

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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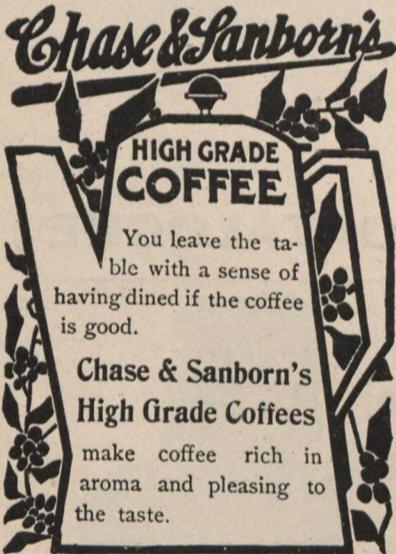
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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

MR. BONNYCASTLE DALE is still in British Columbia with his wonderful pencil, his keen eye, and his expert camera. He has contributed an article on the minor denizens of the deep—wonderful creatures of whom we know too little. Nor is Mr. Dale a stale, dry-as-dust college professor. He is a philosopher who sees in nature a wonderful harmony worth inspecting. He goes out to search for beauty and divine order, not to seek a new object to cut up and put under the microscope. We hope, later on, to publish more work from this wonderful searcher for the new, the unobserved and the forgotten.

NOVA SCOTIA'S anniversary, coming on the heels of the Quebec Tercentenary, was almost overshadowed. We devote a page to it this week, though it deserves more space. Canadians are not too often reminded that representative government is a boon which should be as highly prized as honour itself.

THE reading season will soon be here. Have you three or four friends to whom you would like sample copies of The National Weekly sent? Put their names on a post card and it will be done. We are entering upon a big advertising campaign and you can help us in this way. Now is the time for every one of our twenty thousand helpers to strike another hard blow — for victory.



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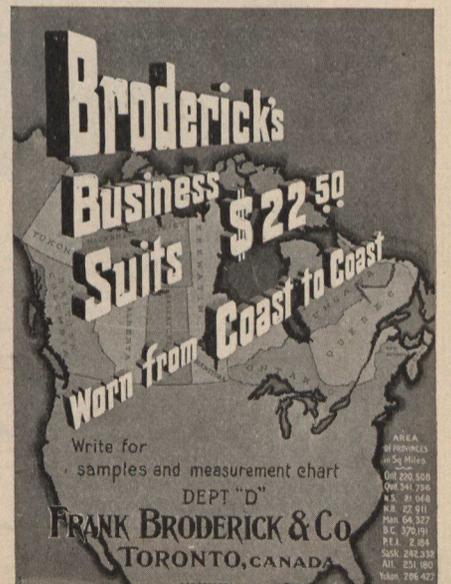
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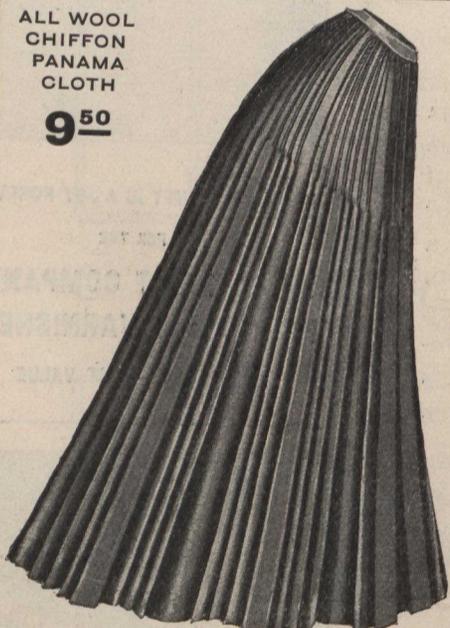
T-5709. Waist, made of fine all-over embroidered Oriental Net over separate slip of Japanese silk; front and 3/4 length sleeves elaborately trimmed with rows of guipure lace insertion and tucks; fastened in back and tucked; a dainty waist for afternoon or evening wear. Choice of white or ecru.....**6.75**
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, September 5th, 1908.

No. 14

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

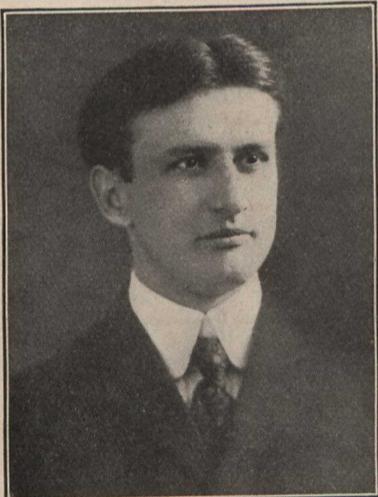


Hon. J. M. Gibson,
Ontario's next Lieutenant-Governor.

GOVERNMENT House hospitality in Toronto is again to be dispensed by a military man. The new Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Colonel Gibson, is as well known to the militia of Canada as a marksman and military organiser as he is to the average civilian as a member of Legislature and Cabinet. There is less resemblance between the Hon. Colonel and Sir Mortimer Clarke than between the latter and Sir Oliver Mowat, who was the most recent other member of the Ontario Legislature and Cabinet to become Governor in the province. Sir Mortimer has been one of the most gracious men that ever gave State dinners in Canada. He has been as remarkable for the number and variety of his public addresses as Earl Grey; and it is not remembered that he ever made a bad speech. As Colonel Gibson is a military man he will per-

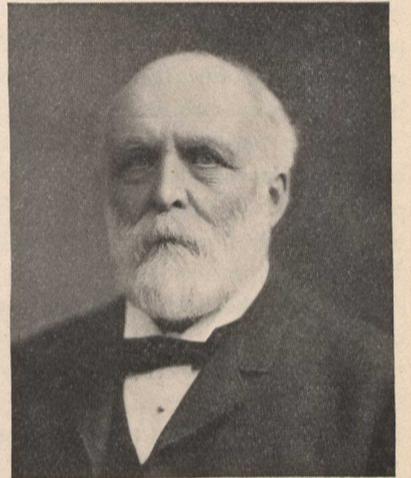
haps do less talking; and he may not diffuse quite so much dignified urbanity as did Sir Mortimer. But he has done more for the cause of rifle shooting than any other man in Canada; and that should entitle him to considerable respect as Governor even if he should choose to read his speeches.

Hon. Mr. Gibson has had a busy and a constructive career. He has lived most of his life in Hamilton, was born near there, educated there and hung out his first shingle there as a lawyer. At the present time he is one of the best known citizens of Hamilton—though he has never been a popular idol. Thirty-five years he spent in the militia; and nearly thirty years in Ontario politics. He is a veteran of the Fenian Raid and he was lieutenant of the Thirteenth Battalion at Ridgeway. At that time he was a young man of twenty-four and had not become so dangerous with a rifle as he became in the seventies when he began to be a member of rifle teams and to win prizes. He has done as much for the Thirteenth as ever he did for the Liberal party in Ontario politics. He has held portfolios under three successive premiers, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Hon. G. W. Ross. He has been Provincial Secretary, Crown Lands Commissioner and Attorney-General. Had he remained in politics there would have been nothing further for him but the Premiership, to which, however, he never aspired and for which popular opinion never designated him. He has the satisfaction now of taking precedence of the Premier who so long sat in thundering opposition to him in the good old fighting days when the Ross Government was riding its last horse. His career in the Legislature was always constructive. He has done a great deal for the Ontario statute book, notably in the laws affecting fish and game, license laws and an Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to and Better Protection of Children. In business he has been highly successful and has become identified prominently with schemes of power that had more to do with electricity than with politics. He will make one of the most conspicuous and representative Governors Ontario ever had.



Prof. Muir Edwards, B. Sc.

HAVING furnished Alberta University with a president, McGill University has now sent a member of the faculty in the person of Prof. W. Muir Edwards, B.Sc., who will take charge of all scientific instruction in that institution. Prof. Edwards is the nephew of a Senator and son of Dr. Edwards of Moosejaw. He was educated in Montreal and being yet a young man will have an opportunity of laying a broad foundation for a career of large usefulness in a country that needs just all the ideals and culture it can get. At present educational matters belong to a very respectable minority in that country. At a public meeting on university matters the other day in Regina there was a corporal's guard in attendance. The province is absorbed just now in wheat and has just had an election. At the same time it is significantly true that considering the absolute newness of things in that land there has been more educational progress in the West than ever there was in the older provinces in a similar period of time.

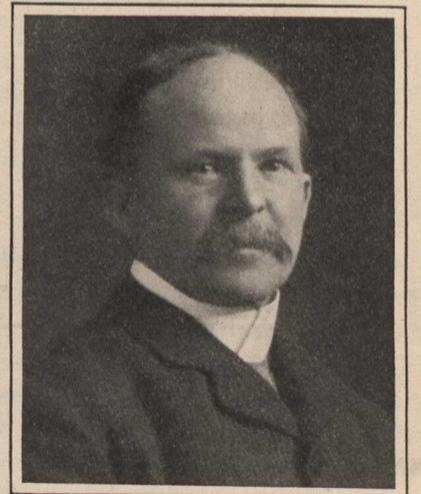


The late Mr. John Fensom,
Founder Fensom Elevator Works.

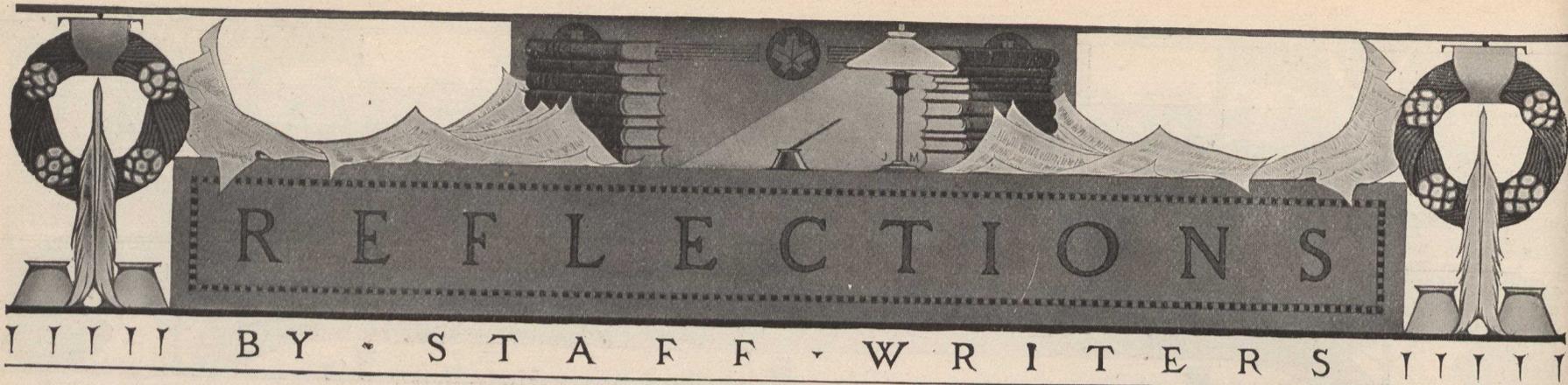
CANADA is now old enough in the manufacturing business to have elderly pioneers. She is not too old to feel the loss when one of these passes away. Many of them have waged stern battles with adverse forces such as a new country faces, and found success a difficult task. Yet they have won and imprinted their names indelibly upon the nation's industrial records.

The late Mr. John Fensom was born in England nearly 80 years ago. His family migrated to America when he was a boy of about eight years. They settled in Providence, Rhode Island State, afterwards removing to Pawtucket and then into Massachusetts where he learned the trade of machinist. When a young man, Mr. Fensom's family moved to Canada, eventually establishing Fensom's Mills in Grey County. Mr. Fensom came to Toronto later and was married there in 1854. He then took up saw-mill building and general machine work, making Collingwood his headquarters. There he met reverses by fire and came to Toronto, where he gradually built up a machine manufacturing business, calling it the Central Iron Works. His special line of manufacture in that city was cotton mills and factory equipment. About thirty-five years ago he took up elevators as a specialty and established the Fensom Elevator Works, Toronto, and continued actively in the manufacture of elevators until about three years ago, when his company amalgamated with the Otis Elevator Company, the business being now the Otis-Fensom Elevator Company, of which his son, Mr. George H., is general manager.

TO be treasurer of a company whose gross annual receipts are nearly ninety million dollars looks like a highly responsible office. The man upon whom this responsibility has recently devolved is Mr. H. E. Suckling, who succeeds Mr. W. S. Taylor, C. P. R. treasurer since 1884. Mr. Suckling is not a beginner in railway matters. Though still a young man as usefulness goes, he was treasurer of the old Credit Valley road way back in 1874, and until 1883. Later on, he became local treasurer of the C. P. R. in Toronto; afterwards assistant-treasurer in Montreal.



Mr. H. E. Suckling,
Treasurer C. P. R.



MARITIME UNION

PREMIER HAZEN'S remarks at Halifax, though guarded, indicate a growing feeling in favour of Maritime Union. Our correspondent's suggestion in last week's issue that the part of Quebec lying south of the St. Lawrence and north of New Brunswick should be given to the new province is also worthy of consideration. When Newfoundland comes in, she too should be part of the Maritime province—the new Acadia. This new province would then be equal in area and population to most of the other provinces. It would also be equal in possibilities.

It is a radical suggestion, but something radical must be done to prevent these districts being overshadowed by their more powerful partners in the Confederation. The pressing need for action has been well explained in Mr. McCready's letter of two weeks ago. The "Courier" commends the subject to the serious consideration of all its readers who have the future prosperity of Canada in their minds. The West must not engross all our attention. Fair play demands that the East be not overlooked.

UNFAIRNESS OF UNIONS

AT times, capitalists and employers are decidedly unfair; so are the trades unions. Occasionally capitalists will combine against a fellow-capitalist to crush him out of existence; the trades unions are at times autocratic enough to prevent starving men from earning wages. Neither capital nor labour may claim to be possessed of the highest virtues or to be animated always by the loftiest ideals.

A case in point came under the writer's notice last week. A certain painter in Toronto, who had been out of work all summer, was desperate enough to go out to West Toronto and become a strike-breaker in the Canadian Pacific Railway shops at that point. His wife and two children were practically without food. Though a union man, he felt that his family deserved his first consideration. Two or three days afterwards, as he was getting off the train which brought the strike-breakers into Toronto, where most of them lived, he was set upon by strikers and brutally beaten. So severe was his punishment that he was afraid to go back to work. Had he complained to the authorities, he would have been black-listed forever by union workers. To-day, he is still without work and is living upon the charity of his friends.

The writer has every reason to believe that the case is typical. If so, trades unionism is showing a great deal of inhumanity and following a most pernicious and iniquitous policy. The Minister of Labour should investigate this C. P. R. strike in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg, and if it is ascertained that this has been the general conduct of the strikers, punishment of some kind should be meted out to those who are responsible. This so-called "peaceful picketing" seems to have been turned into an engine of oppression and cruelty which cannot be tolerated in a free country. Labour unions have done much good but that is no reason why they should be allowed to displace parliament and the judiciary as makers and dispensers of law and justice.

ART AND THE EXHIBITION

IT has become the custom at industrial and agricultural shows, with any pretention to importance, to have an art display. This is a rule in Europe as well as in America, though perhaps few observers stop to formulate a reason. Many people talk of art and literature who have little idea of the part which these two forces play in the life of the nations. They admire the successful artist and the successful literary man because it is the fashion among intelligent and important people to do so. They have but a faint conception of the

relation which art and literature have with general culture, and an equally faint idea as to the relation between general culture and national progress and development.

It is well, however, that every people, either by intuition or of set purpose, should cultivate the art side of their natures and should encourage the development and display of art. Such conduct has a most beneficial effect upon the tastes of the public and the products of their hands. Without artistic tastes our homes and our cities would be mean and uninviting, while the products of our hands and our machinery would bear crude and vulgar appearances. To be an artistic people is almost as important as to be a progressive people.

That Canada is less artistic than most countries of similar wealth and history is beyond question. Every large city in Australia and New Zealand has its art gallery. Even Norway is noted for its taste in art and the national style of its artists. Canada has not a single public art gallery, although there are small collections at Ottawa and the Education Department, Toronto. In this respect we are more barbaric than the United States and Mexico were at our stage of development. We are making absolutely no public sacrifices for art, though we are giving millions to hospitals, colleges and universities. The effect of our inattention to this phase of our development is seen in the crudeness of our architecture, the incongruous aspect of much that we manufacture, and in the inartistic house-furnishings which lumber up the best homes of the land.

The Directors of the Toronto Exhibition have for some years been making a decided effort to bring about a better state of affairs, so far as their influence extends. They have encouraged an annual exhibition by Canadian painters and in addition have brought from Europe an annual display of somewhat famous pictures. Their art gallery has become a Mecca for thousands of people who have little hope of ever visiting the galleries of Europe or even to find time to attend the annual exhibitions of the Canadian art societies. Along this line, the Toronto Exhibition has performed an exceptional public service and has set an example to the exhibitions in other cities. This year's collection includes twenty-eight canvasses collected by the Exhibition's London representative and eighteen canvasses selected by their agent in Paris.

In addition to this feature of their work, the Directors have encouraged the amateur painters and designers by giving them a small gallery of their own. The students who are working in oil and water-colour and those who are studying the art of design for commercial purposes are thus encouraged to exhibit their best. This year there are some two hundred entries. The professionals who make industrial drawings and designs have a second small gallery which is under the control of the Graphic Arts Club. Their display this year is perhaps the best ever seen in Canada, both as to variety and excellence of workmanship. A third gallery is under the management of the Applied Art Association and contains excellent examples of wall decoration, stained glass, pottery, iron and brass utensils, hand-made laces, painted curtains, hand-made jewellery and other similar productions. A fourth gallery is devoted to professional and amateur photography. The four galleries are in the Applied Art Building, which also contains educational exhibits and women's work.

The importance of so varied an art display cannot be over-estimated, especially in a young country such as ours. For half a century, Canada has been going abroad for her art works, whether paintings, pottery, lithographs, engravings, Christmas cards or other classes of art productions. Such of her young men or women who desired to make art work a profession were forced to go abroad for employment. During the past few years, there has been a decided change in the opposite direction, and in this development the art department of the Toronto Exhibition is playing an important and creditable part.

PROVINCIAL MISMANAGEMENT

MISMANAGEMENT under the provincial governments is almost as prevalent and wide-spread as under the Dominion Government. Much of the mismanagement which exists is due to civil service inefficiency. On another page in this issue a high authority touches on this point in relation to the Ontario service. And yet the Ontario civil service is probably equal to that of any other province. The cure is civil service reorganisation under an independent commission in each province.

Every provincial civil service, like that of the Dominion, is largely composed of men who have gained their situations through political party service. They are clever, perhaps, but they are not trained. Their ability to perform the particular work which is required of them was not considered when their appointments were made.

The other day a deputy-minister remarked to the writer that his greatest difficulty was to get the men under him to understand that they were public servants and that when the public asked for information and guidance it was entitled to get respectful and gentlemanly replies. The ex-politician does not make a good public servant. He has paid for his berth and he too often sits down, folds his hands, and proceeds to take life in the most unserious manner possible. To be polite and obliging is an effort which he does not care to make. Moreover, he knows that so long as his party remains in office, his position is secure no matter what his conduct. If his party goes out of power, he can cry "injustice" and "cruelty" if he is threatened with dismissal.

Civil service reform is necessary in every province. The recently enacted legislation at Ottawa, which was approved by both parties, should be followed by similar legislation at each provincial capital. An independent commission would abolish patronage, would fill the service in time with well-trained, ambitious and efficient public servants, and would effect a great saving in all departments of provincial administration.

DISTRUST OF DIVORCE

THAT Canada does not believe in divorce is now patent to the world and the national reputation is by that much enhanced. A recent issue of the London *Outlook* gives an excellent summary of the situation, from the British point of view, and coins a phrase which is worthy of preservation. "Distrust of divorce" is good. We quote the paragraph in full:

"It may be interesting to note that, unlike the States of the American Union and the Colonies composing the Commonwealth of Australia, the provinces of Canada cannot pass Divorce Acts, the Dominion Parliament of Canada alone having this authority; but the Act which ensured this also contained a saving provision for existing provincial courts, which included those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and, as now decided, British Columbia. These administer divorce laws modelled on those of England. In the other provinces, since the Dominion Parliament has in fact passed no public Divorce Act, the position resembles that in Ireland, and those who live in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, or the Northwest Territories and desire divorce by reason of the misconduct of their spouses must have recourse to a private Act of the Legislature. In Prince Edward Island the position is somewhat peculiar—the court apparently has power to grant divorces, but does not now do so, and no machinery exists for the purpose. The general attitude towards divorce in the Dominion appears to be one of distrust, as perhaps might be expected from the large proportion of the French Roman Catholic stock. It is, however, somewhat curious that Canada should now be stricter than France, which has a divorce law. Perhaps the object-lesson of the United States with its forty or fifty divorce codes just across the border has tended to make Canada somewhat conservative."

ELECTRICITY AND THE LAW

ONTARIO'S Hydro-Electric Commission is not out of the woods. In the various municipalities where the power is to be distributed and used, legal obstacles are being placed in the way. In Hamilton, the Cataract Power Company won out against the Commission though it had to force the Mayor to sign the contract at the point of a mandamus. In other towns, the municipal officers are recalcitrant. In Toronto, two writs have been issued with the avowed intention of delaying the building of a civic distributing plant in opposition to the Toronto Electric Light Company. It is rumoured that other plans for fighting these civic distributing plants are about to be developed

and that shortly the anti-municipal ownership party will disclose a strong hand.

The Hydro-Electric Commission have shown little consideration for present investments and it is but reasonable to suppose that those who have money invested in the present plants are not likely to allow the fight to end tamely. It would be against human nature and precedent to expect any other situation. Beaten at the polls, the investment interest will appeal to the courts. Aside from the rights or wrongs of the fight, it is pleasant to know that the final decision will rest with judges who know no difference between classes of citizens, who are uninfluenced by doubtful enthusiasms for the so-called "rights of the public," and who are sworn to decide justly and fairly without fear, bias or feeling.

THE QUALITY OF THE CROP

TWENTY bushels of wheat to the acre is to be the minimum if science and experiment realise their hopes. There are those who claim that as much as 200 bushels to the acre may be produced if the proper kind of seed is secured. Laying this extravagant estimate on the shelf beside the airship which is to carry people across the Atlantic Ocean, there have been some yields this season in the West which are quite striking enough to be astonishing. On the word of Mr. J. Polson, of the exhibition branch of the Department of Immigration, at least one farm in Alberta is producing sixty bushels to the acre, while several around Carstairs are producing an average of forty to fifty. There are other observers who have chronicled equal yields in various parts of the West. It is even claimed that a field belonging to Mr. J. W. Woolf, M.P.P., at Cardston, has yielded eighty bushels to the acre. To produce such a yield, the variety of wheat must suit the soil and the climate, and the crop must be well managed. Seed must be properly selected, put into well cultivated ground which has not been overcropped, and the conditions must be favourable. Scientific agriculture, it would be reasonable to suppose, could use these experiences to such advantage that the average of the crop in the West could easily be raised from twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

Any manufacturer who could increase his output fifty per cent. without materially increasing his general expenses and his wage-bill would think himself decidedly fortunate. Surely the farmers who have this opportunity afforded them will give much time and attention to the consideration of crop improvement. Heretofore, to increase his crop, the western farmer increased his acreage. It may be that in future he will aim to secure the same result by improving the quality of his crop. It would seem to be a more sensible and more profitable method.

IN VARIOUS GUISES

PROTECTION to native industries and native workmen may be accomplished by other devices than protective tariffs. In Great Britain they have protection in the matter of copyrights by a strictly enforced law against the importation of books which are entered at Stationers' Hall. This is now to be followed by a law which stipulates that foreigners who obtain patents in Great Britain must manufacture on British soil. Sir Alfred Jones believes that this will increase the manufactured output of Great Britain by twenty-five millions of pounds. This will mean additional employment for thousands of British workmen, the building of many new factories and restriction in imports of manufactured goods. The cable reports are not clear, but it would appear that any patent four years old may be revoked on application if the goods are not being manufactured on British soil.

Most people will see in this law a movement towards protection in Great Britain. It is probable, however, that the new law is due more to the labour party than to the protection party. The unions are having their innings just now, since the labour wing of the Liberal party is rather powerful. Indeed, it may be said to possess the balance of power formerly held by the Irish party. The Old Age Pension Law is another piece of evidence that the Labour party has strength and influence.

It is just a question if protection will not become less and less a matter of tariffs and more and more a matter of restrictive legislation aimed to protect labour unions. Heretofore protection has been sought only by manufacturers, and they were the chief supporters of the tariffs. Now the Labour party, especially in Canada, is upholding tariffs, and adding legislation which accentuates tariff effects. The political influence of the manufacturer cannot be compared with that of well-organised labour under manhood suffrage. In any case, the tendencies of the day are worthy of careful study.



A LOT of people are now getting a chance to compare our campaign orators, one with another. They will hear Mr. Foster with his didactic and metallic rhetorical style; and then they will hear "Big Thunder," Mr. Paterson, with his loud pedal denunciations and his indignant wonder that any one can have the hardihood to disagree with him. They will listen to the smooth and unimpassioned legal style of Mr. Aylesworth; and the "now good young people" methods of Mr. Ames. Some few will enjoy the spectacle of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, standing erect and magnetic on a platform and winning the sympathies of his audience before he utters a word; and probably more will hear the quiet but impressive addresses of Mr. Borden, who always pays his audience the compliment of regarding it as a court of high jurisdiction. But thousands will hear none of these men whose names they see in the papers; and they will be deluged by energetic and argumentative young lawyers and other "spell-binders" who treat the blue books as a minister does the Bible and break forth into eloquence at a moment's notice.

* * *

MANY a worthy young man is earning a "job" during these autumnal days. He does not yet know what the "job" is to be. He is not even sure whether he is to get the "job" after polling or if he must wait four or five years more before his pay-masters will be in a position to make good. But he is working up a fine perspiration in any case, and recommending himself to the "leaders" of his district as a faithful and vehement soldier who ought to have something good handed him when the pie-pantry comes to be opened. He may be talking himself black in the face in country school-houses. He may be sitting down hard in town offices "organising"—that blessed word about election times. No one knows just exactly what it means to "organise"; but it can only be accomplished by super-energetic young men in their shirt sleeves who write feverishly in books or talk gymnastically to "canvassers." Or our young man on his promotion may be "moving around among the people," putting in a shrewd word where it will do the most good and supplying inside information to men in authority.

* * *

I N any case, you may be pretty sure that he will be in the "bread line" when the party wins. He will tell you of the killing work he has done, of the unique influence he exercises, how his labours turned the scale in a critical county, and what immense sacrifices he has made for the party. Then it will be hard for you to remember quite whether all this happened or not. But now is the time for you to keep your eyes open and see it happen—or not. He will get between you and the sun every time he can. When the Cabinet Minister comes to town to speak—or the man who will be Cabinet Minister when the party comes in—this enterprising young man will be the first to greet him on the railway platform, the official to whisper impressively in his ear while the "committee" is waiting to shake hands, and the panting individual who rushes all over the hall, and especially over the platform, on the night of the great meeting. He is going to land that office if visible activity can do it.

* * *

WHAT would politics be without "the spoils"? It would not be half so funny, at all events. A lot of the most captivating figures would disappear from the arena. Those frank, ingenuous beings whom a child could tell were working for something tangible, who pretend to an interest in questions they do not understand and who are ready to knock a man down for opposing principles they could not state, would be wiped off the slate if it were not for the cohesive power of "the spoils." Politics would be a sober, serious and dry business if it were not for these laughter-creating characters who are drawn to it by the fat contracts, the easy berths and the "great expectations." The reformers who talk of abolishing "the spoils

system" should think of this. What would they give us that would be worth the loss of so much amusement?

* * *

A NOTHER "amusin' little cuss" during the campaign will be the party editor. He is quite a reasonable being for three years and ten months, but for the last two months before polling, he can only see out of one eye. Everything on one side looks black to him—"the other side." The leaders of the opposite party—always under suspicion—are now daily tried and convicted; and it is a perpetual source of wonder to him that they are not sentenced and confined indefinitely in the penitentiary. As for his own leaders, their manifold virtues shine brighter than ever. What they have not done for their beloved country, was done before they came to the front by their predecessors. Everything good in our national history is to be credited to his party; everything bad to the other. His party discovered Canada, gave it its summer climate, built the C. P. R and the Rocky Mountains, taught it to grow wheat and "native industries," made it loyal and prosperous, dug the canals and never had a deficit; while "the other party" tried to sell the country, opposed the raising of the Rockies, said the canals would undermine the "native industries," let the railways exploit the people, and produced the hard winters. Yet there is no better fellow than the party editor. He knows a lot better than he writes. But the party leaders whom he must satisfy think thaa that sort of "tomfoolery" makes votes; and so he ladles it out. But if you will find one voter who will admit that he himself is influenced by this "flap-doodle," I will give you my next cast-off "monocle" as a prize. A man who cannot see any better than that needs a monocle. Of course, you will easily find people who think that somebody else is influenced by it. We always think that other people are more foolish than we are.

Wid Importe

CANADA should be happy. Persia is torn by internal dissension, Turkey is being constitutionised, Spain and Portugal fear revolutions, France has trouble between cleric and anti-cleric, Austria and Hungary have race troubles, Germany fears isolation by a British-Russian-French combination, the United States has its coloured problem. Canada has only an excellent harvest and good trade prospects.



Miss Hozier.



Rt.-Hon. Winston Churchill.

Mr. Winston Churchill is shortly to wed, and these are the latest photographs of him and his fiancée.

TWO MASTERPIECES AT TORONTO EXHIBITION



An Equestrienne, by John Lavery, R.S.A.
Loaned by the Artist.



Portrait of W. Graham Robertson, by John S. Sargeant, R.A.
Loaned by Mr. Robertson.

British Pictures in Canada

THIS year's British pictures at the Exhibition Art Gallery number twenty-eight and are loaned by the Corporations of Nottingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Preston and Southport, by H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany, the Society of Fine Art and the Victoria and Albert Museum, by Messrs. Graves & Co. and the proprietors of *The Graphic*, and by various owners and artists. The

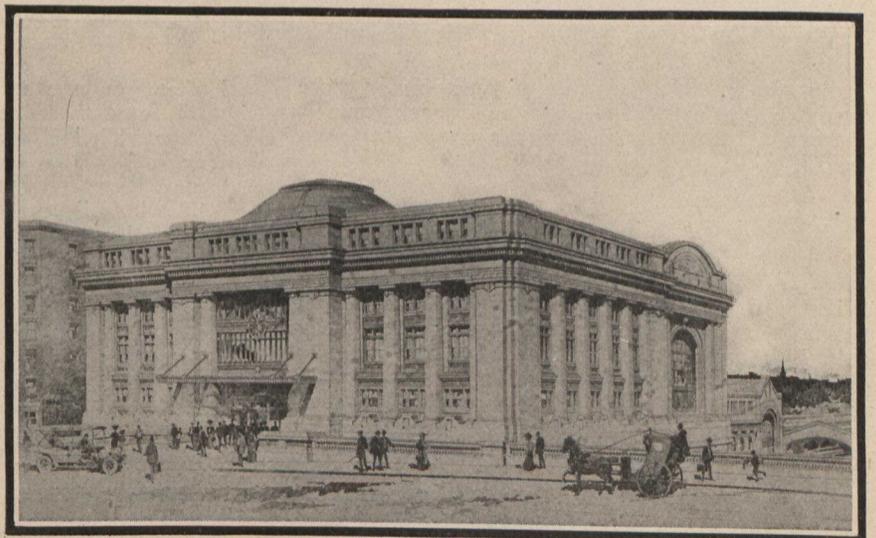
largest collection of canvasses come from the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has sent "Hamstead Heath," by Constable; "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner," by Landseer; and "Temptation—A Fruit-Stall," by George Smith—all pictures which are famous and practically priceless. "Scotland For Ever," by Lady Butler, though not the greatest picture from an art point of view, is undoubtedly the most popular in the

gallery. It comes from Leeds. There is an excellent Leader, a Welsh landscape, loaned by the late Lord Mayor of London, and a magnificent water-scape, "The Life Boat" by C. Napier Henry, A.R.A., loaned by the Fine Art Society. "After Three Days' Gale," a harbour scene by Edwin Ellis, has attracted a host of admirers. "The Daughters of Men," by Grieffenhagen, seems too obscure in motive for the public. The gems of the collection are shown above by kind permission of the owners.

TWO FINE NEW BUILDINGS WHICH THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL ERECT IN OTTAWA.



The proposed "Chateau Laurier."



The proposed Grand Trunk Station.

Strong, Comely and Well-trained English Servants.



During the fiscal year of 1907-08, the Department of Immigration brought to Canada 10,499 Domestic. This is a fair sample of these welcome additions to our population. This party was recently brought out by Mrs. Sanford of Winnipeg, who may be seen in centre of group.

ON BREAKING UP

BY BART KENNEDY

I.

ONE of the hard things in life is the breaking up of a party that has lived or that has worked together. There may be people in the party that you don't like, but the thought of not seeing even these people again is apt to cause you a pang. And the people you really care for and have grown fond of—well, parting from them is very hard indeed.

Oh, yes. You have had your quarrels and your tiffs and your intrigues. So-and-so has tried to get you out of your place, or has tried to do you out of this or that. But even at your angriest you would hardly have wished him to have gone from your sight altogether. Even at your angriest you would like him to be around, so that you could get back at him.

And here is the moment of breaking up—the moment of parting. The business that kept you all together has been dissolved, or the voyage or project that you set out to accomplish has been accomplished.

Where will everybody go now? What will become of them? What will become of yourself?

But the possible after fate of yourself and those you have been with does not really worry you. It is the fact that you are all breaking up—that you are all being scattered.

II.

When you get to know people well, you will find that they are in the main all right. This talk about man being a wicked and ferocious and selfish animal is based upon that flimsiest basis of all—a half-truth. It is true that he is wicked and ferocious and selfish, and that he would take the roof off your house. But it is also true that he is good-hearted and kindly and helpful and hospitable. And that is why a writer such as Zola never pictures truly human beings. He only gives the dark tones of humanity.

Man is a very mixed-up affair indeed. It is impossible to gauge him according to rules.

But on the whole, my experience has shown me that he is a good sort. There are very few men who are really evil.

Yes, men are rattling good fellows when you

get to know them. And the more you have knocked around the more do you see this. The more do you see that this abuse of mankind generally is silly. True, there is a good deal of preventable fighting and hardship and injustice and misery in the world. But that is not because man is inherently wicked. It is because of something else.

III.

For me the ideal life would be to get with a party of jolly people and always remain with them. How grand it would be when you travelled to travel with them. To go together all over the world—here, there, everywhere. Yes, differences would come I know. But these differences would settle themselves. To go along always with a fine crowd of people! It would be glorious.

The ideal community was that of the clan—where everybody was practically on the same basis as everybody else. And I am sure that when man becomes intelligent enough, this principle of social life will be reverted to. The world will be filled with clans—but clans that possess enough intelligence not to try and destroy one another. This class idea is a stifling, hideous thing.

IV.

I often wonder where the people have gone with whom I foregathered at different times years and years ago. Their faces come up before me. I wonder if they are living or dead. I wonder if I shall meet them again in another state of life. For it is difficult to believe that the end of this physical existence—that we call death—is really the end of things for us. It is hard to think that the consciousness and personality of a man is absolutely extinguished when he dies. I hope that it is not so. I hope that it is true that we live again after we have passed out through our life in this world.

For life is so beautiful. And consciousness is so beautiful. And it is so beautiful to have friends.

Life is beautiful even in darkness. Even in hard and terrible places. There is something ineffably wonderful in life even under the blackest circumstances.

Life surely does not end for us in this world!

V.

I remember—when I was on the stage—how sad I used to feel when the company with which I was

playing was about to break up. In fact, we all of us felt sad, for the people of the stage are the most human people in the wide world. Dear, delightful, generous, impulsive, happy-go-lucky people.

I remember a certain company breaking up. There was a girl in it of whom I was very fond. It almost broke my heart to think that she would go, and that I would not see her again. But it was impossible for us to keep together. For I was only a chorus singer. I could not keep myself, much less anybody else.

Dear girl of the past! Where are you now? What has become of you? It is years and years since I saw you. But your face often comes up before me.

And the men I knew! What has become of them? Are they doing well or ill—or are they here in life, or are they gone?

How strange it is when you meet one who was of a group with whom you were associated in the past. It is many years since you saw this comrade. Many years since that day on which you parted.

You hardly know what to say to each other. The past comes up so vividly before you both. The present is lost in it. Your immediate good or evil fortune is as nothing. You may be down in the world. You may be up in the world. But it matters nothing. You can only think of the past.

What became of So-and-so? And then you speak of one of the long-scattered group whose name you cannot recall. But the comrade, whom you have just met, recalls his name through your description. And you talk and talk away. Always about the past. Always about the group that has been so long scattered.

There is sadness in your talk, and there is regret in your talk. But how beautiful it is to go over the old times together. To fight the old battles again. The past lives for you both in a dim, magical, enchanted frame. And you part with a vow to meet again soon to renew your talk about the old group of which you formed a part in the long ago.

The breaking up of a party that has lived or that has worked together. It is one of the hard things in life. But surely we will meet the people we once knew and grew to like or to understand, again!

If not in this world, perhaps in some other. —
London Outlook.

From Barnacle to Hair Seal

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



AS anyone paused for a moment and attempted to calculate the myriad life of old ocean? This island of Vancouver, where our work lies, is cut up and intersected by many deeply penetrating arms of the sea. For several weeks we have been busy along the shores of Sooke Harbour, and day after day

we have wondered at the seeming extravagance of old Mother Nature; but the closer we examine, the greater our belief that there is no waste in nature—not a grain, an atom or a particle. Instead, there is for each order and family a bountiful table always spread. The motto of this mile square of throbbing life is "Eat or be eaten."

Neglecting the thousands of varieties of living creatures that are visible only to the microscope, we will examine those visible to the naked eye. On every rock and pebble, water-covered root and branch, millions of barnacles may be seen, mostly about the size of a single grain from an ear of corn. The tide is just starting to come in. As it circles about and covers the rocks and pebbles each of these barnacles opens its shell and protrudes a set of long, feathery tongues. These wave in the current, busily fishing. All over the flat rocks, just at high tide edge, thousands of periwinkles can be seen; in fact, so closely do they lie that we hate to walk along these rocks, as we are forced to crush dozens at every footstep. All of these are feeding on the orders below them. Attached to the perpendicular sides of the rocks thousands of limpets cling. These are about a half an inch long. All of this multitude are greedily sucking in their food from the flowing tide. Larger shell-fish than these, the mussels, incrust and cover the big surf rocks farther out. These in their millions, too, are taking their regular meal from the advancing tide.

Creeping on and over these, ever following the incoming water is a regular army of creeping things, those that wear their bones outside their flesh. We were eating our lunch on the "Spit" when we made these notes. Fritz was throwing the bones, very cleanly polished, of a fat bluebill we had just disposed of—for although later the bluebills are fish feeders of the worst type, now they are living on the sea grass and are excellent eating. No sooner would one of these bones, to which little save some strong muscles clung, sink to the bottom than it would be covered by shore crabs, horse-shoe crabs, small spider-crabs, tearing at the muscles—and at one another. Farther out giant blue crabs, huge spider crabs, red crabs, crept on over the bottom.

Hermit crabs peered out from the whelk shells into which they had stuck their fragile tails. All over the muddy parts of the bottom long muscular tubes protruded. Touch one of these leathery-looking tubes and it closes and slips down the muddy hole it had formed; these are the largest of the clams, a very coarse shell fish. Two other varieties, one similar to the little neck clam of the Atlantic, literally fill the mud a foot below. At very low tide beds of oysters are disclosed, a very small species, about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece.

Sweeping in with the flood of clear sea-water were numerous jellyfish, using their many tentacles

pounds, each and every one of this mass of creatures steadily feeding from the advancing tide.

In the water, over and around these, swam schools of smelt, the young of three varieties of salmon, great schools of garfish, young sea perch and bass. Feeding on these were mighty runs of steelhead, that beautiful sea trout which weighs a dozen pounds and leaps straight up four feet into the brilliant sunlight, great darting masses of silver salmon, and huge, dark, leaping dog salmon. Farther down sped codfish, great dogfish, flounders, sea perch, sea bass—while out in front of the bobbing flock of decoys, over which we were photographing, could be seen the winged host that inhabit this mile square of old ocean. Seal popped their whiskered faces out and raised themselves up on their fore-flappers, so that they could see the two strange animals on the "Spit"—then dived below and took a big, plunging salmon in their sharp teeth and savagely tore huge mouthfuls out or swallowed it whole if small enough. Huge porpoises splashed along. Great blue herons drove their sharp bills beneath and came up with a struggling smelt. Cormorants dived down to the sea grass below. Gulls of five varieties stole their living from the mouths of the mergansers and grieve or were driven to eat from the thousands of salmon that lay dead on the river's bank. Loons, the great northern diver and the black-throated, gorged themselves on the myriad young fish that swam beneath. Three varieties of grieve, western, pied and an unclassified grieve, fed on the ready feast. Guillemot, those active sea-pigeons, darted under for their meal. Tiny sea-doves sped along after the finny hosts. Kingfishers and great ospreys fell into the water with sun-sparkling splashes, finding the table ready spread at every entrance; the great fish hawks flew with watchful eyes lest that king of fish robbers, the bald eagle, did not despoil him of his meal.

Dotting the scene, in pairs and bunches and thousands, were the species that is sought for food by man, bird and beast. Eighteen varieties of ducks littered the glittering surface of the harbour—mallard, teal, widgeon, pintail, bluebill, buffle-head, whistling, old squaw, ruddy and surfduck, calling and diving—and splashing—yet all busily feeding. So were the coot scattered among them, and the jacksnipe and golden plover, the spotted sandpipers and the killdeer plover on the flats.

Count them up, this polyglot host, this moving mass of scale, fur and feather, this countless multitude that no man may number. Scan them well, you believers in the new faiths that exclude the One that made and feeds this innumerable mass. So



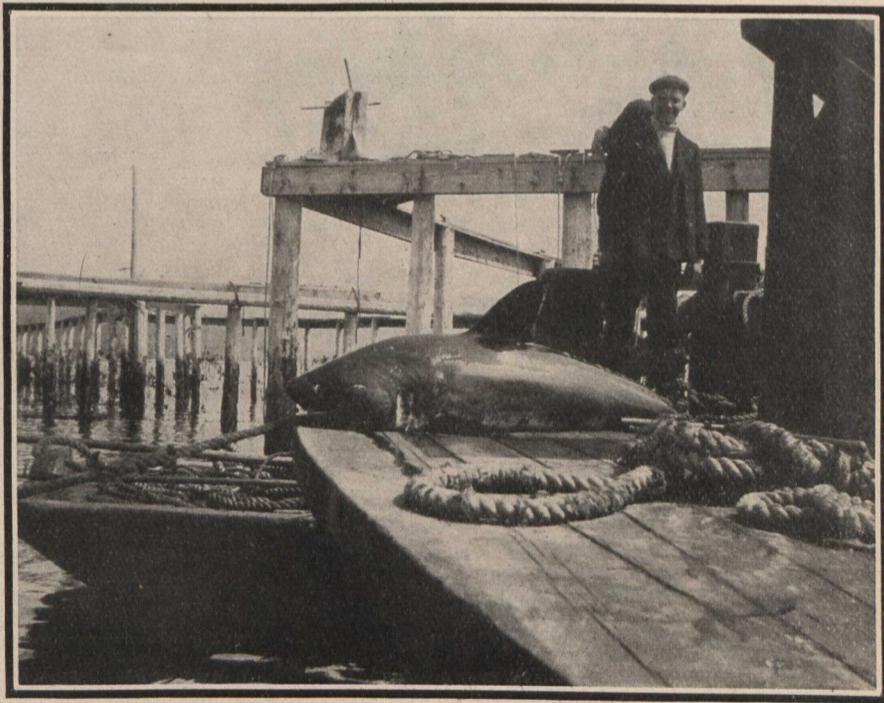
Guillemot or Sea Pigeon, in its Winter Plumage.

for fishing also. Anemones, those beautiful water flowers that at the same time are living animals, waved from the rocks far below, each big, flower-like head protruding many long leaf-like arms—all busily fishing. On the tide flats, thousands of big cockles, a shell fish as large as good sized apple, lay greedily feeding. Sea cucumbers, a long, semi-transparent, jelly-like fish, were gorging themselves on the tiny orders invisible to our unaided sight.

Scattered among these shellfish were thousands of starfish, tiny, brittle stars, as red as an angry loon's eye; larger ones of a terra cotta shade; great five-armed purple ones that clung in bunches to the tide line, looking cold and injurious in the shadows, but brilliant creatures where the sun searched them out. Beneath these, on the sands, lay huge, repulsive, eighteen-armed stars, some that weighed twenty



Purple Star Fish and Sea Urchins.



The Porpoise.

wonderfully ordered is the system that no one is allowed to remain hungry—for on all sides is the bountiful table spread. Nor is a fragment of feast or feasters wasted. All goes to supply new food or foundations for new life.

Over and through all, laving and washing it anew four times a day, comes the beneficent, cleansing, feeding tide, bearing in with it all manner of nourishment, carrying with it to the deeper places of old ocean all trace or taint of decay. Day in and day out, all through the procession of the seasons, in every month of the year, the multitudinous host that live with Mother Nature in her ocean home have their rooms garnished and swept.

Forest Fires

(Toronto News.)

TEN years of farm tree-planting in the West has resulted in the planting of about five thousand acres, or, say, eight square miles.

A comparatively small forest fire recently burned in a few days a strip forty-five miles long and from one to five miles broad, or, say, one hundred square miles. Canadians must not delude themselves with the idea that in planting less than a square mile of trees per year while they allow a hundred square miles to burn up in a week, they are really practising modern forestry.

It would be far better to keep out the fire and to neglect the planting. Fires in the woods sometimes come from lightning, but as a rule they come from the carelessness of men. The first move in forestry in Canada is to impress upon all Canadians, and upon all who travel in Canadian woods, the necessity of so handling fire that no forest fires

will result therefrom. There is no use in men talking about forestry in Canadian Clubs in the winter and then letting a camp fire burn down half a township in summer.



STAR FISH AND CRABS.

The large Star Fish has eighteen arms, the second is purple, the third red, the fourth eighteen arms, and the fifth is a five armed brittle star. The upper crab is blue, the second red and the third a hairy crab.

REFORM ONTARIO CIVIL SERVICE

A CABINET MINISTER SAYS THIS SUBJECT WILL HAVE TO BE TACKLED FOUR-SQUARE

"IT'S a big burning question. You can make no mistake in going hard after that." Thus spoke one Ontario cabinet minister interviewed on the question of Provincial Civil Service reform.

On the other hand, as though to show that there are always two ends to every string, even in the same family, another member of the Ontario executive said:

"Well, I really don't know that the matter is agitating any one just now. It doesn't look like a pressing problem to me."

The minister who would reform might have had his coat off had the day been warm; for he was holding a levee, letting people in and out of doors and pushing the buzzer every little while to let in another victim. He was therefore not in the mood to bandy cigars over passing politics, or to read the whole law and gospel about civil service reform. He is not being quoted; made that quite clear at the outset.

"Yes, I have strong convictions on the subject," he said with a broadside bat that would have done credit to Premier Whitney. "But I am not going to talk about it," he added by way of a body-blow back again.

"Some other had—when I have more time, I shall be glad to wade into this matter. I should make it a pleasure—yes. But—"

By this time the minister had started on a planetary orbit round his flat-top desk; and as the room was large and he went the limit, the curve he cut was very large. Besides, he was not a small man—but as there happen to be about half-a-dozen men in that Cabinet about his weight and circumferential build, the common Conservative elector will not be able to say—"Hm! Just who I thought it was. Never imagined he had such views, though."

First swing round the curve, the minister had delivered his mind of a good fat preamble, to the effect that he was in for a healthy reconstruction root and branch, thorough as Cromwell and drastic as a March wind.

Neither did he need a megaphone; speaking with prodigious energy—no, it wasn't Mr. Foy; everybody knows his whisper.

"Game wardens," he said, as he stopped at the phone with his fist hard on the blotter. "Heavens! isn't the whole north country full of these appointees of Government from Montreal to Kenora and north to the Lord knows where? These guardians of game and fish and so forth—they get anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars a year each—for what? Sitting on stumps and carving tobacco. Not according to the intention of the Act. For tacking up posters on trees and telegraph poles? Good enough as far as it goes. But I imagine—well, of course, any one knows these men are appointed for the purpose of carrying out the law as to the killing of game. But it's very plain to me that a very large proportion of them do no such thing. We need better game wardens."

"Uh—seems obvious," said the scribe. Second circuit was under way and the minister swung off again, touching the Attorney-General's department.

"Provincial police!" he demanded. "Have we any such thing? Do we need them? Have we any body of men in Ontario corresponding in even the slightest degree to the Northwest Mounted Police in Saskatchewan and Alberta? Mind you, I don't say we should have a mounted police. No—but I'd have some force or body of men that would make blind pigs impossible at Cobalt, and make it exceedingly interesting for escaped jail-birds picnicking here and there in rural groves, and fugitive murderers hiding for weeks among the farmers—let alone minimising the ordinary hobo assault on women and the hold-up man and the highway assassin on country roads. I'd have a force of men so well organised that when at Chalk River a train-load of harvesters ring-led by a gang of rowdies perpetrated mob law and defied the citizens and constables alike—well, if the man on the spot failed to round up the right party through lack of definite information, he could wire a man at North Bay, or Sudbury, or Kenora, and be sure that by the time the train got to the edge of the province at the farthest, some other man or men in the system would do the job as effectively as the Northwest Mounted Police do such things. That's a branch of civil service reform in this province— isn't it?"

Back at his chair the minister fumbled sugges-

tively at a right-hand ic
as though for two cents b
drawn forth a box of fifteen-cent
Habanas; but he was off on another
tack before he had finished the move-
ment; and this time he took a midriff
whack at the license inspectors.

"Two hundred license inspectors in Ontario," he insisted. "Take out twenty of them—and the rest—well, very good men each in his own way, but a lot of them doing their best to do nothing and succeeding mighty well. These men are appointed to interpret and administer law. Do they do it? What do they know about law?"

"No examination to enter, of course," murmured the interviewer.

"Yes—examined in the Conservative committee rooms," was the logical reply. "That's the knowledge of the law these men get."

Buzz! went the telephone bell; the minister strangled a word to grab the receiver. Ensued a comprehensive conversation—subject and name of man at the other end not apparent to the scribe who was busy looking at pictures on the walls.

"And I'd say also," he banged off as he slammed down the telephone, "that some of the departments of our civil service are most ingeniously overlapped and befuddled—just because this government fell heir to a system that no man is able to explain at all points. Why, for instance, are fish and game put under the aegis of the Public Works Department? I don't know—do you? One minister issues all marriage licenses, for example; supposed to have a complete knowledge of such matters. Comes to a question of bigamy, for instance, and

who deals with that? Why, the Attorney-General!

"It is nonsense. We should have a decent, well-ordered, coherent public service in this great province. We have the men and the brains—but confound the politics!"

"Well—so I might go on if I had the time," he wound up, knowing that nineteen people in the outer precinct were waiting for the buzzer. "I haven't touched more than the fringe of the subject. But the whole thing will be tackled by this Government yet; must be; it's a big and burning question. Make no mistake about that. Good-day!"

And the buzzer buzzed.

Is Civil Service Reform a Sham

(Toronto Telegram.)

WHEN patronage comes in at the door civil service reform goes out at the window.

Every party professes that the principles of civil service reform should govern the distribution of patronage by the other party.

Civil service reform is a splendid subject for talk, but when it comes to action "the patronage" is always good enough for the party in power.

The cant and insincerity of partisanship is corrupting our national character. Both parties profess ideals that neither party believes in. If both parties would face the facts of our public life there might not be more heroes but there would be fewer hypocrites in the politics of Canada.

Where Municipal Ownership Pays

(Edmonton Daily Bulletin.)

EDMONTON'S electric light and power system earned \$28,000 net profit in the past seven months. This is at the rate of \$4,000 per month or \$48,000 per year. Putting the cost of the system at \$150,000 this represents a dividend of 32 per cent. per annum on the investment. Or to put it another way, if a company owned the system the stock would be selling at \$400 per share or more. As a result of the rapid accumulation of surplus the Council reduced the charges for light and power last month. We have become so used to this periodical cut that it attracts little attention. Our rates are with one exception the lowest in Western Canada. This exception is a municipally-owned system operated by water power. Municipal ownership pays Edmonton.

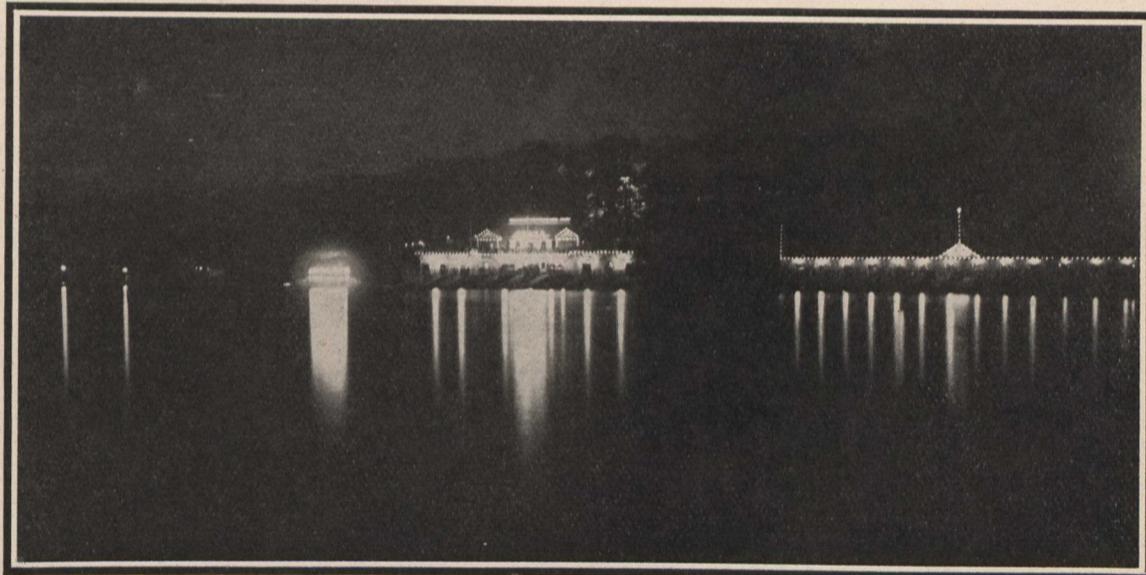
NOVA SCOTIA'S ANNIVERSARY, 1758-1908



Chief Justice Townshend reading address at the Unveiling of the Tablet Commemorating the Establishment of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia in 1758.



Guard of Honour from German Warship "Freya."



Illuminations at North-west Arm—Club Houses of N. W. A. Rowing Club and H. A. Boating Club.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. JOST.

Nova Scotia's Memory

NOVA SCOTIA has again shown that consideration for the memory of her early citizens which has been her characteristic. Her people know their history well. The historical spirit is everywhere. It softens, refines and purifies the lives of her citizens. It stimulates the seriousness of her students and professors and gives them poise and dignity. It keeps Nova Scotia the most intellectual province in Canada—the producer of premiers, statesmen and university presidents.

In his address, Chief Justice Townshend stated that it was their present purpose to record their admiration and respect for the first parliamentary representatives and their successors. The names of the first assembly in 1758 are engraved on the

tablet, together with the names of the officers and the first governor. Lieutenant-Governor Fraser declared that the first parliament was not the result of any agitation among the small population, but it was given by the wise statesmen of Great Britain as a part of a settled policy. Premier Hazen of New Brunswick, who took a prominent part in the proceedings, indicated the debt New Brunswick owed to these early parliamentarians, because at that date the newer province was then the County of Sunbury in Nova Scotia. It was three years later before there was any permanent British settlement in the district now known as New Brunswick, and twenty-five years before the Loyalists landed at St. John. In 1785, New Brunswick secured an assembly of its own. He concluded with an appeal for Maritime Union. Lieut.-Governor McKinnon, of Prince Edward Island, and the Hon. Mr. Weir, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, were also present.

The closing paragraph from the Chief Justice's address is especially notable:

"Let me conclude this paper with a few brief observations on the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia. It has been the arena in which distinguished and eloquent orators and statesmen fought on the questions of the day with brilliancy and power; those to whom we are indebted for the many blessings we enjoy, and for preserving the rich heritage which is ours. On the floors of that house have spoken such men as Uniacke, Archibald, Stewart, Howe, Johnstone, Huntington, Young and Tupper. Each in their time and according to their light gave to the province their wise counsel and patriotic love. Fearless and unflinching they fought the great fight which ended in sweeping out of existence the old council of which we have heard so much, and establishing responsible government under which we live and thrive to-day."

A N O B J E C T L E S S O N

The Story of an Amateur Detective who Succeeded in Playing the Game



THERE was just a dash of colour in Marie Conningham's face. She spoke a little more rapidly than usual. She was not feeling altogether at her ease, though she would probably have been annoyed had anyone told her that she was horribly nervous.

"And now you quite understand," she concluded. "I thought I would explain matters to you, because, you see, Captain Parke—"

"Why not Osmond?" Parke suggested suavely.

"Oh, we've done with all that sort of thing. Mother quite understands. I am very sorry that she is not able to come down to-night. She has one of her most distressing headaches. She told me to give you her kind regards. You were always a favourite of hers. Nobody was more sorry when we made up our minds that it would be far better to—well, to break off our engagement."

"Quite so," Parke said gravely. "I perfectly understand. We are going to show the world how possible it is for people to change their minds and be just as good friends afterwards. And that being the case, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why you wanted me to come down to the Bungalow. Why your mysterious letter? What trouble have you got into now?"

"Well, it is like this, Osmond—I mean, Captain Parke. Oh, very well, let it be Osmond if you like! It really makes no difference. I am in great trouble. And when we parted it was always arranged that you should come and see me if ever I needed your services. I think that was just over a year ago."

"Fourteen months and a fortnight yesterday," Parke said promptly. "Oh, I haven't forgotten. But go on. What a selfish beast I am! You are in great trouble and want my assistance."

"That is it," Marie said gratefully. "They used to say that you were quite the cleverest official connected with the Indian police. Colonel Martin tells me that the way in which you circumvented some of those clever native thieves is wonderful. That is why I sent for you, and that is the only reason."

Captain Osmond Parke looked just a little disappointed. Marie did not fail to see it, and the knowledge was not displeasing to her.

"Do you know," she went on, "that I am myself the victim of a most extraordinary and mysterious thief. It has been going on for nearly three months now, and each week the culprit becomes more and more audacious. I don't like to say anything to mother about it, because she is not well, and if she knew what is going on I am quite certain she would give up the Bungalow at once. She never did like living in a house on one floor, but you know how essential it is that with a weak heart she should do so. Besides, I like the Bungalow. And, seeing that all the bedroom windows are properly barred, there is really nothing to be afraid of—at least, that is what I tell myself in the daylight. But to-night I am just as restless and frightened as mother would be if she knew. I never could, I never shall be able to sleep with the windows closed. But, really, it will have to come to that if things don't take a turn for the better."

"Why not get to the point?" Parke suggested. "You say you are being robbed in some mysterious manner. You are evidently under the impression that the thief is some person very much out of the common. Do you suspect anybody? Do you happen to have seen any Orientals or natives in the neighbourhood? I am asking you this because you have called me in, and these are the particular kind of people that I have been accustomed to cope with. Of course, one never can tell."

"That is just it," Marie said eagerly. "I really believe you have hit the point. Now, as you know, it is only about three miles from here to Sandmouth, which is a very popular place and full of visitors just now. There are all kinds of entertainments going on, and amongst them an Indian circus, where they have some of the cleverest acrobats and conjurers I have ever seen. Really, they almost frighten one with their cleverness. And more than once lately I have seen some of those natives prowling about here. Now, do you suppose—"

"I don't suppose anything," Parke replied. "My

By FRED. M. WHITE

experience teaches me that mere supposition is always a mistake. But hadn't you better tell me exactly what has happened?"

"Oh, I was going to do that," Marie went on. "Between ourselves, I have been missing a lot of jewellery of late. I miss it in the most extraordinary way. I leave it on my dressing-table when I come down to dinner, and when I go to bed it is gone. Now all our servants are old and trusted ones, there is not one of them that I could suspect. Besides, I have had a patent lock put on my bedroom door, and I am perfectly certain that nobody could unfasten it but myself. My dressing-table is ten or twelve feet from the window, and, as I told you before, the windows are barred."

"Why not lock them up?" Parke suggested.

Marie tossed her head impatiently.

"Oh, well, because I didn't," she said. "It may be a woman's reason, but it is the best I can give you. Now last night I came down to dinner at half-past seven. I carefully turned out the electric light. I locked my room door, and put the key in my pocket. You must understand it is a patent lock, and the maker's reputation is pledged on it. And yet when I went to bed last night I missed three valuable old diamond rings from the dressing-table. You will be able to see for yourself that the bars of the window are absolutely intact. You can see how it is impossible for anybody to get into the room. And yet, when I came to make inquiries last night our cook, who was out between nine and ten, said that when she came home she saw a light in my bedroom for quite five minutes. Now, what do you think of that, Osmond? I tell you, I am getting frightened. I have a lot of valuable jewellery, as you know, and my big things I always lock up in my safe. But, if this sort of thing is to go on, I shan't have any confidence in that receptacle. There is the diamond necklace, for instance, which my grandmother left me. As you know, that is worth some thousands of pounds."

"Why not send it to the bank?" Parke suggested.

"How like a man that is," Marie cried impatiently. "Do you suppose I should feel any more safe if I did so? But it is no use standing here bickering like this. What do you propose to do?"

Parke knitted his brows thoughtfully. Here was a problem after his own heart. He had been accustomed, before he left the Service, to deal with some of the most wily and cunning scoundrels that the East produced. He was up in all their ways, he had a microscopic knowledge which more than one Scotland Yard detective would have given much to possess. And the more he thought over the matter, the more sure he was that some person or persons unknown had imported methods from the East and applied them to the exigencies of Western civilisation. He put out of his mind the suggestion that the servants had anything to do with this. And besides them and Miss Conningham's mother the sole occupant of the house was Mrs. Conningham's companion. It was nothing to do with her, of course. Still, it was necessary to ask a few questions.

"Oh, how absurd you are!" Marie said, with a frown on her pretty face. "You will be suspecting me next. Miss Fladbury has been here about twelve months. She came on the special recommendation of Mrs. Malcolm, my aunt in Australia. We have never seen the Malcolms, but we keep up a correspondence with them, and Miss Fladbury was the children's governess till they grew old enough to go out into the world. She is a great favourite of ours, and a very pleasant companion for me because she is so well up in all games. She is a good golfer and tennis player, and I never saw anybody who could ride as well. There isn't a man in this part of the world who can drive a tandem like she can. You should see her handle her whip! But I merely tell you this to clear your head of any nonsense, and so that you should start fairly with the knowledge that nobody in the house has anything to do with this matter. Now you can go up and dress for dinner and think the matter over."

It was a fair puzzle, but Osmond Parke was not the man to despair. A few minutes' conversation with Miss Fladbury convinced him that Marie was right, and that he would have to look outside the house for a clue to the mystery. It was no part of his method to take anybody into his confidence.

He knew the folly of trusting anybody in these matters, and especially the folly of trusting a woman. He had made up his mind what to do. He was going to take a step the next morning which was likely to involve him in considerable expense, and which, probably, would have incurred the displeasure of Marie Conningham had she only known it. He strolled outside after dinner smoking a cigarette, apparently engrossed in the beauty of the evening, but really having a keen eye for anything he might find in the way of a footprint on the lawns or flowerbeds. He seemed to be especially interested in the side of the bungalow where Miss Conningham's bedroom was situated. He stood there for a long time examining the lie of the land. Evidently there had been no tampering with the bars outside the window, and altogether it was impossible for any man, however small, to have squeezed between those iron bars. The blinds were up as usual, and Parke whistled softly to himself as he noted presently a small neat footprint which seemed to lead from a flowerbed in the direction of the house.

"It isn't much," he murmured to himself, "but, at any rate, it is a start. I wonder if I can find anybody in the village who would take in letters and telegrams for me."

II.

The family had retired to rest, and Parke was left in the library to smoke his cigarette and drink his whiskey and soda alone. He waited until he felt pretty sure that everything was safe, then he took from his pocket a reel of black silk thread, the end of which he proceeded to fasten to the French window leading from the dining-room, the other end of the reel being in his jacket pocket. This had been a somewhat elaborate process, for it necessitated that Parke should find his way to the dining-room in the dark and return to the library without making the slightest noise.

He sat there smoking and reading for the best part of an hour behind the closed door of the library, then he rose very quietly to his feet as he felt a twitch at his coat pocket, and saw that the broken end of the silk thread was lying across the carpet. He switched off his own light and crept in the direction of the door. It was no easy task for a man who knew little or nothing of the geography of the house, but he made his way to the dining-room at length to discover, as he had expected, that the window leading to the garden was wide open. It was sufficiently dark for the time of year, but not so dark that Parke failed to make out the outline of a figure moving along by the side of a belt of shrubs.

It was no time now for the nice methods of diplomacy. The thing to do was to take the mysterious stranger red-handed and force a confession as to what he was doing at that time of the night. Parke dashed forward like the trained athlete that he was, he sprinted across the grass to head off the culprit whom he could just make out behind the shrubs. Then, as he ran, there was a peculiar swishing sound in the air, and something seemed to grip him with the force of a vice just above the ankles. Stopped in his head-long career by this unexpected fetter, he pitched headlong with violence to the ground, and lay there dazed and confused for the best part of a minute. When at length he struggled to his feet the would-be burglar had vanished, and Parke crept back to the house again. It was no use, he knew, to try to follow up the trail any longer. He accepted his defeat with the best grace he had at command. This was his first round with that mysterious criminal, and Parke was bound to confess that he had far from the best of it.

He fastened up the window and limped painfully back to the library. There was a keen, darting pain in his feet now. As he stooped down to examine them he saw that the bottom part of his dress trousers was cut all round as if they had been slashed with a keen-bladed knife. The slash went through his socks, too, and the blood was dripping from two circular wounds there. It necessitated a visit to Parke's bedroom, and the application of lint and sticking-plaster before he could stop the crimson flow. Fortunately no very great harm had been done, and no muscle had been severed.

"Now how the deuce was that done?" Parke murmured to himself. "I am bound to confess that this is a new dodge to me. And I thought I knew most of them. Something catches me round the legs like a vice and throws me violently on my face. Then I find my legs cut about like this as if I had stepped into a man trap. But, of course, it could have been

no man trap—that is absurd. Well, whoever is at the bottom of this business is a foeman worthy of my steel, and if I can get the best of him, who knows but what Marie—but what nonsense I am talking! The best thing I can do is to go to bed. I don't think my friend is likely to reappear to-night."

It was characteristic of Parke and his methods that he said no word the next day on the subject of his extraordinary adventure. He found himself a little stiff and sore, but quite able to walk. He announced that he meant to do nothing except loaf away the beautiful afternoon. But, all the same, he managed to get as far as the village, and there dispatch a long cablegram at an outlay of nearly five pounds, and arrange for the post-office people that any reply should be sent to him to the local hotel. He came back in time for tea, and spent the rest of the afternoon on the tennis court. He did not play himself. He was quite contented to admire Miss Fladbury's dexterity. There was something about the girl that attracted his attention. She looked so brown and wholesome, her eyes were frank and clear, and she had a way of looking straight into the face of her companion which pleased Parke exceedingly.

They went in to dinner presently, the three of them together, for Mrs. Conningham failed to appear. She was much better, she sent a message to say, and she hoped, all being well, to see Parke at breakfast the next morning. Parke noticed, with some satisfaction, that Marie had made a special toilette in his honour; he saw that she was wearing the famous diamond necklace, perhaps in his honour also, and perhaps because, whilst it was round the girl's neck, it would be in a place of safety. Miss Fladbury was plainly dressed; in fact, she had not wanted to come in to dinner at all. She would much have preferred, she said, to take her meal into Mrs. Conningham's bedroom. So they sat there chatting and laughing till darkness fell, and the servants came in and turned on the lights.

There were two electric brackets on each side of the fireplace, and an electric stand on the dining-room table—a frail, slender, artistic-looking arrangement surrounded with flowers. Parke noticed how effective it was, how simple and refined everything looked under the shaded lights. He could just catch a glimpse of Marie's face behind a bank of flowers; he could see how the diamonds on her neck shimmered and trembled. On the whole, he was well-satisfied with himself, though, at the same time, he did not for one moment forget the reason why he was there. In his apparently careless way he was keeping his eyes open for anything that might happen. As to himself and his exploits he was modestly dumb. He had stipulated to Marie that she should say nothing to anyone as to his profession or as to the reputation which he had brought back from India with him.

A bell rang somewhere presently and Miss Fladbury rose to her feet and walked towards the door. "You needn't go," Marie said. "One of the servants will answer it, and if you are wanted—"

"Oh, I think I had better go," Miss Fladbury said. "I know it is your mother's bell because she rang twice. And I always prefer to look after her myself as far as possible."

She flitted from the room, and Parke's eyes followed her with a gaze of critical approval.

"Oh, yes," Marie said absently, "she is a great favourite with us all. But, tell me, Osmond, have you discovered anything? Have you found anything out since last night?"

"I can't say I have," Parke said dubiously. "But you must give me time. I see you are wearing the diamond necklace to-night. You are doing that now in my honour, I suppose."

"Indeed, I am not," the girl replied. "I felt nervous about it. It is a horrible feeling. I have a wild desire now to get up and pull all those blinds down. I am conscious of a longing to shut the windows. Not that I am going to do it, because—"

Marie broke off suddenly, for, without a word of warning, a sort of hiss, a kind of silken whisper, rang through the room, and then the head of the stand fell upon the table as if it had been severed with a knife, and the three electric bulbs went out. The room was in darkness now save for the brackets on the side of the fireplace, and just for an instant it seemed to Parke as if a screw in the stand had given way, and that the head of it had fallen over on the table of its own volition. Then, as he bent over the table, he saw that the brasswork was torn and twisted as if it had been wrenched apart with a pair of pliers.

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything," he muttered. "My dear child, there is no occasion to be frightened. You may depend upon it that there is no supernatural agency at work here, and so far—"

He broke off open-mouthed himself and stared in blank astonishment at his companion. The answering appeal in her eyes brought him back to his senses again.

"Your necklace," he gasped. "Where is it?" Marie put up her hand to her throat. Her necklace was gone!

III.

There was no question whatever about it. The necklace had apparently vanished into thin air. The most careful search around the room failed to disclose its whereabouts. Marie stood there smiling unsteadily. She laughed in a way that Parke did not like at all. As a rule, she was a girl who had herself under perfect control, but she would have liked to laugh and cry in the same breath now, only her companion checked her sternly.

"It is all right," he said. "Don't imagine that anything occult has happened. In the course of my Indian experience I have seen things just as mysterious as this, and they are always capable of explanation. Now try to take a common-sense view of the matter. What sort of clasp have you got on your necklace?"

Marie held herself in bravely. "It was not a very good one," she said. "It was rather worn; in fact, I was going to have it repaired. But as I was only wearing my necklace in the house, I thought it didn't much matter. But, all the same, it was a powerful wrench to jerk the necklace from my throat. I can feel the effects of it now. Look!"

As she turned round Parke could see a red scar on the back of Marie's neck, just as if some brutal thief had wrenched the necklace away heedless of the pain that he was inflicting on his victim. Parke turned from the contemplation of it to the broken flowerstand on the table, and then he became conscious that Kate Fladbury was in the room. She looked from one to the other with frank astonishment. There was nothing for it but to tell her what had happened.

"Oh, this is beyond all bearing!" she exclaimed. "Of course I know all about the loss of Miss Conningham's rings, and I feel just as uneasy as she does. But I never expected anything so uncanny. What a good thing it is that you are in the house, Captain Parke! Have you any idea how this extraordinary thing was done? Can you suggest any solution?"

"Indeed, I can't," Parke said frankly enough. "But I can do my best. You see, it is rather out of the line of a soldier like myself. I think the best thing you can do is to take Miss Conningham to her room. I am afraid she is more upset than she appears to be."

"Indeed, I am," Marie confessed. "I should like to be alone for a bit. And to-night, at any rate, I shall take care that my windows are closely fastened. Osmond, you really ought to send for the police. I ought to have put the matter in the hands of the authorities long ago."

"Let us wait a couple of days," Parke suggested. "There can be no harm in that. And now I am quite sure you would be much better by yourself. Perhaps Miss Fladbury will give me the opportunity of a few words presently."

Kate Fladbury smiled and nodded. On the whole she was, perhaps, the most self-possessed of the trio. She went off a minute or two later with Marie, leaving Parke alone to worry over what he frankly described to himself as the most extraordinary case he had ever known. He was still prowling about the room, making minute investigations on the off chance of discovering a clue, when Kate Fladbury returned. She looked grave enough now and a little frightened.

"This is a most extraordinary state of affairs, Captain Parke," she said. "Have you thought out any likely clue?"

"I am still as much in the dark as ever," Parke admitted. "But at the same time, I am inclined to agree with Miss Conningham that some of the foreign contingent connected with the circus at present in Sandmouth could throw a light on the mystery if they would. I have had some experience with Oriental thieves, and for ingenuity and dexterity they stand unrivalled. I am going in to Sandmouth to-morrow to investigate. I have a friend in London who is an expert at this kind of thing, and I will write to him to-night. I suppose you have seen nothing? You don't happen to have noticed anything early in the morning? I am taking it for granted you are an early riser. Most ladies who are good at athletics usually are. Is this part of your practice?"

"Invariably," Kate Fladbury replied. "I am always out of doors by six o'clock in the summer time, and I never come back to the house till breakfast."

"Then you can tell me what time the postman comes, I suppose."

"About eight o'clock. But why?"

"Oh, I am expecting rather an important letter to-morrow morning, and it may somewhat affect my movements. It is a business letter which, of course, has no concern with this mysterious affair. Now, if I have to go to town to-morrow on private affairs, I wonder if you will do a favour for me. Would you go into Sandmouth the first thing in the morning?—but, that will keep for the present. I want you to do a bit of private detective work for me. There is no danger about it, and I rather fancy that you would enjoy the fun."

Kate Fladbury's eyes sparkled.

"I should indeed!" she exclaimed. "And I am not in the least afraid of anything. But won't you take me into your confidence?"

Parke replied truthfully enough that he had no confidence to take anybody into at present. There was nothing more to be said, and he retired presently to the library, there to ruminate over the matter with the aid of sundry cigarettes. He made no preparations of any kind. This evening there was no juggling with reels of thread or anything of that sort. On the contrary, he went early to bed and was awake betimes in the morning. Long before the household was aroused he was down in the village making a call at the local hotel. In answer to his inquiries he was informed that a cablegram was waiting for him, the contents of which, though brief, appeared to afford him a deal of pleasure. He made his way back to the house by a circuitous route and came down to breakfast presently as if this were his first appearance. Marie was not down yet, and Mrs. Conningham was not so well again. It was Miss Fladbury who poured out the breakfast coffee. She alluded at once to the mysterious occurrence the night before; she was desirous to know if Captain Parke's letters in any way interfered with his plans.

"Not at all," Parke replied. "But I have changed my mind as to Sandmouth. I will go there myself, and I should like you to take a journey to London. All that is necessary is for me to give you my card and the address of my friend who will tell you exactly what to do. I am sorry I can't tell you any more at present, but I think you will agree with me that the less you know the better. I have no doubt I am on a wild-goose chase, and still assuming, of course, that some of those Orientals in Sandmouth are at the bottom of this mystery. If you don't like my suggestion—"

Miss Fladbury, however, was enthusiastic. There was nothing she would like better, she said. There was a train shortly after ten o'clock which she could catch. She would have no trouble in getting away for the day, and that without in the least exciting the suspicions of Mrs. Conningham. Parke walked with Kate Fladbury as far as the station. He himself paid for a first-class return ticket, and saw her into the train.

Then he went back to the bungalow and started a search through all the unoccupied bedrooms which lasted him the best part of an hour. At the end of that time he returned to the library with something in his hand, which seemed at once at the same time to puzzle him and to fill him with vast satisfaction. It was nothing more nor less than a whip with a long lash, and this he proceeded to lock away in a drawer.

He began to see the line fairly clear before him now. He went down to the village again and called up a certain address in London on the telephone. He got his man at the expiration of half an hour, then there followed a conversation which cost Parke half a crown, to say nothing of a deal of diplomacy with the post-office to induce the authorities there to let him monopolise the line for so long. He went back to the bungalow in time for lunch in the best of spirits. Marie was there, a little pale and self-contained, but otherwise none the worse for the previous night's adventure.

"Well, have you done anything?" she asked. "Indeed, I have," Parke replied. "I believe I have got to the bottom of the whole thing. I honestly believe that in the course of a few hours you will have all your jewels back again. But I must not say anything just yet. Have you ever heard me speak of Frank Cheserworth?—I mean my Australian friend."

"What has he to do with it?" Marie asked. "A great deal, I expect. I have been telephoning to him this morning, and I have taken the liberty of asking him to come down here to-day in time for dinner with a view to spending the night. I knew you wouldn't object."

(Continued on page 25)



THE DEMI-TASSE

SIR WILFRID IN ONTARIO.

When mid-September comes in state,
With touch of scarlet in the woods,
Sir Wilfrid of the silver tongue
Will hand out oratory's goods.
Niagara Falls, the favoured first,
Will fairly pause in joy to hear
The echoes of those magic tones
Which make election problems clear.

Strathroy, the stronghold of the Ross,
Where Scottish fathers rule the land,
Will spend one "thrillsome" afternoon
In grasping brave Sir Wilfrid's hand.
They'll bid him welcome to the town,
So long devoted to the Grits;
And should one Tory raise his voice
They'll scare him almost into fits.

And Clinton, haunt of Robert Holmes,
Where bright *New Eras* weekly dawn,
The Leader great will gladly hail
And talk of victories past and gone.
Then on the shores of Simcoe blue
A picnic grand will shortly meet,
Where Lib'rals from the "North Country"
In mighty hosts the Premier greet.

Toronto of the loyal *Globe*,
Will gently drop a briny tear
And cry in accents sad and lone:
"Why comes the noble Chief not here?"
But Laurier smiles in pensive way,
Toronto's bitter grief he notes:
"I have no time for banquets rare,
I'm out, this time, for solid votes."

THE OLD JOKE.

"I think," said the young husband sadly, "that my wife's father must have been a man of heroic type."
"Why?"
"It would take a brave man to marry my mother-in-law."

A FRANK ADMISSION.

Father Healy's wit seldom had a sting to it. On one occasion, however, some vulgar people asked how he got on so well in fine houses.
"Faith," said Father Healy, "it must be from my mother I got it, for Papa was as common as any of you."



The Rule of Three.—Life.

WHAT IT MEANT.

EVEN in a comparatively new city such as Canada, there are families which are considered old and others which are "climbers" in the social sense of that ugly word.
In Toronto, among these industrious scramblers is a blonde matron who may be called Mrs. Willie

Smith. In spite of snubs, polite and otherwise, Mrs. Willie persists in calling upon persons who may be considered established. Willie Smith cares not at all for his wife's social strivings, refuses to call a street-car a "tram" and has been known to come to the dinner-table in his shirt-sleeves. Yet his wife struggles on, with a courage which must some day bring its own reward.

One day, last winter, the residents of a fashionable Toronto abode noticed Mrs. Willie Smith entering the house opposite where a tea was being held.

"How did she ever get an invitation?" said one lady, staring at the elegant furs of the "climber." A few moments later, a crash was heard as if there had been an explosion.

"Don't worry," said the other consolingly. "I don't think there's anything the matter with an automobile. It's just Mrs. Willie Smith breaking into society."

A CANNY CANDIDATE.

A CANDIDATE for legislative honours at the last Ontario election was placed in a somewhat awkward position by the strife on the question of Prohibition which was going on in his constituency. He was telling his difficulty one day to an older politician who listened to his account with ready understanding.

"I'd go in with the temperance people," said the candidate, "if I were sure they'd stand by me; but scratch a temperance man and you're likely to find a partisan. They go Tory or Grit nearly every time."

"I'll tell you," said the older man, "tell them all that you're in favour of putting down the liquor. Then you're safe whatever happens."

The candidate followed the advice, only to find his rival, who was a genuine Reformer of the ancient Scottish type and who took his politics "straight," the elected candidate by a "vera con-seederable" majority.

CONVINCING.

She: If a man loves his wife as much as she loves him, he will stop wasting his money on cigars if she asks him.

He: Yes, but if his wife loves him as much as she ought to love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him, she won't ask him. — *Evening Sun*.

WHEN HE TREMBLED.

A CANADIAN journalist was recently speaking of the trials which beset the editor's path. "Once in my early days," he said, "I was thoroughly scared. It was when the *Toronto Star* office was on the west side of Yonge Street, just south of Adelaide. I was acting as city editor for a week or two and one hot afternoon a venerable gentleman, quite versed in the sciences but utterly ignorant of newspaper requirements, walked into the office. He presented a formidable manuscript of four closely-written pages of foolscap and demanded that I should read it at once. I told him with all earnestness that I was a terribly-busy man but that if he would leave the stuff with me, I should be more than delighted to read it. He went away unwillingly, leaving a profound article which only a forlorn hope of our subscribers would have understood.

"I went on with a mixture of fires and baseball games and had almost forgotten the old gentleman and his article when I heard a furious voice behind me and there he stood, brandishing his cane and holding in his left hand four soiled sheets of foolscap. That blooming article had blown out of the window into the street and the old chap thought I had thrown the sheets away and was ready to demolish me. It took a lot of earnest talk to get

him quieted down and I didn't breathe easily until I got his cane carefully laid on the desk. In fact, I don't think he ever quite believed my account of the disaster."

THE BISHOP AND THE SILVER.

ONE of the stories that Bishop Potter always loved to tell about himself dated back to a visit to Tuxedo, where he went to confirm a class of candidates.

He stopped as usual at the house of a member of the church he was visiting. He passed a comfortable night and the next day returned to New York for other duties. Several days elapsed before he received a letter from his hostess. In it she vaguely but with evident concern referred to the silver toilet set that had been spread out on the dressing table. She even ventured to wonder if the bishop had by mistake packed it up with his own things when he went away. It was then he remembered what had happened to the pieces. So he sent a telegram to quiet the apprehensions of the nervous hostess. It read: "Not guilty. Look in the top bureau drawer." The magnificence of the silver outlay had been too much for him and on his arrival he had put it into the drawer and used his own articles.

A DIFFERENCE.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent. "I was accumulating money of my own."
"Yes," answered the graceless youth, "but don't you think the public was easier then than it is now." — *Washington Star*.



GOOD CAUSE FOR OPTIMISM

He: "The woman I marry must be glad to take me with all my faults."
She: "Oh, she will be; I'm sure she'll be so desperate that faults won't trouble her." — *Windsor Magazine*.

TOOK NO CHANCES.

A Scotch farmer went to town to have a tooth extracted.

"I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra," said the dentist.

He showed the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep, and before he awoke the tooth would be out.

After reluctantly consenting the customer proceeded to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying now!"
"Hoots! I wasna thinkin' o' thot, but if I'm gaen tae sleep I thocht I wa like to coont ma siller first." — *The Scrap Book*.

EASILY AROUSED.

Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for the first time): "Now, mind you, let no one go by without challenging them."

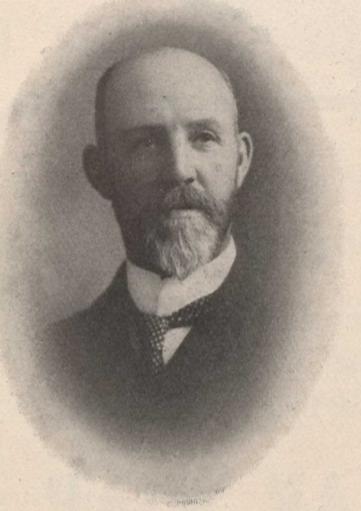
"That's all right, guv'nor. Don't you worry. The slightest noise wakes me up." — *Punch*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SIDELIGHT on the character of Prof. Shortt, the well-known Queen's educationist who has so much to do with arbitrations, is afforded by dialogues from the investigation of a recent colliery wage dispute in Nova Scotia. From this dialogue it will be inferred that the political economist of Queen's has a sharp legal mind that is not likely to go to sleep during an investigation.

"You are one of the underpaid men?" said Prof. Shortt to a Scotsman. "That I am." "What is your occupation?" "I am a roadsman in No. 3 slope."

"Ah, that is a fine piece of road, I was down it." "That it is, but it wasn't always that. When I came out first they put me on that piece of road, and says I to masel, 'It's gae bad, but I'll make it guid, and hae, as you say I did. Weel a while since one of the big fellows, not this ane — pointing to Mr. Brown — but the ither one — meaning Mr. Johnstone — comes along and says he, 'My, John, yer made a grand road o' this.' Aye, said I. Weel, when I got my next pay slip I put on my specs and lichted the lamp and looked at it, and then says I tae my wife, 'He said I made a fine piece o' road, but he forgot to make the pay any bigger.'" Another witness in answer to a question said: "My plan is this, wages first and dividends afterwards. I believe in a fair divvy." "Ah, I see," said Prof. Shortt. "You are a reasonable man. If the company are making big profits you believe in big wages, and if the company makes a loss you are willing to share it with them." "Oh, no," was the reply, "I don't believe in that." "I see, I see," said the chairman, "you are a heads I win tails you lose theorist."



Prof. Adam Shortt.

"You are a reasonable man. If the company are making big profits you believe in big wages, and if the company makes a loss you are willing to share it with them." "Oh, no," was the reply, "I don't believe in that." "I see, I see," said the chairman, "you are a heads I win tails you lose theorist."

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN citizen of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, declares that the American invasion of the Canadian West is practically over. He alleges that Iowa farmers are beginning to see the fallacy of leaving old and settled communities where land has acquired high values with all the comforts of civilisation, and paying high prices for land in the prairie of No. 1 Hard, where most of everything else is hard—so he says; including frost. At the same time he admits the fertility of Canadian soil and the enterprise of Canadian immigrationists in being able actually to reduce the population of Iowa. But when the present crop is pulled off the farmers of Iowa will probably begin to dream again about the cheap lands that produced it in the north—unless they take to raising the new Alaskan wheat, which a few years ago was discovered in a single head up in Alaska by one Abraham Adams, a United States farmer, and has been developed and tested up to two hundred bushels an acre, at which rate of production a man might well raise wheat on the boulevards of metropolitan corners where land sells at thousands of dollars a foot.

* * *

LIFE story of one of the best known sea captains ever born in the Maritime Provinces has been brought to light by the sudden death of Captain McEachern, of Gloucester, Mass. The Captain was lost with eight of his crew when his barque, the *Maggie and May*, was run down by a German school ship *Freya*. The Gloucester *Times* publishes a good account of Captain McEachern's career, as for instance:

"A native of Cape Breton, as a lad he was brought up on the farm of his grandfather. When a young man, Captain McEachern came to this city to engage in the fisheries, his first trip being in a vessel under command of Captain James Chisholm. He was naturally a smart youth and soon rose to be skipper. He has steadily followed the salt bank fishery and few skippers indeed have ever equalled his success in this line. Year in and year out, he pursued this branch of the fishery with most uniform success, and has always been recognised as one of the leaders of this important branch of the business.

During the winters he engaged in the Newfoundland herring fishery at Placentia Bay, Fortune Bay and Bay of Islands. It seems sad to think that after about 25 years as master, this was to have been his last fishing trip, yet it was so, for before he sailed he had announced his intention of staying ashore next season. His record is of the best. His manner and manhood made him respected by all with whom he came in contact, vessel owners, fish dealers, brother master mariners, fishermen and all with whom he came generally in contact in his stays on shore, both here and all along the Atlantic coast, from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland."

* * *

AFTER this fashion was the celebration at Halifax of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of representative government in Nova Scotia on August 19th—so says the *Halifax Herald*:

"The very perfection of a midsummer day—a day compounded of an atmosphere as pure as a pearl; air like wine; glowing, glorious sunlight; sky of a blue which cannot be likened to any blue but its own—came in for the opening of the celebration programme. At 9 o'clock, when the citadel and the German warship *Freya* began their martial duet in honour of the day, the streets in the vicinity of the Provincial Building were already thronged with people. Flags were waving gaily along the principal thoroughfares. Naturally interest centred in the north end of the Provincial Square, and the Paardeberg soldier looked down at the time of the opening exercises therein on a decidedly interesting spectacle. Before the entrance stood the guard of honour from the 63rd Regiment, which received Lieutenant-Governor Fraser on his arrival at the building. Ranged two deep along the Hollis Street railing were one hundred men from the German warship *Freya*, the ship's band accompanying them. Along the Granville Street railing was the guard of the Royal Canadian Regiment, also one hundred strong, and accompanied by the regimental band."

In a brilliant historical speech, Premier Hazen of New Brunswick said: "During the time that has intervened since 1758, Nova Scotia has grown in wealth and importance. Her ships are known on every sea. She is rich in fisheries, mines and forests and her enterprising citizens have founded banking, commercial and educational institutions that are of recognised value and importance to the country at large. No country of the same age has given so many distinguished men to the literary, scientific, commercial and political life of the world."

* * *

TO reservoir the Saskatchewan is now being considered. For years it has been recognised that the big fur traders' river is a very wasteful stream; a river abounding in strange caprices. Even the Indian failed to understand the whims of his "big-swift-running," and for some time the earliest white men did some guessing as to what made the Saskatchewan rise ten or fifteen feet in a night without a drop of rain anywhere in the valley. Ten years ago the river took a notion to rise forty feet and in so doing it flooded flats and houses and mills of the lower town of Edmonton and carried down the defunct old steamer *North-west*. Well-known of course that the weather in the glaciers determines the height of the river quite independently of local rainfall. Wherefore it is proposed to build reservoirs in the mountains to catch and crib and confine the water as it comes from the tributaries and hold it till needed; thus preventing floods that sweep away millions of logs hundreds of miles down river. The dams, however, will not please the half-breed salvagers who for years have made a good business of hooking out the drift logs and toting them off to a mill at about a dollar apiece.

* * *

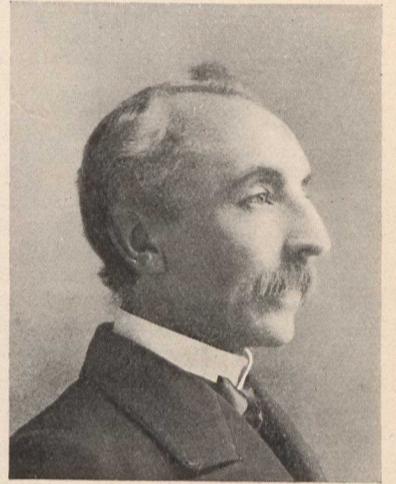
DIGGING up dead men has been a favourite pastime of the ages; and even in Canada there are archaeologists who delight to read history in the graves of men—especially if the skulls are lying round loose in some neglected spot or carefully cached in a tumulus. The most recent valuable discovery of this character is that made by the priests from St. Boniface at Winnipeg, who claim to have discovered the relics of Jean Baptiste la Verandrye, son of the great explorer Sieur of that name; said son having been murdered with Jesuit Father Aulneau and nineteen French-Canadian voyageurs at the foot of Lake of the Woods in 1736. Diligent in their quest, the priests found on the island not only the skulls but the remains of the old Fort St. Charles, which with its bastions and palisades and chimneys was built by the elder

Verandrye in 1732. Most of the skulls were found near the old main chimney west of which next day a complete skeleton was unearthed, followed by four more complete skeletons, two in a box believed to be those of Verandrye and Fr. Aulneau, the Jesuit.

* * *

FIRST French-Canadian Lieutenant-Governor who ever opened the Canadian National Exhibition is Sir Louis Jette, who formally opened

the big Fair in Toronto this week. Sir Louis has just followed the example of Sir Mortimer Clarke in retiring from the Governorship of a province. To be the official opener of the world's greatest annual fair is an honour that rarely comes even to a lieutenant-governor, since it more often falls to the lot of highly distinguished men. A lieutenant-governor is not necessarily a highly distinguished man, though Sir Louis is one of the exceptions. His political and diplomatic career has never been marred by petty politics or partisan indiscretions. He has always preserved the bearing of a scholar and a gentleman.



Sir Louis Jette.

* * *

OLD Fort Malden is being made the subject of official interest; the crumble-down old stone-pile which for best part of a hundred years has been a mute reminder of border wars. Earl Grey and Mr. D. D. Mann and Mr. Lascelles, the pageant expert, visited the old fort recently and spent several hours inspecting the remains—scarcely as yet ruins. As the scenery there by the Detroit River is exceedingly beautiful, and much ground surrounds the fort, the Governor-General promises to lend effective aid in establishing there a national park. In this project not only the folk of Amherstburg and the Detroit River frontier will be immensely interested, but any Canadian who begins to remember how dramatically important was this place in the war of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837.

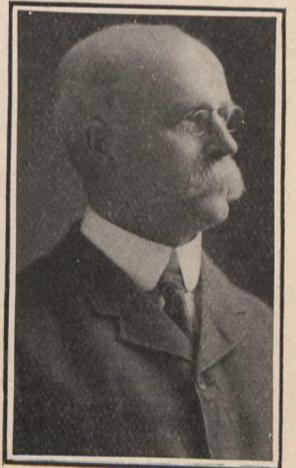
* * *

AT last the western Indians are learning to farm. Inspector of Indian Agencies Graham finds that Indians in the vicinity of Crooked Lake, near Regina, have this year four thousand acres of wheat and a thousand acres of oats. They own and operate self-binders and live in farmhouses and put up wire fences. The old chiefs are dying off. In eight reserves in the File Hills there is but one chief left. Indian schools are on all the reserves. Population of Indians is not decreasing.

* * *

FINANCE Minister

Hon. W. S. Fielding is to have a lively opponent in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in the person of Hon. A. B. Morine, a citizen of Toronto. Mr. Morine will be remembered as a conspicuous Newfoundlander—though he was born in Port Medway, Nova Scotia. Three times during his twenty years' membership of the Newfoundland Legislature Mr. Morine was cabinet minister; successively Colonial Secretary, Minister of Finance and Minister of Fisheries. This may be



Hon. A. B. Morine.

reckoned the order of magnitude, since the Fishery portfolio in the Island government is important. On the subject of fish Mr. Morine has three times appeared officially before British legislators and House of Lords. He is a lawyer by profession and has always been a Conservative in politics.

What Canadian Editors Think

CONSIDER THE PEOPLE.

(Stratford Herald.)

IT is a most unfortunate thing that the strike of mechanics on the C.P.R. should have taken place at this time, when in a few weeks the company will be face to face with the problem of moving the grain crop of the Northwest. While the company professes to be able to replace the strikers it is extremely doubtful that this can be done. If not it means that cars and engines cannot be repaired as fast as needed. The strikers, on the other hand, claim that they are so well organised that they will be able to bring the company to terms. If so, it is probable it will take some time, and the public, especially the farmers of the West, will suffer loss and inconvenience. The difference appears to be not so much a question of wages, but of whether the C.P.R. shops shall be union or open. This is one of the cases where if compulsory arbitration is at all permissible it should be resorted to. Why should either a corporation or its employees be able to partially tie up the traffic of the country, as may be done before this ends, and the public suffer because an agreement cannot be reached? Workmen have rights, corporations have rights, too, but the great public has rights which transcend either in importance.

* * *

STUDENTS OF FORESTRY.

(St. John Telegraph.)

THE fact that the University of New Brunswick will now have a forestry course should give the people of this province a livelier interest in this subject hereafter. Never was our need for forest protection plainer. Fire and wasteful lumbering have done incalculable injury, and both will do more unless the government inaugurates a modern forestry policy within a short time. The forestry policy of the old government promised progressive development a few years ago, but the new public domain legislation never got beyond the four walls of the House of Assembly. It should be amplified and carried out. Our agriculture as well as our lumbering will depend in no small measure upon the wisdom with which the province handles the forestry question. There is a growing interest in the profession of forestry now, and many young men are asking how to get into it and what it promises.

* * *

THE SPEEDY WARSHIP.

(St. John Sun.)

THE newspapers of Europe, as well as those in America, consider the voyage made by the *Indomitable* across the Atlantic on her return from Canada with the Prince of Wales an event of great significance. From Belle Isle to Land's End the *Indomitable* maintained an average speed of from 24 to 26 knots an hour. This feat is bound to have almost an immediate and direct effect upon the design of warships. The naval powers have hitherto deemed it impossible to combine offensive and defensive qualities in a warship and at the same time allow sufficient weight to provide propelling machinery to develop continuously and with reliability power enough to give a speed equal to that of our fastest mail liners. Here the aim must always be to reduce the size of the hull and consequently the target presented to the fire of the enemy, and to ensure the best measure of the qualities which constitute fighting efficiency. These embrace speed, the adequacy of protection and the power of attack. The

best naval authorities disagree as to the relative advantages of these three main qualities; and thus it is that warships necessarily embody compromises in their design.

* * *

ANGLO-SAXON FRATERNITY.

(Victoria Colonist.)

THAT there is a growing understanding between the two English-speaking nations is one of the surest and most satisfactory aspects of the progress of current events. Whether the dream, in which some people indulge, that a Canadian nation may become a bond of union between the United States and all British lands, will ever come true, it is premature to discuss. We differ from our neighbours in one respect. They, in the exuberance of their patriotism, are inclined to think that what they have done and are doing is the consummation of things political. On our side of the boundary line we are more inclined to recognise that the process of political growth, if it is to be permanent, must be slow. Hence we look to the future for the solution of national problems, and are less free with our opinions as to the final outcome of things than our Southern friends. But of this we feel very certain: the English-speaking race has a great work before it, and all things point to the probability that by and by there will be a closing up of the ranks to meet a common enemy.

* * *

THE WAY OF THE WHEAT.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

SOME time ago the Chamber of Commerce of New York City awoke to the fact that Montreal, and not Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, is diverting the export grain trade from the former line of movement to Atlantic ports. When once attention had been directed to the extent of grain exports by the way of Montreal, the underlying reasons for such deflection soon became apparent. A very large portion of the wheat-growing area of this continent lies in the region of those great internal seas that extend for more than a thousand miles along the International boundary. Wheat from the lake region is finding a cheaper outlet to Northern Europe by water route to the port on the St. Lawrence, where transfers are made to ocean ships. It has been discovered that from Buffalo eastward Montreal is getting a two-cent differential over New York and nearly as much as that over Baltimore. Such an immense advantage in rates has already worked to the diverting of lake grain to the St. Lawrence outlet.

* * *

SLEEP THE OLD-TIMERS.

(Regina Standard.)

ANOTHER one has gone. One by one the old-timers are passing away and it will not be long before the day forecasted by J. W. Powers in his "History of Regina," when all the pioneers of '83 "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," will have arrived. Another one went to-day—J. A. MacCaul. Ever since the earliest days of the city the pioneers who settled upon the future capital of Saskatchewan as their home, have been going. These are the men who laid the foundation stones of the "pleasant city on a boundless plain," and to their memory let every honour be done. In these busy days we give little enough time to honouring the memory of the departed who pioneered the prairies.



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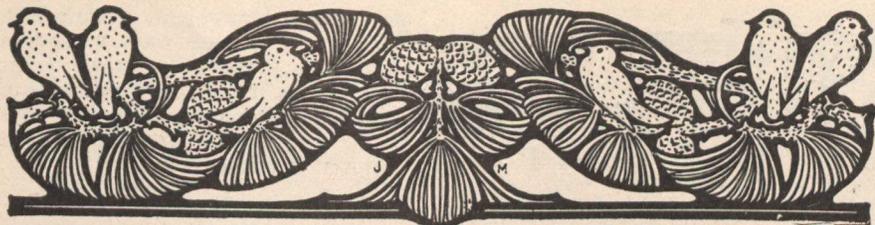
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MISTAKE.

BY ALICE V. L. CARRICK.

THEY looked just alike, these grave little dollies that Aunt Sue had brought all the way from Japan! And their little American mothers were very much alike, too, for they were cousins, almost the same age, with the same long, light pigtailed and the same blue eyes. People who did not know them used to call them "the twins," and people who did know them used to call them "the cousin-twins," for they were always together and very, very fond of one another. No one had ever known them to quarrel; all their grown-up friends said that they were the easiest children in the world to manage. "Just let them have each other to play with and they'll be perfectly happy," every one declared.

But one day something happened. No one knew really what it was. It might have been the hot weather's fault; it might have been the sweet lemonade and cakes they had for their tea-party. Anyhow, just in a minute, Molly jerked O-Mimosa San from her grass bed, where she was lying so comfortably with Miss Almond-Blossom, and cried, "I shall never, never come over to play with you again, Polly Gerould! So there, now!"

And instead of "soft-answering" her, Polly only said, "Well, all right for you, Molly Richardson! I don't care!" And they promptly turned away to their own homes.

And for a week they did not speak, these lonely little uncomfortable souls. But when seven long days had come and gone, Polly came to her mother and said: "Mother, I'm sorry I quarrelled with Molly. And I miss her awfully. And I'm going to send her Miss Almond-Blossom, 'cause she's always wished she had two Japanese dollies so that O-Mimosa San wouldn't be lonesome at night."

So Miss Almond-Blossom was rolled up in a sheet of tissue-paper very carefully, ready to put on Molly's door-step that very evening. Now, as it happened, just at that same time Molly said to her mother, "I was dreadfully cross to Polly the other day. I wish she wasn't mad at me. I want to give her something to make up. I think I'll give her O-Mimosa San, because I love her better than any other dolly I have, and then Polly will know I'm sorry, really and truly!" The thought of being friends again kept her happy all day.

So Miss Almond-Blossom was left on the door-step, and O-Mimosa San went by mail, and neither little girl got the other dolly until next morning. And then how they cried! Because, you see, Polly and Molly each thought that her cousin-twin was angry still, and had sent back the "make-up" present, and that was almost too much to bear.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Sue had not come to visit both cousin-twins that very afternoon. She was at Molly's first, and she heard the story and looked at the little Japanese lady; and then, all of a sudden, she began to laugh. "Why, you dear, silly, generous little geese!" she cried, while Molly and her mother stared as if they thought she had gone crazy. "You've both tried to make up by sending the other your own doll. Look, Molly, this isn't O-Mimosa San at all; this is

Miss Almond-Blossom. I know, because there was a little flaw in her silk sash; something you'd never see, but that any one who had ever lived in Japan would notice at once. And so you each have the other's doll."

Mother was almost as surprised as Molly, and came to examine the little sash with its fortunate telltale flaw. She had left the little girls to find their own way out of the quarrel, so that they would learn by experience to be less hasty.

"And now," said Aunt Sue, "you must come straight over with me and we'll tell Polly all about it, because she's probably feeling quite as grieved as you are."

So they went to Polly's and explained, and the week-long quarrel ended, as all little-girl quarrels should, in laughing.—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

MY UNCLE KNOWS.

I always used when I went to bed,
Right under the clothes to hide my head.

But my Uncle Joe came back one day—

I was only three when he went away—

And he told me what I didn't know
In all my life, did my Uncle Joe.

"There are no bogies at night," he said.

"Just birds and flowers that have gone to bed,

And crickets and such things scattered 'round,

Tucked up in the dark all safe and sound;

"And dreams out of Wonderland, too," said he,

On the lookout for sleepy-heads like me.

So I'm not afraid of the dark one bit;
But I lie half awake, just watching it,
And wait for the dreams to take my hand,

And lead me away to the Wonderland,

Sometimes I think if it wasn't true,
But just pretending, what should I do!

But since he says it, it must be so,
For my uncle knows, does my Uncle Joe.

—*Holiday Magazine*.

* * *

COMPANY MANNERS.

The teacher asked: "Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you'?"

Elsie's face lighted up, for that was one thing she knew, and she confidently answered: "When we have company."

* * *

A GOOD DOLL.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

* * *

MARY'S TEMPTATION.

LITTLE Mary's father was a fisherman, and when her father had caught the fish she had to take it in a basket to the next village and try to sell it.

One day she seemed quite unable to sell any fish. She walked about for

such a long time, but at last a lady bought some of her.

When Mary counted the money it was a great surprise to her to find a silver coin in between the coppers.

It was a great temptation for her. How easy it would be to keep it and say nothing about it! But Mary was a good little girl, and although it was a long way, she went back to the house.

When she got there she knocked, and the lady who had bought the fish opened the door.

"Why, I have only just bought fish.

You do not think we are going to live on fish, do you, little one?"

"It isn't that, ma'am — you have given me sixpence by mistake," Mary answered.

"Did I? Well, I never!" said the lady. "You are a good little girl to bring it back. Would you not like to keep it now that you have got it?"

Mary said, "Thank you very much, kind lady." And then she went away. She was so happy. She sold all her fish, and her father was so pleased when she got home and told him of her adventure.—*Tiny Tots*.

CANADA OUR HOME

By "MOIRA."

WELL, may our love for Canada abide,
Land of adventure, poetry, romance;
Land where the brave have suffer'd, fought
and died,
Since Cartier raised the fleur-de-lis of France.

Down through the vista of the past we gaze,
All shadowy, as in dim cathedral aisle;
While slowly now above the seeming haze,
Rise pictured forms of innocence and guile.

Pale martyrs to the cause of God and truth,
Pleading for heaven with their latest breath;
Stern men of years and fair unclouded youth,
Marching alike to conflict and to death.

Aye, and these pictured forms are things of life,
The warriors stand to conquer or to die;
And smiling plains, erstwhile the scenes of strife,
Still echo with the shouts of victory.

And vanished ones are with us once again,
And voices hushed still thrill us with their power;
For glory lingers through the daylight wane,
And stars return to glad the evening hour.

Heard ye not how Great Britain's Union Jack
First waved above the ancient citadel?
How Wolfe's brave followers drove the Frenchmen
back?
As snow flakes melt before the rain, they fell.

Heard ye not how one still September night,
When busy life was hushed in slumber calm,
Four hundred scores of warriors scaled the height,
And mustered on the plains of Abraham?

The daylight breaks, the shades of night are past,
And through the waking city thrills the cry:
"The British troops, a mighty host and vast,
Have landed! Frenchmen, on to victory!"

At eve, the setting sun looked sadly down
On two brave leaders fallen with the slain,
A vanquished nation mourned its double loss,
And cries victorious rose for England's gain.

Those rival heroes sleep at peace to-day,
One marble column tells their deeds of fame;
It stands where flowers bloom and children play,
And warm, sweet sunbeams kiss each cherished name.

Fit symbol of the peace that fills our land,
All ancient feuds are buried in the past;
The two great nations clasping hand in hand,
Beside that tomb as brothers meet at last.

This is the tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With bated breath and eyes suffused with tears;
This is the story proudly passed along,
Who will make history for the coming years?

Must there be heroes only of the past?
Who'll guard the sacred rights so dearly won
For Canada, the land that gave us birth,
The broadest, fairest land beneath the sun?



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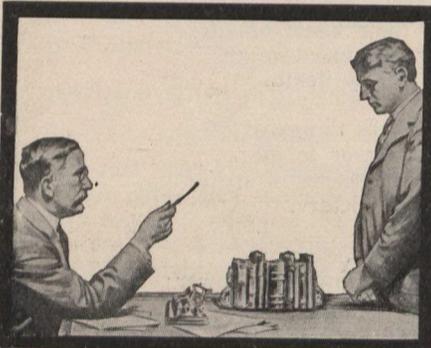
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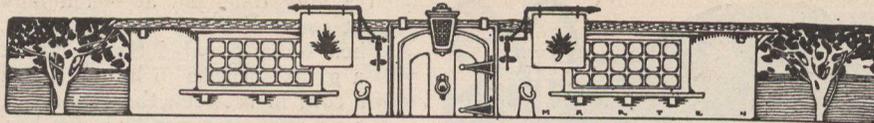
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

METCHNIKOFF AND MILK.

EVERY once in a while the old story of the search for the Fountain of Eternal Youth seems to receive a modern addition. The latest deliverance on the subject comes from a learned scientist of Paris whose name, Metchnikoff, suggests St. Petersburg. This gentleman of the Slavonic syllables has attributed the longevity of centenarians living in the Balkan States to the fact that their diet consists largely of sour milk. There is a germ or a microbe in this unappetising dish which makes for a long life. Those who feast on sour milk will be preserved from grey hair and have no need to resort to dyes and restorers. But is it worth while to consume a flowing bowl of sour milk every twenty-four hours, in the hope that one's days may be long in the land? Is the game worth the diet? Would it not be better to enjoy our salads and sweets for half a century than to attain the age of one-hundred-and-ten on sour milk fare?

A Summer Girl in pink muslin disposed of the question briefly: "What would be the fun of outliving all your friends, who simply wouldn't consent to leading a sour milk life? Old age may be all right but very old age is dreadful. I wouldn't live to be ninety for anything."

So say most of us. A short life may be a merry one but a long life is almost certain to be a lonesome one. Three score years and ten are as much as most of us would care to spend on this whirling planet. Methuselah must have been an unbearable old chap, with his reminiscences of how he spent his five hundredth summer and of the failure of the crops in the year that he celebrated his seven-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. He could not really have had much of a time during the last two hundred years of his pilgrimage and none of us need envy him his unique longevity. Professor Metchnikoff may analyse this preservative element to his heart's content but not many on this side of the Atlantic will seek to add ten years to their existence by adopting the curdled diet.

WOMEN NOVELISTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the CANADIAN COURIER asks: "What do you think the best novel written by a woman?" I have never been able to see why woman's work in music, art or literature should be considered apart from man's. The expression "Good work, for a woman," or "Quite strong, considering," is the sort of criticism which belongs to mediaeval times. A woman should expect no exemption from adverse comment when she undertakes the work of journalist, artist or musician. On the other hand, her achievement should be either praised or condemned without reference to the sex of the worker.

However, if I were sentenced to banishment to a lonely island and allowed to take a dozen novels as companions of exile, three of the twelve books would be by women—Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. It would be hard to tell which of the three would be most shabby at the end of the year but I believe it would be Jane Austen's quiet chronicle. To say what is the best novel written by a woman is to invite brisk discussion. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the

English critic, declared last year in favour of *Wuthering Heights*, which is certainly a tale of storm and stress, almost incomprehensible to some readers, "in this mild land, in this mild age." The Bronte sisters are the most interesting group in English literature, for they were strange, fiery hearts which burned in the bleak Yorkshire rectory.

THE YELLOW GOWN.

PINK, blue, green and mauve will be in the background at the dances in the winter of 1909, for the yellow gown is to be the fashionable wear, even for the debutante. Yellow is a colour which is regarded doubtfully in this part of the world, although in some countries it is the hue of honour. Yellow journalism and the yellow dog have an unpleasant significance. A man uses the adjective regarding another, to express qualities that a woman would probably summarise as "perfectly horrid." Just how the nations of Anglo-Saxondom have come to regard the colour as characteristic of uncleanness it would take a Chicago professor to explain.

However, the yellow gown will probably have its admirers. It has not been without poetic sanction for we have Tennyson's *Melissa* described daintily as:

"A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly."

To certain Oriental people yellow is a sacred colour and in some provinces of China it is chosen as mourning. Blonde and brunette will be likely to test its wearing qualities and before Christmas we shall doubtless be thoroughly sick of the yellow gown.

THE WIFE OF THE STRIKER.

MOST women read that "a strike is on" with small interest in that mysterious world where capital and labour sometimes clash so disastrously. But to the wife of the striker, the news brings a chill of dread, for she knows only too well what long days of idleness may mean for the head of the little home. Drink is the commonest resort for the discouraged striker and it is a sign of advancing civilisation that the advisers and controllers in the C. P. R. strike have urged the men to keep away from the bar-rooms. It is the woman, on whom the heavier burden falls, for the man is supported by a kind of comradeship in defiance—the spirit of fight is in possession of him. But the woman has only a bewildered sense of what the trouble is about, while she has an aching anxiety about what her small family shall eat and wherewithal shall it be clothed.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY.

CANADA, as yet, is so largely rural that there are few places in which one may note the tendency on the part of the richer class to return to country life. In Montreal and Toronto, however, it is already remarked how the citizen who manages to make a little more than his neighbours loses no time in arranging for a goodly stretch of ground and a house of old-fashioned dimensions beyond the city limits. His wife tires of bridge and teas and comes to the conclusion that roses and shade trees are worth many miles of asphalt. Humanity began its chequered career in a garden and ultimately finds it the

most satisfactory sphere in the world. Cities are a disease, says a modern philosopher, and the urban fever quickly runs its course, leaving us to enjoy convalescence where the joys of the open road are free to all "Beloved Vagabonds."

CANADIENNE.

HOLLYHOCKS.

By NELLIE RICHMOND EBERHART.
The gorgeous, glowing hollyhocks
Which bloom beside our garden
walks!

They sway upon their slender stalks
Like tropic birds upon the boughs
Of forests by the Amazon,
Where morn, in silence halcyon,
Paints fervid hues to marvel on
Through noon's long, languid
drowse.

The splendid, showy hollyhocks!
Maroon and gold, their colour mocks
The butterflies in brilliant flocks

Within a web of Eastern dyes.
Yea, here in closes calm and sweet,
Awhile allured by August heat,
The tropics and the Orient meet
Beneath our Northern skies.

—Windsor Magazine.

HIGHEST RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD.

WHAT is probably the highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau railway in Switzerland. It is situated 10,000 feet above sea-level, close to the summit of the mountain.

The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine Waterfall, deep down in the valley below. The cooking is done on the principle of the so-called "Papinian digester," as, owing to the rarefaction of the air at that great altitude, water boils much more quickly and would evaporate before cooking the food.

With an expenditure of thirty kilowatts of electrical energy it is possible to prepare a five course dinner for a party of 100 persons in a very short time. The guests are accommodated in a large hall hewn out of the solid rock and heated by electricity. The view from the huge window comprises mountain scenery which for grandeur has perhaps no equal in the world.

ON A PORTRAIT BY TINTORET.

An old man sitting in the evening
light

Touching a spinnet; there is stormy
blow

In the red heavens; but he does
not know

How fast the clouds are faring to
the night;

He hears the sunset as he thrums
some slight

Soft tune that clears the track of
long ago,

And as his musings wander to and
fro,

Where the years passed along, a sage
delight

Is creeping in his eyes. His soul
is old,

The sky is old, the sunset browns
to gray;

But he, to some dear country of his
youth

By those few notes of music borne
away,

Is listening to a story that is told,
And listens, smiling at the story's
truth.

—Michael Field, in "Wild Honey from Various Thyme."

On Narrowness of Mind

(From The Studio.)

"I WOULD like to preach a sermon," said the Man with the Red Tie, "on the curious narrowness of view with which people are afflicted in their dealing with artistic questions. Has it never occurred to you that the general public regard pictures as practically the only things worthy to be reckoned as works of art? A few abnormally enlightened persons go so far as to count sculpture as an art, but the great majority recognise painting, and painting alone, as the medium for artistic expression."

"Is there anything surprising in that?" asked the Plain Man. "Painting, dealing as it does with form and colour, is the one complete art. Sculpture is cold and lifeless; it makes no appeal to the higher aesthetic emotions, and it leaves one unconvinced. It is only half an art at best."

"What do you know about the higher aesthetic emotions?" cried the man with the Red Tie. "Where did you pick up that phrase? You imply that form and colour are the most important things in art. If I admit that, for the sake of argument, would you tell me whether you do not find them in other things besides pictures?"

"Not in the same degree," replied the Plain Man. "Of course you will find form and colour in examples of the applied arts, but work of this kind is so much easier that you cannot put it on the same level as painting; and surely you would not call the craftsman an artist."

"Why not?" broke in the Art Critic. "Does he not possess imagination and technical skill, and if he has these and applies them worthily, in what does he fall short of the artist's rank?"

"Well, his work tells no story," returned the Plain Man; "it has no meaning. It does not set one thinking in any way, and it satisfies no intellectual demand."

"It does not set you thinking," interrupted the Man with the Red Tie, "because you are incapable of understanding it. Your art tastes, such as they are, do not go far enough to enable you to realise what art means. You like pictures, not because they are works of art, but because they tell you stories. It is the matter of them, not the manner, that attracts you, and a bad painting with a popular subject seems to you much better than a fine piece of work the meaning of which you are mentally incapable of appreciating."

"Perhaps that is so," sneered the Plain Man; "but, at any rate, my mental incapacity is shared by the artists themselves. Can you tell me of any of our leading art societies which admit to their exhibitions other works besides pictures, except in a half-hearted way. Art exhibitions are mainly picture shows, and if there are any incidental things in them, like sculpture or examples of the applied arts, you can plainly see that they are held to be there only on sufferance."

"He has you there," laughed the Critic. "I am afraid the narrowness of mind of which you complain is not limited to the public. I quite feel that exhibitions are too much picture shows, and that things quite as important artistically are excluded, or, at best, only let in under protest."

"Well, then, I will extend the scope of my argument," said the Man with the Red Tie, "and I will say that not only the public, but many artists as well, look upon painting as the only fine art. I am not a supporter of established institutions, and like to attack them if necessary."

"Attack them by all means," replied the Critic, "for they are open to attack. I, of course, do not agree that any one form of artistic expression is the only one worthy to be counted as a fine art. Painting is one of the arts, and a great one; but there are many others worthy to rank beside it, and it is narrowness of mind indeed not to give them their right place."

"But can you tell me of any art society which has not this narrowness of mind?" asked the Plain Man.

"Not many in this country, I am afraid," sighed the Critic. "I am sorry for it. Abroad, I admit there is a wider outlook; but we are still under the influence of prejudice. Our Royal Academy, the chief of our art institutions, is one of the worst offenders; the only arts it recognises are painting first, sculpture second, and engraving a very bad third. It has annually two picture exhibitions, one of which is superfluous, and to the other it admits a few things besides paintings—of all the other arts it takes no cognizance whatever. I would like to see one of its shows devoted to the work of those other artists who are every bit as important as the picture painters; to the productions of the designers, the metal workers, the enamellers, and all those other craftsmen who are keeping alive great artistic traditions. In past centuries men of this type ranked among the masters; that they do not do so now in this country is partly the fault of that Academy which teaches the public to undervalue them."

THE LAY FIGURE.

The Name of Quebec

IN connection with the Quebec tricentennial celebration it is worth while to remember that Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" gives an interesting account of Quebec and the St. Lawrence country. This title is no longer to be found on the cover of any of Thoreau's books, but the story itself forms a large section of the volume entitled "Excursions." Thoreau quotes two explanations of the origin of the word "Quebec." One is that Jacques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Norman French at first sight of its lofty headland, "*Que bec!*" (what a beak!) The other was given by a St. Francis Indian, Tahmunt by name, whom Thoreau came across in the Maine woods in 1853. He said, "When the English ships came up the river they could not go any farther, it was so narrow there; they must go back—go back—that's Quebec"; which, as Thoreau intimates, is more than doubtful etymology.

Scythe Song

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,

Endless over-word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?

Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;

What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,

Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!

Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,

Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging

Over the clover, over the grass!

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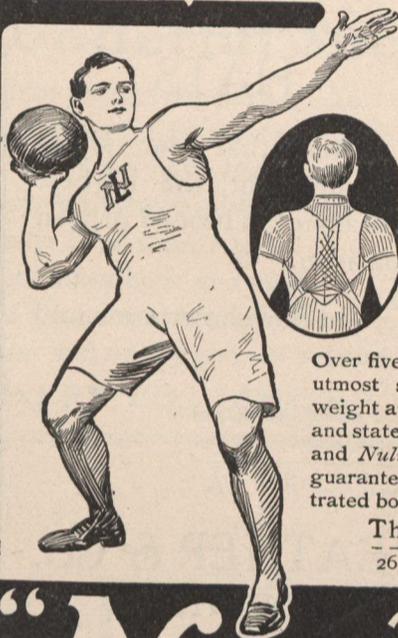
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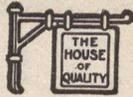
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The Origin of Empire Day

IN a recent number of *Canada*, there appears the following letter, which may be of general interest: "In your issue of May 30th, in speaking of Empire and Victoria Days, you say:

"Empire Day is, of more recent origin. The first resolution for an Empire Day observance was passed by the Hamilton (Ontario) School Board on December 2nd, 1897, on the suggestion of Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, of that city, and the first observance took place on May 22nd, 1899."

"This is correct so far as the city of Hamilton is concerned, but it is not the origin of Empire Day, nor were the schools in Hamilton the first to celebrate it.

"Empire Day originated in the request of the United States Commission of the Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893, to nations represented at that Exposition to celebrate their national holiday in their national manner, provided the day fell within the time in which the Exhibition should be held in Jackson Park. As the Commissioner for Canada, this request came to me, and I submitted it to the Hon. A. R. Angers, the Dominion Minister of Agriculture, who had charge of the Canadian exhibits, with the suggestion that it would be an important thing to demonstrate the unity of the Empire in the city of Chicago, inasmuch as it was so little understood in the United States. To this end, Canada, instead of celebrating Dominion Day, should join with the representatives of the United Kingdom and other colonies to celebrate a common day as Empire Day. The Minister heartily approved of the suggestion, and submitted it to the Cabinet, which adopted it, and I was instructed to carry out the proposal. Owing to the delay in completing the preparations for the Exhibition, a suitable public demonstration could not be made on May 24th, but it was determined that a dinner should be given, by the Commissioners of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies, in Chicago. Through some disagreement in the British Commission, the scheme fell through, and Messrs. Dredge and Harris, two of the British Commissioners, requested that they might be allowed to give a dinner, which, under the circumstances, could not be refused. Failing in the original proposal, the Canadian Commission had a large meeting in their own building, in which all the parts of the Empire at Jackson Park were represented, and speeches were delivered by Commissioners and others, the most striking being one by a Brahmin from India, and the other by an Arawa Indian from British Guiana. This meeting, being reported in the newspapers, attracted a good deal of attention, and British residents of Chicago held a meeting, and, upon the refusal of the British Commission to lead in the matter, asked me to arrange for a larger Empire meeting, which was held in August of that year, and was attended by several thousand people. This meeting attracted still further attention to an Empire Day celebration, and it was taken up, especially in the Province of Ontario. Before leaving for Australia, in 1894, I was invited to take part in an Empire Day celebration in my own town, Oshawa, organised by the school authorities. It was conducted, as it is now, by the hoisting of the flag, and addresses were delivered, I think, by the mayor and some members of the Board of Education and others. You will see, therefore, that the city of Hamilton, in-

stead of leading the way, followed some three years after Oshawa, and, I think, some other towns.

"Mr. James Dredge, one of the British Commissioners who attended the first meeting in the Canadian building, has passed away, but I think Mr. Harris, the other member of the Commission who attended at that meeting, yet lives, and will doubtless remember the proceedings.

"Yours very truly,

"J. S. LARKE.

"The Commercial Agency of the Government of Canada, the Royal Exchange, Sydney, N.S.W."

British Treatment of United States Athletes

(New York Life.)

OUR representatives at the Olympic games in London covered themselves with glory, winning very nearly half the events, and very nearly twice as many as the representatives of the United Kingdom. Considering what a distressful time they had—how the crowds hooted them, and the games—officials made it doubly difficult for them to win anything—they did wonderfully well, and must be phenomenally light on their legs. We read in the papers that the managers of the games, which were under British auspices, treated the Americans with the grossest unfairness. President Sullivan, of the A. A. A. U. S., who was there, is quoted as saying that the meeting from the beginning was mismanaged, and that "it is well known that the (British) A. A. A. people made up their minds to ignore the United States, and to ignore our wishes because they thought they had a chance to win." And yet the Americans got off with the lion's share of the trophies.

Were they really so mistreated, and unfairly dealt with? For our part, we would like to hear the other side. Athletic contests are prone to be productive of hard feelings, absurd suspicions, and acrimonious charges, as, witness the literature of our own intercollegiate sports. If our college lads can't compete without more or less bickering, must we be altogether surprised that the Olympic managers failed to give entire satisfaction to an assortment of athletes not schooled to any special standard of deportment and stimulated with a preponderant infusion of Celtic blood? The Irishmen were first rate athletes, and won most of the victories for our team, but we have known it to happen before that British management was unsatisfactory to Hibernian critics.

Autos in New York

(New York Life.)

THAT is an excellent ordinance that the New York Park Board has adopted, barring from the parks automobiles that give out smoke and bad smells. Such automobiles are a nuisance everywhere in cities, but especially in the parks, where people go for air, and have a right to expect it to be clean. Everybody knows that when automobiles smoke, or smell excessively bad, it is because the chauffeur does not know his business, or fails to attend to it. An auto properly run is not very much of a nuisance. To deny the parks to such as pollute the air is a very moderate concession to the noses, health and lawful pleasure of the people who use the parks. The smoky automobiles should not be allowed in the streets, either. They are already under ban in Paris and in London, and they must be disciplined here also. That will come presently. To keep them out of the parks is a good beginning.

Western Enthusiasm

WESTERN enthusiasm over public and municipal undertakings recalls the period when Ontario's municipalities gave money to any old company that would undertake to build a railway. Many of the railways were not operated for years after they were built and they all eventually passed under the control of one corporation. Yet the municipalities gave away so many bonuses that they became insolvent, their bonds became valueless, and the provincial government had to come to their relief.

Out in the West, they are doing their work better. They are leaving the larger undertakings such as railways and telephones to the provincial governments. Saskatchewan is to follow the example of Alberta and Manitoba and buy out the Bell Telephone Company. There will then be no telephone monopoly between the western boundary of Ontario and the eastern boundary of British Columbia. Indeed, that portion of the North American continent will be the only portion which does not have the Bell Telephone Company's flag flying above it.

Western enthusiasm is not confined to the provincial cabinets. By a vote of 710 to 7 Edmonton has decided to purchase Strathcona's rights in the twin-city tramway, and to raise \$135,000 additional to put the proposed street-car service into operation. Just think of it—only seven croakers in Edmonton, only seven who are willing to back on the pedals, only seven who think it might be advisable to wait a year or two! Edmonton is to be a great city. If its people have their way, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon and Winnipeg will be but villages in comparison. It certainly has fine prospects, but there are towns in Canada with crumbling chimneys and decrepit mill-dams which have had almost equal prospects. No Canadian would dare to say that Edmonton would not yet be greater than Winnipeg, but it may not be amiss to point out that some very wise men, some very wise corporations, and some exceedingly wise municipalities have gone astray in their calculations.

Without a doubt, the best interests of Canada demand that Western enthusiasm should be maintained. Enthusiasm does wonders. Out there, it has transformed a barren prairie into a smiling wheatfield. The wheatfield has troubles of its own, but what portion of the earth's surface is free from the burden imposed upon us by the Garden of Eden affair? Enthusiasm is necessary to go into the dreary, unbroken solitudes and work away for three, four or five years before a railway comes within driving distance. It requires enthusiasm to sit down and watch a fine thousand-acres of ripe spring wheat being pounded into the earth by a hail-storm. It takes enthusiasm to make a man whistle and sing while he is building a home for his dainty wife and children, with a Galician neighbour on one side and a Doukhobor on the other.

Let the West have its enthusiasm and its hope and its ambition. It is by such forces that new countries become old. Let us hope that its strong efforts are always well-directed and that it will make few mistakes. It has made an excellent start, though handicapped by speculative land grants and monopolies of one kind or another. It has already broken some of the bonds, and later will break others. If it does not get too speculative and over-confident all will be well.

In the meantime, the whole of Canada is benefitting by this western enthusiasm, with its brusque, busy and direct methods of tackling the seemingly impossible.

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Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

LITERARY NOTES

A QUATRAIN.

MR. PETER McARTHUR, the Canadian humorist whose work is known to both New York and London publications, has recently been visiting his native country, enjoying the renewal of old associations. Mr. McArthur has lost none of the true Canadian's enthusiasm for the scenes of his own land and, on hearing our *Chant National*, sung by two French-Canadian boatmen whose voices were equal to the emotional demands of that splendid song, he expressed the warmest sympathy with its sentiment.

On the following day he sent to the friend who had shared his enjoyment the following:

No matter the words, if the thought be golden,
 No matter the tongue, if the heart be true;
 No matter the creed—or new or olden—
 When all are doing what each should do.

* * *

THE CLIFF END.

THE best English novel since the publication of *Joseph Vance* is *The Cliff End*, by a new novelist, Mr. E. C. Booth. It is a tale of Yorkshire which fairly steps the reader in the atmosphere of the quiet village whose romance centres about *Pam*, a goddess-like young person, a Diana who condescends to act as post-girl. As in the first novel by Mr. William De Morgan, the reader feels the Dickens influence in the spirit of humorous benevolence which pervades the narrative. After the novels of fashionable life, stuffed with cheap epigrams, and the motor yarns redolent of gasoline, this genuine work of the novelist's art comes as a salty breath across the moors. May we have many such books from the writer of *The Cliff End*, with heroines as pure and radiant as *Pamela Searle*! Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

* * *

THE FIRING LINE.

DR. JOHNSON defined a novel as "a smooth tale, generally of love." Just what Boswell's burly idol meant by the adjective "smooth" is not for this age to know. But Mr. Robert Chambers' latest novel seems a modern exemplification of the Doctor's idea. There appear to be two literary personalities in Mr. Chambers' constitution. One of them writes such good stuff as *The Search for the Unknown* and *Iole*; the other indulges in popular tales of the "loviest" kind of love, with multi-millionaire environment. Such was *The Younger Set* which was one of the very best sellers which have recently made glad the heart of the publisher. *The Firing Line*, which has just appeared in book form and which ran its exciting course as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is a novel, sure of popularity with the younger set and much finer in workmanship than its predecessor.

The scene of the more dramatic events in the story is Florida and all the writer's descriptive skill is lavished on that strange, exotic land which is brought vividly before the fancy of the northern reader. *Mr. Cardross*, one of the traditional plutocrats with more money than he can conveniently spend, has an adopted daughter, *Sheila*, whose beauty is sadly distracting to all masculine beings in the neighbourhood. Her lover, *Hamil*, is a fine specimen of athletic American

manhood, who finally attains the desire of his heart.

The novel would merit hardly more than "a pretty love story" notice, were it not for *Louis Malcourt*, a Mephistophelian gentleman with a streak of chivalry in his sinister character. *Malcourt*, who after many intimations of his intent, finally takes his own unsatisfactory life, is not to be forgotten—a bit melodramatic, perhaps, but a striking figure in his reckless boyish abandon.

By the way, why does Mr. Chambers find it necessary to represent all Englishmen as atrocious cads? He followed that policy in the *Maid-at-Arms* and no doubt pleased the Anglophobian gallery. No one objects to an occasional villain from the British Isles; but to represent all inhabitants of those despised regions as entirely lacking in virtue and honour is an unimaginative proceeding.

The Firing Line is a novel of marked interest in narrative style; but the "smart set" with its facile divorces is hardly worthy of such ability as produced Mr. Chambers' early works. One might also inquire why he spoils a good Celtic name like *Sheila* by mis-spelling it throughout the volume. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

* * *

A STORY BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

A NEW novel, *Captain Love*, by Theodore Roberts, is attracting the attention of such as enjoy a story of adventure. The *Argonaut* thus sums up the plot and style of the narrative: "Two gentlemen riding toward London some time in the last century are assailed by highwaymen. One of them is killed and his companion so seriously injured that when he recovers his health his memory is gone. He assumes the name of Captain Love, plunges into the fashionable life of London, and undergoes a series of adventures with lovely ladies, highwaymen, duellists, and all the reckless and delightful elements of an irresponsible day. Eventually he recovers his identity and his sweetheart of other days, and everything ends as it should. The story is thoroughly wholesome and skilfully told."

* * *

DEVOTION.

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

He saw Love gently take her by the hand,
 And Beauty leaning down to kiss her face,
 But she sought not his eyes, for loud and clear
 Youth piped her onward to Life's feasting-place.

He saw Love leave her at the gate of tears,
 And Beauty hide between the sunset skies;
 But as she turned, a beggar from Life's feast,
 She found her heaven waiting in his eyes. —*Smart Set*.

* * *

NO DICKENS STATUE.

A PROPOSAL of the town council of Rochester, England, to set up a statue of Dickens in their gardens has fallen through on account of the objection of the novelist's son, Mr. H. F. Dickens, who sent to the council this extract from his father's will: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my countrymen upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."



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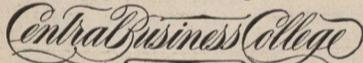
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An Object Lesson

(Continued from page 15)

"Oh, I object to nothing that will get to the bottom of this intolerable mystery," Marie cried. "And, of course, any friend of yours will be welcome. What time is he coming?"

Parke gave the desired information. He refused to say any more. He objected point blank to be drawn. He talked of other matters till it was time to go down to the station and meet his Australian friend. The latter turned up as arranged—a tall, muscular-looking, brown-faced man, carrying a kit-bag and a small brown paper parcel that looked not unlike a diminutive fishing-rod.

"So you've brought it with you?" Parke asked.

"Well, it isn't my own," Cheserworth explained. "I don't know what has become of mine. But I managed to procure one at a sporting outfitter's and had an hour's practice, because, you see, I was rather stiff, and I haven't touched one of those weapons for the last three years. I must congratulate you on the way you have got to the bottom of this business."

"More good luck than anything else," Parke said modestly. "If I hadn't been a sportsman I should never have tumbled to what was going on. But come along, and be introduced to Miss Conningham. She is looking forward eagerly to your visit."

IV.

Dinner was over, and Marie Conningham and her two men guests were seated in the big lounge hall talking together and awaiting the advent of Kate Fladbury, whose return was expected at any moment. The conversation had veered round to Australian matters, and Marie was not displeased to find that Cheserworth knew her relations perfectly well. He was talking of sporting matters now with a zest and interest, when the door opened, and Kate Fladbury came in. She stepped smilingly forward, but she stopped just for a moment and looked quickly at Cheserworth. Her face was slightly pale, there was a frightened look in her eyes. With a murmur of apology she turned in the direction of the stairs, but Parke managed to intercept her.

"Oh, don't run away like that," he said. "I am anxious to know how you have been getting on. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Frank Cheserworth. He is an old friend of Mrs. Malcolm's, whom you were with for years, so that, no doubt, you have met before."

The girl said nothing; her eyes travelled slowly round the hall as if looking for some avenue of escape. Cheserworth bowed slightly, and then turned to resume his conversation with Marie. He took from the table the brown paper parcel which he proceeded to untie, and disclosed a whip of somewhat peculiar form. The stock was not more than two feet in length, but the long, lithe, cruel-looking lash must have been at least twenty.

"And now I will show you what I mean," he said. "I daresay you will think I have been boasting. But Miss Fladbury knows better than that. Would you mind clearing a space for me? Thanks. Now, Parke, you stand at the end of the hall there, sideways, and light a cigarette. Yes, that will do. Now you will see what I am going to do. Are you ready?"

Parke nodded slightly. Cheserworth drew back his hand with a dexterous turn of the wrist, and the long tongue of the whiplash fairly whistled in the roof. Then Cheserworth jerked his arm forward like a fisherman casting a fly, which straightened out unerringly in Parke's direction, and a

moment later the tip of his cigarette was cut as clean as if it had been severed with a knife. The lighted end dropped to the floor and smouldered there.

Then Parke took his watch-chain from his pocket and hung it across his waistcoat. Once more Cheserworth's arm moved imperceptibly. The long lash flashed out once more, the chain vanished from Parke's black waistcoat and came back, as if by some weird sleight of hand and lay coiled up in Cheserworth's palm. The hall was more or less filled with flowers in pots, and as Cheserworth continued to make play with the whip, so the flowers were severed from their stems, and came back in the same startling manner to Cheserworth's left hand until he had quite a bouquet there. He turned with a bow and handed them over to Marie, who stood there dazed and fascinated.

"There," he said quietly. "You can see what it is possible to do with a stock weapon in an experienced hand. I could flick a fly off a bush at thirty feet, I could cut a pack of cards in two as if they were a pat of butter. A whip like this would cut a bullock through to the flesh. I once saw a desperado have his hand taken off on one of the farms in the West. And I am quite an amateur at the game. I don't suppose I have done a single thing that Miss Fladbury couldn't do quite as well."

Kate Fladbury dropped into a chair. Her hands were pressed together between her knees. She looked from one man to another with wide staring eyes; she touched her dry, white lips with the tip of her tongue. Parke stood by the door.

"I don't understand you," she said. "I think you do," Parke took up the story. "Mr. Cheserworth tells me that you are quite as clever with that terrible stock whip as he is. He informs me that he saw you perform in Sydney at a music-hall there. He doesn't recollect meeting you at Mrs. Malcolm's, for the simple reason that you were never there."

"This is an insult," the girl said hoarsely.

"Not at all," Parke went on. "It is extremely unpleasant, but I am bound to speak plainly. You see I have had a deal of experience with mysterious crimes in India, and that is why I am here. When Miss Conningham told me what had happened I naturally cast about to find out who the culprit was. I was told that you came from Australia from Mrs. Malcolm's, and I elicited the information that since you have been here no letter from Mrs. Malcolm had reached the bungalow. Therefore, I cabled to Mrs. Malcolm yesterday, and a reply came this morning to the effect that there must be some mistake, and that Mrs. Malcolm's Miss Fladbury, so to speak, married a squatter out there, and, therefore, on the face of it, you must be an impostor. After I had got you out of the way to-day I did not hesitate to search your bedroom, and I found there the stock whip which is lying in front of you on the table at the present moment. Then I began to see my way clear. I knew that my friend Mr. Cheserworth knew Mrs. Malcolm, I told him everything that had happened on the telephone, and, at my request, he came down here at once. Do you follow me?"

"There is some mistake," Miss Fladbury murmured. "And even this does not account for the loss—"

"Oh, I am coming to that," Parke interrupted. "Surely, you are not going to carry this matter any further; you are not going to force us to call in the police. Why, Mr. Cheserworth has just given us an object lesson of the manner in which the jewels were stolen. What looked like an inexplicable mystery is perfectly plain

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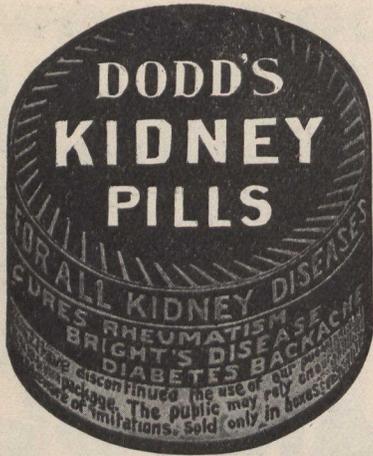
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now. This house is a bungalow, the inhabitants are fond of fresh air, they keep their windows open. This fact, of course, did not escape your attention, and your proficiency with the stock whip gave you an inspiration. It was an easy thing for you to creep into the garden with the whip under your dress and switch on the electric light through Miss Conningham's bedroom window. Then you could help yourself to what jewels you wished. I suppose you thought you were perfectly safe and that nothing would be found out, and really, I must compliment you on your audacity last night, and on the skilful way in which you possessed yourself of Miss Conningham's necklace. I haven't much acquaintance with the word fear, but just for a moment last evening I was almost frightened. Now the thing is explained it seems simple enough. But that remark applies to most clever things. I don't take any credit to myself for making this discovery, for fortune has been on my side. But for an accident you might have got away with those jewels, and nobody would have been any the wiser. I don't know what Miss Conningham proposes to do—

"Oh, nothing," cried Marie. "For the sake of my mother I should like to have this affair hushed up if possible. Of course, I shall have to tell her later on. Still, at the same time, I don't want to lose my jewels, and, if you think—"

"Oh, you are not going to do that," Parke said grimly. "You shall have all your diamonds back. This is a grossly immoral proceeding, and as an old Government servant I ought to be ashamed of myself for becoming a party to any such thing. Now, Miss Fladbury, you hear what Miss Conningham says. Let us have the diamonds back, and you are free to go your own way. It is not too late for you to get to Sandmouth to-night, and your belongings will be sent on to you."

The woman rose from her chair. She was quite cool and collected now, quite free from any sign of shame or degradation.

"I'll go and fetch them," she said. "I think not," Parke said drily. "If you don't mind, I'll come with you. It is just as well that we should conduct this in a businesslike manner."

He opened the door and stepped aside for the woman to pass. He came back presently with all the missing jewels in his hand. So far as Marie could see there was absolutely nothing wanting. Cheserworth had vanished for the moment. He was outside trying his whip, the crack of the lash could be heard inside the hall.

"And now," Parke smiled, "now that you are satisfied, I suppose I had better be off back to town again."

Marie hesitated just for a moment. "I think you had better stay," she said softly. "I want somebody to look after my diamonds, and—and myself."

"Oh, in that case," Parke smiled, "of course—"

A Wet Day in a Dry Country

By HELEN GUTHRIE

MANITOBA—the land of Sun! Day after day of uninterrupted, bright, glorious sunshine! The Wind may rise, and blow one almost out of existence, but still the Sun shines on! A Whirlwind may try to throw dust right into His eyes, but He only beams more broadly than ever! A Thunder-cloud momentarily succeeds in hiding His face, triumphantly battering down the big rain-drops to mark the event, but it passes in no time, leaving the ever-

present Sun shining more gloriously than ever!

Nothing could be more delightful, but yet—alas for the never-satisfied human nature—one *does* sometimes long for a good, honest, old-fashioned "rainy day," particularly if one is a woman!

There is a joy—a decided joy—in watching the raindrops chasing one another down the window-pane, until they join in a tiny rivulet and drop gleefully over the sill, to the big world beyond. There is a delight—an unmistakable delight—in waking in the morning to the measured sound of pattering rain on the roof. *What a day for odd-jobs!*

The question is, what to do first—and you spend the first half-hour after breakfast, wondering if you will turn out those old treasure-boxes in the attic, or whether it would not be better to sort the jam-cupboard! This is a weighty matter, requiring deep thought and wise consideration, and yet, the seldom-seen umbrellas in their various stages of brownness and greenness, passing your window, all agloss and adrip, are so diverting, that you find great difficulty in pinning your mind either to jam or to attic flights.

Finally, the claims of the attic assert themselves, and soon you are seated on the dusty floor of that sanctuary, deep in the mysteries of old lace, old books and old letters. The time flies so, that you simply cannot believe it when the gong sounds for lunch. "Dear me!" you say, "I have accomplished simply nothing!"

You go down stairs, to the commonplace dining-room, rather impatient of such a sordid, every-day affair as lunch, but soon the little dainty dish, made by cook, "to tempt your appetite on this dull, dismal day, ma'am," goes to the right spot, you feel more normal, smile at cook's view of your wet day, and—take a second helping!

After lunch, more shining, dripping umbrellas—they really begin to grow monotonous! You take a casual glance at the alluring jam-cupboard, and decide, after all, to let Jane sort it. As for you, you simply *must* trim up that gray hat to wear on wet days—you really require just such a hat! And so pins and wings and flowers and velvet and chiffon are in requisition, and with a mirror before you, and a mirror behind you, you concoct "just the sweetest little hat in the world!"

It really is very becoming, particularly when you try it on finally, in company with the rain-coat you got in the spring, but have never yet worn—"They match so well, and are *so* in keeping!" You pin the little gray hat on *very* firmly, considering that you are only trying it on. The effect is really excellent! How glad you are that you trimmed it!

But, what is the use of having wet-day clothes, unless one wears them? Why trim a little gray hat, just to put away on a shelf? Why, indeed?

Before you know what you are doing, you are shaking out your little ivory-handled umbrella, drawing on your wet-day gloves, and down-stairs you go! You rather apologise to Jane who is busy at the jam-cupboard, by explaining that you are "going over to see Mrs. Clark, who has not been very well, poor thing! She will need cheering up this wet day!" And then, just before you snip the latch on the front door, you pop that little gray hat inside and remark to Jane of the Jam, "If it *should* happen that I did not come back to dinner, Jane, will you ask Mr. Knight to come over for me?" And, as you run down the steps and hail a tram, you say to yourself: "One must have a *little* diversion on a long, wet day!"

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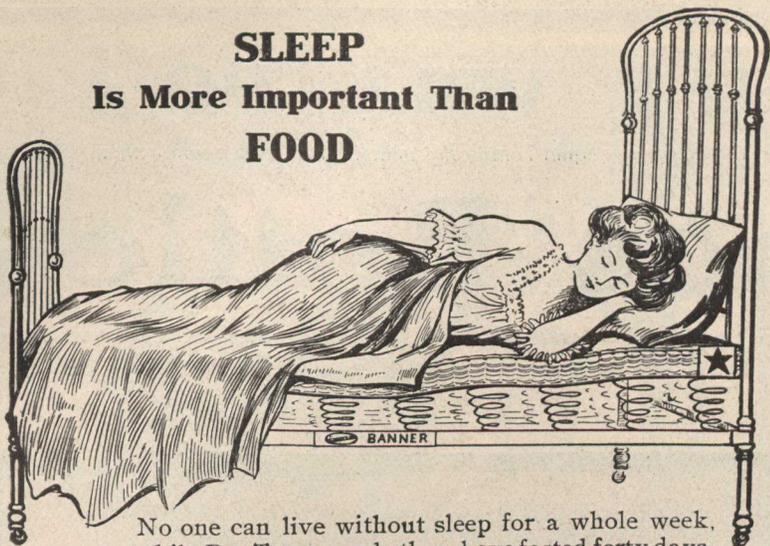
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