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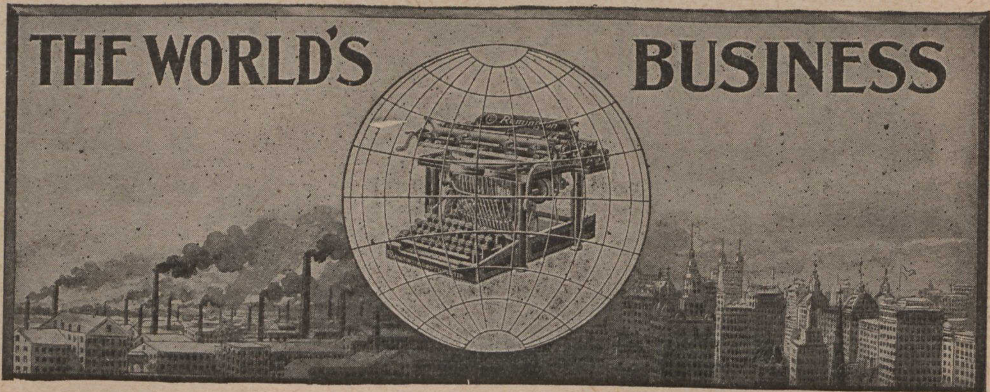

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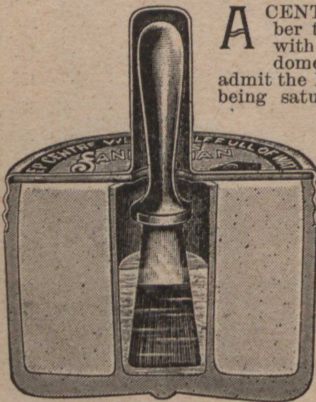

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

VOL. III TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1903 No. 4

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Protection Argument in Brief

IN the face of all the free-trade theories which are heard from time to time, there are some facts concerning Canada and the effect of the present tariff that remain indisputable. It is possible to lose sight of the important point in a maze of argument, but the strength of the protectionists lies in the simple fact that under present conditions Canada is getting much the worst of it in her trade relations with the United States. It needs but a very few figures to show why a more adequate protection is required.

Last year Canada imported from the United States to the amount of $129,794,147 and exported to the same country only $71,197,684. Of this latter amount, $66,607,784 was home produce, while of the total imports over $114,500,000 was produce required for home consumption. It is very apparent that in this Canada gets the worst of it. This is an agricultural country, and should export largely; yet the actual facts are that we buy from our American neighbors almost twice as much as we sell, and of produce that we ought to grow ourselves. The greater part of our exports are raw materials, such as the products of our forests and mines; and here again we are doing ourselves an injustice, for this raw material should be manufactured in our own country.

Of manufactured products, Canada imported in 1902 from the United States to the value of $69,536,000, while she exported only $6,024,373. A proportion of the imported manufactures were made of Canadian raw material, Canada thus buying back her own at a heavy advance in price; while a very large part of the total amount could be profitably manufactured at home if the tariff permitted. The entire question of tariff reform—whether or not there shall be protection for our own national industries or continued generosity to another country—thus reduces itself to the simple question of buying things from outside producers that we ought to produce ourselves, and selling them our raw material, or developing our own country by producing and manufacturing at home, and by exporting rather than importing.

What Transcontinental Railways Cost and Earn

THE discussion which has arisen over the Government's railway policy draws attention to the magnitude, in political, mechanical, and financial respects, of modern railway building. The immense proportions of an enterprise such as the proposed new transcontinental railway are hardly grasped by the casual reader. A probable total cost of $110,000,000 is what the Grand Trunk Pacific means financially,

an estimate based upon the mileage, and subject to the final details of the route. Mr. McCarthy, M.P., who introduced the bill, estimates the cost of the prairie section at $20,000 a mile, and the mountain section $50,000, or a total of $17,000,000, and $25,000,000 respectively. The eastern section, from Winnipeg to Moncton, will cost $50,000,000 at $30,000 a mile. In addition to this will be the cost of the various branch lines; but, on the other hand, it is claimed that the estimate is already much too large, actual construction being now in progress by the Canadian Northern at half the figure. Rolling stock for the whole line is named at $20,000,000. While the policy adopted by the Government is a vigorous one, and, in most respects, favorable to public interests, there is an indefiniteness about the cost, engineering conditions, and even the route itself, which make a careful investigation desirable.

Costly as trancontinental railways thus are, they are as certainly profit-makers. The total net income of the Canadian Pacific for the year ended last June, was $17,123,058, of which over $9,000,000 was available for dividends. The splendid position now held by the C.P.R. in the world of finance is due in part to the able management of the road, but its first success is in the resources of the country which it has opened up, and this success will be repeated by the new line, opening up new districts from West to East.

A Law to Make Men Vote

A MEASURE introduced in the House by Mr. John Charlton seeks to make voting compulsory on penalty of forfeiture of the franchise. Mr. Charlton believes that such a law would discourage bribery, as those who put a price upon their vote could no longer hold off for the highest bidder. That this is a very real evil throughout Canada there is no question, and compulsory voting would undoubtedly do much to remedy it; but for several reasons it is not a practicable remedy.

It is not likely that compulsory voting would be more acceptable to the liberty-loving Canadian than would compulsory abstinence, which many look upon as an interference with personal rights. A man may have the best of reasons for not voting, reasons altogether independent of personal gain or selfish interests. Religious scruples or conscientious objections to men or measures may deter him from voting "yea," and yet he may not be prepared to vote "nay." Under such circumstances a man cannot justly be disfranchised, and compulsion might thus result in winnowing out many of the most desirable class of voters in the country. Some provision would also be necessary for cases of sickness, and pretended ills would become an easy escape for the tricksters. All in all, while Mr. Charlton's proposition aims at an admitted evil, it is itself open to so many objections that its enforcement would be a doubtful expedient.

Another Successful Tour

THE recent visit to this country of a party of British journalists added one more triumph to the credit of Canada. Like all the other delegations that come this way, they were surprised and delighted with what they saw and heard, and have gone home fully convinced that the half has never been told concerning the greatness and the beauty of the Canadian colony. So far they did not differ greatly from other tourists, but their visit and their impressions were especially noteworthy since they were men whose position enables them to effectually spread the news after their return to England. No one sees so much and so correctly as a trained journalist, and these British newspaper men will do much to advertise Canada by telling their readers of what they saw and what they thought. We are accustomed to hear our visitors say pleasant things about our country, but there is a better chance than usual for something to come out of this journalistic tour.

Fairly typical, in a nutshell, of the British editors' opinion of Canada is what the representative of Reynolds' great publishing house said before leaving for home: "I have had many years' experience in agricultural life, both in Ireland and in England, but never have I seen finer land,

finer crops, finer cattle, or finer people than I have during my tour through Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. One of the most curious and striking things I have met with is the amusement with which these people here regard the British dread of the Canadian winter."

Government Salaries

THE question of increasing the salaries of the members of Government, and those holding the more important Government positions has been mooted more than once during the past few years, and has been revived again in connection with the appointment of the Railway Commission. The Chief Commissioner is to receive $10,000 a year, and his two colleagues $8,000 each, a remuneration that would appear to be ample and even generous. It is in fact higher than the salaries paid even to ministers and judges, and the common people will consider the new offices quite well enough rewarded. When it is remembered, however, that the position is one which calls for expert knowledge, and that the men who have this knowledge, and are thus best fitted to be of service to the country, already hold business positions that are more profitable, the offer made to them by the Government loses something of its generousness. Sir William Van Horne declined the chairmanship of the Commission because his business duties would not leave him the necessary time; it is quite well understood, although he did not put it so bluntly himself, that Sir William Van Horne's time is worth more than $10,000 a year, and that he could not afford to sacrifice his personal interests to such an extent, even for the good of the country. The money value of ability must be recognized.

It is becoming more generally believed that the Government ministers and the judges of our courts are underpaid, and that the whole system of salaries needs revision. The Premier of Canada, the chief Government official, receives a salary far short of the value of his services, a mere $8,000. The expenses necessarily involved in the higher positions make heavy inroads upon their allowances, and it is a matter of fact that statesmen usually die poor. In comparison, the leaders in the business world are much better remunerated. As chairman of the C.P.R. managing board, Sir William Van Horne receives $35,000; Mr. Hays, manager of the Grand Trunk, is said to have a salary of $40,000; the president of the United States Steel Corporation gets $75,000, and the manager of the Soo industries $50,000; several of the banks pay their presidents from $20,000 to $30,000. Government is more arduous than ordinary business, and should be at least equally remunerated. There are still, it is true, what are sometimes called "Government snaps," with which more or less abuse of political privileges is usually connected, but the positions of real importance in the government of Canada mean a great amount of work and only a comparatively small remuneration.

Negroes as Immigrants

THERE is said to be some likelihood of an influx of negro immigrants into Canada from the Southern States. A negro organization known as the Order of St. Luke has been seeking for years to remedy the wrongs of the race, chief of which are the numerous lynchings and the unjustifiable suspicion with which the blacks are looked upon by the whites. The Order has devised a way of escape from these evils, namely, to migrate to Canada, and there make negro settlements, where they may be at peace. Branches of the Order are to be organized in a number of Canadian and American cities, and a mutual benefit system will be inaugurated to transport and settle their brethren in the Canadian west. The scheme has fair chances of success, and will probably be set in operation very shortly.

Canada can absorb nearly all classes of people, except bad people. There is some doubt, however, whether the experiment of negro colonies is one which it is desirable should succeed. Separate colonies have heretofore not been fully successful, and in any case the aim of the Canadian immigration policy is not to establish separate settlements, but to make Canadian citizens

of our immigrants, and absorb them into the national fabric. Now it will never be possible to so absorb a colored population; the race feeling may be reduced to its lowest point and the friendliest relations may exist between the blacks and the whites, but the two races must always remain separate. Moreover, negroes are not, as a rule, possessed of that industry and forcefulness which are so necessary to the Canadian settler; only now and then have they proved themselves equal to the duties of real citizenship. And so, while our sympathies are with the oppressed negro in the South, the idea of any extensive immigration of colored people into Canada is not one which commends itself.

The World's Shipping

AT the present time the shipping of the world consists of 29,943 steamers and sailing vessels, the steamers exceeding the vessels by 5,500. The days of the sailing ship are rapidly passing, and more and more the steamship is taking its place. The total shipping for 1902 shows an increase of 315 vessels, but this was entirely in the steamers, as there were fewer sailing vessels built than in any year in the history of shipping. Modern traffic of the sea is nowadays a matter of steam-power, and no longer of Nature's winds.

Of the total tonnage in the world, nearly one-half is British-owned. For the first time the British Empire possesses shipping exceeding sixteen millions tonnage, and the next closest is the United States, with three and a half millions. Nearly all of the British shipping is steamships, which thus adds to the superiority over that of any other nation or of the nations collectively. Great Britain has ever had a deep and justifiable pride in her merchant marine, which has indeed given her supremacy quite as much as her navy. England is a shipbuilding country, and island as she is, it is fitting that she should lead the world. Her colonies might follow her example more closely with profit. The eastern provinces of Canada have exceptional advantages for shipbuilding, and there is every reason to believe that the steel ship-yards that have been proposed in Nova Scotia for the past two or three years would be successful. In the United States great progress has been made within recent years in the way of ship-building, but the industry is still in its infancy, and the American merchant fleet is as yet small. The six leading ship-owning countries, in order, are as follows: Britain and her colonies, United States, Germany, Norway, France, and Italy.

From Lake Huron to Lake Ontario

A PROJECT has been under way for several years by which Lake Huron is to be connected with Lake Ontario by way of the Trent Valley route. This route is two hundred miles in length, a saving of some two hundred and fifty miles on the present Lake route, and therefore an important factor in the business of transportation. Of these two hundred miles, about twenty miles are canals, and the rest is a natural system of lakes and rivers, the greater part of which is already navigable. The advantages of this route, as a short cut through the heart of Ontario, were recognized some years ago; a Commission was organized to promote the interests of the Trent Valley waterway, and Government assistance has been liberally given.

The system of lakes which forms the essential part of the route is known as the Kawartha Lakes, whose highest level is six hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario. This necessitates a series of drops at the eastern end, the heaviest being at Peterboro', where a drop of sixty-six feet has been overcome by the construction of the largest canal locks of their kind in the world. Vessels will be raised or lowered this distance in two immense pontoons, operated by hydraulic power. These locks, which are somewhat of a triumph for Canadian engineering, represent an expenditure of $1,000,000, and are now just about completed. The other canal locks in the route are of ordinary proportions, and portions of the work at both ends of the route are still under construction.

Whether the Trent Valley route will ever play a leading part in the transportation of western produce to the seaboard has

been made a matter of considerable political discussion. It is a crooked route, and its navigation will necessarily be slow; yet it will greatly shorten the water haul, and will put freight from Georgian Bay termini on the St. Lawrence in quicker time and at less expense. How great a factor in freight-moving it will be, time will tell. In any case, the opening up of the route will be of great benefit to the country through which it passes. Large quantities of grain and lumber are produced in the outlying districts, and shipping facilities are at present inadequate. The canal will thus have a very considerable business independent of the through freighting from the West.

The Tourist Business

EACH year increases Canada's popularity with the travelling public, on account of which the tourist business has grown from a very little to proportions that now rank with the most important of our industries. Of late years, special attention has been given, both in the east and the west, to the attraction and entertainment of summer travellers, and how well the movement has succeeded is proven by the reports from scores of seaside resorts, country towns, and leading cities. So quickly has the tourist business grown, that there are to-day not a few subsidiary industries that are very largely dependent upon the tourist traffic, which many towns look upon as their chief mainstay. There may be some doubt as to the permanent value of such an industry, since it operates during only a portion of the year, and is at best uncertain; but it is at least a valuable addition to the industrial activity of the average community, and its profits figure largely in local revenues.

It has been computed that one thousand tourists spend $300,000 per month, and there is more than one city in Canada that either surpasses that figure, or very closely approaches it. The great numbers of people who spend several weeks or months in country villages or at popular resorts, live more cheaply, but aggregate an equal expenditure for the season. Complete estimates of the tourist business in Canada would be as interesting and valuable as almost any in the blue-books. The State of Maine estimates its tourist revenue last year at $12,400,000, while one little town in California clears nearly $7,000,000 annually. One thing Canada must learn, however—not to depend upon the beauties of nature alone, but to improve the quality of the entertainment. The tourist business is worth cultivating.

Affairs in England

THE British Parliament prorogued in August, after a sitting of more than usual interest. It was marked by, perhaps, as much as anything else, the remarkable way in which Premier Balfour was able, despite predictions, to hold the Government together and harmonize the opposing factions. It is believed, however, that general elections will be held before another session, and that a new campaign will be inaugurated this fall. Mr. Chamberlain's tariff propaganda has acted somewhat as an explosive, and while the protectionists are steadily gaining, there will be long and arduous fighting before England will give up her long-cherished free trade. Mr. Chamberlain is receiving the usual unfavorable compliments of those who cannot see the force of his argument, and the inevitable success of his policy; but Mr. Chamberlain is to-day the chief statesman of England.

The most important measure passed in the recent parliament was the Irish Land Bill, which was referred to in a previous issue. There is every reason to believe that it will work out successfully, and the Irish people have accepted it as a relief to their misfortunes. Another wise move toward conciliating the Irish was the recent visit to Ireland of the King and Queen, which more than any amount of parliamentary eloquence has smoothed down the Irish temper, and elicited warm expressions of loyalty. It is believed by many that the worst of the trouble with Ireland is over, and that the Land Bill has introduced a new era.

The King has the happy faculty of making friends. The national advantages of

this fact are apparent in the improved relations between England and other countries that have followed the recent state tours. The most significant of these tours, perhaps, was the visit to England of President Loubet, which has been followed by a remarkable improvement in English and French relations. M. Loubet was received right royally, and the whole French nation has responded to the good-will shown their President. Possible difficulties have been headed off by cordiality. Herein lies one of the most important offices of modern monarchs, one that very democratic people may deprecate, yet is nevertheless more than mere sentiment.

The Trade Congress in Montreal

THE Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, held in Montreal, was in every way a success, and was undoubtedly one of the most important business conventions ever held. Delegates were present from nearly every part of the Empire, to whom their Canadian colleagues played well the part of host. A great number of topics were discussed in the congress, and resolutions passed that, as reflecting the opinions of the business men of the Empire, will be of value to future legislators. Some of these topics were imperial defence, steamship service, tariff, immigration, commercial relations within the Empire, bankruptcy laws, etc. For the discussion of these and other questions of vital importance there were men of as much ability as in a Parliament. One dominant note ran through all the discussions—the advantages of imperialism as applied to the practical life of the British world, and the mutual benefits that would follow closer relations between the colonies.

The most significant thing about the Congress was the fact that such an assemblage was possible. Its transactions were important, but it was in itself the strongest testimony to the spirit of progress in the present age. Modern methods have changed the face of the business world, and the fact that several hundred men of affairs from all parts of the Empire will get together and talk over matters of imperial interest is a striking evidence of twentieth-century development.

Tramps and Labor

THE tramp is still with us. In hard times or in good times, the country has its vagrants, for whom there seems to be no excuse, yet whose presence in our midst must be recognized. The plea which these parasites upon society were wont to make—that they could find no work—has been most effectually demolished during the past season. All over Canada there has been a pressing demand for laborers, and important industries have for months been undermanned. Yet there are still tramps. Some Ontario farmers expressed their willingness to pay the fines of certain vagrants who had got into trouble, a few weeks ago, if they would come to the farms and work. In one case the experiment was actually made; but after a few days of steady work in the harvest-field, the ne wfarm-hand disappeared, and the farmer was out of pocket to the extent of the fine which he had paid. In the Western States, also, urgent means are being adopted; short-handed farmers are stopping trains, and searching their passenger lists for possible harvest helpers; yet in Kansas recently, no less than 200 tramps were ejected from a train during a single trip of a hundred miles.

How are these tramps to be made to work? They are somehow making a living, and at the expense of honest people who would be glad to pay them for their services. Work, however, they will not, and the pictures in the funny papers represent them very truly, after all. They are, moreover, not only idlers, and hence a loss to society, but they are a constant danger as well. Nearly every day there comes news from some quarter of the country of outrage or threat at their hands, and thefts are not the least of their crimes. A very strict hand needs to be carried with these wandering idlers, and at the best, they constitute one of our social problems.

Public Ownership is Gaining

THE idea of municipal ownership is steadily gaining in favor throughout Canada. The success which has followed the experiment in other countries is being repeated in many cases in our own country, and the further acquirement of public franchises is now being more widely considered than, perhaps, any other item of municipal business. One of the most interesting experiments that has yet been made in Canada, is reported from the city of St. Thomas, where the public ownership of the street railway system has resulted very satisfactorily from every point of view.

The St. Thomas railway has been under the city's management only six months, being then taken over as a broken-down concern, in debt and badly-equipped. Under its new management, it has paid running expenses, including the cost of repairs, added more cars, given a better service, and thoroughly reorganized. With all this, the price of passenger fares has been reduced very considerably. The people of St. Thomas are naturally well pleased with the results of their experiment in public ownership, and while this is the only case of a public-owned street railway in the Dominion, the incident is of value to other municipalities in which similar questions may be under discussion.

To show the extent to which the movement is gaining ground, it may be mentioned that in seven towns in Ontario the lighting service is under public control and ownership, while four other towns are considering similar action; six towns own their system of waterworks, and as many more have waterworks proposed; and one of the largest towns in the province is proposing to purchase its street railway.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

A VISIT to the capital of the Province of Manitoba is apt to remind one irresistibly of that famous passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"Boston State-House is the hub of the Solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar."

Since if you substitute Winnipeg City Hall for Boston State-House and Winnipeger for Boston man, you come pretty near to representing the profound conviction of the people of the most bustling and fast-growing of our Canadian cities.

"The Heart of Canada," "The Nerve-centre of the Dominion," "The Chicago of the North-West," and so on, in language vibrant with high hopes, and sanguine expectation, do they talk who speak in Winnipeg's name, and certainly, if exhaustless energy, splendid enterprise, and sublime faith in the future constitute in themselves sufficient guarantees of realization, then none of these eloquent expressions is misapplied.

But in order to a full appreciation of the wonders of the present, it is necessary to take a brief retrospect of the past, and, although the prairie capital may not boast of so lengthy and romantic a history as grey old Quebec, for instance, still she has a story of her own, the details of which have been lovingly preserved by Mr. Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S., the erudite Secretary of the Board of Trade.

More than two centuries and a half have elapsed since a party of French adventurers, under the renowned La Verandrye, arrived at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, and there established a trading post which they called Fort Rouge. They made little effort to extend their occupation, however, and when in 1763 the conquest of Canada by Great Britain changed the ownership of the whole territory, no progress had been made towards opening up the country.

Fifteen or twenty years later, fur traders from Eastern Canada began to make their way into the North-West to barter for peltry with the Indians, and by the close of the century a number of posts had been established on the upper waters of the rivers.

About the year 1803, Alexander Henry, of the North-West Fur Company, which was already becoming a serious rival to the great Hudson Bay Company, being in charge of the Red River district, built at "The Forks," as the junction of the two rivers was locally called, a small post, afterwards named Fort Gibraltar.

Although consisting at first of only a couple of log-houses this was really the foundation of the future capital, for ever since their trade has flourished within what are now the city limits. That the situation was early recognized as a central and convenient one for the distribution of commodities is shown by the practice of the traders of landing here to assort and repack their outfits for distribution east and west.

Early in the century, the Hudson Bay Company, which had hitherto confined its operations to the more northerly districts, began to push southward, and to compete with the Canadian Fur Company in their own field. About the year 1811, Lord Selkirk, who had a large interest in the former company, secured from it an extensive grant of land along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and thereon established the famous Selkirk settlement.

This precipitated a struggle for supremacy between the two fur companies, both of them claiming exclusive rights in the Red River region, which resulted in destruction of property, and shedding of blood upon more than one occasion, and finally culminated in a fierce fight within the present limits of Winnipeg, when Governor Semple of the Hudson Bay Company, and a score of his men, were slain by the North-Westers.

The tragedy brought about the coalition of the two companies in 1820, and there was then established at "The Forks" a fort and stores to supply the settlers, traders, and Indians with goods, peltry being taken in exchange. Fifteen years later, Fort Garry, of which only the ruined back gateway now remains, was built by Governor Christie, and this ensured the importance of the position, and may be said to be the foundation of the future city.

The growth of the settlement was retarded by the difficulty of reaching it, and by various troubles which beset it, whereof the Riel Rebellion was the most serious, and by 1870 there was only a village consisting of about thirty log huts, and containing a population not exceeding 200 all told.

But from this time dates the influx of settlers, and in 1874, there was incorporated the city of Winnipeg, the name being taken from Indian words signifying "muddy" or "cloudy water."

Five years later a line of railway reached up from St. Paul below the boundary, and then the real rush into the country began, bringing about a "boom" that grew into a perfect epidemic of speculation all over Canada. By the spring of 1881, when the Canadian Pacific Railway commenced active operations, the population had risen to 20,000, and Winnipeg bid fair to parallel Chicago in rapidity of growth.

But the inevitable reaction ensued. The boom burst with disastrous consequences. A period of depression followed, the effects of which were felt for many years after, and then Winnipeg, having learned her lesson so well that no repetition of it is likely ever to be needed, entered upon a course of sound, solid, steady growth, which has brought her into the first rank of Canadian cities, and opened up before her possibilities of future development whose limits not even the shrewdest of prophets would now venture to assign.

The geographical position of Winnipeg is such that she must always be the strategic point in the vast system of communication and transportation that will ere long traverse the North-West region. Situated at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, she is only sixty-six miles north of the international boundary line, and forty miles south of Lake Winnipeg. As it has been aptly said: "Winnipeg is the neck of a double funnel whose mouths gather the traffic of an empire, and three oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Great Lakes. With the growth of the West, and the ever-increasing wants of the East, who will set a limit to prairie products when the iron, coal, salt, and other products of near tributary districts are developed, and the fertile Province of Manitoba be under grain and cattle?"

To the east are the mining and timber districts of the Lake of the Woods; to the north and north-west the mineral deposits, timber areas, and great fisheries of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis; to the south the fertile lands which stand unrivalled in producing that finest of all wheat, known to the market of the world, and the true keystone to the Province's prosperity, viz., No. 1 Manitoba Hard. Thus it will be seen, says Mr. Bell, that independent of the fact that Winnipeg is the great central mart for Canada between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, within the limits of a circle described at a distance of 150 miles from the city, she is the objective point for all the trade arising from the development and cultivation of varied industries, and natural productions.

In the all-important matter of railway facilities, Winnipeg has good reason to be proud and content, for it may be said that the entire railway system of Western Canada radiates from her, and so strong is her hold on the routes of commerce, that even the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, originally planned to go well to the north, had perforce to be modified to include her in its system.

Beginning with the single track of the old St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba line, which proved such a gold-mine to its far-seeing promoters, there followed in due course the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and various smaller systems, until now at least a dozen roads run north, south, east, and west, and there are more to come in the near future, including the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Canadian Pacific has announced its purpose of making vast additions to its present inadequate terminal facilities, the programme comprising a palatial passenger station with a splendid hotel, a quadrupling of the freight terminals, and an immense extension of the shunting yards, the whole scheme calling for an expenditure of quite three million dollars, and removing for ever from the city the reproach of its present unworthy and inconvenient terminals.

In order that the rapid growth of Winnipeg in population and wealth may be appreciated, we must give a few figures that speak for themselves. When incorporated in 1874, the citizens numbered only 1869, and the total assessment was only $2,676,000. In 1881 there were 6,245 people and $9,156,000 to be assessed. The next year was the beginning of the boom, and the figures rose with amazing rapidity to 15,000 and $30,000,000. In the following year they were 20,000 and $32,883,000. But then the boom burst, and they fell to 16,700 and $27,000,000, and although the population soon began to increase again, the assessment of 1890 was only $18,600,000. Thenceforward, however, things steadily improved until in 1900 the population was 42,534, and the assessment $25,000,000, and for 1903, so far as can be estimated, the total will be 70,000 and $36,231,000 respectively.

It need hardly be said that for rapidity and solidity of growth no parallel to this showing can be found in Canada, and one must look to the United States and the records of Chicago, Seattle, or Los Angeles.

A very significant token of the commercial development of the city may be found in the bank clearings. The Winnipeg Clearing House was established in 1893, and the total clearings for 1894 were $50,540,000. By 1899 they more than doubled that amount. In 1901, they reached $134,200,000, and in 1902, they fell but a little short of $190,000,000, thereby bringing Winnipeg into third place among Canadian cities, only Montreal and Toronto surpassing her. There are no less than thirteen chartered banks, with a combined capital of $50,000,000, doing good business in the city, and the confidence of these institutions in the future is conclusively shown by the splendid structures they are acquiring, or constructing for their own use.

Besides the banks, a large number of English and Canadian loan and investment companies, representing in the aggregate an enormous amount of capital, and most important operations have general agencies in the city, and when to these are added the various trust companies, and the fast multiplying land companies, the total financial transactions of any one week or month assume astonishing proportions.

Merely adding by way of concluding this necessarily imperfect exhibit of the financial size and strength of Winnipeg, that since October, 1902, permits for 482 new buildings, to cost over two million dollars, have been issued, and that the total expenditure on buildings for 1903 will reach $6,000,000, let us now pass on to consider the other aspects of the city's life and achievements, for mere material prosperity is by no means the sole object of her existence.

The government of the city is in the hands of a mayor and twelve aldermen, who are elected entirely independent of party politics, and the official heads of departments hold their positions practically during good behaviour, some of the most valuable having been in the city's employ for nearly twenty years.

The policy of successive councils has tended towards municipal ownership with very satisfactory results, Winnipeg has her own water-works, street lighting plant, asphalt pavement plant, and stone quarries, and a recent comparative statement by the city engineer of Buffalo shows that out of a list of forty-four cities in America, Winnipeg lays its asphalt pavements at the lowest cost. The municipal management of the water-works and street lighting have been no less gratifying, the cost being materially reduced, while a much more efficient service has been given.

Mr. John Arbuthnot, the present mayor, is now enjoying his third term in that distinguished position, a fact which affords the most conclusive evidence of his eminent qualifications.

In the matter of educational equipment,

Winnipeg shows herself to be thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the time. The school system is governed by the Manitoba School Act of 1871. The system affords every facility for the education of the young, and liberal sums have been spent in the erection and furnishing of suitable buildings. The schools are surrounded by large playgrounds, which serve an important part in furnishing recreation room and prospective breathing-spaces as the city becomes more densely populated.

The schools are open to all over six years of age. There is an eight years' course of study before the high school is reached. A strong feature of the work is the attention given to moral training. A course of manual training is also provided. The high school or collegiate institute furnishes optional courses for preparation to the university, teaching, or business life.

There are three denominational colleges, also a medical college and college of pharmacy, all in affiliation with the University of Manitoba.

Winnipeg is not only the commercial capital of the vast extent of country lying between Lake Superior and British Columbia and north of the international line, but it is the centre for the federal offices situated therein. The head immigration, lands and timber offices of the Dominion Government for the West are located here. The principal custom house, registry of shipping, excise, weights and measures, food products examiners, coal oil, electric light and gas inspection, post office inspection, grain, flour, and hide and leather inspection, intelligence office, receiver-general, government savings banks, and other offices for the Canadian North-West are placed in the city on account of its importance and central position. Winnipeg is also the provincial capital, and, in consequence, the Manitoba Legislature, Government departments of agriculture and statistics, attorney general, public works, treasurer and provincial secretary, with the registrar-general of lands, have their official headquarters within the city limits.

The superior courts are held here, which entails the attendance of the principal barristers and attorneys of the province. With other government institutions is the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

The regular troops on duty in Manitoba are in barracks in the city; and the volunteers having their headquarters, cover corps of cavalry, field artillery, and the line. The head offices of the Hudson Bay Company (in America), the great land companies, and in a word, all the great corporations doing business in this country, find it not only convenient, but necessary, for the proper transaction of their affairs, to have their chief offices in what has been termed by a governor-general, "The Heart City of Canada."

The Winnipeg General Hospital is an institution which the city may well be congratulated on maintaining, for the great part, by her own contributions. The poor and suffering coming from any part of Mantoba receive here the most careful and humane treatment in well-appointed buildings, at the hands of skilful and experienced medical men and nurses. There is also a large and well-furnished hospital, managed by Grey Nuns, in St. Boniface, across the Red River from Winnipeg. A maternity hospital and training school for nurses are attached to the parent institution. The Children's Home, and other kindred institutions, are worthy of all praise.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, a public institution, held annually in the month of July, is the great agricultural and stock show of the western half of Canada. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have already been invested by the association in buildings and improvements to the ninety acres of ground utilized for exhibition purposes.

Although the years of the young capital of the west are so few, not yet totalling a quarter of a century of actual growth, there is nothing "wild and woolly" about her from the social point of view. It has been her good fortune to have had associated with her development men of well-ordered life and high ideals. At no stage of her history have the revolver and bowie knife been the instruments of justice and order. Her citizens have ever had respect for the

sanctity of life, and the protection of property.

Not only so, but they have been of the best blood of Eastern Canada, the United States, and the Mother Country, and they have brought with them an atmosphere of education, travel, and refinement that, combined with the bright, breezy sanguine spirit of the prairie, has produced a society whose charm can only be appreciated by personal acquaintance with it.

Let no one suppose that in going to Winnipeg to improve their fortunes they are leaving behind them the attractions and advantages of civilization and culture. For those qualified by birth and breeding to move in it, the society of the city is altogether delightful, and as wealth increases the evidences of appropriate luxury multiply. Facilities for healthy sport and pastime abound. There are cricket clubs, lacrosse clubs, base-ball clubs, golf and tennis clubs galore, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club has on more than one occasion won international championships.

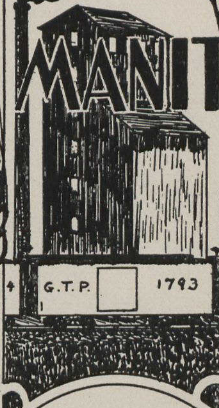
In fact, to sum up the matter in a single sentence, the capital of Manitoba is one of the brightest, healthiest, most prosperous, best governed, and most attractive cities on the continent, a vast credit to herself, and an object of pride to every loyal Canadian.

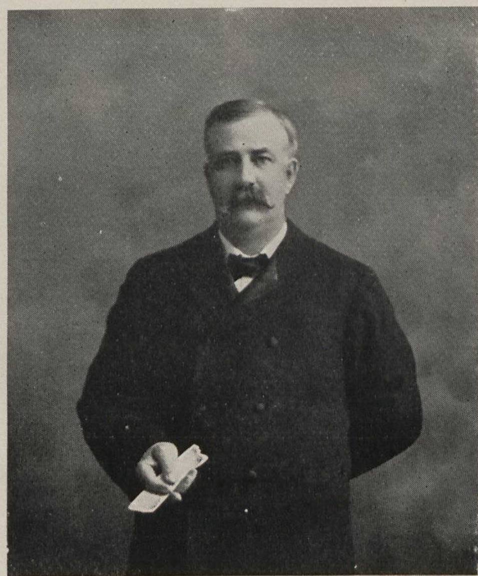
THE OFFICE BOY TO S. E. KISER.

Say, don't you tink you're smart me buck?
  I bet you tink you're pretty fly, you do.
  Your songs about my love affairs ain't true.
I will admit you're right this far, I'm stuck—
But on a kid, whose dad he drives a truck,
  And furdermore, me steady's name is Sue—
  She has me heart, she'll get me verses too.
You're just about the nerviest I've struck,
Dis writin' about other fellers' gals,
  Won't do old man, you'd better cut it out,
It's somethin' I won't stand—not from me pals.
  It ain't my wish to raise no bloomin' shout—
Quit mixin' up my name with that there gal's,
  An' sellin' them old verses all about.

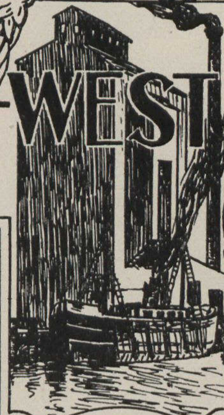
JAS. P. HAVERSON.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST

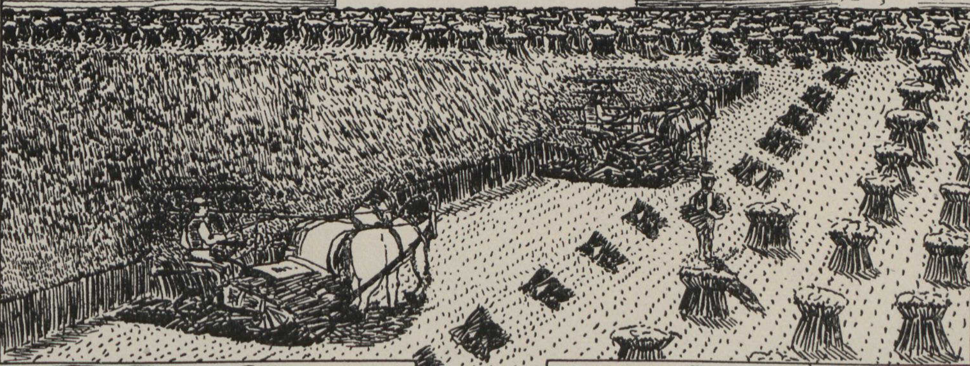




HON. R. P. ROBLIN
Premier of Manitoba



THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD



MAIN STREET—LOOKING NORTH FROM PORTAGE AVENUE—WINNIPEG.

WINNIPEG—LOOKING NORTH

MAIN STREET—LOOKING NORTH FROM CITY HALL—WINNIPEG

WHOLESALE SECTION—WINNIPEG

DOUKHOBORS AT IMMIGRATION HALL—WINNIPEG

BROADWAY AVENUE—WINNIPEG

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto

ARRIVAL OF HARVESTERS' EXCURSION—WINNIPEG

RESIDENTIAL STREET—WINNIPEG

IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS—WINNIPEG

ST. BONIFACE

SOUTH-WEST CORNER BROADWAY AND KENNEDY STS.—WINNIPEG

ASSINIBOINE RIVER

COURT HOUSE—WINNIPEG

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA—WINNIPEG

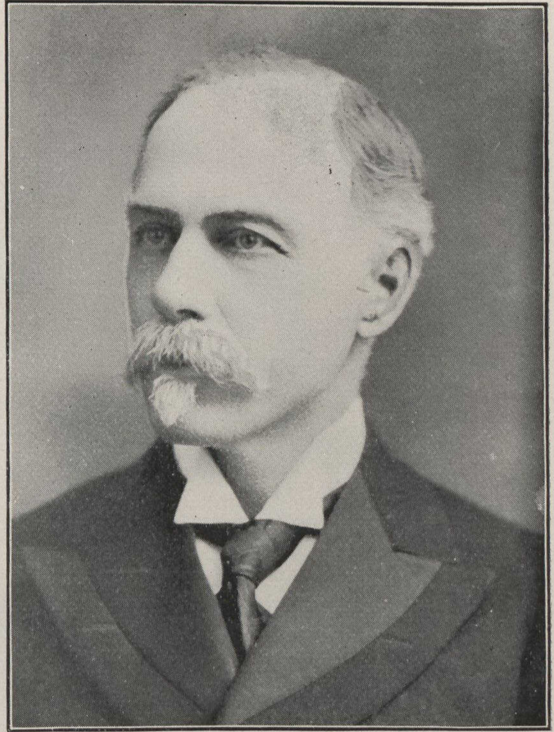
CITY HALL—WINNIPEG

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—WINNIPEG

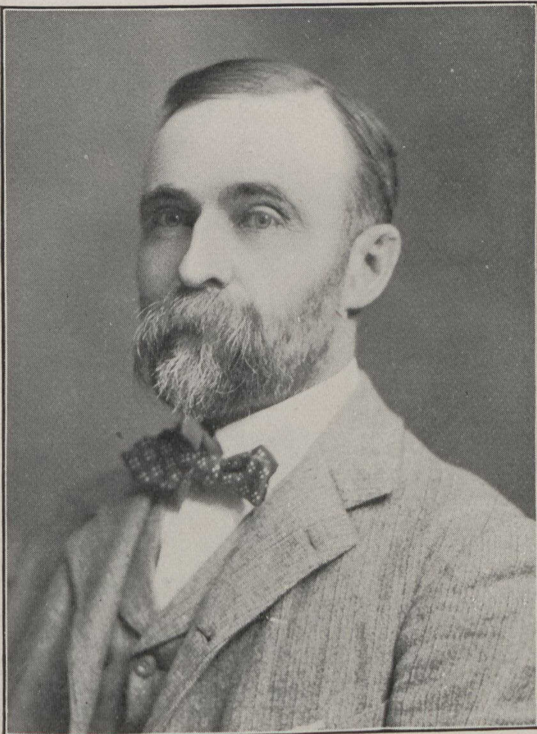
HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S STORES—WINNIPEG

ARMOURY AND DRILL HALL—WINNIPEG

J. ARBUTHNOT, MAYOR OF WINNIPEG



SIR D. H. MACMILLAN, LIEUT-GOV.



CHARLES N. BELL, F.R.G.S.

HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

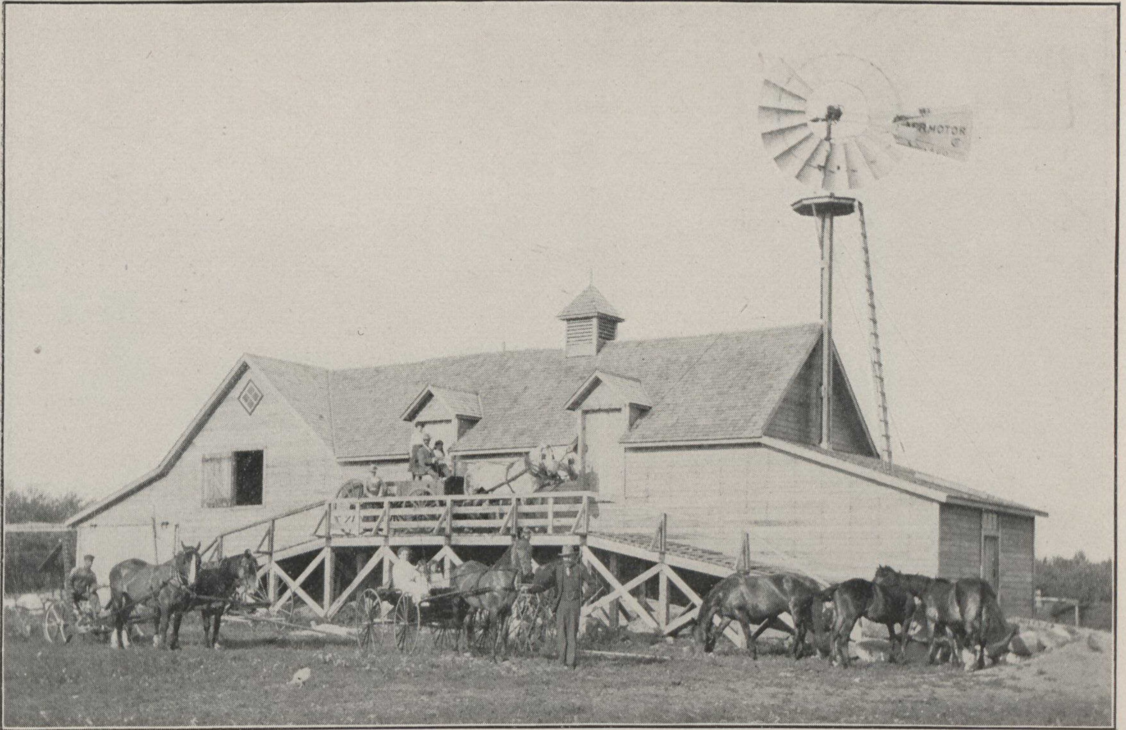
FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

BARN IN MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

WHEAT CUTTING—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry



BARN IN MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

THRESHING SCENE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

HARVESTING SCENE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

WHEAT FIELD—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

HUCKLEBACK, THE HOUSE-MOVER

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

THE three-legged chair was tilted up on two legs. The one-legged man was seated thereupon. His one leg and his one wooden peg were thrust across the window-sill. He sat in silent contemplation of his boot. The boot was very large and very dirty. The man was not large, but, in other respects, he resembled the boot. Of the two, the boot was the pleasanter object to behold. Having examined his boot from every practical point of view, the man glanced sullenly at an old sign that hung across the alley. It bore the following inscription in much faded lettering

P. HUCKLEBACK,
RIGGER AND HOUSE-MOVER.

It was with an evil eye that P. Huckleback regarded this unoffending sign. "Hang it," muttered he, "there ain't no money in this business—not no more. Folks moves into a house and out of a house, but they won't move the house itself."

His uncongenial reverie was disturbed by something that fluttered through the window and struck him in the face. He caught a passing glimpse of one of Uncle Sam's public servants, and he maligned him in a manner entirely satisfactory to himself. The postman merely laughed and retorted in kind. Mr. Huckleback finally stooped over and picked the letter up. It bore an English stamp.

"Some double-derned demand from some o' my old creditors, I s'pose," he muttered. "Thank the Lord I'm over here, instead o' there." Then he opened the enclosure, and stopped short, for there was that in it that took his breath away. What may have been the nature of its contents is best surmised by a perusal of the issue of any Bellport paper of June 3rd, 1902. An extract from *The Bugle* will be sufficient :

ONE-LEG GETS LEGACY.

Huckleback, the house-hustler, is the lucky man. He gets a cold $100,000 from rich English relative by will.

There's the whole story. Make it $10,000 instead of $100,000 and it will be in strict accordance with the fact. Strike out the will, also, for no living man or woman —or dead one, either—would think of leaving $10,000, or even $10 to Mr. Huckleback. Substitute for the will the fact that the decedent had inadvertently forgotten to make a will and cut off Mr. Huckleback, who had swindled him out of a few hundred pounds some years before—and there you are. The letter was one from a firm of London solicitors, who begged to advise P. Huckleback that one Thaddeus Huckleback, a distant relative, of Clapham, S.W. London, had departed this life, without other relative than Mr. P. Huckleback, and that they would be charmed, if agreeable to him, to act as his attorneys, for the trifling sum of £200 to be retained by them out of the small fortune due him. Mr. Huckleback, little knowing that all the solicitors did to earn their money consisted of the very arduous labor in writing to him, readily assented, and waited patiently for his money. It came, after some months, and amounted in all, to the sum of $9,253.66.

Now, $9,000 is not a fortune, but it has within it the makings of a fortune. Mr. Huckleback, though an Englishman by birth, was a Yankee at heart. So day after day, up to the time that the crisp English draft lay within his palm, he sat on the three-legged chair contemplating the future and his sign.

"By George !" he would exclaim hopefully, "there's money to be made in this

business—there is, and legitimate, too. Folks needn't come to me to move houses if they don't want to. I'll buy a house of my own an' move it, see if I don't."

In great cities the beggar lives next door to the baron—the palace looks upon the hovel. This was true to some extent of Bellport, a city which often admitted to itself that it pushed New York close for second place. But there was one resident district in Bellport that was immaculate. There is no handsomer or more fashionable district in the world than Chestnut Square in Bellport. There was nothing poor, or mean within half a mile. Even the vacant lots were neatly turfed and exhibited no unsightly signs "For Sale."

Mr. Huckleback, the house-mover, when he had changed his English into American money, and had safely banked it, went down to look at vacant lots in Chestnut Square. There was a small lot fifty feet wide that took his eye. It lay between the handsome residences of P. D. Haggerty, the silk man, and Mrs. Cradlebaugh, the relict of the railroad man—each of them millionaires. Mr. Huckleback found that it could be bought for some $10,000. He figured that he could get it for about $9,000, or even less. He employed one agent, who employed another agent, who employed a very high-toned agent, who finally secured the property at about that price.

But Mr. Huckleback did not lose sight of the fact that he was still a house-mover. As nobody employed him to move a house, he proceeded to move one of his own.

And it was after one particularly dark, damp, foggy night, that Millionaire Haggerty rose from his couch and rubbed his eyes and gazed out upon the vacant lot next door. And it was upon the same morning that Mrs. Cradlebaugh did much the very same thing. The vacant lot was there all right—it was all there, and something more besides. That something was the house that Mr. Huckleback had moved upon the lot that he had purchased. It was not a large house. It was, perhaps, one story high, no more. There was no attempt at style. It was just a plain, simple, ordinary everyday affair. And upon the front of it, just above the door, there hung a simple, unassuming sign :

WING SHEE,
LAUNDRYMAN.

This sign, perhaps, would have attracted but little notice in any place but Chestnut Square. But in Chestnut Square the sign looked bigger than the house. The manufacturer of a new cereal with a new name, but made of the same old stuff, would have been in ecstacies could his expensive ads. have occasioned the excitement that did this modest inscription.

And the sign was not mere airy persiflage, by any means. Wing Shee was a real Celestial. He could be seen at work. He could be heard humming his wierd Oriental melodies. And it seemed that the house was a bit too small for Wing Shee. Therefore, he placed his tubs and he did his washing outside. A pleasant sight it was to see him do it. And after the washing comes the hanging out. So Wing Shee rigged him up two poles and hung out his wash. And the garments—and they were of all kinds—made merry in the breeze.

The news of Wing Shee's removal to more roomy quarters soon spread and drew a crowd composed largely of those from his own neighborhood. They lent greatly to the picturesque character of the scene—so did their language.

"Yeh," Wing Shee would reply in his soft accents, to anxious inquiries. "Yeh. Plentl loom here. Wun leg Plete my landlady. Play no lent here."

A generous landlady, indeed—one-legged Peter Huckleback. With his rent free, it is no wonder that Wing Shee was pleased. And he smiled upon the crowd that came and went all day long. He did not confine his salutations to the lowly. He smiled also upon the rich residents of Chestnut Square as they strode past purple with indignation.

"Yeh," Wing would call to them in a neighborly sort of way by which he intended

to convey to them that they would always find him pleasant and companionable on all occasions.

For some reason or other his rich neighbors did not at once patronize him. A week went by—then ten days—then two weeks, and not a sign of collar or of cuff from the occupants of his contiguous mansions. Wing was unprepared for this. Down where he had come from men never wore a collar more than a week at a time, and cuffs seldom went beyond ten days. And yet, these rich men kept on wearing them—perhaps a month at least. But then, he reasoned with himself, they wore their collars until they took a bath. So he concluded that he had two more weeks to wait, and he waited patiently.

It must not be supposed that all this time P. Huckleback was idle. Not that he was actively hustling around himself, but he sat on his three legged chair and watched red-faced millionaires make futile efforts to disturb his calm and move his feelings. They did neither.

He suggested mildly to the gentlemen that the lot belonged to him, and a man had a complete right to do with his own just as he pleased. This argument was completely insurmountable. They consulted counsel at some expense, but without result. The counsel were compelled to agree with Mr. Huckleback.

When the cash offers of the millionaires reached twenty thousand, Mr. Huckleback's eyes glistened. But he still remained unmoved. Wing Shee continued to wash and iron and hang out. On Sundays his Chinese friends visited him in hordes, and held tea parties on Wing Shee's lawn. They did this for but two Sundays and then Wing Shee's neighbor, Haggerty, could stand it no longer. He went down to Huckleback and offered him thirty thousand for his land, provided he would take his old laundry off the place. Huckleback closed at once. He signed a deed, took his pay in bills, and rigged up his moving apparatus in front of Wing Shee's place.

"It's a dern good thing," muttered Huckleback unto himself, "that I've got some place to move to."

He considered that it was so derned good that he couldn't keep it to himself. Therefore, he hung out a little sign below that of Wing Shee

REMOVAL.—This Laundry on and after this date will be removed to No. 55 Chestnut Square, half way down the block. Have your house or laundries moved by P. Huckleback, 3 Dubb's Alley, Bellport.

It was too true. For Mr. Huckleback, with a deep-laid purpose, at the same time that he had purchased the first lot, had also purchased another lot further down, and paid, not money, but a mortgage covering the former. Now to avoid complications, he at once paid this mortgage off, and thereupon became the owner in fee of the second lot, without any incumbrance of any kind against it. And the only difference between the vacant lot, No. 55 Chestnut Square, and the lot he had first purchased, was, that whereas the first lot was surrounded by millionaires, the second was surrounded by multi-millionaires, that's all.

If millionaires will pay thirty thousand, what will not multi-millionaires put up ? So reasoned Mr. Huckleback. But he reasoned to some extent without his host. Chestnut Square boasted of some considerable influence with the city government, and in fact one of the greatest of the city's officials lived in the immediate vicinity of Wing Shee's new abode.

The next day a man in a blue coat tapped on Wing Shee's door. "Yeh," said Wing Shee, "what nlow. Clollah of cluff. Lent flee. Yeh."

"You come with me," exclaimed the official. Wing Shee went.

At headquarters he was informed with much ceremony that he had violated the building laws because he was not connected with the sewer ; and the fire laws because his building was a frame one within prohibited limits. In other words, it was up to Wing Shee. He was cast into a cell. Huckleback arrived and went his bail. Wing Shee was free for the time being. The next

day Mr. Huckleback, with a smile upon his face, paid Wing Shee's fines, and started the erection of a brick laundry with sewer connections. The laundry was to be a two-story affair, and yet it was small enough to be built in a few weeks. During the course of its erection, Huckleback marched up a negro family of goodly proportions, to see how they liked the second floor.

Bellport had never had a case of smallpox. But one day two or three ambulances drove up to the home of Wing Shee and of Washington Johnson, the negro, and the health officials discovered that which they had suspected, that the whole crowd had developed smallpox. It was true that Wing Shee and the negroes never showed it. But the negroes were black and the Chinaman was yellow, and the symptoms under such circumstances are not so readily apparent. The city officials though usually timid about contagious diseases, handled the afflicted crowd apparently without fear, and bundled them off to the hospital. There they were kept for an indefinite time; for officially they had the smallpox.

Mr. Huckleback, hearing of the seizure, immediately drove up to his new brick building, and entered it. Having entered it, they had him—for the time being. The officials fumigated the place with the nastiest fumigator known to science, and they fumigated him quite as much as they did the place. Then they locked him up and kept a guard outside.

But Huckleback won out, after all. So they had to buy him out again. He would not agree not to set up in the same vicinity, but as all the property owners had withdrawn their vacant lots for sale, it was a sure thing that he was done for this time, though at an enormous expense. Now Mr. Huckleback had a large amount of cash, and a brick building on his hands, but he sighed for other worlds to conquer.

The pocketbooks of the denizens of Chestnut Square had been severely taxed. The great official who had concocted schemes considered that it was up to him to get even. Mr. Huckleback was no lawyer. He knew nothing of title searches and investigations and records and all that.

In a dingy tenement in Bellport there was a man named Updegraff. Updegraff was not his real name, and he did not belong in Bellport. He was a New York man. There were a few men in Bellport who knew that Updegraff was there, and also that he had no business there. The great official was one of these few men. He called upon Mr Updegraff with an armed force of police. Mr. Updegraff, shocked and surprised, made overtures. The great official countered with a proposition of his own. Mr. Updegraff joyfully assented to the great official's proposition.

"What I want," said the great official, "what I want, Mr. Halloran—"

The other man held up his hand. "Updegraff," he insisted, in some alarm.

"Updegraff," corrected the official, "what I want is to get my money back. The rest can go hang. Understand."

Mr. Updegraff smiled once more. He understood.

But it must not be assumed that P. Huckleback, Esquire, had permitted his busy brain to remain idle. His original great idea had become a passion with him. There was a big, vacant corner tract of land on Chestnut Square that he long had envied. He knew that if he could get that and make it the abode for most of the Italians and Chinamen and niggers in town, his fortune would be made. But he gave it up because nobody on Chestnut Square was selling lots.

What was his surprise, therefore, one day to run across this advertisement in the daily paper:

> For Sale.—Ten vacant lots on Chestnut Square, corner of Walnut Terrace. Terms cash. XYZ, this office.

He answered it at once, and was invited to call upon the owner in one of the prominent office buildings of the town. He did so. The owner occupied a luxurious room. He was a pleasant sort of gentleman. He did not seem to know Mr. Huckleback, and Mr. H. did not know him. He explained to the one-legged man that he lived in another part of the town. Huckleback chuckled.

He did not haggle over the large figure demanded by the man, but went out and drew all his available cash out of the bank, gave a small mortgage for the small balance due from him, took his deed and went on his way rejoicing.

The next day he ushered a small army of the descendents of Ham, Shem and Japheth up to the lots. They went on the land and squatted there.

They squatted for just about five minutes. For a large army of policemen and other well armed citizens, stepped out from behind the mansion of Heinecker, the railroad president, on the the opposite corner. And they drove them off unceremoniously.

Heinecker appeared. " How dare you," he cried in rage. " How dare you bring this rabble upon my property. Get out with you." He drove down upon Huckleback as though he would do it single-handed.

Huckleback drew himself up. " This is my property," he replied.

" What," roared Heinecker, " what do you say, you thief. It's my property." And without more ado, he knocked him down. They took Mr. Huckleback down to headquarters, which was just what Huckleback wanted, for he desired a chance to exhibit his deed to the Court. The judge looked at it. It bore the name of Albrecht Heinecker. Albrecht Heinecker was the owner it was true. But when they compared the signatures of Albrecht Heinecker as he usually wrote it, and that upon the deed, there was some trifling difference. It was a forgery.

" A forgery," gasped Mr. P. Huckleback, " a forgery. Then I've been swindled." He started to rush out. " Where are you going ? " they asked him. He said he was bound for the office of the man who had swindled him. They took him thither. The office was empty and the bird had flown. They brought him back.

By that time the great city official was there. " By the way," he suddenly exclaimed, " was the man that got your money a smooth-faced fellow with gray hair ? "

" That was the man," assented Mr. Huckleback.

The great official with one hand raised in holy horror, and the other grasping tight in its clutch a roll of bills that just made him whole, no more, no less, gave vent to a whistle of astonishment.

" Why, great heavens, man ! " he exclaimed, " I thought I saw that man myself. And I've seen him once before—over in New York. Why, that fellow—"

He paused and glanced, with commiseration written on his face, at the hapless Huckleback.

" Who is he ? " demanded Huckleback, " he's got my money."

" Exactly," returned the other, dryly, "and what's more he's very likely to keep it. His real name is John R. Halloran. He's the greatest forger in the East, and he just broke jail last week. I guess he's gone for good." He took another firm hold on the bills inside his pocket.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Huckleback, for you," he said. " But let's change the subject and talk about something else. How, for instance, is my old friend, Wing Shee, the laundryman. We miss him very much in Chestnut Square."

Mr. P. Huckleback still sits on his three-legged chair with his one leg on the window-sill, contemplating life in general, and the house-moving business in particular. The letter carrier passes him almost every day. But no more letters with a foreign stamp have come. And if they did, it is safe to say there would be no more $10,000 legacies inside.

For Mr. Huckleback has had his day in Court. He has had his little flyer, and is through, for good and all.

ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

CHAPTER I.

In the Fog.

THE fog lay cold and heavy upon the town and harbor. It blanketed the lights of the crooked streets and clustered shipping. Above the gateways of the opulent the big lamps were but yellow blurs in the mist.

Farley sat by the fire in the club reading-room. He was still dressed in the suit of rough tweed in which he had made the trip from New York. Most of the men who passed through the room or turned over the papers on the table, glanced at him twice. His size, for one thing, drew their attention. If a new ship had been in they would have placed him for a navy man at once, by his clean-shaven face, attitude of assurance, and single eye-glass. But no new ship was in, and every wardroom and gunroom officer of the *Diana* was familiar to the club. Sir Hardwick Brice, Secretary to His Excellency the Governor of the colony, watched Farley over the top of the *Weekly Times*. Brice had a way of watching people without exciting their anger or even attracting their attention. This stranger interested him. The patch of gray hair near the left temple seemed strangely out of place above so smooth and unlined a cheek. The anxious and somewhat nervous glances which he lifted, ever and anon, toward the clock, contradicted the message of the firm chin and untroubled brow. The left hand, which held up a copy of a review, was muscular and large. Across the back of it sharp eyes, like Sir Hardwick's, could detect the white and lifeless scar of some desperate wound. After a final glance at the clock, Farley got to his feet and left the club. At the entrance he paused just long enough to light a cigarette. As the wax match flared, illuminating every line of his face, young Burton passed him, entering from the street. Farley, with his coat-collar turned up, hurried eastward. The fog seemed to cling to the lights and the shop windows, and wayfarers slipped and grumbled along the unpaved streets. Farley strode along like one who has his bearings well in mind. Upon reaching a quiet and almost pitch-black part of the city, where big houses stood back behind high walls, his equilibrium of mind seemed to desert him. For a few yards he strode ahead at top speed. Then he consulted the watch on his wrist, by the light of a match, and the spurt was followed by half a block at a snail's pace. At length, breathing heavily, he turned in at a white gateway, and started slowly up a tree-lined drive. He had not gone more than twenty yards when the long lights of a doorway and the round lights of a carriage shone dimly ahead of him. He stepped to one side of the road and waited. The door ahead opened, and the sound of voices came to him. The door of the carriage slammed. Hoofs crunched, traces rattled, and the wheels grated on the drive.

"Now may Heaven keep her brave," cried the man's heart. His lips did not move. The carriage approached slowly. When it was alongside, Farley moved forward, and in the space of a second had put out his hand, felt the edge of the open window, and touched another hand. The hand trembled. His letter was taken and another was slipped into his fingers. He put it quickly into his pocket and going noiselessly beside the carriage, felt again for the hand at the window. It, too, seemed to be feeling for something. At the gate he bent forward and kissed the unseen hand. There was a scent in the carriage like the spirit of all the gardens of romance, faint, piercing, and comforting. To his ear came a whispered word—to his cheek a touch of lips. Then the carriage quickened its pace and

Farley was left alone in the fog by the white gate.

Inside the carriage sat a girl and a young man. They were brother and sister.

"What are you trying to do, Catherine?" enquired the man.

"Nothing at all," replied the girl, slipping Farley's letter into the bodice of her party gown.

"I thought you were trying to climb out," said her brother.

"Can't you sit still?"

"I can, but I do not choose to."

"Oh, well, hop about and whisper to yourself, if it amuses you."

"I certainly intend to."

"What a sweet creature you are, Kitty. Won't he be a lucky chap who marries you?"

"Do not call me Kitty, if you please, and do try to talk of something besides marriage. Do you think of nothing else?"

The young man blessed the darkness, for his blush was sure and deep. His sudden silence brought the girl away from her own reflections, for a moment. She leaned toward him. "Forgive me, Bob," she whispered, hardly above her breath. "Certainly," he replied, good-naturedly, and patted her knee in the dark. He found her woefully quiet for the rest of the drive.

The dance to which Mr. Robert Prendergast and his sister Catherine were driving, was the "Bachelors' 2," held in the assembly rooms of the old Colonial Play House, on Marine Hill. All the youth, beauty, and fashion of the town were there, and as much of the blood as could put foot into dancing-pump, together with eight midshipmen, several naval lieutenants, a paymaster, and a bearded commodore; also fifty or more persons who were neither fashionable, beautiful, nor yet naval, but who had party gowns and evening clothes—and invitations.

The men crowded around Catherine Prendergast—black coats and blue and the scarlet of one lieutenant of marines—in unfriendly mixture. She showed no partiality in giving her dances. She had one dance and a bewitching smile for each.

"Barker, you cheeky kid, does the padre know you're out of bed?"

"That's my foot, Harris, when you are through with it."

"Does Ballymore think this is a rugger match?"

"Only one? Ah. Thanks awfully."

"What a strange crowd."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Thought it was Hicks-Joyce I was kicking."

"After you with that card, Mr.—ah—Burton."

"Control yourself, you silly bounder."

Bob pushed through to his sister. "Have you kept the first for me?" he asked.

"Yes, and please take what are left, if you are not too busy," she answered. Bob eyed her quizzically, and agreed. The twelve men who had besieged Miss Prendergast now spread themselves about the room, seeking other and less desirable partners, and still letting drop fragments of conversation after one another.

"How foolish most men are," said Catherine to Bob.

"For scrambling after you—well, rather."

Her smile was beyond his comprehension.

"Perhaps you think the cleverest chap in the world might do that," he said.

"I wonder why he does?" she sighed. Bob grinned.

"Was he in that bunch?" he asked.

"No, and he would not scramble, anyway," she replied; "but of course I am only making believe."

"Oh, come now, I know you are rotting me," said Bob, "but I'm not inquisitive. Wouldn't blame a chap at all for scrambling after you—that is, a chap who has not had the opportunities that I have for viewing you under trying circumstances."

"Bob, you are not kind."

"So help me, Kitty, I did not mean to be a beast—I never do."

"You never are, you dear baby," she replied.

Just then the orchestra struck into the first waltz, and he slid his arm around her waist and piloted her into the open space beyond the bunches of dance seekers.

Slowly, couple by couple, and then in braces of couples, all the dancing folk went into action. The midshipmen pranced. The lieutenants stalked. The civilians glided. The solitary marine raced up and down the room. The commodore picked out a square yard of floor and there span like a great top, the while something small and pink clung to him frantically. Bob steered cleverly, saving Catherine from many a bump. Catherine was even more quiet than usual. Her small head was not held back with its old air of fearlessness. The white, dimpled chin touched his arm, light and fragrant as a flower. Her eyes looked across his shoulder, unseeing. Farley had once described her eyes as blue, with a blue clearer than the tinting of any sea or any sky, and with a fire in them like the heart of a melting berg. But to-night that inner flame was clouded with the pain of longing.

"Are you tired, little sister?" asked Bob.

"Not of dancing with you," she answered, "but I think I am tired. Were you ever lonely, lonely, lonely, right in the midst of a hundred people you know?"

He glanced down, in wonder and some awe, at the soft coils of brown hair and span of white brow. His boyish face took on a new and unaccustomed air of seriousness. The color paled in his round cheeks, from sheer embarrassment.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, untruthfully, "and I'm dashed sorry, Kitty."

CHAPTER II.

The Letters.

Jack Farley left the white gate and returned to the club. He found the rooms deserted. Even Sir Hardwick Brice was at the ball. The markers dozed in the billiard room. Buttons read an illustrated paper in the hall. Farley drew a chair close to the reading-room fire and lit a cigar. By the exaggerated slowness of his movements he showed that he was holding himself in hand. Presently he drew Catherine's letter from his pocket. With his pen-knife he opened the envelope. A fit of trembling washed over him like a wave and he sprang to his feet, remembering nothing but the touch of her lips on his cheek. A servant entered and looked at him with wonder. He reseated himself and turned an untroubled glance upon the servant.

"Did you ring, sir?" enquired the man.

"Yes. Bring me a scotch and soda," said Farley. Then he read the letter. The man brought the drink and stood it at his elbow. There it remained for two hours, while Farley read and re-read the five pages and mused in his chair. The lightest and shortest word in that dear message thrilled his heart abrim with tenderness; and yet the very wonder and joy of those gentle confessions and assurances of love pointed out the bitterness of his path. For so many years life had seemed a rare thing to Farley—a play well worth taking part in—light opera, full of gay costumes and catchy songs, valor free of scars and love without pain. Now he saw the tears and the mockery of it—the sores beneath the fairy's silk, the paint on the cheeks, the frozen grins, the dingy dressing-rooms. Love wept in the wing. Hope wore but a mask of expectancy. Valor had a wooden sword, and only Hate, Pride, and Injustice played their true parts. Farley, from his comfortable chair, looked out upon it with burning eyes. Pulling his wits together, he glanced again at the letter. After pressing it lightly between his palms for a moment, he returned it to his pocket. Then he left the club and the slim glass untouched upon the corner of the table.

Catherine Prendergast sat by the fire in her bed-room until dawn. She pressed Farley's letter to cheek and breast. Here were love and devotion to light the world for a lifetime—but she wept. When she went down to breakfast it was close upon ten o'clock. Her father had gone to his office and her mother had taken the carriage to some impossible part of the town, bent on a mission of charity. But Bob was there, smiling cheerfully and smoking a cigar. He poured coffee for her. He even kissed her for good-morning.

"Do you remember Jack Farley—the chap we met in New York a year ago?" he

enquired, contemplating the table cloth. She glanced up quickly and as quickly down again. Did she remember! ! "Yes,' she said in a voice that strove to sound unconcerned. "We were rather chums, Farley and I," continued Bob, "but the mater and the governor—but perhaps you remember that, too. They were not over polite, anyway, and all about that dashed silly affair in Barbadoes. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the grandchildren should be left to the Lord, say I."

He looked shyly at his sister, but her face was bent above her plate and she made no reply.

"Farley has a jolly motto, and thinks no end of it," remarked Bob, after a short silence. Catherine looked up.

"'Expectans' — something or other," she said. Then she blushed furiously. But Bob was considerately knocking cigar ashes into his cup. "'Expectans equito'—'waiting, I ride,'" he explained. He yawned and left his chair to pace up and down the room. "It was two o'clock before I got to bed, and I was up again at six," he said. "Someone gave me the tip, last night, that a friend of mine was in town, and that, though he arrived only last night, that he was leaving for England this morning, on the *Dahome.* So I went aboard, for old sake's sake. In return he fagged me like a nigger. He even chased me ashore to buy flowers for some bally girl he happens to be smashed up on." He went over to the sideboard and from behind a silver tray took half a dozen roses. He brought them over to Catherine and left the room. A few moments later, Simpson entered with a fresh-boiled egg. He found Miss Prendergast leaning forward in her chair, with her face hidden among scattered roses on the table. He paused, gazing in wonder. He saw the dainty shoulders quiver. A sob, very low and pitiful, reached his embarrassed ears. He tip-toed forward and placed the egg upon the table. Then, with fearful, backward glances, he stole from the room. He was a good servant, but upon stumbling into the cook, he cursed like a trooper. "Holy St. Peter save us," cried she. "I beg your pardon, mem," said Simpson, "but something 'as disturbed my customery good-nature." Sighing, he passed on. "Lord, if I were one of her own kind," cried his honest heart.

Bob, after leaving the dining-room, retired to his own den at the top of the house. He lit a rank pipe and flung himself full-length upon a couch.

"What an ass I am," he muttered. "I might have known she was done for, too. Poor little girl—and poor old Farley. What rot it is—and they have the gall to name it family pride. Such tom-fool selfishness must stink to heaven. " He sucked vigorously at his pipe. "Once upon a time a Farley happened to shoot straighter than a Prendergast, and now Catherine has to suffer for it. By gad, I thought the pater was a sportsman," he said. For several minutes he lay quiet, scowling at the bowl of the faithful pipe. Then, with the ingratitude of his kind, he threw it on the floor. It is doubtful if Bob Prendergast had ever been in a nastier temper.

"Farley is the right sort," he continued, "and I hate to see him downed like this. He asked me to try to keep her from troubling about him, but to draw her attention to that motto 'Expectans equito.' Hope she can find comfort in it, I'm sure." He arose and straightened a blue-print above his table. It was of a drawing of his famous pulp-wood barker, invented and patented a year ago. For all his high collars and round cheeks, Bob was no fool. The winning points of his invention had come to him at a tea at Government House, while he was talking about Mr. Watson's poems with the governor's sister.

"You needn't take off your coat to use your brains," he once said to Burton.

"What's the thing worth?" Mr. Burton had enquired, with an eye to inventing something himself, or perhaps borrowing a quid or two. Bob had replied that the barker was worth enough to go on with.

Bob Prendergast was Catherine's senior by two years. His age was twenty-five. His smile, complexion, and lisp, would have been creditable to a school-boy of sixteen. His elder brother, who was an army surgeon in India, had named him "Mary" the last time he was home. Bob took two things

seriously, the jolly side of life and his pulp-wood barker; but for all that, he was junior partner in the long-established mercantile firm of Prendergast and Dalton. He had a fair head for business and though the romantic side of the work attracted him—the bearded sea-captains, the "fish" for Spain and Brazil, the molasses from the West Indies for the Northern trade, and the adventures of the sealing fleet—he gave most of his time to social functions, athletics, machinery and snipe-shooting. All this rather unusual mixture of interests he hid safely behind a pair of kindly eyes, a placid brow and an amiable grin. Clifton had been his school. This den, at the top of his father's house reflected something of his life. Things were mixed up in it, but in an orderly sort of way. There were two scrap-baskets in the room. One of them was used as a scrap-basket should be; but in the other he kept—except when the articles were in use—his shooting leggings, a flask in a leather case, two pipes and a cartridge belt. Woe to the servant who would have it otherwise. If Bob were in a hurry to get after the snipe he would rush to the basket, and in a very few minutes he would have the leggings buttoned on, the belt under his jacket, one pipe in his mouth and the other in his pocket, and the flask safely stowed. Flask and cartridge belt were always kept filled. Upon the walls were photographs of girls, tennis champions, and dogs of many breeds, and drawings of useless looking machines. All the chairs in the room were deep and easy. The couch was long and soft. The table was covered with papers and books. There were three sets of bookshelves, and between the windows a glazed gun cabinet. A flute usually lay on the floor beside the couch. The head of a stag caribou loomed above the door-way. One could always find a cigar somewhere, and maybe a decanter not far off. It was a delightful room, despite Mrs. Prendergast's assertion that it was hardly respectable.

Amid these familiar surroundings Bob gave his mind to his sister's affair. When his third pipe was smoked to the heel, his brow cleared.

"A row would make it all the harder for them," he said, "so I must keep quiet. Good old Farley, with his 'expectans equito' will win out somehow, so now I'll just cheer Kitty up a bit."

He took his flute from the floor and went downstairs in search of her.

CHAPTER III.

Harking Back.

I must do you a chapter out of the Past, whether you like it or not. I owe this much, at least, to two of my characters, Catherine's father, the Hon. H. Hyde Prendergast, and (as will appear later) Jack Farley's uncle, Col. Montgomery Farley.

Mr. Augustus Hyde Prendergast was the third son of a baronet of exceeding ancient lineage. By his mother he was given a fair fortune, and with this and a clean conscience, at the age of twenty-two he sailed for the West Indies. Augustus was none of your brainless spendthrifts, though he could sit at the cards all night with as expressionless a face as any buck of his time. His winning and distinguished presence, his high and merry deportment, and his gallantry and liberality won him a welcome everywhere from the tender and the frivolous. His keen insight into business matters and his unswerving honesty won him the respect and admiration of merchants and officials. Augustus placed his money here and there. In Barbadoes he took to himself the rich plantation of "The Three Kings." In Bermuda he built himself a good house. In Kingston, Jamaica, he had friends and real estate. He bought himself a ship or two, and thereby drew another profit. He voyaged with his husky ship-masters, and though twice and thrice his age, they revered him as a father. The original Danton was one of them. Danton possessed a long head but a short purse. He spoke of trade in a huge, fog-girt island called Newfoundland. Mr. Prendergast filled his purse and sent him up there to do business in the name of God, the King, and Prendergast and Danton. It is little wonder, then, that Mr. Danton prospered amid the fog and fish and good seal-blubber. He was an honest,

sturdy, rough-voiced man, with some good stock generations back of him, a heart for hospitality, and a palate for wines. To the last, even with an English governor and an admiral at table, he remained the outspoken mariner.

Augustus Hyde Prendergast had many interesting intimates of his own station and kind among the islands, for he was the sacred fellowship of caste. His dearest friend was a wealthy young planter of Barbadoes, by name Richard Charles Farley. It was from Farley that he had purchased the plantation known as "The Three Kings." Farley continued to hold lands and windmills near his friend's estate. Farley owned a great house on a green knoll overlooking the sea. In this mansion his parents kept open house. Charles Farley, senior, played the best hand of whist in the island, and because of this and the gout, he had placed all the management of his affairs in the hands of his son. The affairs did not suffer. In Bridgetown there lived a vivacious and beautiful young lady. The devil (who even then paid especial attention to the West Indies) saw her at a dance (to which he had not been invited), and had an idea. The niggers were quiet, but he could stir up trouble among their masters. Like a true artist, he called virtue and beauty to his aid. It was soon the talk of that quarter of the globe. Mr. Augustus Hyde Prendergast and Mr. Richard Charles Farley were both violently in love with Miss Catherine O'Malley. The devil, viewing the state of affairs with satisfaction, left for London, where he had business then as now. Augustus was at this time the Farleys' guest. He felt himself to be in an exceedingly awkward hole, for jealousy was biting into his heart, jealousy of dear Dick, his friend and host. But he did not want to leave Barbadoes. He could not leave the Farley house without causing comment. Give up Catherine?—not he. Dick Farley felt the same way about it, and perhaps with better reason, as he believed Catherine to prefer him to Augustus. So the two young men breakfasted, wined, and rode together, and at every party elbowed each other, and at times almost fell over Miss Catherine's belaced hoops. One would imagine that, in those days, lovers were rather heavily handicapped, and that the tall man with long arms had the best of it. Farley and Prendergast were both of a good height. As the days and the nights wore on, the trouble in the hearts of our heroes boiled more and more furiously, and rose close to their lips. At times it required gigantic self-control to keep it under.

One night the Farley house was lighted from wine-cellar to lumber-room. Thirty saddle-horses switched their tails in the Farley stables. A stag dinner, with cards to follow, was taking place, in honor of the senior Farley's sailor brother, then in port, and the other officers of the ship. Mrs. Farley was visiting friends in Bridgetown, and the master of the house forgot his gout. Songs were sung and toasts drunk. It was late when they left the dining room for the drawing room. Young Farley found himself at a small table in a quiet corner with three others. Opposite him sat Mr. Prendergast. Cards and markers lay on the table. Farley looked at his companions and saw that they were in no better plight than he. All four had taken rum punch after the wines of the dinner. No one knows to this day, how it began, though the Prendergasts and the Farleys have each a comprehensive story. A candle was toppled into the lap of one of the sailors. Everyone swore, except Farley. He, staring at his old friend, said, "I believe you are my guest, sir." The bitterness of his jealousy gleamed through the drunken dignity of manner, and his companions were aware that this outburst was worse than a joke.

"And you are a conceited pup, Mr. Farley, and I'll be damned if I put up with it any longer," replied Augustus.

"Then help yourself, you fool," retorted the other.

"Not so loud, gentlemen," begged Captain Campbell, fearing the interference of some older and soberer member of the party. "We can slide out, one at a time," suggested Prendergast, "if you three are not too drunk to move." They slid out, one at a time, and Prendergast and Farley stood up and popped at each other. Prendergast

stopped a bullet, and Farley cursed, and helped carry the wounded man to the stables.

"Nothing to worry about," said the ship's surgeon, who was anxious to return to the drawing-room. He had left in the middle of a hand.

Prendergast opened his eyes.

"I won't stay here," he said. "By God, Dick, not for a minute." Even the tipsy lieutenants considered this fretful and uncalled for. So he was driven to Bridgetown in the Farley's carriage, and all the way his head rested on Dick Farley's lap. His eyes were closed. The motion of the carriage hurt his wound. Farley held him tenderly, and was in a fair way for a conciliation. Leaving Prendergast in the house of a surgeon, Farley returned to the plantation. First he asked his friend's pardon. Prendergast now played that part of the game which ever after rankled in the Farley breast. He ordered the surgeon to take him to the house of his friend Major O'Malley. There he was nursed by the fair Catherine herself, and he won her heart and hand. No doubt he was a very romantic invalid; and just as surely it was a mean turn to serve his generous rival. However that may be, he chased the image of Dick Farley out of the lady's heart. The Farleys of that generation and the next swore that a gentleman had never before played such a confounded low trick. But then, if you are in love with a girl it is fair, I think, to make even a bullet wound further your ends. Four years later Richard Charles Farley married a New York lady of English parentage. They lived together, lost if separated for a day, and loved one another tenderly for thirty years. Death alone parted them, and then only for a short time. Peace and happiness reigned in their house above the sea. But often, when they were together in Madam's sitting-room Dick would say, "Dearest, I am always thanking God that Prendergast married her, but stab me if I'll ever forget his low trick." Whereat the lady would laugh until the tears flooded her clear eyes, and kissing her husband, would call him a stupid boy.

Both Augustus Hyde Prendergast and Richard Charles Farley left children behind them—Prendergast a couple of sons, and Farley two sons and a daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRAGMENT.

The fruit is ripened by the sun God gave ;
The flowers each eve are freshened by the dew ;
E'en so my heart is now His willing slave,
Since, to my loveless life dear, God sent you.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

MISS SCARPE'S CAMPAIGN

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

MISS Scarpe had written to her brother: "There is nothing else to be done. I *must* force Mr. Kimball to propose to Catherine. And I am utterly at a loss to know whether he cares enough for her to do it,—or she for him, to listen to him. However, it is the trump lead. And if she has even low suit—Oh, how I wish I knew!"

Kimball was lying back in an easy chair by his open window, and the inner ripeness of his content had mellowed in him to a smiling sweetness that was like a bloom on his face. The morning breeze fanned his neck and wrists, rustled the newspapers on his table, and whinnied through the crack of his door. He had his eyes closed, as if he were asleep, but every now and then he chuckled in little splashes of laughter that came up to the surface silence from lively depths.

At a knock on his door, he availed himself of the privileges of his professed indisposition to the extent of not rising from his chair; but when Miss Scarpe entered with a cry of "Oh, you *poor* boy! Not ill again? And on your holidays, too!" he was compelled to smile at the figure of pitiable youth which he made in the light of this exaggerated sympathy. For a "boy," the thinness of the hair over his forehead was impossibly premature; and for an invalid, he was of a plumpness and general well-being that made a robustious burlesque of the *role.*

She came across the room to peer down at him, under her grizzled eyebrows, with the diagnostic scrutiny of a physician. She had a face that always reminded him of a yellow print of Moliere—keen-eyed and long-nosed—and she wore her hair in an old fashion of grey ringlets that hung about her ears like a wig.

Her worried frown smoothed at once when she caught the glow of his good spirits. "Well, you seem to be happy," she said.

"Mere seeming," he complained. "I'm suffering with a chronic tiredness. I was too lazy to get up for breakfast. How are you?"

Miss Scarpe laughed. "I'm miserable," she said.

He replied: "You look it. What is worrying you?"

"Catherine."

"Oh!" He dropped his smile of mockery. "How so?"

She took a chair deliberately. "You spoke at dinner last night—about your holidays—as if you were going away."

He sat up to front her ferreting eye. "But, my goodness," he said, "your niece seems to be in the best of spirits now. I've made one excuse after another for staying here. Don't you think she'll find it peculiar?"

She nodded meaningly. "Suppose she does. . . . Supposing she does." She puckered her eyes in a sly insinuation that set him blinking.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Can't you see?" She made a gesture of impatience. "Can't you see that your company is not—objectionable to her?"

While he gazed at her with the same look of perplexity, a suspicion of what she meant sent the blood to his face.

She nodded again. "Why not go ahead?"

His mouth, that had been almost gaping, tightened into a smile. She frowned. The smile broadened until she said sharply: "It's no laughing matter."

"But—but," he stammered, trying to control his lips. It's—she'd"—

"Now, listen to me," she said. "I told you—the day she came—about her father's death."—

Kimball could not trust his lips with speech. He made a sign that he remembered the conversation.

"Well," she went on quickly, "she quar-

relled with him, years ago, about a boy whom she wished to marry—a young fool who went off to the war in Cuba and got himself shot, instead of staying at home and marrying her in spite of all the fathers in the world! And then she refused to marry anyone because she had not been allowed to marry *him*. And her father—her father!" she cried indignantly, "instead of giving her her head, kept up the quarrel between them by continually nagging at her, so that she was compelled to remain single just to spite him."

Kimball's eyebrows twitched at this explanation of a maiden constancy. His mouth was sterner than ever.

"And then, it seems," she went on breathlessly, "he got some crabbed idiocy in his head, about trusting her alone in the world with all this money, to be persecuted by all manner of fortune-hunters, and—and he left a perfectly *preposterous* will providing that she was only to have $1,200 a year until she married a man approved of by his executors!"

"Scott!" Kimball said. "Was he childish?"

"And $1,200 a year, to a girl like that," she cried, "is sheer beggary—sheer, *brutal* beggary. She'll have to pay half of it for her rooms here. And she'll never submit to such dictation in choosing her husband—although my brother writes—and he's one of the executors—that they'd be only too glad if she'd marry anyone. *They* don't care."

She looked expectantly at Kimball. "Well?" he said.

"Well?" she mocked him. "Can't you see? She's too proud to make any attempt to break the will. And she's miserable. And she's wasting the best years of her life. It's a *shame!*"

"Well?" he repeated, doggedly.

"Well!" she cried. "A man of any chivalry would try to save her from herself." She added, in another voice: "I can promise you there'll be no difficulty with the executors. I wrote my brother"—

"But, Miss Scarpe," he protested, "this is absurd. Your niece wouldn't—wouldn't for a moment.—Why, it's absurd! Your niece has no more thought of me—in that way—than she has of John, the waiter."

"No?" she queried coolly. "How do you know that?"

"Why—why. I *know* it!"

She sat back and crossed her hands. "I know better."

He opened his mouth—and shut it in amazement.

"As soon as I saw you going out together on that first Sunday," she said emphatically, "I knew you were *the very man* for her. And I wrote my brother so. I knew that she would never suspect you, or be on her guard with you—as she might with a more striking-looking athletic young fellow.

Kimball squirmed and shifted in his chair.

"And I knew that you would never make any advances to her—and *that* was your very best play with her. I could see that she'd been so persecuted by lovers that you would be a blessed relief just on *that* account. And it would be the very best match for her—to marry a man of business and a man of the world, a few years older than herself, but good-natured and"—

"Oh, Miss Scarpe, Miss Scarpe," Kimball implored, "spare me this unsolicited"—

"That's just the trouble with you," she snapped. "You're too modest. You're so modest you can't even see that the girl's to be had for the asking."

"Nonsense!" he expostulated. "You've been deceiving yourself about this. Absolutely nothing has passed between us but the most impersonal chat."

She stopped him with a raised forefinger. "Do you suppose she wanted compliments? Do you suppose that a man can't make love to a girl by talking to her as if she had brains? Ever since Sunday afternoon. Do you remember at luncheon?"

Indeed he did. He remembered how he had gone down to it, swallowing a yawn, and how he had straightened up like a soldier for a salute when he saw Miss Morrison seated at the table at which Miss Scarpe and he had used to dine alone. It was not only that she was beautiful; she had the bearing of a woman who was of a

mind superior to mere beauty as a physical appeal; and that effect was heightened by the expensive simplicity and quiet good taste of her dress.

She had looked up—when he was introduced—with a smile that seemed to be more a kindness of the eyes than any expression of the lips, more the radiation of some inner acceptance of him as a new friend, than any formal pretence of pleasure in meeting a stranger. It had taken him with the sincerity of a hand-clasp, and warmed him at once to geniality. The memory of it, now, put him in revolt against the way in which Miss Scarpe was speaking of her. "No," he said, "your niece is not the sort of woman that is ever to be had for the asking. She's"—

"She's nothing but a well-bred girl," Miss Scarpe argued, "with no experience of the world outside of home. She has instincts, of course. But you want to make a Pallas Minerva of her—to awe and frighten yourself with."

He got up, red and flustered. "We are the best of friends," he said. "She has no other thought. And neither"—he began to pace up and down the floor rug.

"And neither have *you!*" she cried. "Then it's time you had. Let me tell you something"—

He thrust his hands into the stubborn depths of his pockets, and went on walking up and down, flushed, hot, and impatient.

"Let me tell you," she said, coolly, but with her usual incisive rapidity of speech, "that I made up my mind, last Sunday afternoon, to keep you here on your holidays—and in *her* company. I explained to her that you had been overworked—which was true. And I told her I wanted her to help me cheer you up by getting you out on little excursions with us, instead of letting you go off moping alone to the seashore."

"Why! you asked *me,*" he accused her, "to stay a day or two, and accompany you—and her."

"Exactly," she admitted. "But that was after you had gone out with her Sunday afternoon."

"You asked me to!"

"Certainly, I did. And she enjoyed herself so much that when I went into her room, and saw her taking off her hat before the glass—well, I decided that any man who could make a girl color and glow like that"—

"Outdoor exercise," he cut in. "And the excitement. She's been used to a more formal way of life than ours here. And the ride on the bus-top was something of a joke."

"And she told me," she insinuated, "what you said about the men coming back from their summer holidays with attacks of 'post-vacation pessimism' and a leaning toward the 'political economy of the tramp'—and how"—

He pointed an accusing finger. "Because you cross-examined her!"

She shook her head decidedly. "I did nothing of the sort. She was smiling to herself, and she told me about it to explain."

He swung off again.

"And next day," she said, "after you had come back from the trip down the Bay"—

He turned on his heel. "You purposely missed that boat!" he cried.

"Certainly I did," she confessed, with a laugh of wrinkled gaiety and mischief, "I wished you two to go alone."

"Well," he said, planting himself before her, "will you tell me what instinct this is that turns a disinterested woman like yourself into"—

"My dear boy," Miss Scarpe cooed, "I was doing her a service by giving her an opportunity of falling in love with you."

"Then you failed," he cut her short, and turned away again.

"Did I?" she challenged. "Try her."

"The thing's impossible."

"It is not."

"Absolutely impossible," he repeated violently. "I'd consider it something less than honorable in me if I took advantage of her friendship to any such end."

"Advantage fiddlesticks! It's for her happiness."

"I know nothing about that. I refuse to enter into any such conspiracy against her."

He spoke with so unnecessary a heat that it could be guessed he was not quite sure of himself—that he was arguing with himself as much as with her.

He gave her his back from the window with an air of having nothing more to say on the subject.

"My dear boy," she said, settling in her chair again, "is it possible that you are deceiving yourself? You couldn't be with her a moment without admiring her. You couldn't be with her all these days without —why!" she broke out, "I was in love with her from the moment she spoke to me. And *you* were, too! Do you think I'm blind? What were you smiling at when I came in here? Something about her, wasn't it? Why were you happy? Because you were thinking of her, wasn't it? Hasn't this been the happiest week you ever spent in your life? Of course, it has —and because you spent it with her. Don't you think you'd like to spend the rest of your life with a companion and a friend and a wife like that? Don't be a fool, man!"

He did not reply.

"Well?" she said.

He kept his back to her in silence.

"Turn around to me."

He did not move.

She laughed sarcastically. "Now," she said, "don't let us have any more foolishness. You can't deceive *me*. I want you to come down and play cards with us to-night. I have a caller coming, and I'll slip away and give you your opportunity."

He said thickly: "I'm not fool enough to think"—

"That she cares for you? Well, for the love of Heaven," she cried, "try her and see."

He shook his head.

She stared at him, frowning. "Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going away," he announced.

"On your holidays?"

"Yes."

"And when you come back?"

She smiled through an interval of silence, but her smile fled when he answered with finality: "I'm not coming back—to this house."

She pressed her lips together to stop a cry of anger, starting upright in her chair. She blinked at him, her thoughts leaping from channel to channel to find all blocked. "Not coming back!"

"No."

"Why not?" she asked, helplessly.

"I could not go on—as I have been."

Her face had changed. Her eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Do you intend to go off without a word to her?" she said.

She waited like a fisherman for a nibble. He answered, in a moment. "No, I'll tell her."

She smiled—to herself. "What? . . . What will you tell her?"

"The truth," he said. "The truth, of course."

He turned around, very pale and determined, and began to walk the hearth rug with his hands behind him. She subdued a secret twinkle in her eye. "I wash my hands of the affair," she said harshly, as she rose. "I'll give you the opportunity of speaking with her to-night, and that's the last thing I'll do for you."

She added, from the threshold, "I thought you had more sense," and slammed the door behind her.

He sat down in his easy chair again, trembling and white, biting his moustache, and staring before him with hot and dry eyes. Miss Morrison and *he! He*—of all men! It was too absurd. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. It was too absurd! She would laugh at him. No one but an eccentric like her aunt could expect anything else.

And what a fool he had been to go so far without seeing where he was going!

II.

Kimball was not a brilliant card-player at his best, but that night he played like a condemned man who is expecting every moment to be summoned to the gallows. When he was not talking nonsense to keep himself from thought of his end, he sat gazing mutely at his cards without seeing them; and Miss Scarpe, at one moment plying him with conversation—as if it were wine—and at the next, catching the glass

from his lips with a sudden silence and a quick side-glance of reproof, worried him like a jailor.

Miss Morrison sat perfectly at ease, speaking now and then in the low, full voice —a round contralto—which you would expect from such a neck and shoulders, and listening in a sympathetic and alert appreciation that animated her statuesque beauty with a living intelligence. She had a genius for listening, as Kimball had once told her aunt; and even when he was not looking at her, he felt the continual presence of her interest sitting in her eyes. When he met them in the frank encounter of her gaze, there was a play of kindly understanding in them that was better than words; it caught him in the throat, like a child's grief.

He was shuffling for a new deal, when a knock at the door startled him into a nervous twitch of the fingers and a hasty catch at the cards that scattered half the pack into his lap and over the carpet. The old lady rustled past him—in a sympathetic flutter for him—to the door. She whispered there with the maid. "Just wait for me a moment," she called to her niece. "There's someone below to see me."

Miss Morrison was unaware of the little plot and ambush that had been prepared for her. She looked down at Kimball's bulky gropings with a doubtful smile—prepared to enjoy the humor of the accident as soon as he should see it, but waiting for his usual joke before she trusted herself to laugh. He straightened up, very red in the face from his stooping, and unexpectedly solemn about the mouth. He looked up at her with a guilty furtiveness; and, because she had a distrust of her sense of humor that left her warmest moments of amusement exposed to the suddenest chill of suspicion, her smile shrank at his glance.

Kimball saw her change of face. It had always struck him with a sense of pain that a girl of such a stately magnificence of beauty should lack assurance in even so small a conceit of herself. It angered him against himself that he should have made her feel it again.

He fumbled nervously with the cards, unable to speak. It was the first time such a silence had come between them. He raised his eyes to find her studying him in a distressed bewilderment. He went hot with a blush which he could not control.

He tried to reassure her by smiling—rather crookedly—at the cards. "Well," he said, hoarsely, "I've decided to start off on my holidays to-morrow."

She did not speak.

"I've been enjoying myself so much here, that I've been putting it off from day to day."

"We'll miss you—very much," she murmured at last.

"Thank you," he said. His hands were shaking so, he was compelled to put down the pack of cards.

She did not speak. The silence became harder to endure than the sound of his own unnatural voice. "I don't know," he began hastily. "I don't know how I'm—but I feel that I owe you some sort of explanation. I shouldn't have felt it—I could have gone away without—if it hadn't been for your aunt. I thought, at first, that I had better get away without seeing you again. And then it struck me that I would never be able to come back—and I couldn't go away, like that, without—telling you."

"I—I don't understand you," she said faintly.

His lips trembled with the motion of a smile. "No," he said, "I'm—I'm making rather a mess of it."

He thrust his hands desperately into his trousers' pockets, and looked up at her. She dropped her eyes in a manner of defencelessness that made him feel as if his gaze were an unfair espial; and he reached out for the cards again. "It seems," he went on laboredly, "that Miss Scarpe has been playing a—game on us. She has just told me about the provision in your father's will —about your marrying."

A blush surged into her face; she looked down into her lap to hide it.

"She seems to have an idea," he spoke almost bitterly; "an idea that it was fair to put me in a position like this. She calculated, apparently, that if she gave me the opportunity—by allowing me to be so much

with you.—She purposely missed the boat that day, and things like that. And she calculated that I'd do—what I hadn't any thought of doing, I assure you." He hesitated. "Until," he added, "until she came up to my room, this afternoon, and—*vivisected* me—and I found I'd done, unconsciously, what I never would have allowed myself to do—if I had been on my guard."

His voice had faded out to a dry whisper. She had not moved. He moistened his lips. "I found, then," he said, "that it was too late to go back. And I felt that it would be treachery to our friendship for me to go on as we had been. I couldn't see any other honorable way out of it."

He got up clumsily. "I'm—I'm sorry," he said, touched by the pathos of her pose. "You may believe this never would have happened—if I could have prevented it. I had as little thought of it as you had. . . I couldn't go without saying good-bye—for fear you'd misunderstand. And I couldn't say good-bye without telling you the truth."

She moved her head in an uncertain nod of understanding. "I hope," he said, "that you may never have need of—me—or anyone. But if you ever do, you can be sure"—

He saw that she was struggling against tears. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Good-bye."

She made a motion as if to rise. He turned and hurried out to save her that distress.

When Miss Scarpe came in, she found her seated alone at the table, as if she were reading—one elbow on the edge of it, her hand shading her face from the light, looking down at a card which she was rubbing with the tip of a forefinger.

"Where is Mr. Kimball?" Miss Scarpe cried.

The girl shook her head.

"You didn't let him go away?"

Her niece did not answer.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" she said, in a deep note of pity. "You didn't let him go away?"

Miss Morrison looked up with an expression of tender reproach that would have touched a less motherly old heart than her aunt's. "You shouldn't have said anything to him, auntie," she said. "We were such good friends."

The old lady flew across the room to her. "My dear, my dear," she cried, "you can still be *that*." She bent down to kiss her, putting an arm about her shoulders. "You can still be *that*. Why! what did he say?" She caught a wavering hand. "Come here to the lounge. Tell me."— The girl rose mechanically. "Tell me all about it. What did he say?"

They sat down together among the cushions, Miss Scarpe's old face twitching with excitement and curiosity, her niece drooping her head in a confusion of tears and blushes. "I—I don't know," she said. "I don't remember."

"Did he tell you he"—

She nodded.

"And you *didn't* say you wouldn't?"

"No," she answered faintly, "he didn't wait. But oh, auntie," she cried, "I can't—I don't know. He's"—

Miss Scarpe slipped an arm about her. "He's the dearest fellow in the world," she pleaded, "the best-humored, the most unselfish, the most chivalrous. He's as tender-hearted"—

"I know, I know," she whispered. "It isn't"—

"Any other man would have gone on without telling you. Only he—he said it would be treachery to your friendship."

"Yes, yes," she choked. "He told me. Oh, auntie! *why* did you speak to him!"

"My dear," Miss Scarpe said, "I did it for your sake. I could see how much he cared for you, and I thought you—you would give him a chance, if he spoke. You seemed so happy with him. And he's so—I don't know! I knew he'd never do it unless someone forced him to it. He doesn't think he's good enough for you. And, my dear, he *is*. He's"—

"Oh, I know," she cried. "Don't say that. Anyone is good enough for me."

"Indeed, anyone is not," her aunt said flatly. "I don't know another man I'd speak for. But if you'll only just not make

him miserable now. If you'll only tell him not to go away. You can go on just as you have been. He has another week of holidays. Let us all go off on an excursion to-morrow. I'll promise not to miss the boat this time."

Her niece looked up at her with a hesitating smile. "He says you did it purposely."

"So I did," Miss Scarpe acknowledged. "I wanted to make you both happy. And you remember how you enjoyed it?" she suggested artfully. "How you told me about the way he got on so well with everyone? He always does, everywhere he goes. It's because he's so jolly and lovable. Do you remember about the captain inviting you to come up on the bridge? He's that way everywhere. Do you know, I think it's the result of that 'philosophy' you spoke of."

"Yes," she said, smiling gently. "I liked that in him. He spoke so wisely about religion, too—on the Terrace."

"I remember," Miss Scarpe said, with a hypocritical note of piety in her voice. (She was known to Kimball as a "delightful old pagan" who had a great contempt for all elderly women that "got religion with their rheumatism," as she put it.) "Oh, dear," she sighed. "He used to be such good company at the table. It makes me feel sick to think of him going off that way."

Her niece started guiltily. Miss Scarpe fought down a sly smile.

"Let me tell him not to go," she pleaded, bending down to see the girl's averted face. "You needn't promise anything. May I?"

Miss Morrison did not answer.

The old lady kissed her softly on the cheek. "That's a good girl," she said. "We'll all go off together to-morrow." She started to rise.

"Oh, auntie," her niece cried, and caught at her hand.

Miss Scarpe smiled down at her. "And Catherine," she said, "do you know that man is afraid of *you!* Positively afraid of you! If you don't let go my hand, I'll tell him what a baby you are."

She loosed the hand.

Miss Scarpe waited inexorably. "What shall I tell him?"

"Oh, auntie," she implored, "I *don't* know! I *don't* know."

"You don't wish him to go away—and never see him again."

"No—o."

"You want to keep your friendship for him?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Until?"

"Until," she confessed in a whisper, "until I'm sure it's—the other."

III.

They were sitting together in a line, at the side of the wheel-house in the dusk, looking back at the ocean and the flashing light on Sandy Hook. Miss Scarpe was silent, now, tired out by the excitement of a pleasure excursion and the work of spurring them on to frivolous conversation by her lively chatter, so that they might lose the awkwardness of their new relation befor they were allowed to speak of it. She had succeeded. Though they were silent, too, it was not the constrained silence of any strangeness. It was a part of the full silence of this twilight of a sparkling day that had been sunlit and high-skied and freshened with a large, easy breeze which still drew in, steady and unfretted, over the water.

Miss Morrison turned to smile at the glow that brightened the western horizon like a memory. Kimball, beside her, was looking at the stretch of darkening waves, in a mood of pleasant melancholy that was frequent in him. Miss Scarpe sighed. "I'd like to spend the rest of my days out here," she said. "It's such a relief from the noises and the hurry of the city."

He nodded thoughtfully. "I remember sailing out one night—from all that—into just such a scene. . . . It wasn't hard to understand where Tennyson got his 'Crossing the Bar.'"

She shot an indignant glance at him. To bring such a topic into their conversation! "What an idea!" she said.

He laughed. "Well," he apologized, "it isn't so terrible for an old bachelor."

"Old!" she cried. "You child!"

"It's different for a married man, of course," he said. He dropped his voice. "I used to wonder that anyone could have the heart to settle down to happiness with that end of it always hanging over him."

Miss Morrison caught the tone, again, of his detachment from life, and pitied him for the loneliness in which that habit of mind must have been formed.

Miss Scarpe said sharply: "But the happiness meanwhile. What about that?"

"Yes, there's that," he said. He continued from the mists of abstraction: "And there's another thing. I've often wondered that the old Greeks, with their stories of the goddesses—who took pity on their human lovers—and made stars of them—didn't have a fable of how some goddess sacrificed her throne, so to speak, to share the—the yoke of death and the ills of humanity that make love worth while. After all, the love of a god and a goddess must have seemed a splendid inanity."

At the first word of love, Miss Scarpe relapsed into a crafty silence. It was Miss Morrison who spoke.

To her, Kimball's thought, in that setting, had appealed like poetry. He had joked, earlier in the day, about the isolation of the rich, who sailed by, in their yachts, in what seemed a selfish *ennui* to those on the deck of the crowded steamboat, where so many were so humanly jolly together. Her own past life had begun to appear to her now as such an isolation, her old love, in some vague way, such an "inanity," in the new sense of kinship with humanity which he had made her feel.

She wished to thank him. "I have enjoyed myself so much to-day," she said, in a low voice. "I used to think that I couldn't bear—a crowd of people."

He did not understand her. He replied merely: "I hoped you would enjoy the change to our less formal way of life." And that remark, recalling the time when he had last made it, in his dispute with her aunt, woke him to a sudden realization of his new position in her eyes. Her manner towards him had so little changed that it had seemed as if the incident of the previous night had never occurred. The sense of his indiscretion, in daring to look up to her with more than the respect and gratitude of a friend, was doubled now by the thought of the kindness which had beamed unaltered in her frank regard all day.

"I'm—I'm afraid," he began humbly, "that last night"——

He had his arms folded on his chest, and he was speaking straight ahead of him without looking at her. She put out her hand quickly to touch his elbow—and the surprise of it stopped him on the word.

Miss Scarpe turned away to see something in the bow of the boat. Miss Morrison withdrew her hand under the folds of the golf cape which she wore.

"I lay awake all night, thinking of it," she said. "I prized your friendship so much. I was afraid I should lose it."

He looked around at her, in a staring incredulity; and her wistful smile seemed to him such an expression as one of those goddesses, of whom he had spoken, might have replied to a human lover with. That she should have felt the need of friendship, and stopped to plead against the loss of it! "Your friendship," he said, hoarsely, "is all I—I never thought of asking more."

"Ah, no," she said, "I must try to give as good as I get."

She reached out her hand impulsively to him again, and touched his bare fingers, that closed on the smooth covering of kid. A puff of wind, sweeping in from the immense darkness of the ocean, beat on their faces. Her fingers tightened in the clasp of his, and he saw her eyes blur and soften with a look of trust and tenderness, in the fading light that made her beauty like a vision.

He could not speak. His throat ached; he felt his lips twitching. He turned away.

Miss Scarpe, her face averted, smiling and smiling, said: "Where are we now? Is that the Jersey shore?"

When the clocks in the house struck midnight, Miss Morrison was sunken in a rocking-chair in her room, her elbow on the arm of it, her chin resting on the back of her hand, a locket dangling from the golden chain that was twisted in her fingers. A

photographer might have posed her so, turned to gaze out of the picture with her eyes wide and fixed in thought, her mouth set in a timid smile at once sad and happy. There lay in her lap a little picture of a young lieutenant of volunteers. And the locket was empty.

Upstairs, Kimball was still pacing around his room, trailing cigar smoke after him; and every now and then he stopped to take the cigar from his teeth, throw back his head and blow a great gust of smoke at the ceiling with a heave of his chest. Then he would whisper exultingly, "Great *Scott!*" and give his arm a half-swing from the shoulder—and go on again.

In the room beneath him, Miss Scarpe was busily writing to her brother in a withered, fine hand, shaky and precise: "It is done! I have arranged it, and I am as proud as a Napoleon. I have had two days of it—preserve me from any more such! I had to force him to propose. They neither of them knew their own minds, and I was completely in the dark myself. I had to chance it. He was the worst. Catherine I knew how to handle, but he almost got away from me.

"However, it is finished. She has practically accepted him, and he will make her the best of husbands. There must be no difficulty about the will, now. Not a word of it. Get the formal consent of the other executors, and leave all the arrangements to me.

"I can hear him walking around over my head like a man trying to pass the hour before his wedding!"

YOUTH.

As a boy I'd sit and ponder
Of the future, 'way off yonder,
Where the countless armies muster
In the world's great din and bluster—
Yet to come.

When to manhood I had mounted,
And the gain and loss had counted,
As with pride, I felt man's power
"Sure," thought I, "this is the hour
Of my life,"

Now that age has me o'ertaken,
I can see I was mistaken,
For the time which is the nearest,
The sweet time I hold the dearest
Is my youth.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER X.

CHINATOWN.

ONE of the stock sights of Victoria is Chinatown. It is a hive in which there are few drones. The shops are a heterogeneous bazaar. In them, I felt as if I were walking around in a willow-plate pattern.

Having more discretion than dollars to my credit, I could indulge but moderately in the charming works of their deft brown fingers. There were quaint kimonos, lacquered ware, teak chairs, broidered silks, wonderful tea things, silken sandals, fabrics that were royally barbaric, and the God of Art only knows what. "You buy," whispers Chung Lee. "Him pay. Him pay. Money bank." The rascal shakes his head dubiously when I reply, "Him cross—velly, velly cross."

From the food exhibit, I should say the Chinamen eat anything. All is fish that comes to their net, and most things come sooner or later. I inquired of our guide as to the components of a certain oily-looking cake, and thought no more of the matter till a couple of blocks further on, when a withered husk of a man slipped it into my hand from behind. I have no doubt that he had heard my question, stolen the cake, and followed us up, hoping for a reward. This habit of petty larceny is one of the Chinaman's greatest weaknesses. Each shop is a club in the sense that it has its particular frequenters, and in this way Chinamen know where to find each other in the evenings. Their quarters are so crowded that it would seem as if breathing were optional with them.

Nothing surprised me more than the marvellous rapidity with which these Orientals can work out a question in arithmetic. I was allowed to propound a problem in a Chinese-Canadian contest. Our two Canadians had pencils and paper, the Chinamen wooden balls strung on wire. "A merchant has ninety-seven packages of tea, each weighing 1-6 lb. How many pounds does the tea weigh?"

"16 1-6," shouts John, before the Canadians had hardly got the figures down. That settled it.

The Joss House is worth seeing. The fat gilt gods, grotesque in their smiling ferocity, translate one to the undiluted East. The Chinese religion is old, so very old that the people have outworn it thousands of years since. They seem to have no living faith, or their views on faith are wanting in definiteness, and so are indistinct and blurred. Perhaps, fear is its prevailing note—fear of devils and unknown ills. A lady in Victoria asked her Chinese cook why he did not go to the Joss House more often. He replied: "It cost me two bits" (one shilling). "Why do you pay to the Joss House?" "All samee you pay in church," said the Chinaman, "to keep him debil away." They are superstitious, too, but their superstitions illustrate the best qualities of head and heart—love of home and reverence for ancestors.

Their hospital, which is supported by themselves, is by no means luxurious. It needs the care of a woman above everything else. There are women in Chinatown, and children, too, but very few in proportion to the males. It is said that these people have a remarkable apathy to suffering and death. They have no tears. Their nervous systems are singularly insensible, and they will undergo the most painful operations without the necessity of applying anæsthetics. It is this dulness of the nerves that enables them to work so continuously, and to remain hours in one position, like an automaton—impassive as clay idols.

Long centuries of oppression and misery have most likely been the engendering causes of this callousness. A gentleman, who has lived a number of years in China, says a Chinaman is able to sleep anywhere. He does not need the room darkened. "An infant crying in the night" means nothing to him. He can even go asleep across three wheelbarrows with his head hanging down, his mouth wide open, and a fly inside.

Lessons were over for the day when we visited the school-house, and as I was unable to understand the "ploppa Inglis" of the teacher, did not get much information regarding pupils or methods. It seems a pity that the Chinese should isolate their children in separate schools. A few bright Chinese boys in the public schools would do more for assimilation than all the measures of statesmen. It is a pity, too, that the Chinaman retains his characteristics of Asiatic life. If he would more often dress in Western garb much of the prejudice which is directed against him would disappear. But it is bootless to speculate, predicate, or optimize about him. He is seen to be irrepressible ; is felt to be incomprehensible.

The men of Chinatown are not a burden on the public charity of Victoria, but have a Chinese benevolent association, which is governed by a committee of fourteen leading merchants. The Committee meet in a large room which is also a *rendezvous* for the men in the evenings.

No one ever saw a Chinaman drunk, but *en revanche,* he is often intoxicated by opium—"hitting the pipe" he calls it. This form of intoxication has its advantages. It kills the man much quicker, and rids the community of a heart-scald.

Games of chance have a peculiar fascination for Chinamen. One of the commonest is known as fantan or fan. It is so simple it can be played by anyone. The croupier, Tun Zueng explains to me, throws down a heap of cash, and each gambler stakes on what the remainder will be when the pile has been counted out in four.

The Chinese live well inside and out, when they can afford it : ducks and silk jackets. Tun Zueng likes "chickings" best. He eats them "boiled or cooked." Their food is often dressed in oil. Eggs are kept till they have a "flavor." "Field fowl" (frogs) are much in demand.

Economy prevails in every department of Chinatown. The bottoms of the cooking utensils are made thin to save fuel. The Chinaman can do anything by nothing.

It is part of their religion to wash frequently, and so their persons are clean, but the shops evidence the fact that dirt is cheaper than hot water. Indeed, nothing is "cheaper than dirt" with them. The English are mere soap-wasters.

CHAPTER XI.

The Kootenay District.

Returning to Vancouver, we took train for Revelstoke, 376 miles to the east, on the C.P.R.

Revelstoke is a rushing "gold town," and the gateway to the West Kootenay mining camps. It has a population of 2,000. By rail from Revelstoke, we travelled 28 miles to Nakusp on the Arrowhead Lakes, through a heavily-wooded district. The trees were huge, what they call out here "pretty good sticks." To me, they seemed more like living rocks than trees, for on some it was only on the pinnacle that foliage could be discovered, and at such a distance from the eye that the forms of the leaves could not be made out. The lower limbs die young, that is, perhaps 500 hundred years young, and drop off for want of light. Life in these close-planted forests is a struggle for light, more light, and so the trees stretch straight for the sky, and only affect a little crown of verdure. It would seem almost impossible to kill these conifers, and they never die. What can even the lightning hope to do with them? They pay no more heed to the splinters it cuts off than we do to a mere surface scald. When chopped down, they waste out of existence about as slowly as "the eternal granite." An expert in forestry has said that the trees of America

must have been a great delight to God, for they were the best he ever planted.

The Arrowhead Lakes are a widening out of the Columbia River. In summer, when the snow melts, the water in the lakes rises and submerges the docks. The high-water mark is forty-four feet. Here, we take *The Rossland,* a C.P.R. steamer for Robson, a run of 165 miles. The steamer is flat-bottomed, and instead of the usual screw has an immense paddle wheel at the back, called a stern-wheel. It is really a wonderful boat. It is amphibious. With its nose in the air, it can run into shore where there is no wharf, and can pick up a passenger anywhere. All you have to do is to signal from land, and the powers that be will accommodate you much more readily than a Toronto street-car conductor. I asked the captain what was the very shallowest water he could manipulate her in. He "calculated" that in a pinch he could run on heavy dew and make fourteen knots an hour.

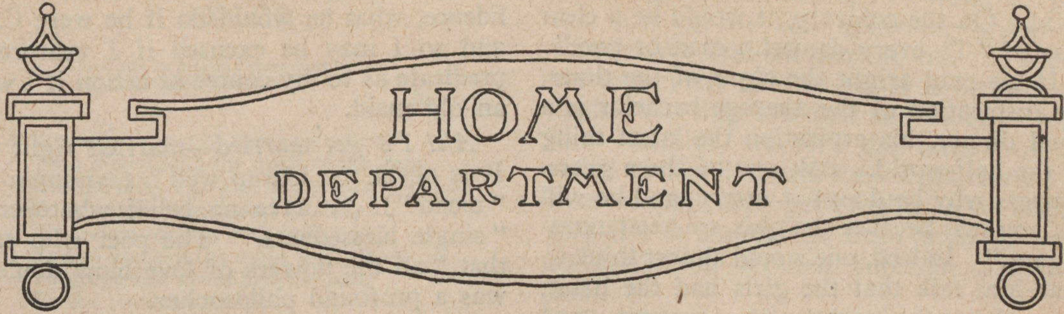
We spent a goodly part of the day "aloft," and heard fish stories about "bars." It was with an air of superiority, mingled with pity for my ignorance, that the steersman explained that "a pill-pump" was another name for "a shooting iron." One Indian shot fourteen bears this season. Once he had no gun, and was treed by a silver-tip bear. Brer Bar shined up the tree, too, but the Indian set fire to his waist-coat and thrust it in the bear's face on each approach. It left him.

Most of the bears are poisoned or taken in traps. They say that, as a general thing, all bears are shy, except grizzlies, and will not attack a white man unless very hungry. And there is no earthly reason why a bear in these wilds ever should be hungry, it being a notorious fact that his appetite is so generously uncritical that everything is food to him except rocks. In the Kootenay, Nature's larder is so well-stored with substantial edibles and dietetical elegancies that no famine ever comes nigh him. His daily bread is a sure thing. Bark, chokecherries, and young trees, are usually conceded to be dyspepsia-breeding, but to the bear they are only a dainty *bonne bouche.* When he feels like it, he may compound a hash of leaves, ground-squirrels, snakes, berries, nuts, ants, ermine, bees, mushrooms, and wintergreen. He fares sumptuously on wasps, even devouring their eggs, larvæ, and nests. Or, if the miners have left the tent unguarded, he may vary his dietary with fish and bread. And it all costs him nothing. Who would not be a bear?

It would seem that the expression, "crazy as a loon," is quite unmerited. Their weird, defiant laughter dares you to try a shot, but they can dive as quick as you can shoot. They are quite as dexterous as the slippery, elusive, seaside acrobat who dodges "penny-a-throw" cricket balls.

Big-horn, bear, mule-deer, martin, beaver, wolverine, otter, and mink increase, multiply, and replenish these districts with wonderful prolificacy. The country is just one vast breeding ground for the fowls of the air, and the wild beasts of the field. Sometimes, pot-hunting vagabonds drive the deer into the water with dogs, but a sportsman who does so is a butcher by instinct, and ought to be a pig-sticker in the stock-yards.

'Tis a pity, anyway, that humanity should be imbued with the foolish, illogical desire to kill things. Hillis says that when a day of release comes, men exclaim, "I am very tired, if I could only go to the forest and murder a fawn, or cut the throat of a moose, or kill some bird, it would rest me." The only advantage that can possibly arise from this "sport" is that it lures business-entangled men away from the heavy-laden year, out to these wilds, and into this elastic air, full of ozone and healing. Here, men may get the dust out of their lungs, get rid of disease and canker, and shake themselves free from the very prevalent vice of over-industry.



By JANEY CANUCK

OLD MAIDS

WHEN is one an old maid? That depends on the maid. A few are old at twenty-five, the generality at thirty-five, and some not before forty. But even if we did put our pen upon the very year, it would be useless information, for nobody but the clergyman who holds the parish records, can tell how old a woman is.

It is our opinion that it is easier to arrive at a woman's age by her conversation, than by her looks.

One of the most extraordinary and inexplicable things in the social life of to-day, is the prejudice that exists for old maids.

The Bible says that it is not good for a man to be alone, and public opinion says the same of women. If a woman shall gain the whole world and lack a husband, her life is a failure.

When we come to look into the matter a little closer, we find the prejudice is entirely modern. Rome and Greece regarded virgins with superstitious awe. They were the ministers of the ancient religions. The Sibyls, the priestesses of Delphi, the Vestals, and the canonized women of the Roman Catholic Church, were all husbandless. In the first centuries, the maiden state was the favorite theme with all the great church writers, and was presented by them in the very language of Oriental theosophy. Chrysostom says: "The virgin, when she goes abroad, should strike all with amazement, as if an angel had just come down from heaven. All who look upon her should be thrown into a stupor at the sight of her sanctity. . . . Where is the man that shall touch this flaming spirit? All stand aloof, willing or unwilling, all are fixed in amazement as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold."

"Sparkling gold," sneers the modern Chrysostom, "she's not even rolled-plate," and so this smart fellow dips his pen into vitriol, and draws us the picture of a lank, sallow, lantern-jawed, raw-boned Meg Merrilies. He will tell us underneath that this is an old maid, and that she is peevish, crotchety, envious, malignant, acidulous, and unsympathetic. There is no such a creature, of course. There never could be such a mixture of evil traits—all defects without a mark of redemption.

The disdain on the part of women arises from the fact that they consider the old maid a failure. Because they feel differently, they think no woman would deliberately elect to choose spinsterhood, instead of consortship, that she would not be an old maid if she could help it.

On the part of the men, the hostility arises from the fact that the injurers always dislike the injured. The wronged may forgive—the wrong-doer never.

Now, man has been defined as a woman-caressing animal, and the definition is so absolutely correct, that it is beyond controversy, and the fact that a man is a bachelor, does not necessarily mean that he is a celibate. Brutally true, as it may sound, we do not hesitate to state that if there were no matrimonial experiments without benefit of clergy, there would be no such thing in

this dislocated world of ours as an old maid. On the contrary, it would be a clear case of "To every damsel a man or two."

If we read aright the signs of the times, the inspiration of the average bachelor is a good dinner, his aspiration the latest thing in the half-world. Ask one of these grasshoppers why he does not marry, and he will tell you it is because the girls are "too extravagant." Indeed, one would almost think to hear him talk that the girls had the habit, too, of pools, yachts, late suppers, and jewelled garters.

But this is how he talks to "the boys." "No, sir, catch me putting my head in a noose! I'm out to paddle my own canoe. Women! Pshaw! The women down town are always glad to see me, and never ask where I was last night. They just make it agreeable for me. And when I tire of one, I'm not tied to her, or at the worst, I can cut the hemp, bid her a pleasant good morning, and seek pastures new when and wherever I fancy——."

They remind us of the frogs in Aesop, who were extremely wise. They had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

And this is why there is such a plethora of unmarried women—why the girls must take of necessity to nursing, missions, and sisterhoods.

Of course, if the old maid be rich, this alters matters, for "Love's arrow," says one who knows, "is tipped with a jewel, and shot from a silver string." The ugly girl with a dowry is sure to find somebody ready to marry her on any terms, thus enabling her to transmit her bodily and mental ugliness to her offspring.

The poor girl must go on growing old more or less gracefully, and must daily endeavor to possess her soul in patience when she is addressed as "ma'am," instead of "Miss," and when the obliging shop-girl asks if she would like to look at the toys and baby-jumpers. It is consoling, however, to know that Venus, herself, without a dowry, would have been only a pretty sea-side girl with a harvest apple in her hand.

Mr. Carnegie tells us in a burst of confidence, what he would do if he were Czar, and so I may be excused if I venture to predicate as to my course of action if I were an old maid.

Ah! I'd get married—married right off. It is never too late to wed" (synonym for "mend"). I have no belief whatever in "single blessedness." The poet who sang that "all the flowers of love blow double," was a profound philosopher.

My dear girl, don't sit and mourn! The world is wide—so wide—and there are many who would love you—*if you loved them.* I italicize the last phrase, for in it is comprised the whole of the law and the prophets.

The man who is running straight ahead with steam full on, may, now and then, be artfully sidetracked. He may be shunted off by such a small thing as an innocent question. If most men would take the trouble to look back and find out how they came to get married at all, they would generally find that the affair began with some naive confession on the part of the girl of a total ignorance which asked humbly for enlightenment. It pleased him to display his mental superiority, and to have an oracular infallibility.

Or he may be sidetracked by proximity. "Proximity," says Lord Lytton, "is the soul of love." If two people can only meet often, the match is half made.

Then, Milady!

Express yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible.

See everything, but appear ignorant.

Read everything, but quote nothing.

Know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions.

Be light-hearted, charitable, indulgent.

Preserve your beauty.

Listen attentively.

In order to keep a cool head, see things at a glance, judge quickly, and think more quickly still.

Nine chances out of ten, he will be sidetracked. Later on, you will have ample time to consider whether or not he was worth the trouble.

BLUE SPECTACLES AND ROSE COLOR

There may be heaven; there must be hell,
Meantime there is earth here.
—BROWNING.

"When fire wrought fierce with fire,
Twin mixed with the mists of the deep,
Did the fates wax glad when man emerged
To eat and to drink and to sleep?
To darken the day with toil,
And to blacken the night with sin—
To grope and never find the path
To the royal life within?
To crush and be crushed in the crowds
That beggar the world for bread—
To crawl in the dust of the earth and die
Like a worm that dies and is dead?"

WHY do preachers, teachers, and poets prate of hope, of optimism, of joy?

It is because they, good souls, would turn our anguished eyes from our jagged, bleeding wounds, because they would have us look away from the owl and bittern of anguish that haunt for ever the ruins of our nature.

And we listen while they prophecy smooth things, and laugh, but our laughter holds a sorrow deeper than the sea. They speak of our joys, but down in the unrevealed, unspeaking recesses of our hearts, we know "the trail of the sepent is over them all."

We fear to love the closest ones for ever, the "thin black lines" move graveward. There are flowers on it, but somewhere in life's garden a sepulchre is digged, and "Love is lying low, where human kisses cannot reach the face."

The life-loving, wonder-eyed child we romped with in the morning is this evening a clod of flesh. We are defeated, despoiled, and homesick. We strain for the sound of the voice that is still.

The last entry in Walter Scott's diary reads: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning—"

And so death has everywhere the last word.

Do we hope for wealth? Then are we chums of poverty who skulk and shamble through life.

"Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day.
And our daughters his slaves by night."

Living on the raw edge of want, we pursue false grails and glittering will-o'-the wisps. We find the stream, but the waters are bitter; the cistern, but it is broken; the apples, but they are dust and ashes. Daily, like Tantalus, we find the waters of life rolled to our lips, and then withdrawn. He is an experienced philosopher who teaches that life is a progress from want to want, an oscillation between boredom and boredom.

But, mayhap, we are lucky miners, and heap up shining treasure from the sweat of our fellows. Then it is that Fate points her yellow finger, and sneers:

"You get some gold dug from the mud,
Some silver ground and crushed from stones;
Your gold is red with dead men's blood,
Your silver black with oaths and bones."

Or, do we press up life's luring heights to the sweetness of the upper air? Then do we find fear crouching in our path, and care dogging our footsteps.

We are confounded by the perils of the path, and its perplexed meanings. Sin-sick, pain-sick, heart-sick, we blunder and stumble on. The way is a bayonet charge, a push, and a stab, and oft-times in our dense, besotted ignorance, we strike our bleeding heads against a blind wall of mystery. In the dark clefts of the rock, Temptation spreads her net for our bleeding feet, or, mayhap, we stretched it ourselves, for—

"So prone are mortals to their own damnation,
It seems as though a devil's use were gone."

Where we propose to nestle, there we find a thorn growing. We take a thousand right steps; but one mis-step, and there is no angel of mercy to rescue us as we crash on the rocks below.

But what of it?

"The external Sa'ki from his bowl has pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and shall pour."

* * * * * * *

No, a thousand times, no! We will not hug to our souls this melancholy of "blackest midnight born." We will list the

preacher, the teacher, the poet, and all else who sing of hope.

True, we are painful sowers, but to-morrow is the day of harvest. A harvest delayed is not a harvest denied, and we shall gather what we sow.

True, the pain cuts deep, but Pain is a deliverer. "When pain ends, gain ends too." It was in a dungeon that Bunyan saw the "Delectable Mountains." Milton wrote the greatest poem of all ages without eyes. It took the cardinal's curses to develop Martin Luther. Grecian mythology tells that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the winged horse Pegasus, and out of our tears will be woven the rainbow which will span our lives.

Sorrow is the dark gateway through which we pass to the temple of light. It is sorrow that makes us great, that makes us sweet, that makes us good. Sorrow is truest for us because it best fortifies us.

Ah! we *will* sing with the teacher, the preacher, and the poet, this song of victory:

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced or cried aloud;
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.
>
> Beyond this place of wrath and tears
> Looms but the horror of the shade;
> And yet the menace of the years
> Finds and shall find me unafraid.
>
> It matters not how straight the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll;
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

WHISPERS FROM OUR VERANDAH PARTY

THE use of tinted writing paper is beneficial to the eyes, preferably grey.

Heathen temper in children is a sign of wrong health. The great remedy for temper is sleep. No child that sleeps enough is fretful, and the same thing is as nearly true of children of a larger growth.

To remove the disfiguring brown or yellow stain, that the long and persistent use of a high, closely-fitting collar has left on the neck, rub the mark with a freshly-cut lemon.

Nearly all the new smart toilettes have a sash tied at the back.

Damp papers twisted and scattered over the carpets before sweeping is good for taking up the dust.

To keep fruit cake from burning when baking, place the cake on a pan of ashes. It requires a slow oven.

A woman of delicate complexion should wear a pink lining in her hat, but where there is color with it, blue or straw-color should be worn. A brunette should wear white lining with delicate rose trimming; never black, unless unavoidable. A large person with prominent features should never wear a small hat. The reverse with small persons. Yellow, lilac, and red, are the most trying colors to the complexion.

The newest white kid street glove has but a single button—an enormous one of white pearl clasped on.

The old-fashioned revers from shoulder to waist are again fashionable.

Mucilage is good for insect bites, burns, and cuts.

If the foot is inclined to turn in, this may be remedied by having the boot heels made higher on the inside.

The linen collar has returned to favor.

Three cents' worth of anise seed, three cents' worth of peppermint, three cents' worth of laudanum, one pint of syrup, and one pint of hot water, make a good cough mixture.

The Arabian women perfume their bodies by sitting over coals on which are cast handfuls of myrrh and spices. The heat opens the pores till the skin is saturated with the odor. If you are capricious enough to attempt this, you will find yourself smelling like a lighted censer. And, if afterwards you want to destroy traces of your adventure, you may do so by a bath of ammonia and water.

The new wash veil for motoring has scarf ends in lace. The ends are brought around, and tied in a large bow-knot under the left cheek.

LITERATURE

THE BUCKEYE DOCTOR. By William W. Pennell.

THIS is a bright, snappy story to read, to be grateful for, and to turn to again with pleasure.

In it we have a picture of the rustic life of thirty years ago in a typical American village, with the "ups and downs" of a young physician in his encounter with rivals, ignorance, and maliciousness.

It is a delineation of one of those country villages—alas! not yet extinct—where the people are entirely preoccupied with themselves—and their neighbors.

In these leaves from life, the author preserves for posterity many of the dialects, customs, and methods of thought, of their forebears.

In search of the picturesque and romantic, many writers wholly neglect the great middle class from which they probably sprung. Not so our author!

It is safe to predict for this delightful volume a widespread and hearty recognition. The typography is excellent.

The Grafton Press, New York.

MORE LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT. By Dr. J. R. Bailey.

THIS book is different from anything that has hitherto been published on the subject of sexology, which is saying a good deal.

Dr. Bailey thinks along original lines. He treats the subject from the standpoint of nature, apart from any system of therapeutics. In nature there is nothing impure, but, unfortunately, humanity has strayed a long way from Eden, and needs to hie it back to first and harmonious conditions.

In these days when we have "picnic marriages," and "Christmas divorces," when we have marriage for wealth, marriage for prestige, or perhaps for mere curiosity, these brave, outspoken, manly pages are fitting and timely.

In this treatise, Dr. Bailey handles the subject with great delicacy, and in an able, commendable manner. To many his practicalities and helpful suggestions will come like a revelation.

Chequamegon Press, Ashland, Wis.

THE UNTRAINED NURSE. By A Graduate of Bellevue Hospital.

THIS book, which meets a need hitherto unmet, ought to be worth its weight in gold to every household.

It was written primarily to help those who are unable to engage the services of a trained nurse, and who still recognize their own ignorance and inexperience as nurses.

It will be especially helpful, too, in the country, where skilled aid is not always obtainable.

The chapters are entitled Home Nursing, Medicines, Water, Chest Diseases, Diseases of Heart and Blood, Fevers, Home Surgery, Eyes, Ears, etc., Children's Diseases, Operations, Selected Receipts, Death, and in Danger of Death. The book is also indexed for ready reference.

Every home should have a copy of this really excellent work.

The Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

WOOD FOLK AT SCHOOL. By William J. Long.

EVERY new thing that comes from the pen of this writer, we mentally declare to be his best. This is the sixth of Long's books, and assuredly we love him more than ever.

In this work, Long takes us into the forests, that we may watch the mothers teaching their little kindergarten schools in spruce dens and thickets of alder. The wood-folk, he tells us, receive their knowledge from instinct, training and experience.

To-day, scientists and nature lovers are studying afresh the instincts of men and beasts, because these instincts are nature's prophecies foretelling coming events. Instincts never deceive any beast, and it is through them he guards against danger,

and attains maturity. Long tells us that the instinct of obedience is "the first and strongest instinct in every creature born into this world."

As we follow the author afoot, and learn the habits, passions, and idiomatic language of the birds and animals, we think better of a recent novelist who declared that the animals have invented everything except postage stamps, the protective tariff system, and marriage complexities. He was quite sure that no beast ever exercised its conscience over marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

It is difficult to particularize any one of these studies, for they are all good, but just now it is on the edge of our pen that "Milord the Moose" is a mighty fine fellow, as he comes smashing down the mountain with a fierce roar of rage to challenge to mortal combat "Ol' Dev'l," a rival bull.

Sated novel-readers would find this book a heaven-sent blessing.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

ONE FOR MANY. By Vera. (*Translated by Henry Britoff.*)

THIS work has just gone into its twelfth edition in Germany. Throughout Europe no recent book has set more tongues a-wagging. It is a book that has been written with the heart-blood of some woman. Indeed, it has given rise to a new movement called "Verism."

It is the story of a woman who claimed that her lover should be as pure in soul as she herself, and some of us there are who see logic in the claim. She stands for the principle that there is no sex in soul, nor any sex in sin, that what is black for a woman should not be shaded into grey for a man.

The male critics call Vera an "hysterical worshipper of Nietsche." The women say she has the soul of some grand Hebrew prophetess. To read the comments one would think there was no intermediate channel between deification and vilification, but there is. The book is described by neither extremes, but is one of good, hard logic and common-sense, which, after all, is the most uncommon sense.

The sentences throb and tingle with life, and all in all, the book is a remarkable one.

J. S. Ogilvy Publishing Co. 57 Rose Street, New York.

GENERAL HISTORY OF COMMERCE. By William Clarence Webster.

THE author, who is Lecturer on Economic History in New York University, says: "If this book is dull it will be because I have failed to grasp the dramatic elements which the subject presents."

This is just what he has *not* failed to do, and in the 526 pages wherein he takes a general survey of the commercial development of the world from the earliest times to the present, it is always in a clever and interesting manner. It is a learned, accurate, and perspicuous history, the fruit of unwearied industry and patient research.

This work is deserving of critical analysis, impossible within our limits, but we note in passing that it has been planned so that it may be used in different schools, and in different ways: (1) As a text-book in secondary schools that offer regular course in economic history; (2) as a text-book in colleges, and (3) as a companion book to the study of "General History," or the history of particular nations in all schools.

The author's analysis of the trade of the world as it stands to-day, and the outlook for the twentieth century, is exceptionally interesting, and gives an enormous amount of information in a nutshell.

Assuredly, it is a book every financier and wide-awake business man should own.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

APRIL TWILIGHTS. By Willa Sibert Cather.

THIS is the most winsome volume—winsome is surely the epithet—that has come to us for a year and a day. Of a surety, the *New York Sun* is on the right track when it says: "Richard G. Badger, the Boston publisher, is a very knight-errant on behalf of poets."

We do not know if this is the author's first volume, but we hope it will not be her last.

All the poems are remarkable for an airiness and delicacy which are very fascinating, and in a few, there is a tenderness of feeling that makes them sound like gentle weeping.

We select the appended poem, entitled *The Encore,* as a very dainty bit of verse:

> "No garlands in the winter-time,
> No trumpets in the night!
> The song ye praise was done lang syne,
> And was its own delight.
> O, God's name take the wreath away,
> Since now the music's sped;
> Ye never cry, "Long live the King!"
> Until the King is dead.
>
> When I came piping through the land,
> One morning in the spring,
> With cockle burs upon my coat,
> 'Twas then I was a king;
> A mullein sceptre in my hand,
> My order daisies three,
> With song's first freshness on my lips---
> And then ye pitied me!"

Richard G. Badger, Boston.

FLAMINA. By Alfred De Vervins.

THE hero, *Don Caesar de Bazan,* is a typical character of a past epoch in Spain, just as M. Prud'homme, Jonathan, and John Bull represent the Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen of to-day.

The theme of this short story is romance, romance, and all the time romance. The story, which bites itself into your memory, is full of life, action, and thrilling human interest. It begins in a prison cell in Madrid, takes us to the court of Spain, and ends in the summer-land of Mexico.

Of course, the heroine is beautiful and virtuous, and the hero a paragon of bravery, but as these traits are not insisted upon *ad nauseum,* we are genuinely glad to see them attain the goal of every man's desire, and get safely "married and a'." Just the book for a hammock or cosy corner!

The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, O.

TRUTH AND A WOMAN. By Anna Robeson Brown.

HERE we have a very fine piece of psychological fiction. The author of this book does not hold with Mantegazza that "the woman thinks as she loves, and the man loves as he thinks." Her propositions are built on diametrically opposite principles.

The story is that of a charming society woman who becomes engaged to a college professor. By spirit, training, temperament, and environment, the woman stood for the traditional and conservative, while the man in different social class, stood as strongly for the radical and scientific. She was a Christian, he an atheist. He made no concession in principle, while she sometimes did, as a matter of good form and affection. The man and woman were deeply in love, yet, without a doubt, they were unequally yoked.

We are sorry the lovers do not work out their salvation to a more satisfactory conclusion, but, perhaps, after all, it is satisfactory. Even in a novel, one feels uncomfortable when the hero and heroine are joined in a matrimonial bond that cannot but end disastrously. In such a case, the spoons are immediately transformed into knives and forks, who cut and stab each other all the rest of their days.

The book is vivid and engrossing, and is gotten up in a tasteful dress of green and gold.

Herbert S. Stone, Chicago.

EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA. By Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol. *(Translated by E. W. Underwood and William Hamilton Cline.)*

IN 1808 or 1809, in the village of Pultava, in the heart of the Cossack country, Nikolai V. Gogol, the author of these stories, was born. He was in turn an actor, lecturer in the University at St. Petersburg, government clerk, and author. He died in Moscow in 1853. To-day, Gogol's writings are counted among the gems of literature, and are studied in Russia as a model of excellence. We wonder that we hitherto have not heard of these classics.

"Evenings in Little Russia" consists of three stories, overflowing with color, fancy, and melodious phrase. They are individual and original in a high degree—racy, sprightly, humorous, and whimsical. They are capital stories to read aloud *en famille.*

We congratulate the publishers on the tastefulness of the volume. It is comfortable to hold, and its artistic dress of grey and green is pleasing and restful to the eye.

William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET. By James Buckham.

HERE is a boon companion to be taken into the country or the autumn woods. It is one of the nature books that has come to stay.

The author has a refreshing way of turning aside from the beaten track and blazing out a new trail for himself. He has a way, too, of dropping in, here and there, bits of life and philosophy that rest and delight the reader. For instance, he halts in his description of the landscape to tell us that, "No father has ever quite known his boy until he has gone fishing with him." Of course, this is a mere truism, but some way or other none of us have thought of it before.

The author has the seeing eye, attentive ear, and inductive mind that are essentials in this study. His mental powers are both analytic and synthetic, and he has the power of sharing his eager enjoyment of out-door life with all his readers. It is a book to commend without reserve.

Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.

VERSES. By Bertha Geneaux Wood.

MOST of the verses in this volume have appeared in *Scribner's, The Independent, The Interior,* and other American magazines, and are now given to the public in a complete edition.

We have not for a long time read any verses which are so full of quaint conceits and sweet humanities. A warm, golden atmosphere surrounds each of them.

Whether this gifted woman sings of flowers, of the graves of dear children asleep, or of the Christ-child, it is always with charm and spontaneity—with an entire simplicity of nature. She has a song to sing, and sings it. That is all.

Some of our readers will remember the following poem by the author, entitled *Interpretation,* which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan,* in 1898.

"He thought of all the heartaches he had known,
And singing in the twilight bowed his head,
'The world will hear and pass unheeding on,
And no one will ever understand,' he said.

A thousand hearts grew hushed to hear the song,
And eyes that mocked grew soft and dim,
They strained to see the singer through the dusk,
And smiling through their tears claimed kin with him."

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AMBITION.

There is a song I fain would sing
Tuned to a strong, yet tender string,
With cadence low and lingering,
Such is the song that I would sing.

Some few sweet notes to mem'ry cling
A moment, then too soon take wing,
As though some angel hovering
Sang that sweet song my heart would sing.

Some day, I feel my soul will ring
With all its clear, majestic swing,
And, Oh, what joy that hour will bring,
That hears the song I fain would sing.

JAS. P. HAVERSON