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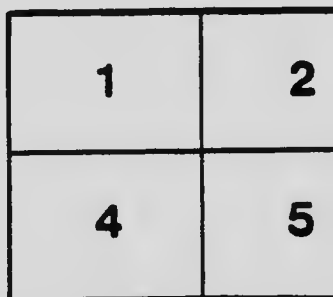
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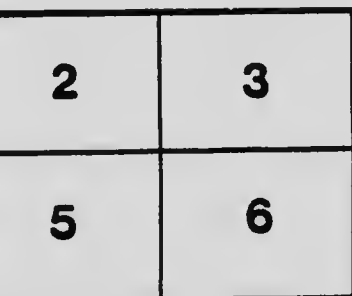
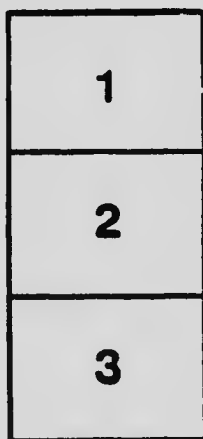
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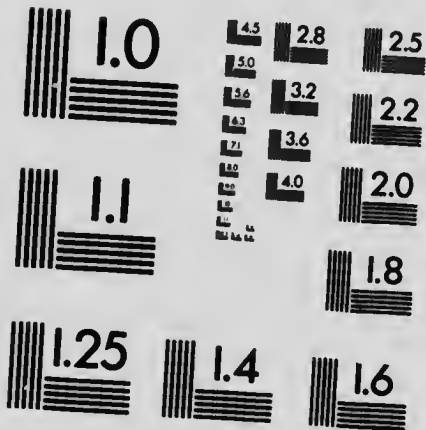
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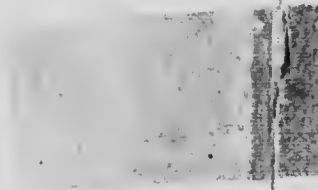
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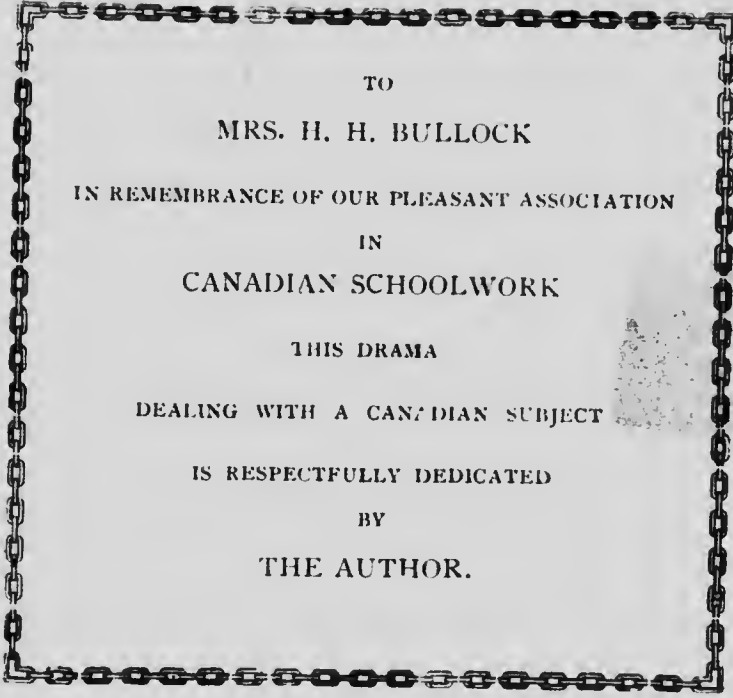
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CANADA, FAIR CANADA.

A single, long, thin handwritten stroke or flourish.



TO
MRS. H. H. BULLOCK
IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR PLEASANT ASSOCIATION
IN
CANADIAN SCHOOLWORK
THIS DRAMA
DEALING WITH A CANADIAN SUBJECT
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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BY

A. E. DE GARCÍA.



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ACT I—Love Defiant

ACT II—Love Thwarted

SCENE I—Appeal to Duty

SCENE II—Appeal to Pride

SCENE III—Appeal to Love

ACT III—Love Suffering

SCENE I—A Father's Grief

SCENE II—A D b c le

ACT IV—Love Triumphant

CAST OF CHARACTERS :

JEAN CHOPINEAU, President of the Great Canadian Transportation Co.

HENRY KINGHEART, dealer on 'Change.

GEORGE KINGHEART, his son.

DR. JOLY, Chopineau's family physician.

JACQUES DUVAL, in love with Juliette.

PAUL FRENETTE.

M. FRENETTE

LEBEAU.

FORNIN.

LADY RIVERS.

JAMES, Lady Rivers' Butler.

POLICEMAN O'FARRELL.

MRS. HENRY KINGHEART.

ALICE, Chopineau's daughter.

JULIETTE, her sister.

MME. FRENETTE.

SUSAN, Lady Rivers' Maid.

JEANNE, Juliette's maid.

Brokers, clerks, ushers, messenger boys and dealers
on 'Change; women and servants.

TIME—1902.

SCENE—Montreal.

ACT I—Love Defiant.

TIME.—*The middle of May.*

SCENE:—*Sumpuously appointed office of Jean Chopineau as head of the G. C. T. Company—Enter Jacques.*

JACQ. Nobody in! Not an office-boy around! In a swell suite of offices like this there should be two or three. (*Looks at clock*) A quarter to eight! and Juliette said, ner father always reaches office early. I don't want the old man to find me here. He owes me no kind feeling for threatening to expose him eavesdropping on George and Alice at Lady Rivers' ball, and might want to know what I was doing here so early. Failing to get a good reason, he might give me the boot. Or he might think I came to demand blackmail. I would sooner have the kicking.—The ticker—I am to look at the ticker and see what the market price of G. C. T. is. Was it "ticker" or "tick-tacker" Juliette said? No, it must have been "clicker." I wrote it down on my wristband. "Look at ticker and find out quotation." What in thunder is a ticker? I have heard a watch so designated by some frivolous people. Nothing resembling a watch is here. Juliette could not have sent me on a dunce's pilgrimage: it would be just like her, always up to some new fancy.—No, I think she was serious this time. I wanted to ask very much what a ticker was, but it wouldn't do to betray my ignorance—she has such a high opinion of my talents.—How near I was betraying myself! I thought it a joke at first until she added that her father was to-day going to make a settlement of stocks and bonds at their par value—and she wanted to calculate their present market worth. My quick wit turned it nicely when she asked me why I laughed. 'Oh, no, you don't. Your ogre of a father sha'n't catch me in his den! He might do like that other ogre—in Puss in Boots—turn me into a mouse and eat me." And here I am right in the den! The good God grant he may not catch me and eat me.—An office boy, an office-boy, my forth-coming novel for an office boy! If there is one he is either in the elevator getting a free ride and trying the patience of the elevator-man, or he is down in the engine-room, or in the hall teasing the girl at the cigar counter, or out on the street—any where, except in the office where he ought to be. That was the rule when I was an office-boy.—Here is a pretty dilemma—I am to look at the ticker, and I don't know where to

find the ticker, and there's nobody to show it to me, and that old Turk, Chopineau, will be here upon me soon.—Ah, here is somebody at last.

(*Enter Footman*)

FOOT. The boss in?

JACQ. Not yet, monsieur.

FOOT. When he comes in, give him that letter. See you do it, now.

JACQ. He'll get it, sir

FOOT. It's from Lieutenant Gobin, and it is important, all right.—Say, fellow, who makes your clothes! The same tailor what makes the Governor-General's, I guess. Come around and I'll introduce you to a swell tailor.

JACQ. Thank you ever so much. Does your master travel for him and carry you round like a wooden model, to show the clothes on?

FOOT. What's that? It's a mighty good thing for you, fellow, I'm in a big hurry. I wouldn't do a thing to you.

JACQ. That will do, run away now.

FOOT. What's that? You come outside and you'll see who'll run away. You wouldn't be able to run no place when I was done with you. There wouldn't be nothing left but clothes and a pool of blood. But you have got a blooming cheek. You don't know who you are talking to, fellow.
(*Exit*)

JACQ. Impudent scoundrel; but what more can one expect from a servant of Gobin. Like master, like man.—An impudent, bullying, bragging swaggerer, that fellow Gobin, who does not think *vin ordinaire* of himself, parades his wealth and spends with the lavishness of an Eastern potentate. Ha! an aspirant for Alice's hand. George's rival and the girl's detestation. Well, I wish her better luck.—What superb, spacious offices, these offices of Chopineau! I didn't think he was so magnificently installed as all this. Such an air of solidity and comfort in the furnishings, of simple grandeur in the decorations; everything suggesting the wealthy, substantial enterprising concern behind it—the Great Canadian Transportation Company with its millions. Every desk and chair tells a story—vast trade promoted, human industry increased a thousand fold, splendid leviathan, ocean-going boats with their immense cargoes and thousands of employes dependent on them, hundreds of merchants on one side of the water brought in touch with a corresponding number on the other. Well, what wealth

can do! Now this is inspiring.—What a contrast to the use that fellow Gobin puts his—with his clubs, fine clothes, expensive wines, abundant and costly food, liveried servants and the rest.—Blucher or night; an office boy or the ticker, I don't care which.—Eight o'clock. and that much abused, much kicked, much hurried, much delaying, much worried, much independent, freak of humanity and embryonic business personage, the office-boy, hasn't put in an appearance yet. My memory goes back to the time I was an office-boy, and to the day in particular old Daniels gave me the sack for writing an apostrophe to that dear old bald head of his. Well, this is the only ticking or clicking thing that I see here, and it is spinning out white ribbon. One might think Chopineau in the ribbon business, instead of the shipping business—Paper—well that's better. Holloa! Printed on one side, 'A. K. 102; M. P. 100, 118 $\frac{5}{8}$ ". What does that say, I wonder? One of those odd cable messages they send in cipher from the other side to mystify the public and hide from them their rascalities, I suppose. Well, time hangs heavily on my hands and fear on my mind. I'll employ the one profitably, and dispel the other gradually by turning off a stanza or two,—or let me see,—by the way, to-day is Juliette's birthday. She'll expect something effusive from me. What shall it be? An apostrophe to Caprice would not be inappropriate—sending me all this blooming way down here to look up stock quotations.—It never rains but it pours. A moment ago, there was not even an office-boy. Now all Montreal is trooping in at the door.

(Enter Frenette, Madame Frenette and Paul)

FREN. Aren't you going to ask them what they want, Paul?

PAUL. Don't worry yourself, father. They know what they want. They want to see the boss. That's only a few. Wait a little while, and that ante-room will be so crowded it will look like a free dispensary, each one waiting his turn. Anything I tell them won't have the same effect as a word from him. When he comes he may not see one—may order them all sent away, but if I tell them to go, they won't mind. They prefer to wait.

FREN. And do they all come here to put money in the business?

PAUL. Most do, but some don't want anything, and come because they haven't anything else to do.

(Enter several persons)

1ST WOM. Pray, can you tell me when Monsieur Chopineau will be in?

PAUL. It is his hour, madame. He is not down yet, but I expect him in at any moment. He comes early to business, so you'll not have long to wait.

1ST WOM. Thank you. I shall await him, then. (*Exit*)

PAUL. Please take seats in the ante-room. (*Exeunt others.*) One moment, father. (*To Jacques*) Can I serve you in any way, sir?

JACQ. I beg your pardon. I came to look at the ticker and find out the present worth of G.C.T.

PAUL. Yes sir. (*Looking at tape*) It is now 135.

JACQ. And to think I was sitting next to the ticker and didn't know. You may well smile. Friend, if my ignorance of what I suppose is a common appliance in the domains of speculation seems appalling, know that my whole life has been passed amid surroundings and in pursuits quite the reverse to those here.

PAUL. I am a country-boy myself, sir, if that is what you mean. These are my parents who just came to town to-day.

JACQ. What is the name?

FREN. Frenette, sir.

JACQ. I am always glad to meet anyone from the country. monsieur Frenette . . . I am charmed, madame.

FREN. We have come to live in Montreal.

JACQ. Not for good, I hope. I will not allow you to tell me you are going to prove fickle to your past friendships and associations.

FREN. I did not want to sever them, sir, but Paul begged us so hard to sell the farm and move in town.

JACQ. My impression is it was very unwholesome advice, monsieur Paul.

FREN. That is what I thought, but he told me so many people were getting rich out of this concern, and as I am growing too old to work, I thought I may as well put my money where I would be sure of laying by something for me and the old woman. What do you think of the company, sir?

JACQ. Oh, it's safe enough. You run no risk in putting your money in it. It is not that I alluded to when I said Paul had given you unwholesome advice. But think what it is to give up the sweet, unperverted, free life, and the loyal

friendships, of the country for the tyrannizing conventions, the artificial advantages, the corrupting influences, the sham amities, the petty envies and jealousies of the city. Doesn't even all this magnificence seem hollow and false and ensnaring and treacherous alongside the solid, permanent worth of the country ?

PAUL. Why did you leave it then, sir ?

MME. FREN. Paul, Paul where is your manners ?—It's the truth, what the gentleman says, and, Lord ! he talks so beautifully, I could listen to him all day.

JACQ. You do well to ask me why I deserted the country for the town, Paul, and I confess that I have only this paltiy excuse, that scope for satisfying one's love of study—books and the rest—can be found only in town.

MME. FREN. I hope you'll mind what the gentleman says ; he has given you such good advice.

JACQ. Oh, I am sure Paul does not need my advice. I never fear for a country youth. The wholesome training he receives naturally disposes him to retain that freshness, that wholeness of heart which stands him in good stead in resisting the temptations of the city. Above money, above ships and cotton, and grain and iron is a guileless heart, is it not so ? I trust that that is the lesson you have learnt from your minute observations here, Paul. Good-bye, monsieur Frenette, may we meet again.

FREN.

MME. FREN. } Good-bye, monsieur——

JACQ. My name is Duval—Jacques Duval—and I shall be glad to shake hands with you at any time. Oh, by the way, Paul, here's a letter for monsieur Chopineau which Lieutenant Gobin's footman brought before you came.

PAUL. Thank you, sir. (*Exit Jacques*) Well, that fellow thinks he's the chief bower, but, he ! he ! not to know a ticker from a gas pipe beats me.

MME. FREN. He's a nice gentleman, just the same, and there was lots he said I wish you would take heed by.

FREN. Ma is afraid of you in this wicked town, Paul.

PAUL. I guess I am twenty-one and big enough to take care of myself.

FREN. Well, he did make me kind o' regret I sold the farm now.

PAUL. Regret what ? What are you afraid of, father ?

FREN. Well, boy, it is all I have in the world, remember ;

and if I lose this, your poor parents will have to go to the poor-house.

PAUL. Don't worry yourself. The money is all safe. See where we are. We are up to 135 and going up higher every day. I am going to make a rich man of you. You have been working hard all your life and long enough—you know that—and what you have not been able to accomplish after so many years, shall be achieved for you in a little time. The boss is alright. He knows how to make money. He can make money when nobody else can. Here he is now, talking to Dr. Joly. When the doctor is gone, I'll take you up to him and introduce you to him. You can give him your pile and he'll tell you what he can do with it. Don't you worry.

(Enter Chopineau and Dr. Joly)

CHOP. Paul, send all those people away. I won't see a soul—

PAUL. Yes, sir, but the—

CHOP. But the devil! Send them all away, I say.

DR. JOLY. There you are again, working yourself up into a state. Why don't you keep cool? If I were with you always, I would manage you as teachers manage unruly boys. Whenever you permitted yourself to be carried away by any sort of intense feeling and excitement, I would make you do the particular act all over again until you did it satisfactorily.

CHOP. You would need an inexhaustible store-house of patience to pursue that course with me, doctor. *(He points to Frenette and Madame Frenette)* What do these people want?

PAUL. My father and mother, Mr. Chopineau.

CHOP. I am proud indeed to know your father and mother, Paul.

FREN. How do you do, Mr. Chopineau?

CHOP. Are you well, madame?

MME. FREN. Fairly middling, sir. The rheumatics bothers me right smart in this raw weather.

CHOP. How provoking! Perhaps the doctor here can do something for you.

PAUL. Father has sold the farm as I told you, sir.

CHOP. And wants some stock in our company?

PAUL. Yes, sir.

CHOP. Well, take monsieur Frenette to Samuelson and have everything fixed up.—Paul will introduce you to my broker, M. Frenette, who will treat you all right, I promise you (*To Paul*) Tell Samuelson to let his commission go this time, and that anything he does for your father I will consider a personal favour.

FREN. How is Paul getting on? Is he learning the business fast?

CHOP. Oh, he's getting on first rate. He's a reliable, hard-working young man, and some day when I retire from the presidency, I hope to see him take my place.

MME. FREN. And is he behaving himself?

CHOP. Oh, yes. He's sober and honest and keeps away from bad associates.—What do you think of Montreal?

FREN. My! but it is a big town.

CHOP. (*Laughing*) That's so, and Paul and I are going to make it bigger, aren't we, Paul? Well, you'll excuse me. I'm very busy. But come up to my house and see me. I'll have more time there. Paul will bring you up. Good morning.

FREN. Good day, sir.

MME. FREN. Good day and thankye, sir, for all you have done for Paul.

CHOP. Send away all those people out there, Paul. I am too busy to see anybody.

PAUL. Yes, sir.

(*Exeunt Frenette, Madame Frenette and Paul.*)

CHOP. You see how it is, doctor. They won't let me have a moment's peace and yet you expect me to be as composed as a moment.

DR. J. Yes.

CHOP. One moment. (*Steps to door*) Paul! Paul!

PAUL (*Within.*) Sir!

CHOP. Don't go away without giving me my letters.

(*Re-enter Paul*)

PAUL. Yes, sir. Here they are, sir.—The one without the stamp Lieutenant Gobin's footman brought.

CHOP. H—m! Thank you, you may go. (*Exit Paul.*) Yes, you'll want me to believe I am going to die soon, doctor.

DR. J. No, you are good for some time yet, provided you are careful.

CHOP. You doctors are such alarmists. The Chinese are the only people who know how to put a proper value on you. They fee you as long as they are in health, and stop paying you when they fall sick.

DR. J. I agree with you that our worth is best appreciated in China, for don't you see that their plan places us even above Nature. They so far mistrust her ability to keep them sound, that they pay us most during the very time she is giving them best service.

CHOP. Ha! Ha! Ha! I must say that that is an original way of looking at it.—Well, it is only a light pain, and I won't sit here and listen to you exaggerating it into anything more.

DR. J. Yes, but imprudence may develop that little trouble into something worse. Therefore, I insist you be always as cool and composed as possible. Avoid worry. Exercise the utmost caution you can.

CHOP. Very well, doctor. I shall take your advice and endeavour to be more careful in future.

DR. J. Excitement is no friend to a recovery of the heart's tissues, and you may be laid up for a time, if something more serious does not occur.—Otherwise you are in good health, and, I must say, in excellent spirits, too. As long as you are careful and composed and do not let business trouble you, there is no reason why you may not live as long as—well Methusalah.

CHOP. No, please not that long, doctor.

DR. J. Well, good morning.

CHOP. Good bye doctor. (*Exit Dr. Joly.*) Well, I suppose it is the subject the lieutenant broached to me at Lady Rivers' ball that he writes about now. (*Reads letter*) "The sentiments of esteem and attachment"
 Reads as if taken from a ready letter-writer. Well, that's something for Alice. She's a lucky girl. He's a good catch with his three millions.

(*Enter Alice*)

ALICE Papa, has Lady Rivers called? I promised to spend to-day and to-morrow with her and she was to call for me here.

CHOP. No, my dear, she has not been. I am glad you have come, though. I have some good news for you.

ALICE What is the good news, papa?

CHOP. Here is a letter I received to-day that may interest you.

ALICE From whom is it?

CHOP. From Lieutenant Gobin.

ALICE Oh!

CHOP. You seem to know what it is about?

ALICE I can guess. (*Reads*)

CHOP. What do you think of the lieutenant's offer?

ALICE The lieutenant honours me, indeed.—When you write him, papa, advise him to change his letter-writer; this style is all too mixed up.

CHOP. You will accept, of course? It is the chance of your life.

ALICE You know, papa, I have no ambition to be a soldier's widow. Suppose he should be sent to the war and be killed.

CHOP. Nonsense. I shall write to tell him you accept.

ALICE. You must be in a great hurry to get rid of me. Are you weary of me?

CHOP. It is the lieutenant who is in a hurry. Probably he is afraid somebody may get ahead of him, and snup up such a rare jewel, if he is not expeditious.

ALICE Dear me. My father is in the humour for compliments to-day.

CHOP. You speak as if praise from my lips is a rare expression.

ALICE . . . , papa, it is not; I will admit. You are the kindest and most chivalrous of fathers—except when you want to have your way about something—and then—

CHOP. And then—

ALICE. You are simply horrid.

CHOP. I warn you I have my horrid mood on now then, for I want to have my way in this.

ALICE In what? Oh, I forgot; we were discussing the lieutenant's precipitancy. How old was mamma when you were married?

CHOP. Your mother was just your age—eighteen. Why do you ask?

ALICE Well, that is too young to make a sensible marriage. Now, I know why I was born with so little sense.

CHOP. That is a reflection on your parents, my dear. My daughter is not in the humour for compliments to-day. Well, you ought to jump at this offer. Many a girl would be proud of such a husband, Alice.

ALICE Any girl can have him and welcome. I wish I knew one who would take him off my hands—What is there to be proud of, papa?

CHOP. He has position, wealth, influence—

ALICE The big three, the great social trinity—if the lieutenant has position, wealth and influence, I haven't. It would be a one-sided bargain and I couldn't lend myself to any cheating transaction, you know, father.

CHOP. I mean to settle \$500,000 on each of you two girls to-day; then you'll be equal to the lieutenant in every respect.

ALICE Pray, don't rob yourself on my account, father. I am doing first rate.

CHOP. Come, come, I haven't time for sport—It is my wish you become the affianced of Lieutenant Gobin. It will be my greatest happiness to see him your husband one day.

ALICE Him my husband, father? A man whose father was a vile canteen man.

CHOP. What has that to do with the son?

ALICE Truly nothing, I grant you that. But it has a good deal to do with the woman whom that son is seeking to wed.

CHOP. Nobody here knows or cares how his money came. You are too nice about such things.

ALICE Not so, father.—It is more generally known than you suppose. At Kingston, they used to toss him in a blanket, send him to Coventry and do everything to disgust him with the service.—Apart from his birth, the son himself is coarse, the canteen seeming to have percolated into his blood.

CHOP. You are not just to him, my girl. He has qualities that offset any short-comings. There is not a better-hearted fellow anywhere, you must admit.

ALICE Yes, but I don't want him.

CHOP. Well, it's my order you accept him at once.

ALICE Do you sit there, father, and seriously contemplate my becoming betrothed to lieutenant Gobin with a view to marrying him?

CHOP. Certainly, I mean it, I impose it.

ALICE Without questioning whether I love him or not?

CHOP. What does a child like you know about love?—too young to have a plenary feeling of the passion. Young people at your age are swayed by infatuation, and are not in possession of the emotion of love in its full vigour. They admire each other for looks, dress, pretty conceits and graces, and on no solid foundation whatever. There isn't one girl in a dozen at your age can give a better reason for her admiration of a young man than "that he is nice". If question of future happiness is actuating you in your decision, let me tell you that it is as apt to come one way as another.

ALICE And yet you say mother married you at eighteen which argues she must have become your affianced at a still tenderer age. Did she have no plenary possession of love at the time of plighting her troth to you? Or did love come to her later in life? Did she marry you or you marry her without any sentiment in the heart leaving it to chance to create it in time? How many in this world who have ventured this rash course have afterwards bitterly rued it?

CHOP. As many as those who having married for love, have afterwards rudely awakened to the fact that their anticipated paradise was only an illusion. No, my child, you shall be guided by my larger experience, marry the lieutenant and leave this love you lay so much stress on to come afterwards.

ALICE But this is something criminal that you propose for me to do.

CHOP. Nonsense! It is for your advantage and, I may add, indirectly in the interest of your sister and your father as well.

ALICE Aye, now we are at the bottom of it. Money, money; the eternal consideration of money. For a bag of dollars, I am to be bartered away like so much cotton or iron. You would sell me as you sell one of your ships. Well, I shall not be sold even in the interest of the family.

CHOP. Do not be too positive. The impetuous have often to undergo the humiliation of a change of purpose.

ALICE I am well satisfied to wait till that moment arrives.

CHOP. Which means that for the present at least you abide in your determination?

ALICE Yes.

CHOP. Do not imagine you can humbug your / her with all that moonshine about lieutenant Gobin's being our inferior in birth. Let me tell you the real cause of your stubbornness. You entertain a silly infatuation for that Kingheart. I have been hearing all about it. You are in love with him, are you not?

ALICE Yes, I love him.

CHOP I bade you once not to have anything to do with him. I have not been obeyed. You see him and exchange letters with him: Once and for all, stop all communications with him at once, and consider yourself engaged to lieutenant Gobin. Do you hear? Or suffer the consequences. Unless you marry the lieutenant, not a dollar of my money shall go to you. To-day, my intention was to settle \$500,000 on each of you girls. It lies in your power to determine whether you will get your portion or not.

(Enter Lady Rivers)

LADY R. Well, here I am at last. Good morning to both of you.

CHOP. Good morning, Lina.

LADY R. Did you think I was never coming, dear? In tears, child? Who has been plaguing the poor thing? Its this ogre of a father in one of his horrid humours?

CHOP. She said "horrid mounds," a distinction without a difference.—Well, we have not been particularly chummy.

LADY R. And I did not hurry, thinking the time was passing very interestingly between you.

ALICE It was

LADY R. Each of you wanted to have his own way about something, I suppose?

CHOP. That's it.

LADY R. You are both two obstinate, self-willed children. Now, what is it all about? I am so much one of the family I like to think my advice is something to you both. Come, tell me what it is; let me see if I can mediate.

CHOP. Yes, your arrival may be quite opportune. Perhaps you may have more influence with this young lady than I have. Lieutenant Gobin has asked her to marry him. Such an offer is not to be had every day, and she is silly enough to refuse him.

LADY R. And so that is it? And you are anxious to

have her leave you and scold her because she prefers to stay? You bad, hateful man. And you, Mademoiselle, prefer to stay mistress of your father's house to being mistress of your own? Well, there isn't many a girl so foolish,—there now, I have given it to you both hip and thigh, like a good impartial judge.

CHOP. But, most learned and upright judge, you pronounce sentence before hearing all the charge against the prisoner.

LADY R. Is there more yet? Well, out with it.

CHOP. She confesses to loving one who she knows she cannot marry—young Kingheart.

LADY R. Alice dear, step in the ante-room a moment, I have a word to say to your father—I shan't be long. (*Exit Alice*) At length you have discovered that her affections are in that direction? How blind you have been. That is an old, old story that everybody has long known. Jean, you and I were once boy and girl together. You remember the good old days? You remember how you used to call every morning on your way to the school-house for your little sweetheart and how one suffered and could not recite if the other was absent? You remember the winter evenings; you would come over to our farm and we would be happy together with the old folks round the fire? And in the summer, we passed the time bare-footed strolling by the side of the creek, or fishing or running races or at some other diversion. Well, we grew up together in our simple pastoral way, and as our years increased and our height moved up, our love increased in proportion, until, one day, you asked me to be your wife.—Well, my parents interposed their veto on the ground of religious differences. They took me off to England, and forced me to marry Captain Rivers because of his social prominence and his wealth. Meantime you drifted off to town, where in due course of time you met another woman. Each of us got a partner we did not want. We are old now, and the confessions of old people have an odour of sanctity about them. At least the charge of flippancy should not be made at this serious hour.—Well, Jean, I am free to make a frank statement about my wedded life if you promise to be equally frank.—My marriage was not a happy one, was yours? Answer me, Jean.

CHOP. No.

LADY R. No. We were the victims of our parents' meddling. Our disaster is now beyond repair, but the star of these two young people lies in the future. Will you profit by

our misfortune and give their star a chance to live and shine, or will you harden your heart to their prayer and blight their lives forever?

CHOP. Marry Alice to a man every drop of whose blood I detest? Crawl on my knees before people who have wronged me but whom I have never yet wronged? Around this man's father this very hour is being forged the doom of certain ruin—

LADY R. What do you mean?

CHOP. I mean that as a result of his idiotic course—his persistent opposition to the G.C.T. in a few hours nothing may be left to them of their pride not even the roof over their heads.

LADY R. How dreadful! Poor, poor people. I shudder to think of it.

CHOP. Well, would you have me play the part of that dauphin of France who pretended peaceful overtures to his enemy at the very moment he was making ready to assassinate him? Or would you have me imperil my child's happiness by uniting her to a beggar?

LADY R. And you mean to tell me that you are so pitiless as to do this cruel thing, to destroy these poor people utterly?

CHOP. You speak as if I were some ferocious, blood-thirsty wild beast, whereas it is an ordinary cold-blooded matter of business and self-preservation with me. Battle implies aggressor as well as defender, remember, and all Montreal knows I have not been the aggressor in this fight. He's fighting me, I am not fighting him.

LADY R. But you need not beggar him out and out, Jean. He has a family depending on him.

CHOP. So have I, Liza.

LADY R. Well, show a nobler spirit than his—be indifferent to his unfriendly attitude and give him a living chance. These Kinghearts are good people and well-connected, too, and I shouldn't like to see them suffer.

CHOP. Well, it will be his own fault if they do. On the strength of a temporary slump, which he preferred to argue was caused by a glutted market, and maintaining that the G.C.T. had reached the top notch of prices, he has been strenuously selling our stock short, the past two weeks—on his own account I understand—and if he is squeezed, he will have to blame himself. He is the architect of his own fortune, not I. I never contracted to look after another man's

interests and my own too.—You blame me, Lina, but neither by word nor deed have I ever injured Kingheart. But, perhaps, you don't know that.—Well, I owe him neither ill-will nor hate. For some reason that I don't know, he has always placed himself in an attitude of opposition to me and my interests. In the ordinary every-day transaction of business on 'Change, I attached no particular consideration to it, but when it exceeded those limits, naturally I became a little more attentive.—Well, at the inception of the G.C.T., I extended the invitation to all Canadian steamship lines to enter the combination. I wasn't obliged to do that. A man has an undoubted right to pick and choose his partners, but, as I bore animosity to none, I wanted to be gracious to all alike Well, it was through his influence that the Royal Atlantic held aloof, and he has been fighting the organization ever since, both on and off the Stock Exchange floor, misrepresenting it wherever and whenever he could. But it will soon be all over with him, and, perhaps to-morrow morning, he will wake up to find that, whereas we have soared up to 140 (*Looking at tape*), he has become a beggar.

LADY R. Well, my woman's heart still returns to the happiness of these young folk. Can't you and Henry Kingheart make it up for their sake—before the fall of this dire calamity.

CHOP. Oh, as far as I am concerned, Lina, I am not such a bad fellow as people think me, and if he chooses to come to me and—well, I was going to say, if he chooses to acknowledge that he has not treated me deservedly—but that would be asking too much of a man like Henry Kingheart I suppose.—Well, if he makes the first offer I won't be the fellow to refuse him the hand. But the advance must come from him, remember. I have nothing to be penitent for.

LADY R. But he might not think he ought to make the first advance.—Peace-making is not a very inviting undertaking, but, if I thought there was a chance of settling the difference between you and him, I would not hesitate to attempt it. I never fully understood the real trouble, though.

CHOP. Oh! I suppose it does not amount to much after all, and I wouldn't know where to begin to state it.

LADY R. I know he was blamed for your disgraceful treatment at the Albert Edward Club.

CHOP. As for that, I lost no sleep on that account, I assure you. You know clubs are not much in my line, I haven't any time for the social side of life. But it was dif-

ferent when I was defeated for the presidency of the Stock Exchange. I had set my heart on that. There were reforms I wished to introduce. I wanted to liberalize the policy of the executive, to neutralize the unbending conservatism of just such men as Kingheart by introducing new and younger blood into its personnel. I understand that in electioneering against me, he represented that I wanted the place to advance my own interests and those of my friends—whatever that means.—What did he know detrimental to me to take this singular position against me in both cases?

LADY R.—Yes. How do you account for the animosity he has shown towards you? Was it animosity really, or the singular coincidence of a sequence of circumstances, in which he found himself compelled to be in opposition to you, to differ from you, as it were.

CHOP. Now, really! Are you going clean over to him, then? Admitting that that was the case in the Exchange matter, that he wanted some puppet of his to be in the chair, how do you account for his depositing the solitary blackball when they balloted on my application to the Albert Edward Club?

LADY R. A secret adverse ballot is unattachable to any particular person.

CHOP. Exactly. I expected you to take that view of it. But an investigation afterwards set on foot by friends of mine in the club, who were annoyed at my rejection, elicited the discovery that no one was ill-disposed to me except Henry Kingheart who let the cat out of the bag that he considered I was not a fit person to be a member of a club of gentlemen. Now, what do you think of that? Mark you, the man had only met me in a business way. He did not state, though, what constituted my particular unfitness. I presume he meant that socially I was not good enough for the Albert Edward Club.

LADY R. Ridiculous! There is no older family in Canada than yours. Henry Kingheart doesn't know you go back to the first crusaders. I doubt he can trace as far back.

CHOP. Family lineage I don't care a snap for, but there is a distinction I value very highly and Kingheart cannot duplicate: my ancestors accompanied Champlain to this country to win a footing by hard, hard work—

LADY R. A genuine cause for pride, indeed.

CHOP. Birth is accidental; wealth usually stands for energy, industry, or brains employed somewhere and at some time. The working man who has saved a thousand

dollars from his earnings and knows how to invest it to advantage is a hundred per cent. more interesting and more respectable in my eyes than Henry Kingheart who has nothing but birth and social position behind him and may be a pauper to-morrow.—To tell you the truth I doubt that he himself can really account for his dislike to me. A great many considerations enter into the solution of it. First and foremost our temperaments are antipodal—

LADY R. Naturally.

CHOP. His whole manner is repelling, indicative as it is of extreme haughtiness. I understand he is an earl's brother, and I don't doubt it in the least, for he bears himself as if he were a king's. He is a great man for some people on this account who fall on their knees and worship him for his high birth. Perhaps he feels somewhat resentful that I am not among the coterie of his admirers; but, unfortunately, I am not built that way. If pride is a large ingredient in his composition, it is fully matched by his intense bigotry?

LADY R. Bigotry? You don't mean religious bigotry?

CHOP. No. I do not mean that, though he may be tinged with that, too. He lives so much in the past in other respects that it wouldn't surprise me if he were to reveal some day the intolerance of three hundred years back, as if we had not done with all that sort of stuff forever.—No, I choose a wrong word. I should have said intense adherence to certain ideals and traditions, extreme conservatism, in fact. Indeed, if conservatism, bull-headedness and tacklessness count for anything, then he has strong points to ensure success in life. He is dictatorial and treats others with something akin to contempt. I admit his intense loyalty to a high standard of business ethics and that he has the courage of his convictions. And I do not believe that his business course is governed by any self-interest or ill-advised ambition, but his code is too straight-laced for him ever to be a man suited to direct successfully the destinies of a great enterprise.

LADY R. Well, it is easy to account for a good deal of what you say. He has been trained in a different school, and brings to his view of things the conservatism of an old world training.

CHOP. Exactly. You have stated the case thoroughly. The truth is there are certain people in the world who oppose every progressive movement projected and see in every innovation some dire calamity. Henry Kingheart is one of them.

LADY R. Yet he is director in several leading institutions of the country, is he not.

CHOP. Old fogey concerns like the Royal Atlantic, for instance. It was at his instance that that company stayed out of the combination. They sent him to the first conference held at my office to discuss the scheme of consolidation. During the whole conference he kept ridiculing my proposals as visionary. It is a fact, Lady Rivers, that Henry Kingheart, with the assurance that characterizes him, pronounced this judgment upon an enterprise that ranks now as one of the greatest in the world—if I say it myself—that is listed not only on the city 'Change but on the London, New York, Chicago, and Toronto Exchanges as well, that from a capital of \$75,000,000 has grown to a capital of \$125,000,000 that declared a dividend of six per cent. to the shareholders at the last half-yearly meeting, whose quotation is *now* (*Looking at tape*) 150, and which will soon have its capital doubled and embark in other vast and distinctly new enterprises.

LADY R. His judgment certainly went astray there.

CHOP. Yes, and the Royal Atlantic stockholders will have him to blame one day for not being one of us.—Well, it is not a surprising thing that he has things all his own way in a directorate such as the Royal Atlantic's which is composed of a lot of Rip Van Winkles, men of a past age, who have not yet waked up to the fact that this country is undergoing an undoubted and rapid change. The thirty-five or forty years past that you alluded to a little while ago—when you and I were young—we Canadians were still a people of primitive state. The genii of progress and commerce had not fully started the wheels of industry and the vans of trade. But, look around to-day and what do you see? Canada on the march to take her place among the foremost nations of the world. She has left the crysalis state and has bloomed out into the full maturity of the working creature. We are no longer solely a nation of trappers and fur traders. The woodman's axe is not the only implement now wielded in the realms of industry. We are building towns and great railway lines as fast as we can clear forests and level hills for them. We are digging canals, bridging streams, dredging rivers, widening harbours—making ready for the great expansion that is coming. We are sending the products of our factories and our fields broadcast over the world. We are developing our great granaries in the North-West. We are diving down into the bowels of the earth and raking out the hidden treasure therein. In a word, from Sydney to

Victoria, from Kingston to Dawson City, the country is alive. Canada has awoken from her sleep and realizes the importance of her destiny among the nations of the world. We are up against the rush and go-aheaditiveness of other commercial enterprises, and if we are not equal to it, we will be left behind in the procession. Do you think that the average man in the street does not feel all this and take pride in it? Do you think he is not hustling himself to get his share of the dollars of the country? Well, the G.G.T. no less is hustling to win its portion of the country's coin, and it is at such a time this man insists we are visionaries and comes to interpose his bulk in our way as if it were the bulk of the Great Wall of China. What must we do? Destiny fore-ordains the onward march of the Goddess of Progress. She hasn't got time to wait for him to get out of her way, and he obstinately refuses to move. Well, she must pass over him and grind him down, that's all.

LADY R. But this is the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

CHOP. Call it what you will, it is the doctrine of the age and must become the doctrine of awakened Canada.

LADY R. You absolutely withhold your consent, then, to these two people's betrothal, though you see how much Alice's happiness depends on it.

CHOP. Absolutely. A moment ago you disposed me to be conciliatory to Henry Kingheart, —not that consent to this marriage would have ever been wrung out of me, no, never that—but the memories of the wrong he has done me and the insults he has shown me have swept back within me such a tide of resentment, that ten thousand times sooner would I see her married to some up-start, flippant broker's clerk than to any son of his.

LADY R. Well, don't worry her any more to-day, please don't. She belongs to me. We are going to have a delightful time shopping, and after lunch I am going to take her off home for to-day and to-morrow, and I hope that after a couple of days you will be all right again, and like the two old cronies you have always been.—Good bye, Jean. (*Exit.*)

CHOP, Goodbye, Lina. (*Looking at watch*) Eleven o'clock. Juliette is late. Shall I make that settlement? It seems unfair to give one and not the other.—But Juliette has my word, and she would be greatly disappointed if she did not get her birth-day gift. Well, Alice has herself to blame, and it will emphasize my displeasure for Juliette to have something from me and not her. No, I shall go right

along as I intended. If she will be obstinate let her pay for it.

(*Enter Juliette.*)

JUL. Well, father, I am here. Have I kept you waiting?

CHOP. Well, I'm ready, and the lawyer has the papers all made out. Come, we'll go at once. His office is not far. I hope you are happy: in a little time you will attach your signature to a paper that will make you full possessor of \$500,000 in your own right. It is possible this sum may be increased shortly to \$750,000—or, perhaps, even doubled, for you are likely to get your sister's share as well.

JUL. How so, father?

CHOP. I'll tell you as we go along.

(*A they are going out, enter Fornin and Lebeau, who rush up to Chopineau, catch hold of him, and dance around.*)

FOR. (*Sings*) 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

CHOP. What's all this?

LEB. We can have that capital doubled now.

CHOP. Gentlemen, compose yourselves, and say what is the meaning of this hilarity.—Have we won?

FOR. You don't say you don't know? Of course we have won. The battle-field is strewn with dead and wounded bears. We remain complete masters of the field. Henry Kingheart and Joe Jessop are hardest hit. Kingheart has lost everything he had in the world. (*To Juliette*) Pardon my rudeness, Mademoiselle.

LEB. Mademoiselle, my humblest and sincerest apologies.

JUL. I am sure when you gentlemen are full of business, you haven't time for a little body like me.

CHOP. Is this a fact, gentlemen?

LEB. There can be no doubt about it. What does your ticker say? Haven't you looked at it to day, or do you keep it in your office for an ornament?

CHOP. (*Looking at ticker*) Thunder! G.C.T. 389. When did it take this spurt? A little while ago it was only 150.

FOR. Did you expect it to remain at 150 always? Lebeau, what do you think of a president who interests himself so little in his company's market quotation?

LEB. I think he ought to be kicked out of office and give another fellow a chance.—We were on the floor when Jessop and Kingheart threw their hands and said they were done for, and we came ht on here.

(*Enter Paul with message for Chopineau*)

PAUL. Have you heard, sir, G.C.T. is up to 389, and Mr. Henry Kingheart has failed?

CHOP. (*Reading message*) This confirms it, gentlemen. Then it means that every G.C.T. shareholder has simply coined money.

(*Forin and Lebeau dance ar. und.*)

LEB. The scene on 'Change to-day beggars description. I believe there has never been such a panic in the history of the Montreal Stock Exchange, and it is likely we shall have long to wait for another. Towards the last, just before the final crash, such pandemonium reigned and the excitement was so great that actual intelligence of speech became impossible, and men had to resort to signs and gestures in trading. A jerk of the hand upward meant an offer; downward acceptance. Quotations were indicated by upheld finger, a nod indicated a sale. Sometimes for whole intervals there was practically no market indications, the stocks were offered in such floods. Brokers clutched brokers, seemingly afraid to let them get out of reach of trading, while others sought in vain for purchasers of their holdings. Messengers, clerks, and other brokers' assistants dashed in bravely, struggled through a close fit to find their colleagues, forced buying orders into their hands and flew off again as they had come. Brokers who held G.C.T. and who had bought it around 110 or so were the happy fellows, while anxiety, despair, ruin, or impending suicide was pictured on the face of those who were short. And they were many. Truly it was an historic day—a sight long to be remembered.

JUL. And how well you describe it, Monsieur Lebeau. You make me regret I was not there. When I get home, I shall try to remember all you said, write it out, and commit it. I was dying for some descriptive piece truly Canadian—some piece outside of the hackneyed one in the school readers, and lo! you give me one of singular interest to us individually.

CHOP. Who can doubt the G.C.T.'s strength with the public after this? I perceive the time has come when we may safely apply to parliament for permission to double our capital.

FOR. Thanks to your able management.

CHOP. Gentlemen, when you honoured me by placing me at the head of the G.C.T., I made promises many of which

may have seemed at that day impossible of attainment. Some—not all—of those promises have been carried out. The others are now within the verge of fulfilment. I'll carry the G.C.T to even a greater triumph than I have done, and its stock is going to be worth one day soon five hundred dollars. We are going to be all rich, richer than even we now are and the country—our country—well, she shall have her share, too. We are going to make her rich as well. People charge us with not being patriotic,—say that a corporation is selfish but we are going to show them different.

LEB. Bah! The G.C.T. is doing a great deal to develop Canada, I am sure—more than any of the other enterprises in the country—opening up not only new markets for her trade outside of her own borders but also new industries right here within them. Aren't we sending our fleets all over the world, to India, Japan and Australia?

CHOP. Yes, every day we are enlarging the sphere of our country's renown. But, gentlemen, I must leave you for a few minutes. I am keeping a lady—this lady—waiting, and, you know, we mustn't keep a lady waiting. We were on our way to Levesque's office when you came. It is her birthday and I am making her a small present—a little sum to keep her purse warm, if anything should happen to me. I had \$500,000 in mind, but this piece of good news disposes me—well, would you object if I raised the figure, pet?

JUL. Provided you leave yourself a decent living.

CHOP. Suppose I make yours \$800,000?

JUL. Oh! I think you will still have enough left to keep the wolf from the door.

CHOP. Then let it be \$800,000 and I hope there will not be a happier soul on earth than you.

FOR. I beg you will permit me, Mr. Chopineau, in recognition of your brilliant services to the company, to present mademoiselle with a birthday cheque of \$5,000.

LEB. And I should like to add a like sum.

CHOP. Bravo, Juliette! You ought to treat to the cigars. I told you you were born to good luck.

JUL. You overwhelm me with kindness, gentlemen, and leave me powerless to express adequately the thanks I feel.

FOR. The debt is ours, mademoiselle.

LEB. This trifle cannot begin to measure our gratitude to your distinguished father.

CHOP. Well, well, when you people have stopped complimenting each other—

JUL. But it was you who was really complimented. Did you not mark what M. Fornin said :—" In recognition of your brilliant services " and " our indebtedness to your distinguished father ? "

CHOP. Oh, these girls, resentful if a compliment is paid somebody else--

JUL. Oh, I had the best of it in the end, papa. While you were receiving the mere shadowiness of a compliment, I was getting the solid substantiality of a splendid gift, don't you see ?

CHOP. Come, come, pet, we'll be here all day at this pace. The gentlemen will excuse us. We are keeping Levesque waiting. Make yourselves at home, I shall not be long. By the way, I suppose Kingheart will be here to know what figure we'll allow him to settle on. One sixty will do, don't you think ? I don't want to be hard on the beggar. Besides he hasn't a dollar to liquidate, anyhow. If he comes, keep him in good humour till I get back. Ta-ta !

(Exit Chopineau and Juliette.)

LEB. That's a snug little sum he's giving her.

FOR. He can well afford to give her more, for he's rolling in wealth, the lucky dog. If he has given this one \$800,000, I suppose he has settled a million on the elder girl,—though, I believe, this is his pet.

(Enter Kingheart.)

KING. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I came to see Mr. Chopineau. Do you know what time he will be in ?

LEB. He has just gone out and will be back soon. He expects you and begs you'll wait, Mr. Kingheart.

FOR. You'll permit me to extend to you my sincere regret at your losses this morning, but I know it will not be long before you're on your feet again

KING. I thank you very much for your kind expression of sympathy, sir.

LEB. I hope we'll be better friends after this, and not cut each other's throats as we've been doing.

KING. I pray so, sir. I have no regrets on my part, however. Whatever I've done, I'd do again.

FOR. Very unwise, Mr. Kingheart, to persist in your attitude of hostility.

KING. I trust I am not accountable to you for my business policy. I have not come here to listen to criticism of it. I came to see Mr. Chopineau, and if he is not in, I shall call again.

FOR. Oh, not at all. Reassure yourself, Mr. Kingheart, I wouldn't presume. Every man is the moulder of his own fortune, and should be accountable to no one, but I do not understand why you are so inveterate against us—even to your own loss. You cannot claim we have ever done you anything.

KING. To have opposed you for that simply—because you had wronged me—would have been to give a vulgar colour to my course. Remember, sir, there is such a thing as principle, and that in some men it is very strong.

FOR. Do you mean to impute improbity, Mr. Kingheart.

KING. Oh, that is not what I referred to by "principle," though I do not shirk responsibility there. either. I meant one's convictions.

FOR. Loyalty to one's convictions may be costly and, therefore, unwise at times.

KING. It is not the habit of an Englishman to stop to consider the cost when he knows he is right, or his country would not have so often espoused the cause of the oppressed, the persecuted and the downtrodden. I am satisfied that the logic of speculation, of commerce and of figures is on my side. The G.C.T. is doomed. Of that I'm fully convinced. It's only a question of time. It may enjoy a temporary success, but its doom is written as sure as the doom of any enterprise founded on such unstable principles.

FOR. But, it seems to me this logic of which you speak is rather on our side. What greater argument is there than facts? There is no intention to boast, but has not our advance been remarkable? From a capital of \$75,000,000 we have grown to a capital of \$125,000,000. The last half-yearly dividend netted each stockholder six per cent. Our quotation is now 389 with prospects before long of reaching \$500. We are adding to our shipping stock every day and enlarging the field of our agencies. "Nothing so far has gone wrong, everything has come out all right, no weak points have revealed themselves."* How can you maintain after all this, Mr. Kingheart, that this concern is built on unstable principles?

KING. Do not imagine, Mr. Fornin, that the features you give are the peculiar attributes of your company alone. They are, as it were, a part of the assets of every joint stock

*Z la's L'Argent.

company, and, frequently, are paraded most when the company is weakest—to dazzle the unthinking. Taking up the first point—your capital and its growth—I shall show that it is the most conspicuous and dangerous element of your weakness. You launched the Great Canadian Transportation Company on a capital of \$75,000,000. Now there are not more than 41 boats owned by companies purely Canadian. Of these, 8 of the best boats belong to the Royal Atlantic, and they are worth \$13,000,000. The remaining 33 being small boats can be duplicated new brand for \$25,000,000, but you are capitalized now at \$125,000,000. What does the remaining \$100,000,000 represent? Watered stock. It is more than outrageous, it is criminal, and every director ought to be put in gaol for it.

LEB. That is rather strong language to use to two of the directors, Mr. Kingheart.

KING. What, then, must be the inevitable result of this over-capitalization? You will be utterly unable to pay your interest charges, and the small shareholders—the unsophisticated rabble—will wake up one day to find their many years' earnings completely swamped. It is they who will suffer most, for, devoid of time and training, they will be utterly unable to retrieve their misfortune, whereas the business-bred men of the concern have a chance to recover. With regard to your statement that your quotation is now at 38½, the market price of your bonds and stocks have been forced up by every conceivable artificial device. Oh, your man is the prince of manipulators—I make him a deferential bow there. Original shareholders were asked not to part with stock so that the market might not be glutted. Whenever the people are losing confidence, some new stratagem is resorted to, to keep the market value up. One time the government is going to subsidize you; another time you are going to build your own dockyard and ships, or you are going to have a fast Atlantic service.

LEB. And we are going to carry out the whole programme from A to Z. This victory will place us high in the eyes of the people. We shall receive permission to increase our capital. Then you shall see whether we won't put down a shipbuilding plant and build the fastest boats in the world.

KING. Oh, well, it is not worth while to refute such claims. Mr. Cramp, the great American ship builder has answered that—better than I can, and has very well shown that on account of the difference in wages paid to workmen here, and those paid to English workmen, ships will be built

in England for some time yet, unless the Dominion government subsidizes you.

LEB. And the government is going to subsidize us. Then, where will you be?

KING. Oh, yes, you have been circulating that report a long time, but the government does not subsidize every importuner that comes along. It had its effect on the "street" though and helped to raise the price of your stock.

FOR. Now, Mr. Kingheart, we admire you very much, more than you think—

KING. Thank you, sir.

FOR. And have no hard feeling against you. Why won't you be like the rest of people? Why won't you fraternize, be tractable and governed by reason? Look at what we did. We absorbed in one single company three companies until then deadly competitors. We effected by that a reduction in the working expenses, and were able to extend our field of operation.

KING. I know something about the absorption of those companies, for I had the honour to represent the Royal Atlantic Steamship Company at the conference held in Mr. Chopineau's then office. This was the bait by which he caught them. Shares at the par values of \$100 in all ratifying companies were to be changed for shares of the par value of \$250 in the new concern. Provided you are able to hide from him the weak points in your plan, what man wouldn't jump at the chance of an offer by which he makes \$150 on each share he owns, in as much time as he takes to sign his name to the letter authorizing the transfer. I would have done it myself, had I not seen that the whole thing was doomed to irremediable collapse.

LEB. Have you ever heard of "calamity howlers," Mr. Kingheart?

KING. Yes, sir, and I assure you that they have their use, too, for their ceaseless agitation of great questions keep the public from being cajoled. —But I've permitted myself to enter into a discussion I had no intention of entering. I came here simply to see Mr. Chopineau and find out from him at what figure he wishes me to settle.

FOR. Mr. Chopineau does not wish to be severe and has proposed 160, but until there is a general conference of all interested parties we are unable to say definitely what it will be.

KING. I appreciate Mr. Chopineau's kindness, gentlemen, and beg as soon as you have had your conference, you will let me know. Good day gentlemen.

FOR. Good day, Mr. Kingheart.

LEB. Good day, sir, and good luck. (*Exit Kingheart.*) Ha! ha! ha! Did you ever see such a crusty, rabid, fighting barbarian. And the airs he puts on, a Vanderbilt might take a pointer from.

FOR. Well, I admire a man who dies game

(*Enter Chopineau.*)

LEB. Chopineau, you have just missed it. Kingheart has been here to see you,—the same old Kingheart, as dogmatic and proud as ever. I wonder that he condescended to come—Blazing away against all creation. He said he didn't come here to argue, and we kept him at it over half an hour.

CHOP. Did you tell him our figure of settlement?

LEB. Oh! yes and (*Imitating Kingheart*) he appreciated Mr. Chopineau's kindness very much and begged as soon as we had had our conference we would let him know.

CHOP. He'll know sooner than he is able to pay.

LEB. I am afraid so.

CHOP. Well, we'll call up the other boys and have a conference at three o'clock. At the same time I have propositions to make touching the future policy of the Company.—Until then, gentlemen——

LEB. So long, Chopineau.

FOR. Good day, Mr. Chopineau.

(*Exeunt Fornin and Lebeau.*)

CHOP. Every dog has his day is a pretty true saying. You have had yours, my fine aristocrat; now mine has come, and come with a vengeance too. What will you do now, without a dollar in the world and at your time of life? Well, you have your lofty birth and your family pride to fall back on,—all the good they'll do you in saving you from your creditors and your family from starving. I wasn't good enough for your club? Well, I think I much prefer being Jean Chopineau at this moment than Henry Kingheart—And as for that son of yours. I don't intend he shall be the thorn in my side you were. I'll have no beggar sons-in-law. I'll not see my daughters married to men who cannot maintain them in a sphere equal to the one they're accustomed to.—Would that this downfall could affect the

relations between Alice and him ! But she is too far gone, I'm afraid. And he will be all the more anxious now he's a beggar. Yet, it must be stopped ; but how ? That is a problem all the more beyond me in that it lies directly out of my domain. If it were to devise some means of making either of them rich I might solve it, but in a matter of sentiment I make no pretensions.--Appeal to her is futile. Why not appeal to him ? Appeal ? I'll threaten him, I'll bully him and I'll let him know he can't marry a daughter of mine.



ACT II.—Love Thwarted.

SCENE I.—Appeal to Duty.

TIME.—*Morning after preceding scene.*

SCENE.—*Parlour of Lady Rivers' house. Alice and Juliette discovered; the former with open newspapers, some on a table near, and some at her feet; the latter in visiting attire.*

JUL. And when papa told me what he was going to do, that he was determined not to give you anything, I was so angry that I gave him my mind about it and told him he was not treating you justly.

ALICE. You should not have done that, sis.

JUL. It was no more than he deserved to be told. I fe't like refusing his gift.

ALICE. I am glad you did not go to the length of allowing your affection for me to commit you to any such act of disrespect.

JUL. To treat you in that way, you who have always been so dutiful and good. If he had done it to a rebellious, fire-eating savage like me, there would have been some sense in it, but *you*—

ALICE. You must not disparage yourself to my advantage in that way. What would I be but for the contact of your own generous nature! What would any of us be in this world but for the silent, unseen influence of those around us. Whatever duty and respect I may show father,—believe me you have your part in the formation of it.

JUL. I don't know anything about that, but I know I can never be as good as you.—Well, at any rate, the money is mine now to do what I please with, and, remember, sister, while I have a dollar, I share with you. Papa had better not turn you out of the house. If he does, I'll leave too, and as he can't take back what by law is now mine, we can go somewhere and live together, and my money will do for both.

ALICE. Your devotion to me is only equalled by the unbounded generosity of your nature.

JUL. I suppose papa will quarrel with me soon, for Jacques and I mean to marry straight away.

ALICE. I hope you'll not take any rash step, Juliette.

(Enter Lady Rivers.)

LADY R. (To Juliette) Good morning, my dear. I have congratulated Alice and now I congratulate you. I am positively overjoyed at your father's good fortune.

JULIETTE. Thanks, dear Lady Rivers. And let me congratulate you in return. You were one of the lucky ones, were you not?

LADY R. Well, I realized a dollar or two. But you all are, in the words of Dr. Johnson, rich beyond the dreams of avarice.—You have singular cause of pride. All Montreal is talking of your father's great coup. You could hear nothing else at Mrs. Westcourt's yesterday.

ALICE. All the papers print long accounts of it.

LADY R. This poor child has devoured every scrap of news about it in the papers—the afternoon papers yesterday—and this morning she was up and at the morning papers betimes. (Holds Juliette off.) And so we are rich now? Let me see if you look the same as ever, or if riches make any difference.

JUL. Not a bit of difference, my dear Lady Rivers.

LADY R. Sensible girl. That is the way to bear success. But I discern just a little more sparkle in the eye, and I think I can guess the reason. I wager the little architect spent all night in building fairy castles for herself and Jacques. Ah, guilty. Well, I sincerely hope to see you realize your wishes (Aside to Juliette.) Alas! that poor child's interest is divided between joy and concern. She spent all the night reading the papers and crying, I believe—(Rings bell.) You know why.

JUL. Isn't it too bad?

LADY R. Yes. It is the old story. One man's rise, another man's fall. (Enter Butler.) Some coffee, James.

BUTLER. Yes, ma'am. (Exit)

JUL. But surely they haven't lost everything?

LADY R. I am afraid they have, my dear . . . Believe me, Juliette, I would gladly surrender every dollar I made on 'Change yesterday—aye, the half of my fortune—if to do so I could save the Kinghearts—for her sake at least, and for theirs too for that matter. I know how these English people take reverses—it goes harder with them than with us. They are excellent people, these Kinghearts, well connected, and I admire them immensely. George is to me like a son. He is a fine young fellow. But

he is clever and has a host of friends and will get on. And there is Mr. Kingheart's brother, (*Enter Butler with coffee*) the Earl of Dolan. He will not let them suffer, I am sure. (*To Alice*) Drink some coffee, dear. It will brace you up.

BUTLER. Mr. George is in the hall, my lady.

LADY R. In the hall? What is he doing out there?

BUTLER. I did not know if your ladyship wanted to receive him, now the family has lost their money.

LADY R. What impudence! How dare you? Go and show Mr. George in at once. (*Exit Butler.*) The fellow must be mad. (*Advances to the door and meets George. Enter George.*) My dear George, I must apologize for the stupidity of my butler. Indeed, I am quite indignant. You know you are always welcome here, and you are quite sensible not to let any misfortune keep you away from your friends.

GEO. Indeed it won't, Lady Rivers. Why should it, you know? Should I be ashamed of what is liable to befall any man—aye, the shrewdest business head—any day in the year. Then again, it will affect me personally very little. I mean to make my own way in the world.

LADY R. But give me some reassuring news; tell me things are not so bad as reported.

GEO. I wish I could, Lady Rivers, but I am afraid my father's career on 'Change is ended.

LADY R. My dear friend, you alarm me. Has your father lost everything, then?

GEO. Yes, not a dollar saved.

LADY R. Poor, dear, old man.

GEORGE. In one respect, perhaps, it is the best thing that ever happened. You see the family was always averse to his engaging in the business of speculation—he wasn't sufficiently experienced or something—but he wouldn't listen to us.

LADY R. Well, you've not lost name and honour, at any rate—that's a blessing. All the same I am sorry you have lost what you have lost, and I would repair it if it were in my power.

GEO. That I believe, Lady Rivers.

LADY R. And how will all this affect your answer to the South African offer?

GEO. Only to hurry on the date of my departure. The government is importunate and I am anxious to get to work

all the sooner now. I sail from Africa *via* England a week from to-day.

LADY R. I am afraid somebody else will have something to say about that, is that not so, Alice? You please remember, sir, that your fate is not wholly your own to dispose of Come, Juliette, I suppose these two people have a great deal to say to each other this morning, and would like to be left alone.—And I want to show you a new gown I am going to wear to Mrs. Sylvester's dinner, Ta! ta!

(Exeunt Lady Rivers and Juliette)

GEO. You realize, Alice, that I am a pauper now?

ALICE. For heaven's sake, George, don't put it in that crude way.

GEO. Indeed! I am bound to state it to you as frankly as I may.

ALICE. You are not a pauper, George. No one in possession of such capital can be said to be a pauper.

GEO. Capital, indeed! Some books, engineering instruments and a few clothes. Are you mocking, sweetheart?

ALICE. Forgive me, dearest, for using a word reviving the pain of this unfortunate disaster. I was alluding to your natural resources,—health, strength, the will to work and the ambition to succeed. Of these you have full measure, you know.

GEO. Then it will not make any difference in our relations this unfortunate event, Alice? I recognize that is my obligation to free you if you ask it.

ALICE. Do you want to break off the engagement?

GEO. God forbid.

ALICE. Then shut up, silly boy.

GEO. You realize that a new consideration is introduced into our future plans?

ALICE. Yes, perhaps, you won't be able to give me so many dresses or so much pin money now as you would have done had nothing happened.

GEO. No, seriously, Alice, have you pondered the question in all its phases? Can you stand the scorn of the world—not of your relatives, who are rich and we already know would renounce you for that reason; nor of mine, who we expect might object to you, though they are poor themselves; but of the rank, wealth and culture you have known from your childhood—your companions and friends in short.

Would you pine for their society, and for the society of those others you have not met yet, but to whose circle you rightfully belong?

ALICE. With you, no. For you I would think the world a little to lose.

GEO. Will you be content to be poor? Think: privation is not an enviable state.

ALICE. Yet there are many poor people quite happy.

GEO. And we shall have to wait a few years longer, Alice. Are you willing to wait?

ALICE (*petulantly*.) No, sir. I want to be married at once.

GEO. Would that it were feasible, dearest. I wish it from the bottom of my heart. But, if you are content to wait, a few years or so in South Africa will find me successful and rich I hope. Hope! I'm positive of it; for there will be plenty out there for me to do, even after the government finishes with me, and, I thank God, life in Canada has taught me a love of work, and how to work, and the necessity of employing all my faculties, and being wide-awake, so that I am more self-adapting and more indispensable than those who have nothing but a mere faculty developed, or a small training by which to gain them a livelihood. . . . As you have said, I have health and strength and ambition. With these the possibilities of wealth lie open as free for me to attain as for any other man. Success is no respecter of persons, and I despair not of success in the light of what I have already done, little though that may be.

ALICE. Yes, your magnificent bridge over the Rivière de l'Ours is an evidence of your great abilities.

GEO. Only have faith in me, confidence in my ability to achieve success, and I shall win. With your encouragement, everything; without it, nothing. The impulse, the inspiration to work, to achieve great things is the knowledge that there is some one who has abiding faith in one's abilities to master and do anything within human power who looks up to one as her Star of Hope.

ALICE. Yes, I believe in your power to accomplish anything you want.

GEO. You are the dearest and sweetest girl in the world.

ALICE. Take care you don't change your mind.

GEO. Never fear, dearest; I love you with all my heart.

ALICE. You say you love me, George, and I know you do—in your way, a man's way. See how your thoughts run to provision for my future comfort and happiness.

GEO. Should not provision be the first concern of every man who looks forward to marriage, sweetheart?

ALICE. Yes. It is a man's chief thought, and in that absorbing care all else is often lost sight of. For that engrossing purpose you determine to part from me, to go all the way to South Africa—some six thousand miles—and leave me here alone. You could endure without me there, men can do that sort of thing—but I have you stopped to reflect whether I could exist without you, whether your absence would not cause me infinite pain—might, perhaps, be my death?

GEO. Oh, not so bad as that, I hope, dear. You must steel yourself up to making some sacrifice. Remember, it can't be helped, and it won't be for long.

ALICE. Be not so sure of that. It might be a few years, it might be an age. It is rare that a fortune does not take a lifetime to build, George.

GEO. I did not mean until I made a fortune, darling. I know that would take a long time, but as soon as I have established a footing there, I shall return for you.

ALICE. And in the meantime, what am I to do? How am I going to comfort myself? How can I exist? Remember, we are quite alone in the world now. You must feel this loneliness. I do. Soon we shall even have to face the hatred or rebuke of our own families, and may be entirely deserted by them when our engagement is once announced. Only a moment ago you yourself referred to that. Alas! stern rebuke and threats have already come to me, and I am experiencing too soon this sense of loneliness, this utter dependence on you for comfort and support—even without your leaving me. It is to one another we must look for sympathy, and, you in South Africa and I here, I would have to face martyrdom, persecution alone. How I should need you then! Without you by my side I should be unable to defy my tormentors.

GEO. But would you have me forfeit my word to the government, dear? Would you have me stay where the family misfortune is known?

ALICE. No, I do not ask that, George. If you must go to South Africa, if there alone is work and fortune for you, go. But must you go alone? Must you leave me behind? You

cannot, you shall not. You have become my whole existence ; the thoughts I think, the air I breathe, the world I live in, my life, my all. The only real living is when you are by my side. Now I cannot bear your absence from me one little moment of time. How then endure an eternity of separation such as this absence in South Africa implies. Well do I know by what I suffer when you are away from me, what my state would be if we were to separate for so long a time. Even when you are away you are my constant thought, you are never absent from my mind. No, if you must go to South Africa you must take me with you.

GEO. But the country is at war, my dear, and you have taken no consideration of the dangers and risk.

ALICE. Ah, tell me of all that ; tell me of the poverty we must face, of the scorn of friends, of the perils of ocean and the dangers of war. All this will be a joy, a delight to me if I can bear them with you. But do not kill me with a threat of separation. Last night I lay awake in my bed and thought of the humiliation you must suffer on account of this misfortune, and I blessed Heaven that out of the wretchedness of it all would come to me the happiness of comforting you. Believe me I could face these or any dangers for your sake. Why the glory of us Canadians is our ancestors' sturdy manliness, indomitable fortitude and untiring perseverance. They braved storms and perils of the deep to come to this country, they faced the extremities of climate, rigors of winter, heat of summer and dangers from native attack to establish a home here. Women as well as men did this, when the dangers and difficulties were a thousand times greater, were, indeed, almost insuperable. Now when danger of travelling is minimized and comfort assured, shall I shame them by flinching in the hour of exigency? Shall I be less resolute or intrepid than they?

GEO. The brave girl that you are, my own incomparable sweetheart. God bless you for your devotion to me, and your intrepid heart. How as I know you more, I see more and more in you to adore. Each day reveals to my wondering sense some new trait, some new beauty of character I never saw before. Constancy I knew to be one of the divinities enshrined in this hallowed temple, and now emerges Fortitude from behind the veil to claim a share of my worship, and to swell that long list of attributes which render you as adorable and as worthy of praise as was ever any Roman woman of old And so you would go to South Africa—all that long way?

ALICE. Yes, George, for to remain behind would be death.

GEO. And you would have the patience to wait there the success that shall ultimately be ours ?

ALICE. Yes, and I shall appropriate a share in the gratification and reward that that success shall bring. Every joy of yours I want to be mine, every interest of yours shall be my interest ; wherever you are I want to be, so that whatever you do I may be by your side to commend or applaud. It was no idle word of Lady Rivers just now that I should be consulted about going to South Africa.

GEO. Then let us go and face the world together, sweetheart.

ALICE. Yes, and let us not delay a moment. To-morrow I return home. Next week we'll begin our long journey. Between those two events who knows what may happen, what design may be concocted to sunder us ? When I am once your wife, they dare do nothing. There is no time to be lost. Go find a priest and bid him be prepared to unite us at five o'clock this evening. I shall be in readiness. . . . Oh, blessed to-morrow when as husband and wife we can defy the world. Sweetheart, take me to your heart and keep me there. I cannot bear to be parted from you.

GEO. Until five, then, my beloved, until five. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—Appeal to Pride.

TIME.—*Afternoon of same day as preceding scene.*

SCENE.—*Room in Kingheart's house.*

(*Enter Chopineau and Mr. and Mrs. Kingheart.*)

KING. I presume your visit, sir, concerns an early settlement of my losses on 'Change yesterday ?

CHOP. No, sir. It is to see your son I have called. I wish to remonstrate with him for persisting in his attentions to my eldest daughter.

MRS K. Persisting in attentions to Miss Chopineau ! I am afraid we do not understand you, sir.

CHOP. In plain words, then, madame, he has made my daughter believe that he is in love with her.

KING. This is certainly news.—Pray, what grounds have you for such a charge ?

CHOP. The evidences of my own senses, and the assurance of Mademoiselle Chopineau's own admission. But I would like to see the young man himself, if he is in.

KING. Certainly. He is within call.

*(Steps to door and calls "George."—A voice within,
"Yes, Father.")*

MRS. K. And how long has this been going on?

CHOP. Undoubtedly more than three months.

MRS. K. Well, it is the last thing I should have looked for.

(Enter George.)

KING. George, Mr. Chopineau is here this morning to see you. He maintains that you have been persistent in your attentions to Miss Chopineau, and have made her believe you are in love with her.

GEO. Made Mademoiselle Chopineau believe that I am in love with her! I am confident Mademoiselle Chopineau would not sanction that way of representing it—that I have made her believe I love her. If Mr. Chopineau says we are engaged——

CHOP. Engagement, sir, may be the melodious term by which you are in the habit of designating your gallantries and your impostures on innocent women——

GEO. Sir!

MRS. K. I beg you will allow me to withdraw at once, sir. *(Exit.)*

KING. Have you come here to insult us, sir? I hope the fact that you are not under your own roof will act as some restraint on the violence of your language——

CHOP. But I call them amours. Now, perhaps, we understand each other, sir.

GEO. But this is imposing on good feeling.

KING. If that is the kind of relations common to your circle, sir, I beg you will not look for them here. My son in paying attention to your daughter has unquestionably outraged that common sense he was always given credit for, but I am confident this is the only outrage of which a Kingheart could be guilty. My son is endowed with a high sense of honour, and would be utterly incapable of any base intrigue.

CHOP. I know of no other name by which to designate attentions which we all know circumstances prevent cul-

minating in any honourable bond of union. I cannot conceive of any good intentions in a young man who keeps an affair of this kind secret, withholding it not only from the father of the girl, but from his own parents as well. Remember it is not so much the woman's business to make known an engagement as it is the man's. An inherent disposition to modesty may control her, as would also the consciousness that it would not have a parent's sanction, as in this case. But a man is bound to demonstrate at the outset that his intentions are honourable, whatever the circumstances. The least that was expected of you was to apprise your father and mother, even though you anticipated their disapproval.

KING. It certainly would have been stamped at once with our unqualified disapproval.

CHOP. I need not say that it would have certainly met mine, for, apart from the atmosphere of secrecy tarnishing it, I must naturally be apprehensive, (*Re-enter Mrs. King.*), the relations of the two families being as they are, that a malicious or vindictive design may be cogitated.

MRS. K. I thought this painful interview over, or I would not have intruded, my dear.—The English mail is in. A letter for you from the earl. I apprehend, by the black border, some new disaster.

KING. Ah, they're coming fast enough already, God knows. If this is another,—well we must take example by Job's resignation. (*Reads.*)

GEO. You are Mademoiselle Chopineau's father, and, on her account, therefore, I owe you respect, but, at the same time, I beg to impress on you that I cannot allow you to discredit my honour in this way. I yield to none in honourable purpose.

KING. My God, brother George is dead!

MRS. K. George! Is it possible! His death must have been very sudden. We had no intimation he was ill.

GEO. About my loyalty to Mademoiselle Chopineau there can be no question. It is three months since I first declared my love to her. From that day every course remote from deception has qualified my attitude to her. She will assent to this. Yesterday when you failed, sir, I recognized it my duty to lay before her the full extent of my prospects, which I did this morning, offering to free her there and then. Does this look like bad faith? Well, she magnanimously refused to be released, and, far from being changed by the sad calamity which has overtaken us, she

declared her unalterable purpose of clinging to me, offered to marry me immediately and go with me to South Africa.

CHOP. Marry you, and go with you to South Africa! You are both mad, and such an insane course must not be allowed.—Young man you have not money enough to take care of my daughter. She is used to a life of ease and luxury such as you have not the means to provide—I doubt if you have even ever enjoyed it. I have been an indulgent father to her all her life, not allowing her to want for anything. Do you think, after that, I shall permit her to marry a beggar?

GEO. But this is the crime of violence to my respect. Take care, sir, how far you impose on it.

CHOP. With regard to this pretty story about her offering to marry you at once, and accompany you to South Africa, there is not a word of truth in it—

GEO. Sir! Do I hear my word impugned?

CHOP. She understands that she is already affianced to Lieutenant Gobin. If it is my money you are after,—well, understand right here, not one cent of it goes to her if she marries you. Good day, sir. I'm a very busy man, and have no further time to spare you. (*Exit.*)

MRS. K. Was there ever such a fellow? It tried my patience to sit and listen to him.

KING. You cannot conceive my indignation, my dear. I never expected to be so grossly insulted,—under my own roof at least.—Well, sir, what do you think of this outrage on your father and mother in their own house? Are you proud of your work? It is through you this contemptible fellow was here—as if yesterday's humiliation was not enough at his hands. While you are running the family into disgrace, bringing down humiliation and insult on it.—well, your uncle, George, is dead, and the childless earl, realizing that, after me, you are now in consequence the successor to his title, is consulting for your interest. You are to go to England and prepare for your coming responsibility. Little does he dream how unworthy of his concern you are.

MRS. K. Don't say that, dear. After this shameful scene, I am sure George has already made up his mind to let Miss Chopineau go.—And what else has the earl to say?

KING. George is to marry Lady Hilda Barlow and enter parliament for Seamingdale under her father's auspices.

MRS. K. How lucky, George! A brilliant marriage secured and the family fortunes retrieved at one stroke. What do you say to that?

GEO. Nothing, mother.

KING. Nothing, you ungrateful scamp. Down on your knees, and thank your almighty stars that so soon is the opportunity afforded you to scoff at this Tartar and his measley millions, and to chuck his vulgar daughter back to him. You owe your uncle a thousand thanks for having delivered you from the grip of temptation at such a trying hour. I hope you will indite him a whole library of acknowledgments. Lucky dog. Your future is assured. No more need of South Africa. You can hold your head up like a man and defy the world. You are on the sure road to the proud position of a British peer, the greatest honour on earth, except that of being the British sovereign himself.—As for this fellow Chopineau, I hope he will live to rue the day he spurned you as a son-in-law. Let him have his daughter by all means. Lady Hilda Barlow is worth a dozen of her.

GEO. Father, have you seen either Lady Hilda or Miss Chopineau, that you say that? Is your judgment founded on actual knowledge of either?

KING. Talk to your father of correct judgment, sir? Your uncle would never have made the selection he has done if Lady Hilda were not the woman to make you a proper wife, and it is easy to reason from this man, Chopineau's ostentation and celebrity what his daughter must be.

GEO. Say what of your daughters, and you would be equally incorrect about both, as, I am afraid, our judgments of Mr. Chopineau himself are often far from correct. I have observed the two young ladies very closely, and yet am unable to discover a trace of offensive ostentation in either.

MRS. K. I have heard Miss Chopineau very well spoken of.

GEO. Believe me, mother, an estimable young lady, a favourite not only by reason of her beauty and charm, but for her wit, sensibility, modesty and affability.

KING. In short, sir, she possessess the whole show list of virtues; yet not good enough to be the wife of a British peer.

GEO. Many a peer would not be worthy to touch her little finger.

KING. You are a great fool, that's what you are.

MRS. K. My dear, you are too easily provoked. Let me talk to George.

KING. It's enough to provoke one; to have one's word disputed at every turn by an obstinate, opinionated boy who thinks he knows more than his father. His uncle, with his best interests at heart, has gone to the trouble of hunting out an enviable match for him, an heiress in her own right, and a daughter of one of the oldest houses in England and he treats the whole thing as indifferently as if she were a rag-picker's daughter, harrying one's ears with the praises of a woman whose father just told him he was a beggar, and not decent enough to be his son-in-law—a son of mine, a Kingheart, to swallow insults so complacently.—Once for all, will you accept your uncle's kin offers, or are you going to let infatuation for this creature get the best of your common sense?

GEO. Had this offer come three months ago, father, I might have considered it, because I was not then clear whether I dared declare my mind to Mademoiselle Chopineau. But this date puts any such offer out of the question, for not only am I engaged to her, but our marriage is already fixed.

KING. That ends our interview, sir. I have nothing more to say to you, except that you pack up your things and leave the house at once. You are no son of mine.

MRS. K. Henry, dear, don't be so hasty.

KING. I shall cut you off—Ah! you choose well the time for defying my wishes, when you know there is nothing for you to get out of me. I should have cut you off to the last cent. But you shan't remain under the roof. I could almost wish the earl would change and marry, so that he may yet have children to cheat you out of the peerage. (*Exit.*)

MRS. K. See what a temper you have put your father in! You should not aggravate him like that. Yesterday's losses have made him irritable, you know.

GEO. I have not sought to irritate him. He asks an impossible sacrifice of me.

MRS. K. But you know it's for your good, George. He wouldn't have advised you as he did if it were not for your good. Let me add my entreaties to his, and beg you—for my sake—to give up Miss Chopineau. I don't doubt but she is a very amiable young woman and all that, and would make an admirable wife for someone, but I think she is not the kind of wife for you. And where are your reason and your pride? Let me appeal to your common sense. Your

father and Mr. Chopineau are not on good terms — indeed, you know it is no exaggeration to pronounce them deadly enemies, that no marriage of children could ever reconcile. If you doubt it, only reflect what yesterday's event must ever mean to both. It is not unreasonable to believe, then—indeed it would be the most natural thing in the world, if you marry Miss Chopineau, for each of you to take your respective parent's part, and I need not say, in such a case there could be no happiness in the household.—Now, let me appeal to your pride. However guiltless you are of intentions on this man's wealth, the world would judge you otherwise. Moreover, there is no sympathy with fortune-hunting lovers, and when people learn that you had not received any of his money, they would be overjoyed at what they would naturally interpret a failure. That's one side of the picture. The other has been too well stated by your father for me to impress it more forcibly on you. Lady Hilda Barlow is of your age, beautiful, charming, sensible,—all that you have pictured Miss Chopineau. She is of an old family—which Miss Chopineau is not—and she is an heiress in her own right, immensely wealthy—which Miss Chopineau will not be if she marries you. I believe the Barlow estate is twenty thousand acres, and they have three castles and a town residence. Her father is influential and in parliament, and he would have you there, too, in no time. What more would any man want? Your future would be assured. I don't demand you give an answer now; there's no hurry. A week, a month, a year if necessary—even go to South Africa if you prefer. I shall talk your father out of this hasty action of his. We shall all keep together meanwhile, as we ought at such a trying time.

GEO. Mother, you make this demand on my love and obedience, not knowing how far I have gone in my fealty to Mademoiselle Chopineau, how far past forfeiture of my word I am. This very day at five o'clock we are to be married.

MRS. K. To be married at five o'clock!

GEO. Yes, at five o'clock. You know now why it is impossible for me to acquiesce in yours, father's, and the earl's wish.

MRS. K. But what does this sudden and concealed marriage mean? Explain and relieve my mind from any doubts. You have always been honourable, George.

GEO. Re-assure yourself, mother. It simply means that Mademoiselle Chopineau, learning I was obliged to sail for South Africa next week, and foreseeing the annoyance her

constancy would bring down on her, entreated me to consent to our immediate union, and to take her to South Africa with me.

MRS. K. But this is sheer madness, George.

GEO. It is too late now, mother, for me to debate it with you. To you it may seem the acme of madness, but we are quite persuaded of its necessity. And now you will pardon me. I must go. My time for preparation was limited enough, but father's expulsion has laid a new demand on it. Good-bye, mother. Don't forget I love you.

(Kisses his mother and leaves.)

MRS. K. George, George, I implore you—

GEO. *(within.)* Good-bye, mother.

MRS. K. To be married to-day at five o'clock.—Riches, honour, fame perhaps, within his grasp, and he insanely thrusts them aside for this creature. Whichever way one looks at it, obscurity—except such as a certain measure of professional success may dissipate—will be his portion if he marries this woman, ah, even when he inherits the earldom. She may prevail on him to remain in Canada or South Africa, wherever they happen to be at the time, preferring to be a countess where countesses are rare than where an abundance of them may relegate her to the shade; or she may affect, like her father, to hold titles in contempt—these western tradespeople usually do. On the other hand if her ambition impel her to choose English, parliamentary success at that late date will be out of the question. All the men in the first rank of the House of Lords are men who have come to the front after long schooling in the Commons. To bring up a child, an only child; to hope much, to pray much, and to expect much, and then to see those hopes shattered in a twinkling by a woman whose love for him cannot begin to compare with mine, but for whom he disregards my most fervent appeals.—A brilliant career sacrificed by a passionate, ill-advised infatuation. Shall I let it take its course? Shall I sit indifferently and say it is no affair of mine, I have done my best, his fortune is in his own hands to mar or mend? No. Does not this man Chopineau answer the question? He came in behalf of his child and shall his love be said to transcend mine?—I shall profit by his example, only improving on it, see Mademoiselle Chopineau and appeal to her better nature. But, whereas he used threats, insults and abuse, I shall sink self-interest so completely out of sight as to throw her intuition completely off the scent. I shall clothe myself in my suavest, most

diplomatic mood, for I probably have a woman of spirit and determination to deal with, if she is a whit like her father. Ah, mademoiselle, it is your love against mine, which will win? (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—Appeal to Love.

TIME.—*Still later in the afternoon than the preceding scene.*

SCENE.—*Same as scene I. of this act.*

(*Enter Juliette and Jacques.*)

JUL. I am beginning to think you haven't a spark of imagination after all. How you will fall in my present conception of you, if ever I convince myself you haven't.

JACQ. Better I fall in that at first to be exalted in your esteem afterwards; for the former is often provoked by caprice or mood, the latter is founded on reason. I do not want to be loved for what I am conceived to be, but for what I am.

JUL. But for a novelist and a poet you are as unromantic as the mechanic who studies everything and plans everything by the rule of square and compass. Every suggestion must conform to the test of expediency; every proposition must be subjected to the search-light of examination.—Here is our position. We are engaged and are impatient to be married. We have the means necessary, but know full well my father's consent will never be given. What must be done, then? What would any reasonable person infer ought to be done? Take measures in our own hand and run away. Yet you refuse point blank to elope with me

JACQ. But your reasoning is vicious, my dear. Such an inference is forced, and does not proceed naturally from the premises.

JUL. I don't know anything or care anything about your premises. I am interested in facts.

JACQ. It does not follow that because I do not harmonize with your father's conception of an ideal husband for you, his consent will, therefore, be withheld. There are hundreds of parents in the world who have had to acquiesce to a child's marriage even in direct violence to their own prejudices. Nor is the other conclusion, that we must run away, a sound one. Wouldn't it be just as effectual and a great deal cheaper, for instance, to walk away from home, since we are going to live in Montreal?

JUL. Oh! there is no reasoning with you. You are

beyond all endurance. As Alice says, you argue everything and want to have your own way about everything, even when you know you're absolutely wrong.

JACQ. In telling me that, you flutter my conceit, for if my views receive private examination between you and your sister, it argues that they must be at least worthy of some notice.

JUL. Don't be carried away too rapidly by egotism. It is not your views we discuss; it is you and your obstinacy. But I'm going to have my way about this, make up your mind.

JACQ. But you always do in the end, you know.

JUL. You are perfectly odious in your ruling passion to have the last word about everything. A pretty sweetheart you are to refuse to indulge your affianced at any time. . . . I'll wager you didn't remember yesterday was my birthday.

JACQ. There you wrong me, sweetheart. It has not passed out of my mind a single moment the whole day. Here is a trifle I have brought you as a souvenir. You have never had an engagement ring from me. Let this compensate for the delinquency.

JUL. Oh isn't that a beauty? How good of you, Jacques. Well, I forgive you your vexations for this token of your love. But Jacques, you won't mind if I say something, will you?

JACQ. I anticipate what it is. You would scold me for spending on you out of my slender purse.

JUL. I am aware it is a sensitive—I mean a delicate point.

JACQ. Not at all. There should be no ceremony, as one day there must be no mysteries, between us.—Well, yesterday morning, the editor of *Le Petit Tribune* offered me service on the staff of the paper—

JUL. How lovely. You'll be an editor, won't you?—a poet, a novelist and an editor. I always told you you would come to the front. Wasn't it clever of me to discover your genius?

JACQ. Not out and out an editor, but a hybrid position, editor and reporter in one.—Well, your birthday brought me good luck, you see, and I wanted to signalise the fact in some way. But you know, funds are not always as plentiful as I would wish them. So at times I have to resort to an expedient. I'll tell you. My uncle is a great politician, that is so far as his judgment goes.—I have never heard of anyone who agreed with him in this particular. Well, when

things go badly with me, I pay him a visit, and in consideration of the loan of a dollar, I allow him to explain to me what fools the present Government are, and how they are running the country headlong into ruin. I feed his vehemence by certain interjaculatory remarks—for instance, that I am surprised that he is not in the House of Commons, and that that honourable body has much to regret in not possessing him as one of its forceful ornaments. I watch my opportunity, and when I perceive that his conceit has been sufficiently fired, I know that the time has come when I can tap him. But yesterday he squirmed when I raised my price to five dollars, until I explained to him that I was now an editor, a somewhat influential personage, and that I was in the position to be of some possible service to him some day.

JUL. How clever ! Still I would have preferred your gift to take the direction of some effort of your talent.

JACQ. Oh ! I did that, too. I had nearly forgotten—I made a little poem in honour of your birthday.

JUL. How thoughtful you are, Jacques.

JACQ. Why, what did I do with it ? I put it
Oh, here it is, I hope you will like it, dear.

JUL. "Caprice, a Sonnet." Caprice ! Why, what has caprice to do with my birthday ?

JACQ. Merely a tendency to-day in literature, my dear—the fashion of indirect allusion, of mere suggestion, of association.

JUL. Oh, it is.

JACQ. You see fashion in literature is like fashion in tastes, manners and everything else : it changes. Such poems as Landor's "Sixteen" or Shakespere's "Sweet—and Twenty," are no longer possible. Our modern sensibilities preclude us from outraging the finer senses of the ladies with reference to their age. Nor does modern taste permit personal love poems any more. We would just as soon commit a solecism in style as indite poems to our Beatrices our Lydias and our Highland Marys. The present generation thinks it knows better how to write than in the good old-fashioned way. I much prefer the old way myself, but, being of the age, must have an eye to my advancement, and interest compels me to submerge personal choice to general demand.

JUL. But why caprice ? What has that to do with me ? That is what I want to know.

JACQ. But what would you have, my dear? You a strictly up-to-date girl would resent any such thing as "To Sweet Seventeen," for instance, as any other girl of the day would. Shall I blazon your age before the world? Do I not arrive exactly at the same results with caprice as my theme?

JUL. Oh, so seventeen is the age of caprice, is it? And I am capricious, am I? Well, (*throwing MS at him.*) you may keep your old poem . . . and don't ever speak to me anymore. You horrid thing. I hate you. (*Exit in tears.*)

JACQ. Well, a little noise and a few tears will not alter me. This love of excitement, this wild chase after sensation and notoriety that is the characteristic of the average girl of to-day, and the disgust of sensible people shall not have my indulgence, as far as I can help it. Undoubtedly the way to meet such a disposition as yours is to manage with indifference, to meet humour with reason, to yield only as a last alternative. By this way I shall win genuine admiration from you which I haven't now, and I shall gain your love in the end. Your capricious nature would draw me into ridiculous actions, but that is insensate indulgence, not love, my dear Juliette, that allows itself to be drawn into every variation of folly, and into all manner of strange capers for the mere end of pleasing.

(*Enter Alice.*)

ALICE. M. Duval, what is the matter now with you and my sister? You never meet but you quarrel.

JACQ. Nevertheless, mademoiselle, we have much to be thankful for, in that up to now we have both escaped a scratched face and the loss of a single hair.

ALICE. Well, you're very unreasonable, I must say. You can't expect her to fall into your ideas of things.

JACQ. But, mademoiselle, it is your sister who is unreasonable, with her odd fancies and extraordinary projects.

ALICE. Yes, I know, but you are as much at fault as she. Her ideals are at times romantic and not always obvious, I admit, but you are inclined to be too captious, argumentative and obstinate.

JACQ. Ah, yes, she told me that that was the opinion you had of me, but do you not mistake something else for all this? You should know, mademoiselle. —The charge of being intensely devoted to her well-being even to the point

of exactness I may allow, but obstinate and argumentative, no, I am neither of those.

ALICE. Well, go and compose her, for she is fretting very much.

JACQ. I run a great risk in doing it, mademoiselle, but since you command it, I shall do my best. (*Exit.*)

ALICE. How singular it is that in the lives of some people who love each other ardently these little tiffs will occur. Juliette is very proud of her poet sweetheart and he is unquestionably devoted to her, so much so that her girlish extravagances cause him as much distress as if she were running into real danger; yet they are always having their little family parties. George and I get on first rate. We are too practical to allow any differences creep in our happiness in this way.

(*Enter Butler with Salver.*)

BUT. Mrs. Kingheart wishes to see you, mademoiselle.

ALICE. Mrs. Kingheart? (*Advancing to door.*) Please show her in.

(*Enter Mrs. Kingheart.*)

MRS. K. Mlle. Chopineau, I presume?

ALICE. I am. And you are Mrs. Kingheart, George's mother?

MRS. K. I am.

ALICE. It is an honour to know you Mrs. Kingheart. George did not apprise me—

MRS. K. I am here without his knowledge. But you think rightly if you suppose my visit has any relation to him.— You love George?

ALICE. Yes.

MRS. K. And he has declared his love to you?

ALICE. He has so honoured me.

MRS. K. But, mademoiselle, has he not acquainted you with his prospects? Didn't he tell you that at present he hasn't a cent in the world and has to commence a slow, uphill conquest of the world with his profession only behind him?

ALICE. He did.

MRS. K. And we have nothing to give him. We lost all we had through Mr. Kingheart's misfortune on 'Change yesterday when your father had such signally good fortune. Of course, you know. George can expect nothing from us,

therefore, and must look only to himself, and you are accustomed to a life of luxury and ease, in which George would be unable to indulge you. Then there is that other reason.

ALICE. Which one, madam?

MRS. K. Your father's antipathy. I am positive consent to such a marriage could never be wrung from him.

ALICE. I know it.

MRS. K. He would cut you off with the last cent.

ALICE. He has so informed me.

MRS. K. And, knowing all this, you are still determined—

ALICE. To marry George? Yes.

MRS. K. Constant girl.

ALICE. George loves me and that is all I ask. I do not question his ability to make future provision for us; I am positive of it.

MRS. K. It will be all uphill work, I warn you, mademoiselle, for George is proud, dislikes asking favours, and prefers fighting his own way. It will not be the flowery path you think.

ALICE. Pardon me, but George and I have gone into all that, Mrs. Kingheart.

MRS. K. Then again, I must remind you, mademoiselle, that our families are not on good terms.

ALICE. I cannot see what that has to do with the matter, Mrs. Kingheart. George and I are on the best of terms. We love each other and these are terms good enough for us.

MRS. K. It is all very well to dismiss it in that self-confident way, but such marriages, I assure you, are rarely happy.

ALICE. Ours may be one of the rare ones, madam. At least we are willing to risk it.

MRS. K. Let me come to the point, mademoiselle. Suppose I were to tell you that such a marriage would blight George's future—

ALICE. I do not understand you.

MRS. K. Patience, mademoiselle, I shall explain. You love George?

ALICE. I have already declared so, madam.

MRS. K. Then you are prepared to make any sacrifice for his well-being?

ALICE. Undoubtedly.

MRS. K. You must know, Mademoiselle, we are highly connected in England—

ALICE. Mrs. Kingheart! If you are going—

MRS. K. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I do not mean to disparage your birth in any way. Do not be offended at what I have to say. Remember a mother's disposition to consult for her son's future interest. I allude simply to George's ties in England. He is heir presumptive to the earldom of Dolan, and if he marries as the present earl desires, his position is assured.

ALICE. But, madam, while that may be all true, do you not remember that something is due us—due your son. While you are consulting for his interest, you have undoubtedly lost sight of his happiness. Would you have him marry where he has not given his heart? Would you convert his future happiness into a desert? You, his mother, would not wish to realize, at some future day, that her son's wedded life was not what it might be, that, in short, it was most unhappy.

MRS. K. There would be no danger, mademoiselle. Amid different surroundings and different conditions he will readily adapt himself to his altered state.

ALICE. Ah! you do not know George if you say that. And, then, me—Why do you impose on me the task of dismissing him thus abruptly? Hasn't he informed you we are going to be married to-day?

MRS. K. Yes.

ALICE. You see how you wrong him. Did I not tell you he is devoted to me?

MRS. K. Well, you do not love him; else would you be prepared to make any sacrifice.

ALICE. Mrs. Kingheart, if you are here to overawe me, I beg you will bring the interview to an end.

MRS. K. I assure you, mademoiselle, that such is far from my purpose. I am not here to intimidate but to plead. It is as painful for me to lay this subject before you as it must be for you to listen. I do not wish to inflict you needlessly, but it is natural that I should have the interest of my only child at heart. Of course, you cannot understand these things as I understand them and appreciate a mother's concern.

ALICE. Possibly not, madam. All I know is George and I love each other devotedly and that is a great deal. You lose sight of his happiness for his interest.

MRS. K. On the contrary ; I have both before me. I see that such an alliance will terminate unhappily for both. It has always been so. It is better, therefore, that it should be brought to an end at once. For it cannot be. It meets with disapproval on both sides and I need not tell you, mademoiselle, that the gulf of reconciliation between your father and Mr. Kingheart is impassable.

ALICE. I know it.

MRS. K. Yes ; and on the other hand, you must know also that above love and marriage are certain responsibilities attached to the rank of which George is a part—responsibilities he dare not shirk without betraying the heritage entrusted to him. Of these responsibilities no marriage is allowed to divest him, —nay, marriage is secondary to them and should only be contracted for the purpose of assisting in their observance. *Noblesse oblige*, I can assure you, mademoiselle, is anything but an empty phrase. Some day George must assume the state of an earl. Can you understand what that means—the duties it entails—in the eyes of one of English training, be he of the highest or the lowest class ? I pass over the obligation a nobleman owes of standing within the splendour of the throne, but assure you, mademoiselle, that his responsibilities towards the under classes are to-day a thousand times greater than in 1215 when he stood as their champion before a tyrant king. Every public movement he is called upon to lead ; every philanthropic enterprise, to support, Do you understand me, mademoiselle ?

ALICE. Do I understand you ? Ah, too well do I anticipate the drift of your plea.

MRS. K. He should bear a hand also in shaping the legislation of his country. Other no less important functions he is called upon to perform. Must I tell you that wealth and influence are necessary to all this ?

ALICE. Ah, me ! Why was I born ?

MRS. K. Lord Dolan, Mr. Kingheart's brother, has made arrangements for George's marriage with a lady who will bring him this wealth and influence, which you see you cannot. Moreover, her father has immense influence to get him into parliament. I entreat you, therefore, by that love you have for him to give him up. If you love him prove it by consulting for his interest. You are a woman of generous impulses ; you will therefore not hesitate to make this sacrifice that I ask. See here I have a letter from his uncle. Read it, mademoiselle, and you will see that nothing of that

I have said with reference to George's future is visionary.

ALICE. It is unnecessary, madam. Keep your letter. All shall be done as you request.

MRS. K. How noble of you. Ah, I knew I would not appeal to you in vain. I shall never forget your sacrifice. Adieu, mademoiselle.

ALICE. Adieu.

(Exit Mrs. Kingheart)

ALICE. So ends our bright young dream with its life of a summer's wooing—not cut short by lovers' quarrel, but by family feud, for, in spite of the Lord Dolan pretext, family differences were really at the bottom of my lady's anxiety. After all she is right. Such a betrothal could not have lasted. Not so wonderfully begun after all, for enmity often enough in this odd world turns into friendship, hatred into love; but continued over an active volcano of hate our truth could only end as it has ended. Now that I am awake I am not so greatly surprised that we loved as that our engagement did not cease long ago. We were children to think it could endure under the circumstances. But then we had eyes only for love and lost sight of what was threatening every moment. And now to apprise George. I dare not meet him face to face for love and fear together would subvert my determination to yield all up for his interest. Once to see him would be to weaken in my purpose, and present resolve would be renounced in the face of one tender smile from him. I'll write to him and explain. *(Writes)* "My dear friend, God grant you strength to receive with composure what I am about to communicate. No doubt it will cause you no small measure of surprise after the serious and definitive conversation we had to-day. We had made up our minds to be married at once. But alas; that cannot be.

Since seeing you there has come to me an absolute reconsideration of my plans and my promise. I know now what I did not know before—that it is to the interest of both of us that our betrothment come to an end. Believe me, my friend, when I say that it is in the interest of both that this should be so. I ask you, therefore, to free me. I regret it sincerely, but I can assure you that the step has been carefully considered and cannot be helped.

It will be useless to call here to see me, for I return home to-day, where, you know it will be utterly impossible to receive you."
Alice Chopineau.

Cowards writes letters : a brave soul meets his man. But poor me! I'm only a woman—with the strength as well as the weakness of my sex.—Take George from me, take all from me—the whole world lost. Oh! the pain of it all. (*Places hand on heart*) What an aching! I remember when mother died : it seemed as if I would dissolve in tears, but had father died at that time too, the sum of those two griefs would be to this single one as a paltry tear drop to the ocean. Now the fountain of my tears seems spent. Not one drop will flow to relieve the seething tide within.—George lost, what is there left to live for? The light of life is gone. Henceforth life with darkness. Oh! the pain, the pain here. My poor heart will break. Ah! what need to suffer when this is by. (*Takes up a paper dagger on table*) Come, quieting spike of steel and spit this wretched bulk of flesh. My soul is drunk with woe and sits heavy on my poor, frail frame. Come separate this suffering body from its incubus of sorrow. One prayer for him. May such honour and fame as his mother wishes crown him. May he be blessed with a happy home, and may this lady selected for him—Ha! I had almost forgotten. Lord Dolan has selected a lady who can bring wealth and influence to George.—And so my heart was half-treacherous to me, and grief was not only for loss of him but for loss of him to her. Away perfidious blade. In league with my rival? Now I shall not give her that satisfaction to crow over my grave and say I took my life because George threw me over for her. (*Rings bell and proceeds to seal up letter*) No, my lady, that proud triumph shall never be granted you. (*Enter Butler*) James, I expect Mr. Kingheart. When he comes please give him this, and say to him I am out.

BUT. Yes, Miss. (*Exit Alice*) I'll bet that's the grand bounce now. She and George's mother can't agree, I reckon. She 'll have to look out for another fellow now. Well, I ain't finding fault with a girl what throws a fellow over that ain't got no money. Money talks nowadays, and the man without it ought to take a back seat. (*A noise is heard within*) I wonder what's that? Something fell down. Them Kinghearts deserve to have a backset, with their heads so high up in the air, as if they owned Montreal. Well, I ain't got no kick coming. I made a cool \$150 in the plunge yesterday. George ain't such a bad fellow, though, but he ain't our equal. I don't see what my lady invites him here for. (*Enter Susan*) What was that noise, Susan?

SUS. Oh, I'm in such a state. Miss Alice has just stretched out on the floor and her ladyship 'ot at home. Do

you know where the missus' smelling-salts is? Oh, there it is. (*Exit.*)

BUT. Fainted! Something to do with that letter, I reckon.—Well, it's mighty funny. Writes him a letter, and then faints away; but there's no understanding women.

(*Enter George dressed as a bridegroom.*)

GEO. Well, James, you see I came right in this time without waiting in the hall till permission was given. Please tell mademoiselle I am here.

BUT. Miss Alice has gone out, sir.

GEO. Gone out? That's singular. She had an appointment with me at this hour. Did she leave no message?

BUT. No, sir, but she gave me this to give you.

GEO. Ah, a letter. Thanks. Explains her absence, I suppose. (*Reads*) "My dear friend, etc." My God, is this true? No, I am mad or dreaming? Else what can mean this burning face, this singular sensation of oneness and lightness, this buzzing in my ears, this phantom-like appearance of things around, this strange rushing of the whole room to one spot. Yes, unquestionably I am dreaming. And yet is this not paper and words and Alice's writing, and a letter to me? Perhaps I read wrong. (*Reads*) No, I was not wrong. Too unmistakeably you burn your red-hot message into the waxen surface of my brain, you hurrying, rushing words. Ah, dance away, you instruments of the devil. League yourselves in your work of mockery with my unreliable senses. I shall not take the evidence of either of you, but make a searching cross-examination of this upstart butler. What though I know I am already the laughing-stock of him, and the whole house, I shall know the truth, I shall know the truth. (*Rings bell*) I'll stiffen myself up before the whole crowd of em, defying them all. They shall not see a trace of suffering, a quiver of emotion, an evidence of my humiliation. I shall show them that though I am poor, I can be as proud as they.

(*Enter Butler.*)

GEO. Villan, you lied to me just now. Mademoiselle Chopineau has not gone out; she is here in the house. Tell her I demand to see her at once.

BUT. Sorry, sir, but Miss Alice can't be seen.

GEO. Ha! I said you lied. I have had enough of your insolence, you overbearing fellow. Go and tell Mademoiselle Chopineau I am awaiting her and must see her at once.

BUT. Would like to oblige you, sir, but Miss Alice was taken very ill a few minutes ago and Dr. Joly has been sent for.

GEO. Ill, and the doctor sent for? Where is Lady Rivers? Tell her ladyship I am here and would like to see her.

BUT. Lady Rivers is not at home, sir.

GEO. Oh she isn't? Isn't the cook out too, and the maid and all the family, all except you and Mademoiselle Chopineau? My good fellow, I congratulate you, you are admirable. It is plain to see that you know your business first rate.

BUT. Believe me, sir, her ladyship is out. She went out some time ago. I heard her say she was going out shopping. She is getting ready to go to Newport for the summer. She leaves next week. You know that, sir.

GEO. Very well. That'll do, thank you. You may go. (*Exit Butler.*) After all, he is the only honest creature in the house. It is as much as his employ is worth to act otherwise. I see it now. When he kept me waiting in the hall to-day, it wasn't because the fellow was contemptible, but he knew the people he had to do with and was afraid to risk it.—Lady Rivers, with her gracious manner and warm greeting, her lavish sympathy—sustained until morbid curiosity had pumped me dry, and she was quite sure my father's failure was a fact.—Taken in by a deceitful old woman, and trifled with by a jilt, an infamous, heartless jilt. My God, it is hard to believe mankind so base! Only a few hours ago this woman clung to my neck, declared she could not wait any longer; we must be married at once; and sent me away to make the necessary preparations, and then sits down and writes this.—Yet it is impossible for her to be so artful a deceiver, her love all affectation—and this fellow says she is ill, taken alarmingly ill, the doctor sent for.—She has not taken this course of her own volition, then? No, Alice is the tool of her father's tyranny, and of this artful old woman's cunning. She is attached to this Chopineau family and has money invested in his company. She has an interest, therefore, in performing this or any ignoble service. What a humiliation for one day, what a humiliation! Told by this man that I was a beggar who could not provide the luxury his daughter is used to, and then duped by one woman, and cast off by another. Well, one must need be of stone not to be acutely conscious of this insult. But I shall make them rue it the longest day they live. By heaven, I

shall get even. I shall ever hold myself keyed up to a high pitch of resoluteness and action so that the humiliation of this day may never be lost sight of from before my eyes but that all things be ordered and shaped to the one unalterable, inexorable purpose of humiliating this proud man and putting my heel piteously on his neck. (*Exit.*)



ACT III—Love Suffering.

SCENE I.—A Father's Grief.

TIME.—Towards the end of September.

SCENE.—A corner of Juliette's dressing-room. Between three and four in the morning. Juliette in dressing gown.

JUL. (*Looking at her watch.*) Half past two,—an hour and a half yet. Anticipation has turned my habitually sound sleep into "cat naps." I must have waked up every ten minutes in the night. (*Listening*) All quiet on the Potomac. (*Produces rope ladder*) Come, my precious treasure, assist me to fame and wifehood. (*Kissing it*) You and I understand each other—aye, better than Jacques and I do, I'm afraid. He was for going to church in broad day—could see no reason for a midnight elopement. We were to go through the streets and through the church door like two ordinary people. Ridiculous! I couldn't make him see that here is an instrument, ordinary and unengaging though it seems, which is linked with some of the most romantic and famous events in history, the flight of political prisoners from the Bastille, the escape of distinguished persons from a burning hotel, the rescue of Christian Knights from dungeons. Men have such prescribed ways of doing things. If this is to be an elopement, it must be a real elopement following precedents set by hundreds, in real life, and others like Jessica and Jacintha, in fiction. How odd: I never noticed before my name began with the same letter as Jessica's and Jacintha's. 'Tis an omen of good luck; my flight will be a success. Good bye, subjection and insignificance; welcome, liberty, position and wifehood:—Well, I'm glad I carried my point with Jacques, though I had to make a beastly compromise on four o'clock instead of midnight. I must be revenged for this. He shall publish verses in honour of my ladder.—I wonder if Jeanne is ready. (*A tap is heard at the door; Juliette hides ladder and goes to see who it is*) Is that you Jeanne?

JEANNE. Yes, mademoiselle.

(*Juliette opens door cautiously; enter Jeanne with clothes over her arm*)

JUL. The suits? Well, you may put aside the long trousers.

JEANNE. The long trousers, mademoiselle? I thought it was to be the knickerbockers.

JUL. Yes, I thought of them at first, but finally settled on the long ones.

JEANNE. That is a pity, mademoiselle, for the boy's suit becomes you much better. You are just the height.

JUL. Yes, but, Jeanne, I am a little too big from there down for a boy (*Indicating from the knee downwards*) and it might betray me.

JEANNE. Not at all, mademoiselle. Look at Louis Le-boeuf what big legs he has—the prettiest legs I ever saw on a boy.

JUL. Very well, Jeanne. It shall be the knickerbockers, then. They are my preference too. Anything except those Turkish trousers. Don't leave them out. I can't bring my mind to those things. They suggest shrunk balloons too much. I would as soon wear a pair of father's. How Jacques will be entertained to see me in my boy's suit. I wish I could let sister into the secret.

JEANNE. Oh, that would never do, mademoiselle. She would set her face against it and try to talk you out of it.

JUL. Of course she would and I love sister too much to have any differences with her—especially now she's ill. I hinted it to her once and she wouldn't entertain it. (*Producing ladder again*) This thing gave me more uneasiness when I brought it home to-day than I ever had in my life.

JEANNE. I could hardly keep from laughing at the way Mme LeFer looked at the bundle and kept wondering what it was.

JUL. Her habitual role of custom house officer, asking questions and prying her old nose into everything.—Little did she suspect how very contraband this was.

JEANNE. She asked me why you kept your room so much to-day and locked it when you went out.

JUL. And what did you say?

JEANNE. I told her that you were preparing a surprise for the house and did not want anybody to know until it was done.

JUL. Clever girl! Thank heavens I'll be quite rid of her surveillance after to-day.—I wish the whole thing was over, Jeanne.

JEANNE. I believe you, mademoiselle. It is a great anxiety to you, I know.

JUL. You think it will be in the newspapers?

JEANNE. No doubt of it, ma'am.

JUL. I don't care whether it is or not, Jeanne. There is nothing to be ashamed of.

JEANNE Not at all, mademoiselle. You and M. Duval are going to be married.

JUL. I am sure the papers would not object to getting hold of the facts.

JEANNE Especially, mademoiselle, if the reporters found out that it was a newspaper man who had run off with one of the rich Mr Chopineau's pretty daughters.

JUL. And you think that would make some difference, Jeanne?

JEANNE Yes, mademoiselle. I have always noticed that reporters never miss an opportunity to praise each other or say something about each other in the papers.

JUL. You are quite observant, Jeanne. As much as I read the papers I never noticed that before. It is quite a point and I shall tell it to M. Duval.—It is a noble confraternity—the newspaper circle. I am glad M. Duval is a newspaper man. I would not marry any but a public man. . . . One moment: I am going to sis's room. I mustn't go without seeing her. It will be our first real separation, and we shall miss each other very much. (*Exit*).

JEANNE. Yes, mademoiselle, but you haven't thought what effect this will have on your sister who is so poorly. You want to be talked about, to have your name in the papers, and for that you would sacrifice your sister's life and your father's happiness. It's all one to you.

(*Re-enter Juliette.*)

JUL. She is sleeping so soundly I would not disturb her. You may go to your room now, Jeanne, and hold yourself in readiness to dress me when I call. I am going to take another nap, for I am worn out with anxiety. But I would go through fifty times as much to be Mme Duval, married and talked of. Good night for the present.

JEANNE. Good night, ma'am. (*Exit Jeanne. Juliette goes to window and attaches ladder.*)

JUL. There, all is ready now. Jacques may come as soon as he likes. Meantime to dreams of him. (*Lies on couch; after a moment talks in her sleep.*) Is this the hotel? Then, remain here while I go to my room and change my dress. Is that you, Jacques? Have you the ladder in your pocket? Hold it for me Ha! I hear a noise. Come down—quick! It is the duenna. We are lost; the police has seen us, and is making straight for us. I defy him. (*Awakes*) Dear me! What a frightful dream. . . . I had got away all safe and reached the hotel and was changing

my clothes. Then I thought I was escaping from the Bastille and a policeman tried to arrest us, but we got away.

(A hat is thrown in through the window.)

The signal! *(Looks down on herself)* and I am not ready. What time is it? How long did I sleep? *(Looks at her watch.)* Jacques is half an hour ahead. *(Goes to window and whistles. The signal is returned.)* Hist! Jacques, are you there? *(Lets down the ladder.)* Come up, I'm not quite ready. . . . I say I'm not quite ready. Come up. . . . Dear me! can't you hear? Come up a moment. *(Coming away from window.)* I'm frightened out of my wits. I wish it were all over. *(Enter Jacques through window.)* Jacques, are you sure nobody saw you? I'm frightened to death.

JACQ. *(Kissing her.)* Poor dear! I am sure there was no one around.

JUL. But what made you come before the time?

JACQ. *(Showing his watch.)* I'm not ahead of time, dear.

JUL. Half past four! *(Looking at her watch.)* My watch has stopped.

JACQ. Well, hurry, sweetheart. It will soon be day.

JUL. I'm going to Jeanne's room to dress.

JACQ. Very well, dear. Don't be long. *(Exit Juliette.)* What an idiotic piece of business all this is. I feel like a fool. Eloping by night in this fashion! Whoever heard of such a thing except from fiction,—a conceit that not even the genius of Shakespeare can justify. Jessica would need be of a very unresourceful imagination not to be able to outwit her father by day and in regulation attire. There would be little scope for the poet's imagination among our girls, I am afraid. I would like to see the Canadian girl, besides this one, who would need to choose night for running away and a boy's disguise to safeguard her flight.

(Enter, at window, Policeman O'Farrell from his beat; he threatens Jacques with a cocked revolver.)

POL. O'F. Is it the foire deparhtment you are thinking of jining—practising ladder cloimbing loike that? Small use you would be to the sarvice if ye niver larnt to come oop faster. Hands oop, there!

JACQ. What are you doing in here?

POL. O'F. What am I doing in here! Yer a good un, ye are. Ain't I got as much roight up here as yerself,

an' the window standin' that invitin' open that ye couldn't raysist the timplation yer own self. Hands oop, I say!

JACQ. (*with forefinger laid warningly against his lips*) Sh!

POL. O'F. Ah, I'm not that unmannerly to wake up the house. Don't lit thim fingers git too frindly with yer pawkets. (*Searching Jacques-still threatening with revolver.*) What've got in yer pawkets? Where's the goon? In yer boots? Coom, hand it over. I know you've got one somewhere.

JACQ. (*Laying his hands on O'Farrell's shoulder.*)
Officer—

POL. O'F. (*Pushing him off.*) We're on moighty foine terms on such short acquaintance. Remember that the person of a member of the city government is sacred.

JACQ. That's so. I shall not forget it, officer. But you must allow that a member of the city government, notwithstanding that sanctity he enjoys, may occasionally fall into a misapprehension. You are deceived in thinking I come here to rob. I am here for another purpose.

POL. O'F. Are ye? To git a brith of frish air, I suppose. Faith, an' its moighty hot on the sthrays to-night. Come, put on the bracelets, me man.

JACQ. I assure you, officer, reasons which I cannot divulge to you have brought me here.—

POL. O'F. Ah, I gissed as mooch.

JACQ. I have a right to be here or I would not be here. I am a gentleman, officer, and not a burglar.

POL. O'F. A gintleman. The smahrt ould man that I am. Sure the moment I seen you I knowed you was a gintleman at wanst—drissed up so illigant. Its gintlemin the likes o' you I have to dale with ivery day in me loife. I couldn't hould me job if I didn't know a gintleman whin I see him.

JACQ. A pretty pickle, surely.

POL. O'F. Niver moind, me by. Kape yer spirits oop and take your midicin loike a man. It was yer misfortune, and not yer fault, ye were took in the act. O'Farrell has not been on the force thirty years not to ricognize that ye are grane at the business, and that it is yer first attimpt. Yer as grane at it as Mike McCarthy tryin to be a Protistint.

(*Attempts to put handcuffs on his prisoner.*)

JACQ. Hold off! Don't dare touch me with those wretched things, you unmitigated idiot.

POL. O'F. Ye're making yer case worse, I warn ye, me by,—disorderly conduct and raysistin' an officer in the execution of his duty.

JACQ. Officer, I swear to you I am not what you take me to be.

POL. O'F. Of course ye're not. Ye're a victim of sarcum stances, ye are, loike the rist of you gintlemen.

JAC. If you do not leave here instantly, I shall act on your hint and rouse the house.

POL. O'F. Sartinly, ye will. Yer dying to do that same this minute, I can see it in yer face. The patient ould man that I am—me standing here and me pardner waiting to treat me to the drinks in Tim Murphy's saloon. (*O'Farrell seizes Jacques to put on the handcuffs; they tussle. Enter Juliette dressed in boy's clothes.*) The devil shall not git ye out of me clutches. Ha! This is the other one.

(*Juliette shrieks*)

JACQ. Sh—, my dear.

POL. O'F. A woman! O'Farre'l, ye're an ornamin't to the force and ye're desarvin of promotion. Your suspicions were intiorely corric. One of the chambermaids in league to clane out the house and divide the swag. I knowed it as soon as I seen the hat passed up. The rich haul ye would have made. Aren't ye ashamed of yerself to be robbin honest folk whoile they are fast asleep, and' you gettin' yer bread and butter out ov them, too.

JUL. Impertinence! Who is this man and how did he come here?

POL. O'F. Policeman O'Farrell at yer sarvice, and I came in by that same window as yer pardner.

JUL. Well, Mr. Policeman O'Farrell, be kind enough to leave at once by the window you ca ne.

JACQ. Be quiet, my dear. They will hear us.

POL. O'F. And jist now yer war on the pint uv wakin' oop the house.

JACQ. This comes of your obstinacy in carrying out your senseless project.

POL. O'F. I'm thinking ye might have done the job up better. (*Enter Jeanne*) Houly saints! Another of 'em! O'Farrell me boy, ye're in luck. Ye've came upon a swarmin' nist of robbers.

JUL. Do you know in whose house you are, sir? You are

in the home of Mr. Jean Chopineau, head of the Canadian Transportation Company. I am his daughter, this gentleman, my intended husband, (*Pol. O'F. whistles*) and this girl my maid.

POL. O'F. Is it loies or the truth ye are tellin'? Faith an' if it's all loies, I ax yer pardon and take back all I said that ye are grane at the business. Sure an' ye are the cliverest gang I ever coom across.

JUL. Impudence!

POL. O'F. How many more are ye? Is there a regiment of you secrated in the house. Barrin' surprise, I will signal me pardner to call out the whole force. (*As he steps to window to whistle, a knocking is heard within*) Aisy, Dennis, you were never known to turn yer back on the enemy.

CHOP. (*Within*) Juliette! Juliette! What has happend, girl?

JUL. Father!

CHOP. In God's name open the door, open the door if you can. Are there thueves, Juliette? Have they killed my child? Where are you?

POL. O'F. Is it a boy or a gurhl ye are lookin' for? Faith and ye will find 'em both in this young cratur.

CHOP. Juliette! What does this mean? What are these men doing here?

POL. O'F. And it's that same Oi'd like to know meself, for divil a bit I can make head or tail of it, though it's forty years I've been on the force.

CHOP. Juliette, do you heai? What does all this mean, girl? Why don't you speak? (*Juliette sobbing*) Nonsense, don't be frightened child; nobody can harm you. (*To Pol. O'F.*) Officer, what is your business here?

POL. O'F. Be aisy, Mounsare Shoopinco; its meself that will break it to ye that aisy it will go down like a dose of ile in a drink of weskay. Oi was making me bate, an' as I was passin' your gate, Oi noticed through the railings a man hanging about the lawn in front of the hoose. Me attintion was arristed and Oi looked agin and saw him turn round as if he was looking to see if any body was on the lookoot. Then I saw him pass oop his hat—that same on the floor i'm thinkin'—through the winder, an' Oi sez to meself, sez Oi: "Dennis O'Farrell, there is wurrk fer yer, as warhm a noight as it is." So Oi hid meself behoid one of the big stone pillars of the gate and kept me oie open to see what was coomin' nixt, and it were not long I had to

wait. Pritty soon a yoong leddy. coom to the winder an' whistled to him, an' he answered. Thin she threw oot a rope ladder—

CHOP. Threw out a rope ladder? The young lady did?—
(*Goes to window*) Juliette! And this man entered her chamber?

JUL. For shame, father! I refuse to stav here and submit to the indignity of listening to your cross-examination of this man concerning an affair touching myself. Am I your daughter that I am to be subjected to such an insult?

CHOP. Insult! Talk not to me of insult to you, made-moiselle. It is your father and his household that have been outraged.—Is it in a garb like that you have been taught to bedeck yourself? When had you permission from your father or example from your sister to admit a member of the male sex to your chamber—and at such an hour. If I have questioned this man, it was because there were three here that would not speak and one with a whole history ready on his tongue.

JACQUES. If we did not speak, sir—

CHOP. You miserable scoundrel! (*Rushing at Jacques' throat*) I want to hear nothing from you.

POL. O'F. (*Restraining him*) Stop that noo! Contimpt of court... Be aisy, Mr. Shoopinoo. Yer can't do that.

CHOP. Let me go! let me go!, I say. I am master of my house. Do not dare lay your hands on me!

POL O'F. He belongs to joostice now, Mr. Shoopinoo. Remimber.

CHOP. He does, indeed. By God, I mean to kill him. Hands off.

POL O'F. Sure and you will do it over me did body, thin.

CHOP. I forbade him ever crossing my door.

POL. O'F. Faith, thin, he has kept his word like an honest gintleman. an' I noo know why he came in at the winder.

CHOP. To think that the honour of my house has been assailed! Oh, my God, it is enough to kill a man.

JUL. Father, father, your honour has not been assailed—still less impaired. It is ridiculous—and cruel—to make such an aspersion on me—me, your own child, whose actions you have watched all her life. When have you ever seen anything in my acts to justify such a base charge? When you are rational and have dismissed this odious man from participating in a family affair, I shall tell you how far we have offended.

POL. O'FAR Well spoken, mademoiselle. An' I know by that ye are as innocent as my own Kathleen.

CHOP. You are right (To Pol. O'Far.)
What right have you here, officer? Go—by the window as you came.—But one moment; you just said my daughter is innocent, as innocent as—

POL. O'FAR. As my Kathleen, who is as white as a lamb.

CHOP. Who is this Kathleen? Your daughter?

POL. O'FAR. Yes, yer honour, and a bonny girl she is, too.

CHOP. Is she as dear to you as my girl is to me?

POL. O'FAR. Begorra, an' she is dearer; she is as dear to me as my own life.

CHOP. Then, by that love you bear your child, by your own concern for her reputation before the world, I, a distressed father, implore you to keep this matter secret that you have witnessed here this morning.

POL. O'FAR. As a member of the city government I am bound to do that, Mounsare Choopinoo.

CHOP. Our nicest scruples shall be satisfied and everything to safeguard my child's name and honour shall be rigorously enforced. You shall be witness of a father's resolution to maintain his child's reputation in the eyes of the world. M. Duval, by your artifice and your silly accomplishments you have wormed yourself into my daughter's favour and stolen her affections.—

JUL. That is not so. M. Duval is incapable of pursuing such a course. We grew to love each other as artlessly as ever man and woman loved.

CHOP. Love! You are but a child, not knowing your own mind in such things. Well, you shall be married just as soon as it is possible for Father Baron to be here. It is indispensable, do you understand, M. Duval? I am not going to have the respectability and long standing of my family jeopardized.

JACQ. You must know that I have every honourable intention to mademoiselle. It was to take her to the church to be married that I came here this morning.

CHOP. You choose a strange trosseau for your bride. M. Duval. Would you have taken her into church in that garb?—I would have sooner seen her married to one of the scatter brain young dandies on 'Change than to you. (To Jeanne.) Not a word of this to the other servants—to any one—if you value your position here. Refer all questions to

me. (*To all.*) Above all stiffe scandal; I hate it and my household has hitherto been free from it. To the drawing-room and await the priest there. You, too, my good friend. You will do me that favour, will you not, go and witness the ceremony?

POL. O'F. Yes, Mr. Shoopinoo. (*Exeunt all except Chopineau.*)

CHOP. And this it is to have children! Why am I thus cursed in mine? Have I been too indulgent. Only two, but both a source of vexation; they were better in a nunnery.--- My will set at nought by one, my good name endangered by the other. Alice's headstrongness was bad enough, but it, at least, was not tainted with folly and shame. (*Breaks down.*) Poor me! Toiling from morning till night for them--this very day I fight a life or death struggle--waking or sleeping my thoughts are always of them and making provision for their future; and this is the end of it all. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—A D  b  cle.

TIME.—*Morning after preceding scene.*

SCENE.—*Supposed pit of Montreal Stock Exchange. Tickers and the regular appurtenances of an Exchange seen around. A group of Brokers; Lebeau and Fornin wearing blue rosettes.*

FOR. Will the agony be over to-day?

1ST BROK. Had enough, have you?

FOR. I shouldn't regret if it were all over. It wouldn't matter if the work and worry terminated here, but when a fellow, after leaving this blooming place, has then to go to his office and work over books, letters, orders and that sort of thing till two or three o'clock in the morning, it is more than strength can stand. These two weeks I've reached home, on an average, at half pass three.

LEB. I never got to bed this morning till four o'clock.

FOR. Two weeks' strain and drudgery such as this, is enough to put a man in the grave.

2ND BROK. Or make a grave man of him.

3RD BROK. It won't make a grave man of you.

1ST BROK. No, indeed. He'll come to his grave in a violent manner.

ND BROK. And so defeat grave Care's ambition to be a grave-digger.

LEB. Reserve your wit, gentlemen. I apprehend there will be grave matter for it to-morrow.

2ND BROK. The obsequies of the Great Canadian Transportation Company will, indeed, be matter grave enough.

LEB. Never fear. It will not be the G. C. T. that will furnish it food.

1ST BROK. And yet people think that its goose is cooked.

3RD BROK. And that by to-morrow the shareholders will all be in a stew.

2ND BROK. G. C. T. or Royal Atlantic, it is all one to me whichever is "dished."

LEB. In a day or so you will qualify that statement, I am sure.

1ST BROK. Holloa, here's John Godding. I'll bet he's brimful of news.

3RD BROK. I'll go you a bet better than that.

2ND BROK. Then you'll be a better bettor. What is your bet?

3RD BROK. He hasn't a good thing to say of Chopineau.

2ND BROK. The drinks?

3RD BROK. I take you.

(Enter Fourth Broker)

SEVERAL BROKERS. { Good morning, John.
Holloa, John.
What's the latest, John.

4TH BROK. It's all over, boys. He can't make a go of it.

3RD BROK. Who? Chopineau?

4TH BROK. No; George Kingheart. The old man is too much for him.

(Brokers whistle and laugh: Lebeau seems pleased at the news.)

2ND BROK. *(To 3rd Brok.)* You've lost.

4TH BROK. What does it all mean, gentlemen. I do not understand this mirth; are you all bears to-day?

3RD BROK. Are you a bull to-day, John? You've lost me the drinks to Tim here.

2ND BROK. How much will you realize bulling the market, John?

4TH BROK. Nonsense, there's no bulling about it. I had it from Kingheart's closest friend. It's neither one nor the other to me which wins. You fellows know full well that I've been selling all week. I've sold out all I had to sell, and am out of the fight, —for to-day, at all events.

CHORUS OF BROKERS. They always say they're out of the fight but they get there just the same.

2ND BROK. Bob, your chance has come to get even. Here's Philip. I'll bet you the drinks that if he has any news, it isn't in Kingheart's favour.

3RD BROK. Done (*Enter Fifth Broker.*) Holloa, Philip. Why so late this morning? Anything up?

5TH BROK. At last we are at the bottom of it, boys. The syndicate behind Kingheart does not want to corner the G. C. T., —at least just yet. They'll wait till the prices have been hammered down still more. When the bears have the last drop of blood, the syndicate will come to the rescue and gobble up as much stock as they can.

(*Brokers dance for joy. Fornin and Lebeau remain silent.*)

3RD BROK. (*To 2nd Brok.*) So we are quits?

5TH BROK. You seem to be all bears to-day, gentlemen?

2ND BROK. (*To 5th Brok.*) Are you with Kingheart to-day, Philip? This is not the news I would have heard from you. You've lost me the drinks.

3RD BROK. (*To 4th Brok.*) Had you brought this news instead, I should not have been out the drinks.

5TH BROK. I must needs have been a clairvoyant to have known that before hand. Why didn't you give me the wink? I could have said as good on the other side.

1ST BROK. (*To 4th Brok.*) John, your news was not as good as Philip's.

4TH BROK. Had I known what kind of news you gentlemen wanted I could have done as well.

LEB (*To Fornin.*) Let's go Fornin. These fellows are all bears.

FOR. They'll wish to-morrow they hadn't been.

3RD BROK. That's all very well, but you fellows will see your "finish" to-day.

FOR. Don't you wish it might be so! You'll find out different before you are many hours older.

3RD BROK. (*To Another.*) Chopineau is keeping his head just above water. He is "matching orders" and buying heavily of his own stock. I had it from one of his own men.

LEB. Did you? And what is your hatchet-faced, hollow-eyed young man, George Kingheart, doing? He knows as much about trading as a two-year old.

FOR. But he has "nerve"—to stand up with a man like Chopineau who knows all the tricks.

3RD BROK. Much will his tricks avail against the Government's backing.

LEB. (*Angrily.*) I know the G.C.T. has no friends among you fellows. You don't like it because it has been a grand success.

3RD BROK. Is that so? We don't like it because it has been a miserable humbug, you mean.

LEB. Oh well; it's mighty easy to make such sweeping charges; but what we want is facts.

3RD BROK. You want facts, do you? Well, I'll give them to you. The newspapers—

LEB. Oh! the newspapers! You fellows always drag in the newspapers; the newspapers publish any trash to fill their columns. Two-thirds of what they stated about the G.C.T. was nothing but a tissue of lies.

3RD BROK. Was it lies when they said you were forcing the railway interests to boycott the Royal Atlantic by refusing to carry any immigrants over their road that that company brought? Was it lies that you had sent an ultimatum to the Government at Ottawa through its Immigration Department insisting that its London office should refrain from supplying any information to the Royal Atlantic and should dismiss all their agents in the United Kingdom; or immigrants would be induced to favour the States?

FOR. Oh, give us a rest; we have heard all that before.

3RD BROK. I know you have heard it before, but I'm going to rub it in. You fellows don't like to hear the truth, you know. Don't you see how arbitrary success made you? Your demand amounted to unconscionable insolence. Well, at last you have both the Government's and the railways' answer to all this. The Government has subsidized the Royal Atlantic, and now we are going to have a "cracking" fast mail service, more commodious and comfortable boats. The whole country will be independent of you and the railways can afford to snap their fingers at your threats.

LEB. The G. C. T. is all right. You fellows don't know what is for the country's good. When the G.C.T. was formed, you threw up your hats and said it was a good thing. Now you are shouting for the Royal Atlantic. A year from

now if another company comes along, you will do the same thing for it.

1ST BROK. If we threw up our hats for the G. C. T., it was because you promised great things which you have not carried out. It will be a lesson to Canada not to let another of those damned trusts get a footing on her soil.

FOR. That d-n-d trust, as you call it, was a Canadian enterprise from start to finish and was first and last in the interest of Canada and the Canadians. Your company belongs to foreign capitalists.

1ST BROK. That about the G. C. T. looking out for Canadian interests is all hosh. The directors, and Chopineau especially, were looking out to feather their own nests. I have always noticed whenever an arrogant institution finds itself in bad odour in the country and wants to recover ground with the people, it always strikes the key-note of patriotism.

LEB. Now that's coming it too strong. The G. C. T. is the greatest thing Canada ever had and will have for twenty years to come. Look at its enormous earnings. I would like you to parallel any other company in the country, or in the world for that matter, that has as great. The combined railways of the country can't show such figures. You fellows don't know what you are talking about. Canada is ever so much richer for having such an establishment as the G. C. T. You ought to congratulate yourselves,

FOR. I bet you in six months' time you'll be on your knees to the G.C.T.

3RD BROK. On our knees! for what? Had you fellows been as wide-awake and enterprising as you pretended to be, you would have built faster and faster boats, and you would have made yourselves masters of at least one trunk line, so that either passengers or freight from the west could be shipped through to Liverpool, Southampton or Hamburg without the trouble and annoyance of changing lines so to speak. Now that the Royal Atlantic owns a railway line connecting with it direct, it will be a tremendous improvement on the old state of affairs.

1ST BROK. Yes, and one must have had both eyes shut not to have seen how the G.C.T. has broken its pledges. Where is that ship-building plant it was going to establish? And it was going to get the iron for the ships from the Sydney mines. It was going to boom Sydney, and Sydney was to be a great city and have a population of 100,000 in no time. Well, do the facts agree with these promises?

LEB. Oh, for that matter, that is generally so with every enterprise. They always promise more than they actually accomplish. And will the Royal Atlantic do any better? Will it erect a plant or boom Sydney?

1ST BROK. It never said it would, but wait and see. The Dominion has agreed to give it monetary assistance, and if the British Government supplements this subsidy by passing the bill now before the House, look out for us reviving our ancient glory as a great ship-building nation. We once used to supply the world with wooden ships; now we are going to give them iron ones.

FOR. We will have to wait a long time if the Royal Atlantic is to build them.

3RD BROK. Not as long as we would have had to wait on the G.C.T. We would have waited for them till the crack of doom.

FOR. Oh, well, you talk like a child. You don't know enough to keep out of the rain.

3RD BROK. But you know, don't you?

FOR. I know enough not to sell G.C.T. stock. If there is any lying around loose, I mean to go out after it.

1ST BROK. I have some shares you can have.

FOR. What figure?

1ST BROK. Yesterday's closing.

FOR. I'll take every cent you've got, and pat myself for a lucky boy to boot.

(Enter a countryman, who has also Chopineau, cigar in mouth, and conversing with a bull. The bulls cheer him lustily. During this entrance, Chopineau talks energetically and smokes away his pipe.)

FOR. *(contin.)* The old man's on deck early. Look out for a hard fight.

LEB. Looking as cool and composed as usual.

1ST BROK. Worried and heart sick, you mean. Such looks will be cold comfort to his friends.

.CHOP. *(to Brok.)* The Canadian people, my dear friend, are a capricious people. Is there anything that has been given to us since confederation that would have developed the country, promoted her trade and brought her to the front among the nations as the G. C. T. would have done?

BROK. Nothing.

CHOP. No. But they hadn't the patience to wait until we could do what we wanted. They complain our ships are not fast enough. Well, if they had paid us for better service as they are going to pay these people, they would have got it. Not getting any state aid, we had to put up our rates. Then there was a great outcry that taking advantage of the lack of competition we had become extortionists. What were they expecting—an object lesson in pure philanthropy? I'll beat the whole crowd of 'em. Only see that my instructions are carried out to the letter. Remember, discountenance all puny efforts. There is more than the ordinary speculative opposition in this fight. It is a pre-determined, obstinate purpose to overthrow the G. C. T. and, by God, I shall lead them a pretty dance. It is dear to me and I am ready to lose money—aye, my life for it. I created it out of the best effort of my brain, and I have built it up gradually to its present position with a vast expenditure of energy, time and money. It is a battle to the death, with all I possess in the world at stake—money, and reputation for solid business judgment, enterprise and integrity. Ah, it means something to a man to fight for them. — Have you arranged with the "street" to open with a good strong price?

BROK. Three of the curb-stone men are looking out for us.

CHOP. That's good. It will give tone to the opening here. Tell the boys to look alive, keep things going, work hard and use up a lot of lung power. People are still impressed by noise. So have the crowd hurrah and trade with a will. If they carry out these instructions and the others you have given them, we shall drive these upstarts easily from the floor. But let us not resign ourselves to the fancy that it will be a complete walk-over. In having the Government behind them they have a strong point in their favour. And these Kinghearts have influence. The fact that sensible, level-headed men should choose a mere boy to head the combination, proves there are still some fatuous people on the floor loyal to the name Kingheart. As for this foolish boy, he'll come to his senses soon enough.—I admire his pluck, however, though, in truth, he hasn't anything to lose. Disaster on the floor wouldn't mean to him what it would to me. He has two score years or more before him to recover, whereas I have little of my life left if I am reduced to beggary.

(Upstart Broker accosts him.)

UP. BROK. Ah, monsieur, you are early.

CHOP. A trifle earlier than usual.

UP. BROK. What is the outlook? Another hard contested battle to-day, I suppose.

CHOP. I don't know, I'm sure. I never counted the gift of prophecy among my attainments. You could tell me as well as I could tell you.

UP. BROK. There will be lots of fun.

CHOP. I suppose so.

UP. BROK. Hope you will come out on top.

CHOP. Hope so. Six months ago that fellow did not have a dollar, and I gave him the first lift. Now he is ready to cut my throat. That is gratitude on 'Change.

(Enter George. Bears cheer him lustily.)

UP. BROK. Here comes the man of the hour, the Napoleon of the campaign.

(Goes up and speaks to George.) How d'ye do, great man? I'm with you, you know.

GEO. Ah, really? Friends are so scarce nowadays, it is very comforting to come across one.

UP. BROK. I hope we'll come out on top.

GEO. I hope so.

UP. BROK. I would like to see him completely swamped, I hate him.

GEO. Why, has he ever wronged you?

UP. BROK. Yes; I was in his office at the time. He worked the hide off me, keeping me going as hard as I could nine hours a day at starvation wages.

(Enter Juliette; then, Dr. Joly.)

GEO. If you say this or if you feel this, what must I feel, I, whose family have not only been the victims of this man's power, but also the object of his insults. *(Br. ker leaves him and goes to another part of the stage.)* But I am not so ingenuous as not to know that you, like every man on this floor, carry a dagger up your sleeve to knife your fellow man. *[He is nodded to and recognized by others around.]* Ah, they are changing. Two days since they greeted me with a condescending, ultra-courteous and patronising air.—Well, such is the world.

JUL. *(To Dr. Joly.)* I am particularly glad to find you here, doctor. Do you think papa looks well? I am afraid this strain and excitement are proving too much for him.

(Enter Kingheart.)

DR. J. I have cautioned M. Chopineau repeatedly, Mme Duval, but you know, though he listens kindly enough to my expostulations, he never profits by them. So, what can I do?

(Chopineau comes down to where they are.)

CHOP. Well, doctor, you here? Have you been caught by the speculating fever too?

DR. J. Not quite, but I share the curiosity of the multitude.

(They talk earnestly together.)

KING. Be advised by me and retire from this foolhardy contest. I, with my mature years and ripe experience on 'Change, was utterly ruined by this man. What chance, therefore, will the few years' training you had under me stand against his shrewdness and his keen business insight.

GEO. My dear father, the conditions are very different now to when you and he locked horns. You went in the fight alone and unaided; but I have not only this syndicate, but the Canadian government behind me—and the Canadian people, too. The Dominion government has subsidized us, and the bill before the Imperial Parliament is sure to pass to-day. It is the strength of this impression with the public that has caused shares in this thing to decline the past two weeks. I tell you, father, the end is in sight. In a few hours this big bubble will burst.

PAUL. Don't worry, father, the money is all safe. You have nothing to fear so long as you see that fellow over there (Pointing to Chopineau) in such good spirits.

CHOP. I may have to borrow your stock to-day, Juliette.

JUL. Impossible. Jacques advised me to sell out a week ago before the prices fell, and I sold out at 187.

CHOP. You, you sold out? My God! Your stock was some of that I had to buy in to keep up the market.

(From this time on, the number in the pit increases. Brokers—a few bears with red rosettes and bulls with blue—keep passing to and fro, buying, selling and shouting vociferously; a perpetual, endless appearance and disappearance of telegraph messengers, brokers' clerks, etc. The bell rings and the market opens.)

1ST BROK. What's offered for 1000 G.C.T.?

CHORUS OF BROKERS. 127½, 128; 129¼, 129.

FOR. I'll take your 1000 at 130 and 4000 more. Who has it?

2ND BROK. I have.

FOR. Send it along.

(They write down their deals in their books. Noise of other brokers buying and selling; a sharp contest, then a lull.)

1ST BROK. So much for the first onslaught—

FOR. *(Pointing to a crowd who have retired into a corner to confer.)* Which has resulted in a flight.

1ST BROK. Do you call that a flight? Well, wait a little, then, and I will show you your people in a complete rout.

(Enter Butler.)

CHOP. *(To Bystander.)* Well, we're climbing up again. We are now at 130.

BYSTAN. I know. I just ordered all my stock sold out at that figure.

CHOP. You did? This beats all I ever heard—one of the directors selling out his stock and joining hands with the enemy. *(To another.)* What do you think of that, Smith? Rogers has sold his stock out. You're not going to sell out, are you?

2ND BYSTAN. Indeed I'm not. Why should I? We are all in the same boat, are we not?

COUNTR. What a noisy, excited crowd! Why do they shout so, son? Can't they sell their goods peaceably behind a counter as they do in the stores?

3RD BROK. Why, you see, father, a broker who wants to sell is deaf when others want him to buy.

COUNTR. And is it always in an uproar like this?

3RD BROK. Sometimes not so bad, sometimes worse. To-day's market is a very important one, though.

COUNTR. What is the difference between a bull and a bear?

3RD BROK. Well, when you see a full-blooded, red-faced, happy-looking fellow, puffing away at his cigar like mad; that fellow is a bull, and the sallow-faced fellow, who looks as if his liver troubles him, is a bear.

COUNTR. *(Pointing to George and Chopineau)* That fellow is a bear then, and that one a bull.

3RD BROK. Yes, those are the great men, the bosses of the market.

I SPEC. (*To Chop.*) How are things going?

CHOP. (*With a warm hand-grasp.*) Good. We are going up to the 200 notch to-day.

COUNTR. I heard him say, "We are going up to the 200 notch to-day."

1ST BROK. Oh, he's dreaming. It will be a smash-up for him. There's the fellow that's going to win, the "Napoleon of speculation" they call him.

COUNTR. Is that the young plunger who has been making things hum so?

1ST BROK. That is he.

COUNTR. A lively dance he has been leading you fellows the past week or two. I read all about it in the papers. What is the matter with him?

1ST BROK. Do you refer to that tense, severe look he has, as if he is keyed up to a high pitch of determination and aggressiveness?

COUNTR. Yes. Why does he look so?

1ST BROK. A lovely maiden jilted him. They say it was Chopineau's daughter and that it was on Chopineau's account. Now he's going for the old man tooth and nail to get even.

COUNTR. He must have been awfully hard up for a girl. Couldn't he find another?

(Renewal of activity on the floor.)

2ND BROK. 2500 G.C.T. at 135. Who wants them?

FOR. I take them.

3RD BROK. 1500 at 138 who wants them?

LEB. I'm your man.

FOR. Send them along.

LEB. I'll take 1000 shares at 140.

2ND BROK. Done.

(A messenger arrives and hands Chopineau a telegram.)

CHOP. (*Reading.*) "New York is a heavy buyer of G. C. T." (*A shout of joy from the bulls.*) I thank you, my friends. That is only a foretaste of another great victory we shall win to-day. Rally, gentlemen, rally and we shall drive our enemies ignominiously from the field.

(Paul Frenette runs around rallying bulls. A messenger arrives with two telegrams for George.)

GEO. (*Reading.*) "The Imperial Parliament has just passed the Royal Atlantic subsidy bill."

(*A great outcry from the bears. They throw up their hats, dance around, embrace each other, etc.*)

GEO. That is the news we were waiting for, gentlemen. The top of the market has been reached. The time for unloading is here. Hear the news from the London Stock Exchange. (*Reading*) "On account of the passing of the bill subsidizing the Royal Atlantic Company by the Imperial Parliament, G.C.T. stock has declined here 30 points."

(*Another shout from the Bears*)

CHOP. A ruse, a ruse of the bears. Pay no attention to it. Rally! Rally! I'll take 10,000, 20,000 G.C.T.

3RD BROK. I have 'em.

(*A Messenger hands George a telegram*)

GEO. (*Reads*) Amid scenes of wildest excitement of the Toronto market G.C.T. began to drop at eleven o'clock to-day. The shares are now 40 below par.

BROK. A crisis! a crisis!—I have 50,000 shares of G.C.T. going. Who buys? Will nobody buy? Are you all bears?

1ST BROK. All the bulls are over on St. Helen's Island to-day, man.

CHOP. My God? Are they no end to the sellers. All common sense seems to have deserted them.

(*Enter a great crowd of excited speculators, men and women, aristocrats and plebeians, they run to the tickers*)

1ST SPEC. How is it now?

2ND SPEC. Still falling.

3RD SPEC. Has it gone down very much?

2ND SPEC. Fifty below par.

3RD SPEC. God help me, I'm ruined.

(*They rush to the Brokers and Clerks and order their stock sold out*)

1ST SPEC. (*To Broker*) Have you sold out my stock?

2ND SPEC. (*To Broker*) Sell out! Sell out!—every dollar's worth.

3RD SPEC. (*To Broker*) Man alive, why didn't you sell out when you saw prices going down.

(Pandemonium reigns. Men rush at each other and fight; chairs are overturned; order slips thrown up in the air.)

BROK. You told me to hold it for a further rise.

3RD SPEC. Fool! I'm ruined through your stupidity.

(Women in frantic state. They wring their hands, tear their hair and weep bitterly)

1ST WOM. My God, every cent I owned in the world.

2ND WOM. You've got a husband to support you anyhow, but I have to work for my own living and I've lost all I ever had.

3RD WOM. I'm worse than either of you, for I'm a widow with five young children and not a soul to keep me

4TH WOM. All I've saved from my wages for six years, swallowed up.

(Crowds of frantic men and women rush at Chopineau and threaten him with clenched fists, ugly words being thrown at him freely, as "Thief!" "Liar!" "Embezzler!" "Where is my money?" "Call the police. He has stolen my money.")

GEO. What is the matter, old man? Lost anything?

BUT. Yes, Mr. George, all I had in the world.

GEO. How much?

BUT. Five hundred dollars—ten years' savings.

GEO. Well, who told you to speculate? What do you know about stocks? Does her ladyship permit you to gamble?

BUT. She don't mind, sir. She does a little of it herself.

GEO. I thought so. Has she lost anything in this panic?

BUT. I don't think so, sir. She made a pile the time your father went under, sir, and I heard her say then, that would be the last time she would ever have anything to do with speculating on 'Change.

GEO. Well, it is a pity you didn't take counsel by her example.—Has she returned from Newport yet?

BUT. Not yet, sir.

GEO. Ah, that's how you have the time to be here. With nothing to do, time hangs heavily on your hands, and Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.—Well, come to my office to-morrow and you shall have back your \$500 on the proviso you never speculate again. Agreed?

(Enter Jacques)

BUT. Yes, sir, I have had enough. (*George goes to another part of the stage.*) He always was a good fellow, that George was. I never will forget the time he was courting Alice. She wasn't good enough for him. He belongs to the blue bloods, the nobility of England. He give me a couple of dollars one night not to let her ladyship know it was twelve o'clock when he left Alice—as if her ladyship would have cared if he had staid all night. It was just fun for her.

JACQ. M. Frenette, I am deeply grieved at your loss. But, perhaps I can help you to recover some of your money.

CHOP. Paul! Paul! Why isn't that fellow here about his business?

BROK. Paul has been arrested for forgery

CHOP. Forgery? Whose name has he forged?

BROK. Your own.

CHOP. He too! My God! Is there no faith in man?

(*He is seized with a stroke of apoplexy*) One fifty for 20,000 G.C.T. . . . Who buys sells. (*Dies.*)

(*Gradually, slowly, the crowd thins out, leaving the dead Chopineau alone. When all are gone, enter Alice and Juliette, both dressed in mourning, and accompanied by Dr. Fly, who takes Chopineau's wrist in hand, and, feeling his pulse, pronounces him dead. The two daughters give way to violent grief, Alice on her knees before her father, Juliette standing.*)

DR. J. The end has come as I warned him.



ACT. IV—Love Triumphant.

TIME.—*The month of October.*

SCENE.—*Private enclosed avenue of some pretentiousness. L., House with sign "To Let" on it; verandah or portico overlooking street, steps leading up to it.—R., Verandah of Juliette's house, steps also leading thereto; rustic or other seats on the verandah.*

(Enter on street George and Mrs. Kingheart.)

MRS. K. This is the house. Look at it and tell me if you like it. Isn't it magnificent? It's just what we want.

GEO. It is, indeed, a handsome place.

MRS. K. And more suited to our rank than that wretched hovel in which we are now living. . . . If we were here, and Lady Hilda were to come over, we would have a decent home to receive her.

GEO. Lady Hilda! Neither Lady Hilda nor any other woman, except yourself, shall ever live in the house, if I am master of it.

MRS. K. Don't be rude, George. Your manners have sadly altered for the worst of late, I am sorry to say. There can be no harm in my saying that if Lady Hilda were to come over, we would have a decent home to receive her. — It is my fervent prayer, George, that you may come to change your mind, and recognize that your father and mother have this marriage dearly at heart. I don't see why you set your face so obstinately against it, for Lady Hilda has everything that a man can wish for in a wife.

GEO. Am I to beg you for the hundredth time, mother, not to mention this marriage to me?

MRS. K. I do it because I know it to be to your interest. — Well, you have the keys. Open and let us see what the house is like inside.

GEO. One minute, mother; let us take in the surroundings from here.

MRS. K. Oh, I can vouch for its respectability.

GEO. It is not that I mean. What I want is a secluded quiet quarter, and this seemingly fills the bill.

(They stand and look up the avenue; enter, on the verandah of Juliette's house, Juliette and Dr. Joly.)

JUL. (*To doctor.*) And you think it is good for her to be out here, doctor?

(*George and Mrs. K. turn and go up the opposite verandah*)

DR. J. The best thing in the world for her, I can assure you, madame,—better than all the medicine in the apothecaries' shops. (*George turns and recognizes Juliette.*) A few hours in the sunshine will go further towards restoring her strength than anything I know of. Cases like your sister's are greatly benefitted by a moderate amount of outdoor exposure in good weather. Her trouble, remember, is not so much constitutional as it is nervous. No, give her plenty of sunlight. In such cases the good that the sun's rays do is inestimable. But above all, madame, be very circumspect, and guard her from any sudden surprise. Any alarming news or violent shock may result fatally.

JUL. I shall take every precaution possible, doctor.

DR. J. Very well, madame. Good day.

JUL. Good day, doctor

MRS. K. Well, George, I am waiting.

GEO. A very charming street, indeed.

(*Exit Juliette within her house; Dr. Joly descends verandah steps and goes up avenue to leave. He recognizes Mrs. K. and George, and the recognition is returned.*)

DR. J. Ah, good day, Mrs. Kingheart and Mr. Kingheart. Are we going to be neighbours?

MRS. K. We are yet to see the inside of the house, doctor; so I cannot say (*Pointing to Juliette's house.*) Is one of your patients there?

DR. J. Yes. Mlle. Chopineau.

MRS. K. Mlle. Chopineau!

DR. J. Yes. She lives there with her sister, Madame Duval, now that their father is dead. You remember them, do you not?

MRS. K. Our acquaintance is very slight.—Which is Mme. Duval, the elder or the younger?

DR. J. The younger.

MRS. K. Has Mme Duval been long married?

DR. J. About two weeks.

MRS. K. She married a Lieutenant Somebody, did she not?

DR. J. Doubtless you mistake Mme. Duval for her sister whom Lieutenant Gobin was paying addresses to.

MRS. K. Ah, perhaps. —Well, we are going to examine the house now. Won't you come and assist us with your advice?

DR. J. (*Ascending the verandah steps.*) I shall be delighted to give you any advice I can.

(*George unlocks door and they disappear within. Enter on street Lady Rivers, with footman carrying books.*)

LADY R. James, you may give me the books and return to the carriage now. Tell John to wait. I'll not be long.

FOOTM. Yes, my lady.

(*Gives books to Lady R. and goes in. Enter, on verandah, Juliette and Alice, the latter stretched out on an invalid chair, carried by two servants. When they have set down the chair, they go inside. During the entire act, Juliette looks after her suffering sister's wants with tender solicitude.*)

JUL. Here's Lady Rivers.

LADY R. (*Ascending stairs.*) My dear Juliette.... And Alice, my child, how are you? Well enough to be out? I am glad to see you so much improved?

ALICE. Why haven't you been to see me before?

(*While they converse together, enter, on opposite verandah, Dr. Fo'y and George.*)

DR. J. I have asked Mrs. Kingheart to excuse us because I wish to say something to you about the people opposite.

GEO. In what capacity, doctor? There are some things relating to that family that I should not care to enter into any discussion about.

DR. J. Rest assured I shall say nothing that will tend to pain you. But, in my profession, we are sometimes physicians of the mind as well as of the body. Now, I know your excellent heart and am satisfied you would not refuse to do any thing that would contribute to the relief and happiness of any one who was suffering and who was in need of your sympathy. Where you could brighten and, perhaps, save the life of an unfortunate, you would do it, would you not, Mr Kingheart?

GEO. Possibly.

DR. J. I am sure you would.—Over there is some one who needs a physician rather of the mind than of the body. I have exhausted all my resources and am now ready to bow to one who is more able to heal than I am, and that is yourself. Mlle. Chopineau has more need of your sympathy than of my skill.

GEO. Of my sympathy ?

DR J. Of more than your sympathy, of your tenderness and love. Could you but see her, you would pity her. Her condition is a very distressing one. Indeed, she is almost at death's door. You know what her trouble is? It is grief, as much for your absence as for her father's death. You alone may be able to heal her malady, for she loves you very much.

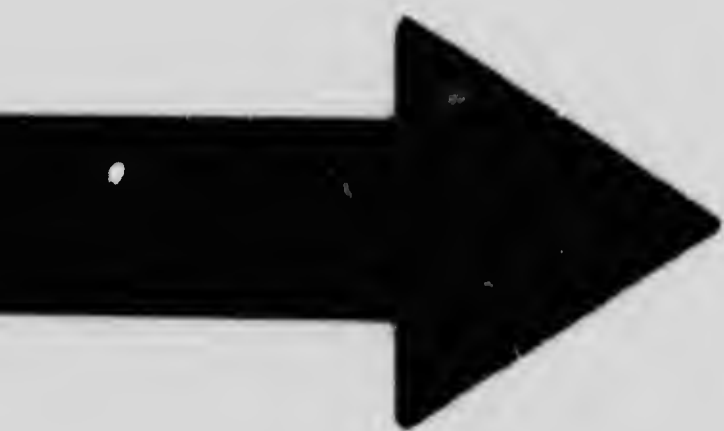
GEO. How do you mean "grief for me"? How love? I am bewildered at your strange account of Mademoiselle Chopineau's suffering. I do not understand one word of it, especially in reference to me, and did I not know you, doctor, I would think you were ridiculing me for the too ready credulity I placed in this woman. You say that she is grieving, but, when last I saw Mademoiselle Chopineau there was not one in this world happier than she. Not a sign of grief was there discernible in her face, not the faintest indication of any suffering. I have not seen her since, nor have I heard of her, and the fact that she is ailing, that any thing like sorrow on my account is disturbing her surprises me.—yet more am I surprised to learn that she is dying of love for me, she who so heartlessly jilted me four months ago—I am not ashamed to acknowledge it—the shame is that I placed such ready and deep belief in her pretensions of love and lacked the penetration to see that she had not the moral strength to rise above our family differences.—Ah, but then I was poor, but now it is different. The possession of riches gives one a different value in the eyes of people.

DR. J. Believe me, Mr. Kingheart, you wrong her. I, who am her physician and a friend of the family know different. The past five months have been months of solicitude on their part, and anxiety on mine, for oftimes her life seemed to hang on a thread. Do pallor and weakness and high fever and loss of spirits count for nothing? Are these then feigned, or are they like an open book—for all to read?

GEO. These may be the symptoms of a hundred different causes, as you well know, doctor—of suffering from wrong undergone as well as remorse from wrong inflicted? Where is the man to whom she was affianced? Did he jilt her as she jilted me, and does she seek to nurse her wounds in my arms, now he has left her?

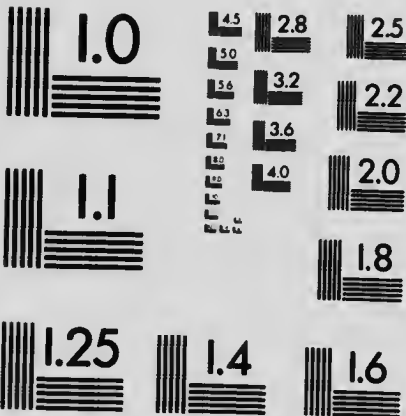
DR. J. She was never affianced to Lieutenant Gobin, if it is he you mean.





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GEO. And the words of her own father to the contrary shouted in my ear notwithstanding?

DR. J. It was her father's wish that she should marry the lieutenant, but she exercised her womanly right of refusing. But, pardon me, Mr. Kingheart, if I remind you that I am not here to discuss that phase of the case. My interest is purely professional. There is some one over there whose life I have observed ebbing surely away. As the physician of the family for many years, and as somewhat their confidant, I have the advantage of knowing that the cause is far removed from any constitutional trouble, that it has only to do with a severe mental shock, and that it all has very close connection with the former relation between you and Mlle. Chopineau, and that if a reconciliation can be brought about between you and her, it may lead to something reparative of her present condition. Will you promise me that you will see her and speak to her? That is all I ask.

GEO. If, as you say, Mlle. Chopineau is so ill and it is in my power to benefit her, I consent.

DR. J. I can assure you that a continuation of her life and possibly her recovery depends on you. But the meeting must not be unexpected, as her condition is a very critical one. I shall go over and prepare her.

(Dr. Joly crosses avenue and ascends Juliette's verandah steps.)

LADY R. *(To Alice.)* Here are a few of the magazines, my dear. I thought you might be in need of some light reading. I hope it isn't bringing coals to Newcastle.

ALICE. Indeed, it is not. M. Duval has developed a taste for the heavy reviews and abominates every sort of light reading. *(Looking them over.)* "The Canadian Magazine," "Strand Magazine," "Le Samedi." Just what I want. Sis, go and bring me my pearl-handled paper dagger, please.

(Exit Juliette.)

LADY R. Ah, doctor, I am glad to see your patient is much better.

DR. J. Yes, she's gaining strength, I'm pleased to say.

ALICE. Where have you come from, doctor? I thought you had gone. How good of you to make these people bring me out here on this beautiful day. What a charming day! You know, doctor, I have seen Nice and Cannes and Naples, but there is nothing to beat a pure Canadian autumn

sky. Oh, Canada, fair Canada! My only regret to die is to leave Canada.

(Enter Juliette, with dagger, which she hands to Alice.)

DR J. You would joke with your last breath, mademoiselle.

(Alice disengages herself slightly from the covering to cut the leaves of the magazine.)

ALICE. I will choke with my last breath if they don't clear me of some of these things.

DR J. Be careful. You must not uncover too much. But why talk of dying? You're not going to die.

ALICE. That would be true if I belonged to the crow family. A crow never dies.—Doctor, I have been scolding Lady Rivers for not having been to see me before. Should friends desert us in trouble?

DR J. No, but I am inclined to think that that is not the kind of friend Lady Rivers is.

LADY R. No, nor does she really think that either. Juliette does not endorse her in any such charge, I am glad to say.

JUL. No, you have always been the tried, unfailing friend of the family.

LADY R. You little ingrate, why don't you tell the doctor that I made a satisfactory explanation.

DR J. *(To Alice)* Well, I hope you are better from her ladyship's visit at any rate?

ALICE. Very much better, indeed, I could only wish that others of my friends would come and see me.—You know, doctor, I always like having a crowd around me.

DR J. Yes, mademoiselle. You always have a large circle of friends. And, apropos of friends, there is one of whom I could especially speak.

ALICE. Who is it, doctor?

DR J. First of all, you must promise me to have respect to your present condition and compose yourself.

ALICE. I am composed, doctor. But why all this mystery? Is there, then, dejecting news?

DR J. On the contrary, the news is of the most re-assuring character. There is someone I would bring you—someone that—

ALICE. I am glad to see all my friends. They are all welcome.

DR. J. And one more than the rest, I am sure.

ALICE. Ah, you mean George.

DR. J. Yes, Mademoiselle.

ALICE. And would he come ?

DR. J. He has promised.

ALICE. When is he coming ?

DR. J. Now, if you wish.

ALICE. He is not here ?

DR. J. Yes, he is over in the house opposite, and will be here in a moment.

ALICE. Very well. I am ready to receive him. (*Dr. Joly leaves ; Alice looks at herself in a hand-glass.*)

JUL. (*To doctor.*) If I consent to this, doctor, it is only out of regard to my sister's present state.

DR. J. It is imperative that I have my way in this, madame. This is not merely the empty formal reconciliation made at times for politic considerations. It is an effective plan looking to a well-defined end. I do this to restore your sister, and, this failing, I am at the end of my resources. During your father's life, the attempt would have been impossible, but now, I hope you will not follow in his steps and frustrate its accomplishment. I have approached this reconciliation from a purely professional standpoint, but if I am not to have the free hand accorded a physician, then, I respectfully ask to be allowed to retire from the case.

JUL. But it is exasperating, you must admit, to have under our roof the man who has brought such misfortune on the family, who was the conspicuous cause of my father's sudden death, and to a large extent, is responsible for my sister's present condition. And then, as if this was not shame enough to bear, we must undergo still more humiliation by kneeling to him and beseeching him to be the salutary agent of Alice's recovery?—But if it must be, it must be. Only, as I do not share my sister's admiration for him I shall ask her permission to retire.

Lady Rivers rises to leave. Dr. Joly signals George, who crosses over to Juliette's verandah.

LADY R. Good-bye, Alice. I hope you'll be better soon. Good-bye, Juliette.

ALICE. Good-bye.

JUL. Don't be so long next time. (*To Alice*) Is there anything you want, sister ?

ALICE. No, nothing.

JUL. No nourishment I can bring you?

ALICE. Nothing, sis.

(Exit Juliette. Lady Rivers meets George on steps.)

LADY R. *(To George)* Ah! Good morning, Mr. Kingheart. Have you become a recluse? Why do you not come to see me any more? You must not give up old friends, you know.

GEO. Because I have not been to see you, Lady Rivers, I would not have you suppose my treatment of you has been different from my treatment of others. Your reproof is not singular, I can assure you. I hear it from all my friends. Nor have I anything to plead in extenuation, I must confess, but the stereotyped excuse, pressure of business.

LADY R. I know you have been quite busy of late, and you have become quite famous, too. I told you you were destined to come to the front some day. But you should remember that when a man becomes famous it is then that the world and his friends like to see him most. I claim as my reward for being your true clairvoyant that you come to see me oftener. Good bye. *(Exit)*

GEO. Good bye, Lady Rivers. *(To doctor.)* You have not overstated her condition, doctor. She is, indeed, in an alarming state. How ghastly! What a decline from her former loveliness.

DR J. Yes, a sad decline. *(To Alice)*. He is here, mademoiselle.

ALICE. How good of you to come, George. It is like old times to be together again, isn't it? And yet not like old times, for never in the old times did we meet like this. Then we were two happy creatures together—love, laughter and frolic—and it was ever June time, be the season what it may.

DR J. *(Going in)* With your permission, mademoiselle.

ALICE. Are you going in, doctor?—Well, I thank you very much. *(Exit Dr. Joly.)* But now we meet—Oh, George, have you no smile, no word of love for me? That look—Oh, if you knew the pain—worse than a thousand daggers.

GEO. If I have not kept pace with you in the effort to restore our former relations, mademoiselle, it is because I am not yet out of the throes of bewilderment and do not know what to make of it all. Have I no word of love for

you? Well, is there anyone who should know the reason better than you?

ALICE. Ah, do not crush me so, George. Well, then, I accept the whole responsibility. Only I thought you might have had—Ah, I am not deserving of your pardon. I have wronged you, bitterly wronged you, but, you see, you have had a most signal revenge. . . . See how ill I am. Take my hand and feel what a fever I have. Can you not afford, then, to be generous and forgive?

GEO. Ah, Mademoiselle, you speak of forgiveness as if it is a thing that rises instinctively to one's lips. Do you realize the cruel wrong you did me? You must know it is hard to forgive on the impulse under such circumstances.

ALICE. I know it full well, but you must know that I have suffered too. Yet, I would not have pardon too lightly won.

GEO. Why did you deceive me? The wrong drove me almost to desperation. You knew I loved you madly.

ALICE. And do you suppose that I did not love you. Never has my heart refused to beat madly on seeing you. Never have you lost your empire over it. My greatest sin was my love for you. Do you understand truly the nature of this moment. Well, you see—you realize that I have not long to live—and that at such a moment only truth can escape the lips.

GEO. Ay, mademoiselle, I am waiting to know the truth. You seem on the brink of making a clean breast of some terrible revelation. I am curious to know what considerations, other than mercenary, were the ones hinted at in your letter dismissing me.

ALICE. Do not say that, George. Do not be so cruel. Remember that there are times when right may seem wrong; reason, injustice. You need no longer give yourself up wholly to resentment.—Your father's misfortune had nothing to do with my decision.

GEO. What, then? Your father's wish?

ALICE. No, nor that either. True he ordered me to give you up. . . . He is dead now. God rest his soul. I owe it to him to exculpate him. He bade me give you up, but much as I loved him and always tried to please him, I refused. You do not understand us women of the New World. In your land parental authority is paramount. Here, we women think that we owe something to ourselves, to our future happiness. Witness my sister's action.

GEO. What was it, then, that caused you to do me that cruel wrong?

ALICE. A disinterested regard for your welfare, as my letter declared.

GEO. Explain yourself, mademoiselle. This is no time for enigmas. What particular regard for my welfare could have prompted you to take the course you did?

ALICE. That, unfortunately, involves my word of honour plighted to some one.

GEO. What is your word of honour pledged to that person to your word plighted to me? Which should be paramount?

(Enter Mrs K.)

ALICE. That question I will answer in a moment, when I am made a little more comfortable. Will you call Juliette for me?

GEO. To adjust your pillow? That is unnecessary, mademoiselle, if you will let me.

MRS K. Why does George stay?

(He raises her to adjust her pillow and settle the covering. Alice looks at the house across the street.)

ALICE. The doctor told me you were over in the house opposite. How came you there?

GEO. I was looking through the house to see if it would suit us.

(Alice catches sight of Mrs. Kingheart and falls back.)

What is it? For heaven's sake, mademoiselle, what is the matter?

ALICE. Nothing. A pain here *(Placing her hand on her heart)*, that is all. I was not aware Mrs. Kingheart was here.

GEO. Oh, yes! How foolish of me not to mention it. And it is that that has upset you, I suppose?

ALICE. I am very weak you see, and the unexpected recognition overcame me. but I am better now. And yet I feel my strength leaving me. All my blood seems to have flown to my heart. What am I thus to be frightened so easily.

GEO. My God! she is dying. *(Steps to the door and calls Juliette and Dr. Joly.)* Mme Duval! Dr Joly! Quick.

(Enter Juliette and Dr Joly.)

JUL. Sister, sister! Look up and speak. It is I, Juliette. Speak to me.

DR. J. What did you say to Mademoiselle Chopineau to cause this? I warned you of her precarious condition.

JUL. Oh! she is dying. . . . You wretched man; is it not enough that you killed our father, you must cause her death too.

ALICE. Do not blame Mr. Kingheart, it is no fault of his. He has been most kind and patient, nothing he has said has caused this lapse. . . . but my time has come, friends.

GEO. Oh, Alice, my love, live for my sake.

ALICE. Say that you love me and forgive me, and let me die in your arms.

GEO. I love you and forgive you with all my heart.
(*Alice dies.*)

DR. J. It's all over.

JUL. My God! My God!

(*Juliette gives way to unbounded grief.*)

DR. J. Compose yourself, Mme Duval, and let me take inside, I beg you. Here is no place for you.

GEO. Yes, Mme. Duval, go in, please. I add my entreaties to the doctor's. There is no need for you to be here. He and I will attend to everything. Meanwhile, I beg of you to leave me here alone by your sister's couch for a little while. I swear to you I loved her as much as man could ever love woman. See I am a distracted man. Grief is at its flood tide, and if I cannot straightway pour it out, my heart will break. (*Exit, on Dr. Joly's arm, Juliette, sobbing.*) Oh, Alice, how I loved you, how I loved you! Oh, cursed fate that has made such sport of us. . . . The grief, the suffering you must have endured—to be consuming with a flame you had to repress; to know that the fires of love were burning as potently as ever, and to realize all the time that I thought you a devil. . . . How you must have suffered! But you shall not be unvindicated. I swear to you I never shall relax efforts until I have ferreted out the base cause of it all, and be he man or woman, friend or foe, he shall feel the full weight of my displeasure.—Yet, not one clue, sweetheart, not bequeath me one little clue to guide me? Leave all for me to do?

(*Mrs Kingheart crosses over to Juliette's House.*)

MRS K. Aren't you coming, George? You are keeping me waiting.

GEO. Hush, mother. You are in the presence of death. Mademoiselle Chopineau has just died.

MRS K. Indeed! That is a great loss, for which Mme. Duval has my profound sympathy. . . . And now you have paid your condolences, you are ready to go, are you not?

GEO. And leave the bedside of the dead so abruptly?

MRS K. Why, what further need to remain?

GEO. Have you forgotten mademoiselle and I were lovers once?

MRS K. For shame, George. You scandalize the memory of mademoiselle Chopineau in speaking thus. I cannot remember what I never knew; therefore I have forgotten that mademoiselle Chopineau and you were lovers; at least I do not care to entertain any recollection whatever of it. But I have not forgotten that the father of mademoiselle Chopineau was our bitterest enemy, that it was he that deliberately compassed our ruin, that spurned you as a son-in-law and besought me to press her to give you up. Where is your self-respect, after all these insults and injuries that you should come again to truckle to these insolent people.

GEO. Mother! Remember where you are. And so mademoiselle Chopineau's father besought you to press her to give me up? And you made her this request?

MRS K. Certainly, I did.

GEO. Personally?

MRS K. Yes, personally.

GEO. And imposed secrecy on her?

MRS K. Which she has honourably observed, I see.

GEO. Yes. Mademoiselle Chopineau was not the one to betray a trust, I can assure you. And by what line of argument did you influence her? That is a thing I am curious to know.

MRS K. Come, let us go. This is no time nor place for that. We'll finish it some other time.

GEO. No, mother. We shall finish it right now and here. What place more fitting than by the deathbed of her whose life you blighted. You shall finish it in the presence of Mme. Duval whom your blind course prematurely deprived of a sister. (*Starts to call Mme Duval*) . . . And yet, no. (*Addressing the body of Alice.*) You kept it secret from her, while you lived; your wishes shall be respected, now you are dead. Well, mother, I'm waiting. How were you able to influence Mlle. Chopineau to such a step?

MRS. K. If you insist that I state it here, I give it proudly ; for it was a mother's love and ambition that prompted it. I represented to Mademoiselle Chopineau that, after Mr. Kingheart had failed in business, we were no longer able to advance your interests as we would have liked, but that Mr. Kingheart's brother, the Earl of Dolan, was ready to do you the inestimable service of promoting your advantage, provided you were willing to come under his tutelage and marry as he choose ; and I showed her the letter from the earl which we had received.

GEO. Now I know all. Now I know all....O. Alice, my love, it is I and mine who have brought you to your early death. My passion which ought to have been a joy and comfort to you has engulfed you in disaster. Forgive me, adored spirit, forgive my fatal love....(To Mrs. K.) As you stand there, do you fully realize the enormity of your offence against Mademoiselle Chopineau ?

MRS. K. Offence ? This language to your mother ?

GEO. Aye, more than offence—imposition, outrage. See what you did. You profited by mademoiselle's generous nature and unbounded love for me. From the day you demanded of her her heroic sacrifice, she dropped—Dr. Joly is my authority—and to-day when a mere accident of the hour suddenly discovered you to her, the flood of recollection that came over her was too great for her weakened condition . . . So, you see, mother, the cause of Mademoiselle Chopineau's death lies at your door.

MRS. K. George, such words to me. Do not make me blush that you are my son.

GEO. Son ! You have nothing to complain of me . . . the score of filial duty. Never have I brought a blush of shame to your cheeks or a single pang of pain to your breast. Twenty years and more have I been an exemplary, devoted child finding unbounded interest in doing your bidding and subserving your most trivial wishes. Twenty years' faithful service by a domestic should win a fitting recognition. How much more the twenty years uninterrupted obedience and love of a child. And yet far from lending your aid to the consummation of that child's happiness and to the accomplishment of a purpose which is the cherished ambition and pride of most men, you have deliberately thwarted his wishes and wrecked his future—

MRS. K. Say rather, my son, I have rendered your future brighter and more promising by arranging a more glorious marriage for you.

GEO. A marriage which is more intolerant to me now than ever. . . . Son! Yes, I am your son, and, therefore, must I contain myself; therefore can my heart have no outlet for its pent up passion! See how you make me eat my words and lose my soul to hell. But a moment since I took a solemn oath that her wrong should be avenged. I had in mind I don't know who, but were his sinews of steel, these lithe fingers would not have been too feeble to choke out the last bubble of air in his body.

MRS. K. George! George! Remember I am your mother.

GEO. Never fear. I don't mean to forget it. I shall not damn my soul with the enormity of matricide. All impetuousness to violence, all inclination to revenge must restrain itself in the face of that sacred bond that binds you and me. . . . Oh, why did you not take the other course, mother? Why did you not, for your son's sake, promote rather than rupture the love between him and Mlle. Chopineau? Wasn't my happiness something? Did I not assure you the day her father came to our house that all my hopes were bound up in her?

MRS. K. You take no account of a mother's apprehension and duty. Lay aside passion and reason with me a moment. Your father and Mr. Chopineau never got on well together. Naturally this variance was sympathised in to some extent by the respective families. Was there not an element of danger in this to any marriage? Show me a marriage begun in discord and terminated happily, and then I will admit my error, then I will say I had no right to intervene. This was misgiving enough but not the only one. You choose to degrade your love to the level of an intrigue.

GEO. Mother!

MRS. K. I am not alone in this impression. It was the bane of Mr. Chopineau's complaint. What other name should be given to an affair begun in secret and pursued clandestinely.

GEO. That is not so, mother. It was the common property of several of our acquaintances. Lady Rivers knew about it; and so did Juliette, this Mme. Duval here, and M. Duval.

MRS. K. They knew all about it, but not Miss Chopineau's father, or your parents. Outsiders were called into your confidence; but the people, who had reared you both, who loved you most, and had your interest nearest at heart, were excluded. Indeed they have to thank chance for

knowing it at all. — When, at length, we came to know it, we remonstrated with you to no purpose. You were deaf to all reason; you shut your ears to all entreaties of those who loved you and foresaw the danger into which you were hurrying, the gulf you were approaching. There was nothing left then but to appeal to Mlle. Chopineau. Blinded as you are by passion, you see nothing in it but opposition and a cruel determination to thwart your wishes, and not what was truly at the bottom of it all — a mother's concern for her only child.

GEO. Perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right. Therefore, in the name of that solicitude which you say was the real incentive, and for the sake of her who would have me forgive, I absolve you. — And now let me beg of you to leave me, leave me with her whom I loved better than my life, and if you would have a reason for this request, — when you are home, open your Bible and read where it says, 'A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife;'

MRS. K. His wife!

GEO. Yes, my wife; for that very day we were to be married. The pledge had been made, the spiritual union was consummated. What remained to be done was only an empty form.

MRS. K. George, George, it is your mother.

GEO. The carriage is waiting for you, mother. Not a word more. Go. (*Exit Mrs. K., sorrowing.*) Oh, Alice, my first, my only love, what unhappiness the meddling of others has wrought for us. If they had only let us alone, if they had only suffered our love to pursue its natural end.

Oh happy provision! Did you anticipate my need, sweet heart, that you laid this here. I have not forgotten it though I saw it only once before—the very day your father first came between us and forbade me the house. You used it to sever the cord around a packet containing a gift from an admirer. I remember how frantic I was that any one but me should send you a present. You gave me the history of the dagger, how you had bought it in a Parisian store of curios on account of the tragic love story of some prince woven around it. Thus history may repeat itself, and this same steel that so effectually eased one aching heart will again lend its soothing power to another. O my love, my life, this blow is double. By it love is consummated and your wrong expiated. (*Stabs himself.*) One last look, one last kiss, and then I come, sweetheart. (*Lies.*)





