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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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PROTECTION

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY LAURA MUNTZ

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE MYTHICAL TOWN OF BREST

BY W. S. WALLACE

THERE are few people, except perhaps professional historians, who realise the extent to which "History is a pack of lies." In ancient and in mediæval history, of course, it is recognised that mythical elements exist; but modern history, at least, is commonly supposed to be free from them. Sir Robert Walpole's sarcasm, "Anything but history, for history must be false," is unintelligible to the average man if applied to anything later than 1485. And yet any historical specialist knows that the mythopoeic imagination has been at work in modern history also, and that we have there, too, fairy-tales and legends as baseless and unfounded as any of Greece or Rome.

In Canadian history there is no more interesting myth, no more instructive example of the way in which history is sometimes manufactured, than the legend of the town of Brest. The story is to be found in such recent books as Professor Packard's "Labrador Coast" (1891) and Judge Prowse's "Newfoundland" (1895). Brest, it appears, was a town of some size, on the Straits of Belle Isle, which flourished during the French régime in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Judge Prowse's account of it is as follows:

"In the Dictionary of Commerce, by Lewis Roberts, printed in London, 1638, there is an account of the French settlement of Brest, afterwards Bradore, on the Straits of Belle Isle. 'It was,' he says, 'the chief town of New France, the residence of the Governor, Almoner, and other public officers; the French drew from thence large quantities of baccalao, whale fins, and train (oil) together with castor (beaver) and other valuable furs.' It is computed that it contained two hundred houses and a thousand inhabitants in winter. About 1600, Brest began to decay. In 1630, a grant en seigneurie of four leagues of the coast, embracing the town, was granted to Seigneur Courtemande." (p. 596).

And in a footnote it is added:

"The remains of works at Bradore are still traceable, though all the buildings have long since disappeared. The settlement was deserted by the French early in the seventeenth century, on account of the hostility of the Eskimo and the decay of the fur trade." (p. 596).

Professor Packard's version of the history of Brest is as follows:

"On the shores of Bradore Bay are still to be seen, it is said, the ruins of the ancient port of Brest, which was founded by the Bretons and Normans about the year 1500. The ruins are situated about three miles west of the present boundary of Canada at Blanc Sablon. Samuel Robertson states in his Notes on the Coast of Labrador: 'As to the truth of Louis Robert's remarks there can be no doubt, as may be seen from the ruins and terraces of the buildings, which were chiefly constructed of wood. I estimate that at one time it contained 200 houses, besides stores, etc., and perhaps 1,000 inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer. Brest was at the height of its

prosperity about the year 1600, and about thirty years later the whole tribe of the Eskimos was totally extirpated or expelled from that region. After this the town began to decay, and towards the close of the century the name was changed to Bradore.' " (p. 108-9).

That there was a harbour of Brest in the Straits of Belle Isle in the sixteenth century, we know from the *Relation Originale* of Jacques Cartier. When Jacques Cartier passed through the straits in 1534 he found a Breton fishing-vessel looking for the harbour of Brest, which was already at that time apparently a rendezvous for the fishermen on the banks. Cartier knew the harbour, and he directed the fishermen to it. But the harbour he directed them to was not the present Bradore Bay; it was a bay eight or ten leagues farther along the coast. And Cartier says nothing about any settlement at Brest; he spent several days in the harbour, taking in wood and water, and if there had been any houses on shore he would have been sure to mention the fact.

It must be clear to anyone with even an elementary knowledge of Canadian history that these accounts of Brest are almost wholly fabulous. Brest, says Judge Prowse, began to decay about the year 1600. Its decline and fall, therefore, appear to have been contemporaneous with the founding of Quebec, which took place in 1608. While Champlain was struggling to establish a colony, first at Port Royal, and afterwards at Quebec, there was already a settlement on the Straits of Belle Isle which had flourished for nearly a century. What is remarkable is that this pioneer among American towns is not mentioned in any of the contemporary records. Champlain, who was Governor of Quebec up to 1635, does not refer to it, nor does the lawyer-historian Lescarbot. There is no mention of it in the Jesuit Relations nor in the "Correspondence Générale" of the French Government, and even travellers along the Côte du Nord are silent about it. In 1702, the Sieur de Courtemanche (who is the original of Judge Prowse's *Seigneur Courtemande,* sailed along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the Straits of Belle Isle; we have the account of his voyage written by himself, in the archives at Ottawa; but there is in the manuscript not one word about a settlement, or the ruins of a settlement, on the Straits of Belle Isle. And Jean Allefonce, in his "Routier," or course from Belle Isle to Quebec, is equally silent.

The conclusion is irresistible that the settlement of Brest never existed. It is a bit of mythology. Quite recently the source of the legend has been discovered by Dr. S. E. Dawson, of Ottawa. Dr. Dawson's curiosity was roused by an entry in Harrisse's *"Notes pour servir à la bibligraphie, etc., de la Nouvelle France,"* in which is given a title, the translation of which runs as follows:—

"Copy of a letter sent from New France, or Canada, by the Sieur de Combes, a gentleman of Poitou, to a friend, in which are described briefly the marvels, excellence, and wealth of the country, together with the appearance and manners of the inhabitants, the glory of the French, and the hope there is of christianising America."

This letter, it was added, was written from Brest, in Canada, on the 13th of February, 1608. It had been sold in Paris, at the La Coste sale, and bought by a library in America.

The book was found by Dr. Dawson in the Lenox Library, New York. It had been bought by Mr. Lenox in 1854, and 125 francs had been paid for it. So far as is known, it is a unique copy; and the imprint of the printer, Leon Savine, Lyons, is, so far as can be learned, not met with again. All that one can do here is to reprint the passage dealing with Brest:

"We arrived at Cape Bellisle the twenty-seventh of the month of August, of the year 1605, about three o'clock

in the afternoon. This cape is one of the finest that exists in all the ocean and especially in the northern sea; and you should know that there are two large rocks a gunshot's length into the sea, and there they meet in a crescent on the south side, so that one might suppose that nature had set herself to build a port as safe and more beautiful than any which human skill could construct. A league and a half from there is a small town named Surfe, inhabited since a long time by the French. We began to make acquaintances there and received great courtesies from the inhabitants and were made very welcome.

"This place is the beginning of Canada, but we did not want to prolong our sojourn there, because we desired first to go and see the Sieur de Dongeon, who is Governor, and resides ordinarily at Brest, the principal town of the whole country, well provisioned, large and strongly fortified, peopled by about fifty thousand men, and furnished with all that is necessary to enrich a good-sized town; it is distant from Surfe about fifty leagues."

The rest of the letter is in the same fictitious strain. The principal towns of Canada are described as being "Brest, Hanguedo, Canada, Hochilaga, Foquelay, Turquas, Brinon, Bonara, Forniset, Grossot, and Horsago, Poquet, Tarat and Fongo, all large towns and well provided. . . . The rivers are Anacal, which is a great river; Saguenay, Bargat, Druce, and Boucone, the last of them being larger than the Seine, besides an infinity of other streams." The Sieur de Combes, if he was a person who ever existed, had obviously never been in Canada himself; his acquaintance with the country was limited to a sixteenth-century map. For the rest he drew on his imagination. The reasons for the publication of the letter are not difficult to find. There was evidently in 1608 some demand for information about Canada. Ten years before, the French Government had taken up the project of colonising New France, and people were talking about the new country. Under these circumstances, the letter of the Sieur de Combes was written evidently to sell as immigration literature.

Some one must have taken the Sieur de Combes's account of Brest *au grand sérieux;* for in the "Merchant's Map of Commerce," by Lewis Roberts, printed in 1638 (not the "Dictionary of Commerce," as the book is wrongly cited by Judge Prowse), Brest appears again. In his enumeration of the countries of America, Roberts says:

"The seventh is Terra Corterialis, on the south whereof runs that famous river of Canada, running nine hundred miles, and found navigable for eight hundred thereof. . . . The chief towns thereof are Brest, Cabomarso, and others of little note."

Cabomarso is plainly a cape named by the Portuguese; but Brest is the "principal town" of the Sieur de Combes.

The finishing touches were put on the myth by Mr. Samuel Robertson. Mr. Robertson lived at Sparr Point, on the Labrador coast, during the first half of the nineteenth century; and he posed as an authority on the traditions of the coast. In a paper read before the Geographical and Historical Society of Quebec in 1843, he gave a graphic picture of Brest in its palmy days. "I estimate," he said, "that at one time it contained 200 houses, beside stores, etc., and perhaps 1,000 inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer. Brest was at the height of its prosperity about 1600. . . . After this the town began to decay, and towards the close of the century the name was changed to Bradore." In 1630, he goes on to relate, a grant *en seigneurie* of four leagues of the coast, embracing the town, was made to the Count de Courtemanche, who was married to a daughter of King Henry IV. of France. *Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire.* There was a Sieur de Courtemanche who lived on the Labrador coast from 1702-1716, but he was not a count, nor did he hold any land in Labrador *en seigneurie,* and he was married at Levis to the daughter of a tan-

ner named Charest. M. de Courtemanche was the commandant appointed by the French Government at the Straits of Belle Isle; and it is perhaps worth while adding that the ruins which Mr. Samuel Robertson mistook for the remains of Brest were the ruins of the block-house and other buildings which de Courtemanche constructed near Bradore Bay about 1704.

It is not possible to trace the development of the legend in all its details. Some links in the chain are missing. Mr. Robertson had never seen either the Sieur de Combes's letter or Lewis Roberts's "Merchants' May of Commerce," for he does not mention the first, and he misquotes the title of the second. In some roundabout way, the story has been handed down. And it would be interesting to know where Judge Prowse found his quotation from Lewis Roberts, for it is not to be found in the copies of "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," preserved in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, and Lewis Roberts's "Dictionary of Commerce" is a book which does not exist, except in the pages of Mr. Samuel Robertson. But Judge Prowse was, it is probable, merely helping the myth along, and giving it an extra fillip as it passed.

SASKATCHEWAN

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

FAR-FLUNG and fenceless, naked to the eye,
Lonely and solemn, dreary, endless, still,
I am no mistress of an idle hour,
But with slow sureness win the hearts of men.
My plains have many moods and many ways;
Arid, relentless in the parching sun,
Softer than velvet 'neath the moon's caress,
Forlorn and savage where my dust-clouds swirl,
Peaceful and happy at the twilight's fall.
Sometimes the trailing shadows of the clouds
Sweep like huge argosies of mystic sail
Across my trackless, tranquil prairie-land
Into some silent haven of the hills.
To you these things mean nothing, but to me
They bring glad visions, dreams and phantasies!
London and Paris, music and the dance. . .
A rare gamut of lost and precious things
My children speak of when the embers glow
And, Memory, unloosed, ranges the world.
And yet, they love me, they who know the world,
Finding in me the spell of solitude
And wizardry of wit to bring them dreams.
Softly my moonlight lingers on their sleep;
Make me, O God, more worthy of their love.

THE WOODS IN SUMMER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF CREEN GABLES"

THE spring woods are all spiritual. They charm us through the senses of eye and ear—delicate tintings and aerial sounds, like a maiden's dreams set to music. But the summer woods make a more sensuous appeal. They know that they have lost the freshness of their first youth, that something is gone for which all their luscious shadows and mellow lightings can never quite atone. So they offer us delectable things to tickle our palates. Who that has eaten strawberries, grass-new, from the sunny corners of summer woods, can ever forget them?

Strawberries are very delicious, even when eaten with cream and sugar, among the haunts of men. But would you know the real flavour of the strawberry in its highest perfection? Then come with me to a certain sunlit dell, along which white birches grow on one side and on the other the still, changeless ranks of the spruces. There are long grasses here at the roots of the trees, combed down by the winds, and wet with morning dew, long into the afternoon Here we shall find berries, fit for the gods on high Olympus, great ambrosial sweetnesses, hanging like rubies to long, rosy stalks. Lift them by the stalk and eat them from it while they are uncrushed and virgin, tasting each berry by itself, with all its wild fragrance ensphered within. If you try to carry it home that elusive essence escapes, and then it is nothing more than a common berry of the fields and sunshine, very kitchenly good, indeed, but not as it should be when gathered and eaten in its uncharted haunts until our fingers are stained as pink as Aurora's eyelids.

There are blueberries, too, growing on the sandy hill where we gathered May flowers in the spring. The blueberries are not sung in song or enshrined in romance; but I do not see why they should not be, for they are beautiful to behold; and, if eaten in their native haunts, are delicious enough as well, although, of course, not to be mentioned in the same paragraph as the strawberries. Perhaps it is because they are somewhat too lavish of themselves, in their great, heavily-hanging, plainly-seen clusters. They lack the charm of comparative rarity and exclusiveness; they need not to be eaten one by one, like the strawberries, but may be crunched together in generous mouthfuls. See how pretty they are —the dainty green of the unripe berries, the glossy pinks and scarlets of the half-ripe, the misty blue of the fully matured. To sit on this hill, steeped in languid summer sunshine, rife with odours of fir and of nameless growing things in their golden prime, with the sough of winds in the shaking tree-tops, and eat blueberries, is something that the mighty ones of earth might envy us. The poor inhabitants of palaces, how we can pity them, from this, our hill throne of the wilderness, fronting the gateways of the west! The afternoon is a great, dulcet, golden

dream of peace, through which the heart of summer throbs with lazy rhythm.

Pigeon-berries are not to be eaten. They are woolly, tasteless things. But they were created to be looked at and they have the beauty that is its own excuse for being. They grow in the places of shadow, preferably the fibrous banks under the boughs of the spruces, knowing, perhaps, how the green and the gloom set off their glowing scarlet. Such scarlet! They, too, are true children of the wood, in that they lose their beauty elsewhere. Dare to take them home with you, and they seem hard, flaunting, obvious things, void of all charm. But in the spruce wood they are vivid and brilliant, the jewels with which the sombre forest of cone-bearers loves to deck its brown breast.

The woods are full of summer flowers, and rich spoil may be ours for the seeking; but it is a pity to gather wood flowers. They do not bear it well, not even so well as the strawberries. They lose half their witchery away from the shadow and the green and the flicker. The gay ones look too gay and crude when unsoftened by the backgrounds of the ancient wood; and the little, shy, sweet things seem lost and timid and homesick. No, we shall not pluck the wood flowers. The way to enjoy them most is to track them down to their remote haunts, gloat over them there, and then leave them, with backward glances, taking with us only the beguiling memory of their grace and fragrance.

In late June and early July the spruce woods are given over to the June-bells, which have another and more scientific name, of course. But who wants a better name than June-bells? They are so perfect in their way that they seem to epitomise the very secret and charm of the forest, as if the old wood's daintiest thoughts had materialised in blossom, and all the roses by Bendameer's stream are not so fragrant as a shallow sheet of June-bells under the boughs of fir.

Starflowers grow here, too, spirit pale and fair; and ladies' lips are found in abundance by those who know just where to look for them, but never reveal themselves to the casual passer-by. They are not, as their name might suggest, red, but creamy tinted. Perhaps it is their surpassing sweetness which accounts for the name. Their perfume is richer than that of the June-bells and every whit as haunting and mystical.

In July the waste places of the wood, which axe has scarred and flame scorched, are aglow with the purple pomp of the fireweed, which depends, and not vainly, on its colouring alone for its beauty. The fire that defaced and blackened must have awakened some answering glow and fervour in the veins of the wood, which has outbroken in this wave of royal magnificence, surging against the pine hill and overflowing the brushwood to our very feet.

The ladies' eardrops are twinkling jewel-like from hanging boughs on all the brooklands; and along the lanes and among the birches the buttercups are smiling at us, quite as much at home here as on the breezy uplands.

In August the goldenrod makes glad the sunny woodways, and the asters shake out their frilled lavender gowns. The country people have such a pretty name for them; they call them "farewell-summers," because they come when summer is beginning to walk westering. She is with us still, but her face is turned from us.

Look, I pray you, at the tints on the trunk of that birch tree before us, whence some vandal hand has torn away the white-skin wrapper in several places. They range from the purest creamy white through exquisite golden tones, growing deeper and deeper until the inmost layer re-

veals the ripest, richest brown, as if to tell us that all these birches, so maiden-like and cool exteriorly, have yet warmly hued feelings at their hearts.

It is so easy to love your neighbours when your neighbours are all trees; and it is so easy to live with trees. They are the most friendly things in God's good creation. To hold converse with pines, to whisper secrets with mountain ashes, to listen to the tales of old romance that beeches have to tell, to walk in eloquent silence with self-contained firs is to learn what real companionship is. And then, too, trees, unlike so many humans, always improve on acquaintance. No matter how much you like them at the start you are sure to like them much better further on, and best of all when you have known them for years and enjoyed intercourse with them in all seasons, staunch, loyal friends that they are.

Trees have as much individuality as human beings to those who love and learn them. Not even two spruces are alike. There is some kink or curve, or bend of bough to single each one out from its fellows. Some trees love to grow sociably together, branches intertwining, like girls with their arms about each other, whispering interminably of their secrets. There are more exclusive groups of four or five, and there are hermits of trees who like to stand apart in solitary majesty and hold commune only with the winds of heaven. Yet these trees are often the best worth knowing, and have all the charm that attaches to the strong and lonely and reserved. It is more of a triumph to win their confidence than that of easier trees.

Pines are the trees of myth and legend. They strike their roots deep into the traditions of an older world, but wind and star love their lofty tops. What music when old Aeolus draws his bow across the branches of a pine! What a sense of two majesties meeting when a pearl white planet seems resting on its very crest! Have you ever witnessed a thunderstorm in a pine wood, especially when evening is drawing on? I have, once. And since then I think I have known what God's voice must have been speaking to Job out of the whirlwind.

We are not going to have a thunderstorm on our walk of this evening, but I verily believe a shower of rain is coming up. Have you noticed the veiled hush that has fallen over the woods lately, while we have been wandering from tree to tree? All the young breezes that were whispering and rustling so importantly a while ago have folded their wings and are motionless and soundless. Not a leaf rustles, not a shadow flickers. The maple leaves yonder turn wrong side out, until the tree looks as if it were growing pale from fear. And now a cool shade falls over the woods; the cloud has reached us; it is not a big cloud; there is crystalline, untroubled sky below and above it. 'Twill be but a passing shower, and the thick boughs of this fir copse are all the protection that we shall need. Creep under and sit at ease, on the dusky soil, compact of many dead and gone generations of fir needles, which no passing shower can moisten.

Ha, there is the rain now, with a rush and sweep of wind, really more noise than anything else! Yet the shower is a good, smart one while it lasts. It patters down sharply on the maples and dimples the faces of the wood pools. It dances along the lanes and byways and pelts the brook right merrily. It makes quite a fuss for the time being, this impertinent, important shower. But not a drop touches us through our staunch fir, and presently it is all over. The cloud is away and the low sun is shining out on the wet, glistening trees. Far away we see a hill still dim with rain, but below us the cup of the val-

ley seems brimming over with peach-tinted mists. The woods are all pranked out with the sparkle and glitter of jewels, and a bird begins to sing overhead as if he were cheated into believing it is springtime again, so wondrously fresh and sweet is the world all at once.

The rain is a marvellous alchemist. It has extracted the aroma from tree and shrub and blossom, and flung it lavishly on the cool, moist air. It has taken from the firs the tang of their balsam, from the lanes the warm breath of the asters and grasses, from the blueberry hill its savour of ripening fruit, and the wind comes down from the wild places spiced and poignant with the breath of drenched and tangled fern.

A bird comes tiptoeing along the lane, with a worm in her mouth. After a shower is the blessed time for birds. It is a robin, a plump, reddish-breasted thing, that is not even afraid of us. I know her nest is near by, for I found it last week, half-built. Let us look to see if any eggs are in it. Ha, Madam Robin, this disturbs your complacency somewhat, does it? Even the worm is dropped and forgotten, and you fly to a bough above us, chirping frantically. Dear, we are not going to hurt your little home, nor yet this most wonderful egg in it, though we touch it with reverent fingers.

Think what is penned within those fragile, pale-blue walls . . . not, perhaps, "the music of the moon," but an earthlier, homelier music, compact of wholesome sweetness and the joy of living. This egg will some day be a robin, to whistle us blithely home in the afterlights.

It is afterlight now, for the sun has set. Out in the open there is still much light of a fine, emerald-golden sort. But the wood is already wrapping itself in a dim, blue twilight and falling upon rest in bosk and dell. It will be quite dark before we reach the end of this long, wetly-fragrant lane. There goes the first firefly, or is it a pixy out with a lantern? Soon there are hundreds of them, flashing mysteriously across the dusk, under the boughs and over the ferns. There is certainly something a little supernatural about fireflies. Nobody pretends to understand them. Did anyone ever see a firefly in daylight? They are akin to the tribes of faery, survivals of the olden time, when the woods and hills swarmed with the little green folk. It is still very easy to believe in fairies when you see those goblin lanterns glimmering among the fir tassels.

The full moon has been up for some time, and now, as we come out to the clearing, she is gleaming lustrously from a cloudless sky across the valley. But between us and her stretches up a tall, tall pine, far above the undergrowth, wondrously straight and slender and branchless to its very top, where it overflows in a crest of dark boughs against the silvery splendour behind it. Beyond, the uplands and the homesteads are lying in a suave, white radiance, but here the spell of the woods is still on us, and the white magic of the moonlight behind the pine speaks the last word of the potent incantation.

BLACKFEET BRINGING IN BRANCHES FOR THE SUN LODGE

THE SUN DANCE OF THE BLACKFEET

BY CALVIN McQUESTEN

THE Sun Dance gatherings of the Blackfeet are the last surviving remnants of the tribal life of a people who once ranged supreme and untrammelled over a stretch of territory as large as the whole of England. To-day their numbers are more than decimated by war and disease. Crowded to the wall by a foreign invader whose civilisation they seem utterly unable to assimilate, they drag out a miserable existence cooped up within the narrow limits of their reservations, and huddled together round the distributing offices of the Government which feeds them.

But at these annual gatherings are to be seen the last broken outlines of their unique social organisation, the last spiritless performance of their weird and frenzied religious rites, and the last faint gleam of the wild, fierce and almost heroic spirit which has made these and other red men of North America appeal to the imagination of the world.

Here the Ikunuhkatsi (comrades-in-arms), the ancient warrior bands bound together by oaths as solemn as those which held the knightly orders of mediæval chivalry, once more sit in social circle and pass the memory-stirring pipe from lip to lip, as they talk of battle and of buffalo hunt, of scalping and of pony raiding, until the old fierce flame lights up their faces and flashes from their eyes, and the crop-haired school-boys slink away to hide their shameful store-clothes, or cover them with the blanket toga of their race. Here are performed the fragments of that mys-

tic ritual by which the worshippers of the ancient Sun-God seek to win his favour. And here are seen in all their barbaric splendour of nakedness, paint and feathers those weird, uncouth dances, a blending of the social, the martial and the religious, which are so common to primitive peoples and so incomprehensible at first to the minds of modern civilisation.

THE SUN DANCE

The Blackfoot nation proper is really composed of three tribes—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet, all speaking the same language, and recognising one another as kinsmen. Their hunting grounds formerly lay just to the east of the more northerly chains of the Rocky Mountains, where the level stretches of the prairie rolled up into the foot-hills, and were tempered by the warm winds of the Pacific coast, so that ponies and buffaloes grazed in the open all winter long.

Of the three branches, the Bloods, who now occupy a reservation on the Canadian side of the international boundary line, cling the closest to their old life and customs. Their Sun Dance celebration usually lasts for three or four weeks, and it is this now almost obsolete spectacle that the writer proposes to describe.

The gathering of the tribe commenced about the beginning of June, and for days the winding trails which led through wooded river bottom and over rolling prairie were alive with rumbling waggons, trotting ponies, and scraping travois poles. The spot selected for the camp was a southern slope of prairie. Each day the number of tepees grew, until finally nearly the whole tribe of some 1,200 souls was collected there.

When completed, the camp formed a huge circle, with an irregular circumference of tepees surrounding the open space, which served as the arena for the various performances. Along the inner edge of the circle of ordinary tepees stood the somewhat larger assembly lodges of the various bands

of Ikunuhkahtsi referred to before. These, as has been already suggested, appear to resemble in a crude way the knightly orders of mediæval Europe. Like them their functions

part of the initiation ceremony of the "Horns" is public. The novices, accompanied by their squaws, carrying the blankets and leading the ponies, which constitute the purchase

OF THE BLACKFEET

were originally of a military nature, but are now of a purely social character. As a matter of fact, they seem to have no longer any actual existence apart from these annual gatherings; and a number of them have become altogether defunct. The "Crazy Dogs," "the Pigeons," the "Horns," the "Prairie Chickens" still survive, but there are several others, such as the "Bulls," the "Mosquitoes," the "Little Birds," which appear to have passed out of existence; and those which still remain are perpetuated by younger men buying out the older ones, as they in turn retire or purchase membership in a more distinguished order.

The "Horns" are considered to be the most ancient and honourable order of all, and membership in them costs many ponies and blankets. A price of membership, approach in procession the place where the rest of the members are seated in solemn assembly, and after the master of ceremonies has made certain mystic passes over their heads and bodies, they are formally received into the number of the elect, and the transfer of property takes place. But it is also understood that there is quite an extensive secret ritual involved, including a severe and shocking test of virtue and self-control, in which, if the candidate fails, he is believed to die within a year. The lesser orders also have somewhat similar ceremonies, but the most interesting feature in them all, from a spectacular point of view, is that each has a special form of dance peculiar to itself, to depict the patron animal, after which that particular order is named.

INFURIATED BLACKFOOT COMING TO SMASH THE CAMERA

PIGEON DANCE IN PROGRESS

These dances, together with squaw dances, buffalo dances, and war dances form part of the regular daily programme of the camp, preliminary to the great climactic event, the Sun Dance itself.

One of the most picturesque of them is probably the Pigeon Dance. The dress of the "Pigeons" is charmingly simple, and would make a Parisian belle in evening dress feel like a colourless prude. It consists simply of a breech cloth and moccasins, with a single feather stuck in the flowing hair, and a full coat of paint covering the body from head to foot. The colour worn by the officers is a brilliant yellow, while that of the rank and file is brick red.

The dance, in order to be properly performed, appeared to occupy the time of the devotees for the greater part of the day and night. The "Pigeons" begin to assemble in their lodge early in the forenoon. Each one as he arrived proceeded to disrobe and adorn himself, mixing the dry paint in a cup or saucer, and applying it with his fingers. Evidently, several coats were required to produce the required tint, and it was two or three o'clock in the afternoon before the plumage of all was finally preened to their satisfaction.

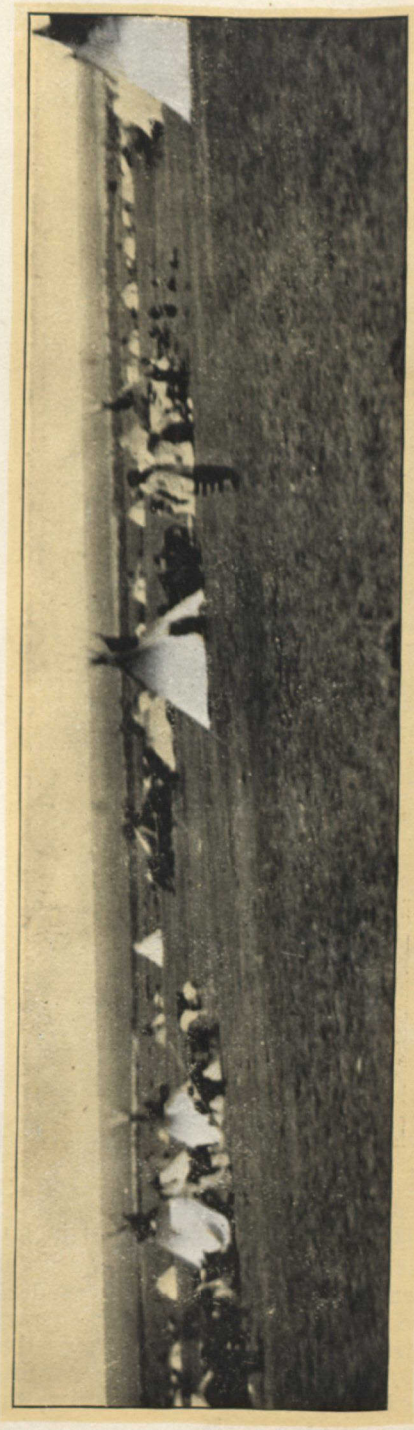
About this time it was discovered that there was not a sufficient number present, and deputations were despatched to bring in recalcitrant members, who from laziness or other cause had failed to appear. If verbal inducements proved insufficient, a convenient blanket was brought into use to convey the dissenting gentleman to the post of duty. When the number was finally completed, and all were duly arrayed, the lithe-limbed dancers gathered their blankets about them, and made a tour of the camp in a body, soliciting contributions of fuel and eatables for the all-night seance.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening before a sufficiency of supplies was secured, and the "Pigeons" at

last seated themselves in the open space in the centre of the camp, while the tom-tom beaters struck up their monotonous music. Suddenly throwing off their blankets, the dancers leaped to their feet as one man, the red fellows standing in one long line, with their backs to the setting sun, while two or three canary-hued officers half-faced them, at either end. For a minute all tripped it where they stood, with a sort of "balance-all" movement. Then in a flash the red line faced about, and with bows extended and arrows strung, and their black hair flowing about their necks and faces, they seemed almost to fly with winged feet toward the setting sun. At about thirty yards they stopped and turned, and in a moment were once more beside the yellow fellows, keeping time to the tom-toms. In another minute all were seated on the ground, with their blankets about them, and the first number on the programme was over.

While they rested, three other naked braves performed a Bear Dance. Squatted on the ground, but with bodies erect, the trio paused for a moment, each with both hands to his ears as if to listen. Then, with a quick movement, they drew up their blankets over back and head and threw themselves prostrate on their faces, while all the small boys around them pelted them with chunks of mud. For a moment the pelting ceased, and once more the "Bears" raised their heads to listen, only to throw themselves down again, with blankets drawn over to protect them from the showers of missiles.

This was repeated some half-dozen times. And then the "Crazy Dogs," who had during the day been going through preliminary preparations very similar to the "Pigeons," took a hand, and, whirling round in eddying circles, most suggestive of a dog trying to catch his tail, gave vent to sharp, delighted yaps and barks. Once more the "Pigeons" made their



PREPARING FOR THE SUN DANCE

A BLACKFOOT ENCAMPMENT. SUN LODGE IN CENTRE

"GOOD RIDER"

birdlike flight. Again the "Bears" performed their little part, and so the evening passed, until as it grew dark and chilly, "Pigeons" and "Crazy Dogs" withdrew to their respective lodges, to pass the night relating deeds of adventure and smoking the friendly pipe.

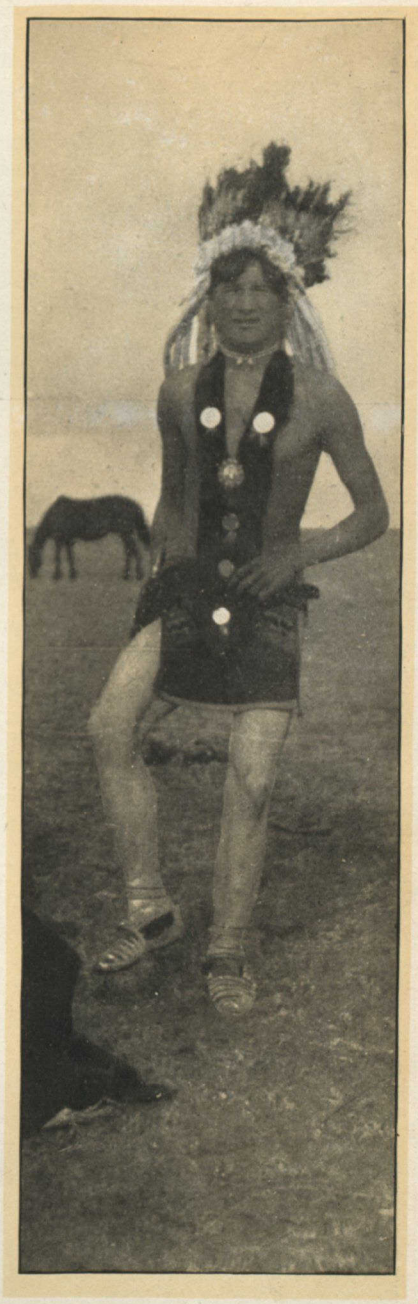
Other dances filled in other days. In the women's lodge, squaws stepped in solemn circle round the altar pole which bore their votive offerings. Men and women, their heads half hidden with huge horns and shaggy hair, went through the grotesque Buffalo Dance. And in the War Dance one-time warriors acted out their mighty deeds in vivid pantomime.

These preliminaries lasted for the better part of three weeks. And then, as the Sun-God reached the zenith of his power, the serious preparations for the great event began. The feast of Sacred Tongues was eaten, and in the might of this "big medicine," the construction of the Sun Lodge was commenced.

First, the great centre pole was cut and dragged in by ropes tied to the saddle horns of a dozen riders, while a hundred other horsemen circled about it, and riddled it with rifle bullets. As soon as it was set in position, devout worshippers proceeded to cover it right to the top with offerings consisted largely of wearing apparel, shirts, leggings, dresses, hats, belts, and moccasins, with an occasional pot or kettle thrown in for variety. For the most part, they were things of little or no value, and suggested a decided decline in religious fervour since the days, when before the intervention of white law, these red-skinned stoics would, in the fulfilment of their vows, hang their own bodies on the sacred pole by thongs tied to wooden skewers thrust through the flesh of breast or shoulders, and would throw themselves back until the tearing of the flesh set them free.

Around the centre pole, and at a distance of some twenty-five feet from it, were set shorter posts about seven feet high, on top of which a circle of logs was laid, while others sloping upward from them were lashed to the central pillar like the rafters of a dome. Against the outside of this circular framework, which was some

"MOON CHEST"



"FLY LIKE A BIRD"

fifty feet in diameter, were laid one upon another until they formed an opaque covering, long, leafy bows of cottonwood, with their heavy ends resting on the ground, and their feathery tips waving within a few feet of the centre pole. The bringing in of these boughs by calvalcades of

SCENE AT THE BLACKFOOT ENCAMPMENT

horsemen from a coulée about half a mile away from the camp was one of the prettiest scenes of the whole gathering, and occupied the afternoon of the first day and the forenoon of the second. The branches were carried on the backs of ponies.

By noon of the second day the work was pretty well completed. An opening had been left on the east side; and within, facing it, had been built against the opposite wall a little inner booth for the accommodation and comfort of the presiding "medicine man."

This eminent personage was specially imported for the occasion from the Blackfoot reserve many miles away, and his chief duty was to prevent the festivities from being spoiled by rain. To accomplish this purpose it was necessary for him to remain for the entire three days and nights in his little airy bower, about six feet square, not once leaving it, but sleeping on the ground at night,

SOCIETY OF HORNS RECEIVING NEW MEMBERS

and having his meals brought to him during the day.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the building of the lodge having been completed, the preliminaries to the dance commenced. The tune of the tom-toms, which had been droning at intervals all afternoon, suddenly quickened, and at the signal the various bands of Ikunuhkahtsi poured out of their assembly lodges, and, drawing up in rude companies, made their way toward the Sun Lodge, merging into one motley procession as they approached its portals.

The variety and ingenuity of the costumes in this curious dress parade beggar description. The classic simplicity of the "Pigeons," with their lithe bodies and shapely limbs reflecting the sun's rays like living bronzes, and the single feather fluttering from their flowing hair, contrasted strangely with the huge headdresses of bristling eagle feathers and dangling ermine tails mingling with long plaits of stiff, black hair; the loosely-fitting, heavily-beaded buckskin shirts, and the fringed and flapping leggings of the "Crazy Dogs" and other dancers, and still more strangely, with the cropped heads, shabby felt hats, and commonplace coats and trousers of the crowds of tribesmen, who were content to play the part of spectators in this sacred rite.

In that procession there were aged chiefs, who wore their blankets with the stately dignity of Roman Senators, robed in the classic toga, and carried in their faces an expression of stoical serenity, which marked a noble spirit. Side by side with them were men of middle age, whose faces showed them old enough to have known the old free life of the buffalo days, young enough to have a cordial hatred of the race which made that life impossible, and wise enough to see the hopelessness of ever knowing it again. But out-numbering both of these were the young men who look upon the present performance as no more than an enjoyable entertainment.

Arrived at the Sun Lodge, the participators in the procession squatted themselves in groups within the leafy tabernacle, and listened in stolid silence while the aged chiefs, in impassioned, if somewhat quavering, accents, urged the members of the tribe to perform the worship of the Sun-God faithfully and carefully. It was the neglect of this that had wrought their downfall in the past; and it was only the careful observance of sacred rites that could save them from further calamity in the future. The harangues concluded, the tom-toms sounded once more, the squaws took up a droning chant, and the braves, leaping to their feet with whoops and yells, discharged their rifles in the air to purge the place of evil spirits. For several minutes pandemonium reigned supreme, while the horses of the spectators reared in terror, and children shrieked with delight. Then for a moment there was a lull in this bombardment of the powers of the air, and the worshippers, issuing forth, formed a square about the entrance, and fired another prolonged volley, with similar accompaniments. This put the wavering forces of evil completely to rout, and the ceremony of dedication, having been declared complete, there was a brief intermission for refreshments.

Just as the Golden God was disappearing behind the mountain peaks to the west, the Sun Dance proper began. At first the performance was somewhat perfunctory. An elderly devotee would rise from the squatting circle, which lined the sacred lodge, and, swaying his body solemnly, would lift first one foot and then the other slowly and ponderously, with all the air of a man performing a religious duty. A younger brave would throw back his blanket from his naked shoulders, and, leaping to his feet, would trip it lightly, lifting his knees high in

front of him, and giving each foot a little shake as it touched the ground, with all the zest of a man who is thoroughly enjoying himself. Others would join on the floor until it was well crowded, and then, one by one, they would slip back to their places, and resume their blankets. This went on until, with the fall of darkness, a fire was lighted in the middle of the earthen floor.

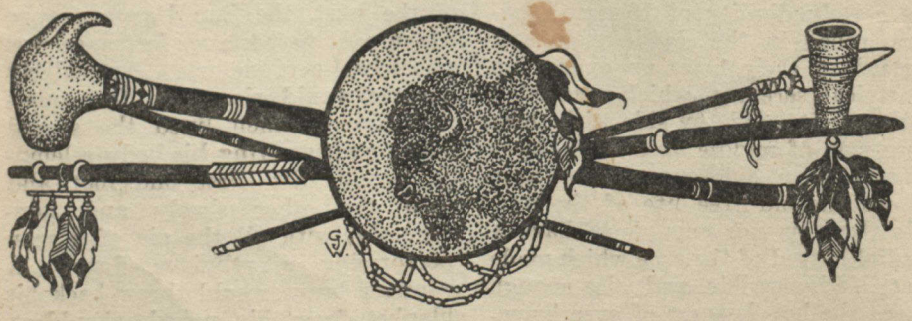
With this the pace grew faster, and the scene waxed weirder. To one coming suddenly upon it, it was a spectacle sufficiently startling to satisfy the most lurid imagination.

The din was deafening. The glare of the fire and the whirl of figures dazed the eyes. The paint on the faces of the dancers made them positively diabolical in the hideousness of their expression, while the flickering firelight added to the gliding figures a grotesqueness which was almost unreal in its weirdness. Over the fire there poised itself for a moment a naked red figure and a leering face crowned with a pair of nodding horns in the very image of the Mephistophlean master of ceremonies himself; and as the shadowy forms emerged from the blackness of the background, hovered for a moment in the firelight, and disappeared once more into the night, they seemed to constitute themselves from the very darkness itself, only to be dissolved into it again. Now crouching, now creeping, now gliding, the dancers swayed like men intoxicated, and sprang into the air with gleaming tomahawks, or brandished rifles, while the head of the onlooker whirled with the weird chanting of the squaws and the wild war whoops of the frenzied braves.

When one dancer sank exhausted into the circle of spectators, who sat like dim spectres beyond the radius of the firelight, another sprang into the dizzy whirl. And so the wild dance went on until far into the morning, when the excitement finally wore itself out, the weary dancers retired to rest.

The dance was renewed after a similar fashion on the following evening, and this concluded the festival. Next day there was much bustling about, catching of ponies and taking down of lodges, when the camp melted away as quickly as it had gathered.

In regard to the accompanying illustrations, it may be explained that most of the "Bloods" are decidedly superstitious about the camera. Many of the older ones believe that if they are photographed they will certainly die within a year. So that it was only with the greatest difficulty and after being several times hustled out of camp by angry redskins that even these were secured.



THE HEALING

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ON Monday night only six of Bill Pinder's cows came up from their unfenced woodland pastures. Bill gazed at them reflectively and counted them, forward and backward, several times.

"That's not like Jenny," he said. "But maybe she don't feel as spry as usual. She'll be here afore I'm through with the milking, anyhow."

He let the six patient, fly-switching animals into the cow-yard and followed them with the pails and milking-stool. He was a big man, and he moved his long, sturdy limbs and body slowly; but the slowness suggested the leisurely pacing of a panther rather than any flabbiness of muscle or spirit. A heavy, straw-hued mustache thatched his upper lip and shaded the corners of his kindly mouth, and a quizzical light lurked in the depths of his dark eyes. A ponderous looking gold chain hung from one button of his braces and dipped into the watch-pocket of his homespun trousers.

Bill placed the stool on the ground beside one of the cows and was about to seat himself and begin operations when he caught sight of a small figure on the road, trudging along behind an ancient, raw-boned, white horse.

"That's too darned bad," he muttered. "He has to put even the poor old nag to pasture on the commons. It's too confounded bad!"

He went over to the fence and leaned his elbows on the top rail.

"Have you been down along the brook, Bobby?" he asked.

The small boy behind the horse nodded his head in silence, but neither halted nor looked at him.

"Did you see my yeller cow, Jenny?" asked the man.

The child shook his head and moved on. Bill Pinder sighed and a shadow came into his eyes. "Now look-'e-here, Bobby," he said, "you don't treat me neighbourly. You might pass the time o' day with me, anyhow. That ain't much for your own uncle to ask, Bobby."

The little boy halted at that and, standing on one leg, began to rub his bare left foot up and down his right shin. Taking off his tattered straw hat (which was of the variety known as "cow's breakfast"), he gazed reflectively into the crown of it. "Ma says I ain't to speak to you," he mumbled, at last. "She says we've got our pride."

Pinder did not smile; but something that suggested amusement flickered in his eyes. "That's what heaps of folks say, Bobby, when they're bein' downright yeller-dog mean. There's all sorts of pride, Bobby, in this world; but pretty near all that I've had my attention called to is nasty pride—mean pride!—pure cussedness!"

"That's what Dad said yesterday," murmured Bobby, still gazing into his hat, still rubbing his right leg with his left foot.

"Did he, now!" exclaimed the man, with a note of relief in his voice.

"But Ma, she—she shut him up pretty quick," said the other. Then,

returning his hat to his curly head and his left foot to the ground, he raced down the road after the ancient horse.

Bill Pinder went back to his cows. "It beats the band!" he muttered, his mind busy with the enmity that for over seven years had kept brother from brother, neighbour from neighbour. He reviewed the trouble from the very beginning as he pursued his homely task.

Eight years ago Bill Pinder, a confirmed bachelor of thirty-six, had fallen unreservedly in love with a pretty young woman named Agnes Truman, who had but lately come to the settlement. His heart was set upon winning the girl; and, within a month of their first meeting, she had given him her promise. Then his only and younger brother—the only other living member of his immediate family—came home to the settlement from the lumber-woods. Tom had been operating for himself, with a crew of about twenty men and three teams of horses, and success had attended his venturesome efforts. He arrived in the settlement in high spirits and fine clothes, prosperous, bright eyed, his mind and conversation full of great plans for future operations in the tall timber of the Ox-Bow country. He looked at his rough, one hundred-acre farm, which lay beside Bill's, with pitying amusement.

"Bill," said he, "I've half a mind to give it to you—every rod an' rock of it!"

"Better not," returned Bill, with a twinkle in his eyes. "There's no sayin' when a farm may come in handy. Lumberin's a tricky business, you know."

Two weeks later Miss Truman returned to her people, who lived in a small town on the main river; and, next day, Tom Pinder left the settlement. In Saturday's *Gleaner* (weekly edition), poor Bill read a flowery description of their wedding. It was a stiff blow for him; but none of the watchers in the settlement heard a murmur from him or caught any glint of grief or anger. He "studied" over it for a whole month; and then he wrote briefly to his brother, asking him if he had known, before marrying Agnes, that she was already promised to himself? The reply came promptly, and was almost as brief as the question. It ran:—"Dear Bill; Agnes says she cannot understand you—that she never considered you as anything more than a friend. I am sorry we have hurt your feelings."

Two years passed. Bill stuck to his farming and prospered moderately; and Tom, venturing his all (and a trifle more, perhaps), in the tall timber of the Ox-Bow country, was caught and impoverished by an unexpectedly early thaw. The hauling-roads broke up in March, before a stick of his winter's cut had reached the bank of the river. Three months later, while Bill's crops were greening and filling across his well-tilled acres, a careless trout-fisher started a fire in the forests of the Ox-Bow country. For a week the fire roared and crashed across the dry woods; and in its wake, black and smouldering, lay the hundreds of thousands of feet of spruce timber in the cutting and "yarding" of which Tom had already spent all his earnings and borrowings.

Hearing of this crowning stroke of misfortune, Bill wrote again to his brother: "Dear Tom; I am good for fifteen hundred—maybe a couple of thousands, at a pinch. Let me know if you want it, for I owe you more than money can settle for saving me from marrying a woman who isn't honest enough to tell the truth." It is easy to see that Bill was still suffering, and that he had not yet recovered his old sense of humour. No answer came to the letter. He heard later in some roundabout way that Tom was working as a "hand" in a saw-mill on the main river.

After six years of married life and

four years of poverty, with a fretful woman and three children to support, Tom Pinder returned to his old home and the hundred acres that had stirred his amusement and pity in the days of his prosperity. He brought some poor furniture with him and one cow and a gray horse considerably past his prime.

Bill went straight over to Tom's place, eager to re-establish the old, brotherly relations, willing to forget the past and to lend a helping hand. He met Tom at the gate.

"You'll have to take that back, Bill—what you wrote about Agnes," said Tom. "You—you as good as called her a liar!"

"I'm sorry I wrote that," replied Bill. "It wasn't kind—an' I'm out-an-out sorry for it! But she was promised to me, Tom—an' when I said I was glad you'd saved me from marryin' her, I said the truth."

"There you go!" returned Tom fretfully. "Maybe she's forgot just how things really were between you an' her—but, for all that, you might pretend that she's right an' you've made a mistake. It's infernal hard on a decent woman's pride, Bill, to know that a man despises her."

"I am willin' to let by-gones be by-gones," returned Bill, after a moment's hesitation; "but I'll not make a liar of myself just to suit her fancy! I am willing to be friends, for your sake, and say nothing more about the past; but I'll not put myself in the wrong about that matter."

"I guess that won't suit Agnes," said Tom miserably. "She says there shall be no friendship between us until you beg her pardon for that letter."

For a second Bill was inclined to take this humorously; but, seeing the woman herself in the door-way, with a supercilious expression on her pale but pretty face, he took it nastily instead. "Very well," said he. "Then I say there'll be no friendship between us until she begs my pardon."

He felt twinges of shame for this outbreak before he reached his own door; but the damage was already done. During the next two years he made many efforts to bring about peace; but every advance was repulsed. For the right to help them—to help Tom and the children, especially—he would willingly have done anything—that is, anything but beg Agnes's pardon for having spoken the truth. Sometimes, when the signs of struggle and poverty were more undeniable than usual, he was half inclined to pocket his self-respect and sense of honesty and do even that.

By the time this struggle of eight years' standing was reviewed the sixth cow was milked. Darkness had settled softly over the oat-fields and meadows, and a thousand fire-flies flashed their tiny lanterns in the bushes. But Jenny, the highly-prized Jersey, had not yet joined the herd.

"She'll come wanderin' along before mornin'," reflected Bill. "I'll leave the bars down for her."

II.

Morning came; but it did not bring the delinquent Jenny. Bill Pinder milked the other six and turned them out of the yard, set the milk away in the long creamers and attended to the morning wants of his horses, pigs and calves. He was a quick and thorough worker, and, except in haying and threshing time, could manage all the work of the farm single-handed. He was anxious about the missing cow, for she was the most valuable of the herd; but there was a patch of fodder-corn on the brow of the hill that required his attention in the worst way. He felt that he could handle this job and still have time to find Jenny before night. Very likely she would join the rest of the herd in the woods and he would find them all together, in some favoured spot of grass and water and shade.

From the corn-field on the brow of

the hill he looked down on Tom's house and barn and ill-worked clearings. He saw a small figure grubbing intently in a corner of the barnyard. On reaching the vantage point at the edge of the patch a second time he saw the small, ragged figure moving towards the woods, with a tin can in one hand and a long pole in the other. It was Bobby, going fishing. "Poor little kid," he murmured. Then he turned his horse, yanked the cultivator around and started down another green lane through the hip-high ranks of corn.

After his twelve o'clock dinner, Bill Pinder set out in search of the missing cow. He carried a pocketful of thick sandwiches, in case the expedition should prove a long one, a compass, an axe, and about ten feet of stout rope. There was a possibility that he might find the cow imbedded in a mud-hole, in which case the rope would come in handy.

Jenny was not with the rest of the herd; but three hours later Bill's anxious ears caught a single clank of the familiar bell. He found her composedly feeding in a little natural clearing, with a wobbly-legged, day-old calf standing by her side.

"Here's a go!" exclaimed Bill. He sat down, mopped his forehead and stared gloomily at Jenny and her cream-coloured offspring. "So you've been waitin' here for me to come along an' lug it home for you," he complained. "An' if there's one thing I'd rather not carry than another, it's what the noospaper would call a bovine bouncin' baby. Nothin' solid to get a fair holt on!—an' the silly legs flyin' all about! Jenny, I tell you plainly I don't fancy the job."

The cow gazed at him for a second, trustingly and complacently, and then went on with her feeding. A small stream crawled among the alder roots. Bill pushed his way through to it, lay at full length and drank deep. Then, making a bundle of his axe and coat and fastening it to his back, he lifted the calf in his arms and started on a bee-line towards home. Jenny followed, almost treading on his heels, and anxiously nosing such portions of the calf as protruded from his embrace.

Fifteen minutes later Bill deposited the calf on its wobbly legs, rubbed the cramps out of his arms and took a fresh hold. They were now in a land of twisted underbrush and ancient wind-falls. It would have been hard travelling under the most auspicious conditions, and, with an armful of calf (the rest of the beast sticking out and around, and becoming entangled in the landscape at every step), and an anxious cow stumbling over one's heels, it was simply beyond words. Bill relinquished the calf a second time and examined his compass. "I guess these bee-lines are good things—for bees," he said to Jenny. After a few minutes' rest he again lifted the uncomplaining calf to his breast and plodded forward.

Dusk found the strange company still a long and hard four miles from the clearings of the settlement, Bill almost exhausted, Jenny still going strong, the calf still uncomplaining, but, if possible, more pulpy and sprawling than ever. Bill tethered the cow and placed the calf beside her.

"You'll have to spend another night out," he said. "It's your own fault, anyhow. I'll come for you bright an' early."

So he left them; but he had not gone far before a strange sound arrested his steps and aroused him to his usual alertness of mind and body. The sound was low and thin—a dry, toneless, sobbing cry. It drew nearer, from straight ahead, accompanied by an occasional swishing of parted underbrush. It was pitiful rather than threatening, and utterly unlike anything that Bill had ever heard before. The colour faded from his swarthy cheeks. "Now what the devil is that?" he muttered. He

reached around and drew the axe from the bundle on his back and moved noiselessly to the left to intercept the thing that ran and cried—whatever it might be! A half-light, reflected from the red west, still touched the depths of the forest aisles.

Out of the gloom in front came Bobby, running slowly but desperately, stumbling weakly, hatless and bedraggled, his poor little face white as chalk. From his panting lips broke that toneless, pitiful cry.

"Bobby," called Bill, advancing with open arms. The child uttered a piercing scream, dodged and dashed away to the left. The man wheeled and sprang after him, clutched him and lifted him from the ground. The child was limp now and silent. He had fainted. Bill carried him tenderly, keeping to the low ground and tangled alder-bottoms in search of water. He found a spring at last, bathed the boy's face with the cool water and forced a little of it between his lips, using the brim of his hat for a cup.

"There's nothin' to be scart of, Bobby," he whispered. "It's only your Uncle Bill. I'll take you home, Bobby. I'll tote you all the way on my back."

A fluttering sigh escaped from the child's lips.

"It's only your Uncle Bill," repeated the man, fearful that he might take fright again upon the instant of his recovery. "It's only me. Nothin' in the world to be scart of, boy. I'll take you home. Uncle Bill will tote you home on his back."

"I—I was lost," sobbed Bobby. "An' I got scart—when I didn't know where I was. I wanted to fish Rocky Brook—so I left Line Brook—an' then I got lost. An' pretty soon I—I heard things in the bushes—runnin' after me—when it begun to get dark."

"Now don't you fret, Bobby," returned Bill, tenderly. "You just drink some more of this water, an' then we'll light a bit of a fire an' have a rest. Then I'll take you home."

"I ain't scart now, not a mite," said Bobby, with quick recovery in his voice. "I guess you could lick the boots off'n anything in these woods if it follered us, couldn't you, Uncle Bill?"

"There's nothin' to follow us, Bobby—but I could sure lick it if there was," replied Bill.

A small fire of dry twigs and moss was lighted, just for the cheerful look of it. Bill found that one of the thick sandwiches still remained in the pocket of his coat. Bobby ate it with relish, remarking that it was much finer than the mean, thin sandwiches that his mother sometimes made. Then, comforted in spirit and stomach, though aching with fatigue, he announced his readiness to be carried home. Bill examined the compass and got his bearings, extinguished the fire, hoisted Bobby onto his back and struck out for the settlement. By now the night was black as the inside of a boot. Bill travelled slowly, for the "going" was bad, and rested often. Bobby proved to be heavier than he looked.

About half the distance between the spot where the child had been found and the settlement was covered when the toot of a horn, far to the right, halted Bill.

"The folks are out huntin' for you, Bobby," he said. "Like enough, the whole settlement has turned out."

To the left roared a shot-gun; and close in front rang out a woman's voice, crying "Bobby! Bobby!"

"That's Ma," whispered Bobby, his nerves somewhat shaken by the sounds to right and left.

"I guess you're right. She—must be a brave woman, Bobby," returned Bill. He let the boy slide to the ground, and, taking a deep breath, he shouted, "This way. Straight ahead. He's right as rain."

Flashings of red light appeared

among the tree-trunks in front; then the woman came in sight, running, a lantern swinging in her hand.

"Here I am, Ma," called Bobby. "Uncle Bill found me."

For a second she held the lantern to the child's face; then, letting it fall to the ground, dropped on her knees and caught him to her breast.

Bill stooped quickly and recovered the discarded lantern; then he stood and waited, gazing down at the woman and child. The tooting of the horn drew nearer from the right, and again the gun roared on the left. It was evident that the mother had strayed from the others.

At last the woman looked up at Bill, got swiftly to her feet and placed her thin, toil-hardened hands on his shoulders.

"Bill," she whispered. "Bill—now I beg your pardon!"

"And I beg yours, Agnes," he replied. He stooped quickly and touched his lips to her forehead. There was a sheen of tears in his eyes; but behind it flickered that light of whimsical humour for which he was famous in the settlement.

"Now we'll all live comfortable," he said. "But I guess I don't owe Tom a darn cent's worth of gratitude, after all!"

THE LOST GARDEN OF THE SAHARA*

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SAID the great King: "What have I on my throne
Worthy my kingship? I have dreamed a dream
Of waving branches, of the pleasant tone
Of water falling from a hidden stream,
Of air so pure that breathing it would seem
A joy more keen than kingdoms overthrown!
Find me this place; I weary of the gleam
Of sun on armour: I would be alone!"

Great was the King. And swift his word took form—
A miracle! For in the desert's glare
A vale of silent, secret peace was born,
A place of shadows, perfect and most fair.
Even a king might lose his kingship there,
Sleep the night through and wake to greet the morn
With simple gladness, undisturbed by care,
And quite forgetting his high place forlorn.

Dead the great King! To that safe-hidden stream
Man's eager steps, long-seeking, are denied.
The way to it is lost. The gods esteem
This treasure by the desert fortified
So dear that not till many men have died
One man, perchance, may catch its green-gold gleam
And see the vision—evermore to hide
In his glad heart the King's lost place of dream!

*There is a legend that once a great king planted an oasis in the midst of the Sahara. The secret of it was lost, but, watered by never-failing streams, the garden still flourishes. Once in many lifetimes some fortunate traveller sees it, but is never able to find it again.

LAURA MUNTZ AND HER ART

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

THE artistic career of Laura Muntz is a good refutation of the popular fallacy that to succeed in any art one must begin its study early in life. It is, on the other hand, a verification of the axiom that every person who responds to natural impulses discovers ahead of him a well-defined course. However that may be, Miss Muntz had reached the mature age of twenty-five years before she broke the ties that bound her to the farm and set out to enter a new sphere of life in the city. With an unabating desire to give expression in colour and line, this zealous young woman faced what in most instances would be regarded as immovable obstacles. She undertook to find her own way, and that she found it should ever stand to her as an inexhaustible credit.

Miss Muntz is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. That does not mean much, but it is the greatest academic distinction that a woman painter can obtain in Canada. In a sense, it is a pity that we cannot write "R. C. A." after her name, for if ever a Canadian painter deserved that appendage it is this intense, serious woman, who resides in the city of Montreal. But the mere fact that she may append "A. R. C. A." and not "R. C. A." to her name recalls to mind a singular discrimination observed by the paternal art association of the Dominion. That discrimination is the refusal to admit any woman to full membership.

On the face of it, this discrimination looks like a good instance of art for man's sake. At any rate, it is a practice that cannot be condoned, and we can imagine its perpetuation only by a group of artists whose narrowness in this respect is not counteracted by whatever breadth they display in their painting. Nevertheless, by her work, Miss Muntz has risen above distinction of that kind. Her name is dissociated from everything that is academic, for she is a painter with ideas of

MISS LAURA MUNTZ
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

"MOTHER AND CHILD"

WATER-COLOUR DRAWING
BY LAURA MUNTZ

"IN THE STABLE"

An early oil painting
by Laura Muntz

"CHILD AGAINST TAPESTRY"

PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ

her own, and she clings to her ideas as though they were established principles. She is not a prodigious exhibitor, and for that reason her work is not so widely known as it should be. She usually has to be cajoled into sending an exhibit, but her work is always wanted by the ones who make the arrangements. She has been repeatedly invited to contribute to the annual exhibitions of the Canadian Art Club, which, in all the circumstances, is an agreeable acknowledgment of distinctive merit.

Miss Muntz's studies in painting began in Canada, but she soon found her way abroad, observing and painting in France, Holland, and Italy. Examples of her work were admitted five times to the Salon at Paris, and she received honourable mention there. She went through the Colarossi Academy in the same city and won two medals for drawing. While still studying at Paris, an interior which was bought by an English collector was reproduced in *L'Illustration,* an honour of no mean significance.

"MOTHERHOOD" PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ

After returning to Canada from abroad, Miss Muntz took a studio in Toronto, and there she painted and taught for several years. Her artistic experiences in that city were not very satisfactory to one of her expansive temperament, so she went to Montreal, where she has found conditions much more to her liking. She has more commission work than she can do, and one of the regrets of her life during the last few years has been the small amount of time that she has been able to give to big creative work, to things that are allegorical, like "Protection," a reproduction of which decorates the frontispiece of this magazine. That, of course, is one of the penalties of successful portrait painting. But, notwithstanding the burdens of every day, this indefatigable artist manages to turn an occasional brush to something more idealistic.

Miss Muntz's work is unusually dramatic, yet her results are achieved without trace of effort or affectation. She has an admirable sense of contrast, both in colour and theme, and it is an exceptional thing for her not to present an antithesis to the chief motive. We observe this, for instance, in "The Daffodil," which at first blush is simply a portrait study

"STUDY IN PASTEL" DRAWING BY LAURA MUNTZ

of a young woman—a fine symphony of colours, a satisfactory composition, with a brisk, virile treatment. But it suggests something more than these superficialities, and, apart altogether from the flower and the flesh and the environment, we feel a heart beating and realise that here is a personality that, even though so young and innocent, has experienced some of the inevitable pathos of humanity. We find drama also in "Protection," which is an exquisite suggestion of an all-embracing tenderness and sympathy. The little ones sleep with childish abandonment, unconscious of the great world of strife and sorrow, upon which the guardian angel looks with solicitude and compassion. And again, in "Motherhood," how young and fragile is that maternal form, and yet what an infinitude of knowledge it reveals! You cannot see the eyes, and yet you feel them searching, almost piercing, you.

Turn to "In the Stable." You will find a broad, loose, handling, with fresh, solid colour, and a happy arrangement. But here again we can discover the psychological touch. The girl tells you by her posture, by the suspended animation, by the faraway look in her eyes, that the feeding of the goat is but an incident to her existence. She is thinking of something else, and if you have lived through the roseate period of youth you know, too, what that is.

Surely "The Milk-Maids" is only a picture of some Dutch girls in a boat. But we find ourselves forgetting their delightful environment and studying the measure of respon-

"THE DAFFODIL"

PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ, IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY

"THE MILK-MAIDS"

PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ, IN THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT COLLECTION

sibility that is expressed on their countenances. They have to struggle for existence, those girls, and in the midst of the reflected glories in the water we behold the stern realities of the workaday world.

Miss Muntz is almost nervously energetic, and she is never happy apart from her work. And, with her, work is a very serious and a very joyous thing. The trite expression, "A full palette," scarcely expresses her love for paint, for she likes to handle her medium with ruthless prodigality. In art she knows nothing about economy, except with regard to time spent away from it. She abhors mere prettiness, but responds naturally to simple lines, subtle tones, and bigness of conception. Her sketches and "one-sittings" are extremely interesting, they make so generous a display of her aim and temperament. Her facility is a great advantage in child portraiture, a branch of art in which she has excelled. Nature has endowed her with two things very useful for successful painting of children: a large heart and a retentive retina. But her art is indebted most of all to broad human sympathy and natural liberality.

THE BUTTERFLY ETUDE

BY JEAN GRAHAM

IT seemed such a very long time since I had been able to see things. Even in the weeks when I had lain with cold cloths on my forehead, when purple and green lights had danced all over the wall and creatures with hard, cold wings had brushed against my cheek I had been conscious, somewhere in the back of my head, that I was not really seeing them at all, that some night they would go away and I should awake in the morning to look at the high walnut bureau and the portrait of my grandfather, the Reverend Winslow Conway. There he was now, looking quite cheerful with sunbeams dancing about his lips. Aunt Hester is so proud of the Conway mouth and says it shows character. Everything seemed the same as it had two weeks ago, when I was taken with such a bad pain in my head and when the walls of my room suddenly fell in and made it so dark.

But there was a big bouquet of sweet peas in a beautiful tall vase, such as I had not seen before, and there were some pinks—the spicy kind—in a glass bowl, which was certainly new. Then I languidly noticed a pink scarf lying on the foot of the bed. I was too weak to reach it, but I just lay there and stared hard at it, for I could not imagine how anything like that came to be in Aunt Hester's house. It was all chiffon, yards and yards of it, with lace and ribbon and tiny silk roses. I thought I must be sick again and winked hard, but there it was when I opened my eyes. The door was open and a breeze made a crinkly rustle in the muslin curtains, when suddenly there came the sound of music from the parlour—such light, dainty notes that they seemed part of the breeze and the sweet peas and the sunshine. Aunt Hester has never been very much in favour of my taking music lessons, for she says musical people are nearly all queer in their ways and wrong in their habits. So, I have only taken for a year from Miss Morris and am to learn the variations of "Robin Adair" next winter. But this music was quite different from anything else I had heard in Norton and even the piano did not sound the same as it did when I played scales and exercises.

I must have fallen asleep for, when I opened my eyes again, it was late in the afternoon and some one in a white dress was sitting beside me.

"Now you mustn't talk, honey," said a voice that seemed to have all the hard sounds strained out of it and only the sweetness left. Aunt Hester says that for a girl of fifteen I have an unhealthy imagination. "You must take this, first," said the voice again; and I raised my head and drank some stuff that was so disagreeable that it made me feel stronger. "What a funny face you make!" said the voice, with a ripple in it. "Now you may ask a few questions."

"Have I been sick? My head feels all fuzzy."

"You have had a fever and frightened us right badly. But you're

going to be well in a few weeks and we'll go out in an automobile. Have you ever been in one, honey?"

Of course, I am quite grown-up, although I am not to have long skirts for three years yet. But, in spite of my being so old, I really thought of Cinderella and the fairy godmother who turned the pumpkin into a coach. "Who are you?" I said feebly.

"The only cousin you have in the world—Perrine Ockley."

"Oh!" I said weakly, and began to think of all that Aunt Hester had said about this cousin, who was so very different from the Conways and who was rich and worldly and not a person to have a "good influence" as Aunt Hester would say. You see, there had always been Conways in Norton. Carrie Jackson once said that Aunt Hester seemed to think that Shem and Japhet had been married to a Conway; but Aunt Hester only made her mouth into a straight line when I told her and said that Carrie had inherited a rude flippant manner from her mother. Aunt Hester had never married and I think she considered it grander to be Miss Conway than to be the wife of an emperor. There had been two brothers: Winslow, Perrine's father, was the eldest of the family, and Edward, my father, was the youngest. Of course, it was very sad to think that there were only three Conways left—all women. Perrine had changed her name, too, which made it all the sadder. I had never seen her, because Aunt Hester had not been friends with Perrine's mother, who came from New Orleans, and belonged to the Church of Rome. Aunt Hester said it had always been a mystery to her that a Conway should have been attracted to that sort of person. But, though I didn't dare to say so, I thought it was ever so romantic of him and was glad that I had an aunt with a French name and a cousin who had been educated in a French convent. Perrine's mother died in Rome and was buried there, which seemed even more romantic. Think of being buried in Rome, near the Cæsars and all of those old families! Then Perrine was married to Mr. Ockley, who, is, as I have said, rich and worldly, and she came back to live in America. But I had never seen her and here she was, smoothing my forehead and calling me pet names, which was something that Aunt Hester would not approve of.

"I was awake before. What was that piece you played? It was just like the summertime."

"Was it like this?" Then she hummed softly. I nodded as hard as I could.

"It's a study by Chopin. It's called 'The Butterfly Etude.'"

"I'm glad it's called that. It sounded just like butterflies—white ones."

"You fanciful little Puritan! Do you know that we're going to be chums? And I'm not going to call you Rebecca. It's too harsh."

"I've always hated it," I said vigorously—for a person who had had a fever. Then I was frightened, for Aunt Hester might have been in the hall and Rebecca was my grandmother's name.

"Don't be afraid, honey," said the voice, with a velvet laugh in it, "she won't be home until seven o'clock. I think it's foreign missions."

"I don't like them either," I said, with a wonderful increase of courage. "I can't bear those maps of the world, with the Christians marked in red and the heathens in black."

"I'm afraid you haven't the Conway mouth. Aunt Hester says I haven't a single Conway feature. But you're feverish and I must go away."

"Will you play it again?" I asked.

"'The Butterfly Etude.' Of course, you funny child. Now, be good." Her lips just touched my cheek softly, like a flower—ever so

different from Aunt Hester's peck. Then she went downstairs and played that lovely butterfly thing again until I saw the sweet peas dancing to it. The music changed to the softest, mournfullest notes that were like the pines in October, and then there were solemn chords that I knew were hymns and prayers. How could Aunt Hester think that Cousin Perrine had been brought up almost as bad as the heathen? She was just making the piano talk the holiest things I had ever heard and I was so glad that the fever had gone away and left me in the world again, for I knew the angels couldn't play lovelier music. Then it all went away and I felt so happy because I was too weak to see or to hear or to do anything but just drift away in a lazy boat until it was morning and time for some more medicine.

The days went on until it was a whole week since I had met Cousin Perrine and heard that butterfly music for the first time. Aunt Hester had been quite nice to me at first, and said that I had been shown "great mercy" in being allowed to get well—but she didn't approve of the books Perrine read to me and told me not to gush when I asked her if she didn't think Perrine's eyes perfectly lovely. But the foreign missions had to be looked after every week, and one afternoon when she puts on her bonnet and took up a bundle of yellow leaflets I was wicked enough to be glad, for I knew that Perrine would play to me most of the afternoon.

"I'm going to take you downstairs, honey," she said, as soon as Aunt Hester had shut the gate. She put a lovely kimono on me—it was white silk, with yellow chrysanthemums on it, and the prettiest lace on the sleeves—and then she almost carried me down to the parlour. I don't know what Perrine had done to the room, but it looked all softened, with bowls of flowers and chairs out of their old proper place.

"I'm so glad the poppies are out," I said, for I could see them from the east window. "I wish you'd sing about 'The Garden of Sleep' the way you did the other night. It was a strange song about cliffs and the sea and waiting for some one where the poppies are born." Perrine sang it and then was quiet for a long time. I felt so worried when she turned her head and I saw that her eyes were wet.

"Cousin Perrine, I'm awfully sorry. Could I help you?"

"Help me! You dear old-fashioned child! Betty, dear, I'm very miserable." She came over and knelt down beside me, with her face close to mine on the pillow. I just stroked her cheek and then said:

"I know I'm not very old yet. But I've been so lonesome sometimes that I can tell how it hurts. Then I love you Perrine—better than anyone else." It was harder than you would think to tell her the last, because half of me is a Conway and the Conways keep their feelings to themselves.

"You're a dear child. Perhaps you'd understand, after all. It—it's about Violet." Then I knew what the music meant and the lonesome look that sometimes came into my cousin's eyes. Aunt Hester said that Perrine had lost an "infant daughter" last winter, but that her nature "seemed too light to be disciplined by suffering." Aunt Hester told me that Perrine even refused to talk about the subject.

"She must have been very sweet, Perrine." I didn't know what else to say. But Perrine was crying with such great heavy sobs that I was almost frightened and could only keep my thin little arm around her shoulders. But, at last, she was better and then she said:

"It's the first time I've broken down like this, my Dear." Then she told of what a lovely little baby Violet had been and how healthy she was until she took that dreadful

diphtheria. "I felt this summer as if I must be with some one who belongs to me and I thought of Aunt Hester, who was my father's only sister and whom I hadn't seen since I was a little bit of a girl. So I wrote to her, asking if I might come, and had such a cold reply that I hesitated about my visit. But it seemed as if I must be away from the house that Violet had filled with sunshine. You had been unconscious for several hours when I got here and I begged to nurse you, because you seemed desolate—like me."

"But, Perrine, there is your—your husband." There was a long silence, then she said, just as if she couldn't help it:

"That's the worst of it all, little cousin. He doesn't care. I don't believe he even cared when she died. He is a good man and honourable, but he is just as cold and hard as if he were a Conway." There was a queer little choking laugh and then Perrine sprang to her feet.

"Forget all about it, Dear. It was selfish to tell a poor little invalid my troubles. Now, I'll play your Butterfly Etude. Sometimes, I think I'm just like that—a breath of summer wind."

"I won't forget," I said solemnly. "I think you were good to tell me about the dear little baby."

"You're a true friend, Bettikins. I think my Violet would have had cool, grey eyes like yours."

That night I heard Aunt Hester speaking in her most distant tones to Perrine, who seemed to be laughing softly as she looked out of the hall window.

"My dear Aunt Hester," said Perrine, as if she were explaining something to a little child, "the world has moved during the last twenty years. I assure you, there is nothing extraordinary about my going for a spin with Mr. Hargrave."

"This is the fourth time this week that Mr. Hargrave has called to take you out for a 'spin,' as you call a drive in that vulgar, ill-smelling machine. Where is he staying?"

"At Linden Beach, about fifteen miles away."

"One of those new hotels, where the idle rich congregate during the summer, to spend the time in drunkenness and gambling." When she is really angry Aunt Hester always reminds me of one of the prophets.

"Why won't you come with us?" said Perrine.

"In one of those abominable inventions with a man who is divorced from his wife!" almost shrieked my Aunt.

"She was really a very trying person; she wouldn't understand that dear Jack needed amusement." Then Perrine laughed in a really wicked way and I fancied I could hear Aunt Hester gasp as my cousin ran downstairs.

Aunt Hester came into my room and poured out my medicine with a hand that shook. "To think that I should hear my brother Winslow's child refer lightly to the marriage tie and speak of another woman's husband as 'dear Jack!' Her husband ought to know of this."

"Oh, don't tell him, Aunt Hester," I cried. "Perrine just likes to drive fast."

"Hush!" said my aunt sternly. "It's nothing for a child like you to talk about."

Long after Perrine had come back I lay awake and worried about her and the husband who did not care for anything but shares and stocks and who did not feel very sorry when the baby died. Someway, I thought Perrine must be mistaken, for I had seen a photograph of her husband Arthur Ockley, and he had a firm mouth, but such nice, kind eyes. It must have been long after midnight that I heard a strange sound across the hall, and when I jumped up and stole to Perrine's door I knew that she was crying again. But I didn't like to go in, for she was whispering all to herself

about "Arthur" and "Violet" and not one word about that horrid Mr. Hargrave. I knew he was horrid because I had heard him laugh, and it sounded sneering and cruel, not like Perrine's laugh, which was as if it were part of the butterfly music.

I was in such trouble for it seemed dreadful to have Perrine and her husband drift apart like Lord Montclair and Hildegarde in "A Mad Mistake," which Carrie Jackson lent me last summer, but which is not a standard novel at all. At last, a Great Idea came to me and I fairly shivered at its audacity—for there is no other word to describe it. It would be such a lovely deed to bring these sundered hearts together. Besides, it is blessed to be a peacemaker. But the Conways never interfere and it is so hard to tell the difference between a busybody and a peacemaker. It all depends on how the interference turns out.

I closed the door, lighted the lamp and then opened the rosewood writing-desk that had been my mother's. I had some pretty heliotrope notepaper that Perrine had given me the day before and that, Aunt Hester said, "was hardly in good taste." It smelled of the garden for I had sprinkled it with dried rose-leaves and lemon verbena. I wrote on an envelope: "Mr. Arthur Ockley" and his city address and then there came a solemn pause. It is difficult to write to any one who is a perfect stranger; but when he is also the husband of the woman whom you admire above everyone else on earth, the situation is really very embarrassing. But I remembered Perrine's tears and the sadness in her voice when she sang "The Garden of Sleep" and I began with boldness.

My dear Mr. Ockley:

I am taking a great liberty in writing to you, but I am your wife's cousin, Rebecca Conway, and she has just nursed me through a fever. Yesterday she told me her troubles, how she had lost her dear little girl and was afraid that you did not care. I felt so sorry for her and I just know that you really do care and that perhaps you merely don't understand each other, like the hero and the heroine in books. But I wish you would come down here and tell her how much you think of her, because she has cried twice to-day and I don't think it is good for her health. No more at present.

Very truly yours,

Rebecca Conway.

P.S.—Perrine didn't say a word against you except that you did not care. She thinks that you are good and honourable. R. C.

I felt rather proud of the letter when it was written, for, although there were no thrilling expressions, I thought I told him the truth in a simple and convincing way. I heard the milkman when he came quite early, and I threw the letter out of the window. He seemed surprised when I called to him to post it, but said that he would be sure to remember. Then I became so excited that I had to stay in bed all morning and Aunt Hester said that she couldn't imagine why I was so feverish and she hoped I was not going to be like my mother's family who had no stamina. I had to take tablets and beef tea, but I felt just as if I had a secret understanding with Fate or whatever it is that makes married people live happy ever after.

In the afternoon, to my great surprise, Aunt Hester allowed me to go out in the red automobile with Perrine and her wicked admirer. I disliked Mr. Hargrave more than ever when I met him face to face, for he has such cold, close-set eyes. I knew that he was angry because Perrine had asked me to come, and when he looked at her I thought of snakes and cats, for he seemed to be just waiting—waiting, like the villain in the stories that Emily used to read to me when Aunt Hester was at prayer-meeting. Emily was our trustworthy servant and is now the wife of the

butcher. We did not go very fast because I was not strong yet, and, after an hour, Mr. Hargrave turned back, saying in a purring way: "I'm afraid the little girl is tired." Perrine did not come in for a long while after I had been home, and her eyes sparkled like brown diamonds, while her cheeks were flushed as if I had given her the fever. But she worried me more than when she cried and Aunt Hester's face looked as if it were cut out of stone as she sat at the head of the table and poured tea.

"I wish to speak to you, in my room, Perrine," she said, after Perrine had crumbled bread and cake into a heap on her plate. There was a long talk and I was awakened from sleep by their coming into the hall.

I heard Perrine say: "You need not worry; it shall not happen again."

"No other member of the family has been so forgetful of what is becoming."

Then Perrine came into my room and bent over me, thinking I was not awake. She kissed me softly many times and said:

"Dear little sister! It's the very last time."

"You're not going away!" I cried.

"I must go, dear. There seems no choice. Now, you are to go to sleep again." There was an icy tone in her voice as if nothing could ever change in her mind again. So, I let her go, but I knew that I was to have another "white night." Perrine says that is what the French call it when your eyes just grow wider and wider as the hours go by and you fairly ache with wide-awakeness.

But, just as I was counting sheep for the hundredth time, I heard just the faintest sound, as if some one were going down stairs. I put on the pretty kimono and my blue slippers that Emily worked for me and went to the landing. There was a ghostly, grey figure crossing the hall below and I knew it was Perrine in her travelling cloak. I was more afraid than if it had been burglars and yet I hardly knew what I feared. As she had her hand on the old-fashioned brass knob, I reached her and said her name very softly. She turned and seemed about to scream. Then she whispered almost angrily: "It is absurd for you to be up at this hour, child. Go back to bed."

"Where are you going, Perrine?" I whispered back. Her hand trembled and I said again, "Please don't go away like this, Perrine."

"I must," she said again, and tried to shake off my hand. But I clung all the closer, for I felt that she was in worse trouble than ever and I remembered the nice, kind eyes in Arthur's photograph.

"Come into the parlour," I said, "or Aunt Hester may hear us." We went into the dark room, smelling of roses and carnations, and I held firmly to Perrine even when we were seated on the slippery old sofa which I had always hated. "I'm sure that hateful man has something to do with it," I said, spitefully. "Tell me, Perrine, do you really like a man who looks as if nothing were worth while?"

"He—oh, how can I explain to a child like you? He needs me, dear, and no one else does. At least, I can make him happy."

"Is he waiting for you out there?"

"Yes," answered Perrine, as simply as if I were ninety years old and she were a little child. "I am going away from all those who don't understand and don't care."

"No, you're not," and I held her hands tighter in the darkness; "you're going to stay here because we love you and because she'd want you to—that little dead baby." Perrine slid down to the floor and knelt there for a long, long time with her head on my knees. When she looked up at last it seemed as if she were all tired out.

"Very well, little one. But I won't be a coward. We'll go together and tell him." She opened one of the

French windows and we went out into the soft summer darkness until we reached the gate. A man was standing there, who started when he saw us. Far down the road there seemed to be a carriage. Perrine laughed in a worn-out way, as if she would just as soon cry.

"I have changed my mind—that is all. But, at least, I owed you—Good-bye." He tried to take her hand, but she drew away from him and held me with both arms. He talked the most ridiculous things, about how lonely he was and how he was willing to make the Supreme Sacrifice and he even quoted lines of poetry that might have sounded as fascinating as "The Mad Mistake" if I had not been getting so sleepy. But when he saw that Perrine was really a Conway, after all, and was going to stay with her own people, that awful man showed what he really was and used language that Aunt Hester would simply have fainted to hear. I wouldn't have believed that a man who was so very particular about his appearance and had such an expensive automobile, could have been so rude and vulgar. In fact, he simply swore, again and again, and we went back into the garden and into the dark little parlour without saying one word to each other. Perrine almost carried me upstairs into her own room, where Arthur Ockley's photograph looked solid and comforting.

"Now, honey, just get into bed and forget that we've had this nightmare." But, before I went to sleep, I felt her arms around me and her cheek against mine.

"You're not angry with me, then?"

"Angry! you blessed little Betty, you've shown me just how a cad can act."

"Isn't 'cad' slang?" I asked drowsily.

"It's the only word to describe that creature. What a dreadful time his poor wife must have had!" It was beginning to rain and we could hear the heavy drops on the roof.

"I hope he'll get soaking wet," was the last word I said, before I fell into a sleep that lasted for ten long hours.

The next afternoon I was sitting in the garden when a tall man opened the gate and closed it with a quick, firm touch that seemed to show that he always knew just what he wanted. When he came up to the long chair in which I was lying, I saw that he must be Perrine's husband and I began to shake all over, for I had almost forgotten that foolish letter of mine. He lifted his hat and said in such a nice, gentle voice: "Are you Miss Rebecca Conway?"

"Ye-es," I said; and I knew that I must be blushing. "But your wife calls me Betty."

"Then you know who I am. Where is Perrine?"

"She is on the veranda. I hope you won't be vexed."

But he was gone, with such long strides that I don't believe he heard me. He stepped on the mignonette bed and crushed one of Aunt Hester's finest begonias before he came to the steps. I didn't turn my head at all, though I was just dying to know whether he would talk like Rudolf Rassendyll or Lord Montclair. I don't see why being grown-up makes people so silly. How Perrine could have endured to go out in an automobile with a man like that Hargrave person, when she had a husband like Arthur Ockley at home, is something I cannot understand.

After more than an hour, I should think, Perrine came down from the veranda and fairly danced across the grass to my chair. "Betty, you darling piece of absurdity!" she cried. "To think of your caring so much about your foolish cousin's affairs that you wrote that letter!" Her husband stood behind her and his eyes smiled in just the kindest way. She took me in her arms and kissed me so gratefully that I wanted to cry. Then her husband—

he told me to call him Cousin Arthur—acted in such a chivalrous way. He just raised both my hands to his lips as if I were the Princess Flavia, instead of being just a shabby little school-girl.

"You have helped us to a great deal of happiness, Cousin Betty."

"It was a very interfering thing to do," I stammered. "But I think people ought to explain their feelings towards each other, don't you?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered in the politest manner. "That is just what we have been doing and we intend to spend the rest of our lives in such explanation. Now, Perrine is going to prepare Aunt Hester for my visit, and I am to become acquainted with you." He talked to me for ever so long about books and music and said I must come to the city and hear the opera. He told me that he was very fond of "Alice in Wonderland," and remembered all the delicious poetry. I should not have believed that a successful business man could know so many interesting books and be so well-informed on really important subjects. He was just the kind of husband that I should have liked Perrine to have and he seemed greatly pleased when I told him so.

I don't know how Perrine had managed it; but, when we went into tea, we found Aunt Hester actually with her arms around the daughter of "that person from New Orleans." If I had not known it to be impossible, I'd have said that Aunt Hester had been crying. She seemed to like Cousin Arthur at once and said he had a look of the Conways about the forehead. It was the nicest meal we had ever known in the old dining-room, although I had to lie on the sofa and was not allowed to have any of the citron preserves. Then after tea we sat on the veranda while Perrine played for us—dreamy old tunes that belonged to the August twilight. Last of all she played my Butterfly piece, but it was different in some way, and seemed to have more meaning.

MADELEINE VERRET

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

LA SAINTE CROIX is a tiny hamlet, built for what reason none can say upon the country's one barren tract. The shadeless fields, parched by the sun's fierce rays, yield but the scantiest of crops; consequently the population is far from numerous, but it is very stable. Season after season the men—lumber camp workers, hunters, and trappers—depart to the scenes of their vocations, but the heart in them always turns homeward to that wind-swept sterile upland, and it is a joy to be able to return to the profitless task of sowing or reaping the worn-out soil. The great wide world means little to these men, to whom fate can deal no harder blow than to force them to part from their *terre*. With it they lose the fight, the other work undertaken with the object of regaining the inherited acres, has in itself no meaning, and they drift across the border in the wake of hundreds of compatriots who have preceded them thither, to become industrial workers, caged town-dwellers, whose hope of making sufficient money to buy back the old home is seldom fulfilled; seldom in the first generation, and the second generation is as another race in speech and in outlook.

But once in a while one who has really made his fortune and seen the world returns to dazzle the old-time neighbours with his wealth. So did Mr. Godgiven Greenwood (aforetime Dieudonnê Boisvert), but neither the Puritan name nor the fine broadcloth suit could cause his former acquaintances to look upon him otherwise than dubiously. So, he would have ever remained an outsider, but on my visit to the parish a little after his home-returning, Mr. Godgiven Greenwood had already ceased to exist, and I beheld The Crœsus, once again frankly Père Boisvert, learning to drive a plough across his recovered possessions. He looked up with a smile as his cousin, who was standing by, made us known to each other.

"It is good to be at home once more," he said. "There! I cannot explain what I felt when, after so many years, I cut my first furrow; the smell of the earth seemed to go to my head. I am an old man now, but I went down on my knees and kissed the ground. Over there, I thought I had forgotten all these things."

So we chatted together for a while, and then, relinquishing the plough into the more skilful hands of his cousin, he asked me if I would walk along with him to the presbytery. Together we took our way along the footpath between the fields, and, as we drew nearer to the church buildings, we found Dr. Couillard, the curé's brother, sitting on a bench on the hither side of the low garden fence, with a hand spread wide on each knee, making the most of the rare chance which left him free to sun himself before the tall lavender and pink phlox, around which the bees went glinting, unsummoned from any quarter of the ten-mile radius of his practice. He extended his hand in greeting, then let it fall back upon his knee. For forty years now

that right hand, whose grasp was still so hearty, had been at work alleviating suffering, and to one acquainted with the country doctor's long and arduous career, there was something touching in the sight of it so heavily and pleasantly at rest.

Dr. Couillard had evidently already paid at least one visit before this noon hour, for the dust of the high-road was gray upon him, and his forehead was beaded beneath the broad-rimmed Panama hat, pushed back from his clustering gray curls. There was something almost Teutonic in his aspect, as he sat there, with sturdy legs wide apart and shaven lips smiling placidly at the bees and flowers. He was wholly a part of the picture, and in face of him, my companion for all his recent metamorphosis, showed as essentially the townsman, the creature of gongs and whistles. That the doctor recognised this was clear from his greeting.

"Good-morning, Mr. Greenwood," he said quizzically. "Ah, one does not shed at will the shell that a life-time has grown on one." Then the smile faded, and he looked up at the other. "Ah, Dieudonné," he went on in an altered tone, "to think it lies all behind us now, a life-time since we met last, you going out heart-broken, but undaunted in spirit to face the world, I turning my back on the world and my university to take up my work here!"

Père Boisvert bridled a little, apparently he did not relish these allusions to the flight of time.

"A busy man is a young man," he rejoined. "Look at me, I must leave my practising with the plough over there in my field, to come and look up his Reverence."

"And what may you require of Jacques?" asked the curé's brother.

"Affair of marriage," Père Boisvert replied portentously. "Oh, you old rascal, not mine! But my little grand-niece has made her choice, and I have come to arrange matters with M. Couillard."

"Little Jeanne," mused the doctor, "Madeleine's daughter."

"Little Jeanne," repeated Boisvert, "twenty years of age all the same, and none so early for her marriage, especially at home here. And Madeleine! That was a sad story, it came to me over there." He swept his arm in a wide gesture towards the horizon. "But, you see, I never knew her, she was after my time."

"No, but I did," and the doctor's voice was tender. "None knew Madeleine as I did, I who brought her into this world, where she dwelt so short a time."

"Well, well," interrupted Père Boisvert briskly, "as you say, René, all these things lie far behind us."

Therewith he pushed open the garden gate and went up the path and into the house. But Dr. Couillard patted the sun-warmed bench. "The sight of Dieudonné, last seen at twenty, now *nolens volens* an old man, brings it home to me that I also am an old man myself, and so I grow garrulous. Sit down beside me, and look at the lovely flowers there in the garden that were just the same in the summer I will tell you of, that is now so long ago. Sit down, and I who alone know it, will tell you the story of Madeleine Verret."

Even as he spoke, a band of young women went by us along the path. They had evidently been to the river, as over-brimming pails swung from poles borne across their shoulders. They passed flushed and dishevelled, bowed beneath their burdens; one sturdily-built maiden, whose incongruous light blue eyes looked forth from a kindly brown face, reddening, smiled at us, as the shining water from her pails dashed over her naked, dusty feet.

"Little Jeanne," said the doctor.

I sat down beside him in the sun, and he went on:

"Well, it was shortly after I began making my rounds, three parishes in those days, not another physician within the limits of St. Bernard, St.

Luc, as well as my own Ste. Croix, that Madeleine Verret was born, and a very little while after that she found herself an orphan. She was the daughter of one of our good friend Boisvert's cousins, and Reine Vauban, his eldest sister, then adopted the child. She lived in the little cottage you see yonder, standing apart from the rest, in the cornfield. And Magloire, her son, and Madeleine, my god-daughter, grew up together.

"I have naturally had many little namesakes in the country-side, but with this infant I acted the part of sponsor for the first time, and this from the beginning set her apart for me, and then as she grew into childhood the relationship between us came to resemble that of a father and daughter; so deep a confidence and affection is rare indeed between two unrelated by ties of blood. The gentle heart was always an open book to me, and I can say with security that my god-child never missed the father she had never known, as I never missed the child I have never had. As you know, I was never a marrying man; for many years until these gray hairs ended the jest, we were known throughout the three parishes, Jacques and I, as 'the Curé' and the 'Curé manqué.' But our home here in the presbytery had the light of childhood all the same. Truly, I believe that more of the hours of that short span of life were spent under our roof than under that of the girl's own home. She was never a boisterous child, always demure and reserved. For all her lifelong freedom of the presbytery, I can recall no instance of a lack of deference on her part to *'Monsieur le Curé,'* and my nephew Jean, as he came and went with the succeeding summers, remained invariably 'Monsieur Jean,' but I was 'Uncle René,' and straight into these arms would the child bring her little sorrows and troubles.

"Well, Madeleine came to her seventeenth year, and was generally considered a plain young girl. She was thin and brown, and her features were of an uncommon type, sternly regular, as if chiselled from stone, the mouth grave, and the clear, blue eyes calm beneath straight brows. Light blue eyes are not considered beautiful in La Sainte Croix, 'like twenty-five-cent pieces,' said Mère Vauban, speaking one day of Madeleine's eyes, and she laughed at me for a flattering old bachelor, when I contended that the dear child's eyes were as lovely as blue flowers. My nephew Jean once likened the face of Madeleine to the triumphant pictured face of Michael the Archangel, which hangs yonder in the church, close by the door, but at that moment it was transfigured by the light of a supreme self-sacrifice.

"It was brought home to me that my little girl was a woman grown when Mère Vauban jubilantly announced the engagement of her Magloire and Madeleine. My surprise was short-lived, however; they had grown up together, Magloire had loved the girl all his life, and Madeleine, well, she was of an age to think of such things. Outwardly she remained as ever grave and quiet, but she was serene and content, and went singing about her work. Their marriage was to take place in the autumn. How well I recall the evening, when, in accordance with the good old custom which still lingered then among our people, they came together across the fields to ask their Curé's blessing upon the engagements they had taken toward one another.

"Magloire, thick set, low of stature, with iron sinews, and a massive head covered with thick, loose hair, had a happy smile in his kindly eyes. Madeleine, at his side, looked down modestly. Behind them came Mère Vauban, a little withered woman, quick and sudden in her movements as a grasshopper. Her eyes were dancing and her small, dark face

framed in the frilling of a close, white cap, was a picture of joy and vivacity. My brother gave his blessing, and I, watching the little group, knew that this would be a good and faithful wife, for all that her cheeks did not redden beneath the first kiss of her betrothal. Magloire then turned a radiant face to me. 'Well, as for being happy, M. René,' he exclaimed, 'I am happy to-day, happier than when I killed that great moose last winter, and I thought that joy could not be surpassed.' Therewith, he kissed Madeleine once again, and Mère Vauban clapped her hands in delight. 'I assure you, M. René,' she cried, 'when the late Vauban was courting me, he found me less of an image than Madeleine there!' Madeleine herself looked up at my brother. 'As a girl I have many faults, pray for me, M. le Curé, that I may be a good woman.'

"When they left us I stood leaning upon the gate looking after them. Well, she was betrothed now, and but a short time before I had been ready to think that Madeleine had the religious vocation. The very name of *féminisme* is unknown in La Sainte Croix, and in those days fewer even of the girls than of the boys could read and write, and Madeleine was no more learned than her companions, and worked even as they did, only La Vauban never considered her strong enough to take any part in the field work with the other young people. She would sit in the porch, singing at her sewing, would spin, and carry water up the slope from the river. Every evening she went in search of Mère Vauban's cows and drove them home from the pasture. She gathered herbs, and knitted stockings. She drove the ox-cart in summertime through St. Bernard and St. Luc, larger and more prosperous parishes, offering for sale Mère Vauban's famous butter, and vegetables, and spruce gum, medicinal, as it was thought, which Magloire had brought back from the woods after his winter's work. But when her tasks were over Madeleine's happiest hours were spent in the sacristy, where she, in company with our old housekeeper, acted the part of *sacristaine*, polishing the long chains of the censers, laying out, or mending the vestments, which my poor Jacques found it so hard to replace as they frayed and grew shabby, or on her knees before the altar rubbing the steps till the varnish shone like glass.

"For this reason the other young girls of her age thought her strange, and said she would be a nun. She would be happier in a convent, they declared among themselves. What a pity there were none in this part of the country, and that Madeleine had nothing of her own. Well, when this talk, which fitted in with my own ideas, came to my ears I sought out Madeleine. I found her sitting on the step of my brother's *prie-dieu* weaving a wreath, to be laid upon the grave of one who had been buried that morning. She finished it and placed it in my hands, asking me to lay it upon the grave, as she feared to enter the cemetery among the dead. I chided her for such childishness, and she listened meekly. Perhaps it was wrong, she said, but she could not overcome her dread of the place. Then I questioned her earnestly.

"Should she wish to adopt a religious life, we, Jacques and myself, would do all in our power to have her accepted as a lay sister in a convent in the city, where we already had a sister professed. Madeleine was very serious as I spoke, but, thanking me, declined my offer. She did not feel that such was her vocation. I said no more of this, and in a little while she came to me with Magloire, as I have told you. What a summer that was for heat! The sun was a flame, our poor fields were early burnt brown, but the garden was glorious with its flowers, as it has never been since.

"The garden was but a spot, however, and La Sainte Croix seemed hardly the place an invalid should choose for his place of recuperation; but, as he had spent his holidays with us since boyhood, now when he had grown weak and dependent on others, my nephew Jean would not hear of being sent anywhere else, nor of passing from the hands of his own physician into any others but my own. And in his case the heat was really a factor of little weight on either side. The system was exhausted, drained, and it was altogether a question of rest and slow gathering of strength again. It was a work to be done by time only. My nephew came to us this time, not only for the heated season, but it would be a year at least before he could return to his own place and his studies. What a grief to him was this enforced idleness, yet with what a spirit of resignation did he submit himself to endure it. Jean was a theological student, and by this time not a very young man; he was nearing his thirtieth year. He was one of a large family of many daughters, and he had had to work hard in order to attain the desire of his heart and follow in the steps of Jacques, his uncle. He had made the money to pay for his studies, and his course entered upon so spurred and overtasked himself that in the end the wheels locked, and the machine could work no more. Then he came to us for the year. He was very feeble at first. I would bring out his long chair every morning, and set it in a shady spot in the garden, and Jean would lie there, with hands listlessly folded, and be content just to watch the blossoming of the flowers, and the butterflies, like winged flowers themselves, that went flitting about over the beds.

"But, as the days went on, this no longer could hold his attention for hours at a time, and Magloire came to be much with him. Magloire would sit on the step there and tell tales of caribou hunts over frozen drifts, through the dark woods of the north, or else puffing great clouds of smoke from his pipe, he would startle all the echoes with his laughter, as he told how he, the great hunter, had shot off his thumb while chasing a hare. This tale and Magloire's manner of telling it never failed to receive a pale smile from Jean, but the first time we had the happiness of seeing him laugh heartily was when Mère Vauban, leaning on the fence there, addressed him as he sat between me and Jacques; she had known him all his life, and, with a lachrymose grimace and her hands clasped against her breast, she lamented, 'Ah, M. Jean, if you knew how sad it makes me to see you there between the doctor and the Curé!' When she perceived what a success her sally had had in making our invalid merry, she went pirouetting around like a top.

"What life that little old woman had! But thereafter the convalescence went on well and steadily, and sometimes at my nephew's request, Madeleine would bring her flowers and join him and her fiancé. One day he had her bring him the vases that he might arrange them himself, and filled them with Michaelmas daisies and other wild flowers of the fields. It was a strange sight to me to see those weeds set in the gilt vases up among the tapers on the altar, while our garden was a mass of lovely bloom.

"Well, the wedding-day drew near; there remained but a fortnight or so. Mère Vauban flitted here and there, very busy with her preparations. Madeleine also had much to do about the house. Another young girl had for the present taken her place as helper of our old Marion in the sacristy; but one morning as I came from the garden, I saw her standing at the window of the room behind the church, looking down upon those two, Magloire and Jean. She was very pale, and her mouth

drooped sadly. When she perceived me, she drew back; then I crossed over and pushed open the door; it was ajar and swung noiselessly inward under my hand.

"Madeleine did not hear me enter, and what I beheld, the words I heard, held me silent for the moment. She was kneeling at my brother's *prie-dieu*, her head thrown back, her clasped hands lifted to the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, that anguished inclined face, half veiled in a dull blue mantle. There was pain in those blue eyes that I had always known so calm, and she began to sob piteously. She prayed aloud, 'Holy Virgin, pray for me, that I may overcome my sin, I who am to marry Magloire, but who love M. Jean, one consecrated to the service of your Son. I did not know! It came on me unaware. Oh, pray for me, for I know not how to act!' Then she crouched down, drawing her skirt over her feet, and covering her face with her apron. 'There is so little time,' she moaned, and the words shocked me. 'Madeleine!' I cried. She sprang to her feet, and stood before me, and I saw her face and neck redden slowly and painfully. My heart ached for the poor child, shamefully standing there, when I recalled the serenity with which but lately she had looked forward to the life companionship of Magloire. She was very still, only her hands moved, the thin fingers interlacing nervously.

" 'You are sorely in need of counsel and help, my poor Madeleine,' I said gently. 'Why now of all times did you fail to come to me?'

" 'I was ashamed,' she whispered, raising her wet eyes to mine. "Do not despise me, dear Uncle René, help me to do right. If it is better I will enter the convent. I wish only to do what is right, and to overcome the wickedness in me.'

"The wickedness! Poor little girl! But, as I thought, it was a time for firmness and decision. 'Then you will marry Magloire,' I said, 'live for him, be grateful for his deep tenderness, and in time the husband will hold his own first place in your heart, and you will remember to-day but as one remembers a strange dream.' 'It is well, Uncle René, I will marry Magloire, and I will pray much that I may forget,' she answered in a lifeless voice. Then she took the broom from the corner, and swept up a little dust from a patch of sunlight upon the floor. Later in the day I saw her carrying water across the field and knitting at the door. Though her heart might ache, she went about her tasks as usual, but she did not come back to the garden or the sacristy.

"When Madeleine left me, going with bent head along the foot-path, I remained a little time pondering upon what I had learned. Jean knew nothing of this. One glance at his face as he sat under the tree listening to Magloire's tales told me that such thoughts could come not near him. That intensely spiritual visage, from which the earnest eyes looked so seriously, was the face of one chosen for the higher life, above and beyond the love of woman.

"The wedding-day dawned, keen and bright, one of our glorious days of Indian summer, with smoke drifting up from fires of fallen leaves, and the haws scarlet against the thorny brown branches. From my window I saw the procession approaching. Mère Vauban came first, leaning on the arm of the sexton, and followed by the bridal pair; Madeleine wore all white, as a bride should, a white linen dress and white veil, the same long veil I had presented her with for her first Communion, and in her hands she carried a great bunch of the latest flowers from our garden. At the church door, she seemed to pause a moment irresolutely, but the bells rang out, the strains of the organ floated forth to greet her, and she passed in. Jean acted as my brother's acolyte, swinging his censer high till all the church was misty

with the scented smoke. Madeleine was very grave as the ring was put on her finger, but she had never been one of those girls who, as a bride, are all smiles and twinkles and blushes; and then the service was over; she was married.

"There was a wedding feast that night at Mère Vauban's. As was his custom, Jacques went to look in upon the merry-makers, and Jean, leaning on his stick, and I accompanied him. The room was long and low, lighted by lamps. Great bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling, and the spinning wheel stood in the corner. Rows of chairs for the onlookers were set against the wall. A little in advance of the others the musician of the evening perched upon a high stool, with his accordion upon his knees, as he bent forward extending his arms, the light fell upon his shining bald crown and ring of white hair.

The newly-married couple danced together in the set. Magloire was brave in his gray homespun suit and his long scarlet stockings, but Madeleine moved ungracefully, with her hands swinging at her sides. It was not an easy thing for her to play her part as she should. Later in the evening, between the dances, Magloire led his wife up to us, and stood by, accepting with conscious pride our congratulations.

"Jean addressed himself directly to the bride, speaking in earnest tones of the vows she had taken and the responsibilities she had laid upon herself. She listened meekly, meekly, and her face never changed; she curtsyed low as she received from his hand his present, the little silver cross which Magloire fastened about her neck. She wore it ever after. Such was the marriage of Madeleine.

"Nowhere in La Sainte Croix was there such a well-kept house, such brightly-polished pans, and spotless wood-work, such stores in the cupboards and chests. 'Madeleine doubles the value of everything she touches,' said the neighbours. And nowhere was there in all the wide earth so proud a father as Magloire, when in the mid-August heat a little child was given to Madeleine. 'We will call her Jeanne,' he proposed, 'after M. Jean, who has always been such a kind friend, and Madeleine for her mother.' Madeleine lay by the window that morning as I was about to leave the house; she looked out upon the sun-burned fields, while the child slumbered upon her breast; she kissed the little sleeping face and laid her silver cross against its lips. Jean was the baby's sponsor, and he loved her very dearly. Often in the evenings he would join the young mother as she sat in the porch after the heat of the day, while the child slept in her cradle within, and never by word or look did Madeleine betray herself. She would greet him kindly, and bring him fresh milk and wild strawberries, and as the shadows fell, Magloire would take his place with them. Then, while the smoke went up from his pipe, and Madeleine's busy needles clicked on, defying the gathering dusk, Jean would speak to them of his dreams of the future, for it was his heart's desire to labour as a missionary among the unconverted of the far East.

"Jean, being poor, remained at La Sainte Croix, and occupied himself as best he might, for the time hung heavy on his hands. Magloire, since his marriage, stayed at home through the long winter months, for he loved his wife and child too well to leave them, yet I think he sometimes missed the excitement of the old wild life of the woods, and chafed against his enforced idleness, almost the only man until spring in a hamlet of women. He gave himself up to fishing; fine or bad weather was all the same to him, for, with Jean's assistance, he built a cabin out on the frozen river, and here they spent much of their time.

"The cabin was but slightly built. Within there was a little stove and a

bench fastened again the wall, while a lantern hung from an iron hook in the roof. Magloire bored a great hole in the floor of ice and together they caught many fish, which Madeleine salted and dried in readiness for Lent. It was with regret that they greeted the first signs of the new season, when the snow, dripping from the spruce boughs, made little hollows in the drifts beneath, and the sap welled up in the maples and all their branches were dotted with tiny brown buds. Every morning the women gathering above the slope to the river, looked for the breaking of the ice-bridge, but still it held fast.

"Then we heard that great fissures were appearing in the ice, that it was no longer safe. Magloire scoffed at this, saying the bridge was good for another week or ten days, and went as usual to the cabin. The crevices grew daily deeper, one could see a wavering gleam of blue water, and there was a whispering sound among the loosened blocks as they lifted with the moving tide below. Then one morning a fresh wind began to blow, and the crowd gathered above the rocky descent, a few men, and many women, among whom was Madeleine.

" 'To-day it will go down,' they agreed. 'Magloire! Is he still on the ice?' asked Madeleine anxiously. 'Yes,' they made answer in chorus, 'Magloire and M. Jean, but there is no danger, La Vauban, Magloire knows better than to risk two lives.'

"So I heard them talk, just as I was called away to a death-bed in St. Bernard. Until noon the ice remained stationary, now and then it parted with a report like that of a cannon, but did not begin to move, so one by one the watchers returned to their homes, until only a handful still stood looking down. 'Magloire's obstinacy will cost him his stove and cabin,' they said, but they had no thought of anything more serious. Madeleine remained halfway down the path, peering through the budding branches at the river below.

"Just about mid-day came the upheaval, the whole mass began to drift, slowly at first, but with an ever-increasing velocity, as parting into myriad cakes, it swept down the river. Then Madeleine fled down the track and out across the ice, crying aloud:

" 'Save yourself, M. Jean, the bridge has broken!'

"She reached the cabin, another moment and it went down before her. Then, as the two, who had found safety among the bushwood of the lower shore, stood in anguish, helpless to save her, they beheld her turn towards them, with hands clasped against her breast, and hair streaming out upon the wind. Perhaps she saw them, they thought so, for the grave eyes were alight with a triumphant smile: 'The face of Michael the Archangel,' then moaned my nephew Jean.

"So ended her short life. The block of ice on which she stood dipped, rose, and dipped again, but when it rose for the second time Madeleine had disappeared. She was never found, but we had a requiem service for the repose of her soul. It may be that she was washed down to the sea and so out to the ocean. For a long time Magloire was as one demented, then he went back to his old life, pushing ever farther north in search of danger and forgetfulness. He was killed by a moose up near the Yukon. And Jean—he never knew, never dreamed of Madeleine's pitiful love for him. For many years he has laboured in Northern China. Mère Vauban still occupies the cottage with Jeanne, who is so soon to be married."

The doctor wiped his eyes with his great red cotton handkerchief, and signed to me to follow him to the little graveyard. There, kneeling on the baked, crumbling earth, I parted the rank vines from a mouldering wooden cross, and read her name, her age, and the date of her death.

A NEW SCHOOL OF PLAYWRIGHTS

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

CURIOUSLY enough, the theatrical season of 1910-11 found the stage practically in possession of a new group of young American playwrights, only two of the older American group—Mr. Augustus Thomas and Mr. Charles Klein — having representation in the important successes, while English playwrights had a solitary representative in the author of "Pomander Walk." Mr. Maugham, it is true, had a minor success in "Smith," but English stalwarts like Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones received scant attention in offerings as worthy as "The Thunderbolt" and "We Can't be as Bad as all That."

Mr. Frohman's disastrous experiences with foreign-made plays left no doubt of the public mood in that direction. The single exception to this rule of hostility, "The Concert," being so thoroughly Americanised, both as to locality and text, it proves nothing to the contrary.

One sanguine and, it would seem, patriotic critic, at least, finds the entire prospect pleasing and the situation full of hope. In fact, in the youth and virility of this new school of American dramatists he sees a new future for the American stage. What basis exists for his faith is, of course, purely conjectural, but it at least proves by what fitful gleams the sanguine mind gropes its way toward theatrical light.

Canadian readers will meanwhile not overlook the fact that two of this "virile group" are Canadians.

Mr. James Forbes, author of "The Commuters," is a native of Salem, Ontario. He received his education at the Collegiate Institute, Galt. After several engagements as theatrical press representative of important organisations he was made general manager of the Henry B. Harris enterprises in 1901, and still combines these duties with playwriting. He was first introduced to public fame by Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," one of the biggest successes of modern times. Originally presented in London as a vaudeville sketch, it made such an instant hit for both author and actress that it was afterward elaborated into a four-act play. This was in 1906, and the play is still running, although Miss Stahl retired from the rôle of *Patricia O'Brien* last season to take up the rôle of *Maggie Pepper* in Charles Klein's new play, "The Saleslady." Mr. Forbes has since successfully produced "The Travelling Salesman," and last season "The Commuters," a clever satirisation of suburban life. He is a ready writer, with a keen, pungent wit, great facility for eccentric characterisation and shrewd understanding of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of human nature. He has made a study of the stage at close range, and his effects invariably disclose his intimate knowledge of theatrical mechanics.

Mr. Edgar Selwyn, usually described as a Canadian, was not born in Canada, although he spent the first fourteen years of his life there, and claims Toronto as his home town. "Pierre and His People." He is also the author of "The Rough-rider's Romance," "A Friend in Need," "It's All Your Fault," and "Father and Son," which has also been pro-

MR. EDGAR SELWYN,
AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY BOY"

MISS MARGARET MAYO (MRS. EDGAR SELWYN),
AUTHOR OF "BABY MINE"

Prior to the successful production of "The Country Boy," Mr. Selwyn had been chiefly known to the public as an actor of finish and conspicuous ability. His first appearance on the stage was in "Secret Service," with William Gillette, in 1896. Since then he has appeared in the "Three Musketeers," "Arizona," "A Gentleman from France," "Sherlock Holmes," "The Mills of the Gods," and "Strongheart." These heroic, dashing and melodramatic rôles have been varied by excursions in such modern and classic rôles as *Dr. Rank*, in "A Doll's House," or *Telemachus*, in "Ulysses." Three years ago he appeared successfully in the title rôle of "Pierre of the Plains," his own dramatisation of Gilbert Parker's duced. The young actor and author was left alone in the world at an early age (he is still only thirty-six), and in the privations, temptations, and experiences of his own struggle against the odds of a big city, he no doubt found the inspiration, if not the material, for his entertaining and successful comedy, "The Country Boy." A new play by the same author, "The Arab," is said to have had a successful presentation in the West and will form one of the attractions of the coming season.

The apotheosis of Mr. Avery Hopwood as playwright may be traced in highly contrasting and sharply defined stages. By ordinary evolutionary processes, the transition from the sentimentalist of "This Man and This

MR. AVERY HOPWOOD

A SCENE FROM MR. HOPWOOD'S PLAY ENTITLED "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

MR. LEO DITRICHSTEIN

SCENE FROM MR. DITRICHSTEIN'S PLAY, "THE CONCERT," IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE

Woman," where the exalted heroine marches her betrayer to the altar at the point of a pistol, to the hilarious cynic of our domestic institutions seen in "Seven Days," "Judy Forgot," and "Nobody's Widow"—would be the accomplishment of a life-time. Mr. Hopwood has accomplished it in three years; and the author's brutally frank explanation leaves no word of comfort for the sentimentalists he has betrayed. Seriousness did not pay in Mr. Hopwood's case and he quit it. But if the philosophic distance that has been traversed is great, the artistic distance is immeasurable. "Clothes," his first serious offering, was a moderate success, thanks to the prestige of Grace George and the late Mr. Frank Worthing in the leading rôles, but "The Powers That Be," dealing with civic politics, and "This Man and This Woman," which followed, were failures. With the production of "Seven Days," however, the author jumped into immediate fame and fortune, and both were further enhanced this past season by the production of "Judy Forgot" and "Nobody's Widow." Such are the material advantages of success in the lighter

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER

A SCENE FROM MR. PARKER'S PLAY ENTITLED "POMANDER WALK"

fields of entertainment. "Seven Days" is probably the best American farce since "Charley's Aunt," the most successful certainly, while "Judy Forgot," made to order for Miss Cahill, fitted her unique figure and personality with the precision of an up-to-date hobble.

roundings of upper American life. The only importation is a titled Englishman, who offers further confirmation of the refined atmosphere.

Mr. Hopwood belongs distinctly to the group of younger American playwrights. He is still under thirty and still refreshingly unspoiled by suc-

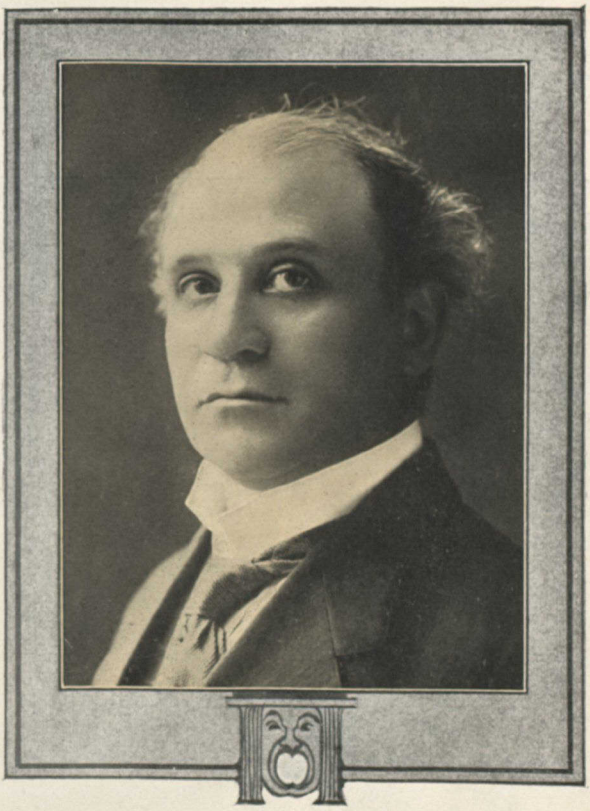
MR. WALTER BROWNE

A SCENE FROM MR. BROWNE'S PLAY ENTITLED "EVERYWOMAN"

"Nobody's Widow," described as a farcical romance, is an important contribution to refined American comedy, and is by all odds the author's most important artistic achievement to date. As enacted by Blanche Bates and Bruce McRae it also proved one of the happiest experiences of last season. The comedy is distinguished for deftness of touch and a certain quality of finesse usually conspicuous for its absence in American-made comedies. Apart from the originality of the central situation, "Nobody's Widow" is a constant play on nothings, delightful nothings, of course, scintillating with cleverness and wit, and cast in the agreeably refined sur-

cess. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1882 and graduated from the University of Michigan with an A.B. in 1905, he came to New York shortly afterward as special correspondent of *The Leader*. A few months later "Clothes," written in collaboration with Channing Pollock, was produced, and playwriting has been his constant occupation since. Notwithstanding his demonstrated skill in this field, the literary ambitions of the playwright are in the direction of novel-writing.

In spite of his modest disclaimer that nothing particular has ever happended, Mr. Edward Sheldon, at the age of twenty-four, is the author of



MR. CHARLES KLEIN

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER," "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," "THE THIRD DEGREE," "MAGGIE PEPPER," AND "THE GAMBLERS"

a trio of plays that place him in the forefront of American dramatists. "Salvation Nell," "The Nigger," and "The Boss," if not actually great plays, certainly rank with the best of contemporary American drama, and push its prospects for the future beyond anything yet achieved. Mr. Sheldon is a graduate of the Harvard School of Playwrights, taking his degree at that university in 1908. In the fall of the same year—when the author was twenty-one—"Salvation Nell" was successfully produced by Mrs. Fiske. This play showed at once the author's natural dramatic instincts, his thorough knowledge of stage technique, keen observation, and deep mental grasp of fundamentals. In the first season of the New Theatre, "The Nigger" was produced, and proved a big play, both for the drama it contained and its presentation of the negro question. "The Boss" is a powerful character study of an interesting and significant factor in American public life—the man who rises by fair means or foul to a position of wealth and political influence in his community and holds his position by the same unscrupulous methods that have brought him there. The play is conspicuous for the same broad insight into contemporary politics as marked his study of social conditions in "Salvation Nell," or the more vexatious race question in "The Nigger." It is hard to reconcile with such profound understanding of the grave problems of the day, and

thorough technical knowledge of his difficult medium, the rosy-cheeked, good-looking youth who answers to the name of Edward Sheldon.

A namesake only, H. S. Sheldon, vaudeville sketches, and when circumstances warranted retired to take up the profession of playwriting in earnest. Although the author of over twenty one-act plays, all more

MR. H. S. SHELDON

A SCENE FROM MR. SHELDON'S PLAY ENTITLED "THE HAVOC"

author of "The Havoc," furnishes another example of Scandinavian grit and enterprise in the struggle for recognition on foreign soil. Born in Copenhagen, a journalist by profession, Mr. Sheldon came to America about eight years ago without any knowledge whatever of the English language. Unable to pursue his literary and journalistic labours in consequence, he turned to the stage, both as a means of livelihood and to broaden his knowledge of the technique of the theatre. He made three complete tours of this country, appearing in a number of his own

or less successful, he was practically unknown in the field of playwriting up to the time of "The Havoc." The striking originality with which he handled the familiar theme of the triangle in this brought him immediate recognition and, thanks to the excellent production it received at the hands of Mr. Henry Miller, a considerable measure of popular success.

The great flaw in "The Havoc," as pointed out in a review of the play in this magazine at the time of its presentation, is that it treats a purely farcical situation with dramatic seriousness. But in spite of this and

minor defects, the author proved himself a vigorous personality, possessed of considerable dramaturgic skill and power for serious dramatic expression. It would be too sanguine to predict from a single play with such pronounced artistic shortcomings, the author's future place in American drama. But from so brave a start, it would be equally daring to set a limit. Sir Charles Wyndham thought highly enough of the piece to buy the English rights for himself, and the author is said to be considering an offer for the German rights.

In private life Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine," the joyous farce of last season, is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, wife of the actor-playwright. Like her husband, she has entered the field of playwriting by way of the stage. She appeared a few seasons ago under the management of Mr. Frohman. Her early playwriting activities were devoted chiefly to the dramatisation of novels. Ouida's "Under Two Flags," Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," the version of Sardou's "Divorcons" used by Grace George, and "The Debtors," adapted from German sources, have all been produced with more or less success. Miss Mayo's original plays, in addition to "Baby Mine," are "The Winding Way," "The Austrian Dancer," "Polly of the Circus," and "The Flirt," which has just had a trial production on the coast.

"The Piper" is the first claim of Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody (Marks) to celebrity. Her novels, "The Wayfarer," "Fortune in Men's Eyes," "The Singing Lesson," and "The Book of the Little Past," and two plays, "Marlowe" and "The Wings," gave her some local literary reputation, but with "The Piper" she at once takes a permanent place in American dramatic literature. This charming poetic drama, based on the Hamelin legend, won first prize in the Stratford-on-Avon contest in 1910 for the best contemporary play in English, and was afterwards successfully produced in London by Mr. Benson and his company. Mr. Walter Hampden is responsible for its production in America, having prevailed upon the New Theatre, with its ample resources, to give it a hearing. The success of the piece, with Miss Matthison in the title rôle proved that the judgment of its American sponsor was well based. The author is a Boston lady, wife of Mr. Lionel Marks, a member of Harvard University staff.

At the end of the second act of the initial presentation of "Pomander Walk," the audience was slowly awakened from the spell to which it had succumbed, by cries of "Author! Author!" A few moments later a stocky, humorous figure, with top hat in one hand and umbrella in the other, crossed the Rubicon in the form of a bit of stage Thames on a gang plank, bowed stiffly and retired. This performance was seriously and methodically repeated at least half a dozen times. When further resistance seemed impossible the author came forward and in thin crescendo that rose galleryward, exclaimed, "Never call a man happy until after the third act." This was America's introduction to Mr. Louis N. Parker, author of "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli," "The Cardinal," "Beauty and the Barge," "Rosemary," and other plays tolerably familiar to American audiences. The third act of the new play left no doubt of the happiness in store for the author or for the theatre audiences that began the following day to clamour for seats for the unique and charming offering. The success of "Pomander Walk" is all the more remarkable from the fact that its great charm is atmosphere, an intangible quality, which, fortunately, an English company succeeded in realising perfectly. The play has been so widely reviewed in

this magazine and elsewhere that fuller reference is not necessary here.

Mr. Parker is a cosmopolitan in the strict sense. Born in a small village in Calvados, France, in 1852, and supposed to be dying, he was hastily christened by the current official name given to all children in *articulo mortis*—Louis Napoleon. To this information he will add laconically "not dead yet." Glancing over even a partial list of his activities since that time the full humour of the observation is clear. He has translated almost everybody—including the version of "Chantecler," seen in New York this last winter—has been a musician and composer of note, has written at least a dozen plays since adopting this profession in 1892, and is the inventor of modern pageantry. Under his direction were produced the Stenborn Pageant in 1905, the Warwick Pageant in 1906, the Bury St. Edmund Pageant in 1907, Dover Pageant in 1908, and Colchester and York Pageant in 1909. With this form of activity, Mr. Parker says he is done. Educated in Germany, Mr. Parker entered the Royal Academy of Music, London, in 1870, and was director of music in Sherbourne School, Dorset, from 1873-1892. Since that time London has been his home and playwriting his profession. He is now Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, Officer d'Academie, and president of the London Wagner Association.

Mr. Percy Mackaye's literary instrument is still too finely tuned to catch the ear of Broadway, and the fame of America's finest playwright, as one critic naïvely observes, is based on six failures. "Anti-Matrimony" and "The Scarecrow" had each a hearing last season, but, in spite of their splendid literary and dramatic qualities, scored only a fair measure of popular success. Both show a certain gain in a quality of robustness, hitherto lacking, and with the apparent abandonment of classic and literary, in favour of modern contemporary subjects indicated in "Mater" and "Anti-Matrimony," success without any sacrifice of artistic values will surely come. Other plays, like "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Sappho and Phaon," are well known to readers of dramatic literature.

Mr. Walter Browne was an Englishman by birth, with an interesting and varied career that closed with a grim touch of irony on the day that "Everywoman" was produced. He was graduated from St. Peter's College as a physician, but his tastes inclined toward music, and he followed this profession for some years, making his first stage appearance, in 1881, as the creator of the part of the *Colonel*, in "Patience." His literary activities have been considerable, and, in addition to novels and magazine articles, include the following plays: "Hearts and Homes," "A Thing of Shreds and Patches," "Ripples," "A Love Game," "A Wet Day," "Fits and Starts," "Blue Ribbon," "Wedded," "Once Again," "The Bossun's Mate," "In Possession," and "Mates." These have all been produced, some with considerable success in London and the provinces, but his reputation as a dramatist on this side began and ended with "Everywoman." Big in conception, and bountifully staged, but showing little literary adroitness or skill, this modern morality play has proved a tremendous success.

Mr. Charles Klein's later art is more or less burdened with a mission, in which the stage has become a medium and the drama an instrument of reform. In perfecting his instrument he has succeeded in giving considerable effectiveness to his propaganda and also funished some splendid examples of stage technique and vigorous dramatic expression. "The Lion and the Mouse," "Daughters of Men," "The Third Degree," and "Next of Kin" are all reflections of the author's thought on perils in-

cident to our social and economic development. He shows an almost Rooseveltian instinct for locating the trend of popular currents, as well as the political sagacity of his great prototype for shaping the materials he finds to his own ends. "The Gamblers," his latest success, is a conspicuous example. While ostensibly an exposure of bank looting by directors, it voices the public suspicion that the muckraker's sense of duty sometimes has its root in personal antipathies and personal ambitions. Earlier plays of Mr. Klein are: "The District Attorney," "A Mile a Minute," "By Proxy," "A Paltry Million," "El Capitan," "The Charlatan," "The Honourable John Grigsby," "Heartsease," "Dr. Belgraff," "A Royal Rogue," "Mr. Pickwick," "The Cipher Code," "The Auctioneer," "Red Feather," "The Music Master." "The Saleslady," produced last season, has not yet made its metropolitan début.

Mr. Augustus Thomas is the dean of American playwrights, and the master craftsman of the American stage. His late plays especially are models of dramatic technique and hold an intellectual and literary interest that assures them a permanent place in our dramatic literature. "As a Man Thinks," his latest play, is in some respects his biggest, although falling considerably short of its announced scope. Mr. Thomas has been writing plays for over two decades, his first plays, "Alabama" and "In Mizzouri," taking most of us back to our earliest stage recollections. Other plays are: "The Burglar," "Colorado Man of the World," "After Thoughts," "The Meddler," "The Man Upstairs," "Oliver Goldsmith," "On the Quiet," "A Proper Impropriety," "That Overcoat," "The Capitol," "New Blood," "The Hoosier Doctor," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "The Other Girl," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Jim De Lancey," "The Embassy Ball," "The Witching Hour," and "The Harvest Moon."

Mr. Thomas takes a considerable interest in public affairs, is a delightful public speaker, and in the last democratic campaign played a big "speaking part." He has always been a staunch admirer of Mr. Bryan.

THE SUMACHS

BY BEATRICE WILLIAMS

IN soft September night, when all the woods were sleeping,
From north, with silent tread, a royal herald came,
With torch of frost-fire, through the forest creeping,
And lo, this morn, on every hill, the sumachs are aflame.

A COMMON-SENSE SUITOR

BY JOHN BYRNE

"I DON'T hold with common-sense as a virtue," said Mr. Willett, in objection to a commendation of the merits of that endowment. "It's another name for a want of imagination. Some people are positively stupid with common-sense. If I wanted a clerk or a coachman (which I don't), I'd promptly reject all common-sense applicants. Why, I remember once——"

His three married visitors appealed to the clock for protection, but Mr. Willett was reminiscent.

"Have fresh cigars," he said; "the story will be finished before the ash breaks. You married fellows are in an unseemly hurry to get home to your wives at times."

He was a comfortable old bachelor, treating his friends to refreshments of nights, and assumed privileges of speech in consequence.

"I once knew a chap up in town named Abraham Midway. A nice sort of fellow he would have been but for being so uncommonly common-sensed. I never saw a man so afflicted with the trouble. Couldn't see to do anything without gauging the result in advance. He hadn't a scrap of imagination.

"I was a young official at the time, snugly quartered in the Midlands. The village was a pleasant little place for which I entertain grateful memories, as it was there I had the luck of being first refused by a woman. I had hair on my head then, and I rather fancied my appearance. So I felt a good deal piqued by the lady's want of appreciation. It was while smarting from the sting of her thoughtful rejection of me that I received a letter from my friend Midway. He was about to take his annual holidays, he said, and he proposed to do me the honour of spending them with me. It was his common-sense that planned the scheme, though he attributed it to the fishing, about which he had read in a guide book.

"Just then I needed someone to take me out of my mood, and I wrote by return, concurring in the arrangement. Two days afterwards I had Abraham Midway in my digs.

"An ambitious fellow he was, too. All common-sense fellows are, only they never get there. It takes imagination to reach an ideal, though many of the imaginative chaps, I admit, mistake the road and take the turn that leads to the dogs instead. Anyhow, Midway was ambitious. He aimed at becoming a man of consequence, but hadn't an idea how he was to set about it. The first evening he was with me he gave me so many tips about how to manage my affairs that he almost smothered me with common-sense. With my opportunities, he told me, he would rise to be a marquis in time.

"One topic, of course, I couldn't help bringing up for his views; it was my recent rejection by the buxom Mrs. Waddell. The lady, I should say, was a widow of thirty, with the handsome fortune of a flourishing pub. As an additional attraction she

had more than the average of good looks, and a pleasant smile that made men think highly of themselves.

"At once my friend Abraham got immensely interested. Such a combination of good qualities was exactly to his liking. I could see approval in his face.

"'Does Mrs. Waddell expect a moneyed man?' he asked me, closing one eye and looking as if he was going to the root of the matter.

"I hadn't considered that point.

"'At least, you told her you had none?' he said.

"'She didn't need to be told,' I said. 'Every shilling I had a claim to in possession or reversion was better known to her than to myself.'

"My friend Midway thought laboriously for at least five minutes.

"'Has she had any other proposals?' he asked.

"She had one at least every week on an average, I calculated, and I told him so.

"'All impecunious?' he says.

"'None eligible to rival Mrs. Waddell herself,' I answered.

"Midway set his common-sense to work again, and I smoked my pipe. I began to think him a clever fellow. It impresses you to see a man probe right to the bottom of a difficulty that has already been too much for you.

"'Willett,' he said to me at last, 'I think I can tell you one thing.'

"He assumed an importance of tone that raised a new hope in me.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'You have messed the business,' he says.

"I couldn't help laughing at him.

"'Gad!' said I sarcastically, 'I needed no oracle to tell me that.'

"'That's not all,' he says.

"'Then there's more?' I thought.

"'When she refused you she meant it,' he says, winking at me in a very wise way.

"'I see,' said I, trying to look as serious as he did.

"'Yes, she meant what she said, for she didn't refuse you without her reasons,' he said. 'You messed it, old boy—and all for want of a little common-sense.'

"'Sorry I didn't communicate with you beforehand,' I said, 'you could have lent me some.'

"'Will you introduce me to the lady?' he said presently.

"Of course, I agreed.

"'And having failed yourself, you won't mind my trying my luck?' he said.

"I was rather staggered by his audacity.

"'Well,' I said, 'if you think you can get nearer to her heart in a week than I could in two years you shall have my congratulations, and she my sympathies.'

"But you couldn't touch him with sarcasm.

"'You know, Willett,' he says, 'I'm a man of means of late.'

"I hadn't heard it, but rather than appear to doubt his statement I offered to borrow ten pounds from him. His common-sense affected his hearing, however, for he ignored the request.

"'If I say I'm a man of means you will promise not to contradict me?' he said with a shrewd smile.

"'I cannot contradict you,' I answered.

"'Then I shall succeed,' he said confidently. He had a little scheme in his head which he would lay before me next morning.

"After breakfast next day he let me see what it was like.

"'We shall pay a visit to Mrs. Waddell's now, old chap,' he says, 'and have the introduction in form. Then I shall treat you to drinks and pay for them with a fiver.'

"I thought the proposal a capital one, and said I was ready. If he could throw five-pound notes around every day, I told him, he might succeed in his design.

"'But I haven't a fiver,' he said confidentially. 'I have only three tens. Holidays are expensive times,

and I want you to lend me thirty shillings.'

"He was a very common-sense fellow, as you'll observe, and it would have been a pity to baulk him. I gave him the money.

"On the way to Mrs. Waddell's he called at a couple of shops looking for a five-pound note in exchange for his money. At last he bought one at the post-office and carefully placed it in his pocket-book.

"Mrs. Waddell smiled charmingly upon us as we entered the bar. Not a suspicion could you have had that she had refused me the week before.

"I presented Midway as he had himself desired.

" 'A wealthy young friend of mine from London, Mrs. Waddell, Mr. Abraham Midway.'

"Midway bowed importantly, and Mrs. Waddell smiled her sweetest.

" 'You'll have a drink, Willett? What's it to be?' he inquired.

" 'Fizz for choice, not to be out of touch with wealth,' I said laughing.

" 'Fizz by all means,' he agreed, 'and as it's my first visit to the place perhaps some of these other gentlemen would do me the honour of taking a drink with me.'

"They were a most compliant company, and three or four confirmed soakers whom he would rather have kicked than stood drinks to, availed themselves of his offer. It was part of Midway's common-sense, and he tried to look happy.

"He picked out in an off-hand way the five-pound note from his pocket-book, and tendered it to Mrs. Waddell.

" 'Nothing smaller, Mr. Midway?' she said sweetly, looking for change.

" 'I fear not, Mrs. Waddell—indeed, my other notes are even larger,' he said, making a pretence of looking through some notes, which I believe were of an urgent character from his tailor's point of view. He was all gravity in demeanour.

" 'You speak as if the largeness of your notes was a trouble instead of happiness to you,' I said.

" 'I must confess,' he says, 'money brings me no happiness.'

"In that I knew he was right, but in another sense.

"Mrs. Waddell smiled again, and nodded approvingly.

" 'I think we have many tastes in common, Mr. Midway,' she said, with an archness I used to think was reserved entirely for me. 'Money seldom does bring happiness. At least, that is my experience. For like yourself——'

"She went no further, but left him to infer that she could talk of the worries which wealth entails if modesty did not prevent her.

"She collected enough change at last, and paid over the amount.

"In a matter-of-fact way he talked of his wealth and connections. He mentioned trips to Italy and shootings in Scotland as if he was rather bored by their frequency. He often longed for the peace of a semi-rural life, where he could quietly settle down. Mrs. Waddell gave him great attention.

"Not wishing to remain too long for a first visit, he shook hands presently with the lady, and we came away.

"That evening he explained to me that champagne was too effervescent by long chalks for nibbling enjoyment, and suggested that next day I should declare a preference for whisky.

" 'Besides, old chap, you've got to make up the change to the five-pound mark,' he reminded me.

"As I was into it, I agreed, and next morning we set out again. Midway called at the post-office, and by good luck secured a crisp five-pound note.

"Mrs. Waddell looked more bewitching than ever, and was all attention. The loafers of the previous day were assembled in augmented force, and from unmistakable hints on their part Midway was forced to

respond. I could see that the effort to look happy was indeed an effort.

"Again he tendered his five-pound note in payment for the refreshments. I imagined I saw Mrs. Waddell give a hard look at it, but next moment she was all smiles again.

"'No smaller money, Mr. Midway?' she asked.

"'I fear I have thrown about all my smaller change, Mrs. Waddell,' he said, and he looked through his pocket-book.

"'Too bad, really—I've nothing but large notes,' he says.

"She secured the proper change somehow and paid it over to him.

"He had arranged that on this occasion the conversation should cover their personal tastes. 'First impress a woman with your wealth,' was his dictum, 'and then show compliance with her fancies.'

"'Fond of outdoor amusements, Mrs. Waddell?' he asked presently, going to the heart of what he wanted.

"She professed enthusiasm for all outdoor sports.

"'My style exactly. I could live for ever out of doors,' he said.

"In several forms of sport he remarked that he had a considerable reputation. Women like suitors to be somewhat of heroes, he believed.

"'Do you like fishing?' asked Mrs. Waddell.

"'A pet sport of mine, Mrs. Waddell. I'll tell you a remarkable thing I did once,' he says.

"He was ready to recite a story which he had already rehearsed when Mrs. Waddell interrupted him.

"'Fishing I think is so stupidly dull!' she says, watching him narrowly.

"'I thought you said you liked fishing?' he stammered, looking completely knocked off the track.

"'Oh, dear no. I only asked if you liked it, Mr. Midway. I am rather sorry you are so enthusiastic about it,' she says.

"'Not really enthusiastic, you know, Mrs Waddell,' he says in a hurry to recover his position. 'In fact, I agree it's an undoubtedly stupid sort of sport.'

"'Don't let me interrupt the story, however,' she reminded him sweetly.

"'No, no,' he says. 'Now that I come to recollect more clearly, the story is one that occurred when I was shooting with some friends in Inverness. I had already bagged as much as any two guns when by some curious chance a hare and a pheasant appeared at the same instant. At the moment I had but one barrel, and with a marvellous swipe from downwards up, what do you think I succeeded in doing, Mrs. Waddell?'

"'I trust you missed the poor creatures. Shooting is so dreadfully cruel,' she says, with a very pitying look in her eyes.

"Midway looked more than ever put out, but his accommodating common-sense came to the rescue.

"'I did! I missed the pair of them—deliberately, you know,' he said very solemnly. 'I frightened them both, however, so much that I had them picked up and cared for as domestic pets,' he says.

"It was the only spark of imagination I had observed in him, and I couldn't say it was a success. He hesitated so much that it was plain he was groping for his narrative.

"'You must be extremely kind-hearted, Mr. Midway,' she says, in a way that he took to mean admiration.

"'Kind-heartedness is my special weakness,' he says.

"The parting between the pair was even more cordial than on the previous morning. But Midway, I thought, was far too deliberate about the affair. Somehow he didn't look up to the character he was giving himself.

"I had some work to occupy me for the remainder of the day; but that night, as we smoked our pipes, he told me the later developments.

"'I was again to see Mrs. Wad-

dell,' he says, 'and had a cup of tea with her in the parlour. I hinted matrimony to her, and I rather think I've struck the mark.'

"'Has she accepted you?' I asked—in a snappish way, I'm afraid. If he had said 'Yes' I think I should have tried my hand at strangling him. "'Not quite. But I think you may congratulate me, old man,' he says. 'She said she would consider it.'

"Though that was non-committal I still felt a grievance. She had not temporised with me in the least, but had given me a point-blank refusal, with a smile to soothe the sting.

"'And now, old chap,' says Midway, you see the value of common-sense.'

"His common-sense, I told him, might be called by another name; but he said, everyone to his ideas.

"'Two fivers, you see, have produced a marvellous effect,' he went on. 'What do you think of making it a tenner to-morrow morning for a final effect? 'Twould be a regular dazzle.'

"Taking a hint from his common-sense, I told him I'd put no more money in the scheme. I did feel rather making a fool of myself, financing another fellow to step into the position which I had hoped to occupy. He begged me so confoundedly, however, not to desert him on the point of success that once more I agreed to aid him in making up his cash to five pounds.

"Next morning, for the third time, by extraordinary good luck, he got a five-pound note at the post-office in exchange for his money, and we paid another visit to Mrs. Waddell's.

"She looked sweeter than ever, and Midway called for the drinks. Again he planked down his five-pound note in payment.

"Mrs. Waddell picked it up and looked at its back. She smiled and asked if he had any smaller money.

"'Not a penny,' he declared, which was certainly true. He had invested every cent in the purchase of the fiver.

"With the note in her hands she retired to the parlour, and Midway and I chatted in the bar.

"A few minutes afterwards a fellow appeared at the door and said Mr. Midway was required inside.

"'Gad, Willett,' he whispered, 'that third fiver has completely won her over. She wants to say "Yes," I daresay.'

"I was left to wait, and I waited so long that at last I came away. But this is what happened:

"Midway had no sooner stepped into the parlour than the door was closed behind him and bolted. Two burly fellows faced him, and Mrs. Waddell sat in a chair, her hands to her face, as if she were crying.

"'What do you mean?' he asked the men, noting their unfriendly appearance. They grinned at him.

"'What's the matter, dear Mrs. Waddell?' he next inquired.

"'Do please explain,' she sobbed, appealing to one of the men.

"'You're this lady's 'usband to be?' said the fellow.

"'I hope so; but what business may that be of yours, my man?' said Midway.

"'This,' says the fellow, putting his hand upon his breast-pocket. 'I have a distress for a 'undred and eighty, and I'm in possession of this 'ere 'ouse and everything that's in it. If you wish to save the lady's credit just fork out the cash, with officers' fees. Me and my mate 'ere is the officers.

"'Oh, do please lend me the money for a few days, dear Mr. Midway, my husband to be,' pleaded Mrs. Waddell between her sobs.

"He was staggered, he told me so afterwards, but his common-sense saved him. He explained that just then he was very short of cash. Mrs. Waddell went on pleading in a way that was disconcerting.

"'You have such a supply of

large notes in your pocket-book, I am sure you would not miss the amount,' she said. 'And you are such a careful gentleman,' she sobbed, 'that when you change a five-pound note here you don't rest till you recover it again. To-day you have changed the same note for the third time—which is an evidence of your economy, Mr. Midway. I sent it each day to the post-office for change, and yet you collared it every time. So, dear Mr. Midway, from your knack of sticking to money I'm sure you must have plenty—do please lend me the amount and put these horrid men away.'

"'Please give me my change,' demanded Midway. He began to think there was sarcasm in her voice.

"'These wretched men have seized everything,' she wailed. 'Your five-pound note and all.'

"He saw a crumpled paper very like the note in the hand of one of the fellows, and as the situation was desperate he snatched at it.

"He made the acquaintance of the floor and failed to get the note. When he was allowed to rise, the 'officers' exchanged opinions.

"'Interfering with officers in the discharge of their duty. Wot's the quod, George?'

"'Three months 'ard,' said George.

"'Three months it is,' said the other, 'shall we tie him?'

"Mrs. Waddell besought them for mercy, and begged that dear Mr. Midway should be simply imprisoned in an adjoining small room. Reluctantly the officers yielded.

"He remained there for an hour, a prey to doleful thoughts. Presently a whisper at the keyhole attracted him.

"'Oh, dear Mr. Midway, would you like to escape?' The voice was Mrs. Waddell's.

"'I would give anything,' said Midway.

"'But you have nothing to give,' she reminded him.

"'True, I forgot my money is locked up,' he said.

"'As you shall be—in gaol, dear Mr. Midway, if you don't instantly escape. If I open the door will you promise to sneak out by the back door and go away by the first train?'

"He promised to clear with the greatest despatch.

"'And you will soon come back and marry me, dear Mr. Midway?'

"He promised that also and was then liberated. He returned to my digs by back lanes, and had just time to tell me the story while packing his portmanteau. In an hour after he was on his way back to town.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Willett, concluding, "that was an exhibition of common-sense. Don't mention the word to me. I tell you some people are stupid with common-sense.

"It was long a choice story of Mrs. Waddell's how she had promoted two loafers to be brokers in possession and imprisoned a suitor."

OUR NATIONAL STANDARDS: RELIGIOUS, ETHICAL, MORAL

BY FRANK YEIGH

CONNECTED with the Christian churches of North America there are three million more women and girls than men and boys. This startling fact is arousing religious zeal all over the continent, and the task of finding and properly relating to the church these millions of manhood is being assumed as an undertaking by men for men.

Where does Canada stand in this respect? Where does she stand in the matter of her national standards, religious, ethical and moral? Where does the individual Canadian stand in regard to these matters of the higher import? Is all well with the Dominion, and with its people?

These and similar questions are bound to arise whenever the thought of a country is focused upon themes such as these, and they are surely as worthy of consideration as the enlargement of transportation systems, the gathering in of rich harvests, or trade dealings with neighbours.

As a partial reply to these interrogations, it may be asserted that there is in these modern days a great awakening to the ethical consciousness of things. We are living in an age that is giving to the world an enlarged definition of the Christian religion and its fundamental basis of nationhood and citizenship, an age in which the interpretation of Christ's message takes a more comprehensive view of the scope of life—a sense in which is realised the need of our returning to the religious devotion of our fathers, while linking up to a larger programme for the future than even they knew. There is a call for the harnessing of our twentieth-century manhood to the big problems of the day in their relation to the teachings of Christianity—when the messages of the Bible shall cease to be merely religious literature and become instead vital factors in the development of character and the conduct of life.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the existence of this modern need has been simultaneously realised by many different types of men and schools of thought. A few months ago a group of religious leaders, clerical and lay, from Canada and the United States, came together to talk over the situation as outlined, when it was discovered that nearly all had been asking the question, What can be done to direct and utilise this modern awakening of an ethical conscience? In what way can the men of the land be led to become interested in the other men—in their higher welfare, in their spiritual uplift?

Thus it came about that a movement was born, avowedly on behalf of the Christian life of the men and boys of North America, already widely known as "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," with over a score of participating organisations

of churches, brotherhoods, and inter-denominational men's societies.

It is felt that there is a peculiar signficance in such a movement at the present time; that it is opportune in more ways than one.

Its significance lies in its broad-based conception, rising above and reaching beyond denominational or sectarian boundaries; disregarding and making unimportant for the time differences that otherwise divide, and uniting men of varying shades of thought in one plan and purpose.

Such illustrations of co-operation, in the realm of the religious and ethical serve in themselves to quiet many of the discordant notes that sometimes mar the living of one's life among men who think differently. They raise one's faith in the universal quality of character and mind that so often exists and only needs the occasion to be revealed. They tend to raise all altruistic effort to a higher level of unselfish service, and to bring out the best instead of the less than best in men.

The opportuneness of such a concerted plan for two nations and peoples is realised when their marvellous period of material prosperity is remembered. Canada and the United States should not and dare not throw aside as out of use the "Lest We Forget" prayer of the poet. Blessings unimagined and wealth undreamed of have come the way of North America. There has been freedom from noisome pestilence or devastating plague or sacrificing war; there have come new applications of the golden rule in every department of life—national, religious, civic; new channels of service have been opened, new depths of sympathy sounded, new interpretations discovered of the plan of life formulated and lived by the Nazarene—He who came to serve.

As in ancient Israel, so in modern America: national prosperity brings its own insidious dangers—of trust in riches, of great self-satisfaction, of arrogance of wealth and parade of power, of forgetfulness of the God of nations and the part He has played in the development of these Anglo-Saxon peoples and countries on the continent Columbus made known, of the recognition He demands as His creative right.

So a body of men, representative of Christian belief and thought in both these lands, believe and assert that a programme to awaken interest anew in the things that count, in all that religion includes, is strikingly opportune because men are peculiarly prepared to give new and deeper consideration to the place and power of the Christian religion, and this in view of the apparently overwhelming issues of the immediate future, for, notwithstanding the existing peace and prosperity, there are signs of unrest not altogether reassuring. Modern economic standards are being subjected to criticism; restlessness continues to exist in the industrial world, race lines are not yet obliterated. All these and many like them constitute problems not easy of solution.

Other perilous issues exist; religious and moral restraints are less keenly felt than by our fathers; the spread of prosperity has led to the creation of habits of extravagance and luxury, and, especially in the larger centres of population, many lead an essentially pagan life in the midst of Christian surroundings.

The scope of the programme of the Men and Religious Forward Movement is in itself arresting, inasmuch as it contemplates a scheme of activities so comprehensive as, if carried out, will affect a half-continent. Ninety cities in Canada and the United States have been selected as strategic centres or bases, and these are expected to spread the movement to their surrounding centres, so that ultimately possibly a thousand towns and cities will be touched. Already local "Committees of One Hundred" have been, or are being, formed in Montreal, To-

ronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and other Canadian centres.

It is designed to secure the co-operation of not only the local churches—for all activities are to focalise in the church—but of all associated movements and organisations along similar lines to the co-operation of denominations, brotherhoods and auxiliary bodies represented in the general "Committee of Ninety-seven." A union of effort like this would present such a unique object in church union as to be in itself effective and far reaching in results, while the correlating of such a force of masculinity working for and among masculinity, will set an example and form an ideal of unmeasured valu

The campaign, if it may be so termed, is planned to definitely cover a year, during which time preliminary survey work may and should be done. It is worth while for the moral forces in any city to definitely know their own local situation—the conditions that surround and confront the city and town boy and man; the programme offered him, from any source, of education, amusement or otherwise, the catering to his spare time, the influences for good or ill.

It is not intended to be a matter of meetings, mass or otherwise, but a subject of close study. The movement will fail of its purpose if this problem of the man and the boy, in their relation to and attitude toward what religion and high ethical standards stand for, is dealt with in a merely superficial way, spending upon it a minimum of time and thought. It will be "a man's job," and the personnel of the men who have conceived the continent-wide programme indicates a body of men who recognise the greatness of the task they have undertaken.

In the final analysis, any such effort, if wisely directed and sanely planned, will, if successful, have a distinctive national value, for the standard of a nation will be no higher than the moral standards of its people. If it be still true that righteousness exalts a nation, then every good citizen will welcome any method that will help to make and keep Canada that kind of country. It is, moreover, a national and civic betterment plan that should win the support of every believer in Christianity as the basis of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY HILDA RIDLEY

VIRGINIA CORTLAND was watching her father from the window. It was just twelve o'clock, and he was preparing to come in to dinner. The contractor and builder was, for the time being, merged in the ordinary carpenter. To Virginia's irritated consciousness it seemed as if her father were never so happy, never so much in his element, as when he was clad in his workingman's clothes, doing manual labour. She could almost read his thoughts as he came towards the house; he was thinking how well he had done in having built such a nice home, what a fine daughter he had, and what a neat little maid, and how good his dinner would taste, and how hungry he was.

Presently Virginia heard him in the kitchen turning on the water tap and splashing his face and hands. In another moment he entered the pretty dining-room. As he did so, he seemed suddenly to recollect what he always forgot in the ardour of his work—that Virginia did not exactly approve of his working garb. He looked at her hesitatingly, with a questioning look in his blue eyes; but Virginia was silent. It was when they had finished their soup that she said:

"Father, do you have to do the work you're doing now?"

"Yes, I do, my dear," he replied; "it's a very important contract."

"Very important! Something you have to do with your hands! How long will it last?"

"At least a month."

"Oh, father!"

"What is it, my dear?"

"I am in a fix, that's all. The fact is, two friends I made when I stayed those six months in Montreal are coming here for a few weeks, and they will be at the house a great deal; and, father dear, it may sound mean, but they are under the impression that you have a down-town office and do only contracting and building work. I didn't tell them so in so many words, but I foolishly let them infer that. And what will they think if they see you working round like this? It will make such a bad impression."

The old man was silent a moment, and then he said:

"I don't just know what there is to be ashamed of, Virginia. I suppose one of these Montreal folks is the young man you've had so much letter-writing with of late, and I suppose he's a fine, swell, young fellow, college-bred and all that."

Virginia flushed.

"Oh, you wouldn't call him a 'swell' exactly," she said; "but he belongs to a good, old family, and he is, of course, rather fastidious in his tastes. First impressions mean so much. Of course, they will have to know that you haven't any down-town office; but, father, couldn't you, while they are here, do some other kind of work?"

"There isn't any other kind of work just now," replied her father, with a troubled expression in his child-like blue eyes. "Business is dull, and I was glad to get the car-

penter work, but I will tell you what I could do, Virginia: I could work in the stable and keep the door tight shut, and no one need be the wiser."

"But you would always be coming out."

"Not I. Why, I could take my dinner in there and spend the day. Where's the hurt?"

"Oh, father, if you could!" and Virginia clasped her hands.

"Sure, I can. When are your friends coming?"

"They will be here to-morrow—the brother and sister—and they will probably be here for dinner. They will be over nearly every day, I guess at all times. They are going to put up at the *Stanley*, so they won't be very far from here."

"Well, it's settled. I'm to work in the stable—and a fine place to work in, too. Are you happy, Virginia?"

Virginia, in rather a troubled manner, said she was, and the old man went off cheerfully.

The next evening Arthur Rhodes and his sister Maude were Virginia's guests. If Mr. Cortland seemed in his element in his working clothes he certainly seemed ill at ease in his dress suit. Virginia had never before seen her simple-hearted old father appear to such disadvantage, and her cheek burned when he looked at her in the furtive, deprecating way he had acquired of late. For Arthur Rhodes's good opinion she would have suffered much. She knew why he was here. Between them was that tacit understanding which is more exquisite than avowal—but more precarious.

"Yes," Maude Rhodes was saying, "we shall see a great deal of you, Virginia. I'm afraid we shall not see so much of you, Mr. Cortland; but you, I suppose you will be at your office for the greater part of the day."

Again came the furtive, deprecating look from the old man.

"Is your office within walking distance, Mr. Cortland?" asked Rhodes, after a pause sufficiently long to emphasise the simple remark.

"No—that is to say, yes—it isn't within walking distance, but I do walk sometimes, in fact always."

Arthur Rhodes tried not to look puzzled, while Miss Rhodes deftly changed the subject.

Poor Virginia felt at the end of the evening that the "first impressions" of her home life upon her friends had not been altogether favourable. The guests, however, showed nothing of this in their manner, and plans were made for many future meetings. In the days that followed the friends were constantly together; but Virginia's consciousness that she had not been quite straightforward detracted somewhat from her pleasure. She would have explained long ago, she told herself, about the "down-town office" if it had not been for the "ridiculous work" her father was now doing. Very often, as she and her friends left or entered the house, she could hear distinctly from the back yard the sound of sawing and cutting and hammering.

"I suppose your father keeps horses for his business," said Arthur one afternoon, as he glanced toward the stable.

"Oh, yes," replied Virginia hurriedly, as she thought of the one good, strong horse of which her father was so proud, and the brightly-painted waggon with "Joseph Cortland, Carpenter, Contractor and Builder," in large letters on it.

"Horses, you know, are one of my passions," said Arthur. "If I were a rich man I should go in for them a great deal."

"Are the horses in the stable now, Virginia?" asked Maud, who was with them.

"No, I am sure not," replied Virginia, scarcely knowing what she said. "Father has them out."

She had not intended to infer that there was more than one horse, but

again she seemed to have been forced into it.

In the meantime no murmur had been heard from Mr. Cortland as to his part of the arrangement. He seemed as cheerful as ever, but Virginia noticed that he avoided her guests. As a rule he left the stable early in the afternoon and went directly to his room to change his clothes. One evening, however, when Virginia was returning home from a late call, she heard, to her surprise, the noise of cutting and sawing louder than she had ever heard it before, and it was then nearly six o'clock. Mr. Rhodes was coming to dinner, and in alarm Virginia hastened to the stable to warn her father. As she approached she heard distinctly the sound of talking and laughing. Who was with her father? With a loudly-beating heart she opened the stable door, and then stood as if turned to stone, for there, side by side with her father, at the carpenter's bench, was Arthur Rhodes. He was engaged in hammering a nail in a piece of wood, and both he and the old man were so absorbed in their work that they did not at first notice her.

"Father!" exclaimed Virginia, and her voice was like a funeral note.

Arthur Rhodes lifted a flushed, boyish face to hers. The usually rather penetrating expression of his gray eyes was veiled in laughter.

"Oh, Virginia, you don't mind, do you?" he said. "I came over here to see you, and everybody was out. The sight of the stable suggested 'horsey' possibilities, and I was tempted to take a peep in at the side window, only to discover Mr. Cortland. I tapped on the window and he came out, and then we began to talk, and I told him how fascinating I had always found carpenter work and he was good enough to allow me to share this bench."

Virginia smiled icily.

"You do it for amusement, I suppose," she said. "You are like father in that; he spends hours in this way sometimes."

She walked toward the door, and Arthur dropped his work and followed her.

I came over early to tell you that I had tickets to-night for 'The Rescuer,'" he said. "You said you would like to see that."

"Oh, yes," responded Virginia.

She had looked forward to seeing this play, but later on in the evening when she sat beside Arthur Rhodes in the theatre she felt that she had lost entirely her capacity for enjoyment.

The play was not light; it had a problem. A woman had told her husband one lie and the problem lay in a way out of the endless and unforeseen entanglements in which the lie had emmeshed the wife. Virginia shuddered with sympathy as she followed out the ramifications. What would be the solution? There could be only one. This was brought home to Virginia with keen force. It lay in confession. The play also had a moral, and the moral was that no marriage could be happy unless it were based upon absolute confidence.

On Virginia, sensitive and imaginative as she was, the play made a deep impression.

At the end of a restless night she had made up her mind that she must "explain" certain things to Arthur—but oh, how she dreaded the explanation!

When he came to see her that afternoon she took, as usual, the easiest course.

"Arthur," she began, "I am afraid you have misunderstood several things about my family. I mean you have some wrong impressions, and I should have corrected them. Now I want to explain."

She went on to tell him of the nonexistence of a down-town office, of the existence of only one horse, of the carpenter work being a part of

her father's regular employment; and she told him everything.

When she had finished and was sitting with downcast eyes, as one who awaits some dreaded but expected doom, Arthur said:

"Oh, Virginia, dear, I am so glad you told me this!"

Virginia raised incredulous eyes to his face.

"The fact is, Virginia," said Arthur, with some embarrassment, "the fact is, dear, I knew it all the time; well, not quite all the time, but a day or two after I came."

"You knew!"

Virginia felt that her cup of humiliation was full, as her past actions, emanating from the deceit, marshalled themselves before her in quick review.

"Yes, you see, Virginia, my sister became acquainted at the hotel with a lady who happened to know something of your family, although she did not know you personally, and she spoke with enthusiasm of your father. She said how sad it was that, owing to the hard times, his business on a large scale had fallen off and how bravely and cheerfully he was doing just ordinary carpenter work, and how careful he was not to worry you at all with his financial troubles.

Virginia's eyes filled with tears.

"He never told me," she said.

She sat looking very white, with a limp, beaten look. Suddenly she made a faint gesture.

"Good-bye, Arthur," she said.

"Good-bye," repeated Arthur, as he came nearer. "Why, Virginia! you can't mean it."

"How can you care for such a worthless, deceitful girl!"

"I do care," he averred. "At first, I must confess I was—disappointed; but then I tried to understand, and I saw that so much could be explained in the light of your temperament. Besides, I knew you would confide in me sooner or later."

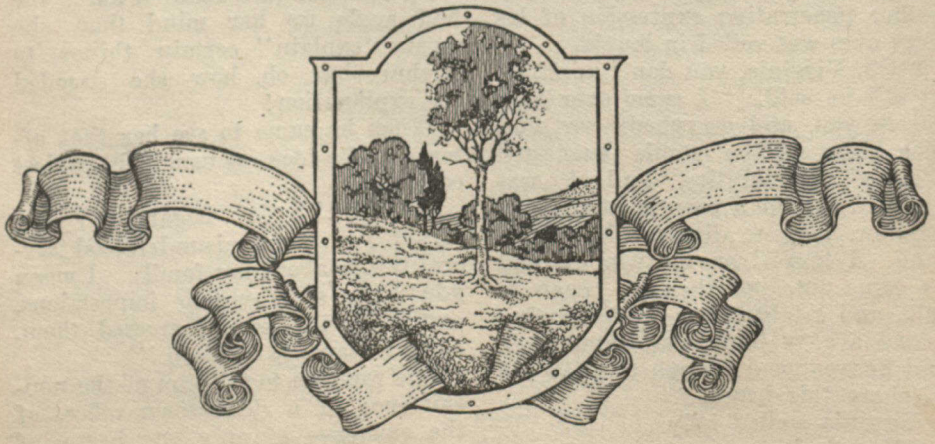
"If I hadn't explained?"

"Ah, that would have been different, but I knew you would."

After that there was a long silence, and then Virginia said, shyly:

"Oh, Arthur, what must your first impressions have been!"

"They don't count," he replied, and then he added mischievously, as he drew her to him and kissed her unresisting lips several times, "these are the only impressions that count!"



MAKING
THE ROCKIES RESIDENTIAL

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

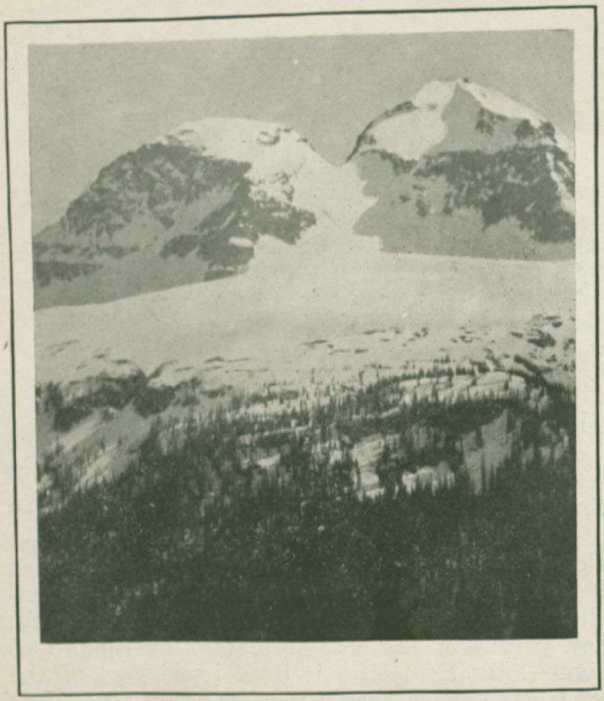
MARRING rather than beautifying has been the hand of man hitherto in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. It is this fact that gives point to the criticisms that are always passed upon the Rockies when they are compared with the Swiss Alps. It is useless to deprecate such criticism; useless to say with *Mrs. Malaprop* that comparisons are "odorous." The comparison inevitably suggests itself to the mind of every traveller.

And, indeed, the Rockies have nothing to lose by such comparison. Against the bleak austerity of the Swiss Alps they oppose a more marvellous variety of architectural form and a far greater range of colour, and these features will increasingly render them among the most attractive of mountains. When this is admitted, as it always is admitted, always there comes the regret which may be summed up in the remark that the Rockies are not residential.

Always? Well, perhaps not quite always. There are some hardy, adventurous souls who prefer the absolutely virgin wild to the most beautiful scenes in which men and nature have co-operated. But to the average traveller human association allied to natural grandeur must always be the more attractive, when that human association receives its inspiration in the grandeur it adorns and not exclusively in an outside motive, which gashes the face of nature with a railway line or defaces it with the still more hideous scars of shacks and mining dumps.

There is no need to deplore the railway, because, apart from the fact that it enables thousands to reach with ease scenes that less than a generation ago were to be attained only at the cost of months of time and hardships, it is of itself part of the very poetry of these mountains. But it is a matter of regret that its unpicturesque accessories are for the most part the only signs of human industry that are to be seen among the mountains. One can well understand the feeling which prompted Professor Charles E. Fay to write, in the latest number of *The Alpina Americana*, that "the Rocky Mountain landscape must yield the palm to Switzerland in those elements of beauty which are due to the long-continued presence of civilised man: the picturesque village or solitary chalet, the cultivated field in the level bed of the valley, or the high-lying green alp, with its grazing herd."

In view of these considerations, it is a matter of national interest that the present year is to see the transplanting of a whole colony of Swiss people to the Rocky Mountains, with the ultimate view of establishing in these mountains a strictly indigenous population, animated by the traditions and aspirations of a highly civilised and prosperous mountain race.



TELEPHOTO OF UNCONQUERED PEAKS IN VICINITY OF EDELWEISS

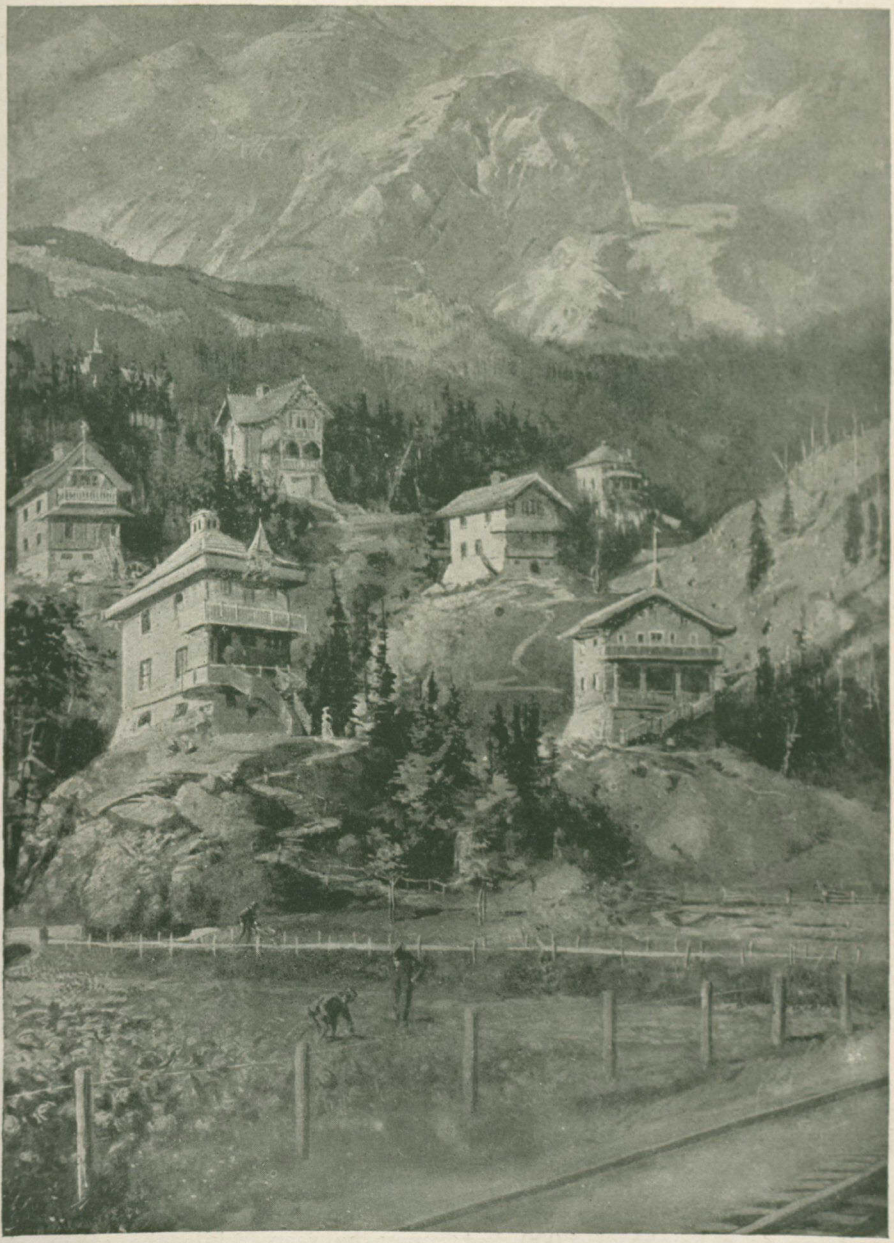
The nucleus of this colony will be the corps of Swiss guides now annually imported by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to assist mountain climbers in their ascents. At the end of the present season, instead of returning to their native land to spend the winter in comparative idleness, they will be joined in Canada by their families, and will take up their permanent homes in a highly-picturesque "ready-made village," now being prepared for them by the railway company.

The pretty Swiss name of the mountain flower "Edelweiss" will be given to this village, and it is intended to make it in every respect worthy of its name. Thus it is to be situated on the terraced slopes of the mountain side, and the houses are to have the high-pitched roofs and other features of distinctively Swiss architecture.

Work has already begun upon this village, which is on the north side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Golden, British Columbia, and within unobstructed view of the passing trains. One of the pictures given herewith, which is the sketch plan upon which the village is being constructed, gives a good idea of the scene that the village will present, and undoubtedly this village and its interesting Swiss population will prove highly attractive to the tourists.

The plateau on which the village is situated has vast ranges of mountain scenery before and behind it, giving lovely views of rugged heights that rise beyond the timber line to snow and glacier-clad peaks stretching away in wild confusion. In the alpine meadows and the rich alluvial bottoms the village people will have small holdings, upon which their talent in the rural industries of farm and garden may be exercised. Ultimately a string of these Swiss villages will, it is hoped, be established throughout the Rockies, so that these mountains will in a very real sense at last become "residential," and provide not only a native population of mountain guides, but a native population that will contribute to the wealth of the country industrially, after the manner of the Swiss of Switzerland.

It is at Golden that the Swiss guides are now located in the summer, for from this point some of the grandest and most awe-inspiring scenery of the whole of the Rockies and the Selkirks alike may be reached. Here, 474 miles from Vancouver, the Kicking Horse River—which, in coming from the east, the



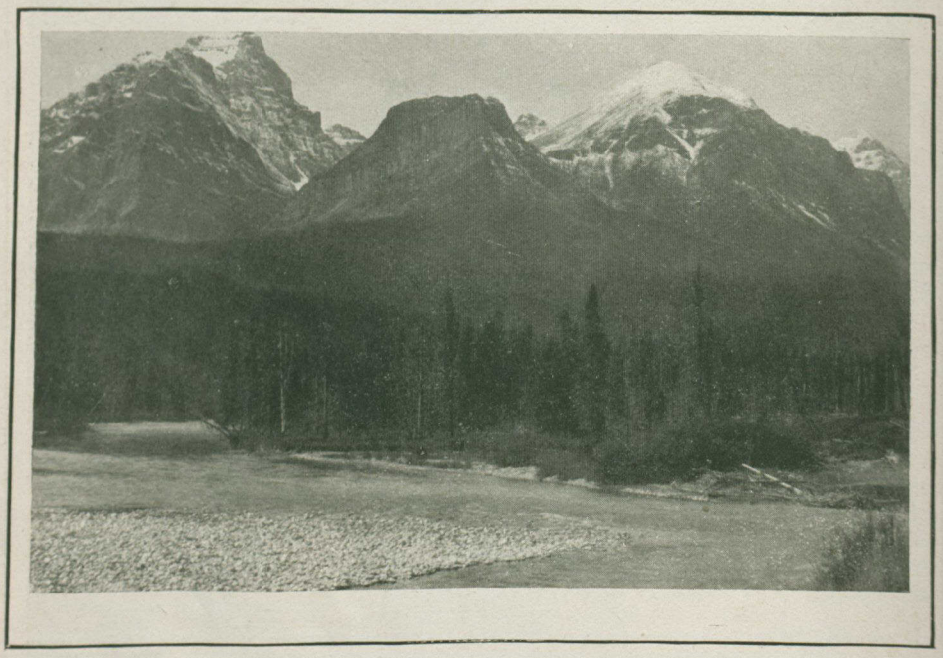
EDELWEISS

SWISS VILLAGE IN THE ROCKIES

railway has followed over a romantic trail, and, through scenes of startling grandeur—loses its identity, and becomes merged into the great Columbia River, which, in its two thousand miles of wanderings, follows

a more tortuous course than almost any other river in the world.

The transformation scene, when the train emerges from the dark and awesome recesses of the Kicking Horse Canyon into the magnificent amphitheatre of Golden, is one that no traveller through these mountains can forget, and doubly memorable will it become when this first Swiss village gives a finishing touch to the scene.



CHARACTER OF COUNTRY TO BE MADE RESIDENTIAL

Here the westbound traveller gets his first view of the Selkirks, rising grandly to the south and west in what have come to be known as the Dog Tooth Mountains, from their serried ranks of sharp, pointed peaks, resembling fangs. The sides of these mountains, to a height of 4,000 feet above the valley bottom, are clothed with forests of so dark a green as to appear almost black. Above this again, sometimes obscured by dense masses of fleecy clouds, and at other times sharp and clear against the skyline, are the crests of these fang-like peaks still white with the winter snows. To the north and east, range upon range, are some of the most massive peaks in the Rockies.

There is perhaps no more fascinating pony trail in the mountains than that from Golden to Glacier, a two days' journey. This trail, when the connections are perfected, will be greatly patronised, but is at present little known. It follows the valley of the Canyon Creek, the head of which gives a delightful variety of mountain scenery, with glaciers, innumerable mountain torrents, and hanging valleys holding lovely little lakes rich in various shades of blue and green. Ascending the peaks on one side the great Columbia Valley may be seen, while the other side gives views of the pyramids, towers and pinnacles of the Spillimachene Mountains, where a virgin field for discoveries awaits explorers.

From Canyon Creek there is an easy pass to Grizzly Creek, thence to Bear Creek station, Rogers Pass,

Glacier House, the Caves of the Cheops, and to the Illecillewæt Glacier, up the Asulkan Valley, and to all the magnificent scenic points in that vicinity.

a wide variety of game to tempt the sportsmen. The wooded mountains to the south are favourite haunts of deer and bear; the innumerable rivers and creeks afford splendid trout fishing;

COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR GOLDEN, WHERE THE SWISS VILLAGE IS LOCATED

The Lake Windermere district is also reached from Golden either by steamer or by an automobile road, which is ultimately to be extended to Banff and Calgary. This road is destined to be the great automobile road of the mountains, running through the playground of the Dominion, not the least interesting feature of which will be the new "Edelweiss" and its people.

Another movement is on foot to try the introduction into this region not only of the Swiss people, but also the great game animal of the Swiss Alps—the chamois. It is thought that these animals would thrive in the mountain fastnesses which stretch away in every direction from Golden, and thus give greater zest for sportsmen. Already there is

the high, rocky peaks to the north are famous as the home of the mountain sheep, mountain goat, and grizzly bear. Caribou are plentiful in the district, and other animal life includes the Parry marmot, little animals of a dark, silver-tipped gray, resembling the gopher of the plains, but with a richer and darker fur; whistlers (the hoary marmot); and Little Chief hares; brown bear, fox, wolf, porcupine, and marten.

In fact, the entire district with which this Swiss village will be surrounded is one of intense interest to explorer, mountaineer, botanist, naturalist, and nature-lover.

As to the regions that have yet to be opened up to the ordinary mountaineer by the Swiss guides to be permanently located there, hear what

SWISS GUIDES, WITH KID OF MOUNTAIN GOAT

Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, has to say of the wonderful Spillimacheen Mountains, which are a feature of the district:

"Except to the prospector these are little known, and would provide a grand exploration ground for the alpine man. Pyramids, cones, towers, pinnacles, and great snow-clad domes rise superbly. Wide snow fields lie between. Deep valleys cut into the heart of the range. At their heads are beautiful grassy uplands. Picturesque ice-falls fill the gorges. Glacial torrents break from ice-caves and fall hundreds of feet over rock ledges. The region is unmapped and unnamed, except locally by the hunter and prospector. I have heard old prospectors tell of a wonderful waterfall that leaps two thousand feet down a precipice in a valley rimmed in by high cliffs, to which there is no entry except by a stiff climb over the rim, the exit of the stream lying in a deep, impassable canyon. I have heard of another waterfall that cascades eight hundred feet in a series of striking rockets. I have seen a snow field where a group of snow monoliths, hundreds of feet high, rise from its centre. Seen from the heights of the Dog Tooth Range, this wonderland is enthralling. An intense fascination grips the beholder and urges an exploration of its hidden recesses."

This, then, is the character of that region of the high alps of Canada's vaster Switzerland which is at last to be rendered "residential."

THE LEGENDARY LORE OF ICELAND

BY MARJORIE PATERSON-SMYTH

FAR away in the north-west of Europe lies the little island of Iceland, an island so far separated from the mainland that the majority of the inhabitants have never had any intercourse with their fellow-men. There live a race of men who, issuing thousands of years ago from the defiles of the Caucasus, travelled west and north during many generations, leaving tribes and parts of tribes on every fertile spot on the journey, till they could go no farther.

As a natural consequence of their isolation, their literature can boast a freshness and spontaneity unknown to that of continental Europe. On the Continent, it was inevitable that the fashions and customs of one country, whether literary or otherwise, should influence to a very large extent its neighbours. Thus it is that the heroes Charlemagne, Arthur and Alexander have made a regular grand progress through all the saga-literature of Europe, assuming, it is true, different garbs from time to time, according to the temper of the people, but still, through all, essentially the same.

But apart from all others stands the great cycle of the Icelandic sagas, the product of a race who lived on the outskirts of European civilisation, who spoke a language no one troubled to understand, who worked out their destiny in their own way. These Norsemen were a daring and valiant race; they boasted gallant fighters and intrepid explorers; they took a proud interest in their own great men and in their own history. Add to such characteristics an innate genius for narrative and a life of romantic adventure, and surely we have all the requisites of a great and original literature.

And in reading this literature, the first prose literature which exists in any modern language, we must not forget that we are reading the history of our own race at a period antecedent to anything like historical writing. We need not be ashamed of our kinship with a people who could boast that "none ever furled his sail for any wind that blew"; who considered there was little true manhood in taking advantage of a man's weakness; who produced women such as the wife of Viga-Glum—the Florence Nightingale of those primitive times.

These Sagas abound in love stories of the utmost pathos. In the stories of the *Volsungs,* we read of *Brynhild,* the war-maiden, who, by the will of *Odin,* is prevented from wedding the man she loves. Driven to a mad frenzy by her sorrow, she compasses his death rather than see him the husband of *Gudrun;* and then—as he lies dead before her—she falls forward on her sword, and, with her last dying breath, beseeches that they may be burnt on the same funeral pyre, so that at least in death they may not be divided and that, as they go up to Valhalla, the shining door that openeth for him shall not swing to and shut her out.

Still more pathetic is the dying speech of *Gudrun:* "O Sigund, remember the pledge thou madest me. Now from the sombre dwelling place among the dead, come forth; lift me in thy shadowy arms and bear me tenderly to the pale kingdoms of Hades."

Most beautiful of all the love tales is that of "Gunnlaug and the Fair Helga." *Gunnlaug* of the Worm Torgue came to Thorstein to learn law-craft but from the first he much preferred to sit at chess with *Helga* than to puzzle over law with her father! *Thorstein,* however, refused to give her him to wife, saying, just as the tyrannical father in the most modern novel might say, that *Gunnlaug* had not the wherewithal to keep a wife, and that the pair were much too young to know their own minds. Softened at last by their united entreaties, he agreed to keep them on probation for three years; if, at the end of that time, *Gunnlaug* should claim *Helga,* they might be free to wed.

So *Gunnlaug* set off on his journeys, during which he visited the courts of England, Ireland, and Sweden. Alas, illness delayed his return beyond the appointed three years and *Helga* became the bride of *Rafn.*

From the moment of the marriage, *Helga* drooped. She would pace about her new home, like a bird in a cage, and reck nothing of the jewels and garments her husband heaped at her feet.

Time went on and her father wedded her to *Thorkel,* a man of substance. Still she sat plucking out the threads one by one; she had no other joy than to gaze upon the fading cloak and pull the scanty threads away. Then she fell sick. One night, as she sat like some pale ghost with her head on *Thorkel's* knees, she said: "Bring me again the cloak that *Gunnlaug* gave me." And when they had brought it, she sat up, gazed at it for a moment, then plucked the last gold threads away and sank back dead.

I have selected one or two of the love stories so as to give you some faint idea of the wonderful delicate workmanship of those great sagas of which they form but a side-issue. In a brief paper such as this, it would be an utter impossibility to do anything like justice to these sagas as a whole — to these sagas which can boast tales of adventure and of battle as fine as the Odyssey and the Illiad, love stories rivalled only by *Tristam* and *Lancelot* and the best ghost-tales in the world.

Surely it is these little side-issues, these pieces of delicate tracery that show the master hand. Every here and there throughout the sagas, we come upon little things which none but a genius would have mentioned, and which yet put the crowning touches to the characters and turn them for us from stilted images to real creatures of flesh and blood. It may be well to mention a few more of these.

Thorfinn's wife takes advantage of her husband's absence to indulge in an extra period of spring cleaning. When the *Berserkers* invade her dwelling, her first thought is not of the personal danger of herself—no—it is of the dirt the men's boots will make in her clean and new-decked hall!

Again: *Grettir,* the outlaw, the reckless, remorseless shedder of men's blood, lavishes his affection on an old pied ram, and this pet comes every evening to kiss the bearded warrior good-night.

Once again: We have drawn for us in *Viga Glum* a picture of all the young Vikings, drawing lots to see who shall sit at table beside the *Lady Astrida,* the most beautiful of maidens.

And one closing example: We have the wife of *Viga Glum,* a fit ancestor for Florence Nightingale, coming out after the battle to tend the wounded, no matter to what side they belonged.

These are but a few examples out of hundreds, but I think they seem to illustrate my point.

As I have said earlier. I am making

no attempt to do more than lightly touch on the sagas—each would need a separate paper to itself. Now I pass on to the legends and superstitions which exist even to the present day.

It would be hard to imagine any place more suitable than Iceland as the cradle of wild and exaggerated imaginings. There is something about the broken line of shore, the echoing caves, the glistening glaciers, the rushing waterfalls, the snowclad peaks, that seems to defy one to be devoid of romance and sentiment. Surrounded on all sides by the monuments of power invisible, man peoples the solitude of air and rock and mountain top with beings supernatural.

In the valleys of the interior, away among the deep woods and rich pastures, the elves of *huldra-folk* reign supreme. To the simple shepherd lads, whose hearts she ravishes, the elf-wife appears as a tall and lovely woman with long, golden hair. But her beauty is but skin-deep and her garments cannot hide the emblem of her origin — the cow's tail. So great is the fascination that she wields, that he who comes under her influence forgets everything for love of her; if he follow her to the mountains, he is lost and may forever say farewell to the society of men. As for the elf-man, he may be often seen basking in the sunbeams, but if anyone approach him, he opens his mouth and breathes forth sickness and pestilence.

The legends of the trolls—the Irish fairies—afford to geologists and others a very interesting explanation of various topographical features of the island.

A troll had once taken up his abode near a certain village; but when the people there became pious and went often to church, the poor troll was so desperately annoyed by the incessant ringing of the bells, that he took his departure. Nothing has more contributed to the emigration of the troll folk than the increasing piety of the people and their taking to bell ringing.

Some time later, this troll met a man from his former village and asked him to be so kind as to take a letter back for him, saying that, if he threw it unopened over the church yard wall, the person for whom it was intended would find it.

The man forgot all about the letter for some time; when he remembered it, he took it from his pocket and examined it. Suddenly water began to trickle from the corner! The letter now opened of itself and water came out faster and faster, so that the poor man had to fly for his life. The treacherous troll had enclosed an entire lake in the envelope, hoping thereby to avenge himself on the church and the church bells, that had so aggravated him! God ordered it otherwise, and to this day, the lake lies in the great meadow where the envelope was opened.

This attitude of antipathy to the church was not, however, shared by all trolls. A troll-man and his wife took a great fancy to a certain clergyman and determined to do him a service by taking an island from the sea and adding it to the church property. So they waded out one night till they reached an island, which suited their notions, and, having rooted it up, they proceeded to take it ashore, the man pulling before, the wife pushing behind. But before they could reach the shore, dawn broke in the east and they were turned to stone. And there you can see them in Breidifjördur to this day, the husband troll a tall, thin, gawky rock, the wife a short and stumpy one; and they are called still old man and old woman.

One large division of Icelandic legend is naturally concerned with the sea. According to the Icelanders, the mermaids are all children of Eve, whom she hid away on one occasion when the Lord came to visit her, because they were not washed and presentable, and who were in consequence condemned to be invisible forever.

The seals, on the other hand, are supposed to be the transformed souls of Pharoah and his host, who were drowned crossing the Red Sea, and their number is always being increased by the souls of those who drown themselves. It is only on Christmas Eve that they regain their human shape.

Amongst the Icelanders, as amongst all races, there are legends about the devil. With one of these I will close. The devil had a great hatred for a certain priest called *Saemunder,* and was always seeking to do him an injury. One day he turned into a fly and hid under the skin of a bowl of milk, hoping that *Saemunder* would swallow him, so that he might do him an injury from within. *Saemunder,* however, noticed him at once, caught him up in the skin of the milk, and carried him in a bladder to church. There the poor devil had to stay till the end of the service. It was a very long sermon and, the historian pathetically adds, the devil never enjoyed himself less in his life.

IN LACRYMAE HORTO

By J. D. LOGAN

I WALKED in the Garden of Weeping,
Where passeth the train of Hearts Broken:
Wearily their way they wended,
With heads bended,
Companions of Grief, seeking some token
That Love somewhere lay sleeping
In the Garden of Weeping.

But one there was, and one only,
Of that Lacrymose train,
Whose soul was darker than her dark tresses.
Alone she went, and lonely,
Crooning in minor strain
This song of melancholy:

O cruel Love—Love that blesses!
O cruel Love—Love that stresses!
Daily in my swart hair
The Black Rose of Life I bind and wear
For him, Fond Heart! who sought me,
For him, False Heart! who forgot me.
O cruel Love that leaves me ever reaping
In loneliness
The bitterness
Of thy excess
Here, unwept, in the Garden of Weeping.

BACK NUMBERS

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

COPLEY, the night-man, swore softly under his breath as he went through the "flimsy" that had accumulated over Saturday. Copley down the river in a canoe of a Saturday night and Copley lazily rolling over for another snooze of a Sunday morning was a man who gloated over the fact that Sunday papers were tabooed in Canada; but Copley at his desk of a Sunday evening, picking up the loose ends of the world's news, was a different individual. The stroke of his blue pencil as he "marked" the paper for the foreman of the composing-room was heavy with irritation.

"Fat" McGregor, the sporting editor, who laboured under a perpetual grouch of malignant type, came in, hooked his umbrella on a nail alongside his desk, and grunting his customary surly "G'night," was answered in kind. Even old Tom Jeffreys, who had been on the staff for twenty years, and whose one pathetic weakness was his inability to recognise his declining usefulness —even he was cut short in the middle of another "anecdote" and left to nervously adjust his glasses and in mild surprise put away his little package of bread and cheese in the bottom drawer. A noisy group of printers scuffled up the alleyway. Out in the street beyond the sidewalks were filled with well-dressed people on their way to church.

That was the way things were the night "Cherry" Rutherford first drifted into the *Recorder* office. It was not exactly the psychological moment to ask for a job; but that was what he was after. Copley brusquely referred him to the managing-editor, who might be in soon, might be late, or might not come down at all, as happened to suit him.

"Cherry" sat down to wait.

"Tidy Teddy," the *Recorder's* "cub" reporter, who prided himself on his "keen observation," looked the new-comer over with a critical eye and noted that he was neatly dressed, was "husky" enough to put up a hot "scrap," that his cheeks were cherry-read with health, and incidentally, when he took off his hat, that he was bald on top, except for a few emaciated hairs that alone remained to tell of what once had been.

The *Recorder's* managing-editor was a new man, sufficiently aggressive and with enough individuality to wear his hat on one side of his head without knowing it wasn't on straight. He believed in doing things, and, if necessary, taking chances. Five minutes of looking into "Cherry's" big, soft eyes and listening to "Cherry's" soft Southern accent, and they came out to Copley.

"Here's a young man, Mr. Copley, who's looking for a place in which to settle down, and thinks this town will just about suit him. Trouble heretofore, too much wandering around. Wants to get married this fall. You might see what you can do for him."

And because Copley wasn't in a very good humour, he sent him out

to old man Lumley's, amid the grins of the whole staff. Old man Lumley was a fiery tempered old miser, who lived in a miserable shack on the outskirts of the city. He had been pestered by small boys till he had come to accept the ridicule of mankind as a necessary portion of life, and he dwelt apart, with bitter enmity to all who approached him. He was looked upon as the oldest living citizen, and many strange stories were told of his fabulous wealth and where he secreted it.

"Cherry"—they dubbed him that from the first—Cherry did not get back to the office till nearly midnight. When he did come in one eye was shut, his clothes were torn in several places, and he bore other evidences of a very interesting interview. But he had a story, and next day his two-column write-up of old Jerry Lumley, with its piquant drollery and delicate undercurrent of pathos, was the talk of the town.

Needless to say, Cherry stuck. He made good on everything he was put at. Acting on a suggestion of the managing-editor, Copley sent him on a tour through Western Ontario to drum up the country correspondents. Goodness knows, they needed it—and got it. The *Recorder's* district-page became the paper's feature, a thing unknown in old Jeff's recollection, and he had been handling the correspondence for six years now.

But jealous? That wasn't Jeff's way at all. He was proud of what Cherry had done for the paper; it was always like that with old Tom—the paper first above every other consideration. He had seen it grow from a little weekly sheet of four pages into the foremost daily in the west, "morning and evening, two editions daily!"

He took a great fancy to Cherry—invited him out to his pretty little vine-clad cottage in the suburbs, where the brick walk was bordered with geraniums and there was a garden at the back, to take tea with the "missus" of a Saturday evening. What was more, Cherry went, more than once, and whiled away many a pleasant hour at dominoes in the quaint little parlour, with the clean rag carpet and the mohair sofa. He even went so far as to get up one Sunday morning in decent time and go to church with old Jeff and his "missus," and he did that more than once, too.

The attitude of the rest of the staff was pretty much that of old Jeff. They liked Cherry—liked him in spite of the fact that Copley practically gave him his pick of the assignments. Even "Fat" McGregor handed him a good cigar occasionally, and you'd have to know "Fat" to appreciate just what that meant.

And, as for the managing-editor—there was little doubt that Cherry could stay where he was just about as long as he cared to. Altogether, it looked as if Cherry had indeed found a town to suit him and was settling down in earnest; every week when he got his pay-envelope, he stowed away a portion of its contents in his trunk up at the boarding-house.

Things went along this way from good to better for two months, till the night arrived when the managing-editor called Copley into his sanctum and spoke of reducing the staff. Expenses had to be cut down everywhere if they were to make the showing required by the directors at the end of the year. He thought that one man could very well be spared from the night-staff and what did Copley think about it?

Copley, of course, thought that he could manage; there was Smith, for instance; he could best spare Smith if someone had to go.

But Smith was a young man, who was full of ginger, wasn't he—a hard worker and a "comer"? The managing-editor believed in a staff of bright, young, enthusiastic men. Modern newspaper-work demanded

energy almost above everything else.

Copley knew what was coming then; he had staved the thing off before. He thoughtfully tapped the desk with the paper-knife.

"You mean——?" he ventured slowly.

"Exactly. You know whom. This is the age of young men, Mr. Copley, and the best interests of the paper demand that we infuse into its pages young blood—ginger! life! snap! I'm here to build up *The Recorder,* and you know as well as I do that we have one very weak spot in our night-staff—a back number, in fact, and——"

"Twenty years of faithful service should surely bear some weight, sir," interposed the night-editor boldly. "I have always found Mr. Jeffreys faithful and willing; I always know where to find him, and he has a great deal of experience which younger heads ——"

The managing-editor waved his hand impatiently.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Copley, you are allowing your sympathies to stand in the way of your better judgment in this matter. Sentiment, sir, is all right in its place—essential in its place; but out of its place is nothing but bosh, sir! In this instance, I'm afraid it is sorely out of place, if you'll permit me to say so. A newspaper is run to make money, not to support employees who have outlived their usefulness; whether they have been employees for ten, twenty, or fifty years makes no difference. Facts are facts and business is business and sentiment belongs exactly where it belongs, which is not inside a newspaper-office. Who else is there?" demanded the managing-editor sharply.

"Well——" Copley hesitated. "By order of precedence—there's—I was going to say Rutherford——"

"Rutherford! Best man on your staff! What's the matter with Rutherford? You surely weren't going to suggest——"

"No—— that is, I—he certainly is a good man."

"Sober and always on the job?"

"Yes."

"Industrious?"

"Yes."

"Falls down on his assignments?"

"No, not once, I believe."

"Well then!" The managing-editor frowned.

"I guess if you say so, sir, it will have to be as you suggested," said Copley reluctantly. "But it seems to me——"

Cherry tip-toed quietly out of the exchange-room. He had not meant to overhear the conversation beyond the thin partition, but it had been unavoidable. He went about his work that night more quietly than usual. When he turned in his copy the night editor caught a whiff of liquor on his breath. But Copley was too much engrossed to take particular note of this, and the fact that it was the first time such a thing had occurred escaped him altogether.

A few nights later, however, he noticed that Cherry was behind time. He came in noisily about nine o'clock unmistakably intoxicated. Copley called to him sharply and he went over to his desk, leering insolently as he did so.

"I'm surprised at you, Rutherford," said the night-editor in a low voice. "Better go home for to-night and don't let this occur again. You know the rules of the office."

Cherry went promptly enough. It was two days before he showed up again at the office. It was pay-day, and old Jeff collared him in the mailing-room and took him over to tea at his little home in the suburbs. Whether the advice the old man gave him took effect or whether the kindly benevolence of old Jeff's "missus" had something to do with it nobody could say; at any rate, Cherry was on hand Sunday night sober and clothed in his right mind, and more like his former self than he had been for days.

Yet there was a difference, too,

which puzzled the whole staff. He did not go to church any more, for one thing, and, while he kept himself sober, his breath was frequently tainted. He was more boisterous than he had ever been before and talked noisily of funny escapades in strange places. Hitherto he had been very reticent about his past; but now he talked with zest of how down South he had chased a man with a gun—case of shoot at sight; how he had tramped it to Vancouver and weeded cabbages in a field full of dirty Orientals for a bite to eat; how he had chucked one job here for this reason and another job there for that reason. Apparently he had ridden the bumpers all over the country, and the funny stories he told in his own inimitable way set the staff roaring.

All but Copley. Copley was worried. Cherry was too good a man to see spoiled, and on several occasions he remonstrated with Cherry. But Cherry only laughed in his free and easy way.

He was still doing his work, though, and doing it well at that. If at times a slight carelessness was manifest in his copy, it was not so glaring but it could be very well passed over. He was still *The Recorder's* star man.

So it was natural that when Copley got a private tip on what promised to be the biggest scoop *The Recorder* had ever manipulated, he called Cherry aside.

"Better take a day off, Rutherford, and see what you can dig up," he concluded. "This may pan out to be a ripping sensation, and, again, there may be nothing in the rumour. But the tip's pretty straight, and I rather fancy there's something doing. Go quietly, though. You can report progress to-morrow night; if there's a story at all, try and get it for to-morrow night. If you can swing this, Rutherford, there isn't a paper in the country that won't be open to you. Good luck. That's all."

Cherry left the office at once. He realised that he was up against a big thing that would require all his resources, and there was no time to be lost. Copley's tip was to the effect that the Robertson Loan and Savings Company, the biggest concern of its kind in the city, was on the point of closing its doors; that President Robertson, instead of being somewhere up in the Temagami district on a fishing trip, had absconded; that he had been preying upon the company's resources for years, his defalcations amounting to over half a million dollars.

The sensation which the verification of this would create would be almost unlimited; for not only was Robertson a prominent figure in church and social circles, but his company's business had its foundation in a great co-operative system of weekly collections from small investors, with the poorer working classes as patrons. The effect of the failure would spread throughout a large section of country and would undoubtedly create something very like a panic.

"Gee! What a peach if she's true!" Cherry ejaculated, as the possibilities of the story dawned more fully upon him.

And at that, he had yet to make his startling discovery.

First he paid a visit to President Robertson's residence. He went straight from there to Detective Tommy Allison, and because Detective Tommy Allison knew Cherry for a man to be trusted, he took him down to the morgue and pledged him to secrecy for twenty-four hours. He also accompanied the reporter to private conferences with some of the company's directors. It was a thing that was bound to become public property before long anyway, and on the twenty-four-hour condition and the detective's guarantee, Cherry got what he was after.

"Just one more favour, Tommy, old man." They were back at the police station again. "I want to see you alone for a jiff—important and confi-

dential, and all that, you know."

Allison opened the door to his private office, shut it again, and locked it. They remained closeted together for perhaps three-quarters of an hour.

Old Tom Jeffreys, walking through the park on his way to the office about dusk next evening, was startled at being suddenly accosted by a stranger, who stepped unexpectedly in front of him; he had not noticed the fellow standing by the lilacs.

"Mr. Jeffreys, of *The Recorder?*" he inquired, gruffly. "I want to see you, sir, for a minute on a matter of great importance both to you and your paper. Shall we sit over here?"

The man was leading the way as he spoke to a bench close by and almost hid in the shadow of the trees. Jeffreys noticed that the stranger's trousers were badly frayed and, in fact, his general appearance was exceptionally seedy. The old man sat down timidly, filled with mild wonder and curiosity.

"What I am about to tell you, Mr. Jeffreys, is going to surprise you more than a little; in fact, sir, it's going to astound you. To be brief, I'm going to put you wise to the biggest newspaper sensation this town has ever seen, and all I ask in return is that you'll not try and remember the man who gave you the tip—meaning me, you understand. My name is not necessary. I once worked for John Robertson, of the Robertson Loan Company—not here, though, and where is no matter. I can't tell you, either, how I come to know the facts I'm about to put you next to; but that they are facts you can easily corroborate by going to Detective Allison.

"And now to get to those facts. To-morrow morning the Robertson Loan & Savings Company's doors will be closed to the public. The company is on the rocks—ruined completely. President Robertson has been bleeding the concern for ten years, and it has just recently been discovered that his pilferings have reached the comfortable sum of $536,000. President Robertson has been missing since last Thursday; to cover up this, it was given out that he was away on an official trip. His body was recovered from the river only last night, and it is now at the morgue."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jeffreys, spasmodically clutching the other's knee.

"It's true, sir, every word! When you leave here, go straight to Detective Allison and he will verify everything I'm telling you. You are better able to appreciate the value of this from a newspaper standpoint than I am, who know nothing about the business, and if you'll go and see Allison, he'll give you details.

"For reasons that you can no doubt understand, the directors and the police have been keeping the thing dark, but to-morrow morning the cat will be out of the bag and the company intends issuing a public announcement. I'm giving the tip to you personally, Mr. Jeffreys, because I've been told you are not only a competent newspaper man, but the oldest newspaper man in this burg. Not another paper in the country has a line on this, so far as I know, and I want you to handle it personally; in that you can oblige me and that is all I ask. Go and see Allison. And now, good-bye, sir, and good luck to you."

The man was gone before the dumfounded Jeffreys could extricate his voice from the tangle of his surprise. For fully five minutes he sat there, trembling, in speechless wonder. Then he got quickly to his feet and set out at a shuffling run for the police station.

Copley dropped the paste-brush back into the pot in front of him, snipped off a piece of telegraph with his scissors and scribbled a head; doubling up the "copy," he jammed

it on the hook and uneasily pushed his eye-shade back into his hair. Presently he got up, crossed to the sporting editor's desk and leaned over anxiously.

"S'pose, Mac, you've noticed Jeff hasn't turned up yet? Wonder if anything's wrong—first time this has happened in ages. Call up the house, will you?"

Teddy Brae, the cub, bustled into the city-room with customary noise.

"I say, Mitch, have you seen Cherry to-night? Got a peach of a jag on. Gee; he's orieyed! Worst yet!"

"What's that?" Copley's sharp ears had caught a little of what was not intended to reach them at all. "What's that about Rutherford?"

"I just saw him down street, sir," said Brae.

"Drunk?"

"Well, he——"

"Was he drunk?"

"Yes, sir, he——"

Copley flung down his pencil, went into the managing-editor's office, and shut the door.

"Mrs. Jeffreys says Jeff left as usual three hours ago for the office," reported McGregor when Copley came out a moment later.

The anger in the night-editor's face altered swiftly.

"Mitchell, just chase over to the police station, will you, and see if any accidents have been reported."

The clump of Mitchell's boots had no more than died out on the stairs when a greater noise of stumbling feet came on the ascent and Mitchell burst in again. Behind him, prodding him excitedly in the back, was old Jeff himself.

The latter ran straight over to Copley's desk and clutched the editor's arm, while his voice shook as he poured out the tale of his great find. Copley stared. He did not wait to play with his surprise; he did not wait for Jeff to finish, but slapped him on the back.

"Good for you, Tom! Sit right down and wade in!" he cried, and hurried again into the chief's office. The managing-editor responded as if a fire-alarm had been rung in upon him. He came out, eyes snapping, sharply quizzing.

"Good! Good! Write it, Jeffreys! Sling it hard! Fine business!" He rubbed his hands together, and the chief did that only when he was very pleased indeed. "Here, better come into the exchange-room where you won't be disturbed. Fine business, sir! Fine business!"

They swept the papers off the desk. They got him the best typewriter in the place; they got Mitchell, the fastest man on the staff, to pound it for him. Copley was already out in the composing-room, going over the forms with the foreman and clearing space; every man on the machines keyed himself for a race against time. And tingling with the excitement of the whole thing, eyes bright, head clear, old Jeff plunged into dictation.

Nervously energetic as he was, the staff had never known the chief to show the excitement he did that night. It was past his usual time for leaving the office; but he gave no hint of leaving. He kept bobbing in and out of the exchange-room every little while to see how things were progressing. He leaned over Mitchell's shoulder and read a few pages as they rolled steadily upward out of the machine. If he was a little anxious at first as to how the old man was handling the stuff, his misgivings were soon dispelled; for Jeff was in his old form that night. The managing-editor chuckled as he went out and closed the door.

Every little while the ink-bedaubed "devil" ran in with a shrill yell for "copy!" The assistant-foreman worked like a demon, throwing in leads here, picking them out there, revising whole pages, and rushing them away to the stereotypers. The galley-boy buckled in and pulled more proofs in faster time than he had

ever been known to pull before.

So the record-breaking night wore away until the thing was finished.

The stereotypers were chiseling like mad at the second-last plate and the hour was about three in the morning, when Cherry staggered into the office. His clothes were covered with dust where he had stumbled coming up the stairs. He stood for a moment at the door of the city-room, blinking in the glare of the electric lights. Nobody seemed to be cognizant of the important fact that he was present; Copley did not even look up. Cherry grinned as he lurched across to the desk.

"G'ni', Mizzer C-Copley," he blurted, good-naturedly.

"Mr. Manson would like to see you, Rutherford."

Copley jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the managing-editor's room and bent again to his proofs.

"Couldn' fin' a blame thing—pipe-dream, thashwha'—whole thing jussa—pipe-dream!"

"That'll do, Rutherford. I said Mr. Manson would talk to you."

"Mizzer Mazzon? Oh, awri'. No needag' mad, ole chap! I zh'll goan zee Mizzer Mazzon thish ver' minute."

He tightened his legs in a strenuous effort to walk with dignity out into the corridor and rapped loudly on the managing-editor's door. The rapping seemed to sober him somewhat.

"Nuthin' doin', Mr. Manson," he began. "The ru-rumour, zir, was w'out any jussifi-jussification, zir."

Cherry tittered vaguely as he noted the managing-editor's frown; it seemed to amuse him.

"You're a disgrace to this office, Rutherford." The chief was plainly disgusted and meant what he said. "To a man in your present condition, sir, the best story on earth wouldn't balance a glass of whisky. Thank goodness! when young scapegraces like you fall down, we still have the old fellows to hold things up! This morning's paper, Mr. Rutherford, will explain my meaning more fully. I am very much disappointed in you."

"Thashawri'," mumbled Cherry, staring vacantly.

"I'm sorry that a man of your ability, Rutherford, should choose to act as you have been acting lately. You are a back number in this office and for back numbers we have no use. I'm sorry to say, sir, that *The Recorder* can no longer make use of your services."

Cherry grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, thashawri', awri'," he mumbled again. "Do' mezhenit; Thashawri'."

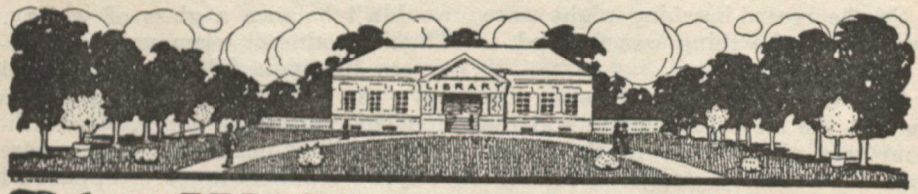
He staggered out and softly closed the door behind him. Then he quietly made his way down the stairs—very quietly, indeed, for a man so deeply under the influence of liquor.

Out in the alleyway the fresh night air seemed to revive him to a remarkable degree. He paused for a moment to look up at the lighted windows of the office and he was still standing there when a noisy chorus broke out; the boys were evidently showering congratulations on old Jeff and winding up with, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"Poor old devil!" murmured Cherry. "It's the night of his life."

From the press-room came the sudden rumble of machinery. An express-waggon was drawn up at the curb out on the street, waiting for the mail-bags, and an early newsboy ran past him up the alley.

Cherry's chubby cheeks wrinkled in a smile as he pulled out his watch. He had just fifteen minutes to catch his train, and he could buy a paper at the depot.



The WAY of LETTERS

TO many persons poetry is extremely prosaic. It may be a fault of the person himself, but more likely is it a fault of the poet. However that may be, it is not the author's fault if a recent volume of "Irish Poems," by Arthur Stringer, fails to give delight. These poems are imbued with the mirth and abandon, the madness and the sadness of the Irish people. Coming from a writer of Mr. Stringer's standing, they must be regarded as the outcome of a direct literary design, and yet within themselves they display the qualities of spontaneity and emotion. One is convinced that Mr. Stringer has interpreted Irish sentiment well, and he has performed the difficult task of expressing it in suitable verse form, lyrically, delightfully, artistically. It is perhaps for their artistic excellence that these poems can be most praised, but everyone, whether Irish or not, will sympathise with their pathos, smile at their naïveté, and respond heartily to their soft, limpid music. They are quite different from the class of poetry that Mr. Stringer has produced heretofore, and are therefore an evidence of this author's versatility and enterprise. It would be a pleasure to quote from "The Philanderer," "The Sisterhood," and "Wimmin Folk" as examples of what the volume contains, but we shall instead quote one poem in full:

THE MEETING

I'd niver seen the face av her;
  And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
  And I'd swung in from sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
  The soft and moitherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
  And the ould sea's lonely chune!

It may have all been doomed, in faith,
  For many an' many a year,
That soft and mad and wishtful night
  Without a laugh or tear!

She helt me face betwixt her hands,
  And out av wishtful eyes
For long she watched me sunburnt face
  Wid wonder and surprise.

For long against her quiet breast
  She helt me throubled head;
And when I kisst her shmilin' mouth,
  "Ye'll ne'er come back!" she said.

And out she fared to Shela Hills,
  And I swung back to sea;
But och, the ache and loneliness
  That wan night left wid me!

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, WHOSE LATEST VOLUME, "IRISH POEMS" IS HERE REVIEWED, RAKING HAY ON HIS FARM AT CEDAR SPRINGS, ONTARIO

IN the Early Victoria days, the foolish heroine, of whom *Amelia Sedley* is an extreme example, was widely popular. The timid and clinging young creature, in white muslin and fluttering ribbons, who wept on the slightest provocation, was found in every "best seller." She was, naturally, all affection, and usually attached herself to a man of the bully type. The worse he treated her, the closer she clung and the more she wept.

The white muslin girl has seen several successors, and the modern American heroine, of many dollars and *insouciant* manner is probably the prevalent type in the fiction of 1911. It has remained for certain modern English novelists to give us the fool hero—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, in "The Fool Errant;" Mr. J. Locke, in "The Morals of Marcus" and other sprightly narratives. Mr. E. Temple Thurston is hardly to be ranked with the aforementioned writers, but in his latest work of light fiction, "The Garden of Resurrection," he has depicted a hero of the fool variety, whose fatuity is well nigh incredible. This amazing character undertakes a trip to Ireland, in order to save an utterly unknown heroine from marrying a young scamp who has talked of his designs on her money. The latter makes known his intention during a café conversation which the hero is unlucky enough to overhear. The young *Clarissa*, quite as a matter of course, scouts the advice and proceeds to various acts of recklessness. She has a dusky ancestress among her forbears, which may account for a shady streak in her character. *Clarissa's* lack of restraint results in the traditional way, when she throws herself successfully on the tender mercies of the fool hero—who, by the way, was just contemplating a voluntary exit from this vale of tears. The characters are tawdry and unwholesome, with the exception of *Cruikshank* and his whimsical wife, *Bellwattle*. The writer's sympathy with the life of the garden is charmingly expressed, and the hero's splendid dog, *Dandy*, goes far towards redeeming a rather stupid story. The reader will remember the daffodils and *Dandy* long after the troubles of the lachrymose heroine and the vapourings of the flabby hero are forgotten. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

ROBERT J. C. STEAD'S third volume, "Prairie Born," is scarcely an advance from his first works, "The Empire Builders" and "Prairie Flowers." There are some pretty good things in it, and some that are not good. So many volumes of verse are marred by a few numbers that might so well have been left out! In this volume there are several ballads that will be popular, but their "swing" is so familiar, so reminiscent, that one wonders when this style of ballad will end. We have had a good deal of it in Canada. Here is a stanza from "The "Squad of One":

Sergeant Blue of the Mounted Police was
a so-so kind of guy;
He swore a bit, and he lied a bit, and
he boozed a bit on the sly,
But he held the post at Snake Creek
Bend for country and home and
God,
And he cursed the first and forgot the
rest—which wasn't the least bit
odd.

And here is a stanza from "The Mothering":

I had lain untrod for a million years from
the line to the Arctic sea;
I had dreamed strange dreams of the
vast unknown,
Of the lisping wind and the dancing
zone,
Where the Northland fairies' feet had
flown,
And it all seemed good to me.

But, as we have already said, there is a "swing" to these things, and the public seems to like it. (Toronto: William Briggs).

IT must call for much patience and study to master the requirements of the modern novel that deals with the old court scenes. There is a succinctness of dialogue, a veiled repartee, a tangle of intrigue, and withal a courtliness of antagonism that is demanded here as nowhere else. To fail in any part makes the book the worst of failures, to be recognised as such by even the least erudite of readers. In "The Justice of the King" Hamilton Drummond has not attempted his first novel of this kind of life, and the book shows it. Lacking in incident of any degree of novelty and possibly in characters that appeal, the author has mastered the style of the Louis and French Court narrative in a most creditable manner, and one that will commend the book to the many who delight in the semi-historical novel. (The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A SMALL volume of much better new verse than one usually encounters comes from the pen of Sherman C. Swift. It will be found mostly too conventional for the popular taste of to-day, but there are passages that arrest attention, as, for instance, the sonnet entitled "The Lone Mosquito":

Lone haunter of my midnight-darkened room!
What deep dismay, what craven fears are mine,
As on my ear, athwart the trembling gloom,
The ringing, stinging, pinging, whinging whine
Of thy thin warpipe falls, portentous sign
Of carnage dread, more feared than cannon's boom:
An arrant coward, the conflict I decline
And strive in vain to flee my certain doom.

Like pirate viking on some smiling coast,
Like thieving free-lance on some princely town,
Upon me from the shades thou swoopest down,
Bloodthirsty Pillager! a vampire ghost,
That through the night rich, purple booty rapes,
And with the dawn full-gorged, unscathed escapes.

The sonnets are generally very good, particularly the one entitled "Robert Browning." (Toronto: the University Press).

*

RICHARD REMINGTON, the character developed by H. G. Wells in his late novel entitled "The New Machiavelli," is a person much in discussion just now. That is, of course, because Mr. Wells has presented him deftly to the public. His career is one continuous rivalry between two master passions—the love of statesmanship and the love of woman. In early life *Remington* finds himself married, but he discovers also that he has not yet begun to live, and he begins to seek a career in politics, taking as his model, with some limitations, the early Italian craftsman. But another woman comes into his life, and thereafter he wavers between her and public service. It is a book that has to be read to be understood, and it is one of the literary "sensations" of the season. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

*

IN reading "The Path of Glory," by Paul L. Howorth, one is reminded of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." But the reminder is not so much in the story and style of writing as in the time and setting. There has always been a glamour of romance around the city of Quebec, and no time in the history of that ancient capital seems to offer the same opportunity for the exploitation of love and adventure as the period immediately preceding and up to the conquest by the English. The "Path of

Glory" led Wolfe to death and took from France its great American colony. The central figures are *Charles Randolph,* of Virginia, and *Alfrede de Saint-Pierre,* daughter of a French commandant. This novel is thrilling in its adventure and strong in its love scenes. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

*

THE charm of freshness and novelty pervades Stewart Edward White's book, entitled "The Cabin." Here is a volume that is merely an account of how the author and a few companions went up into the Sierras and built a cabin there—and a very delightful one it is, too. Mr. White is, as his readers know, a lover of the free, open life of the wild, and in this book he tells of how he has been enabled to enjoy it to the full. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

THE Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, of which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is the editor, completes, with the 1910 volume, which is just out, its first decade as an annual publication. It is the most comprehensive review of our public affairs that we have. Last year was unusually fruitful, and the editor has reviewed such topics as the naval question, and its relative interests, and the death of King Edward with good judgment. The volume is well illustrated. (Toronto: the Annual Review Publishing Company).

*

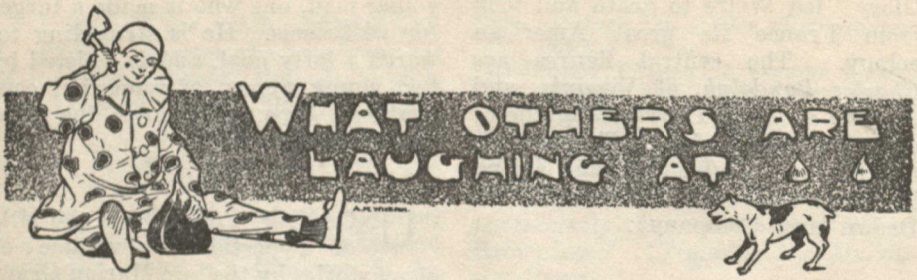
ONE of the most promising of young American novelists whose first venture, "Queed," is being generously received by the critics, is Henry Sydnor Harrison. His novel consists mainly of a character study, Dickensian in some respects, whimsical and perhaps overdrawn. The style of writing is pleasing, except that the humour is sometimes affected. *Queed* is a grave, conceited young man, one who is made a target for witticisms. He is struggling towards a lofty goal, and is assisted by two young women of somewhat conventional type. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

"UNCANNY TALES" is the title of a posthumous volume of short stories by the late Marion Crawford. The title pretty well describes the contents. These tales have not the terrible uncanniness of some of Poe's, but they are sufficiently so to suit most persons who like that kind of reading. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

MANY readers will recall a little book that was widely read several years ago—"The Lady of the Decoration." It was an account in letter form of an American girl's experiences in Japan. Now Miss Adeline Teskey, a Canadian writer, has turned the tables and written the impressions of a Chinese girl in America. Between the two books there is this fundamental difference: "The Lady of the decoration" is the impression of an American girl by an American writer; "The Yellow Pearl" is the impression of a Chinese girl as an American writer thinks she would be impressed. In one sense, Miss Teskey's is a good device for satirising Western conventionalities, and the book (or, rather, diary) is written in a spicy, somewhat whimsical style; but one happens to wonder whether a Chinese girl, who is, after all, half white, would refuse to wear a fur garment decorated with an animal's head or an imitation of one. Perhaps she would, but the question is suggested merely to point out the many difficulties that this author had to overcome if she attempted to do more than mildly scoff at American customs that may be absurd. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).



THE WORST OF IT

"I'm sorry you've got to leave Eden and go to work simply because I gave you the rest of that apple," said contrite Eve.

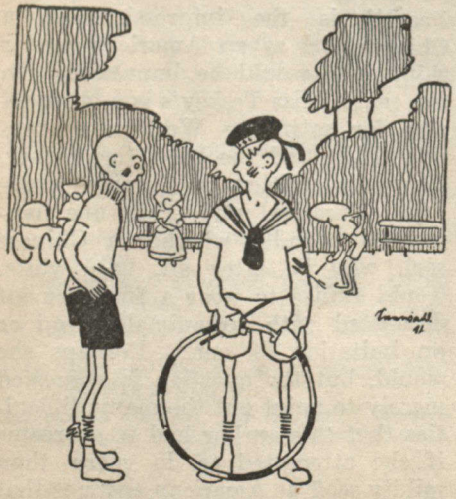
"Never mind," answered Adam. "The ultimate consumer always gets the worst of it."—*Washington Star.*

*

DISGUISED

"You didn't pay the slightest attention to the policeman who warned you about the lights on your automobile!" said the magistrate severely.

"I am at fault, judge," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I'm a stranger in the city and he spoke so politely I didn't think he could be a real policeman."—*Washington Star.*



"Aw, why don't you get a sweater on, and be a real sport." —*Jugend* (Berlin)

ONE OF THE SIX BEST

"John, whatever induced you to buy a house in this forsaken region?"

"One of the best men in the business."—*Life.*

*

RIGHT TO A DOT

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.

"Two pints."—*The Christian Advocate.*

*

A SLEUTH

Police Officer—"In order that the villain who caught and kissed you in the dark may be tracked, we must set our police dog after him. So to trace the scent you must give Nero a kiss."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"Have you any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—*Cleveland Leader.*

*

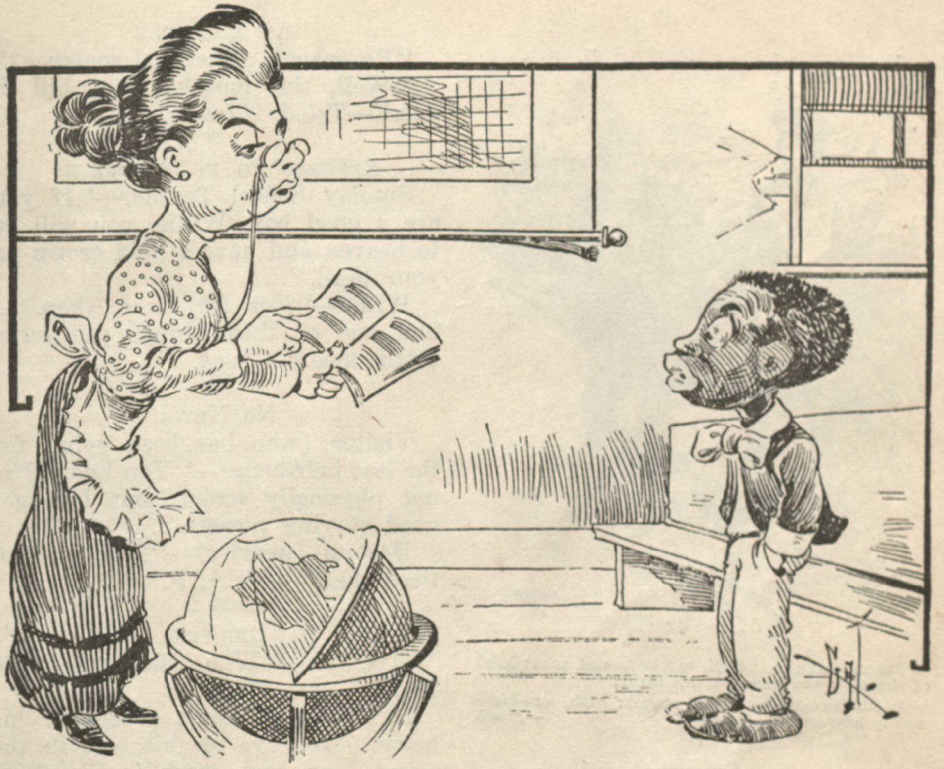
BLACK AND BLUE

"Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymer."

"He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it."

"No? Has he been overworking?"

"It isn't that so much, it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—*Woman's Journal.*



SHADES OF COLUMBUS!

TEACHER: What is the capital of Ohio? Think carefully; it was named after one of the greatest men that ever lived.

"Jack Johnson."

—*Life*

His Only Hope

The doctor stood by the bedside, and looked gravely down at the sick man.

"I can not hide from you the fact that you are very ill," he said. "Is there any one you would like to see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer faintly.

"Who is it?"

"Another doctor."—*Judge.*

*

No Need for That

A minister, in an address to other ministers, once said that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Real Test

"How," the president of the Fat Man's Club was asked, according to a magazine writer, "did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?"

"Yes," the portly officer replied; "but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk building, fifth floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs. At the top he met a man who asked: 'Were you looking for the Fat Man's Club?' 'Yes.' 'The main office is on the first floor,' the man said. 'Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs."—*Kansas City Star.*

PROUD FATHER: "Well, my boy, and what kind of sheep do you keep on this farm?"

LAND AGENT (in pupil stage): "Oh, er—big—woolly beggars." —*Punch*

SHADY

He—"Don't you think she has rather a good complexion?"

She—"It strikes me as being just a trifle too impressionistic."—*Scribner's.*

*

GENEROUS

Grandma—"Johnny, I have discovered that you have taken more maple sugar than I gave you."

Johnny—"Yes, Grandma, I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

*

THERE WAS A REASON

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife; "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it! What do you suppose I want you to economise for, anyway?"—*The Pittsburg Observer.*

AN EXAMPLE

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"

"Well, this month's gas bill is one."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

REFUSED TO BE AUREOLED

Sunday School Teacher—"If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

Willie—"Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once."—*Puck.*

*

NO NEWS

Visitor (who has been going for the last half-hour)—"You know, I'm not physically strong, but I've got good staying powers."

Hostess (wearily)—"Yes, we noticed that."—*M. A. P.*

*

BRIBERY

Mrs. M.—"Who did you vote for?"

Mrs. N.—"I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

*

UP AGAINST IT

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theatre to get a breath of fresh air."—*Washington Star.*

*

EXPLAINED

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks, the younger exclaimed:

"I cannot think what has upset that tall, blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband. —*Penny Pictorial.*