AUGUST
1908

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI. No. 4

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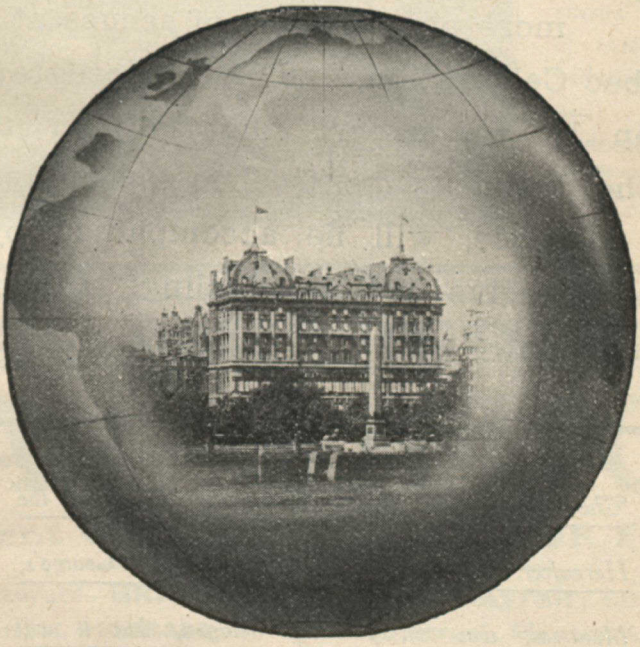

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for September will contain a dozen or more photographs of scenes at the Quebec Celebration. These photographs, taken by an expert photographer sent by the Magazine to Quebec especially for this purpose, will be accompanied by a comprehensive article dealing with this great event.

The first article, "HADES," on the "Gospel of the Hereafter," by Rev. J. Paterson Smyth, of St. George's, Montreal, was unexpectedly delayed, but it will appear in the September issue. . . . . .

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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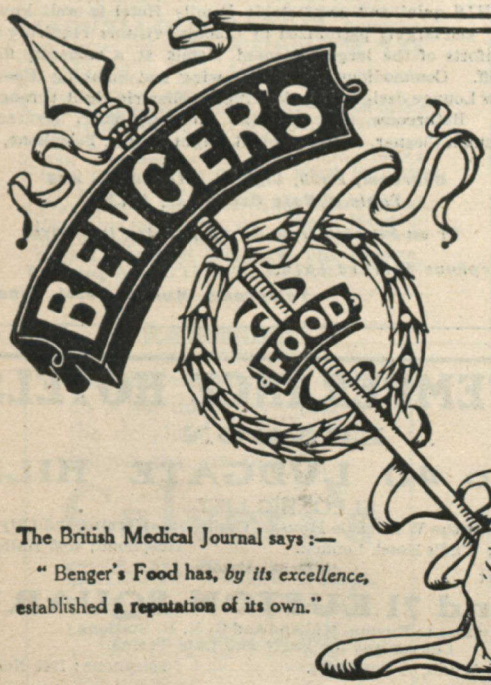

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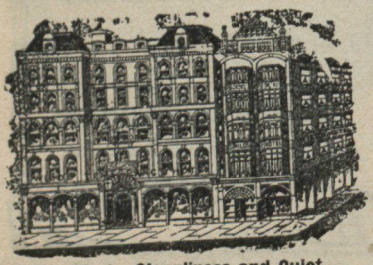

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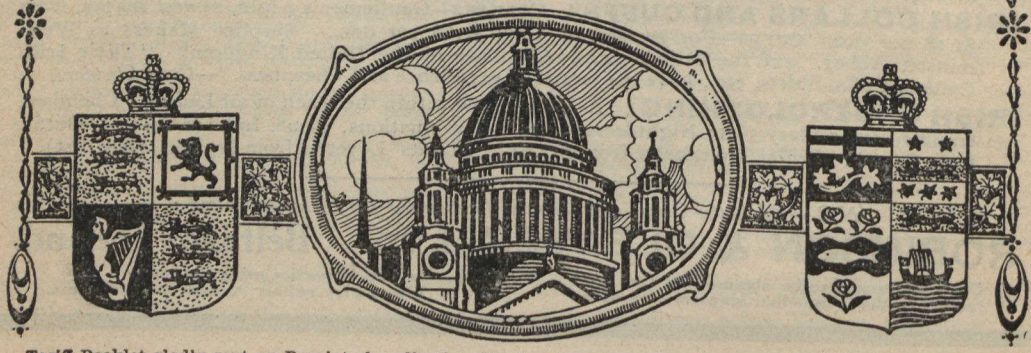

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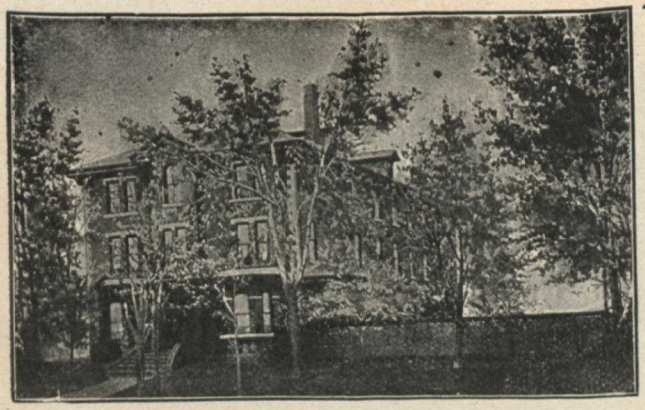

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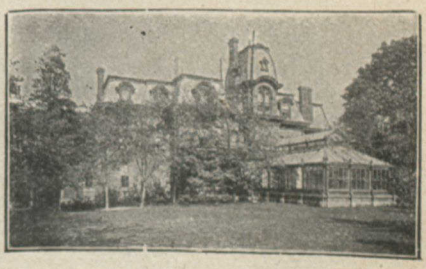

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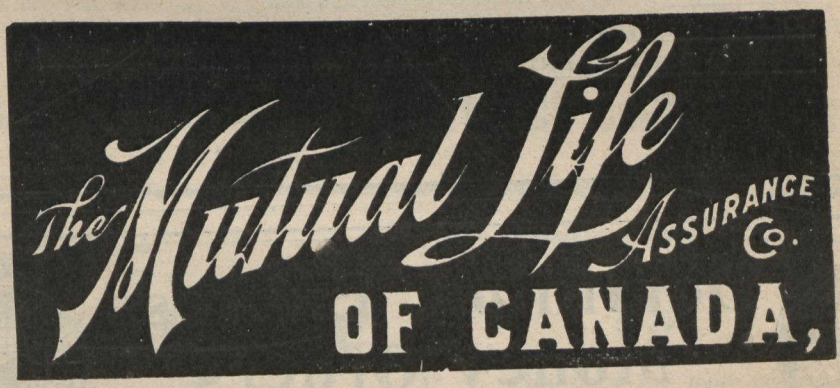

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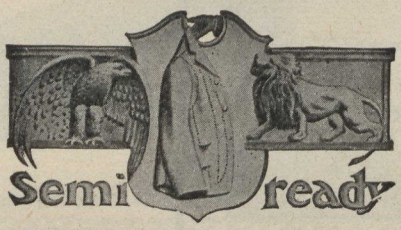

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From a black and white sketch by Carl Abrens

VILLAGE OF A VANISHING RACE

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI TORONTO, AUGUST, 1908 No. 4

INDIAN TRIBES OF LABRADOR

BY CLIFFORD H. EASTON

THE principal Indian tribes of Labrador are the Montagnais and the Nascaupee, both of which are members of the Algonquin family. The Montagnais inhabit the southern part of the peninsular, while the Nascaupees, or Barren Ground Indians, hunt over the central and northern sections, extending as far north as Ungava Bay on the east and the region surrounding Richmond Gulf, on Hudson Bay, which forms the southwestern boundary of the Eskimo hunting ground.

The two tribes are more or less closely connected by intermarriage, though entirely different in physique. The Montagnais have apparently a large admixture of white blood, having intermarried with old *coureurs du bois* and the French and English traders; the result is seen in the better physique of the tribe, the men being much more muscular than their northern relatives. The Nascaupees, as they inhabit the interior, have come little in contact with the white man, and they exhibit more of the characteristic build of the pure-blooded Indian. The northern Nascaupees are, as a rule, the tallest men in Labrador, many of them being over six feet in height, but slightly built and incapable of carrying half the loads of the more stockily built Montagnais. They still have a tradition that their people originally dwelt far to the south on the north side of a great river and were driven northward by the Iroquois.

The language embraces various dialects of Cree, or is a mixture of Cree and Ojibway; the differences in

A NORTHERN TYPE IN "HALF-AND-HALF" DRESS

SOUTHERN MONTAGNAIS, WHO AS A TYPE ARE MORE MUSCULAR THAN THEIR NORTHERN RELATIVES

dialect in the same tribe are slight, so that an Indian speaking pure Cree can make himself understood among all the Indians of the coast and interior.

The majority of the Montagnais spend the entire summer on the Gulf coast, coming out early in the spring and remaining until late fall. Brought in contact with the white trader during many years, they have lost many of their primitive traits and customs, given up, to a large extent, their nomadic life, and settled down in log houses, frequently furnished with many of the comforts of civilization. From these permanent settlements they make their annual hunt into the country during the winter, subsisting principally on supplies hauled from the coast, thus, unlike their northern kindred, they are practically independent of the movements of the deer.

Though professing Christianity, they still adhere to many old superstitions and beliefs, the conjurors or medicine men of the heathen Nascaupees, whom they secretly believe can, if they wish, work harm by the aid of the evil spirits, still maintain great influence over them . During the past winter a young man killed his father in accordance with an ancient superstition that, if the old become demented they turn cannibal. The father himself urged the deed, threatening, in a period of madness, to kill the whole family if his son did not comply with his wishes. The young fellow on his arrival at the post told the factor, with tears in his eyes, how he had made three attempts before he could summon courage to do as his father wished, and yet these same men travel hundreds of miles every year to meet their priest and are very strict in the observation of the rites and ceremonies of the church.

One branch of the Montagnais have encroached on Nascaupee territory to the north, which is supposed to be bounded by the region surrounding Hamilton Inlet on the south-east. These families seldom

NASCAUPEE BOYS DRESSED IN DEER-SKIN

visit the coast; their only communication with the traders is flying visits of the young men who tramp to Davis Inlet on the Atlantic coast to trade for tea, tobacco and ammunition. This branch, hunting in the vicinity of Lake Michikaman, are much less civilized than their southern brethren, and have but a thin veneer of Christianity, though professing the Roman Catholic religion and wearing the emblems of that faith. Their very existence depends solely on one thing, the deer, and should they miss them in their annual migration they are soon reduc ed to starvation and many die. Even when in dire need they refuse to act as guides into the interior of the country, but whether this is due to laziness or fear of having their hunting territory opened up to trappers and prospectors, I cannot say. Their demands for articles obtainable at the posts are confined to tea, tobacco, rifles, ammunition and articles of summer clothing which are procured in trade. The material for winter clothing is furnished mainly by the chase. In the curing of skins the women are very expert, reducing them to the softness and pliability of chamois. Their snow-shoes are of the finest workmanship, the weave being very close, fine and strong, while the frames are tough and well shaped.

When camping with them on the George river, our outfit was thoroughly investigated, everything from the camera to a jack-knife being passed around among men, women and children, and, down to the smallest article, all were returned. Everything in our possession came in for its share of fingering, curiosity being aroused over the merest trifle, as a safety pin, pencil, etc. My Mauser pistol aroused a storm of jabbering, the men prancing with glee like so many children as the hammer flew back after each discharge, enabling me to empty the magazine as fast as I could pull the trigger. When one realizes how invaluable a modern rifle or knife is to these people, honesty among them seems remarkable;

NASCAUPEE'S TENT BANKED WITH SNOW

but theft is unknown among the interior Indians, and provisions may be left anywhere inland with the assurance that only in case of absolute need will anything be taken.

The summer camp is usually pitched on a high barren hill close to a river, from which miles of valley, hill and lake may be seen and the movements of the deer noted. When deer are sighted, an interesting scene occurs, the whole community, including men, women, children and dogs, makes its way to the lookout and though the deer may be several miles distant, everything is hushed, the squaws quiet the papooses, the boys hold the dogs, the men talk in low-pitched voices, while the chief gives his opinion as to the chances of success, depending on the wind and distance to be covered. Should conditions prove favorable, the canoes are manned without a sound, and with quick, noiseless strokes slip away to windward under cover of the bank. Every one remaining then returns to his or her appointed task, and the work of the camp is resumed as if nothing unusual had happened; but even while talking the mens' eyes are constantly searching shore, hill and river. Not a moving object escapes their keen sight.

The stranger living among this people must be impressed in their favor, their honesty, hospitality, and good nature being sincere, while the plucky fight they continually carry on against that gaunt fiend starvation requires qualities of manhood and strength found among few tribes.

For a true appreciation of the hard and bitter fight carried on for the necessities of life, one must go farther north and see the Nascaupees of the Barren Grounds; perhaps nowhere in the world is such a war waged for mere existence as among these people. They afford an excellent opportunity to study the Indian in his primitive state, untouched by any of the influences of civilization, and guided by the same old customs and superstitions that governed their

forefathers. The word Nascaupee, in the Montagnais dialect, signifies "the ignorant ones," given on account of their lack of knowledge of the ways of civilization. They visit the post but once a year, except in case of extremity, when the younger men tramp hundreds of miles to Fort Chimo in search of relief, hauling their purchases home on long, narrow toboggans. Their speed and endurance is marvellous, and even with a heavily-laden toboggan they will cover twice as much ground in a day as a white man.

The annual visit with the white families is made in August, when the entire tribe of two hundred descend the Kvaksvak river in canoes, and remain at the post for two weeks trading their stock of furs for guns, ammunition, tea, tobacco, etc., leaving just before the company's ship arrives. As the natives generally make a point of congregating at the post at "ship time," I enquired of the factor the reason of this early departure and learned that the Indians feared a priest might be on board. Several years ago the Rev. Father Le Moine visited Fort Chimo, and meeting the Indians congregated there started in to convert them—men, women and children. All went smoothly until the subject of wives arose. The good father forbade more than one wife to each hunter. This was more than the Indians would stand, for the best hunters have two, and even three wives. The number depends upon their ability to support a large family, so ever since that time, they have carefully avoided meeting the ship. They now solemnly affirm that they do not wish a priest to visit them under any circumstances, as they experienced very bad luck with their traps during the year the missionary lived among them. The lot of the women, as among most uncivilized peoples, is hard, all the drudgery falling upon their shoulders. They are short, thick set and inclined to corpulency after the age of thirty. The men, on the contrary, are often six feet tall, slightly built, with fine, clear-cut features. It is exceedingly difficult to guess their ages, the hair seldom turning gray, and a man of

NASCAUPEES OF THE BARREN GROUNDS

MONTAGNAIS WOMEN

forty or fifty is often as agile and strong as one of twenty-five. They are keen traders, resorting to all manner of tricks to obtain over value for their furs, and though property is perfectly safe in their camps or in the country, they need to be constantly watched while trading in the stores as they seem to consider it a mark of great cleverness to steal, provided they are not caught, and, if detected, laugh heartily, not a whit

A GROUP OF MONTAGNAIS INDIANS

abashed by the exposure of their intended dishonesty.

The winter tent is made of dressed deer-skin, a circle twelve feet in diameter is cleared in the snow, about the circumference of which poles are set eight inches apart, forming a cone-shaped skeleton, over which the skins are stretched, a hole two feet in diameter being left at the top for the escape of the smoke. The sloping sides are then banked with snow half way up, to keep out the cold, and a thick bed of fresh spruce boughs is laid over the floor. The removal of a pole makes an opening for entrance which is closed by a deer-skin fastened at three corners to keep it in position. A few of the Indians now use folding sheet iron stoves furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, thus avoiding the constant smoke which fills the interior when the open fire is used; but by far the greater number still cling to the tepee fire built on a platform of stones in the centre of the tent. In a permanent encampment, five or six families sometimes occupy one large tent about thirty feet long, divided by partitions of deer-skin. The summer tent is practically the same in construction, being made of dressed deer-skin and odds and ends of cloth or bark. Light is furnished by a lamp similar to those used by the Eskimo. It is usually made of soapstone hollowed out so as to form a shallow dish in which caribou tallow is burned. Candles are also used by some of the Indians.

The Nascaupee depends almost entirely upon the deer for clothing, very little cloth being "taken up" in trade. The principal garment for winter wear consists of a long tight fitting coat of finely dressed caribou skin with hair worn inside, and reaching half way to the knees. The outside is ornamented around the bottom, on the sleeves, and up the front with various designs in colored dyes made from fish skins and bark. These designs are often very pretty; the combination of colors is harmonious, and the patterns unique, the whole presenting an artistic appearance. The Nascaupee brave in his untutored desire to copy his white brother will often spoil this artistic effect by putting on a cheap cotton shirt of flaming color over his native dress. Long leggings of deer-skin or red cloth ornamented with embroidery and colored beads reach from the hips where they are held in position by thongs, to the moccasins, which are made with high tops and bound tightly about the leg; long mittens of dressed skin with the hair next the hand and a cap or hood of fur complete a costume which is often picturesque and certainly well adapted to the climate. The only head covering used by the young men is a cheap cambric handkerchief bound about the hair.

During our stay at Fort Chimo, I met a party of five men coming into the post, and was particularly struck with the fine appearance of one young fellow dressed completely in skins, with a hood formed by a large wolf's head, the teeth resting on his forehead, and the sharp pointed ears standing erect. The next morning I encountered the same man who, in the meantime, had evidently traded his stock of furs for European clothing as he was togged out in a cheap suit of black with a bright blue handkerchief about his neck, and though the thermometer stood at thirty below zero and his teeth were playing together like castanets, he seemed exceedingly proud of his attire and paraded around for the benefit of everyone within sight. By dint of much persuasion, I induced him to don his skin coat and stand for a picture, but his frigid attitude due to the half-hour in civilized dress rather spoiled the effect.

Modern breech-loading fire arms are now used extensively, though a few muzzle loaders are still seen.

With the repeating rifle the men, when successful in intercepting the deer, are able to kill them by scores. One old chief, being asked by the factor how many he had killed, replied that though he was a very old man, he had been lively enough when the deer were sighted, and with his two sons had secured about two hundred and fifty. In spite of repeated warnings as to the danger of extermination, the Indians slaughter many more caribou than they can possibly use, frequently spearing them in the streams, and after cutting out their tongues, let the current carry away the bodies. The deer are dressed immediately, as they soon freeze solid and remain frozen and in good state of preservation until late in May. A quantity of the fresh meat is kept by smoking. It is first cut into strips, then hung about the smoke hole of the tepee; this forms a light nourishing food to be carried on long tramps. If the hunt is a success, the Indians are assured of food and clothing for the long cold winter. Camp is now moved to the neighborhood of the slaughter and the traps set out, the meat and refuse serving as a lure to wolves, wolverines and other fur-bearing animals.

The meat of the deer killed during the summer months, is all preserved for the smoke process, five or six days' smoking curing it so that it will keep indefinitely. The shank bones are carefully saved and roasted, the cooked marrow packed in small bags or pouches made from the intestines; the fat is also fried out and the brains are used in curing skins. Thus all parts of the animal are utilized. An idea of the immense number of caribou sometimes slaughtered may be obtained from an examination of the site of some old camps, where the heaps of cracked bones from which the marrow has been extracted, are often ten feet in diameter and two or three feet high, while I have counted as many as two hundred antlers in a single pile and five or six of these piles.

In times of plenty, pemmican is manufactured in large quantities from dried meat, fat, marrow, and berries. This is formed into cakes, after which it is taken to the post and stored against a time of famine. Several years ago it was the custom to hold a great feast at Chimo on New Year's Day, the Indians hording up quantities of meat, pemmican, etc., for months and then eating and drinking themselves into a state of insensibility. This barbarism has been given up, due to a change in the route of the migration; the winter camps are now, as a rule, too far from the post for the men to make the journey.

In the winter of 1892-93, many of the Nascaupees starved to death, as the caribou hunt was a failure. The tribe was far in the interior, and were unable to reach the post where relief might have been obtained. At one point nineteen families perished in a body; at another point six families met a similar fate, while many others died as a result of the hardships and semi-starvation of the winter, leaving out of two hundred and fifty persons formerly trading at Fort Chimo, scarcely one hundred and fifty.

The men, in the winter, trap mostly martin, fox, wolves and wolverines. During the intense cold of January and February trapping is unprofitable, for the wild animals are little abroad. At this time the Indians hunt only to help out the larder with ptarmigan, grouse and rabbits. When the streams break up in the spring, beaver, otter and bear are shot or trapped.

As before observed, very little flour is "taken up" in trade by the Nascaupees; their furs are traded for such luxuries as tea, tobacco and sugar. They are thus dependent entirely upon the caribou for most of the necessities of life. Were these

animals exterminated, the Nascaupees would not long survive as their habitation, clothing and snowshoes are manufactured from the hide, the sinews furnishing thread, the intestines providing waterproof bags in which the fat and marrow are preserved, while the meat constitutes their principal food the year around.

The men make their own pipes of stone, working them down to one-tenth of an inch in thickness on the bowl, turning out a piece of work which looks as if it were machine made. The women do beautiful embroidery; the colors are well blended, and the work equals that done in more civilized communities. I have a pair of moccasins made of smoked skin, with white tongues, on which are worked a design in colored silks equalling any Persian embroidery I have seen.

The men have great endurance and in times of stress, unlike their neighbors the Eskimo, will tramp for miles in search of game, never giving up until forced by weakness to yield in the unequal fight. They are able to withstand great cold, and after walking from thirty to forty miles a day in snowshoes in the coldest weather, will scrape a hole in the snow, build a fire in one end, throw down several armfuls of brush in the other end, and sleep peacefully throughout the long night, rising occasionally to replenish the fire.

The dead are buried in graves enclosed by palings of rough stakes. The custom still prevails of placing the weapons and personal belongings of the deceased upon the graves for use in the future world.

I expected to find in the Nascaupees an utterly degraded and savage race, but was agreeably surprised to find them at once honest, hospitable and kind. Though they are probably the most primitive of the Indians left on the North American continent, a person brought into contact with them cannot help being favorably impressed by many good qualities.

TOO LATE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I heard a tumult; 'twas the glad acclaim
With which Success had come to hail my name.
Down all the years which I in darkness spent
"Come forth!", it called, "Come forth to fame!"

What boots this clamor of the lauding throng?
Where lies the music of their hailing song?
One voice that whispered comes again no more—
Methinks that they have waited overlong.

THE BOY BABY

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

"MY mother is very ill," said Ruth Lindley to Martha Jane Middle, the washerwoman's daughter, "Chummins is sitting with her, while the trained nurse has a nap. That's why I'm allowed out here."

They were in the back yard of the Lindley house. It was a pretty yard, what there was of it, all soft green grass and ivy covered fences.

"My! she's sick a long time." Martha Jane looked Ruth up and down with admiring eyes. It was very seldom the children had a chance to talk together, as Chummins had very strict opinions in regard to Ruth's associates, and friendship with the washerwoman's daughter was strictly forbidden.

"She had two doctors this morning," Ruth said, watching the effect of her words upon the other little girl, "and I am not allowed to even whisper when I pass her door."

"Ain't you afraid she'll die?"

Ruth looked troubled. "I don't know," she said vaguely.

"We had a little baby once, and it died." Martha Jane spoke reminiscently, even triumphantly.

"I don't see where your mother gets so many babies." Ruth's voice was distinctly reproachful. "Now we can't even find one, and my poor mother is so ill."

"Do you really think it would make her well, if you could?" Martha Jane spoke in the tone of one reopening an old discussion.

"I know it would," emphatically, "supposing it was a boy. Only this morning I heard Chummins and Jane talking about it, Chummins said 'It will most break the missus' heart if she doesn't have a boy.' "

"And there's all them little beautiful clothes my mother done up," Martha Jane said sympathetically. "It took her the most of a week."

"But then Chummins says your mother's very lazy."

"She ain't lazy (indignantly). She's got so many children, that's what's the matter. Three babies and all with bottles. Now you made me forget what I was going to say."

"It doesn't matter anyway (indifferently). "I can't see, Martha Jane (severely), when you've got three babies and all with bottles, that you can't spare my mother one. Do you 'tend to sell me one or not?" Ruth was evidently bringing up an old subject.

"I don't know (doubtfully). Joseph Chamberlain's awful bad with colic. Mother thought he'd die last night. Besides, he's got hives. You might have him."

"Well, I don't want to buy a sick baby," Ruth said impatiently. "You know I'd rather have the littlest one. I told you so last week.

"But he's gettin' so cunnin'." The thought of her infant brother's attractiveness brought an almost tearful smile to Martha Jane's face.

"You said that your mother did

not seem to love him a bit, and that your father called him 'another mouth to feed.' "

"Yes, but I like him. He almost smiled yesterday."

"I don't see how he could 'almost smile.' "

"That's because you've never had a baby."

"Well, it's pretty hard for me," Ruth said sadly. "Of course I never knew till I heard Chummins talking about it, that mother always wanted a boy instead of me. There's the money of my uncle's and he won't give it to a little girl. Besides Chummins says its much more genteel to have a boy for the oldest."

"Well, you'll always be the oldest in your family."

"How do you know I will?"

"Why anybody'd know that."

Ruth looked annoyed for a moment; then, slipping close to Martha Jane, she whispered confidentially: "Did I ever tell you what my mother said to me the first day she was ill in bed?"

"Yes, you told me twice," Martha Jane broke in, but Ruth was continuing without heeding the answer.

"She asked me if I would like a little brother, and I said 'would it make her better if she could get one,' and she said 'yes.' "

"But she laughed when you said you'd try and buy one."

"I know she did." Ruth looked vexed. "Mother always laughs when I say I'm going to do anything important. She forgets I'm going on eight."

"Well, I don't know how old I am," said Martha Jane, "but I'm much older than that."

"Are you going to sell me your baby or not?" Ruth asked hurriedly. "The first thing I know Chummins will be out here to fetch me in and scold me for talking with you."

Martha Jane assumed a business-like air. "How'll you trade?"

"How much do you want?"

"Trade, I said. Will you give me that sky-blue silk petticoat of your mother's, besides the other things?"

"I suppose I must." Ruth looked distressed. "It's not presactly mine, but I'll esplain to mother. She won't mind when she sees the baby."

"When will you give me the skirt?" Martha Jane's affection for her small brother was suddenly lost sight of in the wonderful anticipation of possessing a real rustling, shiny, silk petticoat to "play lady" in.

"I've got it in a bundle upstairs, with the other things."

"Have you got the gold beads and the ribbon and the purse with the money?"

"Oh, yes (impatiently). What a greedy girl you are, Martha Jane. Has your mother a nice clean hamper to put the baby in? I don't suppose she has, though. Chummins says your house is the very most untidy she was ever in."

"No, we haven't a hamper," Martha Jane said, cheerfully unimpressed by Chummins' opinions. "You'll have to buy one, I guess."

"Well, all the money I have is in the purse." Ruth looked dubiously at the other little girl. "We must use that, I suppose. I am sorry, I hoped you could get a new hat and some new boots with all those pennies."

"Never mind," said Martha Jane heroically, seeing a vision of herself in a chiffon hat, and shining patent leather shoes fading rapidly away; "never mind, I have the beads and the ribbon and the skirt."

"You shall have my new hat with the feather," Ruth exclaimed in a rush of tenderness for such unselfishness. "I'll change with you when we get down the street. Wait for me while I put it on, I'll meet you at the front gate, because Chummins will come down the back stairs for me now."

A little later the children were

walking down the long, quiet, residential street towards the shopping district.

"I've grown kind of fond of the baby," Martha Jane said breathlessly. They were walking fast, and it kept both her hands busy pulling up her left stocking, from which a broken garter dangled, and holding on the large chiffon hat with the feather. Besides under her right arm she was carrying a very loose and untidy parcel containing the silk skirt and other things. Ruth was bareheaded and Martha Jane's old straw hat was lying some yards beyond the Lindley house in a neighbor's hedge.

"You see," went on Martha Jane, "I have to mind baby most of the time, an' he's sort of a sweet little feller."

"But you've got three," said Ruth almost equally breathless. "You mustn't be so greedy, Martha Jane."

"You'll let me come an' nurse him sometimes won't you?" Martha Jane was trying to hop, holding her leg and her stocking up at the same time.

"I'll see," said Ruth vaguely. They had reached the shops now, and her attention was fixed on the window displays, looking about for a hamper, the size and style required. They turned six corners and went a long way down seemingly endless streets before they did see a basket on the counter inside a small dingy-looking shop, about the door of which hung a number of very shabby coats and faded dresses. Upon close inspection the basket proved to be a large willow one, with a close fitting cover, full of a number of holes, evidently punched purposely. A large frill of muslin and lace hung around the edge of the basket, and there was a very high and strong handle. There was no one in the shop, so Ruth and Martha Jane examined the hamper thoroughly. It proved to be very heavy when Ruth lifted it, and the children could not find where the cover fastened down. However, they decided it was just exactly what they needed, and after emptying the contents of the purse on the counter the children, carrying the basket between them, left the shop.

They travelled the length of the street, and then turned down a very narrow cross-street, where the tenements almost shut out the daylight, and where a naughty little boy threw a potato at Martha Jane, hitting the beautiful chiffon hat and leaving a nasty smudge on the feather. It was very close and hot there also, and when Ruth slipped and fell on a piece of banana-skin, and was laughed at by a group of children playing on a doorstep, she told Martha Jane that she was not going that way even if it was the way home.

So they turned another corner, where the street was still narrower, but the houses were nearly all empty and where there were several vacant lots down in deep hollows, with paper and broken baskets strewn all about.

"I never was in this place before," said Ruth, who was getting very tired. "And I think this basket's the very most heavy thing I ever saw."

To her surprise she was answered by a sob on Martha Jane's part, whose stocking was by now hanging dismally over her boot, and whose large hat was tilted almost down to her freckled nose.

"What's the matter with you?" Ruth asked in surprised indignation. Her little face was burnt with the sun and her arms aching from the burden of the large hamper. "Don't you suppose I'm tired too?" she asked wrathfully. "I'm not crying, I'm thinking about how happy mother's going to be."

"I ain't crying 'cos I'm tired," Martha Jane's sobs broke out in earnest. The basket was lowered and set down by a common impulse

on the children's part. "I'm crying be—be—cause I—I don't want—to—sell—the— the baby."

Ruth rubbed her hot cheeks with her moist little hands, leaving her face very grimy. "Haven't you got enough brothers and sisters Martha Jane," she asked reprovingly. "Here I haven't a single one, and I am not buying yours for myself. Do you want my mother to get well or don't you?"

"Y—y—yes."

"Well, then, you know she can't if I don't get her a baby." Ruth glared over the hamper at the other little girl. "If I had three babies, don't you s'pose I'd give you one of them, 'specially if your mother was so sick she had to have two doctors?"

"I—I— don't care," sobbed Martha Jane, utterly broken down.

"I've given you my beads and my purse and the ribbon and the skirt and the hat. What else do you want?"

"I don't want nothin'," and she began to cry.

"Don't make such a noise, Martha Jane, do you want my mother to die?"

"I don't care— if— if she does die." Martha Jane's grief had made her quite desperate.

In wide-eyed incredulity Ruth continued to gaze at the other child, who met her eyes defiantly, the tears running down her dirty little face.

"Ain't you ashamed," said Ruth at length in a low and intense little voice. "What do you s'pose will happen to you if you talk like that?"

"I don't care!" answered Martha Jane, still in weeping defiance.

"And we've bought the hamper and walked so many miles." Ruth's voice trembled. Then in a fresh burst of indignation: "Here's my mother with all those beautiful baby clothes going to waste. I'll never speak to you again, never. You go straight home this instant."

"I don't know the way home." Martha Jane sniffled and moved her eyes uneasily from Ruth's.

"What— what did you say?"

"I don't know the way home from here." The other's voice was steadier now.

"Stop wiping your eyes with my hat-strings." Ruth's chin was working threateningly. Her scorn for Martha Jane and her bitter disappointment in regard to the baby dividing her between anger and tears. "Why did you bring me all this long way, if it isn't right?" she questioned.

"Be—because I didn't want to—to take you where you could—could get the baby. He's such a—a cunnin' little feller." Martha Jane again burst into loud sobs.

"When did you begin to go the wrong way?" Ruth asked, almost aghast at such deception.

"Just after we left that shop."

"Then we're lost, are we?"

"Y—yes— oh, yes."

Ruth's hot face grew a little pale. They were lost, and being lost meant, according to stories, to be cold and hungry and thirsty and sleeping out-of-doors all night. Suddenly a strange sound came to them, seemingly out of the ground under their feet. It was an infant's cry, high and shrill. Martha Jane's sobs ceased as if by magic. Ruth stared down at the sidewalk in amazement. Again the sound, louder this time.

"It's in the basket," Martha Jane squealed, and knelt beside the hamper. Ruth crouched beside her, and with eager little fingers they felt about until they found the fastening, which proved to be a very simple affair. They threw the cover back, and saw, lying upon a white pillow, a very small baby about three or four weeks old, with a red puckered face and little fat hands that clawed the air rebelliously. There were besides in the basket a small package of tea, a roll of linen and a baby

bottle half-full of milk. Martha Jane, having had plenty of experience, knew immediately what to do with the bottle, and the infant's cries ceased. As for Ruth, surprise and delight made her face shine. For a moment she could not speak. When she did her voice choked with gladness.

"We won't need your baby now," she said.

"No," returned Martha Jane, thrusting back a good many thoughts that came surging into her head.

"Of course, the baby was put in the store to sell." Ruth nodded her head emphatically at Martha Jane.

"Of course," returned the other child, relief at not having to sell her own brother, drowning all her misgivings.

So we'll just take this little thing home," declared Ruth, closing the cover over the now satisfied infant. "It's a very red baby, but perhaps it'll fade—but. Oh Martha, maybe it isn't a boy?"

"Yes, it is." Martha Jane spoke hastily, "I can tell by its ears. Boy babies always have ears like that."

"I didn't see its ears," Ruth said, perfectly satisfied with Martha's explanation, however. "Now let's turn around and see if we can find our way home. I think I'll change arms, Martha Jane."

Once more picking up their burden, the two children began to retrace their steps. The shadows were getting long, and a wind had come up. It was not nearly so warm.

"I don't remember passing this place," said Ruth, after a long half hour's walk. "Do you think we are going right now?"

"I'm not sure." Martha Jane spoke very dubiously. "I think we'd better go back and 'round that other corner. I don't know this street very well."

At the corner Ruth fell, nearly upsetting the precious basket, and soiling all the front of her white dress. Presently a clock in some tower near them struck, and the children paused while Ruth counted slowly.

"It's five o'clock," she said, "that is my tea time."

"I wish we had some of those pennies," Martha Jane spoke protestingly. "We needn't have given all the money for this basket."

"Oh, but there's the baby too, you see," Ruth explained. "Fifty pennies and a nickel wasn't very much for both."

"Well, if we'd a' kept one of 'em, we could 'a bought two doughnuts."

"I don't like them," said Ruth impatiently.

"Not like doughnuts?"

"No, I don't," Ruth spoke crossly. She was very tired.

Presently to their consternation the baby began to cry again. The streets were rather crowded, and the electric lights were twinkling out, though it was not yet dark. They took the basket into the doorway of a large and very brilliantly lighted jewelry shop, and proceeded to open it, the baby shouting lustily.

"He's had all his milk, and he wants more," Martha Jane said in a motherly voice. "Poor little sing, never mind babekins."

The infant screamed with renewed strength. Martha Jane patted it with a small but firm hand.

"Dere now, poor 'ittle lamb," she crooned; "he was, yes he was, and he was."

"Come, come, what does this mean?" A tall, dignified and very wrathful gentleman, in grey trousers and black frock coat and a white waistcoat, came out of the shop. He evidently belonged there, as he had no hat on. "What do you mean bringing that screaming child in here?" he sputtered.

"It was the nearest place," and Ruth looked at him in surprise. "Do you keep milk?"

"What! No, certainly not. Take that baby away from here instantly." He spoke in a very low and angry voice. Some beautiful ladies in lacy dresses and feather boas were coming towards the door. He gave the basket a push with his foot. The baby was making a really marvellous noise for such a small child. In desperation Martha Jane stuck the rubber end of the bottle into its mouth. For a brief second there was silence, then renewed screaming and wild kicking on the part of the baby.

By this time a small crowd had gathered about the doorway, and the beautiful ladies had paused and were looking on, much interested. The wrathful gentleman's face was very red. He said something about calling the patrol, but just then a very big man in nice blue clothes with shiny buttons came through the little throng of people and up to the children.

"What's all this?" he questioned, looking from them to the wrathful gentleman. "Baby got a fit?"

Martha Jane, at sight of the policeman, had shrunk back against the windows of the store, seeming to try to make herself as small as possible. Ruth answered speaking as confidentially as the baby's screaming would allow.

"The baby is just hungry," she said. Can't you get us some milk?" She looked around at the circle of faces about the door with an expression of intense disgust upon her own small countenance.

Suddenly, and before the policeman could reply, a slim, dark, little woman, with very bright black eyes, much swollen from recent crying, pushed through the crowd and up to the doorway. Stooping over the baby, she began to laugh and sob at once; then picking it up in her arms, she turned fiercely upon the children.

"You stole my baby. You stole my baby," she screamed, while the little one stopped crying at once. "Oh, you wicked, wicked girls. "You'll go to jail for this. My husband's on the police force and—"

"There now!" the big blue man interrupted. Then he turned to Ruth. "Where did you get this baby?" he asked.

"I bought it," she replied shortly.

"Bought it nothing," the black-eyed woman almost shrieked. "I'm a respectable person and my husband's on the police force. I left my baby on the counter in Trauenthal's shop, while I went to have a cup of tea. When I came back she was gone. I've been crazy mad ever since, an' her my only child, my little Gwondolina. My husband's on the police force and—"

"You said that before," interrupted Ruth angrily, "and you are telling a story. I did buy your baby. I paid all my pennies for it and a nickel, and I wouldn't have buyed it at all only Martha Jane said she knew it was a boy by its ears."

At this there was a great deal of laughter from the crowd, and the wrathful gentleman told the policeman that he was not going to have his doorway blocked up, and his business stopped any longer.

"Who sold you the baby?" asked the policeman, looking down at Ruth, very kindly, and with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Nobody presacly," Ruth replied honestly. "You see, there was no one in the shop, so we just took the basket and came away. I didn't know there was any baby inside, because the basket was shutted up."

"Oh. you just wanted to buy the basket then?" the policeman asked; "You didn't really want the baby."

"Yes, I wanted it," Ruth nodded, and her chin quivered a little. "I wanted it for my mother, but I thought it was a boy."

"What's this I'd like to know," cried the baby's mother suddenly,

snatching at the parcel under Martha Jane's arm and speaking in shrill sarcasm; "Somethin' more they've been buying most likely.'

The policeman opened the very untidy bundle, and took out the beads, the purse, and the ribbon; then he shook out the folds of the shining silk skirt and turned very gravely upon the children. The black-eyed woman was standing very stiff and triumphant with her head thrown back and her lips pursed up. "I can tell 'em, when I sees 'em," she said proudly to the onlookers. "My husband's on the police force. He's down in the North District."

"I'm afraid you children will have to come with me," the policeman said, the twinkle quite gone from his eyes. "Where did you get these things?"

"They are mine," Ruth spoke hotly. "I was giving them to Martha Jane. She was going to sell me her littlest baby brother. Her mother's got three and they all take bottles."

Again there was a burst of laughter from the crowd, and Ruth, whose heart had warmed towards the policeman at first, now felt that he too misunderstood and distrusted her. She looked about helplessly, yet defiantly; then her eyes fell upon Martha Jane crouching in the corner by the window.

"Let us go," she said, holding out her hand to the other little girl, but the instant Martha Jane came forward the mother of the baby pounced upon her, and seized her by the arm.

"Look at the hat this child's got on!" she cried shrilly. "That feather's worth twenty dollars. Where did she get it?"

"It's my hat," Ruth said exasperated. "You stupid silly woman. It's my very own hat what I gave Martha Jane."

"Hear her,' jeered the woman. "First she steals my baby, and then she calls me names. I know her. She's the same child that stole a bag o' buns off Leary's cake shop counter."

Speechless with amazement and anger, Ruth stared at the woman. The policeman bent down and attempted to take a hand of each of the children. To his surprise and to the wrathful gentleman's horror and consternation, Martha Jane threw two thin but wiry arms about the latter's immaculate gray legs and clung tenaciously, screaming wildly that she wouldn't go to jail, she hadn't tried to steal the baby, and she didn't want the beads or the ribbon or the hat or the skirt. Very firmly the big, blue man unclasped her fingers, and once more put out his hand to Ruth. She stepped back from him.

"Don't you dare to touch me," she said, in a low and angry voice, "and don't you dare to try and take Martha Jane Middle to jail. You're a very bad man, and so is that woman. I'm Ruth Livingstone Lindley, and my father's a judge."

Her little chin was working, and the tears were not far from her eyes. She was very hot and dirty and hungry, and sick with disappointment. Her heart was thumping from excitement and indignation.

"Her father's a judge," said the woman with the baby, turning again to the crowd and speaking with intense sarcasm. "She steals babies and her father's a judge. My husband knows all the judges. He's on the police—."

"Oh, do be quiet," the big, blue man said crossly; then to Ruth; "So your name is Lindley, Ruth Lindley?"

Ruth nodded. She could not speak without crying, and she would not cry before all of those people and that dreadful woman.

The policeman drew a note-book from his pocket and turned over the leaves rapidly. Then he looked Ruth critically up and down, nodding vig-

orously. He smiled suddenly as though well pleased with himself, and then blew his whistle sharply.

"It's all right," he said, turning to the crowd, "Move on now. Here take your baby and the basket, Madam. Next time, don't go leaving it on the counter in an empty shop."

Just then another policeman appeared, and the first policeman whispered to him for a few minutes, evidently sending him upon some errand, for he went away almost immediately.

"Where do you live?" asked the first policeman of Martha Jane, as the woman with the baby disappeared and the crowd began to disperse.

Martha Jane explained tremblingly that she lived in Todd's Alley, off Pembroke avenue, but she didn't know how to get there.

"Well, we'll soon fix that," said the policeman. "Hold on a minute," he ran out to the curb and hailed a passing car. "Now, then" he called, "come here little girl. The conductor will tell you where to get off," and he lifted Martha Jane up the steps. The last glimpse Ruth had of her little friend was a very thin pair of legs, with both of the stockings down over the boots.

"Do you know that your father has been searching all over the city for you?" asked the policeman, returning to Ruth. "I'm going to take you home now just as soon as I can get a cab, and you can explain all about everything to me on the way."

In the carriage, she began to feel happier, under the influence of some small jokes that the policeman made, and some very strong peppermints that he gave her out of a striped bag. Gradually she told him all of her trouble, and he promised to look around for a little orphan boy baby the very next day.

"Because it's so sad," said Ruth, as well as she could with three large peppermints in her mouth. "There's my mother with all those little clothes, waiting so patiently, and no baby never coming."

'It is sad," the policeman agreed; "but I don't doubt but she'll pull round as right as a trivet."

"Oh, yes," said Ruth, having no idea at all what the policeman meant, but liking the cheery way in which he said it. Then she leaned forward suddenly and began to pound violently on the cab window.

"There's my father," she screamed. At the policeman's signal, the cab was stopped and presently a very white-faced man was hurrying from the sidewalk and over to the cab. A minute later and he was inside with Ruth in his arms. The policeman got up and went out, lingering on the steps and looking in.

"Well, I guess I'm not needed any longer," he said. "I found her about twenty minutes back. I told Mullins to go to the station and telephone you as soon as I was sure. I didn't recognize her at first from the description."

"I have not been home for the last two hours." Ruth's father's voice was unsteady; "I was down with a couple of men in the Saville district and was just going back."

"Well, she's all O. K. now," the policeman laughed. She's pretty independent all right, but she don't want to get lost again, I guess."

Ruth's father, still holding his little girl close with one arm, took something out of his pocket and handed it to the policeman, who smiled in a very delightful manner, and said, "Many thanks, Judge," over and over again.

The cab had gone a very little way, and the policeman was still looking after it, and saying to himself, "Many thanks, Judge," when he saw a little head thrust out of the window, and Ruth called back to him:

"Oh, please, Mr. Policeman, never mind about that orphan. There's a real, little boy baby of our own at home."

THE CONVERSION OF DR. TRACY

BY H. A. CODY

A FLUTTER of excitement passed through Silverdale when the new doctor, Thomas Tracy, arrived to occupy the field left vacant by the death of the old practitioner. That the newcomer was a handsome man and a brilliant graduate of McGill, had something to do with the ripple among the fair sex, it cannot for a moment be denied. But the cause of the agitation lay deeper than this.

Silverdale, with all its sins of commission and omission, was a religious town, if churches are any proof, and three goodly edifices lifted their graceful spires high into the air, like great fingers pointing the way to higher things. Here every Sunday, in sunshine and in rain, the faithful gathered—the three churches vying with one another for supremacy in attendance and general activity. If a member happened to be absent from the accustomed place for two Sundays in succession, one or more of the visiting committee would be sure to call to learn the reason why. When strangers visited the pretty town, as they often did during the summer months, competition grew exceptionally keen.

"The good Lord meant us to be fishers," remarked Mrs. Boyce, on one occasion, "and I reckon the devil doesn't lose any chance, and why should we?"

The question was, Which church would the doctor attend? When several Sundays passed and he did not appear at any of the three there was much wondering and head-shaking. The climax was reached when a whole month glided by and still he remained away.

Water Street Church was the first to make a move, and one of its staunchest pillars, Richard Farrington, was duly chosen to interview the doctor and extend a special invitation. This important movement soon reached Straight Street and High Street Churches, and at once representatives were chosen in the persons of Wesley Fraser and Thomas Sanderson to present their respective claims.

And that week the three called upon the doctor in his cozy office. On Monday it was Mr. Farrington. He lost no time in stating the purpose of his visit; gave a description of Water Street Church, its history, its doctrines, and ended by saying:

"Yes, sir, Water Street is a believer's church, purely Scriptural. We receive members when they come to years of understanding, according to the baptism of our Saviour in Jordan. I think you would like our church, sir."

The doctor received his visitor most cordially, but remained silent while the address was being delivered.

"Mr. Farrington," he replied, when the other had finished, "it is very good of you to take this trouble. I am afraid I am rather a heathen. But," and here a twinkle shone in his eye, "it will take me some time

to think this over. Would you mind calling again on Saturday night—say about eight o'clock?"

"Certainly, I shall be pleased to do so," returned Mr. Farrington, and he hustled away, feeling much pleased with himself, and quite sure of an easy victory.

On Wednesday Mr. Wesley Fraser, of Straight Street Church, called "Faith, sir," he explained, "is the essence of our religion. Ritual, like High Street Church, we cannot endure. We follow the good old path of Scripture, and set much store by that noble man of God John Wesley. We should like very much to see you join us in our devotions."

Again the doctor gave the same excuse as to his Monday visitor, requesting him to call at eight o'clock on Saturday night, and Mr. Fraser, too, went away with a light heart and bright visions.

Last of all came Mr. Sanderson, of High Street Church. He had much to say. His church was the oldest, her bishops were the direct successors of the Apostles, her service was the finest, in which all could join. "High Street Church," he went on, "has a glorious record. Loyalists who came to this country in 1783 built it, and the descendants of Loyalists have always maintained it. Its members have always been among the leading families in the community, and the clergymen men of strong intellect and broad culture. I am sure, sir, that a man of your ability would feel more at home in such a church than in any other."

To him, also, the doctor listened patiently, and asked him to come again on Saturday night at eight o'clock.

"I think I have won the young doctor," confided Mr. Sanderson to his wife on his return home. "He is a pleasing, intelligent man, and I feel he was fully impressed by my arguments. By the way, would it not be well to invite him to dinner some night when we have the opportunity and he is at leisure?"

"I have been thinking of the very thing," replied Mrs. Sanderson. "Bella thinks him very nice, and I am sure both would enjoy themselves much."

Saturday night at length arrived, cold and dreary. But nothing daunted, Mr. Farrington left his cozy fireside, and with his great coat buttoned to the chin, breasted the driving storm to the doctor's office. The latter was at home and received him kindly.

"I have some medicine to put up which must be done at once," he said after they had chatted for a few minutes. "Will you excuse me for a short time? I shall not be long. And, by the way, would you mind tending the door for me should anyone call?"

"Why, certainly," responded the other. "Go by all means. I will look over the evening paper," and Mr. Farrington nestled comfortably in a large easy chair.

The doctor had been absent only a few minutes when the sound of the bell started Mr. Farrington from his comfortable position. On opening the door he was much surprised to see standing there none other than Wesley Fraser, of Straight Street Church.

"C—Come in," he stammered. "The doctor is mixing some medicine, but will be back shortly. Take a seat."

"I wonder what Farrington is doing here," thought Fraser, as he took the proffered chair.

"What can Fraser want?" was Farrington's cogitation.

Scarcely had he settled himself when again the bell sounded forth. This time he was dumb with amazement when he beheld Thomas Sanderson's face looming up out of the darkness.

The position was very awkward in which these three worthy men were placed, and they shuffled uneasily

in their chairs. Had they met in the street or on the train they would at once have entered into a hearty discussion of political or business questions. But in this case it was very different. Farrington rustled his paper in a restless manner; Sanderson maintained a stolid expression, and made a careful survey of the doctor's office, while Fraser coughed several times, and at length broke the silence, which was becoming painful.

"Cold night," he blurted out.

"Very cold," replied Farrington.

After this piece of important news had been delivered silence again settled upon the little party.

"Pretty dark," once more volunteered Fraser.

"Should say it is," again agreed Farrington.

What the outcome of this animated conversation would have been is hard to tell had not the doctor suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said to the newcomers. I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but that medicine was very important."

"Not long at all," replied Farrington. "It is most comfortable here."

"Yes, quite pleasant," assented Fraser.

"Certainly," chimed in Sanderson.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "I have a proposition to make. Though the night is cold, would you mind taking a walk with me down town. It is absolutely necessary that I should go at once, and I should consider it a great favor if you would accompany me; we will not be long."

"Why, with pleasure," the three answered as one, each wondering what the doctor had in his mind.

Together they made their way along various streets in almost dead silence till after a walk of about fifteen minutes a little cottage was reached standing back from the street. The door was opened by a woman with a care-worn face.

"Good evening, doctor," she said. "Come in. I'm so glad you have come. Nellie seems worse to-night, so I sent for you again." Then she paused, as her glance fell upon the three men with him.

"Only friends," explained the doctor. "I think you know them, Mrs. Peterson."

"Certainly," she replied, shaking hands with them. "This is an unusual pleasure. I am sure Nellie will be delighted to see you."

She led the way into a small sitting-room, where a bright open fire was throwing out its ruddy glow. Though everything in the room was of the plainest, yet it did not seem so. The common carpet, furniture, and pictures were so carefully and artistically arranged as to give the place a neat, cozy appearance. The chief attraction, however, was a young woman lying on a small cot. Her face, thin and white, was encircled by a wealth of dark brown hair. It was a face full of much sweetness and patience, which brightened perceptibly as the visitors entered.

She was well known to the three men who accompanied the doctor, having as a child played with their own children, and attended the same school. They knew, too, of the great struggle Mrs. Peterson had made to keep the little home together after the death of her husband. They admired Nellie much when she went to the city to train to be a nurse at the big hospital, and later became the sole support of her mother. Then came the long illness, brought on by over-work, when she was forced to return home. All these they knew, but there were other things they did not know.

"Not feeling so well to-night, Miss Peterson," said the doctor kindly.

"No," she replied with a faint smile. "I am much weaker to-day,

but will be all right soon. I have a good, patient nurse, you see."

"Not the best, I'm afraid," said her mother with a sigh.

"Don't say that, mother dear. You know you are just the best nurse one ever had. You read to me hour by hour, and that makes the time pass more quickly. And those books you let us have, doctor, are the best medicine you could give, and not as hard to take as that bottled stuff."

Thus the talk flowed on quietly and cheerfully, till the doctor arose. "I think we must be going now," he said to his companions. "I don't want to keep you too long."

"Not long at all, I assure you," replied Farrington.

"No," assented Fraser and Sanderson. "Very pleasant indeed."

"Come again soon," said Nellie, as she bade them good-bye. "We don't see many visitors—and it is good to see old friends."

Little was said as the four wended their way back to the doctor's office. "Will you come in, gentlemen, for a few minutes?" he said, "I have something important to tell you."

"You wonder what this all means," he began, when they were once more in the cozy room. "Well I will tell you. I have taken you to that house to-night for a purpose. I need hardly remind you of the history of the family, as you know it perhaps better than I do. But there are several things you do not know. One is, those two people, the mother especially, are starving."

"What?" cried Fraser.

"Starving?" exclaimed Farrington.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Sanderson.

"Yes," continued the doctor. "They have no money. Too proud are they to ask for assistance, and I found out only lately that they will not run in debt at the stores, when they have no immediate prospect of paying. You see, the daughter supported the mother, and when that source of income failed there was nothing left."

"But how have they managed to live so long without running in debt?" interrupted Fraser.

"Oh, I suppose they had a little saved, and the mother has done some sewing since. Any way, altogether it is not enough, and if assistance does not come soon something serious will happen in this town of three churches. There is only one remedy that I can see to save her life—but I suppose that is impossible."

"What is it?" they asked eagerly.

"To send her to a warmer climate," came the deliberate response. "That is the only chance. The climate here is too damp. She is dying daily."

As the three men passed from the doctor's office that night one thought took possession of them, though they did not speak of it, however, to one another, and said good-night, and separated at the corner of the first street. Fraser walked a short distance till he felt sure the others were out of sight and hearing. Then he retraced his steps, and soon stood at the door of the office. Much was the doctor surprised to find him standing there.

"Doctor," Fraser began when once more in the room. "I have come back on purpose to tell you something. I have been thinking over your words as I walked along, and have decided to——"

Here the bell rang, and great was Fraser's consternation to see Farrington walk in. The latter paused in the middle of the room in amazement.

'Well, I'll be blowed!" he ejaculated. "You here, too?" Why, I thought you were home by this time."

"That's where I thought you were," retorted Fraser.

And again the bell rang. This time it was Sanderson, much flushed. He

simply stared when he saw the two men in the room with the doctor. There was an awkward silence for a time, which was at length relieved by Sanderson.

"S-s-ay, doctor, my head aches," he stammered. "I think you had better give me some medicine."

So funny did he look and sound as he uttered these words, that Farrington began to laugh, which was soon taken up by Fraser and the doctor. Sanderson, instead of becoming angry, joined in too when he saw how ridiculous the whole affair was.

"Well I declare," burst forth Fraser. "We are three old fools. Here we've been dodging one another, and I feel sure we've come back on the same errand. I have come to give the doctor some money to help Mrs. Peterson and her daughter."

"So did I," replied Sanderson.

"And I too," assented Farrington. "And I say, let's three chip in and make it worth while, and—"

"Unite, I mean the three churches," broke in Sanderson, "and send that poor girl away for her health."

"But will the churches agree to such an expenditure?" asked the doctor.

"Some may kick," replied Fraser, "but I guess we know how to arrange such matters, don't we?" and he gave a knowing wink to the others.

One year later Fraser, Sanderson and Farrington met again in the doctor's office. There was a look of expectancy upon their faces, as they had been invited there on special business.

"Gentlemen," the doctor began, I need not review the work of the past year in reference to Mrs. Peterson and her daughter. You understand the little scheme I wove to save the latter's life."

"And most fortunate you did," interrupted Fraser. "That trip she took did wonders for her, and she has come back the picture of health."

"But," continued the doctor, "I should never have asked that money from you had I been able to pay it myself. I was struggling then, and had College bills to pay. Now I am in a different position, and here, gentlemen, I wish to give you back the money you advanced for Miss Peterson's sake."

The three men started. "Doctor!" they cried, "we can't take it."

"And why should you pay it back more than any one else?" inquired Sanderson.

"Gentlemen," and the doctor's voice was very low, "as Miss Peterson's betrothed husband."

"Good heavens!" cried Fraser, springing from his seat and wringing the doctor's hand. "This *is* a surprise."

"And now," the latter proceeded when the congratulations were over, "I have something else to say which I am sure will please you well. You remember the week you came to convert me. You little realized how I despised you and your doctrines, and religion in general. I was an unbeliever in such things. But as I watched how earnestly you undertook this work of relief, and did it all so harmoniously, I began to realize that there is something in what you believe after all. In short, gentlemen, you have brought me back to the faith of my childhood."

"And, doctor," answered Fraser, with tears in his honest eyes, "you have converted us too."

"Yes," assented Sanderson, "we never had so much earnestness in our church before.

"And never such harmony among the three," said Farrington. "We have learned a great lesson, doctor, how we may hold different views, and yet work together for the benefit of all."

ENCOURAGING NATIVE HANDICRAFTS

BY KATHERINE REID

OF all the attempts that have been made by the women of Canada in forming clubs, it can be truthfully said that few have been blessed with as great a measure of success as has the Woman's Art Association. Just here a question might be raised as to the meaning of that word "success." It cannot be judged by numbers, nor by finances nor even by popularity. Accomplishment is surely the proof. And yet how can one properly estimate what the Woman's Art Association has accomplished? Its work is largely along abstract lines, and the culture it is disseminating throughout the land is shown by a growing love and appreciation of the beautiful expressed in any form, no matter how simple. If the object but possess qualities that are the exponent of a true and well-regulated mind it should and must claim our homage, and the homage we pay to truth and beauty is a powerful influence that rebounds upon ourselves, broadening, purifying and deepening the very source of our natural and spiritual being.

Realizing how broad the field of art is, that it extends from the most primitive effort of the savage to the most masterful production of the cultured genius, that it permeates every phase and condition of life and touches the most commonplace with a poetic sweetness, the Association has scattered its influence throughout the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, inspiring all women to express the best devices of their minds through the work of their hands and in the improvement of their surroundings. Thus, side by side, are exhibited in the fine new galleries of the Association at 594 Jarvis street, the high-grade homespuns, rugs, linens, portieres, cushions and *couvertures* — hand-made products of the French-Canadians, along with the varied and beautiful hand embroideries of the Persian, Russian and Galician immigrants. The dainty, filmy laces that have been wrought into exquisite designs of Limerick, Duchess, Maltese, Honiton, Carrick-Macross and Cluny by the deft fingers of English and Irish women who still continue that fascinating industry in this land of their adoption. These articles are surrounded by the bead, bark and quill work of the American Indians. Some Indian baskets are there too, and they are excellent in quality, design and coloring. In the middle of the room hangs one of indefinite age, a burden-basket, that has probably held the papoose, strapped to the squaw's back as she threaded the mazes of the primeval forest or floated lightly in her birch bark canoe. The art instinct of that aboriginal race is shown here by the decoration. The design surrounds the basket on all four sides, but on that which is next to the squaw's back it is lifted to the top instead of being halfway down, as the top is the only part of that side which is exposed to view. The basket is woven from the root-fibres of the tree, is a perfect example of its kind, and is valued at about one hundred dollars.

MAIN ROOM, THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS AT TORONTO

The pursuance of those industries is encouraged by the Association making of its galleries a headquarters for the sale of their commodities, and it receives all kinds of woman's work that possesses artistic merit and good quality.

The Society is virtually the materialization of the spirit of a few women who in 1886 formed themselves into a little coterie of associated artists for the purpose of creating a focalizing centre for the artistic ability of the women of Canada and of making it an incentive for the development of that ability which otherwise might be allowed to lie dormant or to be wasted in desultory or misdirected effort, while the need of its magic touch was glaringly apparent in almost every branch of woman's work. Classes were formed for instruction in design, drawing, painting, wood-carving and artistic embroidery; and nature was taken as a basis of all study.

From this coterie evolved the Woman's Art Club, which was founded in 1890 by Mrs. Dignam, a lady of first-rate executive ability and artistic appreciation. The Club took as its motto that of the old Plantin Printers of Antwerp, "Labore et Constantia," and admitted not only active but honorary members. It was incorporated for the purpose of creating a general interest in art, for the encouragement of woman's work, the mutual improvement of its members and the holding of art conversations and exhibitions for the display and sale of the work. Three exhibitions were to be held annually the exhibits to embrace the original work of women in painting, sculpture, design and illustrative work, all of

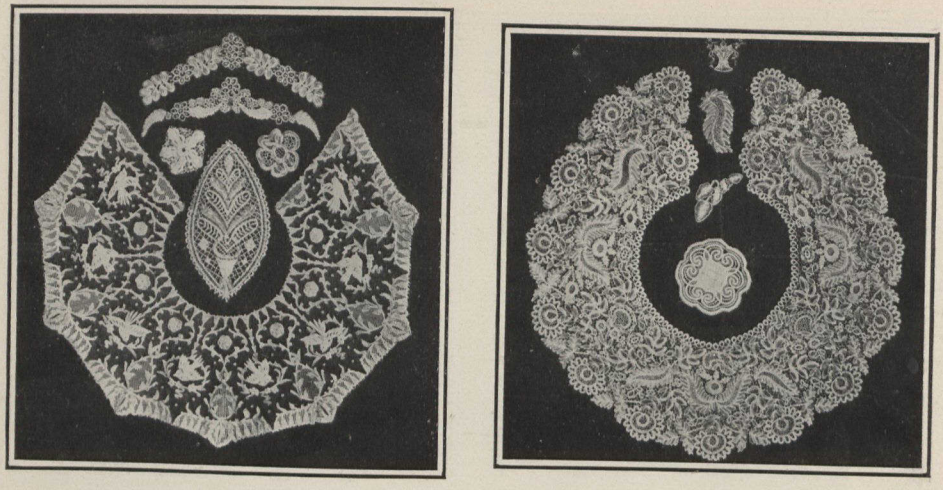
UPPER GALLERY, THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS AT TORONTO

which was, of course, to be acceptable to the club hanging committee.

As the Society grew the exhibitions became larger and more varied. Loan exhibitions were held, ilustrative of some subject or period of art, the most notable of which was a large collection of portraits in 1899, for the purpose of interesting Canadians in portraiture, which is so great a means of preserving to a nation the memory of its great men. The entire collection of the Tassie and Andras medallions were also exhibited, and these were followed by the recently discovered Egyptian portraits.

A large exhibit of those handicrafts at which women work was held in 1900, and rare old laces, embroideries, metal work, book-binding, wood-carving, pottery and leather work were displayed, which illustrated different periods of those arts in different countries, and also showed the relative standing of Canadian women in the same handicrafts. And for the first time in the history of Canada, catalogues, illustrated with pen and ink sketches of some of the most important pieces, were placed in the hands of the visitors who thronged the galleries. These catalogues were the forerunners of beautiful photogravure catalogues that have been published for the last six years in connection with the exhibition of foreign pictures.

There are also exhibitions of home industries, which include weaving, spinning, lace-making and embroidery, and of handicrafts which include pottery, book-binding, wood-carving, tooled-leather, basketry, stained glass, repoussé work and enamelling; and of the works of



HAND-MADE LACE, A HANDICRAFT ENCOURAGED BY THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION

members of the Association to which the honorary members in England, Holland and the United States are invited to contribute.

A number of clubs have been formed within the Association. During the last six years valuable organized study on the art of the Italian, German and Flemish Renaissance has been carried on by the Art Study Club, and the hours devoted to this work fairly glow with interest as the "definite, dogmatical, legendary or symbolical" meaning of the work of the famous masters of the Renaissance is unfolded. We might say "thousands" of photographs have been carefully collected in different parts of Europe for illustrating this work. Talks are also given in the gallery during the exhibition of foreign pictures on the treatment of the subjects represented and a course of lectures on art is given throughout the year in each Province, often in connection with schools and colleges.

The members of the Life Study and Sketching Club spend many a happy and profitable hour in the woods or by the water, on the heights overlooking the lake and city, or ensconced in some of the picturesque nooks along the well-wooded ravines, and there close to the heart of nature they study her moods and principles.

And there are the "potters" who, with skilful hands, fashion common clay into exquisite forms, and then again transform it with rich coloring. Likewise the lace-makers, the book-binders and basket-makers, all are engaged in a work profitable and beautiful, and one that gives promise of a bright future for Canada in the handicraft art.

The greatest achievement, and one that marks an epoch in ceramic art in Canada, was the decoration by representative Canadian artists of an entire dinner service of Doulton china with four dozen views of memorable historical Canadian scenes, twenty-four varieties each of Canadian fruits, ferns and flowers, and twenty-four varieties each of Canadian song birds, fish and game. It was a stupendous work, well executed, and was purchased by the Senate and House of Commons at Ottawa and presented to Lady Aberdeen, on her departure from Canada. It now holds a conspicuous place in Haddo Hall, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, where it is arranged with peculiar care and pointed out to all visitors.

The Woman's Art Association is

PLATES FROM A SET OF DISHES DECORATED BY CANADIAN ARTISTS AND PRESENTED TO LADY ABERDEEN

pre-eminently a national club, and branches have been formed throughout Canada at Moncton, St. John, Fredericton, Charlottetown, Kingston, Peterborough, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Fernie, and others at Brandon and Vancouver are in a state of formation; and all pursue the same policy as the head Association.

But besides being an important educational factor in the world of art, the Association is a thoroughly active "up-to-date" up-town women's club. The galleries are open every day at ten o'clock and the members have the privilege of resorting thither and within its artistic precincts of renewing exhausted nerve, energy and gathering inspiration for the better performance of the delightful duties of home life.

The silent language of the place speaks loudly to them of the noble and patient effort of the French-Canadian woman whose restless shuttles weave into the warp of those beautiful homespuns the woof of life's energies; of the women in the far West whose needle work proclaims a talent that, fostered with care, might have wrought tapestries that would have been a glory to their country; of the persistent labor lavished upon exquisite laces that have so often been worked out in poverty to adorn the robes of royalty. But in the midst of these philosophizings other personalities appear upon the scene. Mind comes into contact with mind, ideas are exchanged, new lines of thought awakened and new emotions roused.

The exhibitions are opened with a private view which is an important society event and is attended by many of the leading educational and socially influential people of Toronto. The new galleries were formally opened in October, 1907, by his honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark, and a very creditable display of home industries and handicrafts was arranged. The exhibition of Dutch pictures which followed was greatly appreciated, and at present the rooms are adorned with a very fine collection of Italian industries as developed by the Society "L'Industrie Feminile Italiane" under the patronage of the King, Queen and Royal Family of Italy.

Music has always had a much appreciated part to play in the social life of the club. During the winter season twilight musicales are fre-

quently held, and delightful little programmes rendered, many leading musicians of Toronto contributing.

When the Woman's Institute of London, England, was formed this Society was the first national Association to federate with it, as it was also the first Canadian Society to take an interest in the formation of the International Art Club.

The Woman's Art Association aims at being a stimulus and a help to all lovers of art and to all serious art students, and also at giving intelligent and practical encouragement to the ambition of the women of Canada who are employed in the production of home industries and of those beautiful handicrafts which have been a valuable heritage to so many nations. It has undertaken a great work, and one which even now must be telling upon the national life of our country, but to what extent its influence will spread only the years to come will reveal.

AN OKANAGAN LULLABY

By J. W. S. LOGIE

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',[1]
Rest thee Baby on thy couch of skin,
The night wind whispers by;
Red in the west has sunk to rest
The Great Chief's fiery eye;
And now so bright, His warriors light
Their camp fires in the sky.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',
Rest thee precious ere the night breaks in,
The twilight to devour;
When on the shore fierce shquah[2] shall roar,
To break thy sleeping hour
He and his mate, with eyes of hate,
Shall in the thicket glower.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',
High 'mong the rocks with fiendish din,
Injeetsin[3] bays the moon.
Have thou no fear, but rest thee here
Lulled by thy mother's croon?
With grouse and deer, 'mid shouts of cheer,
Will come the hunters soon.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'.
Rest thee Baby on thy couch of skin;
The moon gleams on the lake;
The loon's sad cry doth swell and die;
The night birds are awake.
But thou must sleep in slumber deep,
Till morning fair shall break.
Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'.

[1] *Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'* means, literally, sleep, little baby-girl mine. [2] Mountain lion. [3] Wolf.

BEATI MUNDO CORDE

By ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

When you look in the grey morning depths of the eyes of a girl who is pure,
And the little hot flame of desire is uplifted and kindled to light,
You are near to the Beauty Eternal, the Kingdom of Dreams that endure,
The peace not of this world, the power and the might.

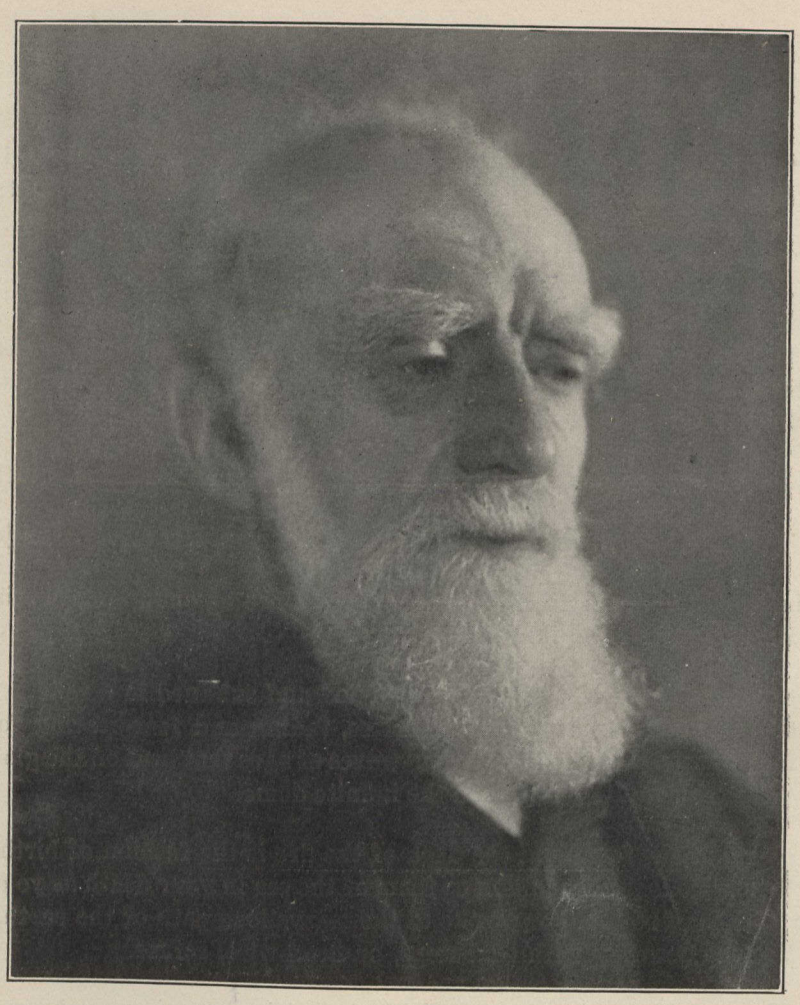
When the Spirit of God had descended and entered a body of dust,
The frame of mortality failed and was rent into fragments of clay,
Of death and of breath they were mingled, of life and of dust and of lust,
In pity God fondled them, waiting their day.

In fairness and freedom God reared them and nourished them, quick with His word,
With His tenderness touched, and His kindness, His mercy, His joy and His awe,
In the hearts of them all, starry-dark, living fire of omnipotence stirred,
Its humanity love, its divinity law.

Immortal the spark is, the shining confined and subdued in a robe
Of the mortal, corruptible, visionless, fading and fear-bearing foam—
The foam spray in space of the time-waves of ages that beat on the globe
With diamonded crests from the infinite dome.

The gleam of the foam and the dark of the fire is the fashion of birth;
Ye are Gods in the making or foam of the sea in your death as ye choose;
Your eyes may be blind or awake to the marvellous path of the earth,
Ye may journey with God-steps, or fiend-wise, refuse.

Then foam to its fashion, but you with the spirit of fire in your heart,
To the grey morning depths of the eyes of a saint lift your gaze, wise of will,
And the splendor of God shall enfold you and mould you, desire shall depart,
The Beauty Eternal shall dwell with you still!



Pencil Sketch by the late Wyatt Eaton

TO LORD STRATHCONA

(On first viewing the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal.)

By CHARLOTTE EATON

Noble in bearing, courteous and kind,
And richly gifted with an inner grace
That animates the features of your face,
Where life's unerring record well is lined,
A fitting temple for a mighty mind;
First of an old indomitable race,
Whose sons have reached the earth's remotest place;
Scots, though at home where e'er blows heaven's wind.
These spacious halls we thoughtfully behold,
Whose massive portals wear your honored name,
A worthy monument to one whose days
Make glad by gracious deeds unweighed by gold.
So grateful hearts shall ever speak your praise,
While these strong towers reflect the sun's bright flame.

ELIZABETH'S LOVER

A NOVELETTE BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

CHAPTER I.

"WHOM are you staring at so intently, Sir Jasper? Oh, that pretty girl over there. Yes; Betty Vernon is quite delightful, isn't she? Such a picturesque creature."

Mrs. Molyneux shut up her fan with a click as she spoke. She was a smart, dark-haired woman of forty, and, never having been pretty, she could afford to admire nice looks in other women; for it was her smartness, her unflagging high spirits, her good temper, that made her so deservedly popular, not the beauty she never possessed.

A childless woman herself, she was honestly fond of young people, and was giving a dance that night for a favorite niece, just a mere sandwich and claret-cup boy-and-girl affair. She had apologized to Sir Jasper Gascoigne for this dance, that was of the schoolroom, and to which no older folk had been bidden, realizing that when he had accepted the casual invitation of his old friend, Ralph Molyneux, to run down to Kent for a few days and stay at Glenthorpe, the guest had never imagined he would be let in for a mad-cap frolic.

The great Sir Jasper had just returned to England after an absence of fifteen years. He was the marvellous engineer whose railway on the very edge of the Indian frontier, had been the subject of so much political controversy, till the man succeeded in carrying out plans that had at first been deemed impossible, overcoming all opposition, conquering by sheer force of will. And now his great railway was completed, Sir Jasper had returned to his native land to take a well-earned holiday, and to be feted and fussed over, to both of which proceedings he objected intensely.

He was a grave, stern-looking man, and he seemed much older than his age, for he was barely forty-three. He had presented a somewhat incongruous figure in the ballroom, filled to overflowing with quite young people, youths from Sandhurst and the Universities, and girls in their teens —some of them with their hair down their back, till the sudden entrance of a girl dressed in simple white, and wearing a pink rose in her hair, made him start and flush. For this girl dimly recalled another girl to him, someone who belonged to the past; and his look of eager scrutiny had attracted his hostess's attention and led her to question him on the subject.

"Betty Vernon. So that's her name, is it—Betty Vernon?"

Sir Jasper spoke in low, almost meditative tones, then he turned abruptly to Mrs. Molyneux.

"I wish you would introduce me to Miss Vernon," he said. "I wonder if she would condescend to bestow a dance on an old fossil like myself. Curiously enough, she recalls another Betty to me—a Betty I knew years ago."

"And was the other Betty's name Vernon?" Mrs. Molyneux asked eagerly, scenting a romance.

Sir Jasper shook his head.

"No," he answered; "oh, no."

Then he followed Mrs. Molyneux across the crowded ballroom, and a second later he was bowing in front of Miss Betty Vernon, and requesting the favor of the next walt.

Betty flushed with sheer delight. What did it matter that Sir Jasper Gascoigne was nearly thirty years her senior, and that his dark hair was thickly streaked with grey, his forehead wrinkled with long, anxious lines? For Betty was well aware that Sir Jasper was a great man—a very great man indeed. She had read accounts of him more than once lately, and had seen his photograph in the illustrated papers only last week. Besides, Mrs. Molyneux had announced, with some consternation, to the county at large, that it would be dreadful to have such a distinguished servant staying at Glenthorpe for the Easter "boy-and-girl" dance she was giving—that Sir Jasper would be bored to tears. But he did not look bored—quite the contrary, in fact—as he bowed before the girl of seventeen, who had not even been presented, and then took Betty's programme in his hand, and secured as many dances as she had left.

And Betty? Well, Betty felt an odd sense of triumph and elation, and realized that she was a little girl no longer—a little girl who had just put her hair up—but a grown woman standing on the threshold of her kingdom.

"You will regret all the dances I have annexed after we have had one waltz together, when you have found out how badly I dance."

Gascoigne smiled at the pretty flushed child with the delicious rose-leaf coloring and the fine shining golden hair, as he handed her back her programme. Betty's eyes were so blue, and she was dressed in a soft white satin frock, an old lace fichu falling about her young shoulders, a pink rose carelessly tucked into the loose waves of her hair; and altogether she looked just like a beautiful Romney.

"Don't you dance well? Never mind. I expect we shall get along all right."

She smiled at him, quite aware that she was patronizing a distinguished and very clever man, but convinced that the tall engineer with the dark eyes and thin, clever face would not mind her patronizing him. For little Betty had suddenly grown very wise. She understood the value of certain dimples in her soft, warm cheeks, the merits of her shining hair, the charm of her picturesque personality, and she knew that what her cousin, Jack Hastings, had told her was quite true—that she was beautiful and would win men's hearts even as she had won Jack's heart. Only Jack didn't seem to count for very much this evening, for Jack was only just twenty-two, still at Oxford. He wasn't a man who had made a great name for himself, he was just a boy.

As the strains of "The Merry Widow" floated out, Sir Jasper put his arm lightly round Betty's waist, and a second later had whirled her away into a world of sound and movement, of quick mazy turns. And Betty thought she had never met with such an excellent partner in all her short life, a man who understood what real dancing was; and she laughed aloud in Sir Jasper Gascoigne's face—the bright exultant laugh of English girlhood.

"Oh, Sir Jasper, and you said you couldn't dance. What a story, what a big fib."

The childish speech did not grate on Gascoigne's ears, but this was because Betty's cheeks had flushed such a delicious pink; besides, the pretty eyes upturned to his were as blue as big river forget-me-nots.

"I was afraid I'd got out of training. I'm glad I haven't!"

He paused a second, then added, as

he waltzed Betty into a shady little nook which his sharp eyes had espied —it was shut off by a screen, behind which two chairs were placed:

"Do you know, it's rather a strange coincidence, but the last time I valsed in England my partner's name was Betty, and she had the same soft, fine hair that you have and the same blue eyes."

"Just fancy," Betty smiled, and sank down on the big wicker chair, and then commenced to fan herself. She was not particularly interested in what Sir Jasper had just said; she did not want to hear about all the other girls he had danced with, she desired all his attention and all his thoughts.

"Tell me about India and your big railway," She spoke with a pretty imperiousness.

The tall man smiled at her. What a baby she was, what a dear little dimpled baby; not the wise little girl that the other Betty had been, the Betty who had said good-bye to him so long ago, and whom he had dreamed about for years and then made up his mind to forget. Oh, it was strange suddenly coming across her double to-night, and in the person of pretty little Betty Vernon, who thought that India—vast, mysterious India—could be made the subject of a ball-room conversation.

"We won't talk about India." He leaned forward in his chair. "And as to my railway, as you call it, I have forgotten all about the railway. I have come home to take a holiday. Talk to me about yourself, won't you, about your life? Tell me where you live. Are you a maid of Kent." He smiled a very pleasant and oddly fascinating smile.

"No, I don't belong to Kent," she answered; "I was brought here to-night by father's cousin, Mrs. Hastings—the Hastings of The Abbey, you know. We've come over quite a big party, filling two motors and an omnibus." Betty laughed, and plucked a little feather from her fan with her small rosy-tipped fingers.

"My home is in Northumberland," she continued. "We live at a place called Heron's Crag—such a cold house in the winter time, a big rambling grey house with a ghost. Do you believe in ghosts?"

She spoke in quick, broken sentences, hardly giving herself time to get the words out, skimming lightly from subject to subject, yet Sir Jasper found her light chatter wholly delightful. But that was because she was so like the other Betty, whose engagement to another man—an engagement discovered by chance owing to an announcement copied into an Indian newspaper and read by Sir Jasper—who was not Sir Jasper then—up amidst the lonely silence of Indian hills, and which had soured the engineer for a time and made him speak and think harshly of the love of women.

'Yes, I believe in ghosts, in a sort of way," he said, in slow reply to Betty's question. "So you are staying with the Hastings. Well,that's rather lucky for me, for I believe my kind hostess is taking me to lunch there to-morrow. There are the ruins of the old Abbey to see."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Betty, shrugging her shoulders; "I hate those wretched old ruins. I never can see what interest people can take in the tumbledown old stones, and I get so tired of hearing them discussed. But it will be nice to see you to-morrow,' she added graciously, "quite nice."

"Do you really mean that, I wonder?" Sir Jasper asked. He looked at her under bent brows. "Does it matter a brass farthing to you if I turn up to-morrow? I wonder, I wonder."

Betty lowered her eyes, and she had never lowered them before for any man, nor blushed as she blushed now.

"I've just said I should be glad to

see you," she answered in low tones, "and I never tell stories, never."

Sir Jasper caught his breath. He had found the Betty he had lost, and the years had not changed her. There was no silver amidst the gold of her hair, no dimming of her bright color; and Sir Jasper suddenly felt that he was tired of a lonely life, weary of fame and success and the fortune that had come too late, unless——

He leaned forward, and looked earnestly at his little partner.

"Will you be nice to me when I come over to-morrow?" he asked. "Will you talk to me? Will you show me the ruins?"

She trembled, then a sense of triumph and elation came over the child, for she knew what had happened. She realized that it had been given to her, a little girl of seventeen, to capture the heart of Sir Jasper Gascoigne, on the strength of a likeness perhaps, but still that didn't matter.

She thought of her cousin Jack for one doubtful, faltering second—Jack, whose childish sweetheart she had been for years. But then Jack was just Jack, not a distinguished man whom his country delighted to honor; and Betty, glancing at Sir Jasper, did not realize that he was old enough to be her father, for she was dazzled by all she had heard about him, and she felt flattered and delighted by his notice.

"I'll be as nice to you to-morrow as I know how," she said. Then she glanced up—her eyes were dangerously sweet—but for the first time Sir Jasper noticed that they were not quite so clear as the first Betty's eyes, nor as tender.

Waltz music was struck again—dreamy, insidious waltz music—and Betty stirred in her chair and consulted her programme.

"I am engaged for this dance," she said, "to one of the men staying at The Abbey—such a nice man, Captain Carton."

Sir Jasper made no answer, but rose slowly from his seat, and pulled the screen in front of the alcove, his mouth tightening.

Betty watched him, half fascinated and a little annoyed.

"I ought to go back to the ballroom." She rose as she spoke, color flushing her cheeks; then she sat down again.

"Tell me about India," she whispered. "I asked you before. Tell me about the spices and palm trees, and the golden tinkle of temple bells, the flashing feet of dancing girls. Oh, I should think the East must be frightfully fascinating."

She certainly was not very clever—Sir Jasper realized that fact as he looked at Betty and listened to her schoolgirl chatter—but oh, how young she was, how adorably fair. And he could teach her wisdom by-and-by, of course he could."

He dropped back into his seat by her side.

"I will talk to you about anything you like," he answered, "just as long as you care to listen. But why can't we speak about you, just about you?"

Betty plucked another little feather from her fan, and blushed adorably. And when she blushed it was as if the first Betty had come back, and for ever, and had merged herself into the dainty girlish personality of Betty the second.

Sir Jasper drew his chair a little closer. The waltz music rose louder, the dancers' feet were plain to hear; but the high Japanese screen shut out the world, but it fenced Sir Jasper and his partner from interruption and so fulfilled its purpose.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Jasper proposed to Betty at the end of a week, a week during which he haunted The Abbey and made his attentions to her so very obvious that everyone knew that the most distinguished engineer of his day was go-

ing to ask a school-girl to marry him. Sir Jasper was simply infatuated by Betty's soft, fine hair and big blue eyes, her slim youthful figure and her childish naivete.

"He can't be in love with Betty because of her brains," so Mrs. Hastings observed to her husband. She was a little sore on her son Jack's account, for she knew that her boy still up at Oxford had given his heart to Betty long ago, and though she considered the young people far too young to think of getting engaged even—still, she had always told herself that Betty would make a nice little daughter-in-law in the future. And now it appeared that Miss Betty was going to do nothing of the sort, but had brushed her old playmate cheerfully from her mind, and was quite ready to marry a man years her senior, and take up the *role* of a very great lady.

Betty felt quite prepared to become a leading London hostess—that is, if Sir Jasper decided to rest on his laurels and settle down at home; for she was feeling extremely pleased with herself, and firmly convinced that her youthful prettiness would carry her anywhere.

Her people were delighted with the brilliant match she was making, and did not seem to object to the disparity in point of years; and it had been arranged that Sir Jasper should escort his *fiancé* back to Northumberland and be introduced to his future relations—among them a father-in-law who was not so much older than himself, and who mentioned in one of his letters to Sir Jasper that he fancied they must have met years ago, but was not quite sure.

"When you and Daddy were boys together, I suppose," Betty had laughed, "long before I appeared upon the scene."

She was fond of accentuating the difference between Sir Jasper's age and her own, for it pleased her vanity to feel that a grave and distinguished man so much her senior was at her feet. And as for Sir Jasper, he never attempted to interfere with Betty in anything she said or did, though sometimes her remarks grated a little; but then she was so pretty—far too pretty to be scolded

Mrs. Molyneux was delighted with the turn of events. A matchmaker at heart, it pleased her to think that Sir Jasper Gascoigne had met his fate at her dance. It would make the boy-and-girl hop remembered for a great many years, she told herself; and she was extremely enthusiastic over the engagement, and insisted on asking Betty over constantly to spend the day at Glenthorpe.

They were halcyon hours for the lovers, though now and again Sir Jasper would find himself wondering how Betty would take the responsibilities of her new position. She would have to be a great lady after her marriage, both in manner and ways. She must cease to chatter and laugh like an irresponsible schoolgirl; she must become the dignified London hostess, for he had decided to settle down for a time and enjoy a brief spell of well-earned repose, before he accepted another great Government contract.

He tried to instil this into Betty's head sometimes, but she would only smile.

"What an old bother you are, Jasper," she would exclaim. "I'll be as stiff and dignified as you like after we are married, but I needn't begin at once."

Then she would make a little kittenish face at him, drop a curtsey, and he would tell himself what a child she was, and yet he would soon be expecting woman's work of her and woman's tact.

She told him a good deal of her home life, of the big house in Northumberland, of the wild woods stretching at the back, and the miles of moorland in front. And she was frankly communicative on the sub-

ject of her relations, telling Sir Jasper how her mother was very pretty, but a great invalid, who hardly ever cared to stir from home; and that her father, a fine handsome man, hated to be bothered about anything, and loathed etiquette and smart society ways.

Then there were Betty's three brothers to be described, all of them lively rollicking schoolboys; and an aunt, Mr. Vernon's youngest sister, who had lived at Heron's Crag ever since the death of her parents—Betty's grandparents. This aunt was a dear and a darling, according to Betty, and was called Elizabeth.

"I'm named after her," Betty explained, "and some people think I'm absurdly like her. But I don't know. Elizabeth—I always call her Elizabeth—she likes it—never looked as if she could have been as lively as I am. She's frightfully sad at times. She doesn't say she is; but I can tell it from her eyes, and I think it's all because of some horrid man who is abroad and who won't come home."

"A man abroad?" Sir Jasper observed. "Is your aunt engaged to be married, then? One of those hopeless long engagements which take the heart out of men and women?"

"No, she's not exactly engaged," Betty answered, "but years ago, when Elizabeth was about as young as I am, she went to stay at a big country house in Wales and met a young man who fell in love with her. She cared for him, but nothing came of it. He had no money, poor dear, and he was too proud to bind Elizabeth down to a long and hopeless engagement, so, though he told her he loved her, he tried his best to make Elizabeth understand that she was free to marry anyone else whilst he was trying to make a fortune abroad. He's been away for years—years, and Elizabeth won't tell me his name even; but she says he will soon come home. I hope she is right. I should have got tired of waiting."

Betty gave her shoulders the least possible shrug. She was sitting in Mrs. Molyneux's boudoir, having come over to spend the day; and April sunshine, glinting in through the windows, flickered over her dress and lit up her hair. Sir Jasper was far too intent on staring at his future wife to pay much attention to what Betty was saying. He had a hazy impression of being told that he must never mention or refer to Elizabeth's love affair in any way for no one knew anything about it, Elizabeth having only taken Betty into her confidence on the subject, for her mother — Betty's grandmother — would have been simply furious if if she had known the romantic reason that prevented Elizabeth accepting the suitors who had courted her so assiduously in the past, and whom she had refused one by one.

Jasper heaved a sigh for Elizabeth. She must be made of rare faithful stuff, he reflected, remembering Betty the First, who had failed him, whilst he toiled and sweated for her sake and faced death amongst the loneliness of Indian hills.

"Why are you sighing?" Betty the Second asked sharply, glancing up inquisitively.

"I don't know," Sir Jasper answered, then he looked at her and thought what a child she was, and said, half to himself, half to Betty, "You are quite sure that the disparity in years betwen us makes no difference, that you wouldn't rather have married a younger man, Betty —a boy more your own age?"

"Of course not," Betty answered simply, "or I should have married Cousin Jack.'

She glanced down at the big flashing hoop of brilliants that Jasper had given her, her brand new engagement ring.

"Cousin Jack?" exclaimed Jasper. "Do you mean the Hastings' son and heir, the boy up at Oxford?"

"Yes," she answered confidenti-

ally. "He's frightfully fond of me—he always has been—but I don't like boys."

She tossed her fair head as she said the last words, and then bent over her ring again: she was as pleased as a child with her new toy.

A hard lump gathered in Jasper's throat. He suddenly felt that he had no business to make love to Betty, to dazzle her with his rank and position, and to win her simple schoolgirl heart.

He was a man of the world, an exceptionally clever man, and his had been an easy victory, yet he felt that he had done wrong, that he should have left this soft baby creature, who was ignorant of all the deep mysteries of human life, to fall in love with a nice boy.

"Betty — he looked at her strangely—"do you know what love really means? Do you understand that in marrying me you will be leaving father and mother, your friends and your home, and though we may stay in England for a time I must take you to India later on?"

She laughed merrily.

"Why, it will be frightfully nice going to India," she answered, "and being made a fuss over, for you are such a great man out there, are you not, Jasper? Oh, you needn't be afraid that I shan't have a jolly time."

He looked at her gravely, searchingly, and this time his fears were for himself.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Jasper felt a little nervous when he arrived at Heron's Crag, anxious to get over his meeting with Betty's father and mother. But as he he shook hands with Mr. Vernon he realized that he had seen his future father-in-law somewhere before, and he glanced up in puzzled fashion.

"Now where—where," he muttered, "my dear fellow, where did I see you last?"

Vernon reflected. He was a big, careless-looking north country squire, a regular Nimrod of the fields, who, it was obvious, would hate to live in a town.

"Why, we met in Wales years ago," he exclaimed, with his big, hearty laugh. "You and I were younger then by a great many years, and my surname wasn't Vernon in those days, it was Howard. I had to adopt the name of Vernon because my godfather took it into his head to leave me Heron's Crag on that condition. By the way, you were sweet on my sister Elizabeth in those days—Betty Howard, you know. Odd that you should be engaged to her niece now, to my little Betty."

Sir Jasper's jaw fell for a second, and he turned pale. It was well for him that he was standing in shadow in a dark hall.

"Oh, yes," he murmured, after a brief pause, recovering his self-possession. "Of course, I remember now. Yes; we met in Wales, you and I—and—and—and Miss Howard."

He caught his breath as he said the last words; it was so strange to think that Betty the Second had led him straight back to Betty the First.

So he would see Betty the First again, but she would be married and with a family of five children. Stay, what was this? Betty had told him her aunt was unmarried, and had lived at Heron's Crag ever since her mother's death seven years ago.

What did it all mean? He felt oddly, hopelessly confused, as startled—nay, more startled, than when the sudden death of two distant cousins in a boating accident a year ago made him a wealthy baronet. Not that he wanted the money, for a grateful country had already made him rich beyond his dreams, and he had been offered and refused a knighthood. But the shock he had when he heard of his inheritance was nothing to what he felt now.

For Sir Jasper realized that there

had been a terrible muddle somewhere, and he wondered if he had made a mistake in burying himself in his railway work, when he thought he had lost Betty, and losing touch with England.

He tried to remember all that Betty had told him about her aunt Elizabeth's love story—the story he had paid so little heed to at the time; and he floundered and stammered as he stood in the dark hall, and looked so uncomfortable and upset that his future mother-in-law, pretty Mrs. Vernon, wondered why a distinguished man who was supposed to be so clever should evince such extreme nervousness. But it was because he was so much in love, she supposed. Though it was really absurd to think of her little Betty married to this tall man with the black hair streaked with grey, who looked old enough to be her father.

Betty appeared extremely happy, though, and remarkably at her ease and pleased with herself. But an older woman and more experienced woman would not have treated such a man as Sir Jasper Gascoigne as Betty did, giving him her orders as if he were a small schoolboy, making a ruthless exhibition of her power.

Elizabeth came in late. long after tea had been served. She had been out visiting a sick friend. Such was her plea as she sailed gracefully down the hall, tall and fair in a white frock, and almost as white herself.

She was a little taller than her niece and thinner; but the likeness between the two was absurd, for all that Betty was a girl and Elizabeth well over thirty. They both possessed the same clear, lovely complexion, light blue eyes, and soft gleaming hair. Elizabeth had lost the dimples she used to have, and her eyes looked tired and sad; but she was beautiful, or so Jasper thought, far more beautiful than Betty. For there was something in her face which held him spellbound—a great sweetness, a great sorrow, and this was not a child's face; it was a woman's countenance. And he was a man, not a boy.

They looked at each other long and intently, then Elizabeth held out her hand. She was perfect mistress of the situation, it seemed.

"So we meet again, and after so many years, Sir Jasper." Her voice was very sweet, but a little faint. "And you are to marry dear Betty," she continued, "I—I hope you will both be happy."

She turned to her niece as she spoke, and put her arms very tenderly about the girl, and as the two Bettys kissed each other, Sir Jasper, watching, felt that Fate had been playing a sorry trick on him, and he cursed softly under his breath—cursed by strange, foreign gods.

For it was Elizabeth his whole heart went out to; it was Elizabeth he had been in love with all the time. He had merely fallen in love with Betty on the strength of the likeness she bore to his old love, the girl he had thought he had lost. But he had promised himself to the child all the same; she had his ring on her finger, she was to be his wife in a month's time.

He drank a cup of tea feverishly, drained the cup, and he noticed how Elizabeth leaned back in the big oak chair in which she was sitting, and rested her head against a red velvet cushion. What a pale face it was. Then he looked at Betty, who was devouring hot cakes with gusto, throwing odds and ends of biscuits to the dogs, and as he contrasted Betty with Elizabeth the contrast grew ridiculous. And then quite suddenly Betty threw a bit of sugar at him, and laughed and clapped her hands because it hit his face.

"You shouldn't be so silly, Betty." Pretty, delicate Mrs. Vernon, leaning back in her big armchair, addressed her daughter somewhat reprovingly.

But Betty did not take much notice of the maternal correction. She sprang to her feet instead, and stood up, the very picture of girlish vitality and childish *insouciance.*

"Hurry, Jasper, and finish your tea," she exclaimed; "I want to have a game of croquet. I'm tired of sitting still. Let's make up a four. Daddy, you'll play, and Elizabeth. I'll tell you what"—she turned and glanced at her *fiance*—"you are such an awful muff at croquet Jasper, that you'd better be Elizabeth's partner, and I'll play with Dad—for Elizabeth's frightfully, fearfully good."

Sir Jasper and Elizabeth looked at each other, and a delicate wave of color mounted from Elizabeth's throat to her forehead and made her pale cheeks flush, but her self-composure was perfect.

"I shall be very pleased to play with Sir Jasper, Betty," she answered; but her voice trembled just a little, and Jasper gazing at her anxiously and scrutinizingly, noticed that she put her teacup down untasted.

"Well, if you've finished your tea, Elizabeth, we'll be off to the croquet lawn." Betty waltzed gaily down the hall, dragging with her the handsome father who was always ready for a frolic with this daughter of his, this spoilt adorable Betty.

Sir Jasper and Elizabeth followed them sedately down the wide, dark hall, and out on to the lawn shaded by great trees, the turf as smooth and rich as velvet.

But it was not till they had reached the lawn that Sir Jasper spoke to his companion. Betty and her father were at the far end, having an animated and friendly quarrel over a mallet which they both wanted to play with, quite out of earshot.

"Elizabeth," Jasper began, and there was a note in his voice which told how terribly he was moved.

"What does this all mean?" he whispered. "I—I thought you were married. I read an announcement of your engagement in the papers years ago—twelve years ago, to be accurate—and at a time when I was working and slaving hard, and all in the hopes of being able to marry you myself one day, when I had made my fortune."

"It was a mistake," Elizabeth answered; "that announcement was a lie." Her voice was very faint, and her lips twitched painfully. "It was inserted in the papers by a relative of the man whom—whom I didn't want to marry. It was done with the idea of hastening things on, I suppose, of forcing me to accept him. But, of course, that was not what happened, and another announcement was put in the paper a few days later, by my people this time, contradicting the false statement."

She hesitated. "Why did you never write to me?" she asked. "If you had written to me you would have known from my letters that I was not thinking of marrying anyone but you. But you never wrote to me after leaving England; you never answered the only letter I wrote you; and I was too proud to write again."

"I did not write, because I told you I should not," he answered, "before I left England. Don't you remember that I said you were to look upon yourself as absolutely free, though I added, at the same time, as perhaps you recollect, that I should be thinking of you all the time I was abroad, and working for all I was worth, so that I might come home one day with a fortune, hoping to find you still unmarried; for I told you that I loved you."

She nodded her smooth, golden head.

"Yes," she answered quietly; "you told me that you loved me, and I admitted that I returned your love, Jasper; and I said I would wait for you, wait twenty years, wait your return patiently, as I have."

She said the last words with a touch of ineffable dignity.

He winced. "I didn't know," he muttered. "I—I thought you were married. Anyone would have thought the same in my place, Elizabeth, after reading that announcement. And oh, what suffering I went through. I can feel the pain yet of those awful days when I was trying to get myself accustomed to the idea that you would shortly be married to another man, a rich man with a title and all the rest of it. And all the time you were true to me, and waiting."

They halted by simultaneous consent by the side of a tall cedar tree, and looked into each other's pale, troubled faces. Elizabeth was the first to speak.

"I see everything, Jasper. I quite understand now how things happened. Perhaps I made a mistake in not writing to you again, and breaking the long silence. But I have followed your career so faithfully. I knew where you were. Why, I have watched every step of your life's journey. I have rejoiced in your long, steady climb up the hill, triumphed with you as you surmounted difficulty after difficulty, telling myself all the time that you would one day—come back for me."

"And now?" he interrupted savagely. "What about things as they are now? What about the cursed muddle I have made of things? For you realize how it was I fell in love with Betty. It was because she recalled you—*you*."

"It doesn't matter," Elizabeth answered gently. "I expect things are better as they are, much better, for the years have not stood still with me, Jasper; whilst I have been dreaming and waiting, my youth has slipped from me. But Betty is just what I was years ago, the girl you loved."

"Is she?" he answered, in harsh tones. "I doubt it, Elizabeth. For I realized that there has only been one Betty for me, and that her name is Elizabeth. Oh, my dear," he looked at her with fierce hunger, "what did you feel when you heard that I had got myself engaged to Betty—when, of course, you believed, as you have every right to believe, that I was coming home to *you*, to lay my laurels at *your* feet?"

"I was unhappy." She still spoke in a restrained gentle voice, but her pale hands clenched nervously together, and all the blood had left her face. "I had just written to you, realizing you had returned to England, a letter which I intended to send to your club in London, asking you if you still wanted to see me. Rather bold, wasn't it? But I was so afraid that, owing to my brother's change of name, you might find it difficult at first to trace out my whereabouts. I never doubted you, you see, Jasper."

She hesitated; then added, tears dimming her eyes for one brief second: "Wasn't it a strange coincidence—on the very day I was writing this letter Betty's note arrived announcing her engagement. It was rather a shock; but, as I said before, it's all right now, Jasper, and I shall be quite happy—as long as Betty makes you happy.'

"Betty?" he laughed. " Do you think I am going to marry Betty now that I have found you? Why Elizabeth——"

She turned on him fiercely, finely. "Hush!" she cried; "don't say things like that, Jasper. You must not break Betty's heart even if you have broken mine. The child must be saved."

He looked at Elizabeth's face, illuminated as it was by strong feeling, and it was the face of an angel. And he could have fallen on his knees and kissed the hem of her gown; he could have worshipped her where she stood.

"You understand, Jasper." Her voice was clear and imperative.

"Betty is never to know that a mistake has been made; her happiness must be preserved at all costs."

"Yes," he muttered huskily; "yes, I suppose you are right. I suppose we must put the child first, the child before the woman and the man."

He was interrupted as he spoke by the sudden flight of Betty skimming like a swallow across the lawn.

"Oh, you two, you two," she laughed. "Are we going to play croquet, or are we going to talk? You're not to flirt with Jasper, Elizabeth. I won't have it. Do you hear me? Why, how funny, how funny." She threw her head back and burst into delicious peals of clear laughter. "I never realized till now," she exclaimed, "that Jasper will be your nephew when we are married. Oh, won't it be funny, Jasper? You'll have to call Elizabeth, 'Aunt Elizabeth.' "

Elizabeth winced just as if she had been stabbed, then with a sharp exclamation of pain she covered her face with her hands.

Sir Jasper turned frowningly on Betty. "Don't be so absurd," he said, and there was a note of sharp, autocratic command in his voice which Betty had never heard before, but one which the men who worked under him knew well enough.

"Of course, I shall call your aunt Elizabeth, and she—she will call me Jasper. Don't you realize that you are both girls together, you two."

Betty gurgled with laughter. "I never thought of Elizabeth as a girl," she exclaimed. "Why, she's years—years older than I, Jasper. Aren't you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth let her hands fall from her face, and smiled a pale, wonderful smile. Then she put a hand on Betty's shoulder and as she did so a ray of sunshine caught her hair and framed it about her face like the halo of a saint.

"Yes, dear Betty," she said gently; "I am older than you by a good many years. And now we'll go and play croquet. We'll do anything that you like, dear—anything that will make you happy."

"Oh, I'm happy enough," answered Betty. She darted a sidelong look at her *fiance* as she spoke, and for the first time a shadow broke over her childish face. "I don't like Jasper to look cross," she exclaimed, "and he looks horribly cross now."

She dug the toe of her small shoe meditatively into the turf.

"I like people always to be in good spirits," she continued. "I can't bear gloom and depression. I'm always bright and cheerful myself."

"That's because you are so young, Betty," Sir Jasper observed quietly "because you don't know what trouble means — and — and heartbreak."

"And, please God, Betty shall never know it," Elizabeth interrupted fervently; then she put her niece's hand into Jasper's.

"There, walk on together," she said, " and I'll follow behind. Walk on together."

CHAPTER IV.

The date of Betty's wedding was fixed for the end of August, and the bride-elect had decided that she would go to Switzerland for her honeymoon. But it was only to be a short one.

"For I don't think a long honeymoon would be at all exciting," Betty had declared one day, with the freedom that distinguished her. "We never seem to have much to say to each other, Jasper, when we are alone together, do we? I'm not a scrap interested in engineering, and I can't talk clever talk, and you don't care a bit about listening to stories about horses and dogs, and what dresses I'm going to buy, and all that. Why, I don't believe you even know yet what sort of wedding dress I'm going to wear—whether

it's to be silk, chiffon or satin, Directoire in style of Princess?"

She had held up a little rose-tipped finger at her *fiancé* as she spoke. She was sitting with Sir Jasper in a curious little summerhouse planted down in a wild, deserted part of the grounds at Heron's Crag, called "The Wilderness"—a summerhouse which had been made over to the affianced couple, and to which they paid solemn visits, as in duty bound, though it is doubtful if either of the two enjoyed their *tete-a-tetes* there, the long unbroken *tete-a-tetes* forded by summer mornings.

For it was quite true what Betty had said—that they had no tastes in common. And they both appreciated this fact, for Betty understood, just as well as Sir Jasper did, that she could not talk to her future husband as she talked to the rest of the world. She realized that her light chatter bored him, just as the grave discussion into which he sometimes tried to draw her made her head ache.

She wondered sometimes what it would be like when they were married, when she couldn't rush off and play cricket with her brothers after long hours spent with her *fiance*, or go for a wild cross-country ride with her father.

Of course, it would be very fine to be Lady Jasper Gascoigne, the wife of one of the cleverest engineers in the world, and an immensely rich man to boot. Yes; it would be great fun—so Betty told herself—to own a big house in London and a big place in the country, and she would hunt a good deal during the winter—Jasper must give her some nice hunters. She would wear beautiful frocks and have lovely jewels and furs, and all her friends must come and stay with her and have a nice time. And when Sir Jasper had to go abroad again to construct some more wonderful railways—if he went to outlandish parts where she didn't want to accompany him, dreadful places where people have to live in tents—well, she must get Elizabeth to come and stay with her, and that would be quite nice; just herself to please and Elizabeth.

Oh, yes; these visions of the future were intoxicating enough. Still, there was just one thing that did not please Betty, and that was that she felt—she knew—she was not in love with her future husband. But she was fond of him, and doubtless love would come.

"Betty." Sir Jasper looked at the girl very earnestly as they sat in the summerhouse discussing the honeymoon and future plans. "Do you ever feel that I am rather old for you, that my years may make a difference between us in the future? For you are only a child, you know, after all—a dear, delightful child."

"I shall grow up," Betty answered. "Of course, I'm quite young now," she went on cheerily, "and people will think who meet us on our honeymoon, that you're going about with your daughter. But I shall grow into a woman one day, Jasper, and be as staid and dignified as Elizabeth, perhaps. By the way" —she twisted her engagement ring round the slender third finger of her left hand—"I'm rather worried about Elizabeth. She's looked so ill ever since we got engaged, so white and tired."

"Has she?" Sir Jasper exclaimed. He bit his lips as he spoke, and certain lines about his mouth tightened.

"Why, yes; she is as pale as possible," Betty continued. "Do you know what I think is the matter?" She leant a little forward in her seat, and began drawing lines on the floor of the summerhouse with her sunshade. "I believe that my getting engaged, and all the fuss about the trousseau and talk about the wedding and everything else has made poor Elizabeth feel how far off her own wedding is. For, somehow, I

don't believe that her wedding-day will ever come, Jasper. I think the man in India has forgotten her and has ceased to care."

"Oh, no, he has not forgotten her, Betty." Jasper spoke in low faraway tones.

Betty glanced at him sharply. "How do you know?" she asked. "How can you tell?"

Jasper flushed. He had nearly betrayed himself by an indiscreet slip of the tongue.

"How do I know?" he answered, with assumed carelessness. "Why because it would be impossible for anyone who has once been in love with your aunt to forget her, I should imagine. She is one of the noblest, sweetest women God ever made—a true Saint Elizabeth."

Betty pouted. "I wonder you didn't fall in love with her yourself years ago," she remarked, "when first you met her father; for I was a little girl in short frocks at the time—a mere toddlekins."

Jasper rose abruptly to his feet. He had had enough of the summerhouse for one day, and enough of Betty.

"I think your remarks are in bad taste, dear," he answered somewhat sternly; and Betty made a face at him behind his back. And it came across her very acutely that if she had been sitting in the summerhouse with the boyish lover of her schoolgirl days, for instance, with her cousin Jack Hastings, that she would have spent a far happier hour than the one that had just passed.

She and Jack would have chaffed each other pleasantly, for instance, and Jack would have smoked cigarettes, and Betty would have nibbled at big chocolates. And they would have talked the light, chattering talk of golden youth. And by-and-by they would have slipped their hands in each others' and kissed, and Betty somehow felt very glad that Jack was coming to stay at Heron's Crag for a few days, and that she would see her old sweetheart once again before she became Lady Jasper Gascoigne.

Jack arrived a week later, to find the coast clear, as far as Sir Jasper was concerned; for the great engineer had gone to town to see his lawyers with regard to the marriage settlements that were being drawn up.

He was expected back at Heron's Crag in three days' time; but just for three days Betty told herself she would take holiday, and would not try to be grown up and dignified. She would enjoy herself in tom-boy fashion with Jack, who seemed so awfully cut-up because of her engagement and very down on his luck.

He was a good-looking boy, was Jack—young Oxford at its best. Tall and fair, with clear blue eyes and a well-knit, muscular figure. And Jack would be rich one day, for he would come into a fine old property when his father died. He would never be a distinguished man like Sir Jasper Gascoigne, for he was not particularly gifted with brains, but then he had golden invincible youth on his side.

He had just three days to win Betty back from Sir Jasper—three clear days—and the boy fought hard. He did not consider that he was acting a dishonorable part in trying to alienate the affections of an engaged girl who was so soon to be a bride; for, he told himself, and with some truth, Betty had been his little sweetheart long before Sir Jasper had set eyes on her, and had glamored her heart away. It was glamor, so Jack told himself—pure glamor that made Betty turn to the engineer. She was dazzled by the other man's cleverness, his great position, his world-wide reputation; but she didn't love him. Yes, Jack was convinced of that, she didn't love him.

He taxed Betty with it, took her boldly into a certain sheltered rose garden that was one of the special

beauties of Heron's Crag, a garden approached by a shady yew walk. With the trees throwing their dark shadows over Betty, and the drowsy perfume of the roses rising like wine to her nostrils, the girl, who was hardly more than a child, stood up to be questioned by her boy playmate of other days; but to-day his questions were sharp and keen.

"You don't love Sir Jasper—you know you don't, Betty. He is old enough to be your father. You haven't a thought, an idea, in common. You can't look me in the face and say that you have. You can't—you can't."

Betty hung her head. "It won't matter when we're married," she answered. "Sir Jasper will go his way, and I will go mine. And, anyway, he will give me a lovely time, and everything in the world that I want."

"Everything?" interrupted Jack. "What about the one thing needful—love? Oh, Betty, break off this engagement before it is too late. Come back to me. Let's be young and happy together. Wait a year or two, and then marry me, Betty—me."

She hesitated and her lips trembled. How handsome Jack looked in his cool, grey flannels. She contrasted him with tall, clever Sir Jasper, whose hair was turning grey, and whose face was seamed and lined, and the contrast was all in Jack's favor.

But Betty came of a fine, loyal stock; she had given her word to Sir Jasper and she felt she ought to keep it. She said as much to Jack; then of a sudden she burst into a very April storm of tears, and Betty, who hardly ever had a headache, suddenly felt what headache and heartache mean; and then in her sorrow, in her fright, her dismay, she thought of that dear, lovely Elizabeth, whom she had always sought out in her childish troubles, and who had consoled her for broken dolls, torn frocks, scratched fingers, and who must comfort her now.

"Jack,"—she looked up frankly at her cousin, "I believe I made a mistake in getting engaged to Jasper; but I'm not going to treat him badly and break my word. I'm not that sort of a girl. It—it wouldn't be cricket, Jack; it wouldn't be cricket."

She turned away as she spoke, a poor little sniffling, sobbing Betty, and ran up the long yew path as fast as her young feet could carry her to seek Elizabeth and consolations.

She found her aunt in her bedroom, and Elizabeth's bedroom had a curious cool and gentle atmosphere of its own. And Betty always felt that many prayers had been prayed in this room, that it was a chamber of dreams, a quiet sanctuary, the temple of hopes that had blossomed and died.

She entered the room without knocking, dashing in, too full of her own troubles to think that she might be disturbing Elizabeth. But she started a little when she caught sight of her young aunt, the aunt who was weeping by the side of her bed, her arms stretched out over the counterpane, her whole body shaken and convulsed with sobs.

For Elizabeth had just gone through a moment of fierce temptation, of stress and turmoil, as the post that morning had brought her a letter from Sir Jasper, in which he urged and besought her to let him break off his engagement with Betty, and admit his love for Elizabeth; and it had been a very hard struggle before she could pen the letter she had just written in answer—a letter in which she again reiterated her wish—nay, her command, that Sir Jasper should be true to Betty and himself.

And now Betty herself came in—such a flushed, tearful Betty. And what was the girl saying? What eager words was she pouring out? What strange confession trembled on her lips?

Elizabeth, pale and shaken, hastily seized in Betty's young arms, her own aching bosom converted into a pillow for Betty's golden head, had some little difficulty in understanding things at first; but at last she realized the truth. And then it seemed as if the whole world swayed and shook, and the morning stars shouted together, and Paradise was nearer earth than Elizabeth had ever dreamed.

"I don't love Jasper. I don't love him a scrap," so Betty protested, with hot tears; "and yet I suppose I shall have to marry him, Elizabeth, even though I care for Jack the most, and Jack loves me. Oh, if only Jasper could have taken a fancy to you, Elizabeth; met you instead of meeting me; and you had liked him better than the man in India."

Elizabeth smiled.

"Betty, shall I tell you a secret?" she whispered. "Shall I tell you that I— that Jasper——"

She paused, a lovely blush lighting up her face.

"He is the man from India, you see," she whispered, "and you—when he saw you at the dance—well, we are very much alike, you know, Betty, for all that I am so much older, and you looked just as I used to look in the past; and he thought I had married someone else, and so—and so—"

Elizabeth spoke in short broken sentences, then she was suddenly interrupted in her small incoherent explanation by Betty.

"Oh, Elizabeth—you darling, dear, adorable Elizabeth," the girl cried. "To think that things are coming right for both of us, for all of us. I never was so happy in all my life, and just when I was feeling so miserable."

"You can't be happier than I am, Betty," Elizabeth answered softly, "not even if you tried."

* * *

There was a wedding at Heron's Crag in August: it was Elizabeth's wedding, though, not Betty's. But as Elizabeth and Sir Jasper drove away, Jack Hastings, standing on the steps of the old house, foremost amongst the gay crowd of wedding guests throwing rice after the bride and bridegroom, suddenly turned and pinched the arm of the first bridesmaid, pinched Betty's arm — Betty radiant in blue silk and smiles and flutters.

"Your turn next, Betty," he whispered, "our turn."

She nodded her head and laughed youth's gay, exultant laugh; then her eyes softened and the light came into them, or rather a reflection of the light that made her aunt Elizabeth's eyes shining lamps of love. And she smiled as Elizabeth smiled, for Betty was growing up.

AUGUST TWILIGHT

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Now restful Night bends to caress her earth-loves everywhere,
A big moon rises in the East to sail the sky-sea broad;
And drowsy earth breathes sleepily an old, old-fashioned prayer,
As Day finds anchorage behind the Harbor Lights of God.

AUGUST

By S. A. WHITE

The fisher sails, the fisher sails, above the sapphire seas,
Come homeward with the homeward tide and August in the breeze;
The straining net has drawn to-day a harvest from afar,
But oh! a richer harvest waits within the harbor bar.

The ebb-tide flows, the ebb-tide flows, full from the pulsing deep;
Flotson and jetson of the world kind heaven's law will keep;
So in his heart the sailor joys; like white sea-birds a-wheel
Home with the August wind he swings, home on his slanting keel.

The fisher songs, the fisher songs, ring over dyke and sands,
Mingling with reapers' melodies on distant meadow lands;
But softer notes waft out to him beyond the gray sea-wall—
The vesper chime, the house-wife's chant, the merry children's call.

The fireside, the fireside and ships of flame a-sail,
The golden curls about his knees, the ears that drink his tale,
A hand that clasps his own brown hand, a love in silence told,
A heart that's safe within a heart—this is the fisher's gold!

A POACHER OF RENOWN

BY E. HICKSON

MANY salmon anglers in the United States and Canada, who fished the Nepisiguit river in the seventies and eighties, will remember a local angler named Maloney. Patrick was an Irishman, as his name denotes, and a born sportsman. His specialty was, however, fly fishing, and although I have fished with some of the most skilful anglers who have visited Canadian waters, never yet saw one who could teach Pat a point. He tied his own flies, and like many fly tiers, he had certain combinations by which he swore. Be that as it may, I have seen him time and again get a salmon out of a pool which had been whipped by an angler who tried every fly in a well stocked book before Pat took hold and made good. It was said among the old poachers in the neighborhood that Pat was also an adept with the spear, and it is a fact that spearing salmon by flambeaux from a canoe is also an art to be acquired by long practice, but after spearing became illegal, Pat contented himself with rod fishing, and made no bones about it that he would catch a salmon for his own use whenever he got the chance. Several times the rich owners of the river, in order to placate him, for everyone admired his skill with the rod, gave him a permit for a day's fishing, and I remember on one such occasion that he held on to his paper until a day that suited him arrived and then went up the river and made the record score of killing twenty salmon on his own rod. He used to laugh at that and say it was not much of a feat either.

There are many beautiful rivers in Eastern Canada, but surely the Nepisiguit is the gem of them all. Roosevelt, long ago in his "Game Fish of the North," called it "the glorious Nepisiguit." Taking its rise in the lovely string of lakes that lie at the feet of "The Sagamook," Mount Bernardin, Mount Carleton and half a dozen other forest clad peaks which cap the dome like rise of land in the northwest corner of New Brunswick, it rushes over its hundred miles of length to the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs. In old times it formed part of the "old trail of the Mic-macs" between the bay and the waters of the St. John, for the short portage from the upper lake of the series to Lake Nictor, which feeds the northern tributary of the Tobique, is hardly a mile long, and over this well worn pathway thousands of canoes have been carried. Of late years the trip by canoe either up the Nepisiguit and down the Tobique, or vice versa, has become a favorite one with sportsmen. The lakes abound with trout, and the Nepisiguit between the lakes and the Grand Falls, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, is one of the finest trout streams in America. Salmon ascend as far as the Grand Falls, but, as explained later, they cannot get above that point. Besides this, the river for almost its whole length flows through a magnificent hunting territory, and hundreds of moose, caribou and deer,

"FLAT ROCK POOL," PABINEAU FALLS, NEPISIGUIT RIVER, A NOTED SPOT FOR SALMON

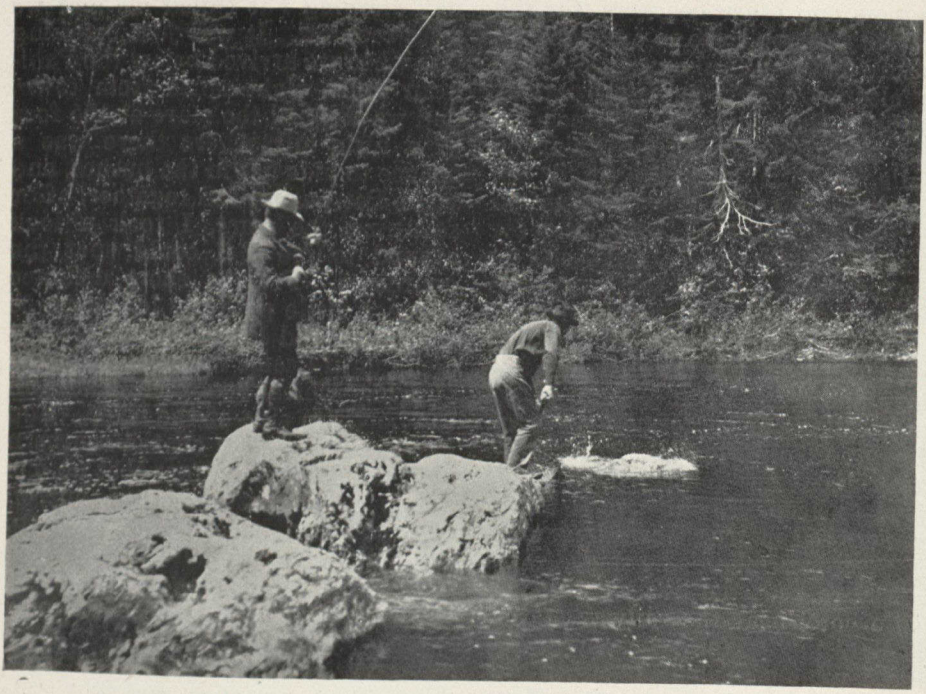
as well as many black bear, are killed there every season. Some of the finest trophies in the way of moose heads have come from the headwaters of the Nepisiguit. The scenery all along the river is sublime, and the Grand Falls of the Nepisiguit is one of the finest sights of its kind to be seen anywhere. Flowing rapidly between high banks, the river at this point suddenly converges to a third of its natural width and plunges down a mighty granite walled gorge. A great boulder, uplifting its head on the very top of the fall splits the rapidly rushing current, and the water drops in two roaring torrents seventy feet to a platform-like expansion, from which again whirling in mad confusion it rolls sheer over the edge into the black shadows of the gorge below. From the top of the fall to the bottom of the gorge has been estimated as one hundred and thirty feet, and travellers who have seen the world pronounce it unique in waterfalls. It is truly a wonderful sight. Below the falls the salmon pools begin, and from here for twenty miles to tidehead, almost every yard of the river affords magnificent salmon fishing. Of course this stream is owned or controlled, as far as the salmon fishing is concerned, by two or three clubs of wealthy anglers, whose money, spent in protecting it, is well repaid by the sport in the glorious summer weather. There are three or four fine club houses, one at the Grand Falls, one at the Middle Landing, one at the Pabineau Falls, and another at the lower division, or "Rough Waters"; the latter having been recently constructed by a gentleman of Toronto and his friends. It is the most artistic of them all.

The Nepisiguit is now one of the best salmon rivers in Canada, but it was not always so, only great care and good management prevented the killing out of the fish by the

Indians and other poachers, for the waters and pools are so arranged by nature as to be easily swept by nets, or cleaned out by spearing parties. Perhaps the nicest set of pools on the whole river is at the Pabineau Falls, which is not really a fall, but consists of a series of steps from ten to twenty feet high, extending for nearly a quarter of a mile, and at the top and bottom of these steps the salmon rest on their way up river.

What reminded me of Patrick presently was the fact that a few days ago I met an old chum of his and, talking over former times on the grand old river, he told me a story about our friend which is too good to keep. I will give it to my readers in this man's own language:

"You remember," he said, "when I used to keep the livery stable and little hotel near the railway station at Bathurst. Well, very often Pat and I went off fishing together that summer, sometimes to the Tetagouche (a smaller river than the Nepisiguit, which empties into the bay near it), and when there was a good chance to fool the guardians we sometimes stole off up the Nepisiguit and nabbed a few fish before they found what we were up to. At that time Pat worked in the freight department of the railway station, and it was very difficult to get away during week days, so although it was against all the laws of Church and Government to fish on Sunday, we did it sometimes. One Saturday night Pat came in to my place and called me aside; 'I'm going fishing to-morrow morning, Sam, and want you to come along,' he said, and after some talk we decided to attempt the difficult task of sneaking a fish out of the 'Big River,' as the natives call the Nepisiguit. I had a very smart little gray mare, which had been broken to the saddle, and before a light buggy she was a dandy to run away from anything in a hurry, so at about four o'clock on Sunday morning Pat called me and we were soon off. It was just breaking day when we arrived below the Pabineau Falls, eight miles from town, and we stopped the mare at the foot of a little hill, where there was a chance to hide her in the bushes, and while Pat put his rod together, after fastening the mare, I took a look around to see if I could spot the guardians. From a short distance above, a little pathway led down to the Falls, and locating this I crept along until I came within sight of the clearing which has been made on the northern side of the river. You know the Lodge is on the southern side, and we were aware that no one was occupying it just then, but on the northern side there used to be a little shanty called 'Kinnear's Camp.' It was really a roof on posts, and when it had been occupied by the gentleman who built it he covered the sides with canvas. Now, however, it was open, and as I stole along to the edge of the high bank of the river, just above the 'Flat Rock' pool, I glanced casually at the camp, and my heart jumped into my mouth, for there asleep in the little house were two men. Creeping up closer I had no difficulty in recognizing them as the two guardians, and I can tell you it did not take me long to creep back, out by the pathway and along the road to where Pat was standing. He was just snipping a fly to his casting line, which he had already soaked in a little tin contrivance he carried for that purpose. For a moment Pat looked disconcerted, then I saw his jaws set and he said 'Shooks! Those fellows have been up all night watching the Indians, I don't believe they would hear us if we walked over them.' And in spite of my remonstrances, he threw his rod over his shoulder and, watching that his line did not catch the bushes, began to creep along the path out of which I had just come. When we got near the



GAFFING A SALMON IN THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER

river, I carrying the gaff and a bag, Pat placed me behind a big pine tree, whence I could see the men. I was not ten feet away from them really, but the roar of the falls drowns all noise there, and he crawled on hands and knees down a little slope until he reached the rocks below, and straightening up, with a glance at me, he deliberately walked out on the flat rock, loosened out his line and commenced fishing in the 'Flat Rock' pool, the choicest spot in the whole river. If one of the guardians had waked and got up on his elbow, he could not have missed seeing Pat, for the little camp commands a full view of the pool. Now there is in that pool what is called by anglers a 'tender spot,' that is, the salmon lie with their noses to a certain long rock, and it is necessary to cast diagonally up stream to cover it. I saw Pat wet his line in one or two trial casts, and then as light as a thistle down his fly dropped ten or fifteen feet above the 'tender spot.' As you well know, no one could do it better. The first cast brought nothing and Pat shifted his feet ever so little, and the long line swept back again, this time with a foot or more added. Slowly then as the current caught it the line circled and I could see Pat's neck stretch out, like one of those long dogs that chase the rabbits, and as it passed over the rock, I saw him straighten up and the rod came up. The roar of the falls killed the sound of the reel, but I knew just how it felt, as Pat stood back with the butt of his rod against his thigh, and waved his hand to me as much as to say 'I've got him.' Man! It was pretty to see him handle that fish. I knew he would take no chances, and every nerve in my body was strained, watching the sport with one eye and keeping the other on the men asleep in the shanty, a few feet from me. Ah! There goes the fish ten feet

out of the water away up at the head of the pool, and I felt like shouting. The gaff, on which I was leaning, trembled, and I almost slipped over the edge of the cliff in my eagerness, but Pat went on as calm as if he was saying his prayers in church. Again and again that salmon went into the air, his silvery sides shaking the spray from them, and each time I could see Pat was gaining, and gradually getting the fish into the position needed. Presently after as pretty a twenty minutes' sport as I ever saw, Pat began to reel the fish into a little cove at the head of the pool, and at the same minute he waved his hand for me to come down and gaff it. Taking one last look at the sleeping men, I let myself over the edge of the rocky cliff and in another five minutes the salmon was lying on the rock. I put it into the bag, and by the time I got back Pat was commencing to cast again. It was no use, I could not get him away from there.

He wanted a fish each for us, and he told me to go back and watch the men. I crept up again and took my old stand. I had only got well settled, when glancing down, I was just in time to see him hook another fish, and the same skill and knowledge was again seen. After awhile, however, I noticed that he was having trouble, the fish did not show the same life as the first one, and several times I saw Pat run up the pool, reeling in quickly, and then his rod was set back and all his strength was needed to keep the salmon in the pool. I made up my mind it was either a very large fish, or that he was hooked foul. Again and again Pat fought the fish back from the very edge of the lower pitch, and the last time it had rolled over just above the pitch, and showed the side of a very large salmon, I could see that now in the gaining light; besides, as it ran up the pool this time, Pat turned around and made a sign to me with his left arm over his shoulder to signify that he had a big one. It is a ticklish thing to let a salmon out of this pool in high water. If the fish is fresh he will have a great lead and very likely break away in the heavy current below. Besides there is quite a trick about the pool, as you remember, you must stand in a certain place, if the fish does go over, and steer it clear of a large sunken rock, which would otherwise catch your casting line.

This salmon was determined to go, and as he made the last rush down the pool, Pat waved his arm to me to go round and meet him below the pool. This meant leaving my watching place, but there was no help for it, and I crawled past the sleeping men again, got into the bushes, and making a circuit, came out away down river and began to work back to where I should find Pat. I was delighted to see that he still had the fish, and that it was pretty well played out. I soon gaffed it, a twenty pounder, I judged, went up to the 'Flat Rock' and got the bag, and with quite a load started for the buggy. I had a very hard time getting Pat to leave that pool. He knew it was simply alive with fish, and hated to go. Very reluctantly he came along, but just as we neared the buggy he grabbed my arm and said quickly, 'Didn't you see a canoe, hauled up just above the falls?' I said I thought I had. 'Hold on,' he said, leaning his rod against a tree he was off like a flash down the path I had first used. In ten minutes he was back, his face aglow. 'Come on,' he said, 'we'll fool them again; let us go up to 'The Pettibox.' 'But,' I said, ''they'll hear the horse on the rock road here, as we pass the falls; we cannot get past without their hearing.' He said it was all right, all we had to do was to get away around the upper turn of the road, above the falls, before they could see us. 'The darn fools will think

POLING A CANOE IN A NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON STREAM

we are going to the Middle Landing and they will not walk, not they, they'll take their canoe and come up after us. Come along.' Nothing I could say would persuade him otherwise. He had a most profound contempt for the intelligence of the guardians, so to make a long story short, he got into the buggy, the fish being well stowed away behind, and as I held the mare's head, he sloped his rod carefully, to keep it from catching in the bushes in the narrow road, and then I jumped in, struck the little mare a sharp clip with the reins and we were off on the canter, a gallop even. As we passed out of sight around the turn of the road, above the falls, which every one who has fished the old river will remember, I thought I heard a shout. 'There they are,' Pat said, 'let her go, Sam.' And go we did, the mare gallantly cantering along for a mile or so over the good road, until we struck the softer earth and knew we were approaching 'the Long Meadows.' The pools called 'The Pettibox' and 'Long Hole' are about two miles above the Pabineau Falls, and are generally fished from a canoe, being very difficult to approach from the shore; indeed, it requires very skilful wading to reach the head of the pools, where the fish lie. As soon as the mare stopped at the little path, which leads from the main road down to the river at this point, Pat was out of the buggy, and off like a fox through the bushes. He was in his element now. The true poacher of Pat's guage delights in fooling a guardian of the river, and Pat wouldn't have missed this opportunity for twice the value of the fish we had. I fixed up the mare, well hidden in the bushes, and gave her some hay to keep her quiet, and as soon as possible, made for the river. Everyone who has been there, remembers how the long point runs out below the pools, and what a job it

is to get to them. Well the first thing I saw was Pat, or rather his head, for truly he was right up to his neck in water, and as I struck the gravelly shore, he whistled, and I saw him turn and commence to wade ashore. His rod was over his shoulder, and unlike the falls, one can hear everything for half a mile away from here, the reel was screeching like a squirrel. I could see he had hold of a big fish, and had his hands, and feet too, full of work. Several times he had to stop on his way to the point of rock, fight the fish awhile, and then when he had gained a little, come on, stumbling, again. Once or twice the fish got ahead of him, and he had to go back a piece, but he gradually gained the shore, and once on dry land, with the water streaming from his clothes, that fish got no more headway. Savagely Pat gave it the 'butt,' swinging it in sideways to the long point where I waited with the gaff in my hands, but again and again it went away. At last, however, he told me to wade out a short distance and try to get it, and this I did, and gaffed a fine twenty pounder.

" 'Now,' Pat said, 'we'll hear the poles striking on the hard bottom of the river before those fellows get around that point down there. You lie down with your ears to the rock, I'm going to try another one.' It was no use talking, he was halfway out to the pool before I got ten words out, and if you'll believe me he had another fish hooked in ten minutes. The same tactics were pursued and just as I leaned down to gaff the salmon, Pat called out 'Here they come, hurry up,' and we 'grabbed' the bag and ran for the shore and bushes. From that vantage point I saw, just rounding the point, the long canoe, the two men leaning to their poles and sending her along through the water for all they were worth. By the time they got inside the point where I had gaffed the fish we were driving slowly away. The road was soft there and the buggy made very little noise. Once clear of the 'Meadows,' Pat called to the mare and told me to hustle, he said we might get another one at the falls before the men got back. Sure enough. You remember the 'Backwater' pool, right at the head of the falls? Well, you can drive almost right down to it. This I did, Pat jumped out, and from there you can see a good distance up the river, he glanced up, saw no signs of the guardians, and he actually took a twelve pound salmon out of that pool in about ten or fifteen minutes. We started for home then, and as we neared the settlement, 'Black's Settlement' they call it, I got out, turned up the hood of the buggy, in case any of the people should be curious and report us, and drove fast past the houses. We turned off at the 'Middle River' crossing, and got home through the back road, quite early."

CHAMPLAIN HEARS THE CALL

By J. D. LOGAN

I.

Long have we, Minstrels, sung vainglorious lays
Of warfare and destructive deeds, and long
Our themes have been of what we are and what
We shall be when our argosies have passed
To every mart, and come, like laden bees
Returning home, with wealth from orient lands.

Enlarge we now our theme and sing of him
Who first made pregnant the waiting womb of fate,
Begetting where his ancient city stands
The lusty Child which patient Time hath made
Parental of a people yet to be
The world's predestined ministers of Peace.

II

Lo! at the cruel cadence of the year
When all the land was carpeted with snows,
A star shot flaming across the northern skies
Portentous of a passing soul that had
No soilure from the murky crew of men
Who wrought with him. Avid of gain were they,
And thus they lived their futile years and died!
But he, when his life's dayspring dawned within,
Heard on the inward ear, in solemn tune,
The august choir of myriad streams and plains
And woods and winds—the whole, wide, mighty land,
And aborigines all chorusing
A single song: "Come unto us," they sang;
"Long have we been unknown, and are unseen,
Save by the wild beasts searching for their prey
And by those far-off immemorial eyes
That flock the heavens and shepherd us at night,—
Come, Sire, and build a new Hesperia here,—
A city in the West, cast as a seed
On consecrated soil. So shalt thou raise
A patriot people, and spread from sea to sea
The holy power of Christian empery!"

III

He came whose heart was stauncher than the walls
Of his famed city which he built. And there
He wrought his inextinguishable deeds,
Whose soul was whiter than the Christmas snows
That shrouded all the land at his demise.
So heard Champlain the call and wrought and passed:
His city is God's acre for his bones;
A happy people, his vast monument!

THE BREAKING OF SIMEON

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

WHAT are y'u puttin' a post in the middle of my right of way for?"

Hannah Sprowl, who with sleeves rolled above the elbows of her brown corded arms, was busy tamping down the earth about a post with the end of a blunt stake, turned sharply and surveyed Simeon Dow with a pair of quizzical gray eyes that looked out defiantly from her lean, sunburnt face.

"Right of way? Nobody's got any right of way across my land; there's nothing about it in the deed."

"Huh! don't suppose there is," rejoined her neighbor, his two substantial thumbs sticking straight out, and his bludgeon-like chin aquiver with suppressed wrath. "But I've sledded wood across here for twenty-two year comin' January, and I give you fair warnin' not to put any obstructions in the road." And Simeon, his thumbs more prominent than ever, his elbows well out from his sides, turned and stubbed angrily across the pasture through dew-drenched patches of sweet fern towards his cow yard.

Hannah watched his receding figure with a growing grimness about the corners of her thin mouth. For a moment she saw him as he looked twenty years before, when he had walked across the same pasture in a towering rage after she had indignantly dismissed him within a week of their marriage day. "Humph! I've let him tear down my snake fence and cross my pasture just as he pleased for goodness knows how long, and this is all the thanks I get for it. I always knew he was a hog!"

Three months later Hannah entered the structure which served as school-house, temperance hall and meeting-house with an air of victory that upon almost any other occasion would have been considered sacrilegious by the unusually large congregation assembled that Sabbath morning. But to-day she met only with suppressed smiles of approval. For she had beaten Simeon Dow in the law suit in which he had attempted to establish a right of way across her pasture, and the whole neighborhood, over which Simeon had lorded it for so long, was jubilant over his defeat. She sat down in an atmosphere surcharged with unspoken congratulations and waited for the supreme triumph of her life — the moment when the vanquished Simeon would enter the meeting-house. At length a familiar and gruff "Whoa!" reached her through the open window, and presently Simeon, his coat buttoned tight across the big dome of his chest, his massive face with its fringe of gray beard set like a granite mask, entered, and without a glance to right or left stubbed up the aisle and took his seat.

People nudged each other, small boys whispered and craned their necks.

"He was too stubborn to listen to his lawyer, and up an' told the truth about sleddin' nothin' but fence poles over the road one winter. If he'd 'a'

stuck to it that he sledded firewood every winter for twenty-one year, he'd 'a' won."

"Or if he'd 'a' pulled with his lawyer and said that his own pasture was too steep for a sled road, Hannah couldn't 'a' stopped him from goin' round; but he stuck to it as stubborn as a mule that he could sled wood down the face of Porcupine Peak and not leave his own land. Lord! it's that rocky a sheep couldn't git its nose to the ground unless you sharpened it, and steeper 'an the roof of a barn."

Hannah heard complacently these and other snatches of conversation that went on about her till the minister announced the Doxology; then she listened for Simeon's deep bass voice. Would he lead the singing as usual, and sing as loud and dictatorially as ever, or would he manifest a little becoming meekness? Yes, he was booming away like Morgan's Falls, drowning all the voices within a dozen seats of him.

Throughout the sermon — a rather pointed discourse upon the text, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall"— Hannah watched Simeon for some evidence of repentance and humility; but he manifested none. He sat there like a block of stone, looking neither to right or left. Then, as his verbal chastisement drew to a close, she leaned eagerly forward in the hush of expectancy that had fallen upon the audience. Would he take up the collection as usual? Yes, he was reaching for his Derby hat.

Simeon, with a dignity more ponderous and solemn than ever, his very clothes bristling with defiance, his face giving no hint of the crucifixion to which the ordeal must have subjected him, began to take up the collection. In the eyes of the congregation his colossal pride was still unbroken, and the small boys, giving expression to the unspoken hostility in the air, dropped buttons, beans, and even bits of tobacco into the hat. Ignoring these insults, Simeon moved slowly down the west aisle while the minister's daughter rattled off a voluntary on the wheezy little organ, and Hannah, with copper poised, awaited with beating heart the moment when the hat would be thrust in front of her. Nearer and nearer came the heavy tread; she could hear his deep breathing within a few feet of her now——.

Hannah started, stared incredulously for a moment at Simeon's broad back, and then, as she realized that he had deliberately passed her by, smiled drily. Simeon had reached the front row of seats, when Hannah rose, walked half the length of the aisle, and dropped her contribution into the Derby hat with a jingle that could be heard to the farthest corner of the room. The audience snickered, the minister coughed and moved the ponderous Bible, and Simeon, looking blacker than the proverbial thundercloud, dumped the contents of his hat unceremoniously upon the platform and stubbed wrathfully down the aisle and out the door, Hannah, in a high voice, sending after him the parting shot, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

When the congregation came down the road past Simeon's farm, they were shocked to see him in his working clothes with pick and crowbar over his shoulder, making his way across the pasture towards the mountain. Thoroughly mystified, Hannah watched him from her back window as she spread her cold Sunday dinner, and as he began to pry among the granite boulders at the foot of the mountain the truth dawned upon her. He was going to make a sled road over Porcupine Peak that would be wholly on his own property. "Land sakes! he'll kill his oxen, and like as not himself, the first time he comes down there; an' then I'll be guilty of murder."

It was a trying ordeal; but Han-

nah at last conquered her pride, and winding her calico apron about her head, went across the pasture to meet Simeon as he returned from his work. "You can sled across my pasture for twenty-five cents a year, if you'll only stop that piece of nonsense," planting herself squarely in Simeon's path.

"Huh?" For a moment Simeon glared at her as though he were unable to comprehend the magnitude of her audacity; and then, with his two thumbs sticking out like spikes, he brushed past her without a word and stubbed wrathfully away towards his house.

"Well, break your neck, then! 'Twon't be any fault of mine," at length exploded Hannah, as Simeon's flaring elbows disappeared round the corner of the woodshed. And with her lean pointed chin tilted high in the air, she returned to her house.

Day after day, early and late, through sunshine and rain, without any regard for the Sabbath, Simeon wrestled with stumps and granite boulders, slowly and with infinite difficulty constructing a sled road up the steep mountain's face. Parson Langley called one evening to remonstrate with the erring brother; but Simeon, with an explosive "huh!" shut the door in the good man's face. Then the monthly conference took up the matter, and warned Simeon by letter that unless he ceased to desecrate the Sabbath his name would be removed from the church roll. Sunday morning, however, Simeon repaired to the side of the mountain as usual, and Tuesday's mail brought him the bull of excommunication, the deepest censure of which the neighborhood was capable.

Hannah, watching from her front window, saw Simeon take the letter from the little wooden mail box that he placed beside the road twice a week, and when he had read it tear it up and toss it into the ditch; and when Lon Simpson, the busybody of the neighborhood, found the mutilated document everybody was scandalized. Such sacrilege had not been known since Joe Turner, when showers threatened, hauled hay all one Sunday morning in plain sight of the meeting-house. Indeed, Deacon Moss went so far as to say that Simeon had committed the unpardonable sin.

A few days later, Simeon was driving past the school house at recess time, when one of the boys called out "Right of way!" The other boys, seeing the black look which Simeon gave their companion, took up the cry, and before a week Simeon, as he drove along the road, was greeted from behind every bush and outbuilding with cries of "Right of way!" After the first fatal mistake he systematically ignored his tormentors; but the white heat of his anger showed through the mask of indifference, and when at last the boys—and many that were not boys—discovered that upon calling "Whoa!" his black mare would stop short in the road and nearly throw him over the dashboard, Hannah, who from a habit formed in girlhood always looked out at Simeon as he drove past, noticed that he no longer travelled by day.

As the weeks passed, Simeon slaved harder and harder at the road. He milked his cows in the morning by lantern-light, and setting out with a lunch worked till darkness obliged him to desist. Upon Susan, his deaf old housekeeper, rested the care of his stock throughout the day, and when at last in disgust she packed up her things and went away, he was left to get his own meals. His apples froze on the trees, his potatoes in the ground; and his stock, lowing all day at the pasture bars, at length broke through the fence and gnawed his turnips down to the roots. His farm, which had always been a model of neatness and thrift, finally presented the most slovenly appearance of all in the neighborhood.

Always on the mountain throughout the day, shut up in his house at

night, Simeon had so completely effaced himself from his neighbors' lives that there was really no further opportunity of baiting him. As the zest for the sport died out, the inevitable reaction set in, and soon the people were scheming for some way to make amends for the harsh treatment which they had dealt out to him. The women were for invading his house in a body and cooking enough pies and doughnuts to last the poor man the winter; the farmers wanted to pick his frosted apples and dig the few potatoes that the stock had not trodden out and destroyed. But when it came to the test, no one had the courage to face Simeon.

After the bitter humiliation to which she had subjected Simeon at the meeting house, Hannah had taken no further part in the baiting of the stubborn old bachelor, watching the progress of his absurd enterprise with a growing irritability and scorn. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, and many times during the day as she went back and forth between the house and barn tending her stock, she would look across the alder swamp to the diminished figure of Simeon on the face of Porcupine Peak and sniff contemptuously. It was scandalous for any person in his senses to carry on so and make such a fool of himself. Why, he and his road were becoming the laughing-stock of the whole country, when he'd always been reckoned the most level-headed man in the Valley.

Gradually Simeon's movements acquired an interest for Hannah that was little short of fascination. When the afternoon sun set the mountain's gray face aglow, she would look halfway up the side for the bent figure that gradually had become a part of the landscape; and when the late rains obscured the view she would speculate as to whether he was working on through it all, or at home cooking his own meals. During the short November days she would look out of her bedroom window before the stars were gone for the smoke from Simeon's chimney, which brought to her pictures of him making his own potato hash and boiling his own coffee; then she would watch him pass with lighted lantern across the door-yard to the barn, and later set out through the gray dawn for the mountain. There was a stoop to the massive shoulders and a heaviness to the tread that Hannah had never noticed before; and one morning at sight of it a sudden pang of pity made her blow her nose furiously and rattle the covers of the old wood stove till they jingled, as she rubbed on the blacking before the iron became too hot to take a polish.

All that day Hannah debated an idea that had come to her while blacking the stove. It was foolish, absurd, maintained the practical, hard-hearted woman that had objected so strenuously to a right of way across her land. If Simeon Dow wanted to be as contrary as a pig and slave himself to death, rather than pay her twenty-five cents a year, he could. But another Hannah, the black-haired, straight-featured, handsome girl that Simeon used to take about to bean socials and singing-school, counselled her quite otherwise, and in the end the acid old maid, with an apologetic shrug of her thin shoulders, listened to the younger woman.

That night, before the moon was fairly clear of Porcupine Peak, Hannah slipped out of her back door, and skirting the alder swamp, climbed the side of the mountain to the place where Simeon had quit work upon his sled road at dark. His tools rested against a rock maple stump near by, and Hannah, after looking cautiously about her, took up the pick and began to level a cradle-hill. A rabbit that had been caught in a snare in an adjoining patch of second-growth birches gave her a momentary thrill of terror, as she mistook its cries of anguish for those of a child; but grad-

ually she became absorbed in her work, prying out stones, filling in hollows and chopping away roots with a dexterity born of a lifetime of outdoor toil.

Hannah looked up with a start. The first gray pallor of daylight was spreading up behind Porcupine Peak. Glancing round, she saw through the attenuated darkness the blurred form of Simeon already halfway up the mountain side. Her first impulse was to drop everything and run; it seemed to her that she would rather die than have Simeon catch her there. Then she placed his tools carefully back where she had found them and beat a dignified retreat to her own property.

Once secure behind sheltering firs, Hannah's curiosity got the better of her, and she waited to see the effect of her night's work upon Simeon. He came up the road with thumbs sticking out and muttering to himself—a habit he had acquired since the loss of his law suit. He was taking off his coat when he first noticed the strip of newly made road and at sight of it stopped short, the coat partly stripped from his right shoulder, and for a time stared without moving a muscle. Then his eyes rested upon Hannah's tracks in the soft earth (she saw him bend over to examine them), and with a "hugh!" that made her jump, jerked off his coat and began to replace every stone and stump that she had removed.

Ten days later there came a heavy fall of snow, and Hannah watched with unutterable scorn Simeon's preparations for the woods. He could haul his firewood over Porcupine Peak till the crack of doom for aught she cared. She wouldn't offer to help him again—no, not if his life depended on it! She saw him set out with his old-fashioned long sled and big red oxen yoked by the neck (all the other farmers of the neighborhood used bobsleds and the more convenient "Dutch yoke"), and at the sight she gave the thread of her sewing such a jerk that she snapped her needle.

That noon Hannah was draining the potatoes at the sink, when she looked out of the window and saw one of Simeon's oxen running towards the barn with a part of the yoke dangling from its neck. In an instant her vow of the morning was forgotten—blotted out with the years that lay between her and her girlhood. Springing to the back door, she saw a dark object that remained still against the white background half way up the mountain's side. Without turning back for shawl or mittens, she plunged into the snow and hurried across the pasture, floundering to her waist in hidden quagmires in the alder swamp, and leaving behind her a blackened trail as she passed. Rabbits in their new winter coats of gray bounded away at the unusual commotion; partridges whirred up from their blanket of snow with a sudden thunder of wings from under her feet; but she was conscious of nothing except the dark spot that showed between the leafless alder branches.

Panting, bedraggled, now staggering up the steep slope a few rods, now creeping forward on hands and knees, Hannah at last came near enough to the dark object to recognize Simeon's off ox lying upon its back between two cradle-hills, its four shod feet sticking straight into the air, and behind it an overturned sled load of wood. The broken bridle-chain on one of the upturned runners, the long gouges in the snow where the bracing but helpless oxen had slid on all fours, the rock maple tree into which they had crashed, all burned themselves into her brain during the few moments that elapsed before she reached the sled and saw the skirt of Simeon's gray homespun coat projecting from under the crushing weight of logs. Snatching the axe from its straps on the sled-rail, she slashed in two the beech sapling twisted into the binding chain, and then began to tug des-

perately at the heavy twelve-foot logs of yellow birch with which the sled was loaded.

"Huh! what a' y'u doin' with my wood?"

Hannah sprang round dumfounded. There stood Simeon in the middle of the road!

"Sim!" For a moment she stared at him incredulously, as though confronting a ghost; then suddenly she sank down upon the end of a log and, covering her face with her hands, burst into sobs.

Simeon stood and regarded her oddly for a moment, the muscles of his massive face working.

"Hannah, don't cry like that!"

But the dry, racking sobs continued to shake the thin frame.

"Don't, Hannah. Please don't, and I'll — I'll pay you the twenty-five cents a year."

"It isn't that, Sim. Oh, what if you'd been killed! I'd never have forgiven myself—no, never!"

"Hannah!—you don't mean you still care——"

"Yes I do!" tartly between sobs.

And Simeon Dow, putting down the cant-hook for which he had returned to the woods and left his team standing at the top of Porcupine Peak, sat down beside Hannah and did that which he had not done before for "twenty withered years."

THE AFTERMATH

BY CLARE GIFFIN

Let us have done awhile with love and hate,
For night is here,
The discord of our passions now must wait,
Since stars appear.
Forget that I have doubted and forget
My hate; as I
Forget that while my eyes with tears were wet,
You passed me by.
Remember not the love that went before,
Too deep for speech,
The passion and the happiness of yore,
Beyond our reach.
There is no need to think of that to-night,
Since we both know,
How utterly it faded from our sight
Three years ago.
Yet let us spend in peace our twilight hour
Together here,
Where every withered leaf and faded flower,
To both is dear;
Let us not speak, but stand hand clasped in hand,
Eyes dim with tears:
Exiles beholding the enchanted land
Of other years,
Seeing the garden of our lost delight,
Now waste and sad,
Where once, among the apple blossoms white,
Young love was glad.

PERSONALITY AND THE ACTRESS

A PLEA FOR A BETTER STANDARD OF EXPRESSION

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

A FEW months ago the writer was sitting in a Toronto theatre watching a very admirable performance of a modern English drama, when a certain character was announced, and a very handsome, stately and graceful lady entered. There was not a ripple of applause to greet her; she remained on the stage about ten minutes, did what she had to do in good form and retired from the scene, evoking only the murmur of approbation that a well-acted "bit" usually wins. Perhaps only a few persons took the trouble to look at their programmes to find out her name. Yet less than twenty years ago this woman was one of the most popular stars on the continent of North America, accustomed to volumes of hand clapping at her exits and her entrances, one of the earliest of stars to adopt the modern canons of stage production, an accomplished woman who had played excellently, though not perfectly, many roles both classic and modern. It was, in fact, Miss Marie Wainwright, who during the period between 1877 and 1897 was one of the most fascinating personalities of the American theatre. The thought struck me that it might be good discipline if half of the young feminine talent of our present day stage could have been present to see and reflect on what popularity, taken of itself, amounts to, and the vogue, so skilfully created by the managers of the present day, comes to at last. It is true that Miss Wainwright was a mature woman when she went on the stage and did not have that youthful training which gives plasticity to the acting of some actresses of to-day, but the fact that she is so easily forgotten is but another proof of what sages and philosophers have been reiterating for ages.

In thinking over the array of feminine stars at present receiving considerable rewards and much attention from New York paragraphers and the photographers of popular magazines, I was struck with the paucity of talent of a quality likely to have even so enduring a fame as that of Marie Wainwright. And yet the manufacture of stars goes merrily on. It cannot be said that if any girl has the requisite magnetism and natural vocation she does not get an opportunity. The past twelve month has given intelligent lovers of the theatre in this section of what are known in the slang of the box office as "the provinces," an excellent opportunity to judge of what feminine talent the stage of this continent possesses,—to indulge as it were in a retrospective stock taking. For some reason or other nearly every woman star of note has drifted our way recently and opportunities for observation and comparison have been admirable, and the singular fact has struck me that of the younger contingent almost the only one that is challenging serious critical attention is a recruit from

the Russian stage, Mlle. Alla Nazimova. On a continent which boasts in every city hundreds of pretty intelligent girls who cherish stage ambitions, this is a fact worth attention. I have not seen Mlle. Nazimova, though several of the smaller Ontario cities have been accorded that privilege, but the situation is illuminative. It simply means that whether it be the fault of the managers, or the fault of the public, or the fault of the star system, the North American stage, which reveals every year a new flowering of fresh, sweet and charming women, is not giving them the training that will enable them to achieve anything worthy of sustained critical analysis—that it actually strives to turn them aside from artistic ambition and to make them rely on the charms and peculiarities of mere personality instead of serious artistic aspiration. That the people of this continent are not inhospitable to serious aspiration is shown in the case of our own Miss Margaret Anglin, whose steady advancement has been based on sound methods.

With the average star, however, who has sprung up in the past five or ten years, the whole tendency appears to be to create a "personality" or "individuality" which shall seize upon the public mind, allow this "personality" to harden until all plasticity is gone, and figures as a type on which foolish young women may model themselves to their own artistic ruin. It is quite true that some fine *artistes*, who have done and are doing splendid work for the theatre, having mannerisms as ineradicable as those of the late Sir Henry Irving himself, but as with him, theirs is a continual fight to rise above them;—to use them, since they must, for illuminative purposes. But the young star who comes forward to-day is taught to make some especial mannerism an end in itself, to regard it as an asset, to even pity older and more artistic actresses who are less blessed. The brilliant critic R. A. M. Stevenson (cousin of R. L. S.) once said that "art is meaningless without personality." In this instance he meant the art of painting exclusively, and I am prepared to admit that this is even more emphatically true of the art of acting. The remark was, however, made in the course of a monograph on "Velasquez," in which he constantly insists on the importance of technique. The only way in which a fine personality will obtain just appreciation is by constantly seeking a large, free, untrammelled means of expression. If the effort is there, the result, even if it be imperfect, will be interesting.

No doubt the basis of all preeminent theatrical success is personal genius and magnetism. I do not give to the word "genius" any awe inspiring quality, but content myself with one of Noah Webster's definitions, "a particular natural talent or aptitude of mind for a particular study or course of life." No doubt though it is genius with Miss Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, women who are doing the larger work of the stage; it is also genius with minor performers, often nameless, who on occasion delight one with some random bit, even in the vaudeville theatres. But the reason these noted women are able to do the larger work is that they have sought for their genius the fullest expression that earnest application could win for them.

In considering the present situation let us first deal with the case of Miss Julia Marlowe, admittedly the first interpreter of poetic roles that the English-speaking stage to-day can boast. Her pogress has been by means of a process the reverse of that which is of late considered the proper recipe for making a successful star. Miss

Marlowe had the advantage as a child of that thorough training for the stage which lays the foundations of a future plasticity in mimetic effort. She also has a glowing and opulent personality of the true Renaissance quality. Miss Marlowe has not, however, relied on her personality but has steadily perfected the art of pure expression. The result has been the flowering, rather than the elimination, of an exquisite poetic individuality. True individuality is not gained by the acquirement of mannerisms; they, indeed, obstruct rather than enhance its utterance. In the case of Miss Marlowe, while there has been no loss of physical attraction, her acting of late years has become more spiritualized —more of an inner utterance. It is a fact which delighted all lovers of her art that her Rosalind, recently revived after fifteen years, proved more youthful, more spontaneous, and in every way a more delightful manifestation than the uncommonly good Rosalind with which she challenged critical attention in the early nineties. The last vestige of that which was stiff, formal, or artificial has disappeared from her art. It has become fluid, idiomatic and free, yet governed by the spirit of classic repose. All young aspirants for the stage are not dowered as is Miss Marlowe with beauty, grace, and a golden voice. These are the gifts of God, but her sound, unaffected methods of artistic expression all can aspire to. The progress she has made is the more noteworthy inasmuch as when she was a beginner everything that could be done and that is perhaps always done to spoil the art of a fresh and lovely type, was done for Miss Marlowe. The flowering of her art may then be regarded as almost wholly the result of personal insight and self criticism.

When one contrasts her achievement with the obvious growth in charming young actresses of certain mannerisms, certain affectations of speech, certain hard conventions of style that will as the years go by become less endurable, one comes to regard the theatre as at present constituted a slaughter-house of talent. It was not so with Miss Marlowe, and it will not be so with any young actress who will like her steadily seek to achieve a spontaneous, gracious, free and unmannered style. It is said that Mlle. Nazimova owes the sudden fame that has come to her to a long disciplinary experience in the provinces of Russia where she played every type of role, and endured much in a voluntary struggle to perfect her art. The same is unquestionably true of that fine rhetorical *artiste*, Edith Wynne Matthison, whom by the way it seems criminal to bury in such an over rated, pretentious play as "The Servant in the House" reveals itself in the light of cold print. This, however, is an aside,—one is not discussing the drama but the much neglected art of acting.

So let us turn to the case of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Hers is one of the most intense and poignant personalities that has found expression on the stage in recent years, and no doubt there are those who would at first glance quote her as an example to disprove my general contention, that mere personality is not the Alpha and Omega of acting. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Fiske's supremacy, just as was that of Sir Henry Irving, is due to the manner in which she transcends certain ineradicable mannerisms and makes even her physical limitations at times an aid in conveying a direct meaning. I take it that Mrs. Fiske's marvellous control over any audience of average intelligence is due in a large degree to her long and careful training as a child, which familiarized her with the technique of her art and gave her control of herself. She has substituted intensity for emotionalism,

—direct spirituelle expression for theatric poses and ravings. And perhaps Mrs. Fiske's most important achievement is that she has shown the girl with limitations the way out. She has proven that intellectual treatment of a role is more interesting than the most expansive theatric treatment. Contrast with her case that of Miss Olga Nethersole, a woman practically without limitations, who has sacrificed her career through an absolute lack of self control in scenes of emotional expression. Though she does not go to quite such lengths, Miss Nethersole's methods, like those of Mrs. Leslie Carter, another mannered emotionalist, recall the man who tried to make love through a megaphone.

No doubt it is genius, and genius of a more than ordinarily mysterious quality, that enables Mrs. Fiske to play such a scene as that of Rebecca West's confession in "Rosmersholm," in such an amazingly affecting way without using one theatric device to emphasize her points, but in her lesser scenes there is the same careful attention to detail, a self control which enables her to give a subtle significance to the simplest lines. Mannerism will be found to play a very small part indeed in the effect she achieves.

Take the case of another very delightful and unfailingly interesting actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. There are those no doubt who would declare that Mrs. Campbell's whole success arises from a certain haunting beauty of personality and that a carefully considered mode of expression has nothing to do with it. Mrs. Campbell undoubtedly has certain affectations of speech, perhaps incurable, but the patience and skill by which she turns her strongly marked individuality to purposes of identification with the character she is playing, well repays study and close analysis. Her Hedda Gabler and her Magda are absolutely different beings. Moreover, Mrs. Campbell, like Mrs. Fiske, uses the gifts with which she is dowered to produce plays which give the intelligent man some excuse for going to the theatre.

In the showing already made it must occur to the reader that the really important work of the theatre is being done by women of mature experience. Among the younger generation of stars who have been created by popular demand, there seems to be little to call for analysis. Wayward and capricious methods, deliberately cultivated mannerisms, are to be found on all sides, but serious artistic aspiration is invisible to the naked eye in most cases. Of the younger actresses there are but two who show a pre-eminent talent, Miss Margaret Anglin and Miss Eleanor Robson. For some reason or other the sight of Miss Anglin's best achievements has been denied to her native Canadians, but we can hope for better luck in future. Though Miss Eleanor Robson lacks that felicity of movement which gives so much charm to an actress like Miss Marlowe or Mrs. Campbell, she has a purity of style, a beauty of utterance and a gift at once intellectual and magnetic that makes her acting delightful. Nothing more exquisite in its virginal quality and free delicate play of humor and pathos could be asked than her performance in "Merely Mary Ann." I confess that as a lover of the theatre I view with alarm her success in "Salomy Jane," as a slow spoken but passionate southern girl. What I am afraid of is that the managers will get the idea that she is a "type," and insist on similar roles for her which she must act in the self same way. She is obviously a thoroughly sincere young actress of fine capacity, and the best wish that one can have for her is that she

may never at any time become a fad.

And when one thinks of the fatality that attends the girl who becomes a fad, one instinctively recalls Miss Maude Adams and Miss Ethel Barrymore. It may have been that Miss Adams once had the capacity to be a genuine *artiste*, but she became a fad instead. Her personality has all the winsomeness and charm that one holds dear in a pretty vivacious child, but she is one of the most destructive examples of a woman with a bad diction, making no effort at self correction, that the stage can boast. Despite the charm which her unquestionably delightful personality imparted to "Peter Pan," it would be impossible to convince any critic that it was necessary for her to masticate her words in the manner that prevailed with her. The fawn-like glance and personal beauty of Miss Ethel Barrymore have also made her a fad. Hers is the case of a young girl well educated, with a natural aptitude, deliberately cultivating affectations and mannerisms of the most ruinous kind under a wrong supposition that the public will like them for ever. It is said that a few years ago, before she became a star, Miss Barrymore was a really capable and promising actress. Her friends say that it is the public's fault; that it likes her better since she abandoned the art of acting.

It is no doubt the poverty of first class talent which has led to the recruiting of the North American stage with foreigners who have learned the English tongue, like Mlle. Nazimova, to whom allusion has been made, Mlle. Fritzi Scheff and Madame Bertha Kalich. The latter, a Polish Jewess, is the possessor of a voice of extraordinarily effective timbre, a singular capacity for realistic utterance and a true pantomimic gift. She is said also to be versatile, and the powers she possesses are unquestionably governed by intelligence. Her present status is clearly the result of earnest study and aspiration. Mlle. Fritzi Scheff has, I imagine, disappointed the expectations of those who induced her to leave the concert stage, learn English and become a comedienne. If her managers expected to make another Judic or Theo or Aimee of her, their hopes have been disappointed, but she is probably the daintiest creature to look at that the stage can boast. Where, indeed, is the ideal singing comedienne to be found? The English-speaking stage knows her not?

Though our theatre is poverty stricken in the matter of really large and important talent, it must be admitted that it is especially rich in secondary talent like that displayed by Miss Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West," or that of Miss Ida Conquest as exemplified in "Old Heidelburg," or that of Miss Carlotta Nilsson in "The Three of Us," to name but a few instances. Of charming women inadequate for the strain of really exhausting roles, but who are, nevertheless, artistes to their finger tips in a lesser way, there are many whose beauty and simplicity of style frequently puts the star performer to shame. Perhaps from their ranks will emerge another Mrs. Fiske, who can arise above her limitations or turn them to purposes for the expression of large ideas. Perhaps there is another Miss Marlowe being carefully trained somewhere to come forward and play great poetic roles. But the outlook is not very hopeful, because even though talent were plentiful, there is in progress a deliberate lowering of standards in the matter of the plain business of acting. A more severe and enlightened criticism which could educate the public in what are really sound methods is perhaps the only remedy for the situation.

STARTING FOR THE CRAB-FISHING SHOALS

THE CRAB FISHERS

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

TRULY the deep sea holds many strange things, holds them in such quantities that the never-ceasing struggle for supremacy—that means not to be eaten in this case—must be an awful one. My fat assistant and I were on the trail of a celebrated crabsman, a Norwegian who could work more hours than there seem to be in the day, and beat all of his competitors in the size of his catch. We first saw his buoys in a little lonely bay on the coast not far from Utsaladdy. The buoys were simply cedar posts weighted at one end with a big wire-wound rock, from which a half-inch rope led to the first trap, a square iron frame, four feet by two, and about a foot high. At the bottom was a line to fasten the bait to. Twenty-five of these pots went to a line, and four lines comprised his equipment.

We met him homeward bound. The waves were dashing high on the shore; his boat had a pile of empty traps that made it look as if it had a great wire-wrought cabin. And the way that boat rolled! Sometimes the oars seemed to wave in the air like long despairing arms; yet he made the harbor with only a good wetting. He was a weather-hardened specimen in look; a Dane, not more than twenty-five years, tanned and wrinkled by sun and wind and salt water until his years were very much a matter of guess work.

"Oh, come here," Fritz yelled.

I was coming, as fast as the wind

SETTING A CRAB TRAP

would let me. That twenty-footer was half full of the biggest crabs I have ever seen, all right side up and as quiet as turtles. No sooner was the toppling pile of traps put on to the little float than the Dane began to box his catch. Floating a box behind him, he went to work. Instantly all the quiet crabs woke up, and such a waving mass of snapping claws it had never been my privilege to see. They waved over the bottom of the boat as if some strong wind was blowing on a field of red and yellow plants. Into this cracking, nipping mass the Dane sent a hand, emerging with a fairly large crab. Over the side it went into the water.

"What's the matter with it?" called the inquisitive Fritz.

"Female, must put back," answered the fisherman, and many more splashed into the water. It is easy to tell them by the larger apron under the tail than that of the males. He caught the crabs deftly between the finger and thumb, clasping them right at the apron, with a C shaped stick. Six inches across the open ends he measured them, for the law says no females and none under six inches may be kept. All these fishermen are faithful, as, indeed, it pays them to be.

We watched the Norwegian reaching his hand into the traps, and the light was rapidly failing. Only two boxes of the three were filled as yet. Not once did that thick right hand falter or mistake, and not once did the nippers meet in his flesh. It yet seems impossible to thrust down into this eager lot and select a lower layer and not get caught. He told me that he suffered much at first, as a good firm catch by an eight-inch crab will make the blood squirt from the end of the fingers. But familiarity breeds contempt.

Early the next morning we sought his fishing grounds. The tide was

"BLUE" CRABS IN THE POT OR TRAP

running our way; the wind was light, and it was excellent exercise for the lad. The big boat, with the fishing roller over the stern was at the first buoy. The water was clear; no great freshet from the mountains had swept down through the muddy mouths of the rivers and clouded it, and these big crabs love clean water. We could not see the buoy as the force of the tide held it under and the rib was very strong. Down plunged a grimy hand and up came the cedar stick. Ten fathoms of rope were pulled in; a stronger haul, and up came the first trap. Clinging to its sides, their claws waving and clutching frantically, were four fine crabs, an even half-dollar's worth for the Dane. The next one held only two; but number three must have held a convention, as there were over thirty in it. Four dollars more for our active friend. From end to end of this first line the catch numbered eighty. Away we rowed for buoy number two, and the operation was repeated. Luckily the day was calm, as the amount of water splashed in by this method of fishing makes a wet boat. Anyway, ours was nothing to blow about. Fritz said "it was a cross between a sponge and a clotheshorse, a good thing to run water through and squeeze the salt out." So when he was not rowing he was baling.

We lifted a female out of the fisherman's boat and examined it. A mass of eggs were tightly clutched by the apron and further held in place by the feathered and lightly hooked feelers. In bulk it was as large as a hen's egg, and it contained a great many thousand eggs. It was of a sodden, dull red shade, and each egg bore the black dot showing incubation had set in thus early in April.

Many of the pots contained some specimens of the bottom life in ten to twenty fathoms, the rosy starfish

MEASURING A CRAB

A GOOD CATCH

being the most rare. It seems strange that the crab, after passing all around the net-covered square, or pot, and entering by a hole, seven inches across, cannot wriggle out of it again, as they are extremely strong, and will stretch fifteen inches across with claws extended, but can close up to the exact size of the bony shell of the body.

It took six hours of the hardest kind of work to empty and rebait the pots. Then came the hard pull home, figured again so that the tide would be at full and neither help nor hinder. But I know we had a hard struggle with the wind and waves battling our old water tank, yet the Dane stuck close behind us all the way. Then the long, hard work of boxing and floating the boxes. The crabs are shipped alive to market, and will retain life for many hours.

It must be a sight of horror in those murky depths when the crabs are casting their shells. Then each pulpy uncovered one is a ready meal for its neighbors, unless it can at once seek shelter. It rapidly increases in size, and when it dons its new armor, it is a larger and stronger animal. We find many varieties besides the edible crab. There is the hermit crab, for instance, which usurps the dwelling-place of some large sea snail and only emerges to seek a larger, or to go after its numerous prey. We have often watched one of them fishing in the tide pools, and it always reminds us of a big spider. Then there is the crab by name sea spider, which is as large as the biggest edible crab. It feeds through strange valve-like holes between the main claws. Lift any mussel or barnacle-covered rock along these lonely shores and you will uncover a horde of shore crabs about the size of a crawfish. They scuttle off for shelter or wriggle defiantly on their backs.

JOE PERKINS' WIDOW

BY GOWER GLYNN

THE little bell attached to the shop door tinkled as the customer went out; and Joe Perkins, grocer and general dealer, swept the remaining tea dust off the counter and into the canister, putting it back again into its place with a bang.

Then Joe went behind, into the little parlor at the back of the shop and sat rubbing his knees in front of the fire, while his glance wandered occasionally towards a newspaper lying on the table.

"With a view to matrimony,, he muttered nervously, "I almost wish I hadn't put it in now, but there! it isn't to say as I've got to marry 'em if I don't want to, an' I'll see as I don't too," said he as he reached for the paper and read for the fiftieth time the following advertisement:

> Working housekeeper wanted for a middle-aged bachelor. Widow without encumbrances preferred — must be under forty-five (45), amiable, willing and strong —with a view to matrimony. Apply J. P., care of Whiffle's Library, High street, Coombridge-on-Sea.

The shop bell rang again, and Joe Perkins started nervously, but having ascertained by peeping over the short blind stretched across the door leading into the shop, who it was that had entered, he became reassured.

"Come in Captain Jelf," he called out, and opening the door, "I'm all alone."

And slowly and ponderously, an old seaman with one arm, and a hook doing duty for the other, rolled into the little parlor.

"Seen it?" asked Joe nervously, nodding his head towards the paper.

"Joe Perkins," said the seaman, when he had seated himself heavily and recovered his breath, which seemed to be a somewhat difficult operation, "Joe Perkins, you're a fool."

Having delivered himself of this observation, the captain hung his glazed black hat on the hook which did duty for a hand on his left arm, and, holding it before him after the manner of a shield, he sat staring at Joe, solemnly and reproachfully shaking his head, as he wiped it with a red bandanna handkerchief. "A fool, Joe," for no one but a fool would have done it. "It'll bring trouble. You mark my words, an' you'll be sorry enough as you didn't take my advice."

"Well, it's what I mean, isn't it?" asked Joe defiantly. "I'm willin' for matrimony if they suit me. I'm old enough to want to settle down, and I've got enough—"

"That's all very well, Joe, all very well; but what did you want to give your hand away all at once for? That's what I want to know? Wimmen! Why, you've advertised for a *widder,* haven't you? Well, that's enough. If she's a widder, she'll look after the matrimony side sharp enough, if she gets the chance. You leave it to her, but now you go an' give it away that you want to get married. Why you won't have a

ghost of a chance with 'em. The first one that comes along will snap you up at once, whether you like it or not. You mark my words; you won't have a voice in the matter."

"Oh, won't I?" said Joe valiantly; "we'll see all about that. I put that 'with a view to matrimony' in, just to prepare 'em like."

"Widders don't want no preparin', declared the Captain contemptuously, "just let 'em get a footing and they'll——"

He was interrupted by a loud peal of the shopbell, and the door was pushed somewhat violently open as a big comely woman of middle-age entered, carrying a bandbox in one hand. Her other hand rested on the latch of the door holding it open, and Joe Perkins, who had hurried into the shop, could see that there was a cab outside, on which were piled several boxes and packages.

"Are you 'J. P., care of Whiffles?" inquired the woman without circumlocution.

"Er—a hem! Yes—I am," declared Perkins, pulling himself together and endeavoring not to appear as nervous as he felt.

"Well, my name is Jones—Emma Jones—I've come about the situation," said the woman, looking at him critically and then casting a swift and comprehensive glance around the shop. "You didn't say anything about being in business. Hum! I wonder it pays here. I can see that it does fairly well, though."

She went on without waiting for his reply:

"And,besides, I've been making a few inquiries about you in the town. You were a seafaring man at one time, weren't you? Yes, I heard so. My late husband was a sailor too. I've lost him now four years come Michaelmas. This is the shop parlor, I suppose?"

She continued calmly, brushing past the astonished Perkins and entering the room at the back. She stared somewhat coldly at the Captain sitting stolidly there.

"Relation of yours?" she demanded.

"N—o; only a friend," stammered Perkins.

The widow gave no further heed to the matter, save a somewhat scornful sniff, and led the way to the back premises, where an untidy-looking girl was washing up the breakfast dishes.

"How many rooms upstairs?" was her next question, after the door had been opened and the garden casually inspected.

"Three and the attic," replied Perkins, meekly.

"Tell the man he can bring in my boxes," said the widow, turning to the girl who was washing up, "and give him this half-crown when he has taken them all up into my room."

Then she led the way back into the parlor, unfastening her bonnet as she went along.

"I've concluded to stay," she calmly announced, seating herself in the easiest chair and totally ignoring the Captain who was regarding her with openmouthed bewilderment. "It's not quite what I expected; still, I'll give it a month's trial."

"But—" began Perkins, feeling confusedly that he ought to assert himself in some way. "I—I—haven't —that is, you haven't—"

"Look here," broke in the widow, picking up the paper and pointing to the advertisement, "What is it you want? 'A widow, under forty-five (I'm 42)—amiable, willing and strong—as working housekeeper—or—view to matrimony.' We won't say anything about that at present, but the rest of the advertisement fits me exactly. References? any amount; highly respected; well-conducted widow woman; same house seven years; lodgers; tired of hard work; saved a little money; well in-

vested; glad of comfortable home and something to occupy my mind; we'll give each other a month's trial. That's settled; save you a lot of bother. Now, is he going to stop to dinner?" and she nodded towards the Captain.

"N—o—o," said that worthy, hurriedly struggling out of the chair to his feet. "I must be off—I —er—only dropped in for a few moments," and with a somewhat awkward bow to the widow, and a nod to the utterly bewildered and almost prostrate Perkins he hurried out despite the latter's appealing glance and frenzied motion for him to remain.

"I'll go up and put my things straight," said the widow, "and then come down and get your dinner ready. We can talk over anything else there is to settle after that," and she gathered up her bonnet and bandbox and left the little shopkeeper to himself.

When she had gone, Perkins cast himself into a chair, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his brow wrinkled up into a thoughtful frown.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he muttered at length, "completely jiggered." Presently his eye fell upon the paper still lying on the table and with a smothered exclamation he crumpled it up and threw it on the fire. "The captain was right," he cried; "I'm a fool, and a bloomin' old fool, that's what I am."

A customer called him to the shop just then, and others following quickly, he was kept busy till noon.

A savory smell came from the little parlor when, shortly after one, the widow opened the door and called out that dinner was ready.

Joe Perkins looked around as he entered with a sudden sense that somehow things were greatly altered in the little room. A clean cloth was on the table, and the forks, spoons and glasses glittered with an unwonted brilliancy. The furniture was looking smarter and tidier, and was arranged more tastefully than it had ever been before.

The dinner itself was excellent, and the beefsteak pudding with potatoes, followed by a plum tart and a piece of ripe stilton out of the shop, came as a welcome surprise to the poor man, for he had been much too bewildered to think about ordering anything for the mid-day meal.

The widow, Mrs. Jones, chattered easily and with extraordinary self-possession during the meal, and managed to extract a good deal of information about himself and his habits from the worthy shopkeeper, without appearing in the least to be pumping him, whilst about herself she was more reticent; and in the afternoon when there were few customers about, she went into the shop, and made herself familiar with the contents, and its general arrangement.

"I shall be able to help you in here sometimes," she declared, and when Perkins feebly protested, she clinched the matter by saying, "I shall like to do so, because then I can hear what's going on in the town, and what people think about my being here. The sooner they get used to it the better," and with this end evidently in view she took care to be in evidence when any woman came into the shop and gave one or two to understand whilst serving them that she was "Mr. Perkins' new housekeeper."

She attended herself, with evident pleasure, to a very nervous little body who applied in answer to the advertisement, and gave her to understand definitely that Mr. Perkins was "suited," and with all other applicants who came subsequently she was equally brief and to the point.

In the evening, when the shop was closed, she brought down her needlework, and sat silently at it, while Joe Perkins read the paper.

About nine o'clock she suggested

that if he was accustomed to do so, and would care to go out, she should not feel in the least nervous at being left alone. "I am used to taking care of myself," she said, nodding emphatically, "and I can do it all right by this time."

And Joe Perkins glancing at her matronly, capable figure, mentally agreed as to her ability to do so, as he put on his hat and strolled over to the Wanderers' Rest, where the chorus of chaff and merriment with which he was welcomed told him that the Captain had already informed the assembled company of the morning's adventure. In fact, the old chap was sitting there at the moment; and was waving his churchwarden pipe in illustration of his remarks, as he told them for the twentieth time, at least, how early the widow had at once taken affairs into her own hands.

Joe was plied with questions, on all sides, and when he had described in detail the many little changes which had already taken place in his domestic arrangements, they one and all agreed that the widow was losing no time in setting her cap at him.

"And you mark my words," the old Captain said, struggling from his seat as the clock struck ten, for the Coombridge folks went early to bed, "Joe Perkins will be a married man, whether he wants to or not, inside of two months, an' this 'ere new housekeeper as he's got 'll be the one as he marries."

This seemed to be the general verdict, and Joe Perkins went home in a very disturbed state of mind, to find a kettle of water cozily boiling on the hob and the sugar and tumbler set out on the table, in case he felt inclined for a "night cap" before retiring.

A month passed quickly by, before matters reached a climax. Affairs had been progressing very smoothly and pleasantly at the shop. Numberless little comforts to which Joe Perkins had hitherto been a stranger had sprung up about him. The place was spick and span as a new pin; the slatternly servant girl had become spruce and active under Widow Jones' supervision; meals were served punctually and were excellently cooked; and last, but not least, there were buttons on his shirts and no holes in his socks.

The widow was masterful and exacting, and would have her own way, but time and again, despite the irksomeness of being "ordered about in his own house," as he described it, Joe Perkins was bound to admit her way was generally the best way.

As for complaining or finding fault with anything she did, he would as soon have thought of cutting off his head.

Matters were in this state when, one evening, they sat down after the shop was closed. Joe Perkins, reading his paper as usual, happened to glance up just as the widow took from her work basket a curiously shaped piece of red flannel. He gave a start of surprise and interest as she joined to it another and longer piece to which tapes were attached.

"The winter's coming on, Mr. Perkins," she said, holding the work towards him as she cut off the end of the thread she was using, "and I'm making you a—er—a chest protector. The shop is very draughty, and you will find it useful. It is a pattern of my own, and I used to make some like it for my late husband. Poor fellow! He used to say that he found them a great comfort in the cold weather, when at sea."

Joe Perkins muttered some words of thanks, and took the garment into his hand, examining it very carefully. It was a curious looking affair, doubly-lined with flannel, and fastening on the shoulder, it extended down the back, till it met around the waist with the aid of the tapes.

A unique garment certainly, and

one which occasioned a great deal of interest in Joe's mind, and that not only because of the comfortable warmth which it seemed to promise.

Joe had reached the time of life when he was occasionally prone to a touch of lumbago, therefore the "chest protector" would doubtless prove very acceptable.

"Yes, I used to make them," continued the widow, closing her work-basket in a businesslike way and drawing her chair a little away from the table, and nearer to Joe's, "for Henry—poor dear."

Joe Perkins gave another start, for the widow had not mentioned her deceased husband's Christian name before, and Joe was vaguely trying to work out in his mind some link associating the "chest protector" with the name of Henry Jones. The widow, however, gave him no time to pursue this line of thought.

"I think," she said, taking the garment from him and folding it up carefully, "talking of that, it's about time we came to an understanding about—er—the other little matter mentioned in the advertisement, Mr. Perkins, don't you think so?"

"I—I—beg your pardon!" gasped Joe, turning hot all over, as he realized in an instant to what she referred.

"Why — getting married, you know," said the widow, helpfully. "It was talking about poor Henry put it into my head. We'd better get it settled at once one way or another, and the sooner the better. The question is, Are you satisfied with me or not?" and she crossed her arms and faced him as though defying him to find any fault with her.

"Well—really—I—er—of course —this is really so sudden," began Joe, feeling that although this was evidently a very weak remark, it was somehow the right thing to say in the circumstances.

The widow took out her purse and carefully extracted a farthing, two old train tickets, some gummed stamp paper, and finally a carefully folded piece of newspaper.

"With a view to matrimony," she quoted, handing him a copy of his advertisement. "So you needn't say that it's sudden. I've been here for over a month, and you well knew what I came for. It's a very simple question—are you satisfied or not?"

"Well—of course," began Joe, clearing his throat.—

"Then," interrupted the widow with great decision, "I'll go and have the banns put up; and now," she went on briskly, "if you care to mention it casually to your friends at the Wanderers' Rest--this evening —I've got no objection," and she reached his coat down for him and helped him to put it on, a thing which she had never done before.

The next day she took occasion to refer to the matter more than once, to lady customers in the shop, and before noon the news that Joe Perkins was going to marry his new housekeeper, had spread all over Coombridge.

Joe moved about like one in a dream, and could not make up his mind whether he was pleased or not about it.

"However," he remarked philosophically to his old friend the Captain, as they sat over a glass of hot toddy in the cozy bar-parlor of the Wanderers' Rest on the Thursday evening following these events, "I shall have to make the best of it now. It's too late to do anything else, she's that masterful."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the old Captain deliberately. "You have been a fool, Joe Perkins, as I've told you right along, through not taking my advice from the first; but I'm not going to turn my back on you for all that. I hate to see a man taken in and done as you've been."

"I wouldn't go so far as that," protested Perkins feebly; "she's a very good housekeeper."

"Yes, you have, you've been taken in an' done," persisted the Captain stormily. "A good housekeeper indeed! It's all done to capture your affections, that's what it is. I know 'em! Them nice dinners what you've told me of, an' buttons on your shirt, and all that. Yoh! You'll find they'll all stop quick enough after she's landed you. No, my boy, you're in a mess; but your old friend Captain Jelf is going to stand by you, and you'll see, my boy, you'll see. Don't you worry. She hasn't got you yet," and the old Captain laboriously screwed one side of his face up into a sort of knot, which was familiarly understood by his friends to represent a wink; then he rapped vigorously on the table with the hook attached to his left arm and called for two more drinks. "Cheer up, my boy, I've fixed it all up for you, and by this day week you'll be clear of her, bag and baggage, and so will Coombridge, although she is so masterful."

"But the banns are to be put up on Sunday," declared Joe Perkins uneasily.

"Let them be put up," said the Captain; they'll have to be put down again," and no amount of questioning could elicit from him any further information on the subject.

Nothing of importance transpired between this and the following Sunday morning, when Joe Perkins, nervously knowing that many curious eyes were watching his pew, sat side by side with the Widow Jones, who had suddenly announced her determination after breakfast of being present in person to hear the banns read.

"Is—is it quite the thing for a lady to go to her church when her own banns are being published?" Perkins had asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure," the widow had declared easily. "I'm *going*. There's no law to prevent it that I know of," and so there she sat, in the new bonnet which she had so carefully carried in her hand when she first arrived at Coombridge.

The service was a long one, and it seemed as though the time for announcing the forthcoming marriages would never arrive. But at last the familiar words which never failed to cause a stir of interest in Coombridge parish church, where marriages were few and far between, were read:

"I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Perkins, bachelor, of this parish, and Emma Jones, widow, also of—"

A shrill female voice rang out from the bottom of the church, causing all eyes to be turned in that direction.

"I forbid the banns!"

Miss Whiffles, the gaunt, prim, proprietress of Whiffle's Library, was standing up in her pew, her mouth pursed with determination, and a hectic flush burning on each cheek.

"I forbid the banns; her first husband is still alive," she declared.

There was a little pause of scandalized surprise, and then the churchwarden went up to Miss Whiffles and asked her to give her information to the vicar later, and the service proceeded.

There was a scene in the vestry afterwards. Miss Whiffles, who had lately come from London, had, it appears, been a neighbor of Mrs. Jones at Poplar at the time when that lady's husband had disappeared. It was never really known what had become of him. He had shipped as First Mate aboard a trading vessel, the "Nancy Price," bound for the West Indies, which was reported lost with all hands, but her fate was never really known, and more than one person at Poplar had declared that Jones himself had been seen in England.

In these circumstances, the wedding could not of course take place, and so Joe Perkins and the widow

went home, while most of the congregation gathered about in little groups in the churchyard discussing the situation.

Miss Whiffles was the centre of attraction.

"I knew I could stop it," she said in a shrill triumphant voice. "I knew her at once when she called at my shop in the first instance and when dear Captain Jelf told me how mercilessly that woman had entrapped poor Mr. Perkins into marriage, I was determined to put a stop to it. I've no patience with such unwomanly ways, that I haven't," and accompanied by a crowd of eager listeners to her own door, Miss Whiffles improved the occasion and added greatly to her own importance by repeating several choice tit-bits of scandal which she had gleaned at Poplar regarding the widow.

In the meantime at the little shop in High street affairs were in a very gloomy state.

"It's quite true, Mr. Perkins," the widow had admitted candidly when they reached home. "I ought to have told you, but I felt, and still do feel in my own mind, that poor Henry is dead. However, as things are I must go away at once."

Joe Perkins tried to murmur something about there being no immediate hurry but the widow was quite decisive, as she always was.

"Indeed, I couldn't stop another day in the place to be chattered about by all those old women in the town. No; I'll go to-morrow, if you please, and I'll forfeit my month's salary in lieu of notice," and as soon as dinner was over she retired to her room to pack up her belongings.

Joe Perkins sat all the afternoon before the fire, pulling at his pipe and thinking deeply. At last he got up, with a look of determination on his face, and, unlocking an old sea chest which stood in one corner of the room, took from it a flat, tidy-looking parcel. This he laid on his knees and, when presently the widow Jones came down, stirred up the fire into a cheerful blaze, lit the gas, and began the usual bustling preparations denoting the approach of tea, he looked several times from the parcel on his lap, to the buxom, capable woman before him. At last he found his voice—and it trembled a little.

"Sit down a minute, Mrs. Jones, will you please," he said; "I want to speak to you."

The widow looked surprised, especially at the tone of his voice, and, putting down the toast she was making, took a chair.

Joe carefully untied the parcel on his lap, and took from it a faded red chest protector, similar to the one which the widow had made for him.

"Look at the name on it," he said; "it's in your handwriting, isn't it?"

The widow's eyes filled with tears. "Henry Jones," she read. "Poor fellow! how did you come by this, Mr. Perkins?"

"On the last voyage I ever took," said Joe, clearing his throat, "we picked up a poor fellow from a raft so nearly gone that he could never tell us anything about himself. I did what I could for him, but it was too late. These were the few things he had with him. See, here's your portrait among them; and he handed her an old faded print which still resembled her, though evidently taken in her younger days.

The widow was crying quietly. "He was a good fellow," she said, "and I did what I could to make him happy."

"I know you did," said Joe with conviction, "and so I want you to stop and make me happy too. Won't you? There's no 'just cause or impediment' now, you know," he added gently. "Won't you stop, Emma?"

The widow dried her eyes, and looked up with a touch of her old brightness and firmness—

"Of course, I will,' she said quickly. "It's what I came for, isn't it?"

Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

THE advent in Canada of two such imperial figures as the Prince of Wales and Earl Roberts would have been of itself an event of national significance and interest. When their visit is specially timed and arranged to form part of a stupendous programme for the glorification of Canada and those who made it, it becomes doubly significant. In the case of the Prince, we cannot indeed feel that he has taken the great place so long held by his father while bearing the historic title of the heir to the English throne, and perhaps the present Prince of Wales lacks somewhat of the qualities of tact and diplomacy which have made Edward VII so pleasing and attractive a figure and have given him withal a special distinction in the long line of successors to Alfred. The Prince has, however, from his very earliest years made a special study of the Empire. He was fourteen years old only when with his elder brother, now deceased, he started on the famous three years' cruise in the Bacchante, and from that time to the present, which finds him in the prime of life at forty-three, he has not ceased to keep closely in touch with the different sections of Greater Britain. It may mean little at the moment, but the coming generation will surely see vast organic changes in the British Empire, and a monarch who is imperial in the best sense will be a potent factor in the reshaping. How different, for instance, might history read if George III could have had some practical knowledge of the American colonies, or failing this, if his statesmen could have had it. It is safe to assume that no British monarch will ever in the future know England only.

* * *

The heir to the throne must wield such influence and exercise such abilities as he possesses with the utmost prudence, yet if he is too modest or retiring he fails to get into that close sympathy with the people which is so essential at the present day to kings and princes. The present Prince has developed an aptitude for oratory. His delivery is delightful, and his ideas—those at least that fall from his lips—are fresh and vigorous. Edward VII. will at any rate, we may surmise, have no cause to echo the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the father of Prince Hal in his last sad days:

"The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors."

There have been some English monarchs since the days of Henry IV. who might have shared his sentiment, but the Empire is happier in its kings and princes than was the England of the past, and there is no place

in the modern world for a Prince Hal, save the stage.

* * *

Lord Roberts is, of course, one of the greatest men of action the Empire has produced in these latter years. He alone of those who went to South Africa with great names increased his reputation. And yet it cannot be denied that he was favored by time and circumstance, and there must always remain the doubt whether without the misfortunes that befell Buller and others to guide him he, too, might not have had the lustre of his reputation dimmed. This possibility does not make Roberts less great as a general, but lightens somewhat the gloom that rests on the names of others. To Lord Roberts, at any rate, belongs the credit of rescuing the Empire from a discreditable and painful position and of getting rapidly through with the worst aspects of the unhappy war, and it is this that has made him the most distinguished and popular soldier of the Empire. The military operations in which Lord Roberts engaged immediately after taking charge of the campaign in South Africa are admitted to have been of a masterly character and to have been peculiarly adapted to Boer tactics and Boer human nature. Canadians shared in the feelings of intense relief with which in quick succession were witnessed the relief of Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking, and the fall of Bloemfontein, Pretoria and Johannesburg. The risks taken by the great British general appeared terrible to the amateur, but Lord Roberts had not studied the Boer character in vain. Lord Roberts was as humane as able, and throughout the war kept well in mind the vital fact that those who were his enemies for the moment would shortly be citizens of the Empire, and that it was not well to inflict wounds that would not heal. The great general's presence at the Quebec celebration will be accepted as a graceful compliment to Canada and will elicit a chorus of affectionate and appreciative greetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

* * *

The great demonstration itself will be in progress before these lines are printed. One can but express once more the hope that it will proceed without any untoward incident and that the strong new bond it creates between the two races of Canada will be fruitful of good feeling and amity. The spectacular feature of the affair transcends anything ever attempted previously in Canada, if not indeed in America, but it is in skilful hands, and Mr. Lascelles may be expected to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, as he has done in the case of similar undertakings in England. A most pleasing feature of the enterprise to purchase the famous battlefield is the hearty response which the appeal for funds in England has received. There can be no doubt that this is due not only to the affection entertained by the people of the mother country for the great Dominion, but that it is also in part inspired by the new friendliness to France and by the realization of the fact that the actual tercentenary is to do honor to the memory of a great Frenchman. It is a happy coincidence that the Franco-British exhibition in London, which is cementing the entente and attracting scores of thousands of French visitors to the great metropolis, is in the full tide of success at the moment of the Quebec festivities. We in Canada shall be satisfied if our own demonstration passes off happily and if the battlefields project associated with it is achieved.

* * *

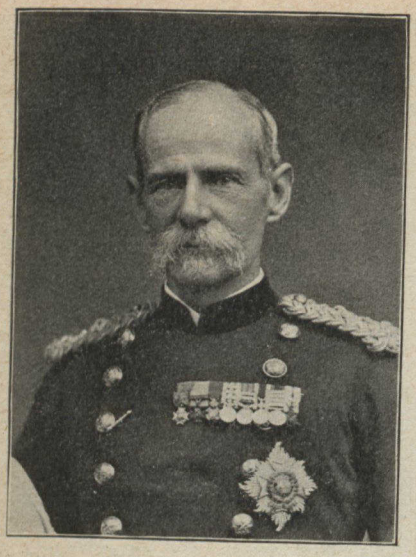
The weary session at Ottawa will have been by no means a vain or useless one if the Civil Service Bill becomes law, as at the moment there seems every probability of it doing. It was a subject postponed from par-

liament to parliament and tossed from party to party because of its difficult and thorny aspects. There was no obvious advantage to either party from dealing with it, and the public interest in the matter was faint and shadowy. The measure presented to Parliament appears to have impressed favorably the majority on both sides of the House, and may be regarded as a genuine attempt to lift the service out of the mire of party politics. The placing of the appointments under the control of two commissioners, removable, like the Auditor-General, only by consent of Parliament, is a feature which will relieve the members of the Commons of the distressingly heavy burden of patronage. No doubt the outside service will be brought under the control of the commissioners in time. The success or failure of the new scheme of appointment depends, however, very largely on the character of the men appointed as commissioners, and it is essential that these should be men of strong personal force, strict integrity and well-balanced minds, and, moreover, that they should so far as possible enjoy the public confidence.

* * *

The nomination of Mr. Taft for the Presidency was practically certain. Mr. Roosevelt is easily the most popular and influential man in the United States, and, other things being equal, the candidate favored by him was bound to win. Mr. Taft has long been in training for the Presidency, and it must be admitted that his record is an admirable one. He has served on the Bench, and he has been a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. His statesmanlike handling of the problems that had to be faced in Cuba and the Philippines produced calm and order. His public addresses during his recent tour of the world seem to have been models of decorum and wisdom. He is receiving the support of papers like the New York *World* and *Times*, which if not definitely Democratic, usually support the Democratic ticket. It is true his election will apparently be fought while the country is still suffering from the severe financial depression of recent months, but such a time is probably still less favorable to the Democratic party, with the doubtful remedies for such ills associated with it in the past than it is to the Republicans, and there seems

THE PRINCE OF WALES



EARL ROBERTS

every reason to believe Mr. Taft will have an easy victory.

* * *

The Democratic nominee also will have been chosen before these pages are printed. Mr. Bryan will in all probability be the man, though there are those who insist that Governor Johnson of Minnesota would be safer. It will surely be Bryan's last appearance as a candidate should he be selected and defeated, whereas Governor Johnson will probably be reserved for a better fate—better, politically speaking, at least. The Democratic candidate will not always be called upon to face Roosevelts and Tafts. Roosevelt's remarkable influence will not extend far into the next Presidential term, and Johnson is training much on the same lines that Roosevelt trained, save that the former belongs to a western state; also, of course, Johnson has no war record. Johnson is a younger man than Bryan, and for this and other reasons he would do well not to fight too hard to secure the nomination of his party.

* * *

It is difficult to find in the published platform of the Republican party any feature which may be described as a vital issue dividing the two parties, as the silver question divided them in 1896, when Mr. Bryan was first defeated. The platform contains a somewhat contradictory section in which the party is lauded for the vast accumulation of wealth in the United States since the Republican party was born, while it is immediately afterwards intimated that the financial disturbance through which the country is said to have safely passed would have had the most dreadful results if the Democrats had been in power. There is surely something lacking in the polity of the United States if one-half the people are to be thus gravely declared incapable of government. On the tariff the platform declares for a revision immediately after the election, though the chief amendment suggested is the establishment of maximum and minimum rates, a device already introduced into the Dominion tariff; the President to be entrusted with the administration of the maximum and minimum rates, "the maximum to be available to meet discriminations by foreign countries against American goods entering their markets"—here is a threat of tariff warfare. The platform approves the enactment of the railroad rate law and the immediate appropriation by the present Congress of a sum sufficient to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission thoroughly to investigate and to give publicity to the accounts of Interstate railroads. These are matters of importance, but hardly worthy of figuring as the chief features in the election manifesto of a great party. Yet there is nothing else if we omit a declaration that the people of Porto Rico should be collectively made citizens of the United States, the exact meaning and effect of which are doubtful; and a suggestion that New Mexico and Arizona should be

immediately admitted as separate States of the Union, a matter more or less inevitable in any event with their reasonable development.

* * *

There seems to be a doubt whether King Edward has shown his customary wisdom in the garden party incident, which has for the first time since he ascended the throne evoked an outburst of hostile criticism from one of the political parties. The function from which the Labor leaders were excluded was a purely social one, and the Ministry is in no way responsible; yet the omission will have a serious political effect if it represents in any degree the estrangement from the throne of the rapidly growing party led by Messrs. J. Ramsay Macdonald and Keir Hardie. The fact that the only other marked omission was of a Liberal member who had voted with the Labor party in support of a motion condemnatory of the King's recent visit to Russia is accepted as evidence of the reason for the snub.

* * *

Allowing for a little coloring which the lively imagination of the cable correspondent may have given the recent dispatch telling of the remarkable gathering of woman suffragists in front of the Parliament Buildings at Westminster, the incident and scene must have been sufficiently notable, and will no doubt have an appreciable effect on the movement. The great gathering seems to have been orderly and to have been managed with the proverbial tactfulness of the London policemen. Premier Asquith is willing to be convinced of the desirability of woman suffrage, but doubted whether women really wanted it. The women have undertaken to settle his doubt. It is well-known that the late Premier of Great Britain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was a convinced woman suffragist, and now his successor will presumably have had his scruples removed. The view of the average man will probably be that if women really want to vote they should have the right. As to any particular benefit resulting from it, either to the women themselves, or to the community, he will be skeptical. On the other hand, there will probably be no harm result. Politics will sometimes be sweetened and refined by women, women will sometimes be soured and vulgarized by politics. As to the argument that force lies at the bottom of law and that it will be impracticable for women to pass laws—for that is what the suffrage means ultimately—unless they are prepared to enforce them, we must remember that laws are frequently passed which remain a dead letter, and if women enact laws which men do not want, it will probably relieve the feelings of the women—and there will be an end of the matter.

HON. SYDNEY FISHER, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, WHO INTRODUCED THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE BILL IN THE COMMONS

BLOSSOM OF BROOM.

I wonder if the broom's in flow'r beside the steep white way
That leads to Preston-under-Scar beneath the moorland grey;
I wonder if the wind comes down as once it used to do,
All almond-sweet from golden gorse by woods like lakes of blue.

I long to see the village grey on ridge of rugged hill,
Where the blue smoke curls against the sky, and the air is clear and still,
And the blackbird sings his merry song, as sang he well of old . . .
I wonder if that path's still edged with banks of living gold.

I wonder if the white sheep pass slow-cropping round the gorse,
While, jingling all his cheerful bells, comes carrier with his horse;
I wonder if the curlew calls from lonely moorside far
As if he called me home again when broom's out under Scar.

—Augusta Hancock, in Pall Mall Magazine.

* * *

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

IS there a drearier expression than "The Summer School?" What has summer to do with school? Are not the months of July and August made glorious by holiday associations? The teacher or student who forgets to be a child again in those long mid-summer days is the most foolish waster of time in the world. Sooner or later, the industrious person who refuses to dwell in the Land of the Lotos Eaters during the days when twilight is long finds herself on the wrong side of a nervous breakdown and is sorry ever after. There is no saving in accumulating knowledge at the expense of an acquaintance with the pines and the waves. Dead languages are all very well in the winter months, but the man or woman who attends extra classes in July and August is laying up for himself trouble and nerves. Horace and Theocritus would be the first to smile at the mortal who would turn his back on Nature's illuminated summer edition with a sonnet on every page, to pore over mere books.

After all, it is a book which has led to these reflections. I have just been reading *Eleven Hours of Afternoon* in Mr. Cy. Warman's new book, *Weiga of Temagami*, and the description of that splendid stretch of country, away, away north to the waters of Lake Athabasca makes one regard the toilers in the city as slaves indeed. To lay down a book containing such an inviting vista of an idle summer and pick up a paper

containing the advertisement of a summer school would lead any weary scribbler to exclaim over the folly of people who are so anxious to learn the wrong things.

* * *

MEN AND GOWNS.

THERE are few humorists in this all-too-sombre world but one of the best of the moderns is the writer called O. Henry, whose name in polite society, by the way, is Mr. Porter. Not long ago, according to the *Saturday Evening Post*, O. Henry joined the goodly fellowship of Benedick, and shortly after the wedding a literary friend gave a reception in honor of the story-writer and his wife. Late in the evening a woman addressing Mrs. Porter said:

"May I ask a question that I have been dying to ask your husband for a long time?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Porter.

"Well," continued the woman, "why does your husband always have the ladies in his stories wear *crepe de chine*?"

"I give it up," was the reply. "Let's ask Mr. Porter." Whereupon he was called over. On being asked he volunteered the following explanation:

"To tell the truth," he said, "I only know two kinds of goods, calico and *crepe de chine*. When the girls can't wear calico I make them wear *crepe de chine*. That's all there is to it."

O. Henry is more honest than the majority of men writers, who are slow to acknowledge their mistakes regarding feminine attire. Since Myrtle Reed's famous article on the subject, novelists of the male sex have been decidedly shy of mentioning material and style in connection with the heroine's gown. Ralph Connor in *The Doctor*, represented his heroine, who had been a schoolteacher in Glengarry County where no pedagogue has been known to accumulate a fortune, as wearing a cream *crepe de chine*, lavishly trimmed with lace, as one of her simplest gowns. Just why *crepe de chine* should have such a fascination for the masculine teller of tales one cannot determine, but even in the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, it was beginning to wind its soft folds about fiction and poetry, for it was the genial *Autocrat* who desired to possess yards of the dainty stuff, "like wrinkled skins on scalded milk." Muslin was once the favored material, but it has evidently been discarded for a softer successor, and so long

MRS. ELIZABETH A. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, A.R.C.A.

From the painting by Mrs. Elizabeth A. McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR

as the man novelist does not insist on cutting it up in small frills let us be thankful for his simple taste.

* * *

A CANADIAN ARTIST.

CANADA is constantly being accused of failing to appreciate the artistic side of national development. We acknowledge our shortcomings in this respect with the humility becoming a young nation which emerged from the wilderness the day before yesterday. It is unquestionably the women of the country who have the greater responsibility in raising the standard of both music and art. We are frequently reminded that women have done little creative work in art. Even if

this be true, it is also apparent that woman's appreciative and receptive attitude has highly stimulated artistic production.

Among Canadian women during the last twenty years there has been a decided increase of artistic interest and serious study. Their work, as displayed at the annual Exhibitions, shows a growth of individuality and force, grateful to those who are anxious to see Canadian art more than imitative. Mrs. McGillivray Knowles is one of these workers who have decided grasp and originality of style. Last spring Mrs. Knowles was given the standing of A. R. C. A., the highest honor which can be bestowed upon a woman artist in Canada.

In this number of the *Canadian Magazine* is reproduced a photograph of the picture, "The Fall of the Year," which was exhibited by Mrs. Knowles last winter at the annual display of work by the Ontario Society of Artists. Mrs. Knowles is especially happy in the portrayal of autumn scenes—the season which is dear to the heart of Canadian poets has attracted her artists also and the subdued richness of coloring in this study of the month of the falling leaf has made the picture a favorite with many visitors to the exhibitions and to "The Studio," the delightful Toronto residence where Mr. and Mrs. Knowles hold Saturday receptions during the winter months. By courtesy of the artist is also published a personal photograph. Mrs. Knowles is of English descent, her maiden name, Elizabeth Beach, having an old-world flavor, but her striking brunette type rather suggests Southern Europe than the conventional Saxon style. Mrs. Knowles' foreign study was undertaken in Paris where she resided for some years after her marriage. That her artistic achievement may continue to bring the satisfaction which "the joy of the working" alone can give, is the wish of her many friends.

* * *

THE TEA-ROOM.

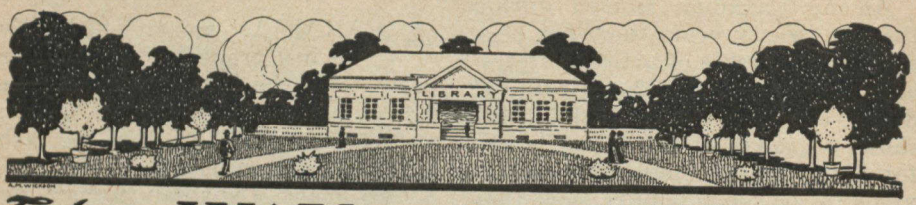
A CANADIAN woman who has lived in Europe for the last four years was lately commenting on the prevalence of tea rooms in London and the recent adoption of the fashion in Canadian cities.

"So many Canadian women appear to be anxious to do something for themselves in that way," she said, "but they seem to forget that the matter must be taken up as a serious business. It is all very well to talk about dainty cups, dear little rooms, and wafery bread and butter, but the expense of all this daintiness is very heavy and no woman should enter upon such an undertaking without understanding thoroughly what the first outlay means. In the first place, linen and silver must be of the best or one does not get the right class of people as customers. I have a friend who has opened a tea-room of the desirable sort and the expense of laundry alone is something to astonish the uninitiated. The average restaurant is a most uninviting spot but the high-class tea-room is not to be taken in hand by an amateur."

"They have been sadly needed in Canada" said a friend from Western Ontario. "How many Canadian cities do you suppose, have any parlors or tea-rooms where women who are down town shopping can have a really good cup of tea or chocolate with rolls or toast? I know of several cities where a cosy place of that kind would be a success."

"That may be," said her travelled friend, "but you must not forget that it needs a large daily custom to make such a venture pay. A dozen women dropping in for tea will hardly mean five dollars in an afternoon."

Jean Graham.



The WAY of LETTERS

READABLE "STUNTS" IN VERSE.

THE publication of James P. Haverson's "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street" affords still another instance of the versatility of Canadian writers. Mr. Haverson is primarily a newspaper writer, but he has abundantly shown that he is a versifier of no mean quality, and those who read *The Canadian Magazine* know that he can, as he himself in certain humor would put it, do "stunts" different from the material that appears between the covers of his first book. His "Sour Sonnets" and "Songs of the Street" are marked by distinct originality in ideas, and he has found among the groundlings a philosophy that has point and poignancy, even though it is expressed in a manner that is not cultivated in the drawing-room. Here is a "Song of the Street:"

A PIPE DREAM.

If I could be an actress in a show,
You ought to see the happy-rags, I'd wear;
An' fer my beau, I'd cop a millionaire.
The men would rubber everywheres I'd go,
An' he would whisper to me soft an' low,
"Gee, but I love you, Madmazell de Vare."
Then I would look as if I didn't care—
But when we was alone I'd let him know.
If I would get a chance, I'd be the goods.
You bet, I'd keep them talkin' all the way.
I'd be just full of "temperamental moods,"
An' I'd create sensations every day.
I'd send the phoneys hikin' to the woods
An' be the candy on the Great White Way.

In order to have at least a slight appreciation of Mr. Haverson's style in another vein, read his verses on page 299 of this issue.

As well as in the letter-press, "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead, etc." is an attractive publication. It contains numerous pen and ink drawings by Fergus Kyle, a clever young Toronto illustrator, and altogether has been well set up by the printers, the Hunter-Rose Company (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

* * *

THE FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain has afforded an excellent opportunity for the republication in an enlarged form, illustrated, of Henry Kirke's volume entitled "The First English Conquest of Canada." In this work the author deals with an incident in English history that is oftentimes overlooked. The author observes that to most people the British occupation of Canada dates from the time when those heroes Wolfe and Montcalm fell in mortal combat; they ignore the fact that the cross of St. George floated over the citadel of Quebec for three years, a century earlier, from 1629 to 1632. The purpose of the volume, therefore, is to give the brief history of the capture of a French fleet in

the St. Lawrence by Captain David Kirk, and the subsequent surrender of Champlain. According to this authority, King Charles, after three years of British occupation, relinquished to the King of France all claim to territory in North America in recognition of the payment of a debt to the English Crown of 400,000 crowns. The author quite appropriately says, in speculating on the circumstances:

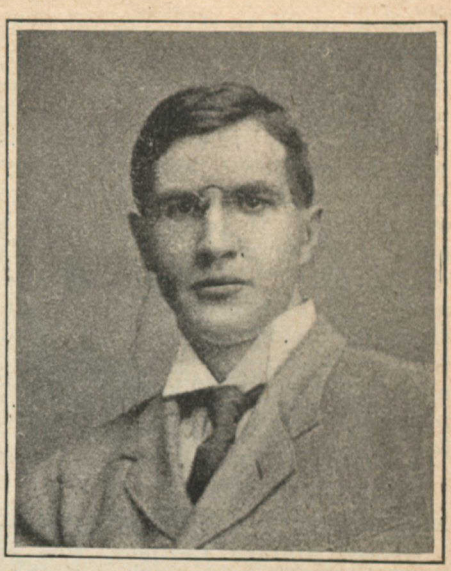
"It is interesting to consider what would have been the fate of Canada and Nova Scotia if the English had held on to their conquests and refused to give them up. It is probable that they would have joined the other North American colonies in their revolt against Great Britain in 1774, in which case they would now form part of the United States. So possibly the determination of King Charles to surrender them, although they had to be reconquered at an immense expense of money and bloodshed, preserved those impartial provinces to the British Empire."

(London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Company. Cloth, 3/6 net).

* * *

A NEW CANADIAN WRITER.

A notable book of the month from a Canadian standpoint is "The Old Loyalist" by Allen Ross Davis. The author is a resident of Winnipeg, but his novel has for a setting the picturesque Bay of Quinte district of the Province of Ontario. He has taken advantage of the opportunity to pay a tribute to the United Empire Loyalists, and he has also made use of two important periods in the history of Canada, viz., the Fenian Raid and the construction days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The chief character of the book, George Clinton, is a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, and a worthy descendant he in time proves to be. George Clinton is a man of attractive personality and lofty principles; in short, he is what might be called a thoroughly good man. The book contains several other well-drawn characters, especially Quinte Brown, a negro of engaging parts. Opportunity is taken to work in John A. Macdonald, who at the time with which the novel deals was Attorney-General. The story is at times highly imaginative, and here and there it becomes rather melodramatic. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $1.25).



THEODORE ROBERTS, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL IS ENTITLED "CAPTAIN LOVE"

* * *

"THE BELLE ISLERS."

A new book by Richard Brinsley Newman that will appeal with much attraction to many persons is entitled "The Belle Islers." The story which it presents is humorous, but in one or more instances it borders on the pathetic, and is indebted to a clergyman, who withholds his name, for its existence. The main-spring to a knowledge of what transpires is at the outset, and concerns the fifteen-year-old son of a parson. This

youth is awake to the advantage the town's folk take of his father's simplicity and lack of business astuteness. He is the kind of lad who is ever ready to discuss all questions with all comers. Therefore, early in the book readers get knowledge of his inmost thoughts, learn much about the things that perplex his family circle, and become amused at the way he expresses himself. Although the story has much material to cause laughter, it seems somewhat apparent that it has likewise another purpose to serve. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

ANOTHER FROM GEORGE LORIMER.

George Horace Lorimer, who is the notable editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, has laid the foundation of another reputation as a successful novelist. "Old Gorgon Graham" and his "Letters" have been followed by "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," and the volume should have equal vogue with the previous ones. It is a better story and the humor is as fresh, the slang is as sparkling, and the characterization more clearly cut, and equally quaint and delightful. Charles Dickens might have written such a book had he been set down a young man in modern American conditions. There is the same reliance on incident rather than plot which distinguishes the "Pickwick Papers," and like that book, the leading figure in the story appears almost to have been developed accidentally after his possibilities had been realized. It is in the sixth chapter of the twelve that "Major Geo'ge Magoffin Jackson" is introduced, and he holds the stage thereafter as one of the most charming old specimens of social vagabondage one would care to meet. "Looks like Henry Ward Beecher with a dash of H. H. Rogers and Hop. Smith" was the hero's opinion. His gambling adventures, his philosophy of business, his remarks upon capitalism, and his astounding optimism are all in the finest vein. "Give yo'-self no concern about yo' finances, my deah boy. The Lo'd will provide. And if He doesn't, I will, suh. The world is full of ideas, and ideas are money—if you get hold of the right ideas. We're a good pair, suh, and we'll draw to our hand." There is a laugh on every page, and some of the incidents are as amusing as any in fiction. Anita Grey is a very charming heroine, and all grades of society are represented. Old Spurlock, the financier, is a worthy successor to Gorgon Graham, and glimpses are given of the newly rich in various situations. The caricature is always legitimate, and, like Dickens, Mr. Lorimer only emphasizes instead of distorting the truths he records, as Ruskin was wise enough to remark in the case of the author of "Copperfield." The shifts to which Spurlock and the Major are put to get a living bring the reader in contact with all kinds of peculiar humans, but the net effect is to leave him with a more amiable sentiment for his fellow-creatures. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

A STORY OF THE KLONDYKE.

"Delilah of the Snows," a new novel by Harold Bindloss, is one of those books which succeed in being just good enough to make us sorry that they are not better. We find in it the sound framework and careful building of a strong story, but the life which ought to animate the completed structure is curiously lacking. There are characters which we feel we might like if they were a little more alive and there are adventures which might excite us if the people to whom they happened had appeared to worry; but we are not allowed to have a real thrill.

The scene of the story shifts from England to the Canadian Klondyke,

and the action deals with the struggles of a young Englishman, whose father kept a book-store, to rise to the dizzy social heights occupied by the daughter of a retired major. There is plenty of struggle, the hero would seem to have deserved his reward many times, but the author won't let him have it. The poor fellow never gets anywhere. He "strikes it rich" three times, and every time the claim reverts to the Crown, leaving him in the end as poor as when he started. This may be moral, but it cannot help being disappointing. He has also to content himself with the girl that he loved only second-best, which is hard on the girl! Delilah herself is such a shadow-person that she fails to count. The most interesting thing in the book is probably the picture it gives of mining in the Klondyke under the fatherly care of the Mounted Police. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

HOW TO COLLECT.

Collectors are divided into two classes: those who collect to gratify curiosity and those who collect in order to increase the pleasure they take in æsthetic decoration. But whether the collector possesses a taste for decoration or is merely curious, he would find much of interest in a volume entitled "Byways of Collecting" by Ethel Deane. This book is intended to give some good lessons in the rudiments of collecting and to start the novice on the right way. It also gives advice as to what methods and things should be avoided. In Canada, collecting is adding to its list of devotees very rapidly, a fact that is obvious to any one who has opportunities of seeing the furnishings of the better class of homes in this country and also to observe the increasing number of "antique" shops in the cities. While "Byways of Collecting" is not an exhausting work, it has many things to recommend it to those who are in sympathy with the subject. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

* * *

AN INGENIOUS HERO.

A curious and incongruous title, "Love and the Ironmonger," is chosen by F. J. Randall for a story with an unusual plot. The hero becomes possessed of a "secret" in the lives of three business associates, and this power he uses in unscrupulous but amusing fashion. A humorous novel is rare in these days, but this narrative has a decided drollery which somewhat resembles F. Anstey's early work. The reader is kept on the *qui vive* with the three victims of the aspiring blackmailer, and finds the turns of the hero's fortune quite a contrast from the hackneyed course of modern adventure. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

AMONG MOSQUES AND MINARETS.

At this season of year books on travel are in particular demand, and to meet that demand many attractive publications are being issued. One of the latest is from the pen of Francis Miltoun, with illustrations from original water-color drawings by Blanche McManus. It is entitled "In the Land of Mosques and Minarets," and deals in a very delightful way with what the traveller might expect to encounter in that part of Africa which touches on the Mediterranean, taking in Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco. It is a book for the traveller, but particularly also it is calculated to amuse and inform those who have spirit of travel within them but who do not possess the means wherewith to gratify it. Containing many anecdotes which tell in their own peculiar way about the idiosyncrasies of the people of Northern Africa, it is as well a good guide, as obviously it was written

and illustrated from actual experience. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $3).

* * *

A VIVID ROMANCE.

The partnership fiction, written by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is invariably run by gasolene. Their latest production, called "Scarlet Runner," is no exception and proves to contain the liveliest motor of them all. The gentleman chauffeur, Christopher Race, meets with such adventures as Sherlock Holmes would have loved, with murders, marriages, and sudden deaths in nearly every chapter. The hero has, indeed, a dash of detective skill and could easily get a job at Scotland Yard if the "Scarlet Runner" were to come to grief. But we trust no such catastrophe will ever befall the "bonnet" of the bonnie car which will probably run through another series of romances. The story, or rather, collection of stories, will prove highly entertaining for an August afternoon. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

A WRITER ON WRITERS.

It is gratifying to note that a Canadian edition has been issued of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's charming book "Through the Magic Door." What a delightful title! It means the door that opens into the library. To booklovers a name like that to any book should be irresistible, and as a matter of fact the book is one of the most fascinating publications of the year. In it the author gives his impressions of many of the foremost writers in the English language. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

"BEMOCKED OF DESTINY."

Without making any pretensions to literary merit, "Bemocked of Destiny" by Aeneas McCharles, is a veritable human document, so full is it of the things that appeal with peculiar force to whatever humanity there may be within us. Its publication took place after the author had passed away, and that fact in itself is a striking instance of the purpose that the author intended the work to serve. It purports to be an account of the actual struggles and experiences of a man who, born in Cape Breton, in 1844, went through the hardships of pioneer life in Canada, and subsequently was "thwarted, disappointed, bemocked of destiny ever since my boyhood days." The narration of his experiences makes up a novel and somewhat remarkable volume. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

NOTES.

—"Cuba and Other Verse" is the title of a volume by Robert Manners. The leading poem gives a glowing description of the Pearl of the Antilles. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. J. Hunt Stanford is the author of a neat volume of verse entitled "Miriam and other Poems." (Toronto: William Briggs).

—A new number in the series of Beacon Biographies has just appeared. The series aims to give brief, readable, authentic accounts of those Americans whose personalities have been most deeply on the history of their country. The latest is by John Macy and deals with Edgar Allan Poe. M. A. de Wolfe Howe is the editor of the series. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth. 75 cents).

—"Panama and Back," a volume by Dr. Henry T. Byford, gives an account of a recent trip by the author to the Panama Canal zone, including a number of islands and ports in the little known regions of the Caribbean Sea. (Hammond, Ind: W. B. Conkey Company).

MEMORIES OF THE FALL FAIR

SOME of us cherish with infinite satisfaction memories of the old-time Fall Fair. It was in its way a highly important and austere institution, important inasmuch as it brought together, as no other occasion seemed to bring, the flower and the sinew of the whole countryside; austere in its very aloofness, its independence and in its freedom from frills and artificialities. It was, indeed, a self-contained institution. It made no call on the Farmers' Institute, the dairy and kindred associations, but stood out alone on its own merits and met itself face to face. Even the local politicians took but little advantage of the occasion to harangue the electors, and the people found much satisfaction in visiting the Crystal Palace, measuring monstrous yellow squashes and pumpkins, "hefting" turnips, tasting butter, looking at fine turnouts in the ring, admiring fat stock, eating grapes, munching pop-corn and candy, taking a throw at the revolving dolls, and marvelling greatly at the sonorous voice of the stranger who had on sale "ice-cold lemonade, forty feet under the shade, and it shines with the light of a diamond."

In those days there were three ways for a lad to gain admittance to the grounds. One was to go manfully up to the gate and pay fifteen cents. Another was to help some farmer with his vegetables, and then slip in unnoticed, somewhere between the horses and the waggon, and the last resort was to crawl under the fence at a remote corner, provided some hard-hearted person had not filled in the hole that had been dug a month earlier.

To a lad of ordinary human propensities the sum of fifteen cents meant little, even when spent judiciously at the various booths, but to those whose maximum allowance for the day was a quarter it loomed up big and as being full of great possibilities. Perhaps some of us can recall how the quarter was distributed. If luck stood by us, the farmer and the vegetables not having materialized, entrance would take place in the van of the village storekeeper, whose candy booth this year would exceed everything else of the kind ever seen in that locality. If failure were met in these first two possibilities, there always remained the chance of the gatekeeper being a neighbor or near relative whose eyesight was rather bad and who therefore would naturally fail to detect so small a boy in the act of slipping through between the parson and the tavernkeeper.

Of course, detection was always a probability; indeed, in time it attained the reputation of being almost a certainty; and so the hole under the fence became, not only the last resort, but as well a more popular resort. It was much safer, particularly if on the inside the lad happened to come up under the breastworks of a strange horse that would shield him from the penetrating gaze of Si Martin, who undoubtedly would be doing temporary but highly distinguished service as Constable. Once, in an impetuous moment, when a kicking horse precluded all hope of

safe entry in that quite proper way, an attempt was made to scale the fence and gain admittance by a daring, miscalculated stroke. What a picture was presented as the lad rose against the skyline above the fence! And what a picture of ignominious failure as Si led him through the crowd, deposited him in the highway outside and left him there on suspended sentence!

But it should be taken as granted that usually entrance would be gained with the quarter still intact. The thing having been luckily done, the next problem was a judicious disposition of the money. Five cents was the general price for everything, and for the lad the Fair served no other purpose than an annual opportunity extraordinary to experience delights that on most occasions were unheard of. Five cents would buy a bag of grapes (mostly bag) or a drink of lemonade (mostly drink) or a ball of pop-corn (mostly ball) or a peep at the "enlarged views" (mostly peep) or a throw at the revolving dolls (mostly throw). To buy all these things meant a complete annihilation of the quarter. That was painfully evident. And yet not to buy them was to have no real Fair at all. But there would be nothing left for peanuts or candy. Here, then, was a proposition: How could all these delights be procured, including the peanuts or candy? No hope was there of a supplementary estimate from father, mother or sister, because for some unfailing reason they had a similar problem to solve. In any case, the calculation could be more surely made if the quarter were changed into five-cent bits. Then arose a greater problem than ever: Who would change the quarter with the most likelihood of giving six five-cent bits instead of five? The village storekeeper, who was sadly perturbed because a competitor from a neighboring village had erected a booth close to his, had all the ear-marks of an easy victim, but, true to his reputation, he gave no more than the law demanded. That was unfortunate. Still, hope had not yet died out. Approaching another booth, the lad asked for a quarter in exchange for the five-cent bits. Now, who was the next most likely victim? Ah! there he was: Jimmy Oke, the fat cattle buyer, who had the reputation of always carrying a pocketful of silver. So Jimmy was approached. Readily his hand went into a side pocket and came out bulging with coin. Carelessly he took three five-cent bits and a ten and handed them over. At the same time, the lad noticed a five-cent bit drop into the grass. How well had fortune favored him at last! It would be a simple performance to stand until Jimmy had passed on, to stoop down, pick up the piece of silver, and then proceed to make the first purchase of the day. But a better idea arose, prompted, it must be admitted, by the fear that Jimmy had seen the money fall. He would display his honesty by picking the bit up and offering it to Jimmy. After all, honesty was the best policy; and, anyway, he felt sure that so good a sport and all-round careless man as this would dismiss him with a disdainful wave of hand, saying, "Oh, run away, my boy, and buy yourself a drink of 'lemonade'." But, dispeller of all happy illusions, Jimmy took the money, and across the grounds rolled in clarion tones the irrestible announcement: "Ice-cold lemonade, forty feet——."

The lad could never understand how men of that stamp could be so heartless.

Time was passing. The lad girded his loins and started for the revolving dolls. There at least he would run a double chance: he would have the notoriety of throwing at the dolls, and, should he manage to hit one, he might sell the

prize, one cigar, to some unsuspecting rustic. Besides, the change might reveal a surplus.

"Step right up and try your luck," he heard the doll-man shout, and he obeyed just as if the injunction had been directed at him personally. The balls were too large for his immature hands, but he gripped one and sent it twirling at the dolls. For some pecular reason or other, it went through the group and struck against the canvas behind.

"A small loss for you," shouted the doll-man, and the spectators pressed closer.

The lad had two balls left. One went twirling through the air, and again the canvas at the back gave out a dead thud.

"A small loss for you," repeated the doll-man, and the spectators took on a knowing grin.

Now for the third and last chance. It seemed useless to take aim, or to calculate, and so the third ball was sent through the air at random. It proved to be what is known as a lucky shot, and one of the dolls went twirling from the impact.

"A small gain for you," shouted the doll-man, as he handed out a cigar and twenty cents in change, while the spectators shifted positions or moved on.

Here was real business, thought the boy, and accordingly he opened negotiations for the sale of the cigar. For some unaccountable reason, the market for cigars was a little off, and no person seemed to particularly desire the one that he had wrested from the "fakir." Had it been a cigarette, the lad would have tackled it himself, but a cigar was too risky. Then a bright thought struck him. Money being scarce, perhaps he could bring about a trade. With that object in view he interviewed the dispensers at the various refreshment booths, and finally succeeded in exchanging the cigar for a bag of grapes (mostly bag). He was now on the highway to all the delights of the occasion, and it is safe to say that there was no more appreciative person on the grounds than he. But the most cherished memory of the occasion lies in the lad's first taste of musk-melon. He had been walking aimlessly amongst rows of vegetables and had stopped to watch a man who was about to cut a prize melon. Satisfied with the status of spectator, he had no thought of actually participating, but, strange things do happen, and, as the slices were being handed around, some one had a heart large enough to include him. Perhaps since then other melons have been produced of equally agreeable flavor, but for one person that first sample is still the standard of excellence.

Other attractions there were, but for the small boy they counted for little. The arrival of a family party in a cloud of dust, followed by the shaking out of white muslin dresses and linen dusters, offered no novelty, while the presence in the "ring" of the belle of the community and her best *beau*, driving in a "covered buggy" had no charm for youthful imagination.

There was no such thing as a hired attraction, and in that very fact, no doubt, lay the Fair's independence and aloofness. It was cosmopolitan in theory, but communal in practice. It was open to all the world, but somehow all the world did not go in.

The Editor

THE MERRY MUSE

THE BROKEN GALLEY*

By JOHN A. COPLAND

They pitched her out one day
Where the brass and type piles lay,
And strove to get the paper off
Before their tears they shed.
Then the grieving foreman said:
"With ink we've dyed you red,
We've rattled you against the blocks
And piled you with our dead.

"Each bulging screw could tell
Where eight and ten point fell;
You caught it at the press's jaws
And bore it safe to hell.
And now your job is done,
Your galley life is run;
No more your brass will bend in two
Athwart the Printer's son.

"Your sides will bulge no more
With the politician's roar;
No more your rivets break in song
Against the outer door;
But you will sleep beside
The outcast metal tide—
Not you; I'll take you forth again."
But there the foreman lied.

Worn out, he let her lie
'Mid pyramids of pi;
Still she sleeps below their strings,
Nor recks with doleful sigh;
With her broken-type mates strewn,
Her wooden edges groan;
And a dirge to rest the kinks of her,
The devil's whistled tune.

*In the May *Canadian Magazine* a poem by Lloyd Roberts was published. The first stanza is as follows:

They beached her in the bay,
Where the creamy sand-drifts lay,
And strove to hold the foemen off
With blades too weak to slay.
Then her stricken captain said,
"Our blood has dyed you red,
We've broken you upon the rocks
And ringed you with our dead."

It suggested Mr. Copland's verses.—The Editor.

A BIT OF WEATHER

By JEAN GRAHAM

There is never a streak of sunshine
To gladden the day's sullen frown,
Till I meet in the quiet garden
Marie in a daffodil gown.

Then the skies become all unclouded,
The gloom in deep shame quickly flies;
But in truth at this radiant moment
I find my blue heaven in her eyes.

Just a flash of the ardent sunlight
Illumines the dreary air;
For I see 'neath the climbing roses
The gleam of Marie's golden hair.

For the weather is ever charming,
No sky has the courage to frown,
When there smiles 'mid the garden's roses
Marie in a daffodil gown.

* * *

DISILLUSION

By KITTY BAXTER

The country is no place for me,
Including country fairies:
The milk is skimmed; the cream, you see,
Goes to the city dairies.

The girls are all right in their way,
But they are necessaries.
Berries are rather flat with whey—
The cream goes to the dairies.

It's awfully nice to sit and dream
Of clover fields and cherries,
But what's the use, if all the cream
Goes to the bloomin' dairies.

Oh, I had heard of Arcady,
Of Susans and of Marys.
It's nothing but philanthropy.
For mine, the city dairies.

Take a Real Holiday

The chief aim in taking a holiday is to get out of the "rut" of city living—living by the clock and by rule. In order to turn your vacation into a "real holiday" take a supply of BOVRIL with you to camp or to your country cottage.

BOVRIL minimises the cooking—provides a delicious and sustaining meal in a few moments, is handier than anything else and if added to Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, Stews, Fish, Soup, etc., it intensifies their flavor and increases their nourishing value very greatly.

BOVRIL is nothing but the quintessence of beef. All that is in beef is in BOVRIL. Try this recipe:

BOVRIL, 2 tablespoonfuls; Bread Crumbs, 1 tablespoonful; Butter, 2 ounces; Squeeze of lemon juice. Thoroughly mix in an enamelled pan and spread between slices of bread.

The 8 oz. and 16 oz. sizes are more economical than the small bottles.

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1904

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¶ It's the Rubbing—not the Wearing—that shortens the Life of most Fabrics and the more Delicate the material—the greater the Harm that Rubbing does. The Wash-Board is the Summer Garment's worst enemy. Why use it?

¶ This Summer try washing those things you really care about in the "PEARLINE WAY"—Without Rubbing—hence without Wear and Tear to the Clothes. PEARLINE Loosens all the Dirt and Rinsing carries it away, leaving your Clothes Fresh — Clean and Sweet Smelling.

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TORONTO, CANADA

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

AS A LAD

Nearly Wrecked by Coffee.

"When I was 15 years of age," writes a Kans. man, "I was stout, healthy and robust, with a clear complexion and steady nerves."

"At that time I was put on my grandfather's farm. We ate breakfast by lamplight and he had me take an extra cup of coffee, as it 'would be a long time till dinner."

"I soon began to have an uneasy feeling in my stomach and did not sleep well nights. Always proud that I had been able to outrun any boy in the neighborhood, I was now pained to find that I could not run half the usual distance without having to stop and gasp for breath.

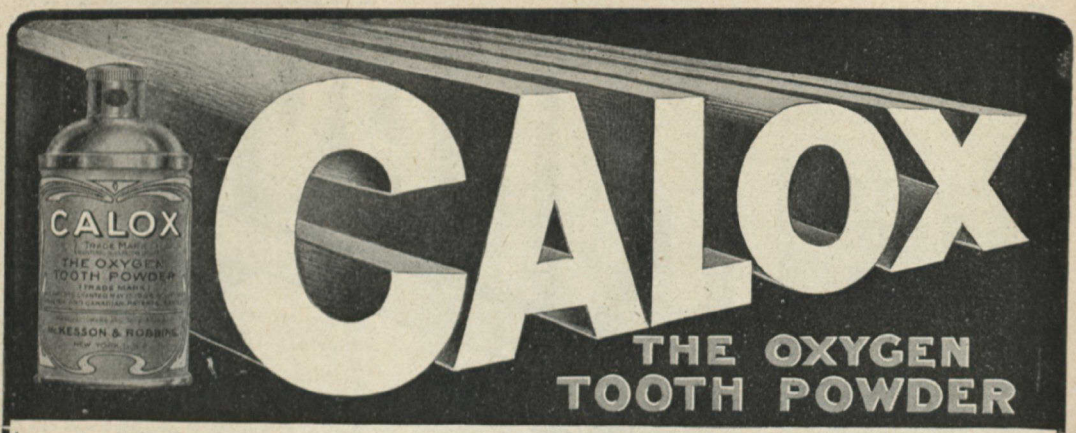
"My cheerful disposition gone, I became cross, nervous, irritable. So bloated, I could not breathe well lying down. Unable to think clearly, I feared I was losing my mind, This continued for some time as I did not realize the cause. Finally one doctor told me I must quit coffee, and he prescribed

POSTUM

"When I learned how to make it right (directions on pkgs.) it tasted delicious, and in a short time I noticed I could sleep better, think more clearly, and the bloating went down. Now I am a sound young man and look upon Postum as a capital support for nerves weakened by coffee."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by **Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.**



ESPECIALLY is it valuable in the case of mouths undergoing treatment for the correction of dental irregularities and in the security it offers against recurrence of decay in cases where filling operations have been done. Its cleansing effect is particularly noticeable upon the discolored or tarnished metallic surfaces of regulating fixtures. No agent known will keep the teeth or artificial denture in better or finer condition than CALOX.

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It's delicious flavor improves everything with which it is eaten.

The name "Crown Brand" is a guarantee of purity and quality. Refuse substitutes.

For cleanliness and your convenience your dealer has it in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb. air tight tins with lift-off lids.

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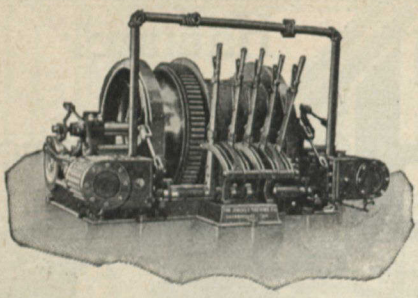

¶ Wherever there is a Cableway there should be one of our Special Cableway Hoists.

¶ Without it the equipment of no Open Mine or Quarry is as good as it might be.

¶ Why? Because, after careful investigation of the conditions, it was designed especially for this service by one of the foremost experts on Mining Machinery in America.

¶ The cut shown above will give you a very fair idea of this Hoist.

¶ The larger Drum is for raising the load; the smaller concave Drum alongside it is for operating the carriage on the Cable.

¶ The Engine is equipped with Link Motion; both Drums are of the Friction Type and both are provided with powerful brakes as well. All Operating Levers are brought to the front and neatly assembled in a Quadrant.

¶ The strong point of this Hoist is the rapid handling of a heavy load. It would make money for you by saving time.

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LIMITED

General Offices: SHERBROOKE, QUE.

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Kindly Address Nearest Sales Office

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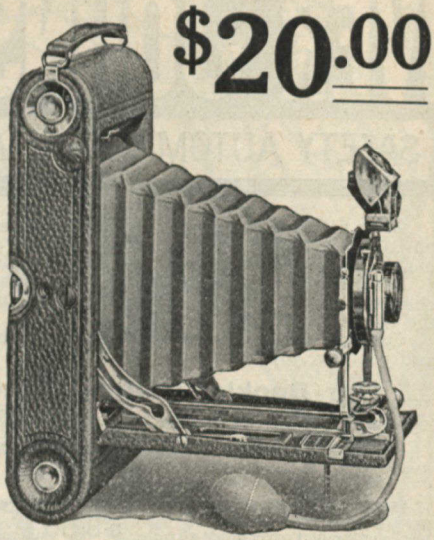

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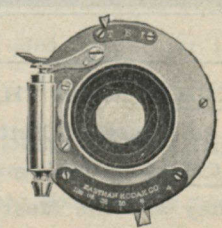
Every detail has been worked out with the utmost care—in design, material and workmanship, in lens and in shutter, a perfect camera of wide capabilities. Yet it retains the Kodak simplicity—and "Kodak," you know, means photography with the bother left out.



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The pictures are 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Price, $20.00

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Toronto, Can.

"The beauty of my razor is that you can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions, wherever you are.

I know men who have shaved in the dark with the "Gillette." Many use it on the trains—others while on hunting and fishing trips, etc.

If my razor wasn't good enough for me to use, I wouldn't ask you to use it. And I will guarantee that after you try it, you will agree with me that it just fits your case."

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of a Triple Silver plated holder and 12 double edged flexible blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price $5—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

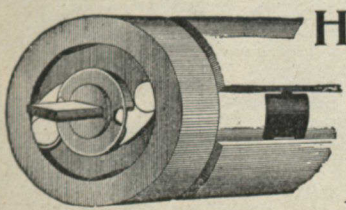
Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

OFFICE AND FACTORY - - MONTREAL. 18

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



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Wood Rollers
Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Stewart Hartshorn

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

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"A man's voice, anyhow"

NO way of amusing people is so sure of results as by means of an Edison Phonograph. Start one anywhere and everybody gathers around it. It is easy to entertain with an Edison. It will amuse any kind of a gathering.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

places music, formerly available only to the few, within reach of the many. No ear is too critical and no pocketbook too limited to enjoy the entertainment it affords.

There's Lots of Good Fun in the August Records

But the twenty-four new Records for August are not made up entirely of comic songs and the wit of clever comedians. There are good sentimental ballads, well-rendered band and orchestra selections, instrumental solos, and some sacred selections—the best of the new music and the best of the old. On July 25th they will be on sale at all Edison stores. Your dealer will be glad to play for you any Records that you want to hear.

Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new August Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

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EXTRAORDINARY VALUE

Women's Underskirt of splendid quality black mercerized sateen; made with twelve inch flounce trimmed with strapping and stitching; deep accordeon pleated frill finished with narrow gathered frill; dust ruffle full depth of pleating. Lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. SPECIAL VALUE ..... **89c.**

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Thousands of Children

every day are bathed with Baby's Own Soap. It is so delightfully fragrant and soothing to the skin that they come to the bath with pleasure and leave it with reluctance. Refuse substitutes. Ask your dealer for

Baby's Own Soap

"Best for Baby
Best for You"

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS., MONTREAL

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

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Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc., bearing the mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "36" as an aid in making your selection.

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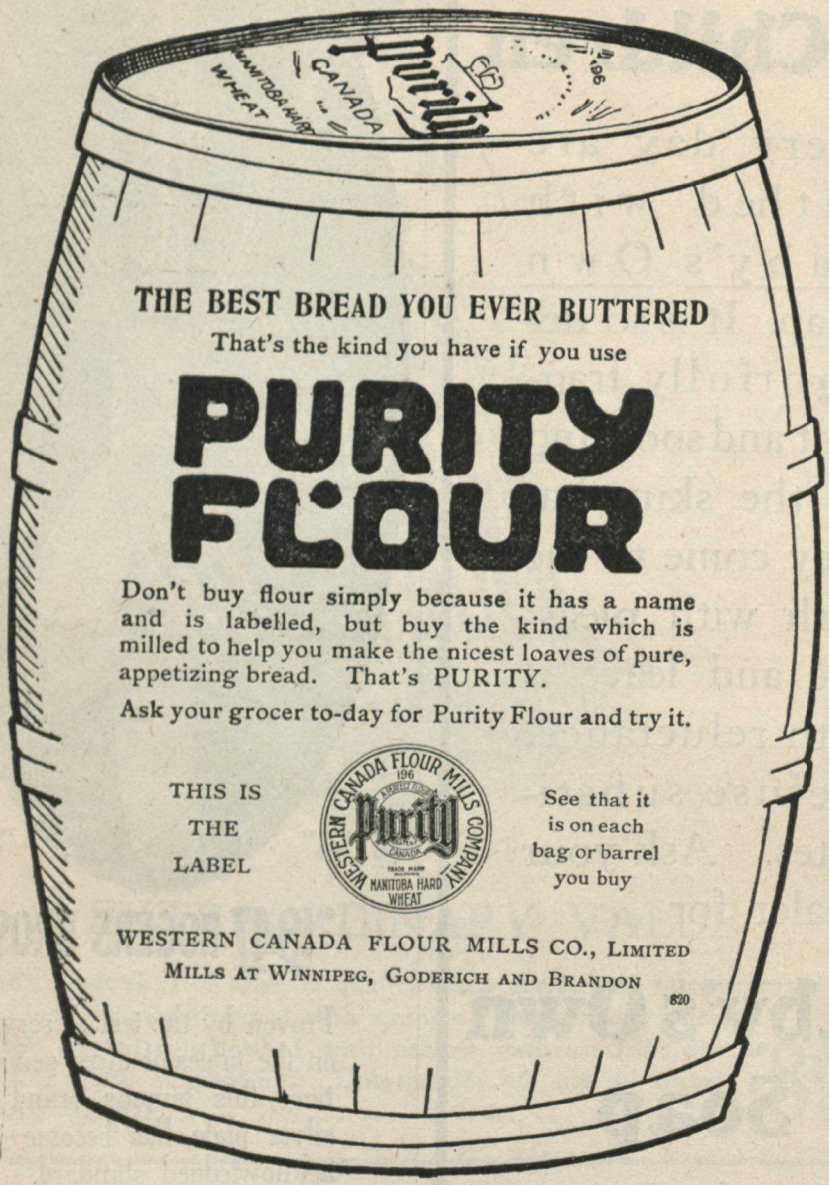

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That's the kind you have if you use

PURITY FLOUR

Don't buy flour simply because it has a name and is labelled, but buy the kind which is milled to help you make the nicest loaves of pure, appetizing bread. That's PURITY.

Ask your grocer to-day for Purity Flour and try it.

THIS IS THE LABEL

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY 196 Purity CANADA MANITOBA HARD WHEAT

See that it is on each bag or barrel you buy

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON

820

FREE! A set of handsome picture post cards in relief, suitable for mailing, will be sent to any housewife absolutely free of charge. Send a postal card with your address at once.

Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited
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Tooke COLLARS

The material used to make Iron Frame Brand Tooke Collars is an exclusive brand of fine, evenly woven Irish Linen, made specially.

Absolute accuracy is necessary in making each part of a collar so that it will fit perfectly.

All Tooke Collars are made by experienced specialists, only a very small part of a collar being made by each one.

The "Anglo," illustrated, an Iron Frame Brand collar, is especially suitable for dress and semi-dress occasions. Sizes 14 to 18, heights 2, $2\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{3}{4}$. Price 20c. each—3 for 50c.

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TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED, MONTREAL

MASON & RISCH

The Piano with a Soul

DISTINCTIVE because of its Tonal Beauty

THE wonderful resonant, singing quality of tone of the Mason & Risch Piano has won the approval of the great artists.

It is the piano for the home, because honest materials and careful workmanship ensure its long life.

It is the piano of the artist, because of its exclusive and distinctive combination of tonal and mechanical perfection.

We would like to send you our booklet, "Inside Information." It is worth writing for.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LIMITED

Toronto Warerooms: 32 West King Street

What a Treat for a Business Man

after the work and worry of the day, to have an evening of music.

Amusements may pall; books may lose their charm; but music brings rest and relaxation to mind and body.

New Scale Williams Player Piano

brings music to you, instead of sending you to seek the music outside of your home.

You can play this instrument yourself—whenever you like—and whatever music you like.

With the New Scale Williams Player Piano, you have the world's masterpieces—the rousing marches—the seductive waltzes—the "old songs" and the new—literally everything worth hearing and playing.

Our Purchase Plan makes it easy for you to buy one. Write us for particulars and also ask for booklets. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan

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The Williams Piano Co., Limited, OSHAWA NT.

32

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

"The Box that lox"

"YOUNG AMERICA"

cannot begin too early to realize the value of a well groomed appearance. Advise the daily use of

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

the first necessity in the nursery, the satisfying finish of the bath and the shave. Mennen's prevents and relieves Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, and all skin troubles of summer. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox", with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample free.**

Gerhard Mennen Co., **Newark, N. J.**

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.

MENNEN'S SEN YANG TOILET POWDER, Oriental Odor } No
MENNEN'S BORATED SKIN SOAP, (blue wrapper) } Samples
Specially prepared for the nursery.

Send 2c. postage for one set Mennen's Bridge Whist Tallies, (6 tables.)

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THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality Try it Boiled or fried it will please you

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Get Into JAEGER Pure Wool WEAR

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DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LTD. CONCESSIONAIRES — PURE WOOL — WARRANTED

The coolest, healthiest, sanest and most comfortable underwear for day or night that *is* or *can be* made.

Nature in its provisions for protecting the body from *heat* has made no mistake.

Animal wool has been evolved by *natural selection* as the *fittest* covering for an animal body.

Jaeger Underwear *adjusts* itself automatically to the heat and humidity of the atmosphere. When too hot it allows the skin *to breathe* and assists the *rapid evaporation* and diffusion of the body's moisture. When too cool it protects the body against chills.

With Jaeger Underwear you can be *hot* or *cold* and you *run no risk*. You can be *wet* or dry and you run *no risk*. Your clothes may get wet, and dry on your body, yet you run no risk. With anything else but *pure wool* you run the greatest risk.

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for all seasons and occasions—camping, golfing, yachting, canoeing, etc.

Negligee Shirts in Twill Flannels, Pure Wool "Cambric" and "Taffeta," Sweaters, Golf Coats, Camp Rugs, Ladies' Golfers, Blouses, Dressing Gowns, etc. Sold at fixed prices by most dealers in Canada.

Retail Depots: Montreal, 316 St. Catharine St. W.
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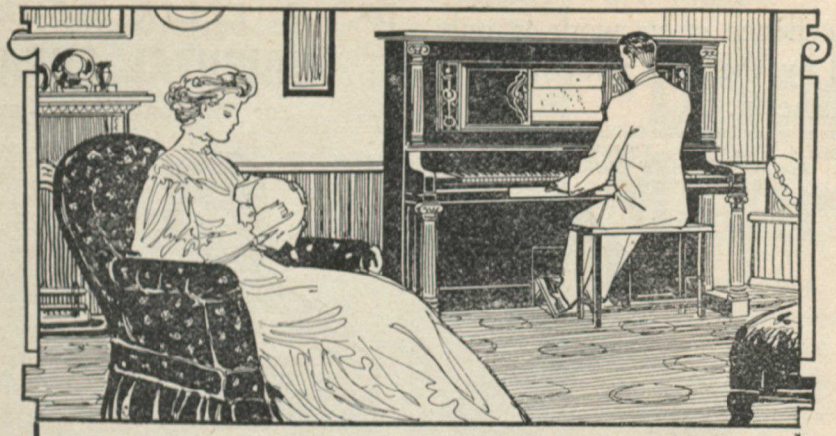

The Gourlay-Angelus Piano

Makes a Musician of its Possessor

The possession of a Gourlay-Angelus Piano brings to the person who does not play a piano in the ordinary way, the ability to play any music—**the best of music**—whenever desired.

The exclusive patented expression devices of the Gourlay-Angelus further enable anyone to play with a degree of artistic feeling and freedom from mechanical effeet, only otherwise obtainable by hand-playing after years of patient study.

If you become the possessor of a Gourlay-Angelus, you will find your desire for music stimulated and your musical know'edge increased. Then, and only then, will you realise what a splendid possession such a piano really is. For all the music of the ages is at command, and the **Melodent** and **Phrasing Lever** of the **Gourlay-Angelus** give you the very soul of the music. These patented inventions are not procurable in any other Canadian piano.

If you have listened to other player pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

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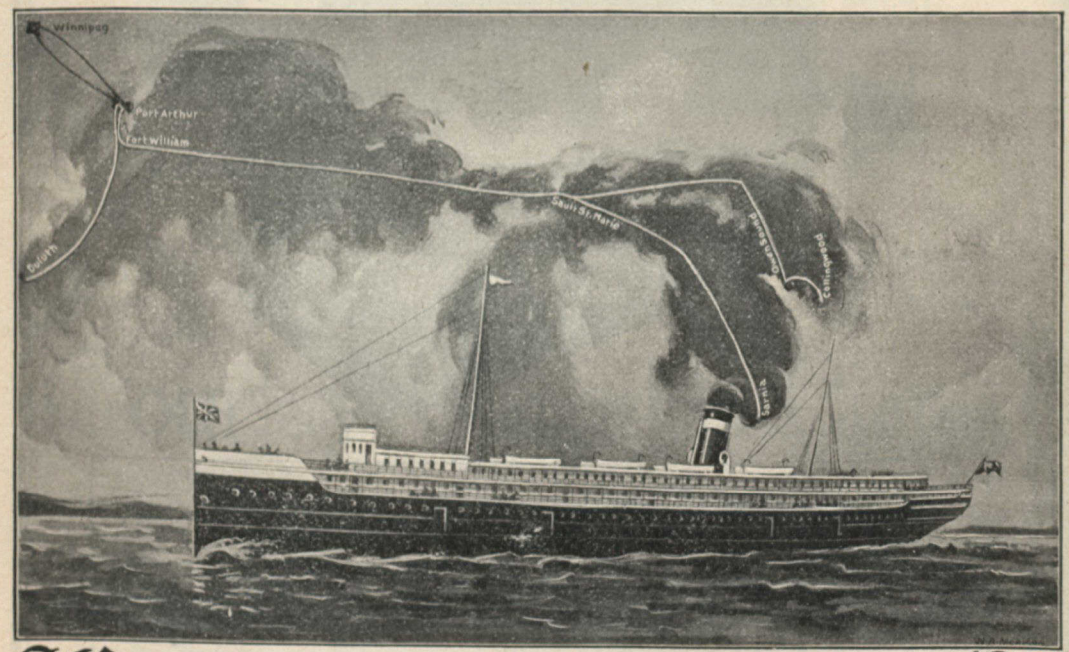
Branches: 66 King St. West, Hamilton; 195 Dundas St., London

Tours of Great Lakes and Georgian Bay

A FRESH WATER SEA VOYAGE

1500 MILES UP GREAT LAKES



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

DIRECT LINE via THE GREAT LAKES to the NORTH-WEST

The Northern Navigation Company's

Steamers leave Sarnia Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William. Friday steamer THROUGH TO DULUTH.

"THAT GEORGIAN BAY TRIP"

Includes 30,000 Islands, North Channel, Soo and Mackinac Island. Steamers leave Collingwood and Owen Sound Tuesdays and Saturdays. Georgian Bay points completely covered by no other line.

BEST STEAMERS, BEST FISHING, BEST OUTING OUT

C. H. NICHOLSON,
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COWAN'S

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

ADV. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE 33

THE FULL LUXURY OF THE BATH

is only attained when it is perfumed with

The Genuine

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Used in the bath it is delightfully cooling and invigorating, and the relief it affords from the depressing heat of Summer is truly remarkable.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

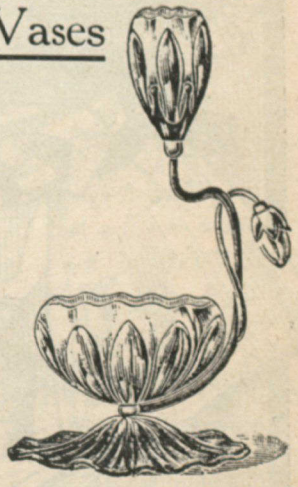
NEW DESIGNS IN

Flower Vases

Epergnes

Troughs

FOR THE DINNER TABLE



WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

All flour is made from wheat. But there are different kinds of wheat and several ways of milling. When you select

Royal Household Flour

you get the nutritious properties of the best hard wheat in its finest and purest form. It always produces uniformly light, wholesome bread or pastry because its quality never varies. If your grocer does not carry Royal Household Flour, he will get it for you.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL

Windsor Salt

The Salt-Royal of all Saltdom.

Each tiny crystal perfect —all its natural strength retained.

For cooking — for the table — for butter and cheese. Pure — dry — delicious — evenly dissolving. At all grocers—bags or barrels.

117

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

Bird Bread

That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. **10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.**

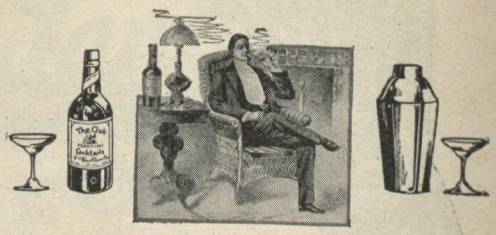
Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (2)

Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

Club Cocktails



A Bottled Delight

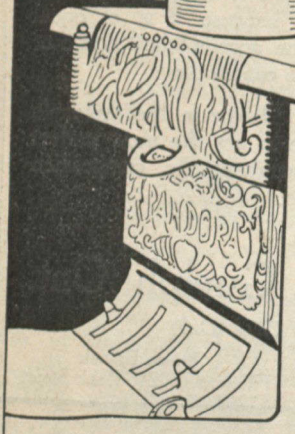
A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—an expert blend of fine old liquors, measure-mixed to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

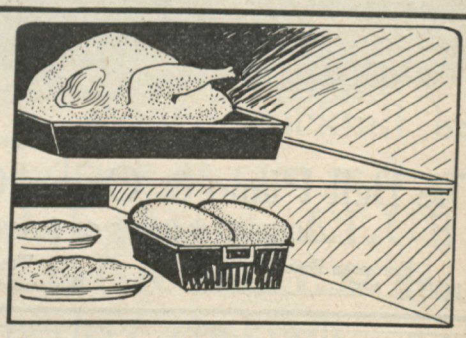
G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

PANDORA



Owing to the flue construction of most ranges it is a rather difficult feat to cook and bake successfully at the same time.



But the arrangement of the Pandora flues differs considerably from others. They are so constructed that the draft for baking is also the best for cooking, the heat circulating around the oven twice and under every pot hole before passing up the chimney.

The Pandora Bakes and Cooks perfectly at the same time

Do you know of another range that does?

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for **Free Booklet.**

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary

The Cool Spot in a hot day

The Cool Spot in a Hot Day is

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

with Fresh Fruit and Cream. If you haven't tried it, you do not know all the joys of summer. A pleasant surprise for the stomach after eating heavy meats and pastries. A brain and muscle-making food that gives the greatest amount of mental vim and physical energy with the least tax upon the digestive organs. A food for the outdoor man and the indoor man—ready-cooked, ready-to-serve — wholesome, healthful, strengthening.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Start the day right by eating Shredded Wheat for breakfast with milk or cream and a little fruit. It is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer, used as a TOAST with butter, cheese or marmalades, delicious for luncheons, for picnics, for camps, for excursions on land or water.

Our new and handsomely illustrated Cook Book is sent free for the asking.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 32 Church St.

1031

ROYAL SOUVENIR

Heavy Steel Plate Range

THE AVERAGE MAN—when buying a new Range is influenced a great deal by the appearance. In this respect the "Royal Souvenir" fills the eye, as it is symmetrical in outline and very handsomely nickelled.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN—after the new Range has been installed in the kitchen, takes over the duty of making a test of the baking qualities. This is where the "Royal Souvenir" shows to best advantage, as she will find it is easy to operate, and responds instantly to dampers and checks.

What more is there to add?

The Best Dealers Sell "Souvenirs"

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The GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

A Free Homestead

of

160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

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