.

"Not as I played it?" she asked, with some wondering; and then she remembered vaguely something which

Durrance had said before, when he first asked her to play; something which she had barely noticed at the time, and which his subsequent story had driven from her mind. "Ah, I understand; you spoke of a comparison. I play it better now, then? I improve?"

She spoke as lightly as she could, recalling a little of that caution which she had worn before her as a shield.

"Improve!" said Durrance. "I said that there was another word."

But Ethne was not on her guard that night. She was held too completely in suspense; she was looking through that white panel of moonlight again to the village on the Nile. She did not speculate upon what word Durrance would substitute for "Improve."

"Well," she said, "the man who strummed upon the zither? It was"—the Christian name was upon her lips, but she had the wit to catch it back unuttered—"it was Mr. Feversham? But he knew no music," she cried in a sudden alarm, lest Durrance should have been mistaken. "I remember so much very well. He would thump out any jangle of notes with his ten fingers on a piano and think it as good a chord as another." She laughed as she spoke with a momentary recollection of his inability to appreciate any music except that which she herself produced, and checked the laugh. For even to her ears it told too much. But now she was not the only one off her guard. Since she had played the overture, Durrance himself was no longer the attentive listener.

"No, he knew nothing of music. He could never have remembered any melody of the overture," she said.

"Yet it was Harry Feversham," he answered. Somehow he had remembered. I can understand it. He would have so little he cared to remember, and that little he would have striven with all his might to bring clearly back to mind. Somehow, too, by much practice I suppose, he had managed to elicit from his zither some sort of resemblance to what he remembered.

Can't you imagine him working the scrap of music out in his brain, humming it over, whistling it uncounted times with perpetual errors and confusions, until some fine day he got it safe and sure and fixed it in his thoughts? I can. Can't you imagine him then picking it out and sedulously and laboriously on the strings? I can. Indeed I can."

He spoke with that pitying sympathy for a rival which comes when jealousy is dead and the rival has been ousted from the field; and his comprehension of Feversham's plight came with a shock upon Ethne. She waked up to Durrance's presence, to the recognition that he was more than Harry Feversham's mouthpiece. He understood, he could imagine Feversham's gradual mastery of the forgotten melody, because in Feversham's place he would have done the like. She had Durrance to think of, and to think for—she must not forget it. And again the sense of disloyalty came home to her. But she must hear this story to the end; even at the cost of disloyalty.

"It was then Mr. Feversham?"

"Yes. I did not guess it at once. I was not very quick in those days."

"But you are now?" asked Ethne.

"Quicker at all events. I should have guessed it now. Then, however, I was only curious. I wondered how it was that an itinerant Greek came to pick up the tune. At all events I determined to reward him for his diligence. I thought that you would like me to."

"Yes," said Ethne in a whisper.

"So, when he came out from the café and with his hat in his hand passed through the jeering crowd, I threw a sovereign into the hat."

"Ah!" cried Ethne clenching her hands. It hurt her, though why she did not attempt to explain even to herself, it actually hurt her that Durrance should have tossed a sovereign to Harry Feversham as to any beggar. Ethne had her defects. She could not understand that a man could accept the gift, even in the pursuit of a definite end, even if the money went

to those three others in the café, without some loss of dignity.

"But why should he collect money?" she exclaimed. "And from a crowd like that?"

Durrance shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose that he had had rough times."

Ethne for the first time turned about in her chair and stared towards that dark corner where Durrance sat.

"You fancy that he was brought *that*?" she said, with some anger in her voice. "Never! Had there been need he would not have fallen to it, and there was no need. His father continued his allowance and he accepted it."

"You know that?"

"I know it. I heard it only to-d—" she began. For in her heat she was carried out of her prudence. "I know it I mean," she said hastily.

Durrance however was content with the statement; in his own perplexity he overlooked the interruption.

"Then what in the world was he doing at Wadi Halfa, herding with that troupe, playing for his lodging and a meal before those natives and a few Greek clerks?" he asked. "What did it mean?"

It was the very question which had been torturing Ethne, and of which she had all this time looked to Durrance for the answer.

"You did not ask him?" she cried, rising to her feet. And the cry was one of exasperation and almost one of scorn.

"There was no opportunity. Do you think I would have missed it had there been one? Harry Feversham was my friend, for many years my one great friend. He turned to thank me as I threw the sovereign, and he cried 'Jack!' just once, the next moment he was gabbling Greek and edging backwards through the crowd. But he had called out my name. Do you think I thought of anything at that moment except that he and I had rowed in the same boat and bathed in Sandford Lasher years before? I forgot you Ethne, I caught him by the arm, and

the crowd fell back and made a ring."

"Well!" said she breathlessly. "And yet you did not ask him what he was doing there? Oh why? Why?" and clasping her hands she resumed her seat. The bitterness of her disappointment was too strong for her. She made no effort to repress the passion of her cry. Here was the last news of Harry Feversham, and it was brought to her incomplete, like the half sheet of a letter. The omission might never be repaired. Besides there was the great dread growing in her heart. "Oh why did you not force an answer?" she exclaimed.

"I was a fool," said Durrance. There was almost as much regret in his voice now as there had been in hers; and because of that regret he did not remark the passion with which she had spoken. "I shall not easily forgive myself. He was my friend, you see. I had him by the arm and I let him go. I was a fool," and he beat upon his forehead with his palms.

"He tried Arabic," Durrance resumed, "pleading that he and his companions were just poor peaceable people, that if I had given him too much money I should take it back, and all the while he dragged away from me. But I held him fast. I said, 'Harry Feversham, that won't do,' and upon that he spoke in English, whispering it, 'Let me go, Jack; let me go. I will come up to your quarters in Halfa within an hour. Let me go now.' There was the crowd about us. It was evident that Harry had some reason for secrecy, it might have been shame for all I knew. I let him go and returned to my quarters. All that night I waited up for him on the verandah, but he did not come. In the morning I had to start across the desert. I almost spoke of him to a friend who came to see me start. At the very last moment, when my camel had risen from the ground, I stooped down to speak to him, to tell him to see to Feversham. But I did not. You see I knew nothing about his allowance. I merely thought that he had fallen rather low. It did not seem

fair to him that another should know of it. So I rode on and kept silence."

Ethne nodded her head. She could not but approve, however poignant her regret for the lost news.

"So you never knew why he came to Halfa?"

"I was away nine weeks. I came back blind," he answered simply, and the very simplicity of his words went to Ethne's heart. He was apologizing for the blindness which had hindered him from his enquiry.

"But there is always the chance, the hope, you will recover," she said gently.

"No, there is no hope, as you know well, Ethne," he answered. "I know it too. I have known it this long while."

Ethna was fairly startled. Durrance for the first time admitted there was no hope of a cure. She had suspected that he knew, now he admitted it, and a sharp fear clove her. Why had he spoken of Harry Feversham? Why did he acknowledge that he was blind for life? Had he guessed the truth, she asked herself, and dared not answer. He was so quick now to guess. That, too, he had admitted for the first time to-night. Ethne turned again towards that dark corner where Durrance sat, and half rose from her chair. She stared into the shadows, her heart throbbed so that she pressed her hand fast upon it. Was all this story of his a preliminary to a renunciation? Did he know of the four feathers? Of Harry Feversham's redemption of his honour? She dreaded the moment when he would speak again, but he still spoke of Feversham.

"There's one more thing. I am troubled by it, very much troubled. Of course I knew Harry did you a great wrong, though what the wrong was I do not know. But even when I thought that I had forgotten him at Halfa, I found that I had not. He was my friend, and I am much troubled.

When I returned to Halfa blind, I made some enquiries. I learned that on the very day of my departure into the desert, three of the troupe had gone on a steamer north towards Assouan. One man had remained, and the one man was undoubtedly Feversham."

"But he was not in Halfa when you returned?" she asked.

"No."

"You are sure, quite sure?"

"Quite. I had the place searched."

For a little while there was silence, and then Ethne asked indistinctly and in a low voice:

"And which way do you think he went?"

"I heard—it seemed incredible—no, it must be incredible—that a man dressed as he was, slipped past Halfa in the morning and went south."

"Into the desert?"

"Yes, but the desert to the South. You know what that means?"

Again there was a silence, and once more Ethne indistinctly asked, "Capture? Death?"

"Capture, yes for a sure thing," answered Durrance. "Once out of reach of our patrols, there could be no doubt. But death? Not of necessity. Believe that, Ethne! I believe it. You see, he was white. They might think him a spy. They would be sure he had knowledge of our plans. He would be taken to Omdurman first at all events."

"And Colonel Trench is a prisoner in Omdurman?" said Ethne.

The fear which had been growing upon her all that evening was a true fear, soundly based. She sat and clung to the arms of her chair, feeling the room whirl. But she must utter no cry, she must not swoon, she must keep very still and quiet, and speak when needed with a quiet voice; even though she knew that Harry Feversham had gone southwards to Omdurman to join Colonel Trench. For Durrance, the blind man to whom she was betrothed, was in the room.

CHAPTER XVII—CAN THE BLIND SEE?

ETHNE began to calculate. In the middle of February Harry Feversham went southwards from Wadi Halfa—five months ago. He was already, therefore, in the saier of Omdurman, he had already joined Trench.

"I suppose that escape is possible from Omdurman," she said, constraining her voice to an accent of indifference.

"Perhaps," answered Durrance. "Attempts were made to get Trench out, and others, but they have not succeeded."

"Why?"

"The trouble is the go-between, the Mahdist merchant who undertakes the work. For one thing his risk is great, and at the last moment he shirks the danger. For another, he is more often than not a rogue. You make your arrangements with him at Suakin or at Assouan, and you hand him over the necessary money. In six months or a year he comes back alone, with a story of excuses. It was summer and the season unfavourable for an escape. Or the prisoners were more strictly guarded. Or he himself was suspected. And he needs more money. His tale may be true and you give him more money, and he comes back again, and again he comes back alone."

"Exactly," said Ethne.

Durrance's words explained to her the one point she did not understand. She had not been able to realize the actual aim which Harry must have in view. She realized it now. Harry was to be his own go-between.

"With money, then, and a go-between who could be trusted, it is possible that Colonel Trench might be rescued?" she said, and Durrance replied with some astonishment,

"Trench? I was thinking of Harry Feversham. I did not know you were even acquainted with Colonel Trench."

"Nor am I. I was wondering about the lot of any man shut up amongst the Dervishes, and how he would long for release. Life would not be easy in the prison of Omdurman."

"Easy! A hovel crowded with Arabs, without light or air, and the roof perhaps two feet above your head, into which you were locked up from sundown to morning; very likely the prisoners would have to stand all night in that foul den, so closely packed would they be. Imagine it even here in England on a night like this! Think what it would be on a July night in the Soudan! Especially if you had memories, say of a place like this, to make the torture worse."

Ethne looked out across that cool, moon-lit garden of broad lawns and tall trees. At this very moment Harry Feversham might be struggling for breath in that dark and noisome hovel, dry of throat and fevered with the heat, with a vision before his eyes of the grass slopes of Ramelton, and with the music of the Lennon river liquid in his ears.

"One would pray for death," she said slowly, "unless—"; she meant, "unless one went there deliberately with a fixed thing to do," but she cut the sentence short. Durrance filled it up in his own way.

"Unless there was a chance of escape," he said.

Ethne made no reply, and Durrance wondered a little at the utter indifference which she displayed to the destiny of a man who, whatever he since had done, was at one time the closest in her thoughts. It was opposed entirely to a theory of his which he had expounded in Hyde Park to Mrs. Adair; that women gather up their experiences and dwell upon them, and make them part of their very selves. It was incongruous, too, to his view of Ethne, who was not lacking in imagination, and who of all people whom he knew, was the last lightly to forget. But while he wondered, Ethne suddenly broke in.

"Major Castleton is dead!" she said abruptly.

"Castleton?" he exclaimed. "There was a Castleton in Feversham's regiment. Is that the man?"

"Yes. He is dead?"

"He was killed at Tamai."

"You are sure—quite sure?"

"He was within the square of the Second Brigade on the edge of the great gully when Osman Digna's men sprang out of the earth and broke through. I was in that square too. I saw Castleton speared;" and Durrance was startled, for when he had spoken Ethne drew a breath of relief.

"You disliked Major Castleton so much?" said he.

"I never knew him."

"Yet I thought you were actually glad to hear of his death."

Ethne was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly and distinctly,

"I am not sorry."

She could not help it. The first feather had been brought back by Captain Willoughby. It was just possible that Colonel Trench might bring back the second. Harry Feversham had succeeded once under great difficulties, in the face of great peril. The peril was greater now, the difficulties more arduous to overcome; that she clearly understood. But she took the one success as an augury that another would follow it. Feversham would have laid his plans with care, he had money wherewith to carry them out; and besides she was a woman of strong faith. But she could not but feel relief that the sender of the third feather could never be approached. Moreover she hated him.

"I made arrangements before I left Wadi Halfa," Durrance resumed. "Spies you know come at times with news. If Feversham is at Omdurman, sooner or later I shall hear of it. Calder will send me news. You remember him."

"I do?" exclaimed Ethne.

"Yes," said Durrance with a laugh.

"He sent you the telegram from Halfa telling you that I was blind—the telegram which you received before you wrote to me."

Ethne was brought with a shock from her thoughts of Harry Feversham.

"You guessed that?" she asked,

and she turned and stared into the darkness.

"At Cairo. When I came to England I learned that I had guessed the truth. One has grown quicker, as I have admitted to you to-night. From the first I watched and listened, I tried to interpret your movements, to understand from the way in which you spoke, the expression upon your face. It was because I had lost the sight of you. There was no other reason at the beginning. I wanted to make up for that loss. But gradually I began to find out. I discovered that there was something lacking which I very much desired. Your words, the voice in which you spoke them, and—may I say it?—a reluctance on your part to be alone with me showed me unmistakably that friendship and pity were the feelings which prompted you to write to me at Halfa. For you felt nothing more."

So he knew! Ethne sat stunned by his words. She had no answer ready, and indeed she understood that no answer would be of any use. She turned again to the window and sat gazing out into the garden with hands gripped upon the arms of her chair. A sense of despair came over her; she felt powerless under the scrutiny of her blind lover. The natural defences of her sex were not for her. She had thought it would be so easy to keep the blind man in the delusion that she loved him; his very blindness made it impossible; and immediately Durrance put her own thought into speech.

"The strange thing is," he explained, "that if I could have seen you I should never have found out. With your face and your eyes in view I should have been content to believe just what you wished me to believe. I only began to see clearly after I was blind."

Again he laughed light-heartedly as he spoke. The laugh puzzled Ethne, for there was no affectation in it, and she knew that he now cared for her no less than on that morning when he had spoken by the mountain-torrent at Glenalla. And then he suddenly rose from his corner and coming close to her chair stood behind her.

"Do you remember the first time we met after I had gone blind, one afternoon a couple of months ago?"

"Yes," she answered, "at Hill Street."

"I said then that no marriage was possible between a man crippled like myself and a woman." He threw up his head with a laugh of pride, and made the laugh his epithet for her—"a woman like you, unless upon both sides there was love. I have never changed from that belief."

"I did not accept it," she cried.

"You did not oppose it."

"I kept silence—"

"Because to have contradicted would have shown me at once that upon only one side was there love."

"I do not accept it now," said Ethne stubbornly. She must keep faith with Durrance. She had written to Wadi Halfa because she knew how much he of all men had lost when he lost his sight; and that knowledge was present with her now.

"Now?" said Durrance with a quiet sort of exultation which perplexed her no less than had his laughter. He resumed:

"Even after I was quite sure that there was only friendship upon your side I did not change from my belief. It is true I said no word of breaking our engagement, but I waited and deferred the time of marriage. I made excuses. I led you to believe that there was a chance of recovery when I knew there was none."

"Why?"

"Because I hoped, as a man will, that with time your friendship might grow into more than friendship. So long as there was a chance of that I—Ethne, I could not let you go. It was selfish, no doubt, but selfishness is the blind man's particular fault. So, I waited, listening for some new softness in your voice, some new buoyancy in your laughter, some new deep thrill of the heart in the music which you played, longing for it—how much! Well, to-night I have burnt my boats, I have admitted to you that I knew friendship limited your thoughts of me.

I have owned to you there is no hope my sight will be restored. I have even dared to-night to tell you what I have kept secret for so long, my meeting with Harry Feversham and the peril which he has run."

"Yes," said Ethne slowly. "Why have you told me these things to-night?"

"Because for the first time, I have heard to-night just those signs for which I waited. The new softness, the new pride in your voice, the buoyancy in your laughter—they have been audible to me all this evening. The restraint and the tension were gone from your manner. I asked you to play the Musoline Overture, so that I might compare. It was not to see whether you had improved. I told you there was another word. Perhaps you can guess it now. And when you played, it was as though someone with just your skill and knowledge played, but someone who let her heart speak resonantly through the music as until to-night you have never done. Ethne, Ethne!"

Ethne did not answer, for in this revulsion of her feelings she dared not trust her voice. The conclusion to which he had come was so unexpected by her that for the moment she was not even aware that of her fear, at all events, she was relieved. The new pride, the new happiness which had shown in her that Durrance took to himself. Captain Willoughby's message, the tidings of Harry Feversham, the possession of a little soiled white feather locked up in a drawer upstairs, had begotten that pride and that happiness, and Durrance took them both to himself, was grateful for them and recognized them as signs of love. So, indeed, they were, but of love for him—no. His very penetration had led him astray.

At one moment pity for Durrance overwhelmed her; at another the bitter irony of his mistake pressed upon her so that she could barely keep from laughter as bitter. Some great, grim jest of the ancient gods it seemed wantonly played upon these ineffectual mor-

tals. And again a fierce loathing for the concealments she must practise and still practise suddenly sprang up in her; so that she had much ado not to spring from her chair and speak the whole truth out and have done with it.

But she sat very still, she gave way to no laughter, and she expressed no pity.

"So you see," Durrance continued, "I could not speak of Harry Feversham until to-night. For I was afraid that what I had to tell you would hurt you very much. I was afraid that you still remembered him, in spite of those five years. I knew, of course, that you were my friend. But I doubted whether in your heart you were not more than that to him. To-night, however, I could tell you without fear."

He bent forward over the back of her chair.

"Ethne!" he said.

She was now leaning forward with her face dropped upon her hands.

"Ethne," he whispered, and taking gently hold of her wrists, he drew her back towards him. She still kept her palms pressed upon her face.

"Ethne," he said a third time in a whisper, and this time he was answered. But it was only with a sob.

It had been a day of emotion and surprise for Ethne Eustace, and at the end of it she was overwrought. Some relief she needs must have, and it took the rare form of tears.

"I am sorry," she said in a broken voice, "But I am very tired. I don't think that I have ever behaved like this since I was a child, and did it to get what I wanted from my father when other means of persuasion had failed."

She made an attempt at laughter and drew herself away from Durrance and stood up. He moved towards her again, and she said rather hurriedly:

"Of course I have seen for some time that you suspected something was

amiss. I am very glad that to-night your suspicions are at an end."

"Yes, to-night," he said, and he came yet nearer. She looked round that dark room with rather a hunted gaze, and took up the match-box. At once she struck a match and lighted the lamp. It took some few moments to light, and she kept it between Durrance and herself. When she had finished she went to the open window.

"What a night!" she said, "won't you come out?"

She appeared not to notice his outstretched hand, and stepped across the threshold on to the terrace. Durrance followed her, and as they stood together outside, she said:

"Laura is here," and she crossed to her friend.

Mrs. Adair looked up at Ethne and saw that her cheeks glistened. There was a smile upon Durrance's face which forbade her, however, to cheer herself with the hope that a quarrel had taken place. Besides Ethne was not of the kind which quarrels; nor if she did quarrel would she have tears to show for it.

"I am tired," said Ethne. "I shall go to bed. I shall see you to-morrow, Jack." And she just took and clasped the hand of his which hung nearest.

Tired as she was, however, she did not go to bed. She sat without a light for a long while by her window. The moonlight slept in silver upon the creek; the tall trees stood dreaming to the stars; the lapping of the tide against the banks was no louder than the music of a river. She thought of another summer night, now five years past, which she had watched out till dawn. Well, two lives should not be spoilt because of her. She made that vow afresh. But Harry Feversham was in the prison of Omdurman, and almost beneath her window Mrs. Adair was talking low and earnestly to Colonel Durrance. Ethne heard the murmur of their voices as she went back from the window to her room.



Maskinonge and Bass Fishing

By
Fred M. Ivis

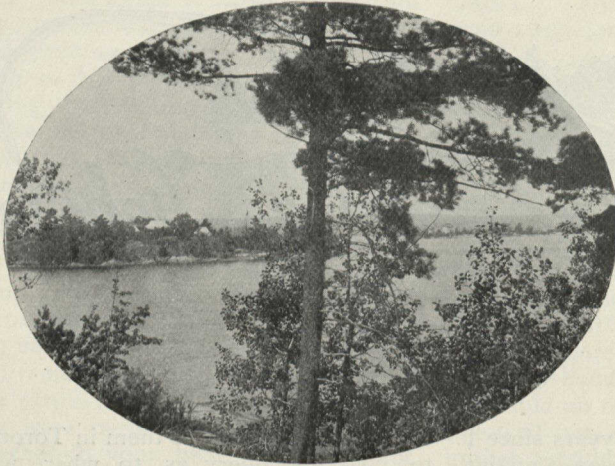
IT is more than a dozen years since I first fished at Bobcaygeon, a quaint little Canadian village on Pigeon Lake, and, notwithstanding I have since been there repeatedly, have cast a fly in many other Canadian waters, the episodes of that first summer recall the most delightful memories. My friend the "Dr." invited me to join him for a short trip down to "Bob," and in less than an hour after I had landed from the Lewiston boat he had filled me so full of fish stories, his marvelous catches, and what we were going to do on our arrival at the grounds, that I passed a sleepless night wondering what disposition we could make of so many Maskinonge and the hundreds of Black Bass. It was July time then, too late for fly casting, but as I never indulged in that kind of sport, it made but little difference. However, we were obliged to have a supply of bait, and, as worms are not indigenuous to the soil of Bobcaygeon, we

were obliged to secure them in Toronto. To my query as to where we were to obtain them, the "Dr." laughingly remarked: "I'll show you when it gets dark enough." And so, as the night shades were falling, we repaired to a neighbouring lawn and gave it a thorough sprinkling.

An hour later we advanced out cautiously and stealthily with lamps in hand, and there lay our bait in countless hundreds, stretched out to their greatest capacity, evidently enjoying themselves in the cool, damp grass. Did you ever try to catch a dew-worm? They are just a little bit quicker than chain lightning, and my inexperienced hands did a great deal of ploughing with little result. Nevertheless, we succeeded in getting a basketful. We boarded an early train for Lindsay, and very soon after our arrival were speeding along at a moderate pace down through the zigzag, tortuous channel of the Scugog River. A ride



HOUSEBOATING ON THE KAWARTHA LAKES, WHICH COMPRISE BALSAM LAKE, PIGEON LAKE, STURGEON LAKE, STONY LAKE, ETC.



JUNIPER ISLAND—STONY LAKE

of a dozen miles through this marshy, stumpy channel brought us out on to the beautiful Sturgeon Lake. Two hours later our little steamer reached its destination, Bobcaygeon.

It is a fascinating place, this scattered little village, with its numerous bridges and innumerable boulders, the dam, and the locks, and the people. Were it not for a slightly hotel, one could easily imagine himself a long way from civilization. From the cordial greeting which the "Dr." received from the diversified group at the landing, it was apparent he was no

stranger in those parts, and it did not take me long to familiarize myself with the names of the guides. There was "Jack," and "Scotty," and "Frenchy," "Class," and "Big John." Fabulous stories, and entertaining, too, they all could tell of what had been done "on these shores." I really felt that the "Dr." had been withholding a great deal from me, in order that the realities might prove his incomparable truthfulness and modesty.

The sun was just rising from out Little Ball Lake, when "Scotty" rapped at our door and assured us that "the day was half gone." A hurried breakfast, a helping hand to carry the "dinner" and the traps to the boat, and we were soon gliding down the half-mile of river to the lake. A beautiful little stream is this, with its massive boulders and lovely foliage lining either shore, and, as we row so silently by the old, deserted lime-kiln, I should have felt inclined to be a trifle melancholy, had not the "Dr." been so decidedly hilarious.

A vision of loveliness was in store for me as we emerged from the river out onto the lake. Off to the left was "Hurricane Point" and "Sandy Point," "The Reefs," and "Bigelow's Mills." Directly in front was "Big Island" and "Red Rock," while off to the right, a half-dozen miles away, a little group of islands helped to make a fairy-like picture. Still on beyond was "Montgomery Bay," with a low line of reefs, extending out for fully half a mile.



SCENE NEAR BOBCAYGEON

The good fishing grounds on Pigeon Lake are numberless. There are miles and miles of rocky shores, no end of reefs and weed-beds, and, while I have fished many times in other Canadian waters, my subsequent years at Bobcaygeon fly-casting and trolling, lead me to assert that there is more good, all-round fishing for Bass and 'Lunge in Pigeon Lake than any place I know. As the "Dr." could only remain a couple of days, and didn't care to "fool away anytime" trolling, we headed for the reefs in Montgomery Bay. A lone fisherman was anchored at the point, and, as we approached, I well remember how I was thrilled with excitement as we saw him land a beautiful three-pound Bass. "We are up against the real thing now," exclaimed the "Dr." as we modestly pulled alongside, just to see what luck the native was having. A dozen or more beauties lay in the boat, and, when we suggested that "this must be a good spot," the generous old native remarked, "You bet it is. You boys anchor right here, for I'm going home," and what cared we if he did reduce the contents of our proffered flask fully one-half, without a murmur, for it so warmed the old man's heart that he insisted upon our accepting half his catch.

We stayed right there till noon, and got a lot of them, big fellows too, and then the question arose, "Where shall we cook dinner?" "Over at yon point," says Scotty, "is a grand spot, with a fine spring for drinking," and so we hied away and soon had our boat pulled up among the rocks, against a bit of grassy, shady ground. A rushing torrent of clear, cold spring water emptied at our feet, making it indeed an ideal camping spot. There were some things we could do to expedite the dinner. We could bring flat stones on which to rest the kettles; we could find dry wood to make the fire; we could watch the potatoes and

the eggs, and see that the coffee was not boiling over, but, we *couldn't* dress a fish. "Scotty" could do it, however, to the "Queen's taste," and very soon a couple of the gamey denizens of the reefs were ignominiously browning themselves amidst the sputtering, juicy slices of bacon. And so we sat about in the most primitive fashion and ate and ate till all was gone, and then lay down to smoke and doze and indulge in pleasant reveries.



A SECLUDED POOL

The day was well advanced when we left that lovely spot, and as we were miles from home, the many "other good spots" that "Scotty" knew, had no temptation for us.

As we spread out our catch on the hotel steps that evening, it looked as if the lake had become depopulated. However, they were soon packed away in the ice-house, awaiting our departure. The "Dr." remained but one more day, and then left me alone with "Scotty." Dear old fellow! He is



old, fat, greasy Indian squatted on his knees, paddling an old "dug-out." He was just lifting in a splendid fellow. We rowed alongside and found he had a pair of eight-pound beauties, and must I confess, that in spite of "Scotty's" protestations, the Indian paddled off sixty cents richer. It was my first and last offence. How I hated myself that night as we rowed towards home, as I feasted my eyes on the dozen big, fine fellows that "Scotty" and I had killed! It was down toward "Hurricane Point" that I struck my

dead now. How well I recall the many happy days we have spent together, for "Scotty" was a typical guide. He could sing fairly well and tell a good story, and the days were never too long for him. It was always "Just another turn about yon pint," for "Scotty" had a lot of Scotch pride in fetching in the largest catch.

It was a bright and lovely morning that found us skimming along towards "Hurricane" to try for 'Lunge. Not another boat was in sight till we rounded out from a little bay and spied an



first one. It came so unexpectedly that I was entirely unprepared, and a half dozen yards of line whizzed through

my fingers. Then there was a yank, yank, and the fellow leaped the water at least four feet. My inexperience inclined me to hand him right in, but "Scotty" knew too well that the chances were two to one we'd lose him, and so, under his directions, I gave him plenty of line when he was inclined to pull — always



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM EAGLE MOUNT, STONY LAKE

keeping a taut line. How he did pull and haul and make the spoons rattle! But two minutes of this kind of exercise tired him out, and then he rose to the surface and commenced rolling. It took but a minute to "skitter" him alongside the boat, when "Scotty," with the aid of his gaff, lifted him in. He weighed just 14 pounds, and notwithstanding I have since caught many a larger one, the memories of my *first* 'Lunge, the joy, the thrill of excitement, pervade me always. It is a lasting sensation.

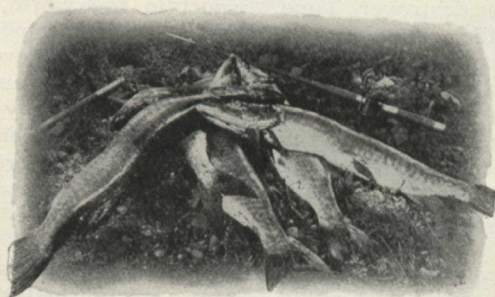
And so one day succeeded another, each filled with the rarest kind of sport. But the time for my outing had come to an end, and as I said good-bye to "Scotty" and the other guides, the cordial "Come back next year," and the assurances that I *would*, helped to

alleviate the many regrets I had at leaving so delightful a spot.

We have been to Bobcaygeon many a time since, the "Dr." and I, and right royal fun we've had fly-casting for Bass, and so I reiterate that for general, all-round fishing, Pigeon Lake cannot be excelled.



ANOTHER VIEW ON STONY LAKE



MASKINONGE



PHOTO BY MR. SLOAN

LYDDITE—THE FIRST WINNER OF THE KING'S PLATE, 1902, WITH HER TRAINER AND THE OWNER, MR. WILLIAM HENDRIE OF HAMILTON. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RACE. DISTANCE: ONE AND ONE-QUARTER MILES. TIME: 2 M. 15 SEC.

HORSE RACING IN CANADA

By Francis Nelson, M.A., Sporting Editor, Toronto Globe

QUAINT old Sir Thomas Browne, pointing out the inability of man to command an enduring fame, reminds us that the destroyer Time, which obliterated the epitaph of the Emperor Adrian, nevertheless preserved that of Adrian's horse. History has not neglected man's most useful servant, and it bears repetition that after the lapse of more than two thousand years we know as much of Bucephalus as of the young Macedonian who galloped him over the ruins of empires and the destinies of nations. The purview of this article does not include the war-horse, but rather the source of all his desirable qualities of speed, endurance, courage and beauty of form. The thoroughbred horse of the racecourse may be considered in two aspects, though they are practically inseparable, as the necessary fac-

tor in the improvement of his breed and as furnishing in his trials of speed the attraction in the most popular sport in the world, the sport of the turf. To a large portion of our community it has never occurred that horse-racing has any practical or intrinsic value. They have been able to see some undesirable attachment, and from the excrescence have condemned the whole tree. To them it is not my intention to address any argument other than to point out that in England, where it is longer and more firmly established than in any other country, the turf has long attracted the favourable interest of men of the most brilliant intellect and the most scrupulous character. The practical authorities on the horse in all civilized countries are agreed on the value of the test of the course, as the vicissitudes

of training and racing mean the survival of the fittest, and Count Lehndorff, the representative of the German Government, puts the case thus :

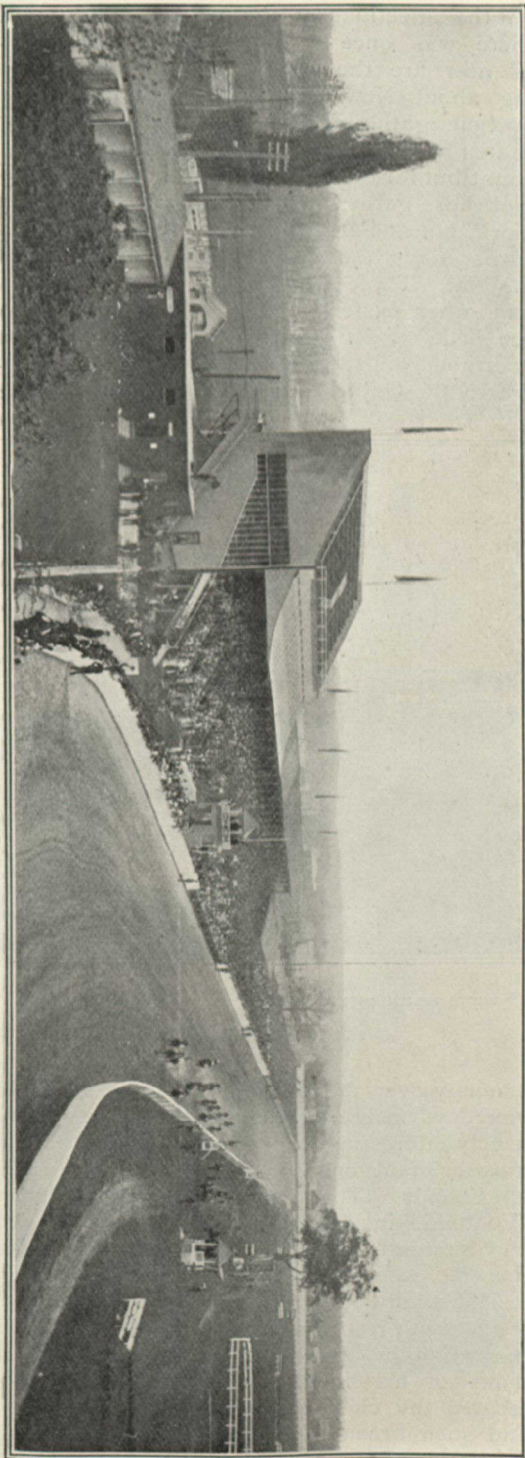
“The last struggle for victory, in which culminates the exertion of the race, results from the co-operation of the intellectual, the physical and the mechanical qualities of the horse, the development of which combined power is higher and more reliable than any that can be obtained in the same animal by other means. The combination of these three qualities forms the value of the horse destined for fast work, the mechanical, in respect to the outward shape and construction ; the physical, as regards the soundness and normal development of the digestive organs and motive power ; the intellectual, or the will and the energy to put the other two into motion and persevere to the utmost. The attained speed is not the aim but only the gauge of the performance. The grand ideal principle which places this test so incomparably higher than any other, based upon the individual opinion of one or more judges, is the absolute and blind justice personified in the inflexible winning post, which alone decides on the racecourse as recorded in the racing calendar for the space of 170 years. This it is that gives to the thoroughbred racehorse a value for breeding purposes unequalled and looked for in vain in any other species of the animal creation.”

Racing in Canada has always had a strong hold

ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB MEET, WOODBINE, TORONTO, 1902—FINISH OF THE KING'S PLATE.

LYDDITE WINS

PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE



on the affections of the people, and there was once a time when, vast as now are the proportions of racing about New York, the most important gatherings in the Northern States would have been of little account but for the Canadian contingent; and those gatherings were not at New York, but at Paterson, N.J. In these earlier days the sport flourished at Halifax, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke and other eastern points which now see little of it, while it has grown enormously in the Province of Ontario, where the Ontario Jockey Club holds

M.P., of Waterloo, and Mr. N. Dymont, of Barrie, annually contribute to the ranks of racing horses bred and developed on their own places. The sound judgment and careful management of the premier club, the encouragement of breeding by the giving of races exclusively for Canadian breeds and the cherishing and gradual increase in value of the King's Plate are some of the important factors in bringing about the present state of affairs in Ontario. The King's Plate* is the oldest racing fixture on the continent of America, first run in 1860 and continued without

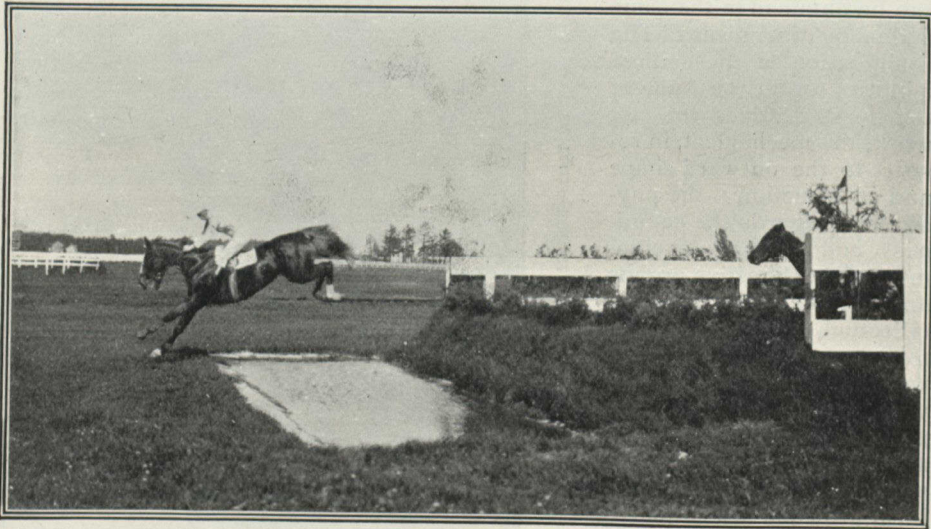


PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

STEEPLECHASING—TAKING THE WATER-JUMP SUCCESSFULLY

annually over the Woodbine course a nine days' meeting which is not alone a keenly interesting racing event but the most brilliant outdoor social event in all Canada. The people who go to Woodbine include the most eminent and successful men of the country in finance, politics, commerce, the professions and quite frequently you may see a pulpit leader who finds a rational recreation in what is attractive to so many of his flock. In Ontario are located the chief thoroughbred farms and such breeders as Mr. Wm. Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. Jos. E. Seagram,

a break. Except the Plate for the province of Quebec, the value of which as a popular attraction has never been realized by the Turf authorities there, I believe there is no other event, not even in England, to which the cash is contributed by the Sovereign, so that

* A full history of this race up to 1900 will be found in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xv., pp. 270-272. The race is open to three-year-olds, owned, foaled, raised and trained in Ontario, have never been out of the country, and have never won a race. The value in 1902 was about \$2,150. During the last twelve years it has been won ten times by Mr. Joseph Seagram, and twice by Mr. Hendrie.



PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—A DRIVING FINISH

we are particularly favoured and are only wise if we make everything possible of the favour.

The Hamilton Jockey Club has a fine racing property with a dirt track a little over a mile and a sixteenth in circumference, while inside of that is a turf track a full mile, which was built for trotters but was seeded down, and will now be used for the thoroughbreds. At Fort Erie is established the finest racing property in Canada,

though its patronage is very largely drawn from Buffalo, which is only a mile away across the Niagara River. Here since the first year, meetings of considerable length have been conducted by the Highland Park Club, which also leased Bel-Air and Windsor for several seasons, besides holding a meeting at Highland Park, Detroit. In one season alone this club has distributed among winners on its Canadian courses as much as \$148,150, or,



PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—A VIEW OF THE LAWNs TAKEN FROM THE MEMBERS' STAND

if Highland Park is included, the enormous sum of \$175,000.

I do not know the exact age of the Quebec Turf Club in its present form, but this organization, which, under the guidance of Lieut.-Col. Sewell, Mr. Vesey Boswell, M. Victor Chateauvert and other enthusiasts, conducts every year a thoroughly sporting meeting on the Plains of Abraham, is the lineal successor of a body that gave racing and steeplechase meetings as long ago as there was racing in the country. The field on which was decided the flag of the country makes a capital galloping ground, and the course is quite

and prosperous, and as fond of racing as it is, has not had a popular track. The situation of Bel-Air, fourteen miles out, will always be an unsurmountable obstacle to its success. Neither the efforts of the Bel-Air Club itself, with a local meeting of a couple of days, nor the more serious attempts of the Highland Park Club, which distributed at Bel-Air as much as \$25,000 for two weeks of racing, including a thousand dollar steeplechase and races on the flat of the same value, have sufficed to bring out the people of Montreal in such numbers as would justify a continuance of the sport on that basis.



PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—THE BETTING RING WHERE ABOUT THIRTY BOOKMAKERS RECEIVE THE MONEY WHICH THE PUBLIC IS ANXIOUS TO WAGER

uncommon in several respects. The horses run what is generally called the wrong way of the track, that is, with the inside—there is no rail—to the right hand, and they run on the turf, the course following the natural lay of the land, so that for a portion of the time they are out of the field of sight from the stand. The Turf Club's meeting is a genuine holiday gathering, and affords an enjoyable outing to very many who do nothing to help the club to meet its cost.

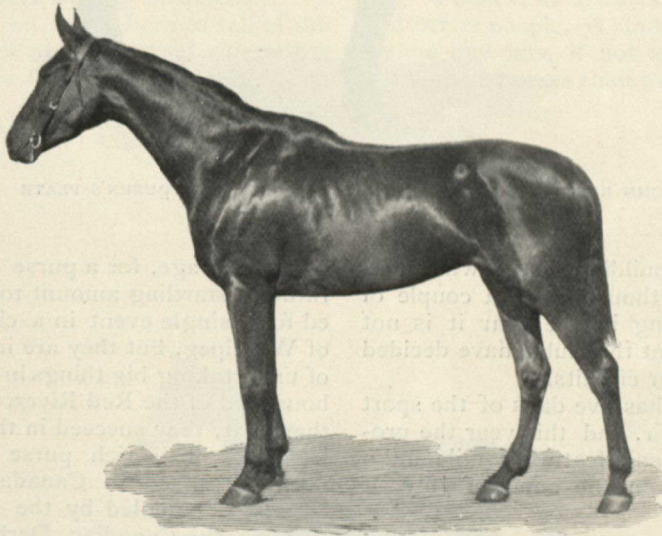
Since the old Blue Bonnet course was put to other uses, Montreal, rich

Yet I am convinced that with a course with modern equipment and easy of access by carriage and electric car, Montreal would before long rival Toronto as a racing point, and Toronto is, to my mind, not now surpassed by any place on the continent in the real and general interest its people take in their racing recreation.

In the vast expanse of territory which we vaguely call the Northwest there is naturally plenty of racing. There always is in a new English-speaking country where enough level ground can be found for a course, and

some day we shall read of the proceedings at the summer meeting of the Yukon Jockey Club at Dawson. The communities are small and widely separated, and the sport has not attained the creditable dimensions and systematic control that mark it in the older portion of the country, but the places are few at which there is not a day's racing at some time during the summer. At Winnipeg, Brandon, Carbery, Portage la Prairie and Neepawa in Manitoba, and at numerous points in the Territories farther west, sub-

thirty mares. Mr. Boyd is a practical racing man, and brought in such stock as a sister to King Barleycorn and a sister to Mr. Seagram's great sprinter Cobourg, but unfortunately the latter mare is now dead. The Northwest country has always been better supplied with stallions and many good horses, chiefly of English blood, are available on the farms and ranches. Eagle Plume, Acrostic, Alfieri, New York and Dean Swift are some names that occur at the moment, and it was in Manitoba that Mr. Wm. Hendrie

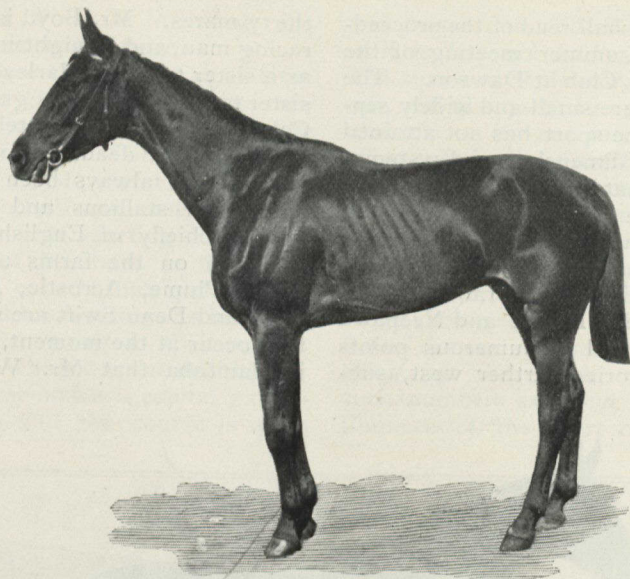


FLY-IN-AMBER BY PRISONER—GLYCERA.—MR. SEAGRAM'S HORSE WHICH FINISHED SECOND IN THE FIRST KING'S PLATE AND WHICH IS BEING RESERVED FOR THE SAME RACE NEXT YEAR

stantial and prosperous clubs are in charge. The harness horses take an equal part in the racing programme, as there are not enough gallopers in training to provide material for meetings exclusively for the runners. The latter are chiefly American bred, but not a few English horses of fashionable strains of blood are to be found. The country has great need of good brood mares, and Mr. N. K. Boyd, M.P. for Macdonald, Man., has gone about meeting this need in the right way, his own importations including some

secured imported Derwentwater, by Doncaster—Thorwater, by Thormanby. This is the most successful sire ever owned at the Valley Farm, which is evidence on two points—that Mr. Hendrie was influenced by sound judgment in making the purchase, and that the stock horses of Manitoba include much "class."

The half-mile track is the usual course in the Northwest and there is not yet, that I am aware of, an enclosed circuit of a mile. Land is cheap enough, but material is not and when



JOHN RUSKIN—THE HORSE THAT WON THE LAST QUEEN'S PLATE
FOR MR. SEAGRAM—1901

it comes to building fences with lumber at \$30 a thousand for a couple of days of racing in the year it is not surprising that the clubs have decided on the smaller circuits.

Winnipeg has five days of the sport during the fair, and this year the programme has as a feature a mile and a quarter race on the 22nd of July, at

weight for age, for a purse of \$2,500, rather a startling amount to find offered for a single event in a city the size of Winnipeg, but they are in the habit of undertaking big things in the neighbourhood of the Red River, and, more than that, they succeed in their undertakings. This rich purse has never been surpassed in Canada, and has only been equalled by the amount at stake in the Canadian Derby at Fort Erie on two occasions, though several stakes of \$5,000 each for harness horses are decided yearly at the Buffalo Driving Club's meeting, also held on the Fort Erie course.

Getting still farther west and crossing the Rocky Mountains, the enterprising Vancouver Jockey Club offers two races of \$1,000 each at the meeting on July 1st and 2nd of this year. Last year this club gave \$1,000 for the Dominion Day Handicap, and at its three meetings and two matinees more than \$6,000 was divided among the winners of thirty-four running and eight harness races, so that the sport is decidedly prosperous on the Pacific Coast.

At the annual meeting of the club a



MR. JOSEPH SEAGRAM, M.P.

few months ago the statement was made in the report that this was the first club in Canada to give the sum of a thousand dollars to a single race, but history does not bear out the claim. Apart from the Toronto Cup, the Stanley Stakes, the Red Coat Race, the Woodstock and the Queen's Plates at Woodbine, and the Canadian Derby and other stakes of \$1,000 or more, given by the Highland Park Club at Fort Erie and Montreal, there was a meeting at Hamilton in 1872 at which there was a \$1,000 race of mile heats, and another of \$1,200 at 2 miles, both of which were won by Morlacchi.

There is no space here to tell of the good horses and the good riders that Canada has furnished to the American

turf, from the purchase at Quebec of Gallopade, the foundation of Belle Meade, greatest of American stud farms, to the present time. Out of this country came Midlothian, Topgalant, Lord Hartington, Albert, Masetto and Stratford, likewise "Tommy" Burns, the premier American jockey, and J. H. Martin, the young man who rode this year's Derby winner, Ard Patrick.

It seems to me that the position of the Turf in Canada is more satisfactory than it has ever been in the twenty-five years during which it has interested me. I believe it attracts more people and better people, is under better discipline and has, if not better horses, more good horses than ever before.



WARWHOOB BY WICKHAM—LADY LIGHTFOOT.—AN EXCELLENT
CANADIAN THOROUGHbred YEARLING

WHEN LAURIER WAS DEFEATED

By George Stewart, D.C.L.

ALTHOUGH Sir Wilfrid Laurier began his political life in 1871, when he was elected a member of the Quebec House of Assembly for Drummond and Arthabaska, it was not until 1874 that he entered the arena of his greater triumphs, the House of Commons. He had made his mark in the Legislature as an orator and a debater, and would probably have remained there for some years had not influential Liberal friends intervened, and urged him to resign his seat and contest his constituency for Ottawa. He was elected by a good majority, and at once created a splendid impression in the House. His abilities were soon discovered, and as he spoke both languages with equal elegance and force, it was not long before he was a recognized power in the discussions of Parliament. He was impressive and dignified, and the subject-matter of his speeches showed knowledge and preparation. He moved the address, and at the close of his remarks, his leader, Mr. Mackenzie, then Premier, went over to the young tribune and warmly congratulated him on his success. Other prominent members of the Cabinet did the same, as did also several Conservatives. The Prime Minister early marked him for preferment, and in 1877 offered him the first vacancy available, the portfolio of Inland Revenue, which was accepted, and Mr. Laurier returned to his county for the endorsement of the electors on his taking office. He was so strong in his riding that many thought that he would be sent back to the House by acclamation, but like Sir John Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, and other eminent statesmen, he encountered defeat in his own stronghold.

Public men are often subjected to similar treatment at the hands of the people whom they have served with zeal and devotion, and frequently at great personal sacrifice. There is hardly a statesman of any importance in Canada

to-day who has not passed through a similar experience of ingratitude. The gentleman who overcame Mr. Laurier in the struggle made no figure in Parliament, but the services of the latter were not lost to the country, though he resolved not to ask the electors of Drummond and Arthabaska again for their suffrages and support. Mr. Laurier's opponent was Mr. O. D. Bourbeau, Mayor of Victoriaville, a capitalist and a director of several corporations and societies. He was a strong Conservative and Protectionist. The fight was a bitter one, and at the close of the polls the latter found himself victor by about forty majority. The constituency time and again regretted its action, and partly made amends for it by electing and re-electing ever since, men of the same political faith as their old member. But having once turned aside, Mr. Laurier did not look back, though, of course, Arthabaska is his old home, and his visits to it are frequent, and the people receive him always with enthusiasm and warmth. His law-partner, Mr. Joseph Lavergne, succeeded his opponent of 1877, and when he was a short time ago made a Judge, Mr. Louis Lavergne, his brother, became the successful candidate in the Liberal interest.

Mr. Laurier was not kept out of Parliament, however. The Hon. Isidore Thibaudeau, member for the large division of Quebec East, resigned his mandate, and the electors adopted Mr. Laurier, and sent him to Ottawa as their representative by the substantial majority of 316, which has been increased at every general election, from nearly 800 in 1878 to about 2,200 in 1896, elections by acclamation happening two or three times during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Laurier's first rival in the division was Mr. Adolphe Tourangeau, a very popular man, whom, however, as we have said, he defeated. When the future Premier was nominated, at least two

thousand of the electors took special trains to Arthabaskaville to convey the message of Quebec East to him. As the cars passed by the various stations, the number of friends was materially augmented. Bands of music were in attendance, and when the party arrived, the home of Mr. Laurier was *en fete*, and flags and banners and streamers, and Chinese lanterns were very much in evidence. The organizer of this triumphant procession was Mr. Ernest Pacaud, now editor of the *Soleil*.

Mr. Laurier received the nomination graciously, and proceeded to the constituency in state. When he was elected the same enthusiastic people turned

out *en masse*, and in two special trains with bands in almost every car, the crowds again besieged Arthabaskaville, and in a frenzy of delight cheered their hero to the echo. The ovation was a great success in every way. Few candidates who were later nominated against him, saved their deposits. While the Premier frequently visits his constituency, and keeps in close touch with his political friends when an election is in progress, he usually makes one speech at St. Rochs, the home of Liberalism in Quebec, and leaves to his committees the easy and congenial task of rolling up his majority.

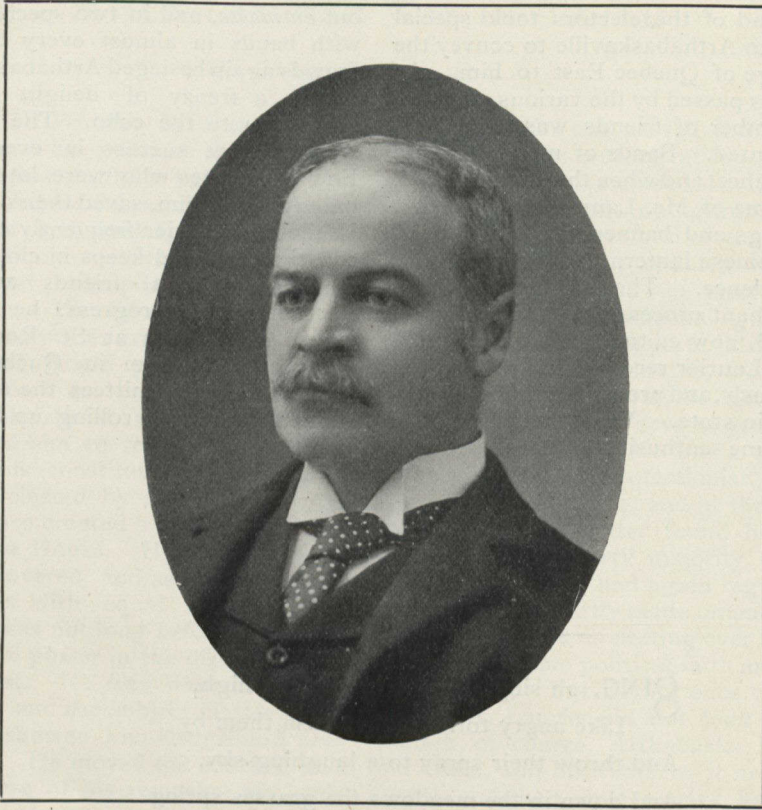
A SPRING SONG

SING, oh sing, for the brooks are high,
 Like angry torrents they rush them by
 And throw their spray to a laughing sky,
 And down in the meadows the grasses spring
 A-quiver with life—Then sing, oh sing !

Sing, oh sing, for deep in the woods
 The flowers are peeping from under their hoods,
 And the bees have stirred from their solitudes,
 And the south winds whisper of the joy they bring
 In the days a-coming—Then sing, oh sing !

Sing, oh sing, for the wild birds fly
 Northward across the brightening sky,
 And spring is here, and summer is nigh,
 And life is sweet—let the joy-bells ring
 To the heart's glad throbbing—Then sing, oh sing !

Helen Baptie Lough



HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.

The present Premier of the Province of Prince Edward Island

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXVI—HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.

HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C., Premier of Prince Edward Island, enjoys the exceedingly rare distinction of having, after a brief interval, succeeded his brother in that high position. Hon. Frederick Peters, K.C., was born in 1852, and Hon. Arthur Peters, the subject of this sketch in 1854. As sons of the late Hon. James Horsfield Peters, Judge of the Supreme Court and Master of the Rolls, by his wife Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., the sons had the advantages of aristocratic birth, ample private fortune, a liberal education and a natural aptitude for

the legal profession, in which their father had attained a foremost position. Both were educated at King's College, N.S., completed their legal studies in England and were called to the Bar in England as well as in Prince Edward Island. Both brothers entered the House of Assembly in 1890 and assisted to overthrow the then Conservative Government. In 1891 Hon. F. Peters became leader of the new Liberal Government, which position he retained until he removed to British Columbia in 1897.

Hon. Arthur Peters, the present Premier, received his education in

Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at King's College, Windsor. Entering the law office of Mr. Edward Hodgson (now Mr. Justice Hodgson, Master of the Rolls), he studied law with him for several years, and then proceeded to London, where he read law in the Chambers of Mr. G. Bough Allen, a noted English special pleader, afterwards with Lord Alverstone, now Lord Chief Justice of England, and also with Mr. Freeman, of the Equity Board. He was called to the Bar of Prince Edward Island in 1878, and to the English Bar in 1879. He was first elected for the Second District of King's County, and has been re-elected for the same seat at each general election since. He took but a minor part in political affairs from 1890 to 1897, being somewhat overshadowed both in the Legislature and at the Bar by his elder brother, who then filled so large a place in the public affairs and legal contests of the Island. Since 1897 he has come rapidly to the front as a leading spirit in Provincial matters both legal and political. The law firm of which he is now the head enjoys a large and lucrative practice. He became a member of the Administration under Premier Farquharson in 1900, and a little later was made Attorney-General. When Mr. Farquharson resigned to become a candidate for the House of Commons, Mr. Peters was by the voice of his party

called to the leadership, which he has since very successfully administered. He has now gone to attend the King's Coronation along with the Premiers of many other Provinces, well accredited by the unanimous choice of his colleagues, and strong in the support of three-fourths of the Island Legislature.

Premier Peters has never been a seeker after cheap popularity, and at times has seemed to be somewhat indifferent to the favour of the masses. And yet he could easily command a large share of popular favour if he thought it worth while to make the effort. He has undoubted talents, is a ready and fluent speaker, a strong debater and a resourceful leader. In person he is somewhat under the medium height, of full figure, erect in carriage; his well-knit frame is surmounted by a large, well-shaped head and a strong and pleasant face. Notwithstanding a certain hauteur of manner, Premier Peters loves a joke, and among the inner circle of his acquaintance is at once a most genial companion and a steadfast friend. To the casual observer he presents the appearance of healthful and vigorous manhood, capable of grappling with any difficulties that may lie in his pathway. In religious faith he is an Anglican Churchman, and an attendant at St. Peter's Cathedral, the High Church of Charlottetown.

J. E. B. McCready



THE AUSTRALIAN BOUNDARY-RIDER*

A SKETCH OF RANCHING LIFE UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

By Edward S. Sorenson

THE billet of a boundary-rider posted on the far outskirts of a run, to look after the stock, to watch the tanks and waterholes, and keep the boundary and intermediate fences in repair—is not an enviable one. Sometimes he has a hut to live in, more often only a calico tent—which keeps him dry so long as it does not rain too hard. It is mostly pitched in a lonely belt of gidyea or mulga, where firewood and water are close at hand. When the waterhole dries up, unless he is camped at a permanent tank, he shifts his residence to the next water. He has no mate to share his lot, except in rare cases, such as in drought-time, when scrub has to be cut for the sheep, and there is extra work at the tanks, pulling out the bogged, and generally attending to the weak animals.

At times, too, he has a rabbit-poisoner with him, but, for the most part, he lives the life of a hatter, having only his pipe and his dog for comfort and companionship. From this fact he is generally eccentric, and particular about little things. He is mostly scrupulously clean, and performs his duties with unflinching regularity. He is very exact. He has one way of doing each little job, and never alters his hand. He takes particular care of his two or three horses, which are consequently in good condition all the year round. He puts his saddle always in one place, which may be against a stump or on a limb, and when he brings his horse up in the morning he leads him under the same tree, and hooks the bridle over the one fork, or broken limb, though there may be twenty others equally as good, and quite as accessible.

His tent is neatly pitched; in front, cleanly swept, and all inside is tidy. At the side is a rough bough shed, with a table made of bark or tin in the

centre. The seat is a sapling rail laid across two forks. His rations stand on a box, or on a few rough logs, or a sheet of bark. Suspended lengthways from the roof is a bag, with a piece of board thrust in it for bottom. This is the meat safe; the bread or damper and the brownie are kept in the oven, or a covered gin case. His tins and tin plates are stacked on the table, and his pannikins hung on a wire. You see his mop (a bit of rag bunched on the end of a stick) for washing-up hanging here, and his wiping-up towel close by, and if you called six months after you'd find them hanging in precisely the same places.

His washhand basin (a tin dish or a camp-oven lid) stands on three stakes outside, and if there is no hole in the tree close by, his soap is kept in a sardine-tin nailed to the trunk. If a chance visitor happens to use it, he'll be told to cover it up when he's done, or the crows will carry it away. His fireplace is usually a few feet away from the front of the tent, and is unsheltered. It consists of two forks, with a pole across them, from which dangle several wire hooks. At one end hangs the meat bucket, and at the other his billy-can. Near the ashes is a round hole, in which he puts his oven when baking, to shelter it from the wind. On one of the forks hangs his gridiron. It is a piece of zig-zagged hoop-iron, or the hoop of a cask covered with wire netting, with a bit of fencing wire for handle.

A pair of hobbles, a bell, a dog chain, water bag, and fencing tools (a tomahawk, straining fork, wire key, and plug), pretty well complete his turnout. Those who are not hardened by long usage indulge in a mosquito net, which is thrown over four stakes in the open—forming pleasant quarters on a hot summer's night.

* From the Sydney *Town and Country Journal*.

The boundary rider's tucker is about the roughest a man can live on. He gets little in the way of luxuries, a tin of jam or treacle, or golden syrup, perhaps, once in a while; nor has he any vegetables, except just after rain, when he may gather the young pig-weed along the creek. On most stations a meagre ration is doled out to him; eight pounds of flour, two of sugar, and a quarter-pound of tea, with a few currants or raisins, per week. There is little or no restriction on meat, as he mostly kills his own.

With his tools, a bit of wire, and a well-filled water-bag under his horse's neck, he starts out soon after sunrise on his day's round, and frequently rides 40 or 50 miles before he returns to camp. He rides one fence to-day, driving the sheep off it and out of corners, "brushing" the creeks, and splicing the broken wires with the requisite No. 8 knot. To-morrow he has a look at the tanks and waterholes, pulls out bogged sheep, and skins the dead ones. If he comes upon a carcase that is too far gone to skin, he plucks the dead wool and carries it to camp in a bag. The next day he rides another line of fence, and so on. Now and again he pilots a travelling mob through his part of the run, which is the only relief he has from the dull, dead monotony of his lonely rides where "the creaking of the saddle is a dreary sound to hear." For this he gets from 15s. to 25s. per week.

When he returns to camp he has to set to work and cook his supper. This over, he sits on a block, or a little stool about a foot long and six inches high, smoking his pipe, and staring moodily into the fire. In summer, when the days are blistering hot, and the heat-haze dances before the eyes like films of shimmering silk, he lies on his back under the bough shed, or in the shade of a tree, with his face covered from the flies, dreaming of green hills and running creeks, and thinking, perhaps, of some one's laughing eyes, and a little mouth that kissed him long ago. Such thoughts are ever present in the silence of out back,

where little feminine trifles as a shoe or a bit of ribbon, are things to doat on, and to preserve with reverential care. Here the ghosts of old loves and lost opportunities glide in the gloaming and the starlight nights, conducing to brooding, regret and madness.

As a rule he has no literary matter by him to beguile the tardy hours, and consequently knows nothing more of the world's news than what he gleans from passing travellers. He lives in a world of his own, a world of sand and stones, and stunted trees, learning the tracks of different animals, and studying out better methods of trapping dingoes. His conversation bristles with grass and sheep, and wire fences. Sometimes he keeps one well-worn book to "swap with," and once in a while he may ask the "boss" if he has "an old paper or two to spare." There are exceptions, of course, but the boundary-rider who is fond of reading is not favoured by the squatters, it being argued that an interest in books and papers induces carelessness and neglect of duty.

Many boundary-riders do not even possess a watch, their only timekeepers being the sun and the stars. Some judge by the shadows. I saw one who had pegs stuck in the ground, at a radius of 10 ft., all round a tree. There were ten of them, standing exactly one hour apart, so that the shade, lying across the first at 8 a.m., would be on the last at 5 p.m. A swagman with a watch had camped with him one Sunday, and between them they had constructed this crude sun-dial. Once, when passing a camp, I asked a boundary-rider the time, and was amused at the manner in which he obtained it. Taking a small twig, he broke it into two pieces about 3 in. long, and, holding his left hand palm upwards, he stood one piece between the second and third fingers, and the other between the third and fourth. Then, facing due north, he held his hand straight out before him, and I noticed that the shadows of the twigs were just a trifle east of a direct north

and south line. "'Bout 'alf-parst twelve," he said. Their almanacs are equally as curious. One old chap, who had rusticated in the back country for thirty consecutive years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked "This week," and the other "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," and one every subsequent morning till "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were then returned to "Last week," and the old fellow would shave himself, and put on his best pants and a clean flannel or jumper—it was Sunday. Another man used a piece of deal board and a bit of charcoal, making a stroke on the former every morning till Sunday was reached. The "slate" was then wiped clean. A third used a circular board divided by grooves into seven sections. A piece of deal, pivoting from a nail in the centre, was shifted one section each day. But the owner of this contrivance was absent-minded, and often forgot to shift it in the mornings, and never knew at night whether he had shifted it or not. Having made several mistakes in the date, he tried a new idea. He made a big damper on Sunday night, and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance. He wouldn't forget to eat, and every time he picked the damper up the grooves would remind him of the day.

Unfortunately, on Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the section. But he wasn't. With bulging eyes the host saw the knife cleaving the boundary-line. He fidgeted and coughed, and made several irrelevant remarks. Still the hungry man carved into the almanac. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop! stop!" He grabbed the damper and glared at it.

"Hang you," he said; "you've eaten Toosday an' We'n'sday, an' now yer wanten slice the best o' the mornin' off o' Thursday."

The traveller left hurriedly, and the

host sat down to reconstruct his almanac.

One occasionally meets a Chinaman boundary-rider, and I remember laughing heartily at the first one I saw. It was on Greendale, near Tambo, Queensland. He was jogging along a fence, on a proppy moke, swinging the loose rein in one hand, and twirling a stick in the other, and talking to himself in Chinese. A coil of wire hung on one side of him, a tomahawk and straining-fork on the other—all "a-swinging to a tune." When he came to where I had cut the fence in order to get through, he pulled up with a jerk, and gasped, "Whaffor!" I rode on. A well-known identity was "One-armed Bob," for a considerable time on Mount Wood, Northwest N.S.W. Though minus a limb, he was considered one of the best boundary-riders and shepherds in the western district. How he used to work the fork in straining wire was a puzzle to many; but in this, as in many other things, his knee played an important part.

At night it is not unusual to hear a heated discussion going on between the boundary-rider and the fat-lamp. He speaks in one tone and voice for himself, and in another for the fat-lamp. As he tersely puts it when surprised, "Jest a little argument atween me an' slushy." Sometimes they have a row, and an imaginary fight, and slushy is kicked out of the hut. At other times he sulks, as a result of the pig-headedness of the other fellow, and doesn't speak to the fat-lamp for a week. He would even "see him further" before he'd light him. He is also much given to card-playing—left hand against right. When it is right hand's deal, left "passes" or "orders it up." If right is weak he turns it down, and left "makes it." The old man is careful to hold the cards back to back, so that right won't see what left has got, overlooking the fact that one head is superintending both hands. He gets awfully interested in the contest, too, which is mostly for the championship of Burton's Tank or Gidgea Creek.

There is a tragic side to the boundary-rider's life, which renders his hermit-like existence objectionable to most men. He may be a fortnight or a month without seeing a soul, or if illness overtakes him, or he meets with an accident, he has no one to nurse him, or even to cook his damper and mutton. He must make shift for himself, and trust to Providence. One who is every day of his life in the saddle, particularly in a country riddled with rabbit burrows, may get a leg or an arm broken at any moment. There are many instances on record of men who have crawled miles through the bush with a broken leg, and been two or three days doing it, under a broiling sun, and without food and water. No man should be left for days together at unfrequented places without a mate. Even at its best boundary-riding amounts to a sacrifice of one's life, considering the wages and conditions.

I think it was in October, 1891, that a man named McDermott, who was boundary-riding at Mount Wood, near Tibooburra, N.S.W., nearly lost his life through being left too long unvisited. He had gone out for his horse on a Friday morning, and was riding it in bare back, when it stumbled in a rabbit burrow, within half a mile of the camp. McDermott was thrown, his hip striking a dry, knotty root of a mulga tree. He was severely injured, and lay there suffering agonies till Monday evening. He fastened a message to his dog's neck, and tried to drive it away; but the dog would not leave him. Now and again, through the hot days, it trotted to the creek for water, but, though hungry enough, it never once went near the hut for food. In the meantime a traveller had come to the camp, and, thinking McDermott had gone to the station for rations, remained there waiting until he should return. Mac. had coo-eed at intervals through the long days and nights, but no sound came to the traveller's ears. On Mon-

day a boy came out with meat, and the appearance of the place, and the traveller's assurance that he had seen nothing of McDermott, at once indicated that something was amiss. No fire had been lit for some time, and the man's saddle was in the hut. Moreover, the hut was untidy, and, as Mac. never went out for the day without putting things "ship-shape," it was at once apparent to the bush boy that Mac. had left with the intention of returning shortly, and that something serious had happened him not far from camp. His first act was to look to the horses to see if any were missing. He found the mare with the broken bridle, and the hobbles round her neck. That told its tale, and he rode post-haste to the station for assistance. Picking up the tracks, the rescue party tracked McDermott to where he had caught the mare; and then they followed the mare's track to the rabbit burrow, where they found him all but dead, and the hungry dog lying patiently by his side, with the undelivered message still tied to his neck.

There is little in the grim experiences of lone humanity to equal that of the man who, a few years ago, when camping alone, attempted to split a log with maul and wedges. When he had burst it along the top he double-banked the middle wedge, which caused another to drop into the crack. He thrust his hand in to get it, when the banked wedges flew out, and the half-burst log snapped together, crushing his hand, and holding him as in a vice. How long he lingered, with his hand thus gripped, no one could tell; he was long dead when found. His axe lay a few inches from his feet, and he had rooted a semi-circular hole in his efforts to reach it, with the intention probably of cutting off the imprisoned hand. And the annals of the Australian bush are replete with such experiences, with instances of dogged grit and patience, and of long-suffering martyrdom.

SUCH A FOOL!

A STORY OF RANCHING LIFE IN THE WEST

By *V. Fetherstonhaugh*

ALEC CONWAY was trying to make a bargain with an Indian regarding a load of wood. The chore-boy was listening with thinly veiled contempt. He knew who would come out ahead on that deal. The door of the house opened and Conway's sister came out. The Indian's face fell a little; he knew Conway's sister. She swept the load of wood with a critical glance and shook her head.

"No good!" she said, "it is all dozy; I wouldn't give a dollar for it."

Alec had offered two-fifty and was on the verge of yielding to the demand for three dollars. He looked deprecatingly at his sister. "As we are nearly out of wood," he began. She withered him with a glance of unmeasured scorn. "Idiot!" she whispered. The Indian smiled, understanding the strength of his position. It ended by his receiving two-fifty and a small packet of tea, much to Bertha Conway's disgust.

The Conways were English and had been in the Northwest some four or five years. Entertaining certain erroneous ideas regarding the intelligence of the average Canadian, Bertha had begun by scattering abroad hints concerning the position of the Conway family, which she hoped would bear fruit in securing for herself and her brother the respect and admiration of their new acquaintances. She felt sure the scheme would have succeeded but for the foolishness of Alec who, unmindful of her carefully vague allusions to her father's estate, would blunder into the conversation with a reminiscence involving mention of "the shop" which naturally inspired distrust concerning the exalted position in society which she wished to claim for her family. Alec was a great trial to her.

She had expressed her views upon the price given for the wood, and was returning to the house when a buck-

board was seen approaching the house. It was drawn by a good-looking bay mare which showed signs of fatigue; her driver pulled up at the door. "Say," he said to Alec, "are you the boss?"

"Yes, I'm Conway."

"Well, now, can I come in and rest a spell? I guess I'm pretty sick."

He looked it and appealed at once to Alec's kindness. "Come in by all means," he said cordially; "never mind the horse. Billy'll look after her. You do look bad!"

Bertha stood at the door. "Suppose he's got something catching!" she said.

"I guess it's just 'grippe,'" said the stranger, "but it knocks a man out." He seemed hardly able to stand and Alec caught hold of his arm to steady him and led him into the house, despite Bertha's disapproval.

"He's drunk," she said, not troubling to lower her voice very much.

"I ain't," said the man, "no such luck! I'm real sick."

"I guess he is, too," said the charitable Alec, and, without making any useless demands on his sister's help, he put the man in his own bed and administered such remedies as his limited resources could afford. The stranger—he gave out that his name was Jeff Lyster—was in for a severe attack of "la grippe," and he occupied Alec's bed for three days and then arose as weak as a blind kitten.

The first fall of winter snow came while he was laid up, and bad weather followed. Alec scouted the idea of letting him leave the ranch until he should be completely recovered.

There was a demand for horses that winter for the mounted troops going to South Africa, and Alec was able to dispose of a number of useful animals to a man who was buying to sell again at a profit, if possible. He probably "did

Alec up" on the deal, but that has nothing to do with the story. The important fact is that he paid "cash down," and Alec found himself with quite a large sum of money in the house, and no immediate means of disposing of it. It worried him a little because his ranch was a very lonely one, and during the past year two robberies had taken place at no great distance, the thieves escaping with their booty on both occasions. It was the more annoying because there was to be a dance at another rancher's house, some twenty miles away, which he and his sister and the boy wished to attend, but the money weighed heavily on his mind. He confided his trouble to Lyster.

"Don't you worry a bit about that," said his guest. "I'd sooner stay home any day than go to any ball. Don't feel up to dancin' anyway. I guess there won't be no robbers around to-night, and if there is—why, I'm here. If you're scared to leave it why don't you take it along?"

"It's pretty bulky," said Alec, "and then—I guess it's safer not. We're to put up for the night at Ranger's place and maybe the boys will want to start a game when the ball is over—they're a pretty hard crowd—and I guess it'll be safer here."

"I guess so too," said Lyster.

Before he started Alec confided to his new friend that he had "cached" the bills at the bottom of the box where Bertha kept the house linen.

"Supposing anyone was to come while you was in bed, they wouldn't think of looking there," he said complacently.

"Bet your life," said Lyster.

The ball promised to be a great success. The room was crowded to suffocation, but, in spite of that, dancing went on vigorously to the music of an unsupported fiddle, the unflinching energy of the player making up for all other deficiencies. While the last dance before supper was in full swing, the striking figure of a Mounted Policeman stepped into the scene of revelry. He said a few words to the host and

then stood watching the dancers. "I thought it was a chance," he said; "he's got sand enough for anything. It's his darned cheek lets him out every time."

Gradually a whisper went round the room to the effect that the guardian of the law was on the track of a noted horse-thief from the States, whose country yearned for his return in order that he might answer certain charges of theft and manslaughter which had been brought against him.

"Last seen driving a buckboard with a bay mare with white hind feet. Man between thirty and forty; about five foot ten; dark moustache and beard, blue eyes and dark hair."

When the description reached Bertha she emitted a shriek of dismay, and seizing her brother by the arm she cried, "Oh, you fool, Alec! It's Jeff Lyster!"

"D'you know him?" asked the policeman.

"I-I-I," stammered Alec, "I've left him at home to take care of my money!" There was a roar of delighted laughter from every man in the room; Alec crimsoned and rushed into further speech. "He hasn't a beard, and the mare's feet aren't white," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Shaved—dyed," came a chorus of derision, and some one shouted, "Come along, boys; his tracks'll be fresh anyway. Bet we'll catch him before morning," and with an excited rush six or eight of the most sport-loving spirits made for the stable and their teams. They felt the occasion justified them in taking the lightest sleighs and the swiftest horses available, and in a few minutes three teams, led by the policeman in a "jumper" with Alec by his side, were swinging along the trail at a ten-mile-an-hour gait, stimulated by the rousing whoops of the excited hunters of human game. It was a cold, still night; the snow ground stiffly under the runners; the horses' coats grew white with frost; the air stung the faces of the men, threatening to freeze unprotected ears and noses, but no one cared. All they

wanted was to "get there," and get there fast.

A mile or more from Conway's ranch the policeman pulled up and shouted directions to his followers.

"Don't make such a row," he said, stiffening his remarks a little; "if he hasn't lit out yet there's no need to tell him we're coming. Take the bells off the horses and hold your noise."

They did as they were bid and proceeded in silence. The house was dark. Three men stayed with the teams, the rest followed Alec and the policeman. The door was not locked. Alec went in first. "Are you there, Lyster?" he called. There was no answer. Someone lit a match. A lamp stood on the table and he lighted it. There was at once a chorus of exclamation, mostly profane.

The man they were hunting was found, under most unexpected circumstances. He was lying on the floor with his hands tied, and apparently unconscious. This dénouement was so inexplicable that it was a full minute before anyone could do anything but swear. Then the policeman said, "See if the money is all right, Conway;" and while Alec went to see he bent down to examine the man who called himself Jeff Lyster. His hands were so tightly bound that the wrists were cut.

"Hold the lamp while I look at him," said the policeman, and someone held it. Alec returned with the money in his hand, just as they discovered that Lyster was shot through the body. Further examination revealed other injuries; it appeared that torture had been employed with no sparing hand. The "boys" were very quiet now; their mood had changed since they set out light-heartedly on their man-hunt.

The policeman was thinking. "There are two men or more in this," he said; "that's a pretty strong man to tackle, I guess. If we could bring him round—"

In time he came round and tried to answer their questions. He managed to say that there were two men and that they had come after the money—they had shot him and bolted on hearing the sleighs; he thought they were riding.

That was all the information he could give just then. Satisfied that their quarry could not have a very long start, six of the party started in pursuit, leaving one man with Alec to attend upon Lyster.

The would-be thieves and murderers were caught next day and promptly committed to prison to await their trial. Being identified by Lyster, who was brought into town to be under the doctor's care, they saw little chance of escape. They were men well known in the district and never suspected of criminal tendencies, but now, with bravado bred of despair, they confessed to former robberies, glorying not a little at their ingenuity in hitherto avoiding discovery.

They were good enough to regret their treatment of Lyster. They admitted that he had denied all knowledge of there being money in the house at all; their knowledge of Alec Conway made them discredit this statement; it was altogether improbable that he should have refrained from showing a casual stranger where he had hidden his money.

Lyster was the hero of the hour. That did not soften the fact that he was wanted at home to receive justice at the hands of Uncle Sam, and, as the working of the law regarding extradition would undoubtedly in this case have led to unpleasant feelings, it was felt by those in authority that gratitude was due to him for solving the problem himself. He died of his injuries and was buried with honour in Canadian soil.

His last words to Alec were, "Never you mind, boy; if you hadn't been such a condemned fool as to trust a stranger, I'd have robbed you myself. So you're in on that deal, anyway."

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XIII—THE GREAT LETTER SCANDAL

“AN experienced man of the world is never surprised at anything,” said Anthony. “For my own part, I should scarcely be astonished to find that the ‘man in the street,’ by some inexplicable chance, held a right opinion for once.”

He will say these things. Strangers who meet him in his sarcastic mood call him the bitterest cynic they ever met. He is really the kindest-hearted man, though severe in the execution of duty.

“And yet,” he continued, lying in the old chair with his feet on my highest hassock, and speaking slowly, and as it were absently, while he watched the blue smoke curl upwards, in more or less perfect rings, “and yet—I am not sure—there are exceptions—if the ‘man in the street’ should on any occasion prove to be other than a synonym for prejudice combined with bumptious ignorance—yes—I confess that—I should be surprised!”

I maintained a discreet silence, the only means of soothing him when in this vein. To dispute his propositions is to excite him, and to lead to a more violent expression of opinion. So I always give him his head.

“The shrewdest man may make occasional mistakes. Nelidoff was done when he thought he had done me. Broecker was beaten when he believed success to be within his grasp; Saval was outwitted; also Kruger and his friend Major Lemmer; likewise the ‘Grasshopper’ and his gang. Yet all took infinite precautions.”

I have already related these stories and also the remarkable incident in

connection with the stolen signal-book, and the singular subtlety and daring of Hallam when countermining the Anarchist Plot in England and the Nihilist Plot in Russia, to say nothing of the two mysterious murder cases and the great diamond robbery.

“Once you know the strength of the position,” Anthony musingly went on, “you know how much effort will be required. Once you get hold of a true clue, the following of it becomes a mere matter of detail.

“The great danger that Secret Service men have to guard against is—waste of time in following false tracks. You must take nothing for granted: you must accept no conclusion formed by others—and the more who concur in the conclusion the more likely is it to be false. Ah me! the number of criminals left unpunished by reason of the tendency of the normal official mind to follow the ‘obvious!’ So well is this tendency understood that clever criminals take it into consideration and actually lay false scents to amuse the police while they get comfortably away.”

“Your opinion of the police is—”

“My opinion of the police is eminently favourable; as patrols they are good; as runners-in of ‘drunks’ and ‘disorderlies’ they are excellent; as regulators of street-traffic they are gems of purest ray serene. Yet—where would they have been in the late anonymous-letter scandal? But you know the police and you understand.”

“I should understand better if you descended to particulars,” I said.

"There is no objection," said Hallam, "providing you don't cross-examine me on names, dates and places. It was spring-time; my garden was looking beautiful, I was in it at seven every morning; my feather-bed was less attractive than my garden-beds: the weather was balmy, everything was budding and the spring poet was sending truck-loads of verses to the newspapers. You will admit that nothing on this earth is perfectly lasting? Thank you. I had attained that ideal state of felicity which always presages trouble. 'Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall.'

"Sure enough, the summons came. It was from my favourite Minister; the one who sent me to Pretoria for my 'weak chest,' and who ever since that time has taken every opportunity of asking after my health. I called at the official sanctum at ten o'clock one evening—the time named in the invitation. The room was vacant and rather chilly. I was indulging in a gentle sneeze when the door opened and the Minister entered.

"'Good evening, Hallam,' he said, and before I could reply, he added, 'Still troubled with that hollow cough?'

"'I hope it's not South Africa this time?' I ventured to remark.

"'No, it's London. If you'll bring a chair to the desk we'll go into the matter at once.'

"One minute showed how the land lay, and truth to tell rumours of the scandal had reached me before.

"Anonymous letters and post-cards addressed to persons of the highest rank, were flying about in profusion. They were offensive, they were shocking, they were evidently intended to hurt, and to hurt severely. Yet all this was second to the fact that they were not the productions of some insignificant individual whose base, cowardly, and cruel nature loved to gratify itself in this way. No, no, the circumstance which caused the Minister to send for me was quite of another character.

"The letters were written by someone *who knew!*

"That meant, in this case, that the writer was in Society, you understand—moving in the highest circles, and—even there things happen which are not matters of which to be proud—men do things which they do not boast of, and—ahem—even ladies of position have been known to make little slips which they did not wish to hear proclaimed from the house-tops.

"Now although the motto 'noblesse oblige' is not always borne in mind, it must be admitted that the English nobility, as a class respect each other's secrets, and conceal each other's failings. They know that it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and that in these democratic times they must hold together. Therefore, the thing was doubly annoying; for in addition to the abstract annoyance was the disagreeable feeling that a person of rank and influence was stooping to this unspeakable infamy.

"No need to mention the subject with which the letters principally dealt. Suffice it that husbands received letters about their wives, and wives about their husbands, while engaged couples were thrown into a state of horror and consternation, and marriages in high life deferred, or altogether broken off. For the worst of it was, that the writer did not confine the pen to mere statement. Undoubted facts were adduced, facts which proved the writer to be well in the social swim. Not that the facts were always of themselves condemnatory—all depended on what construction you put on them, but enough evidence accompanied the accusations to give them an air of probability. Never mind more particulars. Let us say at once that the whole upper stratum of the social fabric was shaken and disturbed, and that heads of families were compelled to exercise a rigid censorship over their letter-bags. It was a horrible affair; much more terrible in its effects than you are likely to imagine.

"The Minister was not in a mood for the light and delicate banter which

suits him so well. He was visibly annoyed; even disgusted. He turned over a large collection of the offensive missives with the air of a surgeon engaged in a disagreeable dissection. Goodness knows how many had been sent out, for most were of a character to be destroyed at once. But here were no fewer than sixty-three—think of that—think of three-score-and-three bombs dropping in peaceful and happy homes!—however, you understand all I hint. The matter is not one for detailed description.

“The problem was, of course—who was the writer? One thing was certain—he was deep and subtle, and had thought the thing out. There are simple people who write on their ordinary note-paper with violet ink—which they use every day—and who believe they cannot be discovered if they omit their usual signature! There are others who take more precaution—for instance, if their ordinary writing has a decided slope forward, they write their anonymous letters with a decided slope backward—which of itself gives them away. Those who are conscious of writing with firm strokes write in a wavering manner; those who usually scribble illegibly write their school copy-book hand and so on, every one displaying the opposite of his usual style, and therefore, discovering himself to the skilled observer who knows his ordinary writing.

“Then again, some put their baleful effusions in imitation print, and some indite their spite and malice with left hand, believing the Abbe Faria who in Monte Cristo tells Edmond Dantes that writing done with the left hand is all alike, no matter who may be the writer—a convenient fiction for the purposes of the story, and one that has led to the discovery of hundreds of secret stabbers-in-the-back who put their trust in it. The experts in writing would themselves be puzzled to write so that their writing could not be detected by other experts, though their special knowledge would enable them to baffle the ordinary observer.

“Now, it seemed that the hidden

operator had an inkling of expert methods. He never wrote twice on the same brand of paper. He used all sorts of pens and pencils. He posted at all sorts of places, but invariably in London. He formed his letters after different fashions, especially cultivating variety in the capitals. He wrote in the neatest, and also in the most slovenly way. One description of possible epistle was absent—he had not used the typewriter—worse luck.

“One of the letters before me was especially pointed out by the Minister. It was addressed to a foreign nobleman holding an important political position. It referred to an affair of gallantry in which the nobleman's brother had figured with some discredit, and was calculated to hurt the feelings of the recipient by disinterring a by-gone scandal which was the property of the world at large. Baron Von Arthem had laid the letter before the Minister in the hope of contributing to the solution of the mystery surrounding the identity of the writer and the letter with which he accompanied the injurious scrawl threw a bright light on the Baron's nobility of mind and inborn chivalry. He begged the Minister to believe that he attached no importance whatever to this attack on himself, and assured him that he fully realized how the English character was opposed to this method of warfare. It was, however, his duty, as one who had for some time lived in London, and who had experienced much kindness and consideration from Englishmen, and especially from the English nobility, to aid, so far as was in his power, in the discovery of the dastardly individual who had caused so much misery. Otherwise he would have destroyed the letter at once.

“Said the Minister, ‘I have had some conversation with Baron Von Arthem, and I was half inclined to believe that he suspected some particular person.’

“I waited for more, but not a syllable came, and I knew better than to ask any questions. Clearly the Baron had not thought fit to give the smallest indication as to the direction in

which his suspicions inclined, and I took my leave, with the whole library of gall and bitterness in my keeping. So far, the only shadow of a clue was the statement of the Minister that the Baron had conveyed to him the impression that he, the Baron to wit, *had* a suspicion. This was little enough, in all conscience.

"For suppose the Baron had a suspicion—he was just as likely to be wrong as right, more so, in fact, for since none of the English nobility could form the slightest notion as to the perpetrator of so many social murders, a foreigner was hardly likely to have spotted the miscreant. That was consideration Number One.

"But then the Baron had not even said he suspected anybody. The Minister had only been 'half inclined to believe' that he suspected somebody! That was consideration Number Two. Clearly a case for much tobacco and meditation in the garden.

"Words have different meanings in different mouths, and my knowledge of the Minister disposed me to think that his 'half inclined to believe' was a weighty utterance. How I longed to interview the Baron! But the Minister had not thrown out the suggestion. On the other hand, he had not advised any reserve—and he was not the man to forget anything essential. The more I thought on the point the more I was convinced, First, that the Minister had indicated the Baron as a point of departure; and Second, that the Baron thought he knew something, and, if so, that he must possess some exceptional source of information.

"On the other hand, all this was supposition after all, and—if the Baron had not been more definite with the Minister, to whom he had confided the letter, was he likely to be more definite with anyone else? I determined to see him if possible, come weal come woe. But first I made careful inquiry as to his character and antecedents, purely and simply in order that I might, so far as possible, know the value of every word and of every look

he should utter or give during the audience he might grant to me.

"He was the second son of a great Continental personage, whose elder son had been the cause of a severe Court scandal—the same that was rehashed in the letter to the Baron, who as a second son, had been introduced to the profession of diplomacy, and who, though still quite young, had given much promise of distinction. Coming nearer home, I found that the Baron was temperate and no gambler, but that his vices were a passionate vindictiveness and a systematic immorality, which, however, he, like thousands of others in a like conspicuous station, kept carefully screened from the public eye. He was thirty-three, unmarried, in robust health, had lived in Paris, now lived in London, and was externally exactly what you might expect in all the circumstances.

"Well, I was granted an audience, but not a luxuriously fruitful one. I approached the subject with the utmost delicacy; he met me frankly and helped me forward until I asked him plainly if we might expect any indication of his suspicions. He said it was not conceded that he had any suspicions, and here a deadlock seemed inevitable. I rose to leave, remarking that the culprit was able and resourceful, but that in the end we would perhaps discover him.

"'Or HER,' said the Baron."

"That was the whole fruit of the interview. Not much, eh? Yet I had seen the person who spoke the words, and—I was convinced that he had suspicions; that he had studied to convey the fact to the Minister, and now—that the person suspected was a woman. I set more inquiries going, and went back to my gardening with intermittent study of the sixty-three letters. Were they all, despite their immense variety, written by the same hand? I concluded that they were. These things are not done in partnership. But what on earth was the motive? Was it pure devilment, or was it revenge for real or fancied slight or injury? Had some wealthy woman

been snubbed by English Society, and was she revenging herself? And if so, why on earth did she vent her spleen on the Baron, who was a foreigner?

"The inquiries set on foot brought an interesting item concerning the Baron. He had for some months been so assiduous in his calls at the Park Lane residence of the Countess Zara Orłowska, a young and beautiful Russian widow, as to give rise to the rumour that a marriage was on the tapis. Suddenly, and without apparent cause, his visits had been discontinued, and their connection was limited to the coldest formality when they met in the Row or elsewhere in public. For they never met in private now—unfavourable reports concerning the Countess were prevalent and—the best houses had been closed against her, though what the specific charge might be it was impossible to say.

"Here all at once was a perfect flood of light. Here was a foreign Countess of suspected character, who having been once received into society had been suddenly excluded for some secret cause. What more likely than that she should retaliate by telling people all she knew concerning the peccadillos of their brothers, their husbands, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts? The thing was so obvious that I suspected it; it was so completely within the grasp of the commonplace mind that instead of condemning the Countess Zara off-hand I determined to be doubly on my guard against a possible false trail.

"It was, however, needful to settle the point, a comparatively easy matter. There was a wide difference between proving that the Countess Zara was or was not the culprit, and in the event of her innocence being demonstrated, discovering who after all was the guilty person. First of all, an undoubted specimen of her handwriting was required, and here some difficulty was experienced. We could discover no correspondence of this fair lady, and though the post was open to us—at a pinch—her letters would probably be written

in Russian or German, in both of which languages handwriting is, as you are aware, thoroughly different from that of the same person when writing English. Moreover, in order to see so much as the addresses of her letters once committed to the post-office heavy formalities were required, and it was questionable whether the game would be worth the candle. A second conference with the Minister obtained a powerful succour in the shape of three lines of a French quotation from Balzac, which the Countess had introduced in a German letter, the context being carefully cut away and on the other side completely obliterated. I at once concluded that this document had been obtained from the Baron, and that his sense of honour had led him to destroy everything but the quotation, in order that the subject of the letter might not indicate the author, and that the writing might be examined on its merits alone.

"Now I called in an expert in handwriting, whose first decision went to confirm my opinion as to the authorship of the letters being confined to one person, and who in the first half-hour pointed out a surprising similarity between the writing of the offensive letter received by the Baron and the French quotation we held in the guaranteed writing of the Countess. But on a closer examination, conducted by means of a powerful microscope, he gave it as his opinion that the fragment was the free, bold hand of a person writing in the natural way, and that the letter to the Baron was a deliberate and studied imitation of it. His reasons were undeniable, and by means of the glass it was easy to see that while the French quotation had been written at a great pace, the offensive letter received by the Baron, which appeared to be in the same handwriting, had been executed slowly and with great deliberation.

"Here was greater confusion than ever. If our reasonings as to the writing were correct we could only conclude that someone had deliberately imitated the hand of the Countess.

Zara for the purpose of damaging her with the Baron. Ha! I remembered that the Baron had broken off with her, and that they 'never spoke as they passed by.' More inquiries, however, proved that the rupture was months anterior to the date of the anonymous letter received by the Baron. I did not tell my expert anything. He had nothing before him but the letters and the fragments. And he was absolutely certain that the French quotation and the sixty-three letters were *not* written by the same hand. So much for the Countess Zara and the wonderful obviousness of her guilt!

"Back to my garden and my pipe. Why did the Baron mingle in the affair at all? I remembered his letter to the Minister. Bah! there was no such chivalry extant. What did *he* care for the feelings of the British nobility? Why should *he* take so much interest in the affair? Why did *he* direct suspicion on the Countess Zara, who, by the way, was about to leave England? Above all, why had he broken off diplomatic relations with that charming lady of whom I, for one, could hear nothing but good? I determined to apply myself to these questions. Meanwhile I secretly exculpated her from the crime, and—the infernally-contrived letters poured into the houses of the best people in London and the provinces more copiously than ever.

"The Countess was not only young and beautiful, but wealthy, witty, and open-handed. Her charitable deeds were numerous and done out of real good nature, and not for mere advertisement. Her servants were devoted to her, and Morland, who, in the interests of the inquiry, had tried to tamper with them, had met with a severe rebuff. Close attention to the establishment, however, revealed the fact that her maid was English, and had once served in the household of a great nobleman with whom I was acquainted. Through his influence I obtained an interview with her, and this is what I learned:

"That the Countess was the best woman in the world; that she had

wished to live in England, but that wicked persecution was driving her away; that Baron Arheim had paid his court to the Countess, who had remained indifferent, neither encouraging nor repelling, until on one occasion the Baron had so conducted himself as to incur an instant and ignominious dismissal; that from that moment an unpleasant change had gradually taken place in the demeanour of the English and German acquaintances of the Countess, the reason of which the Countess disdained to investigate, and that for her own part she was quite convinced that the trouble arose from the Baron's having been virtually kicked out of the residence of the Countess, who was too great a lady to mention the circumstance, and too proud to attempt to defend herself.

"I heard all this with deepest attention. Miss Lucy Hale, confidential maid of the Countess Zara, was a woman of superior intelligence, and evidently straightforward and sincere. I hesitated as to whether I should take her into my confidence; she was attached to the Countess, and women can't keep secrets from women! As she spoke, a nebulous idea that had pursued me for some time assumed a more condensed form. I said nothing, but hurried to the Minister and borrowed the Baron's chivalrous letter. The great statesman was surprised at my demand, and took his time before complying. At last, saying that he had never known me guilty of indiscretion, and that the signature must not be seen by anyone except myself, he handed me the document, which was soon under the microscope, and, except the signature, at the mercy of my expert.

"When I had heard his opinion, which I may say was just what I expected, I set a close watch on the Baron, and taking an active part in the proceedings, after two days and nights of unremitting vigilance, followed him one lovely summer morning at two a.m. from a side-door of his residence to a pillar-box near the Marble Arch. As he stretched out his hand to post a

missive, a sharp whistle from Upton, whom I had stationed, with instructions, well in sight of the pillar, startled him and induced a momentary pause, during which I sprang on him from behind and tore the letter from his grasp. He was both powerful and active, and in a moment he had thrown himself upon me at once trying to strangle me and to recover the prize.

"A glance showed that help was near. I jerked the letter behind me, and clasping my antagonist round the waist, held on like a British bull dog until he was torn off, none too gently, by Morland and Upton, who in a twinkling disarmed him of a neat revolver (made in Germany) and laid him on his back on the pavement. Other officers came up; we satisfied them as to our identity, and, having locked up the Baron for the night, we went merrily home, very well pleased with ourselves.

"The Minister looked grave when I handed to him the letter taken from the Baron, whose identity was formally established before setting him at liberty. The captured epistle was of the same character as the others—and was addressed to a lady of title, eminent for her single-minded benevolence. A most remarkable and even superlative ruffian, the Most Merciful and Gracious Baron Von Artheim, diplomatic servant of the great Braganzan Empire."

"But," said I, "he had himself received a disagreeable letter."

"Written by himself concerning a matter which everybody already knew,

for the purpose of at once diverting suspicion from himself, and of obtaining an opportunity of directing it to a person on whom he wished to take a mean and cowardly revenge, while at the same time he gratified the anti-English feeling he was known to cultivate in secret. There you have the whole explanation. The Baron presented a phenomenon not unknown in the history of crime—the union of rank, station and intellect with the most paltry motives and detestable qualities. Such combinations present unusual difficulties to the investigator, and are inconceivable to ordinary people who can only see one side of a character.

"The Baron quietly disappeared, and, it is said, was killed while fighting for the Spaniards in the Cuban war. The Countess somehow got wind of the whole matter, and sent Miss Hale to request an interview. I called to present my homage. She said she wished to thank me—she need not say more; nor, indeed did either broach the subject uppermost in the minds of both, or mention any names. The cloud that had hung over her was removed—I knew something of the Minister's influence—and she remained in England. I wish I had her portrait! She was one of the only two or three hundred women I ever loved. Her health! Hoch!"

And Anthony Hallam, in the old fashion of his student days in the University of Bonn, rose to his feet, and drank a deep health to the beautiful Countess Zara Orłowska, whose slave he professed to be.

THE END



THE WIRE-PULLER*

BEING THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S ATTEMPT AT ENGLISH POLITICS

By Robert Lynd

DOT was standing on the doorstep waiting for me. She was dressed as though ready to go out, and under her piquant little feathered hat her hair was wimpling in the fresh sunny wind that played about her temples. As I crunched my way up the walk, deep in Ballycastle gravel, I noticed that her eyes were shining with a peculiar restlessness.

"Hilloa!" I cried, with that easy familiarity which one so laboriously acquires during the period of one's engagement. "Surely I am not late today?"

She was too excited to pay any attention to what I was saying.

"Oh, Tim!" she cried, clasping her hands together in her ecstasy, "only guess."

"Guess what?" I asked; for I was absolutely without a clue to what she was driving at.

"Guess," she repeated, stamping her foot imperatively on the door-stone.

I saw that I must set myself to humour her.

"Is it a hat?" I inquired with a superior twinkle.

She shook her head and pursed her lips into a satirical forgiveness.

"Again!" She nodded to me to resume my conjectures.

I pretended to think very hard for a few moments. Then I woke up with a start.

"Not a river picnic," I protested, "in this weather!"

She perched her head to the one side wearily.

"How stupid you are!" she sighed. "Why, it's politics, of course."

I opened my mouth in due amazement.

"A child might have guessed it," she went on contemptuously, and she stooped to pet a black kitten that was

purring around her skirts with its tail in the air.

"Tim," she said after a pause, during which her disgust at my stupidity had partially subsided, "which side do you belong to?"

Unthinkingly I again put my foot in it.

"Side of what?" I inquired, having allowed my mind to wander far away from the subject of our conversation.

A shadow of annoyance in her eyes gave way to a look of deep pity.

"You need everything explained to you in such detail," she murmured resignedly. She laid her hands on my shoulders with a kind of tenderness.

"There are two political parties in this country," she instructed me, emphasizing every syllable, "known respectively as the Liberals and the Tories. Now, which of the two would you support at an election to-morrow?"

It was the first straight question that had been put to me, and I brightened up under the feeling that I was once more an intelligent being.

"I am afraid," I replied with some jauntiness, "that I am sub-divided in my views on politics."

With a gesture of impatience she removed her hands from me.

"I mean," I went on hurriedly, "that within limitations I am a Liberal."

Dot bent down once more and stroked the kitten thoughtfully. Then she straightened herself.

"That's what I wanted to know," she said, looking me squarely in the eyes. "Because, without limitations, I am a Conservative."

The new phrase tickled me.

"It may become a serious difficulty," I observed, shaking my head solemnly, "when we are married."

She stared at me in surprised innocence.

* By permission of *The Outlook*, of London, Eng.

"You can easily change, can't you?" she inquired tartly, as though she had settled the matter.

"Such things have been done," I admitted, "for a consideration."

Dot absolutely refused to return to the subject.

"The carriage ought to be round soon," she muttered, peering over at the big green doors that led to the stables.

In a few moments the landau was drawn up before us.

"Shall I see you later in the evening?" I inquired, handing her to her seat.

"You are coming with me," she told me quietly. "Get in."

Obediently I stepped in beside her.

"Lady Parker's," she called to the coachman.

I uttered a low whistle of astonishment. Dot composed herself in her seat with a fine air of importance, and pretended not to have heard me.

"I say, my dear," I protested; "not the wife of the butcher baronet!"

She scrutinized me in the minutest detail.

"Were you educated at a board school?" she asked, tossing her head.

"Because," I went on heedlessly, "I have no wish to extend my acquaintance in that direction."

Dot looked as though she could have said things to me. She restrained herself, however.

"A by-election is coming on," she minced out as icily as possible.

I made as though to suppress a yawn.

"You might at least pretend to be interested," she snapped at me, "for it's a secret yet. Lilian Greer told me about it," she explained airily.

I assumed a deep concern in the matter.

"Lilian is a clever girl," I averred wisely.

"Rubbish!" said Dot. Her husband is to be the Conservative candidate. That's all."

I repeated my whistle—the sort of enlightened whistle that one associates with Sergeant Cuff in "The Moonstone."

"So that's the way the wind blows!" I chuckled.

Dot almost permitted herself to smile.

"And you," I went on, "are to be the straw through which the Conservatives will imbibe the votes of Parker and company."

"Tim!" exclaimed Dot, radiant with gratification, "in your own undignified way, you have hit the right nail on the head."

Before I had time to measure the full force of the compliment we were reclining among Lady Parker's Louis Quatorzes. The room was gaudily furnished with samples of Miss Parker's crystoleum work and photogravures of the worst type of Academy pictures.

Lady Parker herself looked to me to be a good-natured olla podrida of laces and ribbons and blindingly electric blue.

Charged as she was with her purpose, Dot prevented all allusions to any such matters as physical ailments of the weather.

"Ah, Lady Parker!" she burst out mournfully; "the war still drags on."

It may have been the originality of the assertion that caused Lady Parker's sudden look of perplexity. She cocked her head first to the one side, then to the other.

"Quite true, my dear, quite true," she ventured at length, folding her hands submissively.

Dot peeped over at me with a glow of triumph.

"You have great influence with your husband," she went on, turning again to our hostess.

Lady Parker's hands were decidedly fidgety by now. She looked over at me appealingly. I stared very hard at a Marcus Stone opposite me.

"A little, my dear," she answered in a surprised tone.

Dot put on her most winning smile.

"Sir John knows well enough," she asserted in an assured style, "why the war doesn't end sooner."

Lady Parker smiled responsively.

"Horses, my dear?" she hinted.

Dot leaned over to her with an air of mystery.

"No," she whispered, shaking her head sadly, "serpents."

Lady Parker's perplexity did not lessen.

"I didn't know," she said, "that they were dangerous out there."

"They are at home," Dot told her with a sigh.

"Mercy on us!" cried the good lady, anxious either as to the proximity of snakes or about Dot's sanity. "What do you mean?"

Dot leaned back in her chair and looked up at the ceiling in a heart-broken way.

"Ah! Lady Parker," she sighed, "the serpents are the Liberal party."

"But, my dear—" began the other protestingly.

"Don't you believe it, Lady Parker?" Dot interrupted her. "They're a pack of traitors. They cheer for the Boers, they vote for the—"

"My dear—" once more urged our hostess.

"I tell you," cried Dot, refusing to give way, "they would fight for the Boers to-morrow if they had the opportunity."

She swept a glance around the room as though challenging denial.

"It was the Liberals," murmured Lady Parker, "who made Sir John a Baronet."

For the moment Dot flushed slightly.

"Times have changed," she said, hastily arranging her skirt. "Tim will tell you so."

The appeal was an unfair one, but I rose to it.

"It is perfectly true," I affirmed. "Times have changed."

"And the Liberal party with them," added Dot, as much at her ease as ever. "The days of Gladstone and—and—" she paused in search of a name—"and Disraeli are over."

"Dear, dear," murmured Lady Parker. "What a pity."

"It's like a slum," explained Dot persuasively.

"Or a whale," I suggested.

Dot looked daggers at me.

"A slum," she continued, "may once have been a very respectable neighbourhood. But when it becomes a slum respectable people stop living there."

"Sir John says the slum landlord ought to be prosecuted," put in Lady Parker irrelevantly.

"How much more," murmured Dot, "those who have made a slum of the Liberal party!"

"You don't like the Liberals?" smiled our hostess.

Dot sniffed with indignation. "Who could?" she exclaimed;—"Socialists and atheists and—and Irishmen."

Lady Parker tugged at a ribbon thoughtfully. "My dear," she said, "you are making fun of me."

"Ask Tim," replied Dot, as though that decided the question.

I was on the point of rebelling, but I thought better of it.

"The Liberal party," I announced in as oracular a voice as I could muster, "has reached a crisis in its history."

"There," cried Dot. "Just what I told you!"

Lady Parker was a picture of distress.

"The fact is," Dot confided to her, "I don't see how any one but an atheist could be a Liberal nowadays."

Lady Parker jumped from her seat agitatedly.

"I must call Sir John up," she exclaimed, going over to the bell.

"No, no," pleaded Dot, rising and pressing her down on a sofa. "Not yet, please."

"But," insisted the other, with a frantic effort to get to her feet, "Sir John has just promised to be the next Liberal candidate."

Dot sat down, horror stricken. She pulled out her watch flurriedly.

"Tim," she cried, bouncing up again, "we ought to have been away long ago."

She kissed Lady Parker affectionately.

"Remember me to Sir John," she murmured; and I do hope he will be successful."

We sat in the landau for a long time

without saying anything. Dot's face was flushed, and her lips twitched a little with anger.

Eventually she turned round and glared at me.

"The Liberals are sneaks," she hissed.

"Serpents," I corrected her gravely.

"How did they find out about the by-election?" she demanded, her eyes flaming with indignation.

"If you had read your Solomon," I assured her, "you would know that the ways of serpents, like the ways of women, are somewhat puzzling."

"It is the dishonesty of the thing," she complained tearfully.

I did not wish to elaborate the matter. Dot's mind, however, kept returning to the subject.

"Tim," she whispered, taking me by the arm insinuatingly, "what is the real difference between a Liberal and a Conservative?"

"My dear," I explained gently, "not even they themselves know, until one of the two proposes to do something."

"And how do they know then?" she inquired amazedly.

"Then," I said, taking her little gloved hand in mine, "the other side object."

"I see," she sighed. "It is so intricate."

She tapped her parasol three times on the floor of the carriage.

"Tim," she declared with determination, "I think I shall retire from politics."

"Dearest," I promised, "pressing her hand affectionately, "you shall not plough your furrow alone."

Not being a reader of newspapers, she did not understand.

"It's lucky I didn't ask for Sir John's vote, isn't it?" she said.

The result of the by-election has been declared, and Sir John Parker has been returned by what the papers called a "substantial majority." Out of consideration for a certain little woman's political opinions, I abstained from voting.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE LUGGIE

By Mrs. J. K. Lawson

THE glow of sunset faded slowly in the spaces between the trees that embowered the old-fashioned white house upon Luggie Bank. Already one pure star glimmered silvery in the deepening blue, and was reflected pensively in the tranquil stream, on whose edge the bemirrored trees dreamed ever; and twilight, tender as memory, enfolded the little Scotch valley in an atmosphere of rest.

In the avenue overlooking the valley, two figures, one white the other dark, strolled slowly up and down. The twilight deepened as they walked—her arm in his, her hand fast clasped in his. The fragrance of flowers from the garden beyond the house, from the lilacs and blooming hawthorns in the avenue, scented the air as with incense,

the magic of the hour was upon them.

"And then we shall write regularly," said the young man consolingly, consoling himself as well as the girl at his side.

"Yes; of course. And you shall tell me all about the studios in Paris, and how you like to work there; and by and by I shall hear of your pictures being hung in the Salon—shan't I?"

"I hope so, dear. I shall try, anyhow; but I shall miss the daily inspiration of you, my Madonna. I don't believe I could have got so far as I have but for you. When I have felt like throwing up art altogether, through sheer discouragement, your praise and cheer always stimulated me, and when when I got that head of yours hung on the line—well, I'm afraid it was

the beauty of your face, and not my work altogether, did that for me."

"Nonsense! It was your own work, Archie; it is in you, all you want is a thorough training. Ah! I shall be proud of you yet."

The girl's face, which was a lovely one, a gentle, earnest face, fit model for the Madonna which the young artist had painted, was now lit up and flushed with enthusiasm.

"Oh, how I wish I were rich. I should send you away for six years at least to study—nothing but study, and then I should hear of the famous painter, and know it was you, Archie. Wouldn't that be delightful? And all the time I should be proud of you and say to myself—this is my Archie, my boy sweetheart at school, my lover that is now—my husband to be."

Her words, her look, the light in her eyes inspired him.

"Yes, my little one, my wife to be; but you can do more than that. You can put life and hope into me. What was I but a poor aimless boy when you and I were at school together, and who but you said, 'You should draw and draw till you turn a painter?'"

A merry, musical laugh greeted this reminiscence of early schooldays.

"Oh, Archie, did I really say that? I forget all the silly things I may have said—but it sounds so funny now. And, alas! I am too poor to help you in the way I would like."

"Love me, dear—only love me when I am gone as you do now, and I shall accomplish anything," he said, bending his head until his lips touched her hair.

"Alas! no need to tell me to do that. I cannot help myself. I have loved you always, Archie; I don't know why, but it is so. Now, dear, it is getting too dark for us to be out. We must say good night now."

"Oh, not yet; just one more turn up and down the avenue, and then I shall go. Remember this is our last walk here—until I return."

She sighed and turned with him.

"And when you do come you will find many changes. Auntie has sold

this place, which I suppose you know. You will have to come to England for me if you want me."

"And to England I shall come, do not fear—first chance I get, and then—"

He finished by drawing her closer to him, and in the twilight they kissed and kissed again, every kiss a mute promise of the future.

Then they parted—he to go to France on the morrow, she to remain in the old-fashioned white house above the Luggie, until the proposed removal to Devonshire, her future home. For Anna was an orphan, adopted and cared for by a well-to-do aunt, who for reasons of her own had resolved to live for the rest of her days in one of the sunniest nooks in England.

Five years later, another twilight, the softer twilight of Italy, deepened on Archibald Hillhouse as he sat by the open window of his studio, smoking a cigar. He was the same and yet not the same man, nor was it added years only which made the difference in him. He was still good-looking, still handsome; more so indeed, for his figure had developed and grown more mature-looking. But the frank, uncorrupted expression of his earlier days had given place to the cool, half-cynical appearance of a man of experience. As a painter he had gained much, as a man he had signally deteriorated. He could be amiable when it suited him to be so, as indeed he could be anything else which suited him, not otherwise. He had made fair progress in his art, and though no one had ever mentioned genius or greatness in connection with his name, still his skill in technique was considerable, and he had held his own with the majority at least. As yet, however, nothing of his had appeared in the Salon, a fact which he in his now few-and-far-between letters to Devonshire ascribed to prejudice and envy. For the last year Anna Sutherland had folded up his letters and put them

away with a sigh and a saddening sense of something lacking in them. There was still the usual affectionate formulas at the beginning and ending of his letters, but that they were written with an effort, as for duty, not love's sake, was only too evident. The last two letters she had sent had not been answered at all.

"And so it is really settled, is it?" said a genial voice breaking in on his reverie as he sat emitting smoke. He glanced up and saw a brother artist in the act of seating himself beside him.

"Lovely evening, Watts," was his reply.

"Oh, lovely—yes—delightful," responded the artist—"but, I say, is it really settled between the little American widow and you?"

"Well, since you must know, Watts—yes—it is settled."

"To come off soon, of course?"

"Oh yes! And, by the way, I want you to play groomsman. The deed is to be done at the embassy."

"With pleasure. Always glad to serve a man in deed. Congratulations, to the mast-head. It is not every poor devil of a painter who is lucky enough to capture a widow with a fortune; a pretty considerable one too."

"Yes, pretty fair," Hillhouse remarked complacently; "it will give me a chance to paint properly now. A fellow needs a fair show to do good work."

Watts took the cigar which he was smoking from between his lips and blew rings of smoke into the air, watching the fantastic forms they wreathed into.

"Ah—I say, Hillhouse—what about the pretty English Madonna you used to correspond with? What did you do with that head? It was the best thing you ever did."

There was a pause, and then Hillhouse answered:

"To tell you the truth, Watts, I sold it."

"Who bought it?—the American; your fiancée?"

"Didn't I tell you that before?" Hillhouse said, somewhat sharply.

Watts smiled and resumed his cigar.

"Perhaps you did—I forget—it was a lovely face, and I always had an idea that the original and you were—there—I beg your pardon—of course, it's none of my affair."

"Oh, I don't care," said Hillhouse, rising to his feet, and walking up and down restlessly. "You are quite right in your supposition; we were lovers, engaged lovers, and no Madonna was ever sweeter than the girl I have thrown up for my Art."

"Art be hanged! Speak honest, Hillhouse. Tell the truth; say you were unable to resist the fascinations of the widow, or her fortune—which?"

"Well, hang it! What is a fellow to do? You can't paint without money. You want models, colours, canvases; you want a decent studio—an environment to produce a great picture. All that means money. If we lived in those halcyon days when the popes and cardinals took genius by the hand and said: 'Look here, you handler of charcoal, you dreamer of beautiful dreams, don't stunt your genius by becoming an incarnate committee of ways and means how to exist; go paint and dream, and paint all you dream and all you see, and we will provide the needful.' If, I say, we lived in such a sensible age as that, one might afford to cherish the Madonnas of the heart to the end of time; but what is the fact? Paint your best, you won't sell it; paint your worst and prettiest—it sells—fast enough; but you are undone as a painter. Moral—find a substitute for the popes and cardinals in the woman you marry, and then on to success, fame, immortality."

Hillhouse paused and looked a challenge to Watts, and Watts, looking at him curiously through the smoke, said gravely:

"You have been helping yourself too plentifully to wine, old boy. Wine loosens the tongue. It is hardly complimentary to the woman you are going to marry, all this, I should say."

"Perhaps not—all the same, that's about the sum of it all—and, of course, I don't speak to everyone as freely as to you, so you needn't baulk. I dare-say things will right themselves in time, both here and in England."

One month after this a newspaper addressed to Miss Anna Sutherland, Devonshire, England, was delivered by the carrier with the usual morning mail. Anna glanced at the handwriting, and a flush passed over her face, leaving it paler even than usual. She turned the paper over and over till her eyes caught a large blue pencil mark opposite the marriage notices; directly opposite one reading thus:—

"At the Embassy, on the 14th inst., Archibald Hillhouse, Esq., to Henrietta, relict of the late Patrick E. Connan, of New York."

It was not until after another interval of five years that Watts met Hillhouse again, and then it was on the banks of the Luggie, in the kind, grey Scottish gloaming.

Both met at the entrance of the avenue which led up to the old house showing spectrally among the trees, and the new moon leaning back, peered at them curiously through the spaces between the trees.

Hillhouse was leaning over the gate with his chin between his hands, sunk in reverie, when the familiar voice roused him.

"Hello! Well, of all people, you are the last I should expect to see here."

Hillhouse started, stared, and instinctively extended his hand.

"Watts! this is indeed a surprise!"

"It is to me," said Watts, shaking hands heartily. "Why I understood you were swelling it in New York."

"No; I am here."

The words were spoken in such a dry, quiet tone, that Watts looked again at his friend.

"How is Mrs. Hillhouse—quite well, I hope?"

"I don't know; in fact there is no Mrs. Hillhouse now—she is divorced

—is Mrs. P. E. Connan, of New York, again."

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, you needn't; I am well rid of her, I assure you; but it served me right. The mills of the gods grind slowly, Watts; but I find they grind exceeding small. You bet they do!"

"And how goes painting—selling well!"

"Oh, yes; can't complain. How is it with yourself, there?"

"Oh! so—so. Always painting away and holding my own, at least. Sold a picture for two hundred and fifty the other day. But why were you mooning up here? Come to see the White Lady like myself?"

"What White Lady? I only landed here this afternoon. No, this place once belonged to a friend of mine—let me see—some ten years ago; but they sold the place and went to Devonshire in England."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And I just took an odd fancy to come up and look at the old place again."

"I see. By the way—if it be a fair question, Hillhouse—is your English Madonna still in Devonshire. Do you know I was quite in love with that head. I am going there soon; would you mind giving me the address or a note of introduction?"

Hillhouse frowned slightly, but he answered:

"Certainly, I shall give you the address. I suppose the Madonna herself will be changed in these ten years; very likely she is married."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Married or single, she will always have that sweet womanly look of goodness which gave the peculiar charm to that head. I shouldn't wonder if the years have only added to its loveliness. Time does in some faces, especially if sorrow has been scalping at the expression. At all events I am going to paint a Madonna for next year's exhibition at Munich, and shall try to get your Madonna to give me a sitting or two for her head."

The twilight was not yet so profound as to conceal the frown which gathered on the brow of Hillhouse.

"Ah—well—should you go—you need not mention my American experiences, you know," he said. "These English girls are very conservative in their ideas, you know."

"Very glad to think they are—but I shan't mention you at all. Besides—something else may turn up—and I may not go. But you have not yet heard of this place being haunted, have you?"

"No, not I. As I told you, I have just got here a few hours ago."

"Well, the most charming legend! It seems that a white figure is seen to glide up and down this avenue and out and in among the trees after dark. It was seen last night by my landlord, who was passing this gate here, and he swears he saw her glide and vanish behind a tree. The poor fellow hasn't got over it since."

"Bosh! Some practical joker very likely."

"That's what I think myself, and that's why I came to watch. But if so, the joke must be getting rather stale, I should think. It is over three years, they tell me, since this ghost began walking here at night—and yet I cannot hear of any tragedy having happened on the grounds. All very commonplace and nineteenth century conventionality, so far as I can make out."

"Queer!"

"Isn't it? You're not in a hurry, are you? Let us get in behind that great chestnut there, and have a smoke while we watch."

"All right. Anything to pass the time. But come half-way up the avenue. There is a hollow there in the bank, where we can lie and take a whiff—but will not the smoke frighten off the ghost?"

"Better not smoke, then," laughed Watts. "I would really like to see a bona fide White Lady."

"Come this way," Hillhouse said, stepping inside the gate. "The place is quite familiar to me. Should the

owner challenge us for trespassing, I shall tell him that I was merely having a look at the old place. By the way, who lives here now, I wonder?"

"An elderly man and his wife, I hear, and the White Lady, of course."

The two walked over the grass a few steps, and lay down in the hollow of the bank; but though they lay there talking over everything until the twilight deepened into night, and the moon sank behind the encompassing hills, and only the dim starlight showed their faces, no ghost as yet appeared.

"I guess it's a fraud," said Watts.

"Let us go down to the town. Where do you put up?"

"At the hotel, for the present. Yes, as you say, this haunting business is evidently a fraud. Still, the place will always be haunted for me. I passed the best and purest hours of my life in this same spot," remarked Hillhouse, getting up to his feet, and sighing audibly as he looked down the avenue.

Watts, who was already on foot, did not reply. He was peering intently through the trees.

"I could swear I saw a gleam of white just now," he said, in a whisper.

"Shows the power of imagination, my dear fellow," laughed Hillhouse, but at that moment his hand was clutched as in a vice by the hand of Watts, while the other was extended before him with a pointed forefinger.

"Is that imagination? My God! Look at that!" he whispered tensely, and gliding round the end of the house, coming straight toward them, moved a figure in white. All white save for the dark hair which hung tangled upon her shoulders and about her face.

"Woman, or spirit, whatever it is, we shall see," Watts continued. "Let us hide behind this tree."

Passively and without a word Hillhouse suffered Watts to drag him in behind the tree, and in a few minutes they were certain that it was no ghost; the crunching of her shoes upon the

graveled declared her to be some human being walking leisurely along.

Watts craned his neck and peeped round the tree, and swiftly drew into the shade again.

"It's a woman," he breathed; "she is quite close—sh!"

But Hillhouse looked round the other side, and as she passed within a yard of them he sprang out, and with a wild cry caught her fast in his arms.

"Anna! Anna! oh, my darling! What is this? Why are you here? Speak to me, Anna; have I startled you?"

It was Anna, but she was not startled; nothing on earth could startle her any more. It would have been natural had she fled shrieking from the sudden rude grasp in which she was so unexpectedly enfolded, but Anna had drifted into a region where there was no expectation and no disappointment, no sorrow, no joy, only a strange and visionary calm.

"Dear Archie, you know I love you always, and when you are a great and famous painter you will come for me, will you not? You will come for your little wife? You will like auntie's husband, I know you will. Did you know auntie married an old gentleman? Isn't it funny, at her age?" Here she paused to laugh; a low, musical, weird-sounding laugh that made the blood curdle. "To think of old auntie being married before us, Archie! But we will be so happy. Auntie's husband has bought back the old place, and we are all going back to the Luggie side again, and you and I, Archie, will walk in—"

All this she said, with her thin face

and sweet eyes full of love looking up in dimness to his, without surprise or emotion of any kind whatever, while Hillhouse stared at her with slow, comprehending horror. Watts had heard of no tragedy connected with the place. Heavens! here was the tragedy of a murdered soul looking love into the eyes of the murderer.

Suddenly she wrested herself free from his slackening grasp and glanced fearfully around.

"The shadows!" she whispered, "the shadows! Where do they come from? They frighten me! the shadows, oh! the shadows!"

A muffled shriek escaped her, and she fled down toward the house and disappeared.

Watts, who had been a spellbound witness of the scene, drew a long breath and stepped forward to Hillhouse, and laid his hand on his shoulder. He was still gazing at the spot where she had vanished; a cold dew glistened on his pallid face, his hands felt like ice, he shook like one in an ague fit.

"Come, old boy," said Watts, kindly; and Hillhouse, shivering, suffered himself to be led away.

In eloquent silence they walked slowly down towards the town. They were entering it, when Hillhouse, under a lamp-post, stopped and turned his wan and haggard face in piteous appeal to Watts.

"Watts—you are a decent fellow, and believe in things more than I do. Do you think God will ever forgive me for that—that murder up there?"

"I don't know, Hillhouse—how should I know? Can you forgive yourself?"



PAUL KEISTER, SNAKE-CHARMER

By Bradford K. Daniels

IT was while working on the C. N. railway that I first met Paul Keister. We were fellow-engineers engaged in the construction of the big bridge across South River, and boarded at the same house.

Although I was much older than he, I was drawn to him from the first. His full, sensuous mouth, misty brown eyes, and low, musical voice, possessed a fascination for me, for which now, when looking back after the lapse of years, I am unable to account.

When he looked at you he never seemed to see you, but always seemed to be looking through and beyond you into Infinity. When quiet he had a fashion of gazing fixedly before him, evidently seeing nothing with the physical sight. At such times his eyes reminded me of deep pools of water, in the depths of which shadowy, unguessed things were moving about.

As we were the only boarders at the little farm-house, we were thrown together a good deal; and it soon became a habit with us to sit upon the veranda overlooking the river for a while after supper to smoke and chat.

Keister, although only twenty-eight, had had a wide experience. His father, a German, had gone to India, and there married a native girl. Paul was their only child. The son had become a civil engineer, and had worked with a British syndicate until the death of his parents, when he had come to Germany to his father's people, and from there had drifted to America.

I can see him yet as he used to sit, tilted back in his chair upon the veranda, one leg thrown over the other and a cloud of tobacco smoke about his head. Occasionally he would run his long, tapering fingers through his wavy black hair, look out upon the river as if he saw some object of interest upon its glassy surface, and then begin in his low monotonous voice one of his Indian yarns. His descriptive powers were masterly, and many of

those Eastern scenes are stamped upon my mind almost as vividly as if I had been an eye-witness.

It was about the snake-charmers that he loved to talk the best of all. At times he would wax eloquent over this uncanny theme, and his usual non-chalance would give place to a feverish earnestness. He used to maintain stoutly that there is a subtle affinity between snakes and the human race, the psychology of which is not wholly understood.

"I tell you," he used to say, "you have no idea how a snake and a man—who possesses the gift—can read each other's thoughts. You talk about mind-readers; they've got a lot to learn yet from those dusky devils in India who conjure with the descendants of the tempter of Eve.

"Once I saved the life of a professional snake-charmer—the old fellow slipped into the river among the crocodiles, and I pulled him out just in the nick of time—and out of gratitude, I presume, he gave me a few lessons in his exalted art. I must have been a very apt pupil, for before I quit I could charm a cobra every time."

For some moments he said nothing more, but fell into one of his old fits of abstraction. Presently he roused himself and said, with a slight shiver although it was July: "My! but there was a fearful fascination about it!" Then he rose abruptly and went into the house, leaving me wondering.

Some days after this conversation one of the navvies—a treacherous-looking Spaniard—struck a fellow-workman over the head with a shovel, and killed him outright. In the evening we were sitting on the veranda as usual, and I remarked: "Of course they'll hang the fellow, and he richly deserves it."

"They haven't any right to hang him or anybody else," Keister replied sharply. "Do you suppose that devilish Spaniard could keep from braining

poor Mike? No more than a wolf can keep from killing a lamb that crossed its path. It was the fellow's nature, I tell you; and a man can't change his nature any more than a leopard can change its spots.

"I believe in a sort of transmigration of souls, up the scale and not down. That idea the Easterners have, about the souls of people going back to inhabit beasts again, is all rot. It seems to me something like this: Man is the highest order of creation upon the earth. He is the embodiment of all that has gone before him. In the long struggle upwards from chaos to the present time—from the first spark of life to the complex animal called man, all the sensations and experiences of the orders of life that have preceded him are embodied in him, and lie buried in his sub-consciousness. When a nameless terror of the dark assails a child, it is a remnant of the fear some poor naked ancestor experienced in the dark, teeming jungle, when existence was a precarious thing, and meant a constant struggle with the giant forces about him. When an ungovernable passion seizes a man and he commits murder, it is the disposition of one of his monster ancestors, who wallowed in the primeval slime, and fought its enemies to the death with tusk and claw, asserting itself. As a child will sometimes resemble some remote ancestor in disposition or appearance, or both, so will reappear in every man traits that characterized some form of life in the endless chain that reaches back through the limitless ages. A man is not a unity but an infinite complexity—a multitude of conflicting experiences, tied up in one bundle. Free? Bah! He is no more free than a man in the middle of a moving multitude is free to stand still or go the other way. His environments, past and present, determine his course of action."

I was so astonished at this sudden burst of philosophy that it took me some moments to formulate a reply in defence of my theory of the free agency of man. When I began to state my theories, he laughed in his odd, be-

witching way, and skilfully changed the subject of conversation.

As the weeks went by Keister's remarkable ability to handle men became apparent. There was a certain compelling power in his look and voice that was hard to resist. More than once during the burning August weather, when the men were well-nigh worthless because of the heat, I marvelled at his unique gift.

One evening, after an exceptionally hot day, we threw ourselves upon the grass in the shade of a big gum tree, instead of taking our accustomed places on the veranda. Within a few feet of Keister was a large pile of loose stones, upon which the sun had been beating mercilessly all day. I was lying flat on my back, with my hands locked under my head, and gazing up at the drooping leaves of the gum tree, when I heard my companion utter a sharp exclamation of surprise. Turning towards him, I saw his eyes riveted upon the stone-heap. In a moment a large rattlesnake came gliding softly towards him from the heated pile. In an instant Keister was sitting cross-legged and gazing steadily into the monster's eyes. I was too terrified to move or even speak, so simply watched as one in a trance.

For a moment the snake wavered, then, approaching to within two feet of Keister's lowered face, raised itself to fully a third of its length and swayed its body with a rhythmic motion like that of a rush in running water. Then they gazed steadily into each other's eyes as if each were reading the inmost secret of the other's being. For a moment the snake's bead-like eyes seemed to soften till they looked almost human, while Keister's eyes took on a hard glitter and his face became contorted in a way that made it appear the very incarnation of evil.

Presently the snake turned and glided back to the stone-heap. Keister flung himself upon his face and burst into a tumult of sobs, exclaiming brokenly: "Ye gods! ye gods! I thought I was delivered from hell when I left India."

I stole softly into the house and left him there alone under the quiet stars.

The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, and when he appeared at the bridge he seemed to have aged ten years in a single night. His face looked drawn and white, and there were big black circles under his eyes like those about the eyes of a person who has been strangled.

For several days he shunned me; but in the course of a week he came back to his old self, and we were together as before. I studiously avoided making any reference to what had happened, as it was evident that he did not wish to discuss the painful affair. This was the first shadow between us.

All went well for nearly a fortnight, when I was summoned to the nearest town on business. I was absent three days and when I returned Keister looked even more ghastly than on the day following his strange performance with the rattlesnake. I attempted to approach the subject several times, but was unable to break through his chilling reserve.

From that time forward Keister was a changed man—so changed that even the dullest navy noticed it, and followed his listless motions with wondering eyes.

On the morning of the twentieth of August there was great commotion among the workmen who tented on the south side of the river near the bridge. One of their number had been found dead in his blanket, and the doctor who acted as coroner hinted that there had been foul play, although he finally brought in a verdict of death from heart failure.

Keister seemed greatly affected by the unhappy affair, and did not put in his appearance after dinner.

Three mornings later another man was found dead, and the following morning still another. Upon the face of each victim was a look of wide-eyed terror that was horrible to see.

Of course the excitement was at white heat, and the terrified navvies began to pack their duds and disappear as if by magic.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. The last victim came to life as they were burying him and kicked the end out of his coffin. After they got him out of the coffin he was so terrified for a time that he could not speak but lay upon the grass rolling his eyes wildly. Finally he half gasped, half shouted:

"Keister! The devil! A snake! Oh! oh! oh!"

When finally the poor fellow became calm enough to tell his story, it was this: In the night he had awakened from what seemed a hideous nightmare, to find Keister looking intently at him with snake-like, glittering eyes. Upon his face, which showed distinctly in the moonlight, was the most diabolical expression he had ever seen. He tried to cry out and get away, but he was powerless to move. Keister was the devil and had come for his soul. At this point of the story the poor fellow began to rave, and it soon required six men to hold him.

The navvies began to whisper among themselves, and soon the whisper, like the sound of the awakening sea, grew into a hoarse clamour. Presently some one among them shouted:

"Keister! Where is he? Let's stretch him!"

Knowing that Keister was in his room and that it would not be long before they would be searching it for him, I hastened towards the boarding-house, with the assured feeling that my friend was a doomed man if they found him.

I found the door of his room locked, and when he did not answer to my knock promptly broke it open. As I stepped in an ominous rattle from the direction of the bed made me start back. When my eyes became accustomed to the twilight of the room, I saw Keister's lifeless form upon the bed. Coiled up beside him, and looking at me with venomous eyes, was a big rattlesnake. Just then I heard the howls of the approaching mob, and sprang to the door.

"Keister! Keister! Down with Keister!" they shouted, and would

have borne me down and trampled me under foot, had I not drawn a revolver and levelled it at the head of the leader, a brother of Keister's last victim.

Raising my disengaged hand for silence, I said so that all could hear me :

"Keister is dead upon his bed ; he has been bitten by a rattler."

Never shall I forget the look of

superstitious awe which, in the hush that followed, came over that dark sea of faces. A moment before, and they had been distorted with passion ; now, they seemed to resemble those of overgrown children who had listened to a ghost story. Soon they slipped quietly away by twos and threes ; until only the head engineer and myself were left with the dead.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

A SUMMER GIRL

She wears a saucy hat
And her feet go pit-a-pat
As she walks ;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry maddening lips
When she talks.

Her skin is soft and white,
Like magnolia buds at night
On the bough ;
But for fear she'd be too fair
There's a freckle here and there
On her brow.

Dimples play at hide and seek
On her apple-blossom cheek
And her chin ;
Slyly beckoning to you,
"Don't you think it's time to woo ?
Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
Flash like bits of summer skies
O'er her fan,
As if to say, "We've met ;
You may go now and forget—
If you can !"

S. M. Peck

WHEN the eyes of CANADIAN MAGAZINE readers fall upon this page, the coronation of His Most Gracious Majesty Edward the Seventh will have become a matter of history, and all that will remain of the wonderful, dazzling pageant of the coronation procession and the magnificent and

impressive ceremony in great Westminster Abbey will be but a memory.

One pleasant little prelude to the striking of that great triumphal chord in Old London on the twenty-sixth of June, was the presentation in Quebec to the Canadian Coronation Contingent of a beautiful flag—a gift to the contingent from the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. The officers of the Canadian National Chapter of the Order arrived in Quebec the day before the contingent sailed and went immediately to the Esplanade, where the troops were assembled for review. After the review the men were drawn up to form three sides of a square, in the centre of which the presentation of the flag took place. This pleasing ceremony was performed by the President of the Order, Mrs. Nordheimer, who, with the most charming dignity and grace, presented the flag to Lieut.-Col. Pellatt, addressing him in the following words:

"Colonel Pellatt, Officers and Men of the Coronation Contingent :

I have the greatest pleasure in presenting you with this flag in the name of the Canadian National Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. It will serve as an

emblem for this contingent and as a mark of the high esteem in which you, as representing the militia and volunteers of Canada, are held by your countrywomen. The flag bears, as you see, the revered flag of the Empire, the "Union Jack," while close to it is one of the emblems of Canada dear to us all, the Maple Leaf. You have the honour of representing the militia and volunteers of Canada at the coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII, and we hope you will convey to His Most Gracious Majesty the assurance of the deep loyalty and devotion of the women and children of this Order to the Throne. I will now wish you, one and all, a very happy visit to Old England, feeling assured that each visit interchanged between the Motherland and her colonies strengthens the deep tie of love that alone binds these great countries to one another."

The flag is of red silk, bearing the Union Jack, and in the lower corner a green maple leaf inlaid in silk; around the oaken staff a silver riband is twisted, upon which is engraved a suitable inscription.

Ambitious young women whose feet are aching to tread in masculine paths and whose muscles have been properly cultivated by golf and ping-pong, may find an outlet for their energy by following the cheerful trade of the blacksmith, this time-honoured calling having been already invaded by the restless feet of the fair sex. An atmosphere of poetry, peace and calm prosperity has always brooded over the village smithy, and every aspiring, independent-minded damsel who possesses an eye for the picturesque, and who can wield the necessary implements and stand the heat, should lose no time in setting up her forge under the nearest spreading chestnut tree. There is a smithy in Leeds, England, where girls do all the work, and a sonless Yorkshire blacksmith has brought up his eight daughters to his profession.

It is said that a few years ago a sixteen-year-old girl blacksmith created

much stir in Chicago, even going so far as to inspire some soaring admirer to pen the following lines:

She's a sweet little blacksmith, so limber and strong,
To the blast of the bellows she carols a song;
Her frock it is short, and it serves to disclose
A pair of trim ankles in smart sable hose.
A brown leathern apron she wears o'er her skirt;
Her cap it is crimson, and blue is her shirt;
With sleeves closely furled to exhibit the charm
Of biceps that pouts in a snowy white arm.
So stop and regard, if you're passing the Green,
This bonny young blacksmith of supple sixteen!

It is always interesting to know the literary tastes of those for whom we entertain feelings of affection and admiration, for though men cannot *always* be known by the company they keep when they tread the world's ways, their true inwardness is unquestionably revealed by the companions they choose when they wander through the fascinating realms of bookland.

Our late beloved Queen Victoria had very decided literary preferences, and although she was deeply read in French and German literature, her favourite authors were all, as was only right and proper, great-hearted Englishmen—and women. It is well known that the Queen's religious reading was biblical and devotional rather than controversial, and the sermons of Dean Stanley, Dr. Norman McLeod, and Robertson of Brighton were most highly esteemed by her. Her especial favourite was Robertson's "The Sympathy of Christ," though in the hour of her greatest sorrow it was to Tennyson she turned for consolation. "Next to the Bible, 'In Memoriam' is my comfort," she said to the poet when he saw her for the first time after the death of the Prince Consort. The Queen's favourite novelists are said to have been Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and she deeply appreciated Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, being particularly fond of "Jane Eyre" and "Adam Bede." Mrs. Oliphant and Marie Corelli were also warmly admired by the Queen, who found the

former's "Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" of absorbing interest. Her favourite historian was Macaulay, and amongst modern poets, after Tennyson, Burns, Watson, and Browning occupied the chief places in Her Majesty's estimation. A propos to Robert Browning a rather amusing story is told in connection with the poet's masterpiece "The Ring and the Book." The Queen had asked Sir Theodore Martin to read it aloud to her. Before doing so Sir Theodore made a cautious study of the poem and placed marginal notes against passages of doubtful propriety. The marked copy chanced to fall into the hands of a rather thoughtless court lady. "I have so enjoyed this wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the Queen, for she had placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and oh, what exquisite taste, the dear Queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore Martin.

The old order changeth in literature as in life, or perhaps it would be said more properly that the old order changeth in literature *because* it changeth in life, since literature is but the mirror of the life of its age.

Comparing the books of to-day with those of yesterday, one of the most striking changes to be discovered is in the age no less than in the character of the heroine. Everyone is aware that the fainting, delicate ladye fayre of a century ago has been quite superseded by a muscular, sunburned maiden who can walk through a whole chapter without fatigue and who can meet battle, murder and sudden death in quick succession without one nervous quiver; but has everyone observed the steadily advancing age of the popular heroine? If the heroine of the romance of half a hundred years ago had not through much grief and groan attained to the golden throne of matrimony before she was out of her teens she was accounted a very poor kind of heroine indeed, a heroine for

whom no reader could entertain the least respect. But to-day the maiden who tramps sturdily through the pages of popular fiction, leading the hearts of all men captive, is a self-reliant, most thoroughly grown-up personage, not only well into her twenties, but frequently hovering unblushingly around the thirties,—a sensible young woman who regards matrimony as one incident, not as the climax of life,—as a small and underproper circumstances highly desirable, though by no means indispensable, *part* of her existence, but in no sense the whole of it.

And this girl of fiction is but the reflection of the present girl of fact. At an age when their grandmothers were wives and mothers, weighed down with responsibilities and cumbered with many cares, the girl of to-day is still at school, enjoying the heritage of her girlhood, void of anxiety and fancy-free.

The average present-day girl of sixteen or seventeen is a mere child, but the grandfather and great-grandfather of the writer were both married at nineteen, and of the sisters of the former, one was left a widow at seventeen with an infant three months old, and another died at nineteen, leaving three babies, the eldest of whom was little more than three years of age—cases which are cited simply because they are so typical of the three last generations. Surely the present state of affairs is much the better one. Unhappily, however, the custom of early marriages has become unpopular only in what are termed the upper classes of society. In the lower ranks of life boy and girl marriages still prevail in distressing numbers. A writer in the *London Daily Mail* has recently asserted that in London alone there are 13,000 married persons who are under twenty years of age, many of them being between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. A significant rider to this announcement is the statement that in the metropolis there are about 2,000 husbands under age who are not living with their wives. Taking the country at large the census returns show that

in England and Wales there are 56,398 married persons under age. In years past, before the spirit of unrest had laid her disturbing touch upon all men in all ranks of society and all walks of life, boy-and-girl marriages may in the majority of cases have opened the doors to life-long happiness and serenity, but—*tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*, and in this unquiet and unsettled age it is only to be expected that the hasty, unconsidered marriage of two children, prompted by a sudden, impulsive, and too-often ephemeral fancy, should bring undreamed-of sorrow and misery in its train. And in studying the question in connection with the poor of London, the contributor to the *Daily Mail* sums up his observations by saying: "The police-courts, the workhouses, and the prisons are eloquent of such early marriages. It seems established beyond controversy that they strew our social life with wreckage."

The following interesting description of the first Oriental University for women is taken from a *resumé* made for *Public Opinion* of an able article by Ernest Clement, which appeared in a recent number of *The Chautauquan*: "The most remarkable occurrence in Japan in the opening year of the twentieth century was the establishment of a university for women. What does this mean? It means that the twentieth century is to be the century for women in Japan, and perhaps in other parts of the orient, just as the nineteenth century was the century for women in the occident. This new university will be the centre of women's activity, social, educational, economical (and perhaps political?) in the future. The *raison d'être* of this university for Japanese women was clearly set forth in Count Okuma's address at the opening ceremony. He pointed out that all such countries as Turkey, Africa, Persia, and even China, which had attempted to work with the male sex as the single standard, had fallen signally behind in the march of pro-

gress, and that Japan, by raising woman to her proper place, should provide herself with a double standard. He also emphasized the fact that the only effective medicine for social abuses was in a radical reform of family life through an improvement in the status of women. This university certainly grew out of the needs of the time, the sympathy of the nation at large, and especially the co-operation of the intelligent and thinking classes of the country. The school opened one year ago. The faculty number forty-six in all, among whom are several professors of the Imperial university. The president is Mr. Jinzo Naruse, whose character, ideas, and spirit have had a great deal to do in arousing the interest of the people in the higher education of women, and the dean is Professor S. Aso, a Doshisha alumnus. There are several women among the faculty, and it is the purpose to have as many women teachers as possible. There are two foreign teachers, Mrs. C. M. Cady, formerly of Kyoto, and Mrs. Leonard, of Tokyo. There are three departments in the university course: 1. Department of Domestic Science; 2. Department of Japanese Literature; 3. Department of English Literature. In each department there are twenty-one hours of required studies and seven hours of electives per week. In the first department the greater part of the time is devoted to various practical branches of applied and domestic science; in the second and third departments the principal studies are Japanese and English respectively. Ethics, sociology, mental philosophy, and education (including child-study), are required studies in all departments, and drawing, music, and the science of teaching are electives in all cases. It was expected that there would be about thirty students for each department, but the number of candidates was very large, so that more than one hundred applicants were received for each of the first two departments—over two hundred in all—and then no further applications were accepted.

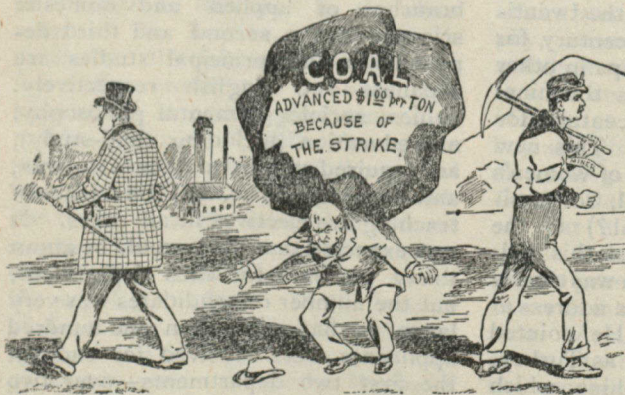
M. MacL. H.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE British world throughout all its bounds heaved a sigh of relief when it was at length announced that peace had at last come. It was a war from which no glory could be expected. In reality it was a contest of severe difficulty. There appeared the most ridiculous disparity between the numbers engaged on each side, but the disparity was more apparent than actual. One has heard the argument used that if it took the British Empire two years and a half to conquer a population of 300,000, how would it be possible to subdue a nation of several millions of inhabitants. The question only shows how misleading analogies may sometimes be. A modern state is like a living body. When you decapitate it there is an end of it. If Russia were invaded by an enemy, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa captured, the Czar and several of his ministers fugitives in a foreign land, the great northern Colossus, big as it is, would be derelict, and would have to capitulate. But the South African

republics were not highly organized modern communities. Their vitality was of the fissiparous kind. They were like those fabled monsters which the more their assailant hacked them up the more enemies he created for himself. The dissevering of the head did not end the business. If a limb were sliced off it immediately became a livelier and more malevolent participator in the fray. When Lord Roberts captured Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria in turn, he naturally concluded that the war was done. He had not quite realized the nature of the organism he was contending with. Although virtually all the machinery of government was in the hands of the invader, although the heart had been pierced, the head cut off and the body dismembered, the various pieces went on merrily with the fight. The burghers were in the happy position, from a military point of view, of having nothing to defend. The invader had to do all the defending. He had to defend every yard of 1,500 miles of railway.



CAUSE AND EFFECT

—New York Tribune

This population of 300,000 turned out, it appears, 85,000 fighting men—virtually the whole male population capable of bearing arms. We can only wonder that they did not fulfil the vow that many of them made, namely, never to wash until they rode their horses into the ocean. Knowing what we now know we may be thankful that the Boer had the defects of his

qualities — that he is better at defence than in assault, otherwise the only part of South Africa that would have remained under British control would have been as much as was commanded by the guns of the navy. It is this capacity of acting in common without the machinery of government that makes some people apprehensive of what may happen when the thousands of burghers now in the hands of

the British are returned to their homes. There is but little danger from this cause. The conqueror has not only convinced them of his military and material superiority but also of his magnanimity. The man who has his ruined home re-established and is once more surrounded by his household gods is not going to return to that terrible life on the veldt which he has endured for the past two years. A few might be willing to do it, but it would be a failure unless it were an almost universal resolve. There would be a sufficient number who would refuse to renew the struggle to cause a sharp division among the burghers themselves, and this would be fatal to any prospect of instituting a successful rebellion. South Africa is about to see profound peace and there are not wanting indications that the feeling between the two races will not be as bad as it was feared it might be. The war resulted in each gaining a wider knowledge and a better opinion of the other. They were obtained at an enormous cost, but they are certainly very valuable possessions.

Peace came in good time for the coronation. The King is enabled to look over his widely extended dominions and find in every corner of it the war-drum silent. From every corner



SOLE OWNER AND PROPRIETOR—New York Life

of it will be assembled the men of state, come to do honor to the great occasion. They will gather not as tributaries, showing sullen obedience to a master, but as the representatives of free communities whose connection with the Motherland is one of affection and admiration. That is the real glory of this essentially modern Empire. Henry Drummond wrote of "The Greatest Thing in the World" to show that love was the keynote of Christianity. The British Empire is demonstrating that it is also the greatest thing in the world of politics. Some profound personages, and some who are not free from the suspicion of self-interest, would substitute the huckstering connection for this splendid patriotism which I have no hesitation in saying is founded on the nobler of the national passions.

To this great love-feast of the Empire many striking figures will come. To the eye of the man in the street who lacks the vision the figures that will take the eye will in all probability be the golden monarchs of Europe or their embroidered representatives. But the really significant figures will be the undecorated representatives of the lands affiliated with the Motherland, and which we may be sure will one day equal her in population and resources.

We may be sure, too, that the interest in these gentlemen will be greater on this occasion than it was at the Diamond Jubilee. Much has happened in the mutual annals of colony and Motherland since that time. In the Jubilee year the Premier of the Dominion took a natural precedence as the representative of a united people whose heritage is half a continent. On this occasion the Premier of united Australia comes as the representative of a people who occupy an entire continent. The Premier of New Zealand was an attendant at the Jubilee, but in the meantime he has become a more potent personality. He is democracy incarnate, and has constituted New Zealand a sort of political laboratory where the most daring political, social and economic experiments are being conducted. The Australian papers say that Mr. Seddon knows what he wants and goes straight for it, and they accord him this quality in order to contrast him with Mr. Barton, who is accused even by critics who are not politically hostile to him of lacking those characteristics of courage and definiteness which distinguishes the Premier of New Zealand. Between two such natures Sir Wilfrid Laurier will come as a uniting and controlling force. He happily combines the statesman's vision with the statesman's caution, and both are modified with a sublimated common sense. He goes to the councils which are to be held with the enormous advantage of being recognized as an Imperial statesman. In the last two years of stress no voice has more accurately and eloquently defined British purposes and British morale than that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is of French extraction, but no Anglo-Saxon understands better the genius of British institutions, or sympathizes more truly with its broad, humane, democratic side.

Someone is needed just now to keep to the front the fact that the real and strongest link of Empire is sentiment, just as affection is the true and indestructible link between man and wife, and not the priest's words nor the printed

certificates he gives. What would be thought if in a household where love ruled one of the parties sought to take advantage of the other's affection to extract disadvantageous concessions. That is in the nature of some of the proposals now being made in the name of national kinship, and if they were seriously made in the face of the people of Britain by an accredited representative of Canada Canadians would have reason to blush indeed. The feeling of the average Canadian towards the Motherland is not based on how much he can squeeze out of her in the name of Imperial patriotism.

3

Analogies are not misleading in such cases, and if we did succeed in persuading an English Government to grant us something for which we had begged it would leave as bad a taste in the mouth as it would in an individual case where one takes advantage of the good feeling of a friend in order to impose upon it. It would not improve the matter if you first try to persuade him that the concession you ask, which is so evidently to your advantage, is also to his. Let us proceed about these things as befits a great country. Our part of the work is to begin with an admission that perhaps we have not done all that we might do towards Imperial defence. It is a subject beset with difficulties. There is a strong opinion in this country that militarism is one of the institutions of Europe that America should receive with extreme caution. Nevertheless, public opinion here, on the whole, would support a greater expenditure for defence than has yet been undertaken. Australia and New Zealand expend \$800,000 a year on the Australian auxiliary squadron. It is thought that the result is not at all commensurate with the expenditure, and it has sometimes been suggested that if the sum were handed to the British Government there would be more to show for it. It is to be feared, however, that no Colonial Government can be induced to hand hard cash over to the Home Government,

and perhaps, on the whole, it is better that it should not be so. Australia, for example, has dreams of creating an Australian navy. That would appeal to the ambition of the people, and in the end we may be sure more will be done working along that line than if a cold formal payment of a sum of money were made grudgingly to the Admiralty every year. Governments everywhere like not only to have full control over how money shall be raised, but also prefer to do the spending themselves. In discussing Imperial defence it must not

be forgotten that the mere growth of a colony in population and wealth is the most powerful kind of a contribution to it. It is only necessary to suppose that the United States had remained a part of the Empire to realize how impregnable it would have been during all these years, although the military or naval aspect of the United States was never, from the standing army standpoint, formidable. Every measure that promises mere material growth in Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa is in an enormous extent a measure for Imperial defence. This should not be our only provision for that purpose, but it certainly should not be overlooked.

In speaking of Australia it is worth noting that the Parliament which the Prince of Wales opened on May 6 last year, is still in session and is still wrestling with the fiscal problems that have arisen in connection with federa-



CHORUS IN BACKGROUND: "Those pious Yankees can't throw stones at us any more."—*New York Life*

tion. The curious thing is that whatever arrangement may be agreed upon by the popular House may be rendered nugatory by the Senate. The Second Chamber in Australia possesses the power which even the father of second chambers, the House of Lords, has not got, namely, the power to interfere with the appropriations granted by the Commons. This doubtful power was given the Senate because of the apprehensions of the weaker members of the Confederation. The latest Australian papers show us the Senate, which does not quite agree with the other House as to the fiscal policy, tediously discussing the tariff according to its lights. A remedy is provided in the Constitution for a deadlock between the two Houses, namely, a referendum. This is rather ponderous, however.

The conflicts of capital and labour continue, and at the moment of writing the preliminary evolutions of what

promises to be the Armageddon of this sort of warfare are being carried out. Labour never undertook so big a task as that it has assumed in the coal strike in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. In challenging the masters they virtually challenge the vast aggregation of capital which Mr. J. P. Morgan controls as perfectly as a private individual controls his own bank account. The word has gone forth that this vast combination of wealth is disposed to smash unionism once for all, and as the employees are equally determined to assert unionism once for all, a life-and-death struggle is feared. The fight started in the anthracite region, but before this meets the eye of the reader the whole coal-mining industry in the United States may be paralyzed. The effect of this would be appalling, for coal is the motive power of almost every industry, and if President Mitchell is successful in his efforts the greatest industrial country in the world would be stricken as if with national palsy. One almost wishes that the question would reach this stage of acuteness in order that an honest endeavour would be made to reach a rational means of preventing

these periodical recurrences of wasteful labour wars.

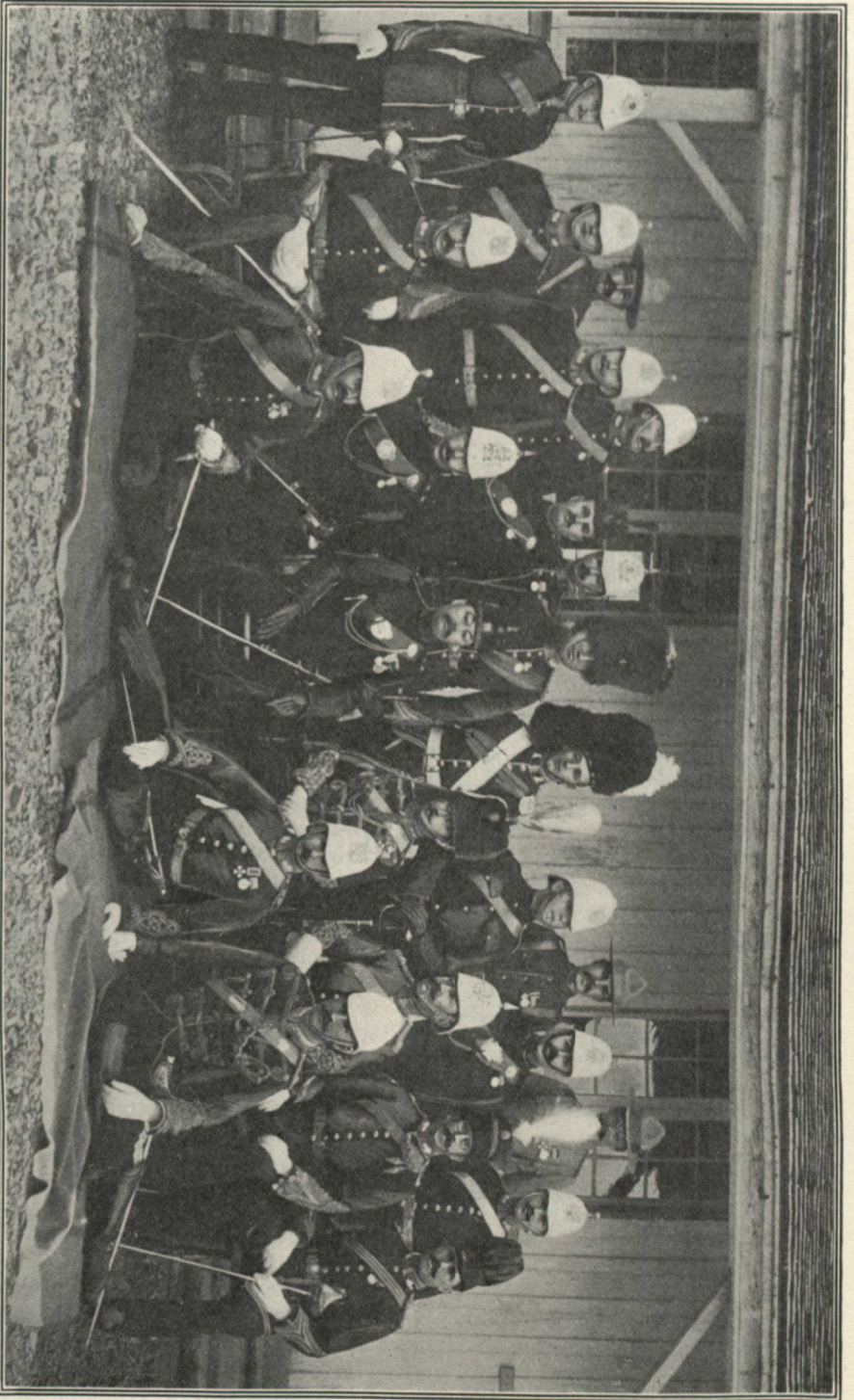
The close of the Boer war leaves Uncle Sam the only disturber of the world's peace, and the hands of the "stop the war" party are greatly strengthened by the situation. This, together with the demoralization which a struggle with savages has a tendency to produce, has made the campaign in the Philippines less popular than it was. In regard to the charges of cruelty and brutality, one officer makes the defence that with a people who mutilate the dead no other policy than a retaliatory one would be effective. It must be said for the people of the United States that the war with Spain arose mainly from moral indignation at Spain's cruel methods of putting down rebellion in Cuba. The Spanish defence was that the Cubans were themselves shockingly cruel to any Spanish soldiers that fell into their hands, and that cruelty had to be met with cruelty. It is singular to hear United States officers making the same defence of their conduct of a war which was undertaken under the promptings of humanity.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

PROVINCIAL general elections are often held without creating much excitement. Usually they mean very little, as the issues are not important. Business is the main purpose in the lives of Canadians, and the change from one party to another in a Province does not affect business to any extent because tariff and transportation matters are regulated at Ottawa. The chief interest in the quadrennial political combats is in the minds of those who

make politics a part of their lives—the Cabinet Ministers, those who have hopes of becoming Cabinet Ministers, the office-holders and those who hope to become office-holders. Beyond these two classes and a few enthusiasts who are connected financially or socially with these two classes, few people are much concerned.

But this Ontario election did attract some attention. It was thought by many that a party which had been in power for over thirty years would, for that very reason if for no other, be un-



OFFICERS OF THE CORONATION CONTINGENT

successful in another appeal to the electorate. But this Liberal party would not see defeat. They refused to quit just because their opponents desired to taste the sweets of office. They fought hard, and they obtained a majority of four in a House of ninety-eight representatives. It was not a large majority, but it was sufficient.

For the Liberals, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier, made a strong fight. He is a man of considerable eloquence, of a logical mind, and of broad knowledge of public events. When he appears at a public gathering on the same platform with Dominion Cabinet Ministers or leading Dominion publicists, he is never overshadowed. He has his weaknesses, of course, but his strong points far outweigh his weak points. Mr. Ross led his followers in this pitched battle with wonderful energy and unflagging zeal, and to him the Liberals owe their new lease of life.

For the Conservatives, Mr. J. P. Whitney, the leader of the Opposition, was conspicuous. Mr. Whitney is a good speaker and a conscientious publicist. On the platform he hardly equals Mr. Ross in breadth of view or excellence of diction, but he has many qualities to recommend him. He has always confined himself to political discussion and has seldom appeared at public gatherings other than those of a political nature. This is a weakness in a leader which has militated against Mr. Whitney, though, judging the man through his political sturdiness, it is a weakness which rests upon deliberate choice. If Mr. Whitney should become a Provincial Premier, and this is a possibility which must be expected, he will no doubt lay aside the reserve in which he has clothed himself and come out into the open where public questions are discussed on a non-political basis.

Although the elections resulted in a small Liberal majority, the interest in the situation is almost as great as before. Some of the majorities are very small and the recounts may still lessen that majority. The bye-elections which

are sure to follow may or may not change that majority to a minority and force Mr. Ross to hand in his resignation. Judging by precedents, however, the Liberals may lose a little on the recounts, but are likely to gain in the bye-elections. On the whole, therefore, it may be assumed, though with no great degree of certainty, that before the next session of the Legislature, the Government will have a working majority.

Next December there will be a referendum in Ontario on the Prohibition Act of last session. As a consequence,

the temperance and
PROHIBITION anti-temperance
IN ONTARIO. workers took considerable interest in the

recent elections. Seven candidates ran as straight Prohibitionists, and strangely enough, all seven were defeated. Seven Conservative candidates and one Liberal candidate subscribed to the Prohibition platform and these eight men were also defeated. Judging from this experience, the Prohibition Act will be defeated on December 4th, as a similar Act was in Manitoba a couple of months ago. It is quite evident to all, except the most ardent Prohibitionists, that the country is not yet prepared to abolish liquor-selling. This may be disappointing to many conscientious reformers, but it is a fact which they must face. This wicked world is far from being prepared for the millennium. If a plebiscite of the English-speaking peoples were taken to ascertain whether or not they were prepared to introduce the millennium, I am afraid there would be a large majority against it at the present time. There are few people with health and strength who are anxious for an invitation to exchange this sphere of evil and injustice for a place where there is neither buying nor selling, where they do not marry nor are given in marriage.

At the Board of Trade banquet held in Toronto on the evening of Thurs-

day, June 5th, there were some important statements made by two Dominion Ministers. Canada is reaching out for her share of the world's trade, and has no intention of being simply a blotch of colour on the map. She hopes to be a notable figure on the high seas, and Messrs. Tarte and Mullock announced that the Government which they represented were prepared to move as fast and go as far as the business men of Canada were prepared to follow. A new line of fast passenger steamers from Great Britain to Canada would soon be in operation. A line of fast freighters would be placed upon the same route. Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, and perhaps Sydney, will be the great ports. Quebec and Halifax will probably get most of the increase in the traffic which will thus be added. These two cities are rapidly coming into their maritime inheritance.

Then there will be a freight line from Canada to Australia via Capetown. This has not been on the slate so long as the fast Atlantic lines, but it will be an accomplished fact almost as soon, perhaps sooner. The present steamer service between Vancouver and Australia is also to be improved. Canada is stirring for increased British and colonial trade. The United States has refused to do more than sell to us, and consequently we are driven into a closer Imperial relation. Such is the view of the Boards of Trade, of the Dominion Government, and of the people generally. The North American trade is limited by the high United States tariff, but the rest of the world is open. To the open door we must go and are going. With a rich country, an intelligent and aggressive business public, we are likely to succeed. In fact, we are determined to succeed. These new lines of steamers will supplement our extensive railway system and enable us to market our produce all over the world.

And the effect of this upon those engaged in the commerce will be consid-

erable. The country, whose sailing masters navigate all the great oceans, will be broader in its views and its knowledge. The tales that will come back from the colonial and foreign ports will help educate us out of narrow views and local prejudices. The maritime spirit is a great virtue and one which it will pay Canada to cultivate.

In a paper entitled "Method In History," read before the Historical Section of the Ontario Teachers' Association recently, the Rev. J. O. Millar, of Ridley College, claimed that more attention should be given to the study of history in our schools. He would be well content to see the course of historical study considerably extended even at the expense of some other subjects such as arithmetic and formal grammar. In Germany all elementary instruction in history is oral and wholly biographical. The lessons are narratives, tales, stories, and short lives of important historical personages. No dry text-book is used. A demand is made upon the imagination—the child's favourite exercise. Mr. Millar would begin with local names and county traditions, and from this lead to such subjects as U. E. Loyalists, the War of 1812, Indian Occupation, the Story of Father Hennepin's discovery of Niagara Falls, LaSalle's Exploration, and so on. He condemns the present Canadian Public School History, and declares there is not a worse book for the purpose of elementary teaching in the whole departmental list.

During the past four or five years various writers on the subject have pointed out that the study of history, as it is carried on in Canadian schools, is with a few exceptions almost useless. It consists of teaching unimportant facts and still more unimportant dates. Heroes and events are not treated with the romantic touch which the enthusiastic teacher alone can give. History as taught in Canada is simply learning the names of the bones of a skeleton,

and anatomy has never been a very enticing subject. It is evident that the agitation which has been kept up in this and other periodicals is at last bearing fruit. The teachers and educationists all through Canada are dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction is a primary requisite to progress. We may hope to see a new method of teaching Canadian history come into vogue during the next four or five years. An entirely new set of text-books is required. Perhaps one of the best things to do to pave the way for this reform would be to superannuate forty or fifty of the old fogies who are now holding high positions in the various departments of education in Canada. New men, educated men, broad-minded men, liberal men, public men and enthusiastic men are required to regenerate our educational system.



About three months ago, in this department, the suggestion was made that there was no stock in which investments might be

CANADIAN PACIFIC
STOCK.

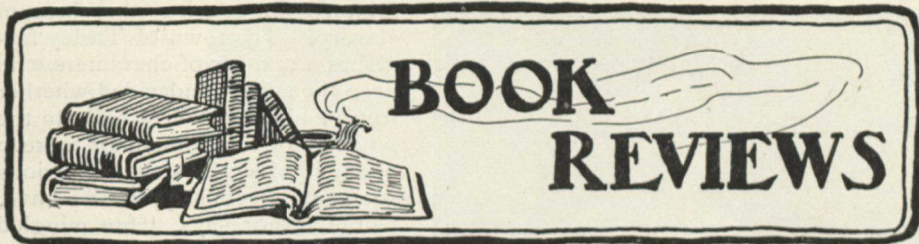
made with greater confidence than in that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Since that time much has been published about this Company and its great earnings. Much that is true and a little that was untrue. The market price of the stock has gone up from \$120 to \$135, so that those who held the stock three months ago have an asset which has materially in-

creased in value. A pool of Toronto scalpers somewhat selfishly boomed it up to \$140, and then unloaded stock which they had bought below \$120, thus realizing a very handsome profit. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that the stock will again sell above \$140 inside of a few months. For the six months ending December, 1901, the earnings on the common stock were 13.37 per cent., of which 5 per cent. was paid in dividends. The earnings since that date have been considerably greater, and with a good crop in the West, will equal more than 15 per cent. for the year 1902.

But aside from the great earnings of the Company, the stock should be held by Canadians on patriotic grounds. It is the best stock in the Canadian market, and foreigners should not be allowed to keep the control of it. So long as 75 per cent. of the stock is held in New York and London, there is always a danger that some enterprising United States speculator will endeavour to gain control of it for the benefit of some set of American railway magnates. This would not be possible if Canadians held 50 per cent. of the stock. There is no doubt that within a few years the stock will be selling at a much higher figure, even allowing for a reduction in the freight rates charged in the West, and for the large amount of money required for double-tracking and general development. It is to be hoped, however, that the scalpers will keep their hands off the stock and not discourage the public

THE FINAL TEST

- Q. Where are your boots made? A. In Canada.
 Q. Where is your clothing made? A. In Canada.
 Q. Where do you earn your living? A. In Canada.
 Q. Where are your laws made? A. In Canada.
 Q. By the way, where are your magazines and periodicals printed?
 A. In the United States.



WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SUMMER READING

"SIR, a man ought to read," said Dr. Johnson, "just as inclination leads him," a saying of the great man which, like some other sayings of his, requires to be carefully digested before being absorbed. A course of reading dictated solely by inclination might be the merest literary dissipation. Still, there is much to be said for a relaxation of mental labour during the summer months. In a warm, and at times enervating, climate like Canada in summer even the most disciplined mind finds it hard to pursue serious reading with benefit to soul and body. Tastes vary. What to one is a bore is to another a real pleasure. I once knew a man who took away Grote's "History of Greece" as the chief solace for a holiday in the country, while another friend of mine, an omnivorous reader in winter, never takes a book with him when on an excursion or a vacation. Are there not days, ye devotees of fiction, when a novel palls upon the palate? Persons who are in the way of knowing these things tell me that what are popularly called nature-books have captured the fancy of many summer readers. Being no authority upon natural history, having scarcely more knowledge of the animal world than the ability to distinguish a butterfly from a tadpole, I make no claim to be a judge of the sincerity of people who rave over animal stories and assure you that they are "so true to nature." I know not the Dame well, being much more accustomed to the pavements of the city than the paths through the woods, and having spent infinitely more time in watching the vagaries of the elusive street car than

in studying the habits of bears and rabbits. In fact, the only bears I know intimately are in the stock exchange, and I am more familiar with the rabbit which has found its way into a well-seasoned stew than the animal in its native haunts. But the books of Thompson-Seton, and Roberts and Fraser are undoubtedly charming, and their writers have made a close study of animal life. Yet, after all, are these gentlemen not chiefly men of poetic imagination who have discovered that the crowd desires its science dressed up with enough fiction to disguise the acrid taste of the hard fact?

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There is a dissertation on this very point in Mr. Roberts' new book,* and those who love candour but who are ready to forgive the subtlety of the special pleader, will admire the craft of the author in explaining the basis and justification for this new form of writing when he says: "It is with the psychology of animal life that the representative animal stories of to-day are first of all concerned. Looking deep into the eyes of certain of the four-footed kindred, we have been startled to see therein a something, before unrecognized, that answered to our inner and intellectual, if not spiritual selves. We have come face to face with personality where we were wont to predicate mere instinct and automatism." Well—this is ingenious, and paves the way for a series of tales of the hunter and the hunted, marked by all Mr. Roberts'

*The Kindred of the Wild. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



ADELINE M. TESKEY

Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows."

perfection of literary art, and backed by a show of knowledge of what animals think and feel which the boldest critic fears to question, because it appears so real and convincing. Anything finer in the way of illustration than the beautiful drawings of animals which accompany the stories it would be hard to find.

✻

Max Adeler, who formerly wrote humorous books, but who for many years has been employing his talents in writing about political economics, has returned to his first love. He has found what people less wise than he long ago discovered, that the world would sooner be amused than instructed. In "Captain Bluit" he delineates the life of a town situated somewhere to the north of Mason and

*Capt. Bluit. By Max Adeler. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dixon's line during the days of slavery. The town of Turley furnishes a number of characters who keep the author undecided whether to give himself over wholly to the business of amusement or to keep partly in view the strain of serious romance. In consequence we have, as the author says, "fun mingled with seriousness." Judge McGann, the industrious inventor of impossible novelties: Becky Slifer, an escaped slave with a sharp tongue; "Colonel" Bly, the political boss with views startlingly modern, are contrasted with the conventional types represented by Walter Drury, the young journalist in love with Dorry Hamilton, whose father won't give his consent to the marriage. The East Indian convert, Bundar Poot Singh, to whom religion, murder and robbery appeal with equal force, is rather a crude figure in this peaceful landscape, but he accentuates the "go" in a story altogether readable, healthy, and entertaining. When Max Adeler still further divorces himself from economics and turns on the tap of humour with less restraint, there is not much doubt of his being able to write a very amusing book.

✻

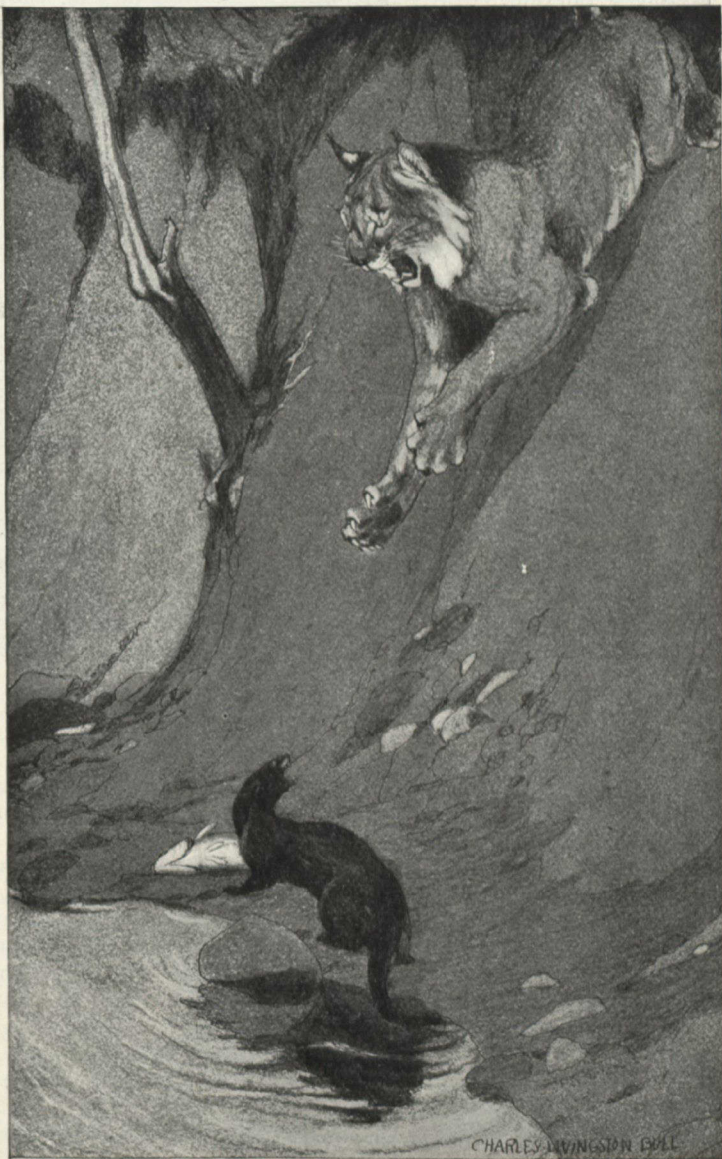
Mr. A. G. Bradley, who has written one or two books of a notable character upon the struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America, derived his interest in the subject, as Parkman did his, from long residence in the region where the final battles took place.* Whether the fact be due to the disastrous result of the American revolution or not, it seems clear that English readers interest themselves very little in the history of this continent. Of the revolutionary war itself the versions extant are nearly all favourable to the winners. The previous struggle with the French is also usually overlooked, as Park-

The Fight with France for North America. By A. G. Bradley. London: Constable & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

man's books are not generally read in England. As for the war of 1812-14 it is almost an unknown episode. Perhaps Mr. Bradley, who has been able in one ample volume to cover the period from 1747 to the surrender of Montreal in 1760, and who writes entertainingly and with no slight dramatic force, may turn his attention to the preservation of Canada in 1812-14 from foreign invasion, and to the establishment once more on a firm basis of a British Empire in North America. While history is not exactly the kind of entertainment usually prescribed for the lazy time of the year, Mr. Bradley has gone a long way toward making his short history of the struggle with France an agreeable presentation of historical facts of the intensest and most dramatic interest.

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Without much pretension to literary style, and aiming to deal mainly with his own personal experiences as a



"A SILENT GRAY THUNDERBOLT FELL UPON HIM."

Illustration from "The Kindred of the Wild"

sportsman, Mr. J. R. Pattillo, of Nova Scotia, has been able to turn out a bright and fresh account of hunting and fishing in several parts of Canada.*

*Moose-Hunting, Salmon-Fishing, and Other Sketches of Sport in Canada. By J. R. Pattillo. Toronto: William Briggs.



“THE DISCOURAGER OF QUESTS DARTED STEALTHILY FORTH”

Illustration from “The Kindred of the Wild”

There are so many professional writers now, and they produce so many tons of books each year, that it sometimes happens that a clever writer takes pen in hand when he has really nothing to say. Not so Mr. Pattillo. In the cheerful, chatty vein of the true sportsman with an infinity of yarns to spin, and a memory for every detail, he describes many expeditions with gun and rod, and recounts such victories over wild game that, as the editor, Mr. R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, says, “it is like listening to the stories of a genial companion when out on a sporting expedition.” Apart from the delight which Mr. Pattillo’s stories will inspire in all brother-sportsmen, the book is noteworthy as an example of success when the author is a master of his subject, even if lacking in the technical training of book-making.



If a man has been eyewitness of many adventures in remote corners of the

world, and has a talent for relating them, what a fund of literary material he possesses! Mr. Louis Becke, the well-known Australian journalist, is in this happy position. Mr. Becke was for quarter of a century a trader in the South Sea Islands, and his experiences of wild life he has embodied in several highly diverting novels written since he settled down in England to live. The latest of these* is a vivid picture of a young Australian who has a taste for the seamy side of life, and who knocks about the Eastern Seas in all kinds of company, generally bad, and who develops a natural facility for getting into trouble. This rake’s progress, which is happily upward and not downward, is told with such realistic art that one may be sure the author is drawing “Billy” Breachley from the numerous ne’er-do-wells who have come under his observant eye in the old days.

*Breachley: Blacksheep. By Louis Becke. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



IDLE MOMENTS



LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

ANOTHER young man might have given up in despair when he learned that the parents of the girl who had promised to be his wife had other plans for her, but this young man was resourceful and determined. He went to see a lawyer.

"Sir," he said to the lawyer, "I ask pardon for taking up the time of a man of your prominence with a matter that must seem trifling to you, but it is of vital importance to me, and you are the only man I know in whose judgment I have absolute confidence."

"My dear young man," replied the great lawyer affably, "I am flattered by the trust you repose in me. Furthermore, it is not as if we were strangers. You have been a guest at my house, I believe."

"I have," returned the young man; "otherwise I would not venture to call on you in this emergency. The fact is, sir, I have been deprived of a valuable piece of property, and I seek advice as to the best method of recovering it."

"Let us have all the facts," said the lawyer, setting back in his chair. "This property was in your possession at one time, I suppose?"

"Absolutely and unequivocally, sir," answered the young man.

"Actual, and not merely theoretical possession?" suggested the lawyer, inquiringly.

"Less than a week ago, sir," asserted the young man, earnestly, "I held it in my arms."

"In your arms," repeat-

ed the lawyer. "I infer from that that it is personal property."

"Decidedly personal," said the young man.

"There was no protest, no question as to your ownership at the time?"

"None whatever. While I held it everyone was perfectly satisfied, so far as I could judge."

"Did you hold it under a bill of sale or by right of contract?"

"It was mine under a contract, sir."



BUTCHER—"Well, my little dear, an' what do you want?"

LITTLE DEAR—"Tain't what *Hi* wants! *Hi* wants a diamond dog collar, an' a bro'm, an' a perminint parse to the music 'all, an' a seat at the Corinashun. But it ain't wot *Hi* wants, it's wot *Muvver* wants, an' *she* wants 'arf a pound off the scraggy end of a neck o' mutton, on the nod till Monday!"

—Punch

"Properly executed?"

"No detail was neglected. I personally placed the seal where it belonged—not once, but twenty times in less than that number of minutes."

"Entirely unnecessary," commented the lawyer, "Once was enough."

"Possibly," admitted the young man; "but I enjoyed it, you know."

"That's queer," said the lawyer.

"However, it is quite immaterial. The point is that you claim title to the property, and it is not now in your hands."

"Arms," corrected the young man.

"I did not mean to be interpreted literally," explained the lawyer. "Do you know what the present possessor intends to do with the property?"

"I do. The intention is to dispose of it elsewhere to some foreigner of wealth and title, who has admired it, I think."

"Well," the lawyer said thoughtfully, "in that case prompt action would seem to be necessary, and if your title is good and you once had actual possession, I do not see why you should not get out a writ of replevin and secure it that way."

"Will you attend to the matter for me?"

"As a matter of friendship, yes. Such apparently trivial things are hardly in my line, but in this instance I shall be pleased to help you. Kindly give me a description of the property."

"Fair; blue eyes, curly hair; teeth that—"

"Is all this fuss about a pet dog?" indignantly interrupted the lawyer.

"Sir," replied the young man haughtily, "I was about to give you a description of your daughter. Do you wish to take the case, or shall I apply to someone else?"

"I'll take the case," answered the lawyer, after a moment of reflection; "but I'll not go into court with it. As your legal representative, I will interview the girl's mother, and see if we cannot effect a satisfactory settlement without legal proceedings. Personally, I may say that I should regret to see

such masterful ingenuity as you possess lost to our family."

LORD DUFFERIN'S GHOST STORY

Lord Dufferin used to tell a creepy ghost story, which he averred was absolutely true. Nearly twenty years ago he was staying at a country house in Ireland. While dressing for dinner one evening he heard wheels on the gravel, and looking through the window he saw a hearse drive up to the front door. He was struck by the face of the driver—a fat, unpleasant, saturnine face. Assuming that a servant had died in the house Lord Dufferin mentioned the matter to his host, who informed him that there had been no death, and that the hearse was the ghost of the house. Its appearance was supposed to be a warning of danger to the man who saw it. A little while later Lord Dufferin went to Paris for the Exhibition, and stayed at the Grand Hotel. Entering the lift, he saw with a shock of alarm that the attendant had the face of the man on the hearse. He got out and walked downstairs, and immediately afterwards the lift smashed, and all the occupants were killed. The attendant was never identified. He had entered the service of the hotel only that morning, and nobody claimed his body.

GOOD REASONS FOR DELAY

Miss Askew: "So your marriage is put off?"

Miss Crummy: "Yes; pa is not at all satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family connections; auntie thinks he is too careless in his dress, and I think —"

Miss Askew: "Yes, what do you think? That is the important thing."

Miss Crummy: "I think I ought to wait till he asks me."

SUPERFICIAL INSPECTION

She: "I can read you just like a book." He: "O, well; if you only read me the way you gallop through your novels there is no harm done."



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

IN the Museum of Hahnemann College, New York, is a specimen of dissection that probably cannot be equalled and is the only one of its kind in existence in the world. It is the work of one of the professors there, Dr. Rufus B. Weaver. It shows the entire

cerebro-spinal nervous system—the brain and spinal cord and nerves connected therewith—in a single specimen detached from all other parts.

To do this required six months of the most exacting toil and the most skillful use of dissecting tools.

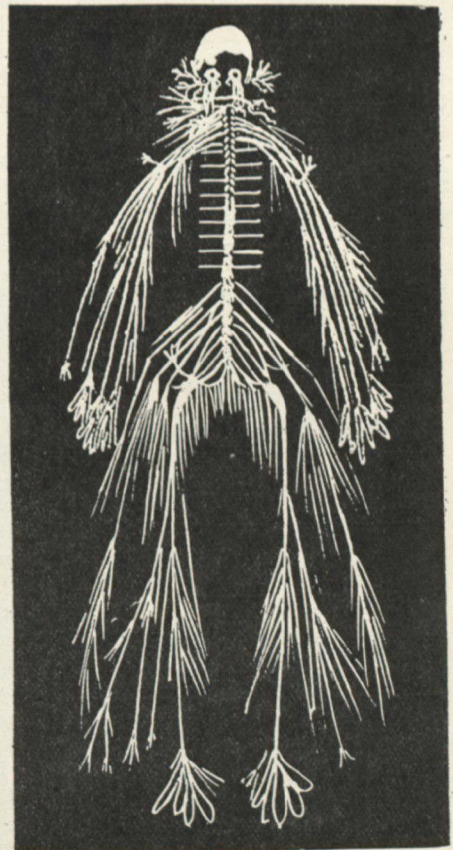
Accordingly he selected a female subject about 35 years old, with moderate adipose development, and previously injected with chloride of zinc, and commenced his task.

Thus over six months, with the exception of a two weeks' vacation, with from eight to ten hours a day, were consumed in the dissecting and mounting of this specimen.

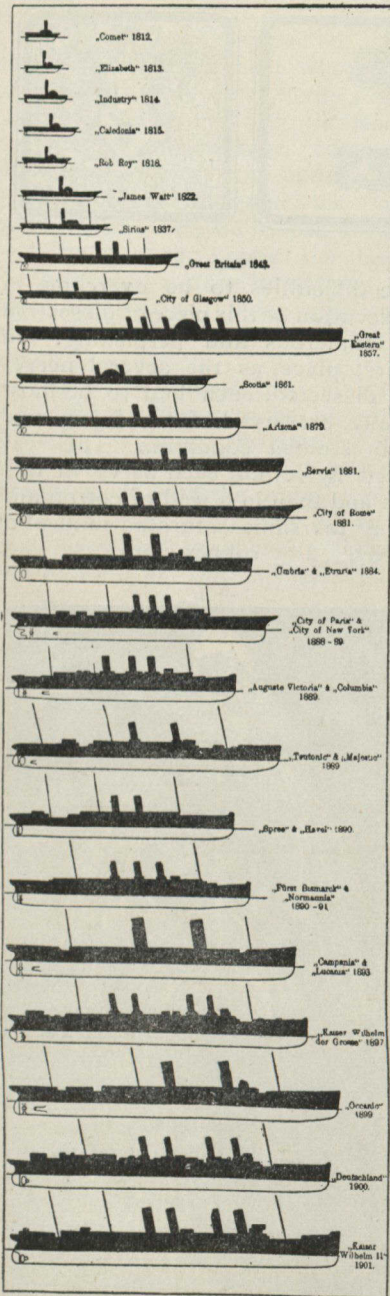
With the exception of the intercostal nerves, all the branches have been preserved to their terminal filaments. The impossibility of spreading the latter out on the board, or of giving them their natural curve over the spinal cord, led to their final sacrifice, although each had been dissected to its terminal filament.

The twelve pairs of cranial nerves have been carefully preserved and supported as nearly as possible in their natural position and relation by fine wires.

The difficulties to be overcome in the execution of this piece of dissection were numerous and perplexing. In the first place, as the several nerves were dissected, each had to be most carefully preserved from injury and kept in a moist condition. This was effected by rolling each nerve in thin gauze and then in a wad of cotton and keeping the same saturated in alcohol and covered by rubber cloth.



THE CEREBRO-SPINAL NERVOUS SYSTEM



A CHART OF PROGRESS IN STEAMSHIP CONSTRUCTION; 1812-1901
(Scale: 1 = 4,000)

In the experimental mounting of the specimens over 2,000 pins were employed, of which as the nerves dried and became fixed in their position a great number were removed, those remaining being scarcely noticeable.

It was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago and attracted attention from the medical profession of both hemispheres, who freely expressed their congratulations on the completion of a work which was classed among the impossibilities.

It was awarded a gold medal by the Bureau of Awards of the World's Columbian Exposition.

HISTORY OF IRON AND STEEL STEAMSHIPS

The accompanying chart shows more strikingly than any words could show the enormous progress made in the construction of iron and steel steamships during the past century. It is taken from Otto Schlick's "Manual of Steel Steamship Construction," recently published in Germany. The author presents also some interesting historical facts regarding the iron shipbuilding industry, of which an abstract is made by *The Engineering News*:

The first iron vessels ever built were some canal-boats, constructed in England in 1787. Before this time iron could scarcely have been applied to boat construction, since it was only in 1784 that the process of rolling iron plates came into use, and it was in 1786 that the first rolled iron plates were used in boiler construction. The first iron sailing-ship was built in 1838 in Liverpool, and was called the *Ironsides*. In 1843 the *Great Britain* was built of dimensions that had been unheard of up to that time. The vessel was, however, unfortunate, and went ashore in Dundrum Bay on her first voyage. The famous *Great Eastern* was built at Millwall in 1857, and although commercially a failure, its construction must nevertheless stand in many respects as a sample of modern design. Curiously enough, we are told, the construction of the *Great Eastern* exerted no marked influence upon iron shipbuilding, since the relative size of steamers remained the same both before and after its completion, and the later growth was quite gradual.

Iron shipbuilding in Germany was developed at a much later period than in England;

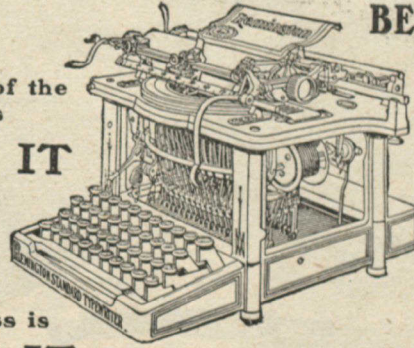
but the German establishments for the construction of iron ships enjoyed a very rapid development. Their numbers increased from year to year, so that at the present time Germany possesses thirty yards for the construction of iron or steel seagoing vessels.

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AT

Pan-American Exposition

1901

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TORONTO, ONT.



Hot Weather Food.

Food for hot weather is an important question. People can feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors, by avoiding fats, cutting down the butter ration and indulging more freely in fruits and food easy of digestion.

An ideal meal is Grape-Nuts with cream, some fruit, a couple of slices of whole wheat bread, and a cup of Postum Food Coffee, hot, or if cold a little lemon juice squeezed in; Grape-Nuts can be made the principal food of the meal, because it is a concentrated food, one pound having as much nourishment—that the system will absorb—as ten pounds of beef, in addition to which it is already cooked and ready to serve. Delicious hot weather entrees and desserts are easily made.

Try this entree :—(*Salmon Croquettes with Grape-Nuts.*)—Drain a can of salmon and mash the fish fine; add two beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup of finely ground Grape-Nuts, six tablespoonfuls of milk; salt, cayenne pepper and a pinch of mace. Beat to a paste. Lay small spoonfuls first into beaten egg, then in cracker dust, and shape into croquettes. Fry a delicate brown in deep fat and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

A dessert for a warm day:—(*Fruited Grape-Nuts.*)—Chop together enough pineapple, bananas and peaches to make one cupful. In a dainty dish place a layer of this chopped fruit; then one of Grape-Nuts, and repeat. Over all turn a cupful of whipped cream. let stand on ice ten minutes and serve.

A booklet of excellent recipes is found in every package of Grape-Nuts and many easy warm weather dishes can be made that are not only nutritious but pleasing to the palate.

A person can pass through weather that may be intensely hot, in a comfortable manner, if the food be properly selected and the above suggestions can be put into practice with most excellent results.

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All Wash Materials and for
those who wash them
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the Modern Soap

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GROWING WHEAT acquires from the earth and air all the properties of nutrition that are known, and, strangely enough, gathers those properties more nearly in the **proper proportion** for the perfect nourishment of the human system than does any other grain. If you remove from the whole wheat such properties as make teeth, bone, nerves, brain, muscle, you have **unnatural food**, which tends to unnatural conditions, poor teeth, loss of nerve and brain power, impaired strength.

SHREDDED WHEAT

is the **Natural Food**, for it embodies every one of the natural nutritive properties of wheat, and in the same proportions as Nature stored them in the grain.

Drop a Postal for our Cook Book, containing 262 Receipts for preparing and serving healthful dishes.

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A chemically prepared cloth. Cleans Gold, Silverware, Jewellery, Brass, and all bright metals like magic.

**NO POWDER OR POLISH TO USE.
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PURE AND TRANSPARENT

is the dessert of desserts for clear-skinned, healthy children. Avoid rich puddings and pastry—take care of the digestion and the brain will take care of itself.

Full directions in my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which I will mail **FREE FOR A LABEL**, if you will send your grocer's name or a 2-cent stamp. Buy a package from your grocer, cut off label (or signature), and send it, with grocer's name, and I will mail the book immediately. For 5c. in stamps, a full pint sample; for 15c. a full 2-quart package (two for 25c.) which will make two quarts (half gallon) of jelly, and contains pink color for fancy desserts.

The only brand made in America from calves' stock exclusively is

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FALL, 1902



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Made of a wonderful White Batiste as light as a zephyr, but tough as canvas, and always cool. Trimmed with lace and ribbon. These different Models : : : : : : : : : : :

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For slender figures and young girls. Lightly boned. It accentuates bust and hips and has the weight of a feather. In white, pink, and blue batiste. Trimmed with lace and ribbon. Model 127.

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Does away with unsightly bunches and ungainly ridges at bust and shoulder blades. Fits nine women out of ten. In white linen batiste, trimmed with lace and ribbon Model 115.

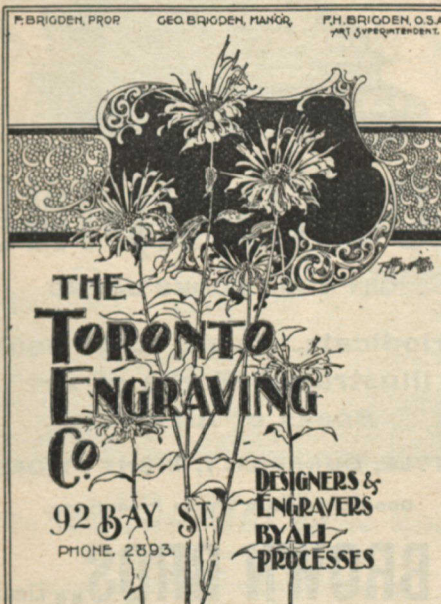
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If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and cost of corset desired, direct to Dept. Canadian.

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Renews the hair, makes new again, restores to freshness, gives new life. Just what you need if your hair is faded or becoming gray, for it always restores the color. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy, and makes the hair smooth and soft. The hair grows long and heavy and does not split at the ends. A high-class preparation in every way.

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is made twice as enjoyable, the skin is left so smooth, soft and fresh by the use of

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It allays all irritations, and is without equal for delicate skins

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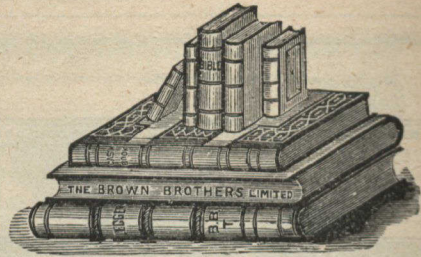
Shaves the STRONGEST as well as the MILDEST BEARDS—utterly impossible to cut the face. It is the Simplest and Surest shaving device ever invented. The AUTOMATIC STOPPING MACHINE KEEPS THE BLADES IN KEEN CUTTING ORDER—a novice gets as good results as an expert. Sold by leading Cutlery and Jewelry dealers all over the civilized world, or mailed postpaid by the makers at the following prices:

- Razor in Tin Box, **\$2.00**
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- Automatic Stopping Machine, with Strop, **2.00**

When making your purchase be sure and take none without the above "Trade Mark" and guarantee ticket. It permits you to have the blades REHONED or RESHARPENED FREE OF CHARGE. Catalogue Mailed Free on request.

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If your dealer does not handle the Gem Safety Razor, order of John Fernell & Son, Berlin, Ont.; Wood-Vallance & Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Hobbs Hardware Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Graves Bros., Ottawa, Ont.; H. S. Howland, Son & Co., Toronto, Ont.; The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto, Ont.; Caverhill, Larnmont & Co., Montreal, Can.; Black Bros. & Co., Halifax, N.S.; J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Winnipeg, Man.



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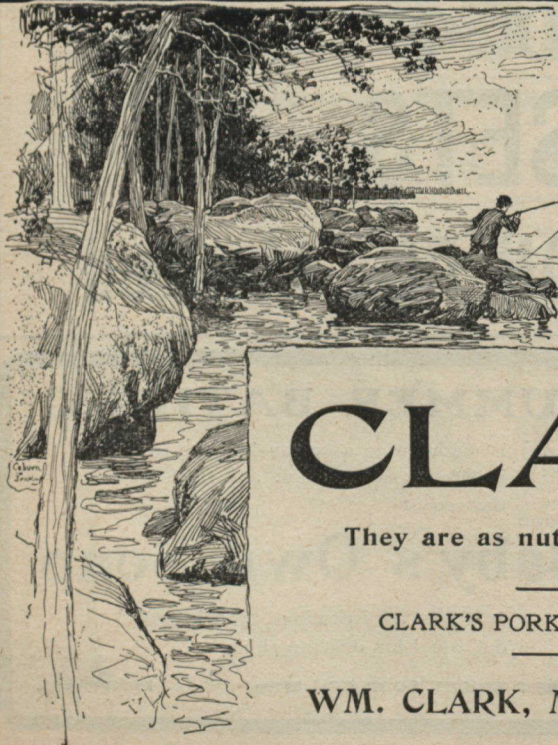
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The growth of a whole year of six Tea bushes is required to produce one pound of



Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea, but so carefully is it manufactured and so rich is its character that one pound, brewed according to the directions on the package, will make enough liquid to fill two hundred tea cups.

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They used to say that cooking and life in the kitchen was drudgery, and so it was until Souvenirs came. These perfect stoves are now sold everywhere. One will last a lifetime.

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COKE
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Keeps the scalp cool and free from irritation.
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It's a necessary luxury.

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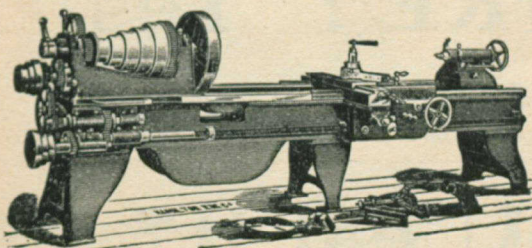
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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND
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Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) J. C. LEE.

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Tasty? Yes.

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Do YOU eat it?

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Wearers of woolen underclothing cannot appreciate what real summer comfort means until they have tried the cool, porous, ventilating Dr. Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear.

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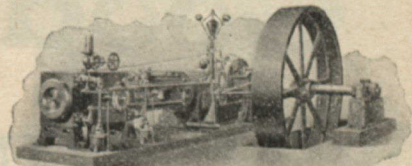
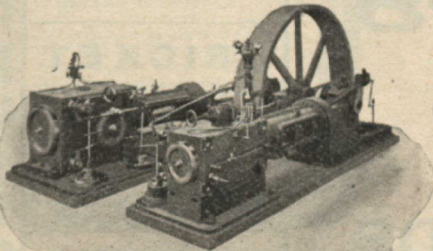
The Dr. Deimel Dress Shields are the best made. They can be easily washed and are odorless. We guarantee every pair.



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Is secured to every purchaser of our Steam Power Equipment, by the facts that our designs embody New Century ideas in Engineering, our shops are fitted for quick, economical and thorough production, and we contract for the design, construction and installation of complete plants. Write for prices and information. Inquiries promptly answered.



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(IN CRYSTALS OR POWDER) is prepared from and contains all the constituents
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the water of which is largely prescribed in cases of CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,
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The **CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT** in *Powder* has the great advantage in
not being affected by change of temperature or exposure to the atmosphere, and therefore
in this form is the most reliable and best adapted for export.

 To avoid imitations, see that the wrapper round each bottle bears the signature of the

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COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS

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TO FAT PEOPLE

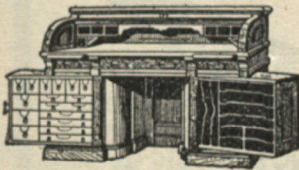
The Extreme Heat and Sudden Changes of Temperature to which We are Subject are Very Dangerous and Debilitating to Fat People. The Causes and Forms of Obesity are many and each Sufferer Needs Special Personal Treatment

I Can Reduce Your Weight 3 to 5 Pounds a Week.

I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practicing physician, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from 3 to 5 pounds weekly, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired

weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome; you will feel years younger. Ailments of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new book on obesity; its cause and cure;—it will convince you. Address

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Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



TAINTED FOOD.

The wonder is why we did not think of it before. The fly was with us; it bred in the same unmentionable places; it fed on the same kind of unmentionable materials; it never went near enough to water to wash itself. It flew from the sick room to our dining table; each foot deposited its little load of filth; our children caught some dread disease, and we never once suspected that the innocent looking fly had poisoned our food. And now it is all so very plain. It is fortunate that **TANGLEFOOT** Sticky Fly Paper will catch and hold the fly and the germs it carries and coat them over with a varnish from which they can never escape.

THE MEGGA COFFEE

AS USED
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RECOMMENDED BY THE VETERINARIAN DEPARTMENT OF ORIENTAL COFFEES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THIS COFFEE IS THE BEST IN THE MARKET AND THE BEST TO BE HAD IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY

JAMES TURNER & Co

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



DO YOU WANT THE BEST PIPE IN THE WORLD? This is it!
PAINE'S PERFECT PIPE

Patented April 20, 1897

SIMPLE, DURABLE, ECONOMICAL, CLEAN.

bowl. **No center draft** to leave unburned tobacco around the sides. **Passes around bowl** before entering the stem, insuring **clean, sweet smoke**. **Prices, prepaid by mail to U.S. and Canada**—French Briar, bent or straight stems, amberoid mouthpiece, 50c. each. French Briar, bent stems, pure rubber mouthpiece, 50c. each. French Briar, first quality, bent or straight stems, amberoid mouthpiece, 75c. each. French Briar, first quality, bent stem, pure rubber mouthpiece, 75c. each. **Best Quality, Selected French Briar**, bent or straight stems, real amber mouthpiece, \$2.00 each. **Extra Bowls** for 50c. pipes, 20c.; for all other pipes, 25c. each. **EVERY PIPE WARRANTED.** Dealers, every pipe you sell will sell others. Write for price list. Address,

While lighted the inner bowl can be raised to **clean or remove obstructions without emptying** or wasting the tobacco. **No Nicotine can enter the stem**, as it is all deposited in the smoke chamber surrounding the tobacco. **Openings for smoke opposite the stem**, so that smoke **Pipe never burns out** because extra tobacco bowls

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**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
 TEETHING
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WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
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Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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MIXTURES.

DR. J. M. BARRIE says:— "WHAT I CALL THE ARCADIA IN 'MY LADY NICOTINE' IS THE **CRAVEN** MIXTURE AND NO OTHER."

THE CRAVEN (Mild), Invented by the 3rd Earl of Craven.
 HANKEY'S (Medium), " " Major General Hankey.
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Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL ALE

ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT OUR BRAND IS ON EVERY CORK

Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Deleterious Ingredients.

WM. ROSS, Manager.



FAC-SIMILE OF WHITE LABEL ALE.

OXYDONOR

creates an affinity in the body for oxygen, and oxygen is Life's Necessity — Nature's great builder and healer. By this means Rheumatism, Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, and all Nervous Diseases are cured.

Oxydonor can be used for all the family and will last a lifetime.

Insomnia, General Debility.

MRS. BRADSHAW, Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont., writes, Aug. 7, 1901: "Oxydonor cured me of a chronic case of insomnia, and restored me to perfect health from a low state of general debility. I think it is a most wonderful instrument, and that every delicate woman should have one."



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MR. NICHOLSON, Bank Messenger, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I spent over a thousand dollars for doctors and medicine to cure my wife of rheumatism, and the only benefit she derived was from your Oxydonor 'Victory.' If I could not get another, no thousand dollars would buy it."

BOOKS MAILED FREE

Beware of dangerous imitations. The *genuine* is stamped with the name "DR. H. SANCHE & Co."

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U.S. OFFICES:

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KIMSEY'S "BESTYET" SKIRT SUPPORTER

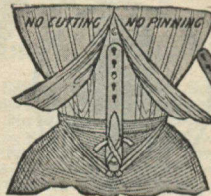


Is the best and most practical article of its kind on the market. Absolutely no preparation required. It is ready to adjust instantly with any skirt or shirt-waist you have, and will hold the shirt-waist firmly down in the back. At the same time it will hold your skirt right where you put it. Anyone trying Kimsey's "Bestyet" will never be without it.

Just the thing for young misses as well as ladies. You have only to buckle it over the shirt-waist and raise the pin-plate as high as you wish the skirt raised in the usual way, and the supporter is entirely hidden. Anyone can operate it. It is made of brass, highly polished and nickel-plated, and will not corrode or rust. **Price 25c.**

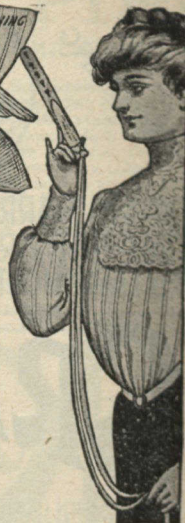
Kimsey's Improved Waist Lengthener

Produces Most Stylish "Dip Front" or "Straight Front" Figure



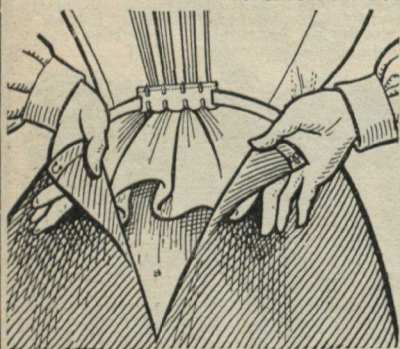
The hall-mark of the smartly gowned woman. More "Kimsey's" sold last year than all others put together. All objections to the old style overcome in "Kimsey's Improved." Any desired length can be obtained instantly; any style waist worn, open back or front; any style belt. No alterations to waist or skirt.

Postpaid for **25c.**, stamps or silver. Money back if not satisfied.



AGENTS find **KIMSEY'S Improved Waist Lengthener and Kimsey's "Bestyet" Skirt Supporter** very best sellers they can handle. Write for terms.

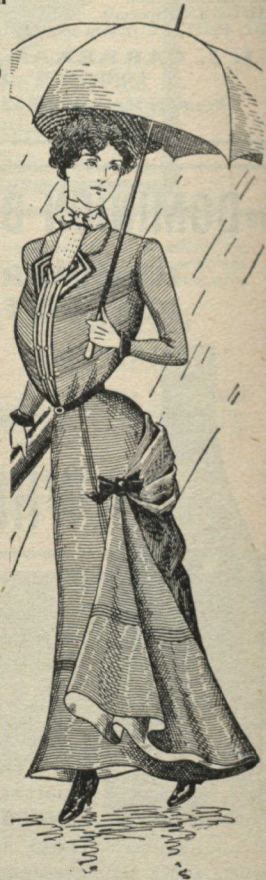
SKIRT LIFTER FREE with each one ordered.



Skirt Lifter Free with each one Ordered

KIMSEY'S Mystic Pin Skirt Lifter FREE

A Most Wonderful Little Invention for lifting and holding the skirt up, leaving the hands free to use at will. Instantly released when you wish to drop the skirt; can be covered and tied in any style bow, rosette or pom-pom suitable to one's fancy, using any style ribbon or dress goods for covering, and when in use adds greatly to the general ap-



pearance and style of the skirt. When not in use as a Skirt Lifter it is possible to drape the skirt at any point, back or front, or can be worn with pleasing effect on any part of sleeve or bodice. Instantly adjusted at any point with one hand. It will not injure any goods that an ordinary pin will not injure. After being covered it is entirely hidden from sight, in fact it is almost impossible for anyone to guess how your skirt is held up so nicely.

It is most desirable on a rainy day, shopping or business tour, as your hands are free. Its next great forte is in the ball-room, adding greatly to the beauty of the dress, as it can be arranged in many artistic shapes, using any style artificial roses, violets or flowers of any kind. When sewed to it they completely cover the little device itself, nothing showing but the flowers.

To use one once means a desire for several (so you can cover in several styles). Your friends will ask you "WHERE DID YOU GET IT?" You will tell them our address, so you see that it means many orders for us. This is why it pays us well to give away a sample, free. Don't wait until all your friends are wearing them—order to-day.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents, or **FREE** to those ordering either a Waist Lengthener or Skirt Supporter.

FREE—One Mystic Pin Skirt Lifter with each Lengthener.

The Kimsey Mfg. Co., Dept. A
3943 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



HAGAR SHOES



Are a Profitable and
Pleasing Purchase



NEWEST SHAPES
HIGHEST GRADE

Strong Endorsements

Dr. Mary E. Green, author of "Food Products of the World," writes:

"The excellence of Pabst Malt Extract, the 'Best' Tonic, is not unknown to me, as I have used it professionally for years, always with the most satisfactory results. For mothers nursing their children, and for general debility from any cause, I regard it as of especial value, as it combines both tonic and nutrient properties, which make it truly the 'Best' Tonic."



Pabst Extract

Dr. R. Belner, M.D., a prominent physician in Jersey City, N. J., says:

"I recently prescribed Pabst Extract for three of my patients, all of whom were ladies, and all of whom were suffering from dyspepsia and its consequences, and in all these cases it acted like a charm. Two of them bought more of the tonic, and continued to take it, until now they tell me they can eat anything, and, one of them added, 'everything,' without the slightest inconvenience. They have certainly improved wonderfully in weight and strength. I have prescribed your 'Best' Tonic a great number of times. It is one of the best, if not the very best."

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



Is used by every one who can afford to use the Best.



Beware of Manufacturers who attempt to sell a **WORTHLESS** imitation.
 J. M. DOUGLAS & Co.,
 Sole Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

MILLER BROS. & TOMS

ESTABLISHED 1869

Machinists, Millwrights and Engineers

Sole Makers in Canada of the

"Hill" Patent Friction Pulley and Cut-off Coupling, and "Hill" Patent Ring-oiling Bearing

MONTREAL

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 Special
 Wrapped
 for post
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 A JOYCE
 MANUFACTURING
 CONFECTIONER
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A. JOYCE

Manufacturing Confectioner.

Phillips Square,
MONTREAL
 ESTD 1861.

Beware of
 IMITATIONS

Novelties from
 England and the Continent—
**Costume Crackers and Mottoes,
 Dainty and Attractive Baskets
 and Boxes.**

**Fine Quality Chocolates, Fruit Creams,
 Buttercups, Caramels and Nougats.**
 Variety and Choice Flavours—one, two, three and
 four pound boxes—state preferences.

Maple Sugar Cream, a delicacy for friends abroad.
 Special Wrapping for Post or Express Packages.

Iced Holiday Cakes, with any desired inscription
 or decoration.

**Fancy Assorted Iced Cakes, Macaroons,
 Almond Sponge, Vanilla and Duchess Wafers,
 Shortbread, etc.,** for Dessert and Receptions.

They're "Joyce's".



BEAUTIFUL women, in a great measure, owe their attractive appearance to the luxuriance and lustre of their hair—the true glory of woman. How to promote a wealth of hair is no longer a secret. Most people know nowadays they can grow good hair if they

Use The Rose Hair Grower

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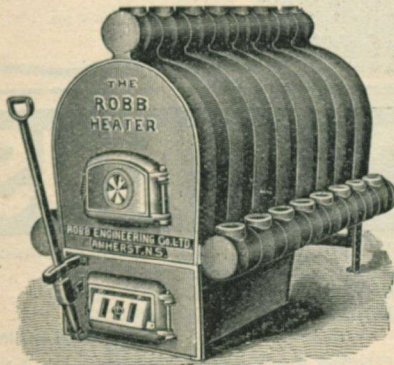
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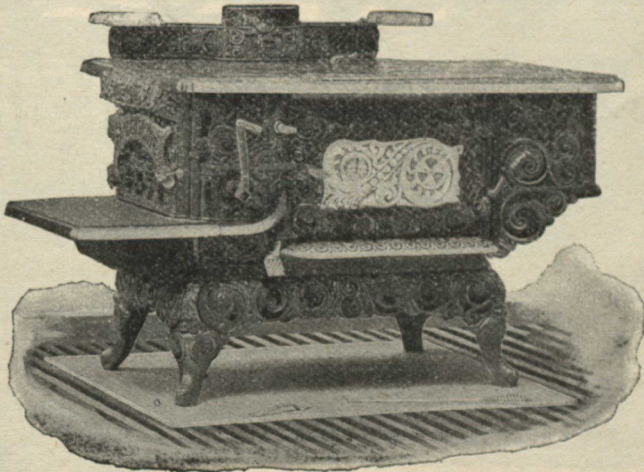
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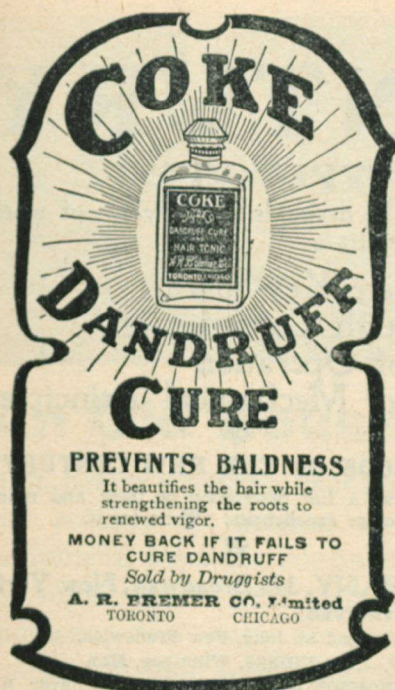
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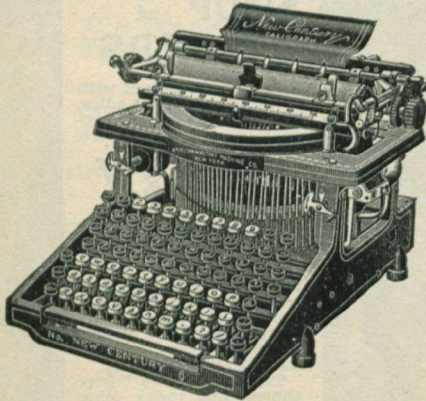
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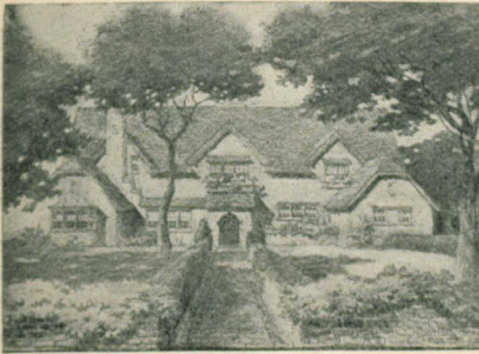
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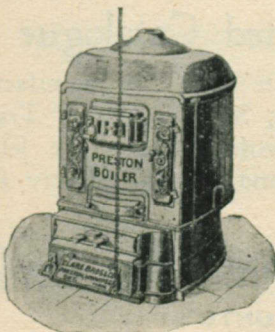


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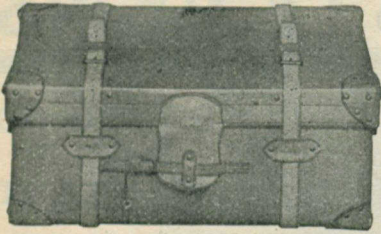
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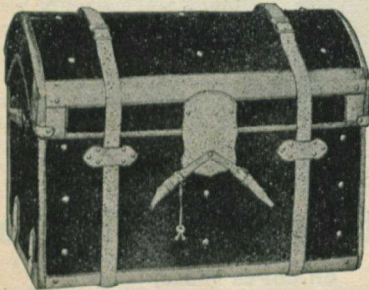
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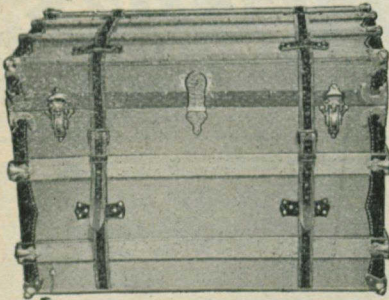
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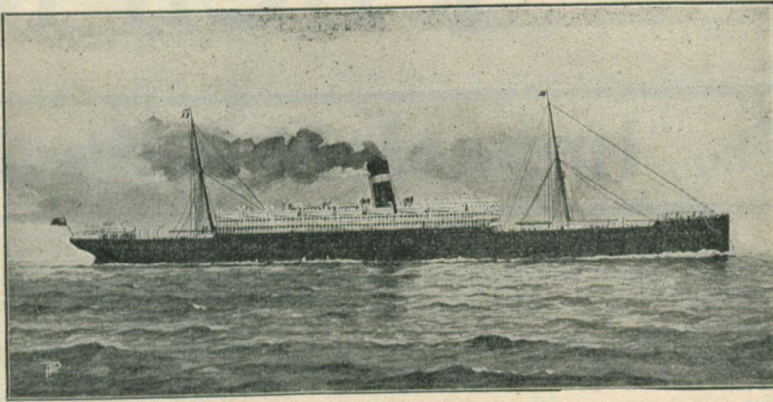
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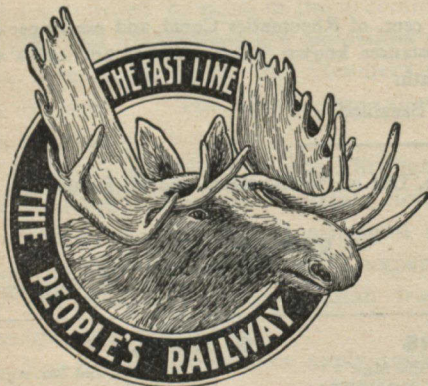
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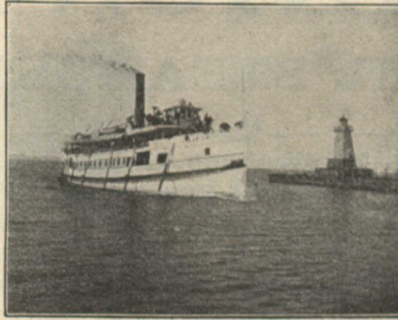
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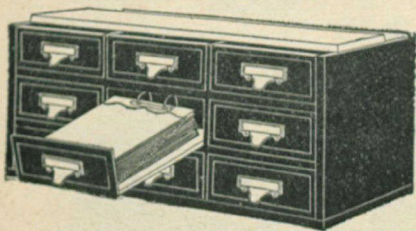
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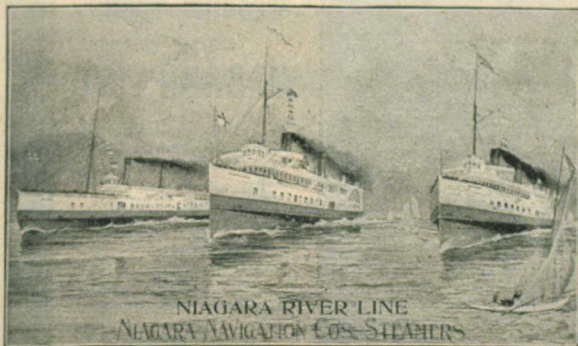
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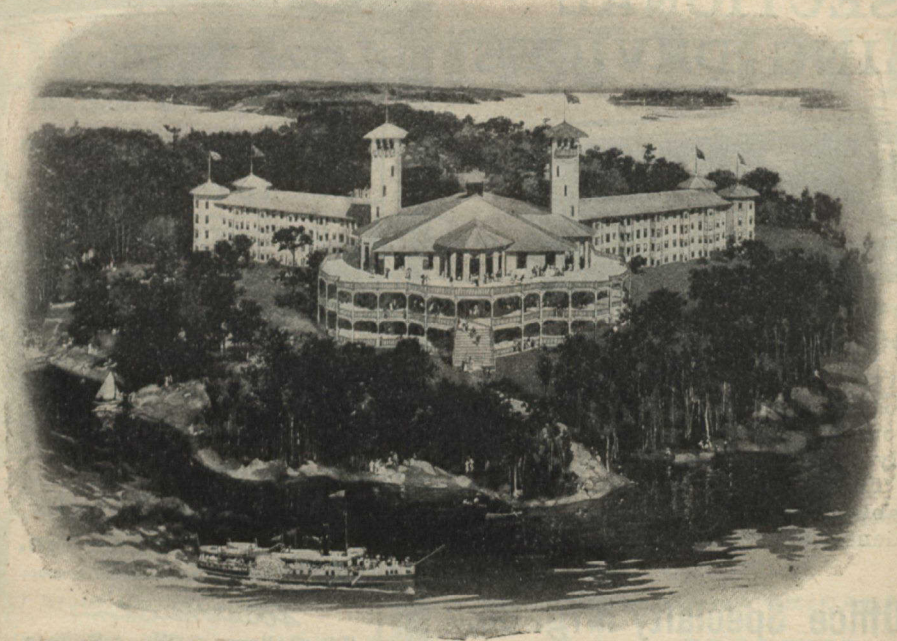
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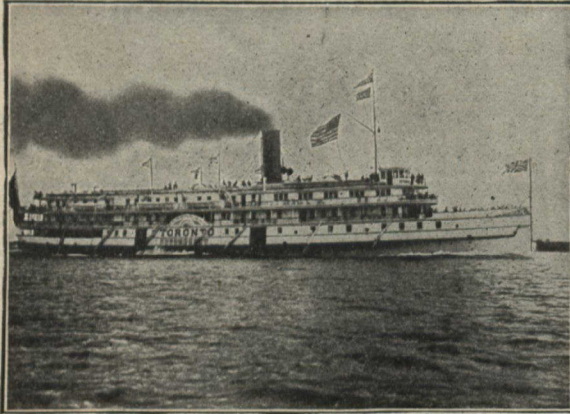
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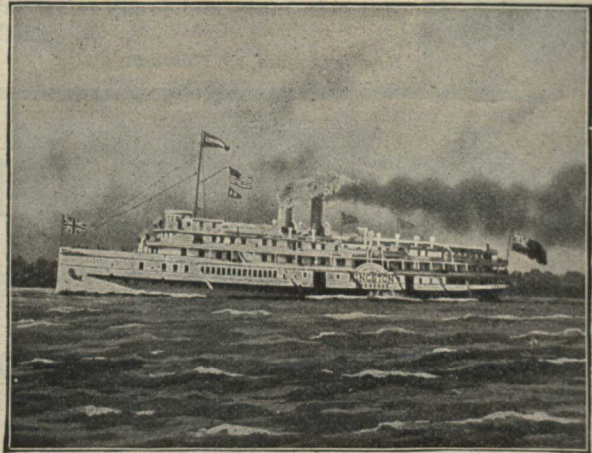
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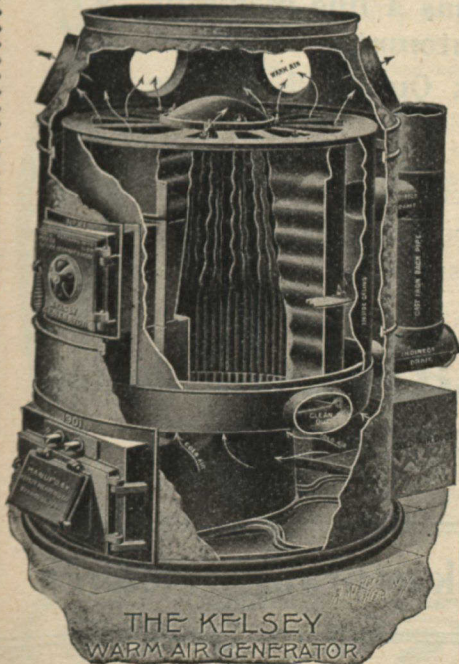
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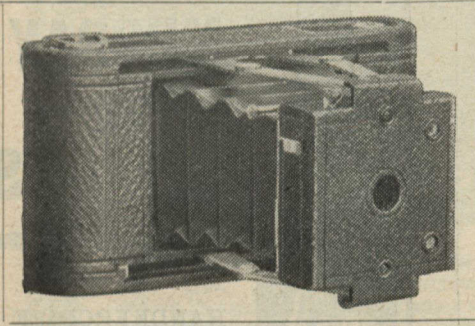
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